

A DESPERATE MOM TAKES CHARGE CH. 01

twofourthree

Mark learns his mother means business and more.

Incest/Taboo

4.56

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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 first chapter involving Mark and his mother Sandy. Afraid Mark will follow in the path of his uncle, his mother Sandy steps in. Sandy is desperate to do whatever it takes to save Mark from the same fate.

It seems surreal as I stand here, I never cared much for funerals but when it's someone close it makes more sense. What doesn't make sense is why we are here. Another senseless murder over drugs, and not really hard drugs, just pot. Why don't they just legalize it? So many lives affected, innocent lives. Just look at my mother. I bet she has never even taken one puff of a joint. Now she is burying her brother over a measly five grand. That and a punk with an itchy finger looking to make a name for himself. Well we'll see how much of a name he has left in prison.

My name is Mark, the guy they are burying is my uncle Jerry. He was also my source. Jerry was my mother's younger brother. I wouldn't call him a con artist but he was definitely a player, a hustler, oh and a ladies' man. I will turn eighteen in a couple of weeks. I moved some weed at the local college but never at the high school I attended. Too much risk there. Jerry would keep me supplied. I had my stash and then sold the rest. What I didn't smoke left me with some pocket change.

Jerry was the big money man, cars, jewelry, and bitches. He took care of me and I helped him keep a presence on campus. His suppliers were getting pressure from some new cartel. They thought Jerry was moving on. I knew for sure he wasn't. When he was a few grand short he asked for a couple of days to catch up on some collections. He only owed them five grand, I was holding two for him. Everyone knew he was good for it. Everyone but some punk.

My mother was devastated. She knew he was a scoundrel, but as her only sibling Jerry was a big part of her world. Now he's gone. I am surprised she was able to be here without falling apart at the service. Hank is trying to console her but I think even he knows she loved Jerry more than him.

My younger sister and brother are clueless. Sure they knew him but I was his favorite. He always said I was just like him, only smarter. Even after Hank banished him from the house mom and I always found time to see him. Of course I saw him almost weekly. Standing there in her black dress she looked defeated. I need a joint.

Back at the house I rolled one, the gathering downstairs is mostly relatives. I was upstairs facing the window. I looked over the large lot we had, the fan dispersing the smoke outside. I finished just before I heard someone on the stairs. I could tell from her gait it was my mother. I quickly grabbed some mouthwash and with nowhere to spit swallowed it. Tastes like shit. I moved the fan just as she knocked on the door.

"Our guests are leaving please come down and say your goodbyes." She asked. Normally I would protest but I could see the toll the last few days has taken.

"Sure!" I offered.

If Sandy knew I lit one up she made no issue of it. We had a deal no smoking dope on our property. She always said it was because of my brother and sister but I think she hoped I would quit. Fat chance! Still, I did feel a bit guilty for doing it today of all days.

Sandy my mom and I seemed to have a special kind of bond. It wasn't like she loved me more than the twins, she wouldn't allow that. No, it was a different kind of look she gave me, it was the same look she gave Jerry.

Years ago I wondered why she even let me be around Jerry. I'm still not 100% positive but now that he's gone I have little doubt. Sandy was at the door asking me to come down. I didn't see that look I used to get. I missed it. Jerry was gone and so was the bond mom and I shared. Somehow I need to get that back.

Hank ordered pizza for dinner I wanted another joint.

The next couple weeks were a shit for me. It was clear I wouldn't be graduating. The cops were still investigating the shooting. Someone still wanted their money and I was turning eighteen. The last is significant because if I get caught with the stash I have right now it's a felony and I am now an adult. The good news is my mom held a birthday party for me. Oh joy!

I cut school one more time. It was too dangerous to be pushing at the campus and since Jerry is gone all of his friends and bitches have scattered. Too bad. I got use to the perks of being with Jerry, unlimited sex.

I noticed Hank's truck in the drive with mom's car beside it. I pulled my car into the neighbors drive behind the house so it couldn't be seen. Hank usually always worked until three thirty and then mom leaves for her job. Since it was only two, something must be up.

I decided to head around back and hole up near the garage. I could see her standing there in her house clothes. God the woman could use some fashion help. Sweat pants and an old button down plaid shirt with the arms cut off at the shoulders. She has never been a beauty queen but even if she was you wouldn't know it.

Three kids and ten years of waiting tables must take its toll. Still if she lost about twenty pounds, styled her hair, wore some makeup it would make a big difference. Being on her feet five to six days a week has kept her legs toned her ass firm. I have never seen her tits but they must be a large B or small C cup. I know they droop. Probably from having three kids suck the life from them but properly displayed they fill out a sweater. That I have seen, unfortunately not in a long time.

"Sandy I just know what I heard at the courthouse." Hank said animated. "If they come here with a warrant and ask to search this house there isn't a thing you or I can do! Sandy they have been

casing this thing for years. Getting names, contacts, planting undercover agents. They don't care about a small player like Mark! They want the big players!" Hank explained.

"They know by waiting for just the right time they can nab the pawns and turn them into snitches. Do you know what happens to snitches? Even if they let him go the suppliers may take action just to make sure he doesn't talk in the future!" Hank was almost yelling now.

"I know how much your brother meant to you and how Mark is, but I will not jeopardize the well-being of Matt and Kit for that worthless pot head." Hank dissed me. "The kid is so fucking smart, too smart for his own good. Won't go to school, won't come back to work, and quit all of his sports teams. For what? To get high? Great, I get it, he wants to be another Jerry, but if you don't change him I swear to god I will kick his sorry ass out of this house too!"

"Hank please..." Mom tried to cut in.

"We have worked way too long and too hard to lose it over his, his... I fucking don't know what to call it? The mid eighteen year old crisis? I know he's your favorite and I know you just lost Jerry, which isn't fair, I get it, but what have the other kids done to deserve this? They should have a fair shot at a good life. Look all I know is the cops are putting in a lot of overtime, they have something going on. Do you understand?"

"Hank I hear you. I know you're right, but this is our son! I just can't kick him out!" Mom pleaded.

"If I don't see progress soon it's him or me! And if it's him you can expect a big fight over Kit and Matt. I have already talked to Mr. Wilson, he is giving me his backing. I have a great unit I can move into. We both know you will lose this place on your salary." He walked to the sliding door, I moved back further into the garage. I could hear mom crying. "Fuck, he still has not even cut the grass! Sandy, I need your help!"

I sat down and waited until I heard him drive off. Leaving the way I came I called some friends and headed over to see them. I needed a joint. I needed to think!

I drove home. I was still a little buzzed but when I saw mom's car was in the drive and Hank's was gone I sobered up quick. Friday night is the best night for mom, there is no way she would have stayed home. I walked in the house it was eerily quiet. I could find no one so I went up the stairs into my room. Everything looked normal, clothes strewn everywhere. Empty bottles, school books, Play Station, all just as I left it in a mess. Then I almost passed out. There on my bed was my stash! Along with it my back up stash, my money and worst of all a pair of my mother's panties and some adult magazines. The drugs and money was one problem. I could lie and say that I was holding them for Jerry. The panties and smut, well there is no easy way to blame that on someone else. I saw movement in the corner of the mirror. Turning she was standing there.

SMACK! Jesus Christ she just slapped me across the face.

"Tonight!" Sandy hissed. Her eyes pierced me like hot irons.

"But..." I tried to explain. SMACK! Fuck she did it again.

"Tonight!" repeated. Mom turned and looked at the luggage setting in the hall, then back at the bed. "You decide."

Mom turned and walked into her bedroom and locked the door.

I wasn't sure if she was kicking me out and wanted the stuff gone or just the stuff gone. I guessed the later, time will tell. I grabbed all of the shit except the panties and magazines and headed outside. I hopped in my car and drove slowly trying to think of a plan.

Dialing my phone it was dead. No service was across the screen. Fuck! Hank turned my phone off. The only place I could think of was one friend of Jerry's I had fucked a few times. It was still early enough Suzanne might be home. Luckily she was. Using her phone I made a few calls.

"Do we have time for some fun?" She whispered. I looked at the clock.

"I think we have time, they want to get their shit together." I replied.

"I go first!" She teased back.

We have had a few encounters before but only when Jerry was around. This time it just seemed to fall in place. I started removing her top, Suzanne squealed as I latched onto her fat nipple. With time to spare I took my time alternating between the two. She let me feast on her tits as she leaned her head back and presented them proudly. She slipped from my lap and let me watch her do a strip tease for me.

I stood and removed my clothes, she moved in and stroked my cock. I handed her a condom, my rule for engagement. She opened it and rolled it over my straining cock.

"Well what are you waiting for?" She laughed.

Suzanne straddled my lap guiding it in her tight pussy. Slowly she just kept working it deeper a little at a time.

"I love when you do that!" She hissed. "God you're so big!"

"Or you're too tight!" I countered.

"Jerry didn't think so!" Suzanne leaned back offering her tits again. I sucked one in and she cooed. "I love it when you suck them, maybe I should be on top?"

"Lie back and let me see?" I teased.

She moved off me so I could change positions then guided my cock back in her cunt. Suzanne rode me for a good amount of time her pussy now sloshing with her excitement. I watched her massive tits defy gravity and bounce on her chest. She worked her hand over her clit while she drove down hard on my cock. She looked at me through half closed eyes as the first tremors started to build.

"Fuck me Mark!" She begged. I pushed up as she slammed down, her pussy spread as her fingers rubbed her clit. Suzanne was cumming on my cock. She thrust forward laying on top of me, she clamped her legs over mine trapping my cock. Her breathing became more normal as she laid there, my cock still hard inside. "Did you want to cum?" She teased.

Suzanne moved forward my cock slipping from her pussy.

"I think I could get use to this!" She giggled. "My pussy sure loves it."

Suzanne moved back on top and guided my cock back in her cunt. She moved slowly massaging her tits and reaching behind to play with my balls. She never picked up the pace until I moaned my

approval. Then just slightly she leaned forward. Bracing her upper body on straight arms she lifted her ass. My hard cock just inside the opening of her sex.

"Fuck my greedy pussy Mark! Let me watch you fill me up." She hissed.

We both watched as I fucked her from below. I was just on the edge, Suzanne sensed my need to cum. She pulled off and ripped the condom from my cock. Stroking me I started to cum.

"AAAAHHHHGGGHH!" I shouted wishing I was back in her pussy.

She pointed me to her chest as I coated her massive tits with my cum. She sat up and rubbed it in her tits making them glisten. Happy with herself she shot me a happy smile.

"Follow me big guy." Suzanne led me to the bathroom so we could get cleaned up.

I left Suzanne at her place and started out to face Jerry's suppliers. I had a smile when I left but that would soon fade. I met with a contact I knew through my uncle. He agreed to put me in contact with the right people.

A meeting was set up, everyone is on edge, even paranoid. They made me drive around two different blocks looking for a tail. The coast was clear. I am dealing with lower rungs of the ladder. I know I need to see at least a middle of the ladder guy, otherwise they could rip me off and say I never came through. Luckily I recognized one guy Jerry had dealt with.

They made me strip to my briefs looking for a wire. Like I said paranoid. The cash I handed over and the weed I returned wasn't enough. They wanted another grand. I tried to explain my situation without involving my parents but these people make their own rules.

Then they kicked the shit out of me just to make their point. I have played contact sports and have been roughed up, but this was a good old ass whoopin. They had lost a big time distributor in my uncle and now they were losing me. These people don't take kindly to bad news

When I got home I fell on my bed and passed out.

"Get up!" It was my mother she was at my bedside in her robe.

I looked at the clock it was five am. Now I point this out for two reasons. My mother works to eleven or twelve o'clock most nights and then every morning she gets up at five to make Hank breakfast. When he leaves she goes back to bed. Every morning for almost twenty years. The second is I don't.

'But it...' SMACK! Christ that hurts, especially after last night's beating.

"Get up!" Sandy repeated.

Without a word I slowly peeled my lanky frame from the bed. She could see clearly the bruises I suffered. If she cared she didn't show it. Turning she led the way to the bathroom. Mom handed me a clear plastic cup.

"Pee in it!" She commanded.

SERIOUSLY? Did she just tell me to pee in a cup? I looked to her but knew better than to say a word by now. Her stance confirmed the command. Turning to hide my morning wood I wasn't sure if I could even hit the cup.

"So I can watch!" Sandy said firmly.

What the fuck is she talking about? She wants to watch? I turned and dropped my briefs on the floor. Naked my cock is clearly on display. I thought I heard a slight gasp. I tried to bend the fat sucker down but with her watching and first thing in the morning this was going to be a challenge.

Sandy stood firm. I closed my eyes and willed it soft it took some time but eventually I filled the cup half full. Setting it on the counter I aimed into the toilet bowl and finished emptying my bladder.

Mom had bent down to pick up my briefs. As I turned to face her again my cock now limp. She stood up her face mere inches from my penis. Mom flinched. Looking at my briefs I could see the dried cum from last night's fuck, I think she did too. Throwing the briefs in the hamper she turned to me her nipples clearly hard beneath the robe.

"Take a shower you stink!" Sandy commanded, then she walked out.

My mother didn't even inquire about the bruises covering my body. I was tired and very sore but hard again. On the bed were the panties and the magazines I had not disposed of. There was also a note.

1.Clean room.

2.Do laundry.

3.Cut grass.

She was waiting in the kitchen with my breakfast.

Not a word was spoken. Getting the hint I cleared my own dishes.

I worked in my room but fucked off most of it. I will wear her down I thought. I went down to lunch and she was nowhere to be found. I raided the fridge and headed back to my room. I straighten up a few things but the game consul was calling my name. About two she came into my room. The look wasn't a happy one.

"Strip now!" Sandy yelled.

She was pissed for sure. I was just about to complain but my face still hurt from before.

"Go in the bathroom close the door and wait for me. On the counter was a test for drugs left from this morning. I clearly failed the test with only one line on the strip. Through the door I could hear her move around then after about twenty minutes she knocked. I opened the door walking to my room was a new list setting on the panties and magazines. This time cutting grass was on top. Then cleaning the room, the washing was crossed off.

I was looking for something to wear.

"Where are ..." SMACK! The fucking bitch did it again.

"I suggest you get the grass cut before dark or you will be sleeping on it." Sandy was still pissed.

Looking at her panties I had hidden away she nodded to them. "You can wear them. The other clothes belong to your father. I bought these I will loan them to you for now. I suggest you get cracking." She explained.

Too stunned to say a word if I dared, I looked at the silk panties. They were pink.

Thank god the neighbors on one side of the house were gone for the day. The other was an old man whose family room was on the far side. The back part of the yard is secluded but the front was another story. Yes I cut the grass in my mother's pink panties.

Not delicate ones, full sized but still too small. When I stopped to fill the mower with gas I found my father's coveralls. They were too short but I was desperate. Heading to the front I noticed my car was gone. Holy Shit! What is going on here? Then it hit me. He told her to fix it or he would. If she wanted my attention she has it now.

I contemplated my options but they were few. Well at least the grass was cut. There was a wet spot where my stiff cock seeped precum. I put the mower in the garage and hung up his coveralls. Entering the house mother was waiting for me. Sandy seemed amused by the stiff cock I was still sporting and the spot clearly getting larger. I turned red but she didn't say a word.

In front of her was a pair of briefs, shorts, and a shirt all dirty. With her finger she pointed to the basement. Grabbing the clothes I followed. On the washer I found instructions. I placed the items in the washer but she didn't move. Looking at the silk panties I was wearing she nodded. I took them off tossing them in the washer. Getting an eyeful again she calmly turned and walked up the stairs.

When my clothes were washed and dried I slipped them on and folded the panties carrying them up with me. She was in the kitchen waiting. Sandy slipped a piece of paper across the table.

'Bring your computer and game console to the dining room set it up on the desk' it read. I looked at her, she smiled but said nothing. This was cruel and unusual punishment! If I was in the dining room everyone could see what was on the screen.

Still I did as she demanded. She turned it on and opened the history. There were all of the porno sights I had looked at. One by one she opened them while I sat beside her. More than once I could hear her take a deep gulp of air. The one with mature women seemed to surprise her the most. What can I say I like them young but a little of experience never hurts. Mom deleted the history and then placed an eraser disc in the drive. The computer was going to be sterile. What a shame.

Dinner was quiet and simple, sandwiches. I had been up since five this morning I was ready to drop by nine. Mom followed me up to my room. On the bed was a different pair of silk panties, they looked worn. She looked at me and then the panties. It took a second but I understood the implications. I stripped and slipped on the panties. She took my clothes and pointed to the bathroom.

"Pee!" Sandy guided my eyes to the bathroom a new cup was waiting for me. She watched as I filled it. Placing the strip in she watched as I emptied my bladder in the toilet. I slipped the panties up and as I did my cock started to grow. I know she wanted to see it fill out but she turned and left.

"Pee!" Mom was again at my bed, and again it was five in the morning.

Sandy watched as I again struggled to relax my boner but once the deed was done she slipped the strip in the cup. After my shower I walked back to my room. On the bed were the clothes she took from me last night. Slipping the panties off I dressed if you could call it that. The test was still positive. The instructions say I could take a week or more depending on the user's history.

On the bed was a new list. On top of other chores on the list the first was moving out of my room! I was being banished to the basement. We moved all of my belongings into the spare room in the basement. Then I moved all of Matt's stuff into my old room. It was time. The twins were almost fourteen. I knew they would fight it, they did the last time, they are that close. Soon they would be a young woman and a young man not just kid's.

Hank and the twins came home Sunday afternoon. They were excited. I was exhausted. I needed a joint.

Monday morning before I headed to school I was tested again. I had a feeling skipping would be a bad thing. Each day was a repeat of the previous, five o'clock each morning. I think it was the first time I attended a whole week of school without skipping.

Worse, taking the bus was demeaning to a person of my stature. This didn't go unnoticed by my friends, including the fact I wore the same clothes each day. A constant reminder of the situation I was in. The verbal taunts by the graduating seniors hurt the most. By Friday I had made up my mind to chuck this all and just move out.

I headed out to the bus parking lot trying to formulate my plan. I was an outcast now. Word spreads fast in this town. The regular students wanted nothing to do with me since I was a stoner. My stoner friends bailed figuring I was too hot to be seen with. I was on an island, a castaway.

My options were few. I was broke, had no car, no phone, or clothes. The thousand dollar buyout was never far from my mind. Leaving town was a death wish. Getting someone to front me some weed to raise the money was suicide. If the suppliers found out I lied about quitting the results would be the same. If I was so fucking smart why was I in this position?

Sandy was standing beside her car the passenger door open. In the back was Kit and Matt. Reluctantly I headed that direction. Without a word I slipped in the seat, she closed the door. Mom drove in silence, surprisingly she was in her uniform. Sandy must be going in early. Matt and Kit oblivious to what was going on chatted about their week and what they wanted to do for the weekend. We walked to the front door Mom opened it the kids went in.

"You need to watch your brother and sister tonight. I have to work and Hank is at the charity poker game for the Lion's club." Sandy offered.

"Aw mom we had a deal no babysitting!" I whined. It slipped out before I could gather them all up and put them back in. She reached to slap me but remembering the kids were present she stopped herself. What hurt worse was the evil stare she gave me.

"I have pizza coming at seven. The kids need to be in bed by ten" Looking at them she made it clear she was in no mood. "No later, if Mark tells me you two have acted up you will be home for the weekend."

There was no need to repeat it, we were all on the same page. It had been years since I watched the brats but now that they were in their teens it seemed different. We actually had fun. About nine I got a call from a friend of Jerry's, she wanted to see me.

Her name is Heather, and I wanted to see her. We had a sort of history together. Telling her I couldn't come out she offered to stop by. I told her to come by around ten. Fuck it! If I couldn't go out Sandy never said anything about someone coming here!

The kids were great. By the time I was ready to send them to their rooms they were already there. I went to my room in the basement and cleaned up brushing my teeth and such. It was almost ten thirty when Heather showed up.

She was looking hot. Tattoos and piercings probably covered more skin than her clothes, and she only had three small tattoos. Heather is almost twenty six, tall, slender, and exotic. Her long black hair fell easily over her breasts providing more coverage than her top. Her face was beautiful even if she hid it behind the atrocious paint she wore. I had a thing for her.

Heather came in and looked around checking the place out. We sat in the living room but moved to the basement when she started to get a bit frisky. She was looking to score some weed. When I told her I had none she seemed to get a bit pushy. I turned my back for just a moment and to my horror she was lighting up a joint! Fuck!

We're in the basement and there is no ventilation down here. Still when she offered me a drag it was all I could do to say no. I pleaded with her to put it out but it was half gone before she did. The whole basement reeked. There was an exhaust fan in the bathroom down the hall. I headed there to turn it on. When I returned she was waiting.

Heather was on my bed naked. Her pert tits poked through the strands of hair. Her pussy was shaved with a dark patch just above. I moved close she pulled me by the hips then pulled my shorts and briefs down.

"Have you missed me baby?" She cooed. My cock was almost fully hard as she took hold. "Well I have missed this, my pussy is dripping thinking of you driving it home. "

Heather was fondling me now and I was ready for some serious fucking. Rolling on her back I lined up with her twat.

"Remember big boy slowly, that sausage is too big to just ram in me!" Her voice was dripping with lust. Her first moan started the moment I slipped past her outer lips and didn't stop until I was balls deep.

"I will never get over that feeling!" Heather growled as I bottomed out. I held still as she got acclimated. "Fuck me Mark! Drive it home hard!"

Our lips found each other we kissed for several minutes. Unlike most nights I was in a hurry. Heather seemed to read my mind as I started to quicken the pace. She looked between us watching my cock disappear slowly inside her.

"You don't want this to last forever?" Heather teased. "Fuck me Mark! I missed you too!"

She was right. Moments later Heather started to moan below me, desperately she tried to hold off. I fucked her steadily. She moaned, begged and even threaten me but I kept up the pace. Heather stiffened, arching her back, she tried to close her thighs but I was between them keeping them open. Her mouth opened she tried to scream but covered her with a kiss. I pinned her to the bed her legs wrapped around me then spread open again. She moaned again as my cock buried deep inside. I could feel her pussy spasm around me.

"Don't stop, Mark whatever you do don't stop!" Heather pleaded.

The next wave hit her much quicker, her arms tried to push me away. With my size her feeble attempt went unheeded.

"No Mark not again! Please...NO!" I knew she was sensitive but soon would be begging me to keep going. Her hands gripped my biceps, she tried to pull me down but I let her watch as her pussy pushed up begging me to go deeper. She wrapped her legs like before but this was little help as now I was letting her do the work.

"Cum in me Mark! Fuck me! Oh Mark please!"

I changed nothing, my steady pace was driving her wild! Her arms around my neck her legs behind my thighs She was doing reverse pushups as the second wave rushed through her.

Heather was still moaning her arms and legs losing the battle to keep herself up. By now her pussy was dripping with her excitement and my precum. When her arms released around my neck I put pressure on her. I was deep inside her. Kim's legs splayed her pussy was spent. Still I changed nothing, I was close but soon she would be closer.

Shifting to my elbows I looked down her eyes followed mine she could see the slick shaft that now easily slipped in her puffy cunt.

"When?" Heather hissed, her pussy desperate for more.

"Soon I." I grinned

"Hurry?" She looked weary.

"As soon as you come?" I explained

"Mark I can't!" Heather pleaded.

"Do it!" I replied. "Now cum when I do!" Something clicked for us both. I picked up the pace her pussy responded just the same.

"Come with me!" It was not so much as a command as a request. "Come and I will fill your pussy!"

Excited beyond words I could feel Heather grind her clit into me. Heather thrust her clit hard against me.

"Cum with me so I can fill you up!" I whispered.

Heather started bucking against me, I don't know if she wanted it faster or deeper. She got both and a large load of fresh cum to show for it. We laid there for a few minutes. I thought about how I was the only guy Heather would have sex with anymore. She wouldn't even let Jerry do that.

Heather is bi-sexual, she is mostly into girls. Heather was not treated well by men when she was younger. Still she and I hit it off the first time we met. It was months later when we first made love. I wouldn't say we were lovers but we have had some good times together. Jerry always said it was because she trusted me.

She went to the bathroom and cleaned up I was sitting on the bed.

"So what's the deal?" Heather asked.

"I fucked up. The cartel wants more money, Hank wants me gone, and my mom wants me to clean up my act. I flunked my senior year so I have to take another year of school." I replied.

"Just quit, I did." Heather said. I had to be careful here. I knew her story, and it isn't a pretty one. She had no choice I do.

"Thought about it but since Jerry's gone there's no place to go." I explained making excuses.

"You could flop with me and Angie." Heather suggested.

"Thanks but I have some issues to work out, it's important." I replied.

"Mark I need some weed. I am running out baby, you need to help me." Heather said.

"Babe I am clean. I have none and the people that do wouldn't give me any if I asked. I am flat broke." I explained.

She pushed the subject for another five minutes. I was getting suspicious as her demands became more desperate, but I honesty couldn't help her.

"Heather you need to be careful, I have a bad feeling something might be going down soon." I warned her.

"You know something?" She asked.

"Just rumors. But with your record..."

"Don't worry about me big boy, I can take care of myself!" She cut me off.

Looking at the clock I knew she needed to leave it was 11:30 mom would get off at midnight. Heather couldn't be here when she came home. Besides I needed to find a way to air out the basement.

I walked her upstairs we were in the kitchen just around the corner from the back door. As I was kissing her goodbye I heard a key in the lock. The door opened and there was my mom, she saw me but not Heather. Looking up from the landing mom she looked surprised to see me.

"I got off early, seems everyone is at the lodge playing poker..." She looked at me and saw my eyes wander to the kitchen where she couldn't see.

"Mom this is Heather, Heather this is my mom." Heather moved so she could see Sandy. It was awkward to say the least. The looked at each other neither one saying anything. Mom came up the two steps to greet Heather.

"Hello, I am Sandy." Mom offered her hand. She was shocked but recovered nicely.

"Nice to meet you." Heather smiled broadly.

There was a long silence as they both took stock of the other. Sensing my mother didn't approve, Heather made a polite but quick exit.

"Where are the kids?" Sandy scowled.

"In bed per your instructions." I was feeling a little overconfident. SMACK! The bitch hit me again!

"In the basement now!" Mom threw her purse and headed down the stairs. I thought of stopping her but how?

She had not even made it to the last three steps when she smelled it. Fuck now I am busted. Heading to the bathroom she pulled out a clean cup.

"Pee!" Sandy yelled. The veins in her neck were popping out she was so mad.

"I promise I didn't take one puff!" I tried to explain. I should have known better. SMACK! This one hit home solid, my jaw hurt.

"I said fucking pee!" Sandy yelled again.

My cock was down for the count well, at least I thought it was. Stripping I held my cock and a string of clear sticky fluid dripped from the end. The smell of sex was stronger than the smell of weed. There was no concealing the gasp this time. I had not even started to pee.

Sandy turned and ran up the stairs. I had no idea what for, I hoped Hank's gun was still locked up. Pulling my shorts up I ran after her but she was in her bedroom. Heading back to the kitchen I heard her coming down the steps. I walked back into the living room to see she had one of Hank's leather work belts.

"Over the back of the couch now!" She was screaming at the top of her lungs. Fuck! She was going to wake the neighborhood.

"Mom let me explain!" I was turning as she requested but talking was just making it worse.

CRACK! The belt landed on my ass. This wasn't too bad I thought. Let her go she will tire soon I decided. Then she did something I had not expected. She pulled my shorts down leaving just my briefs showing. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK. Now that fucking hurts! I mean really hurts, but she wasn't satisfied she wanted real pain.

Sandy grabbed my briefs and pulled them down just below my cheeks. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK. I tried to shift just enough to avoid the worst of it but she was too good.

Mom adjusted and found the mark each time. Sandy knew I was in pain, my eyes watered I was trying to cover my ass with my hands. That only made her madder. She wanted to PUNISH ME, not just get my attention. CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK... And then it stopped just like that.

"Sandy!" It was Hank.

I didn't even hear him come in.

"I think he's had enough, besides, maybe we should all get some sleep." Hank suggested.

He looked over to the stairs Kit and Matt were looking on with startled faces.

Hank headed to the stairs whispering to the kids. When they were out of sight mom fell to her knees and started sobbing. Very gingerly I pulled up my clothes. I moved to her but she put up her hand and lowered her head. She wasn't only mad at me she was mad at herself. I had just made it down stairs when I heard Hank at the top landing.

"Mark!" He called out.

I looked up at him not able to even speak. "Mark, I am not a very athletic man but hear me now. If you break that woman's heart I will go to jail for the rest of my life and be happy to do it. Do we

understand each other?"

"Yes sir." I bowed my head as I responded.

"Are we clear?" He bellowed down the stairs.

Looking him in the eye. "Crystal clear sir." He stared me down just to make a point and then walked off. I could hear the murmured sounds as he lead my mother to bed.

The next morning she came down but I was ahead of her I had the sample on the sink before she arrived. It wasn't like I got any sleep between my ass hurting and my brain churning. Sleep was the not in the cards.

"Pee!" Mom demanded. She was still pissed. I could tell this time, the signals were clear. I got off my bed and led her to the bathroom where the sample was waiting.

"SMACK!" Motherfucker what was that for? I did it, its right there, fuck smell it if you want?

"Don't you ever do that again!" Sandy hissed. "I want to see you do it! I will not be duped by you again! You don't come up these stairs until I can see you do it!" Sandy was seething.

She turned and left. The bitch is crazy! I know professional ball players have some sophisticated scams but really? I am in my own house. Does she think I have Matt come down and do it for me? Then it hit me, maybe I am not as smart as I think I am. Well recent history seems to prove that also. I drank more water that morning than I have in a month. Do you think I need to pee? Nope. But the time was well spent.

I sat immersed in my thoughts about the last few years, where had I gone wrong. What did I want? Is this the life I really wanted to live? Was I just trying to impress my uncle? Then there was my family.

What has Hank ever done to me except work his ass off and provide for his family. We were not close, not like he is with the twins. He seems to have something against me, even before I became a fuck up. Don't get me wrong, I like him well enough, but we never seemed to click. I tried to make him proud. I played sports, I even use to work with him part time. It never seemed to be enough. Maybe that is why I started hanging out with Jerry.

My siblings use to look up to me and now what kind of example am I? A burned out stoner loafing his way through life on everyone else's dime. I have it made compared to some people. Shit, look at Heather! She left home at sixteen to get away from abusive parents, seriously abusive parents. Getting whipped with a belt would be a vacation from some of the stories I have heard.

Then there is my mom, if you looked in the dictionary under perfect mother her picture could be there. Why do I continue to disappoint her? It's like my Uncle Jerry all over again. What is it about her I am missing?

"Mom I need to pee!" I yelled up the stairs. When I heard them all laughing at the same time I realized they were at the breakfast table eating, what a fucking moron I am. When mom came down even she couldn't keep a straight face. Fuck, I am messed up.

We did our test but with the kids upstairs she waited just outside the bathroom door. Sandy then sent me to take a shower. When I returned there was a clean pair of her silk panties and my shorts with a shirt. There were no briefs.

The events of last night were not brought up, well except the twins kept trying to spank my ass so they could see me jerk away. They thought it was funny, I guess to them it was.

Sunday morning five AM Sandy was in the room. She had a different look on her face this morning. Almost calm. We walked to the bathroom I slipped off the silk panties and willed my morning wood to fade. Mom was behind me and again I heard a gasp but this was different, this was intentional.

Sandy was looking at my ass, she looked concerned. Turning she indicated I should stay and then she came down with some antiseptic cream. Placing a large dollop in one hand she held my arm and turned to apply the lotion. My initial shock was replaced with a soothing feel on my blistered ass. I was in heaven as she continued to spread the lotion down the top of my thigh.

Adding more she then started on the other cheek slowly and gently working the ointment in. Then it happened! Her hand slipped between my legs ostensibly to apply more cream but instead she brushed up against the back of my balls. My cock stiffened instantly.

This was no fleeting glance but an intentional move on her part. At least that's what I thought. Finishing the application of the cream Sandy gently squeezed my cheek letting me know she was still in charge.

Moving back she bent over and picked up the silk panties I had on earlier placing them in the pocket of her robe. Slipping her other hand between the fold of her robe she removed the ones she was wearing and handed them to me. The crotch was soaked.

Unsure what she wanted me to do I hesitated. Sniffing them seemed rude, so I slipped them on. I think I am getting somewhere? Maybe I am starting to understand what is going on.

Sandy seemed pleased as my cock slipped along the gusset of the panties and stretched the wet spot firmly against my balls.

The next few weeks nothing changed except the results of my tests, they were all clean. My wardrobe was expanded with my recent accomplishments. Time was coming up for the money I owed the dealers. Thinking of no other solution I went to Hank. He and I have had a strained relationship but he was always fair.

I knew the twins were his favorites. We got along but we were never close. I respected him but at the same time I knew I was most of his headaches too. The time came when he and I could talk in private so I laid it out for him. He could have made it painful but instead he truly helped. The car I drove was in storage. We agreed it would be sold the money would go to pay the debt. I would then pay him back with interest.

With cash in my hand I made the arrangements to retire from the drug business. No cloak and dagger now, just the transfer of money. The debt was paid and I was a free man from the whole mess. At least I hoped I was.

School was now over. Sandy continued her testing daily but rarely stayed to watch, I missed that. One day during summer break there was a classified ad section of the local paper on my bed. Help wanted. My chores at home were few so I guess I should take the hint. I applied at a few places but ended up at a sandwich shop across from the community college.

The pay was shit the hours worse but the look my mom gave me when I told her was worth it all. From behind the counter I could see the little bastard that was working my old area. He thought he

looked so smart on how he plied his trade. Just like me not that long ago. I needed to find a new job.

By chance it came up. The county clerk was looking for help in the inspection department. I applied and soon was working in the field doing paperwork for the inspectors during the busy summer months. My experience with Hank was paying off and the money wasn't bad.

Saturday morning it was five o'clock and Sandy was standing over me. She had not made a sound but I could sense her presence. Opening my eyes I could tell she was focused on my cock straining my briefs. She didn't even seem to notice I was awake. I looked up at her as she was lost in thought.

What was it? What was I missing? I placed my hand on her hip, it startled her but she didn't move. I had never touched her in any of our encounters and only once when she applied the cream did she ever touch me. Well except for when she was slapping me.

I could feel the satin panties under her robe as my hand slid further behind. Gently I guided her to sit on the side of my bed. She never took her eyes off of my cock. I caressed her ass as I lay prone on my side facing her. Not a word was spoken, not a glance to see what I was thinking.

Sandy was mesmerized. I grew bolder hoping my instincts were correct. Slipping my hand through the opening of her robe I caressed her ass directly through the silk material. Her breathing changed but there was no response one way or the other. She was still focused on my cock. I decided to take a different approach. With my free hand I lifted my hips and slipped off my briefs. Sandy was still motionless.

Then I took the ultimate leap of faith. I stroked my morning wood so she could watch. Sandy shifted slightly spreading her legs under her robe. My mother was touching herself. I couldn't see it, but it was clear what was happening. With no lubrication my cock was getting tender. Sensing my dilemma she shifted and slipped off her panties. Handing them to me I covered my cock leaving the head exposed and we both went back to what we were doing.

I wasn't quite sure what to think. I slipped my free hand back on the bare cheeks of her ass and continued to explore. It didn't take long. Soon after I heard the sloshing of her fingers in her pussy, then she started to climax. Biting her lip Sandy silently shuddered through the intensity of it.

Her robe gaped open and then I saw her naked tit hanging from her chest. Her nipple was large and stiff. The image raced through my body to my balls and with a soft moan I shot my cum into her silk panties. Sandy stood up and grabbed the panties from the bed where I dropped them.

Looking at the pool of liquid soaking in the material she moved her hands under her robe and slipped them up her legs. Only when her sex was covered did she allow me to see the massive wet spot and the overflow running down her thighs.

"Go pee!" She didn't even wait and watch. Sandy instead walked calmly upstairs and into the kitchen.

Don't get me wrong, I love yanking one off as much as the next guy but that was crazy! God I hope we can do that again!

I went and took my shower. When I returned there was a fresh pair of silk pink panties on my bed with a note. The lawn needs cut. I hoped she wasn't expecting me to wear just these again. I slipped them on under my shorts and after breakfast started to cut the grass.

That night my thoughts went back to encounter we shared. I was surprised my mother didn't react differently, she didn't even flinch. Could it be she wanted it to happen as much as I did? I remembered to add it to the file I kept in my brain.

The summer was almost over. I dreaded returning to school for another year but this was the price I needed to pay. The fault was only mine. Work was going good. The experience with the property management company Hank worked for was paying off. I was even able to send some business his way.

I was still riding the bike to work but had saved enough to get my own cell phone. I had few friends at this point in my life, alienating the ones I should have and avoiding the ones I should never have had. I was fine with that. I spent more time with family, looking forward to watching over the twins when needed. Sassy and smart, they were becoming little adults.

I can still remember the day it all changed. It was a Friday afternoon. I just got paid and was riding home from work. Thinking about my mother and how it had been awhile since we had our last special encounter. I was hoping this weekend would be another. That seemed to be the pattern. Push the boundaries and then lay back and see how I would handle it. If I acted like a jerk and made a big deal out of it, or tried to push it further or faster, or maybe just sulk like a little baby, she could easily stop.

I knew what I was getting was free. I always let her lead, never asking for more, not yet anyways. I knew she needed to be comfortably in charge. My part was to give first not to take. This wasn't moving according to my plan but hers. If she thought I was trying to manipulate her it would all end. I was happy and so was she I thought. It was slow, painfully slow but at the same time moving forward steadily. This I thought was going to be a good weekend!

Two patrol cars boxed me in and before I knew what was happening. I was in a cell downtown with several others. It was a couple of hours before they let me make the one call I was allowed. I knew mom would be at work. Hank was my only alternative. He was surprised but then again maybe not too much.

"Have you talked to them?" He questioned.

"No, not really. Name, rank, serial number." I joked nervously. "Everything they already know." I replied.

"Good keep your mouth shut. Even in the cell. They have surveillance there too." Hank knew because his company has the contracts for city government buildings.

"I will call Randall then come down." Hank explained. Randall was his cousin, a lawyer, well really more of an ambulance chaser but still in the eyes of the state a lawyer.

In less than a half hour Hank and the twins were in the building. I thought he should have left them at home. Knowing him he wanted them to see what happens when you fuck with the law. Better yet he wanted me to see how my actions affect others. Soon he and I were in a room alone.

"As a courtesy the captain has allowed me to see you alone." Hank stated "What have you told them."

"Nothing, mostly because I know nothing." I tried to explain.

"Good, now Randall will be here later, you hang tight don't say anything until he gets here." Hank repeated.

"Yes sir." I meekly replied, then as an afterthought. "They took a blood sample."

"Did you give them permission?" He looked concerned

"I don't know? I guess, they did it?" I replied meekly.

"Well you are an adult now so they don't need your mother's permission." Then he stood up to leave, looking back he asked. "Are you clean?"

"Yes!" I assured him.

"You sure?" Hank pressed.

"Why do you think I have been peeing in a cup for the last five months?" I snapped back. I don't know what hurt more him asking the question or thinking I was lying. "Sorry Hank, I didn't mean that, you have a right to ask."

"Hang in there sport, you will be out of here soon." Hank said before he left. The only thought I had at that moment reinforced my suspicions. They would need mom's permission and not his if I was a juvenile.

Randall showed up with all the stealth of the Fourth of July Fireworks. Bellicose and brash he was doing everything at once, mostly promoting himself. He sat with me during the interviews with the detectives. It was clear they had nothing on me. They were just trying to shake the tree as he said, hoping some other bad apples would fall. They were very thorough though. The cops even pulled in the owner with my old car. Fuck, the poor guy just bought the thing!

It was a big sting, three counties, feds, state and locals all pitching in. Hank had been right even if the timing was off a bit, this had been a three year project. Undercover agents had infiltrated the organization. Since no one knew the good guys from the bad everyone was a suspect. I saw many old faces the most disturbing was Heather's. Surprised to see me she avoided eye contact. She was good people just hanging with the wrong crowd just like myself. I made sure Randall talked to her before we left.

Getting released is a mixed blessing. I am free, but because I am free it could look like I ratted some people out in exchange for my freedom. Being a snitch isn't a long term career choice. I had to be careful for the immediate future.

Back at home it was good to be in my own bed tucked in the concrete walls of my family's basement, not the jail. Hank had stood up for me when he had good reason not to. I lay back knowing I needed to face my mother when she got home from work. I must have dozed off but I could feel her presence. Opening my eyes she was looking down at me I could see she had been crying.

"Pee." Sandy whispered. She was standing in a confrontational stance. I knew the repercussions before I said it. However I wasn't going to let her think she had failed.

"Mom I am clean!" SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! I let her have her way. Sandy needed to get it out, we both needed her to. I walked in the hall leading to the bathroom.

"I said fucking PEE!" She was yelling so the whole house could hear. I move past the opening to the staircase I could see his shadow at the top of the stairs. He was still in the kitchen, probably waiting at the opening.

"Sandy! Darling you will wake up the twins!" Hank yelled down.

"Not now Hank! I said I would take care of this, now go back to bed!" She was at the bottom of the steps no doubt yelling at his shadow. I could hear him walk through the house and head upstairs.

Sandy watched me fill the cup her hands trembled as she dropped in the test strip. Finishing up I was going to head back to my room but she stood defiantly in front of the door. This was going to be a long five minutes, the length it took to get true results. I closed the toilet lid and sat down.

She kept looking at her watch, five, six, seven, eight, nine, at ten minutes the results had still not changed I was clear. Tears were running down her face she started to turn but she changed her mind. Spinning to face me Sandy took the two steps in my direction and straddling my legs planted a serious kiss to my mouth. Holding my head she forced her lips hard to mine for a good thirty seconds. She moved her head beside mine.

"If you ever..." Too emotional to continue she kissed me one more time. Then she was gone.

I went back to my room and flopped on my bed the earlier nap chasing sleep for now. Heading up to the kitchen I sat in the darkness with a soda and some trail mix. It took a while but soon the distinct sound of my parents going at it directly above me filled the kitchen. I grinned inwardly and headed back down the stairs not waiting for the grand finale.

Saturday Hank played golf, six AM just like every weekend without fail. If the guys stopped for lunch he would be home late afternoon if not he would be back for lunch. Today was one of those days, I wasn't surprised. I was finishing the yard when he pulled up.

"Sorry about yesterday, you don't deserve that." I offered.

"The benefits of being a parent I guess." Hank tried to make light of it.

"And last night she was mad at me not you." I said. I wanted to set him straight on mom.

"It's all better now anyway." Hank said. "Now come inside and let me tell you what I have learned so I only have to do it once."

He told mom and me about the drug busts throughout the area. Three local counties and as many as ten major cities across the country. The local authorities wanted to bring it to a head before the start of the school year to discourage any activity on campus. Over the course of the next several weeks it was all over the news.

Peeing in the cup and taking the bus for my first day of school is embarrassing. I am almost nineteen years old for Christ sake. Still the deal was if I was going to continue to live at home I had to stay in school and stay drug free, including alcohol.

I had not played sports for two years but I was always good at it. The basketball coach looked me up one day asking if I would consider getting back in the game. Seems he is down several players, all of them seniors, suspended for drug related offenses.

We both knew as a senior I would just be a bench warmer and bit player. Suspecting mom was behind the invitation I felt compelled to accept. I could use the diversion and get back in shape as well. Practice started in two weeks, I told her that afternoon.

That night when she came home from work she came downstairs and woke me up.

"You need to pee!" When I opened my eyes Sandy was in her work uniform. I knew this was odd as she detested it. Mom always went up to shower and change before she did anything else. Drab around the house clothes maybe, but never her uniform. I was so tired I didn't even question why I need to do a second one today. It was after midnight but you get the point.

She had left my room and headed down the hall to the bathroom. I followed but only after I collected my thoughts. Now the bathroom was on the right side of the hall just past the staircase. To the left is the mechanicals but straight ahead is the laundry room. This time the door was open and much to my surprise my mother was in the laundry with her back to me.

Even more surprising was what she was doing. Sandy was undressing. I had missed the blouse coming off she was working on the skirt. I stopped outside the bathroom and silently watched not wanting to threaten her space. When the skirt hit the floor she turned and looked my way. I wanted to say something but that wasn't our way. Our bond is based on what is left unspoken.

It's learning the clues the other person offers. The subtle clues that escape most people. Understanding that concentration is as important as action. Never quite knowing the answer and yet when found it may be different than you expected.

What was she doing? Why is she doing this? Why now? What is she thinking? What does she want me to do? When? How is it all supposed to end? Sandy seems to trust me to do the right thing but by never telling me what it is. My reaction could be something she never thought of. That may lead her to do something she wasn't planning to do in return.

I stayed safely out of reach, confident I wasn't going to overreact. Sandy reached behind and unclasped her bra. The straps fell loose from her shoulders, the cups held in place by her arms. My eyes never left hers. I could look later I thought. Right now I needed to build trust.

Sandy lowered her arms and the bra hit the floor at her feet. Still our eyes were locked. Next were the panty hose. I never flinched. Last were her panties, not satin, not sexy, just plain cotton comfortable for work panties. She was naked now. Now I wanted to look but her eyes were looking for something first.

I pondered what it might be, then it hit me. I removed my briefs so we were both naked. That was it! Permission was granted and I took her in. Every boy dreams of seeing a woman naked, but seeing his mother naked is a taboo few get to witness.

Sandy isn't beautiful by media standards but for me she is. Her breasts sag slightly but her large areolas and thick nipples face forward and tilt up slightly. Her shoulder length blond hair falls on angular shoulders and slender arms. Three kids have left a soft round belly a small scar below indicated where she had her tubes tied. Her pussy is covered by more hair than I expected these days but her lips are full and protrude just the right amount. Her legs are slender and athletic looking. She looks womanly, curvy, and proportional. She looks wonderful.

Sandy was waiting for my assessment to end and my reaction to begin. Her wait wasn't long. We were both smiling. Stepping over the clothes on the floor she picked a pair of her silk panties from

the washer. She handed them to me.

My first thought was she wanted me to stroke myself with them again. She hooked a finger in each side of the waist band suggesting I put them on. I started to move in that fashion when she stopped me again. Then it hit me she wanted me to put them on her. I verified my assumption and she confirmed my thoughts.

Lifting one leg as I knelt in front of her she stepped through one hole. Sandy placed a hand on my shoulder to keep her balance as she did. I caressed her calf gently with the silky garment and then offered her second leg the other opening. I was in no rush to ascend to the heavens above. Slowly and gently I caressed each leg as I raised the panties higher. I could smell her sex, her lips now glistened beneath the covering of hair. My one hand brushed against her pussy as I finished my task the other resting on her hip.

With one hand still on my shoulder she used her other one to lightly guide my wandering hand to a more appropriate place, her tit. Moving her hand from my shoulder to my face she drew me up. Once standing she pulled me to her lips and kissed me gently. Our groins touching I could feel my pre-cum smear on her belly.

Breaking free she led me to the bathroom. Aw shit! She put me through all of this just to pee in the cup? It was my first thought, the second is just relax and focus on her, enjoy whatever she gives you asshole. Glad I listened to the second thought.

There was no cup on the counter. Sandy lowered the lid on the toilet and had me sit down. I could see where her panties had become soaked already. Sandy straddled me her pussy was pinning my cock against my belly. Her hands went to both sides of my face, I knew this was her way of taking control. Sandy kissed me deeply. This time her tongue searched for mine, I willingly let her in.

It was a kiss like no other I had experienced. It was wet and passionate, mom made it clear what her intentions were. There was need but also a giving part as well. Sandy was showing me what I had already suspected. She wanted me like I wanted her.

With nowhere for my hands to go it seemed natural to grasp the cheeks of her ass. She led her to grind her pussy tighter against my cock. We kissed and tongued for some time. I moved my hands above the elastic band of her panties and slipped them inside. As soon as she knew what was happening she stopped kissing me and looked into my eyes. I had crossed the boundaries for the second time.

Sandy grinned as my hands went back to the agreed areas. Sandy seemed happy I did so and yet I think happy I also tried. Sandy knew I wanted her. I wanted more of her than she was giving. I let her know I was willing to wait and get it on her terms. Foreplay was ending, she had needs to be filled and I had needs to dispose of.

Leaning back with her hands around my neck, arms outstretched she lifted herself up and down along my cock. Pre-cum was seeping at an alarming rate. Sandy was watching my cock as she worked it over with her panty covered pussy. There was just that thin almost see through silk material between us but for her that was enough.

The lips of her pussy were spreading wider more of my cock was out of sight. There seemed to be a nub stretching the material at the top of her pussy, if it's her clit it's bigger than any I have seen even online. Her eyes were closed now the pace was bordering frantic. My hands gripped her ass cheeks tighter and then she was there. Oh my god was she there!

Sandy was possessed! Instantly her eyes popped open she looked at me, she looked down at my cock and then back to my eyes. There was desperation in her eyes and I knew what she wanted, fortunately I was ready to give it to her. I had been holding back as long as I could and now it was hers. I came! Watching the eruption from my cock only heighten her orgasm. Sandy was humping all but the tip of my cock so fast and so hard it almost hurt.

On a couple of thrusts she mashed my balls eliciting a small yelp from me. Still she flailed away. Cum was shooting on my chest, on her tits, on my chin, in her face, it was everywhere. I wouldn't be surprised if some landed in the kitchen! Then she gripped my face and locked lips with me again. I wrapped my arms around her holding her tight. Her tits mashed to my chest, the beating of our hearts was all I could hear.

I could feel my cum start to cool down. Sandy pushed back and assessed the carnage. She looked up at me obviously pleased with her efforts. Leaning in she smeared any straggling drops with her tits where she could, licking any higher ones out of reach. Kissing me lightly she stood holding a finger up asking me to stay for a minute. The next thing I saw was her walk past in a robe and head up the stairs.

I leaned back and relished what had just taken place. I heard the shower running. This she did every night after she worked, it was her way. I wiped myself down with a wet towel as quietly as I could and went to bed. God I love basketball.

Six games in and fresh off of our third win of the season we were now a contender. Playing with some JV players and an old stoner we were always the underdog. The coach was doing his best with the players he had. We both knew we had a better chance with me on the court but the future was the other guys. I accepted it and encouraged the younger guys on. I was almost a player coach but most of all I was an example of what happens if you become a fuck up.

The next day I was called to the principal's office. Never a good thing in my experience, never. I was even more surprised to see Sandy waiting for me there. Oh shit I thought, something's bad wrong. Hank, the twins, someone is dead. My school counselor was there also.

"Mark we have called you and your mom here because we think you have earned the right to graduate early." The principal said. We talked for almost an hour. Part of the plan was to take a class at the local community college to make up some credits.

The next day when I came home from school Hank and mom were waiting for me as I lumbered off the bus.

In front of his truck was a truck that I had never seen, four by four yet to boot. Smiling she held out the keys.

"Don't expect your mother and I to chauffeur your ass around to all of these schools!" Hank said. I had paid him off for the last car I sold to clear my debts.

"Half is a gift the other half is a loan..." Sandy explained.

"Pending certain conditions, I expect?" I asked. Sandy smiled Hank did not. "Sounds only fair, thank you!" I replied.

Hank looked at his watch, Mom handed me the keys. "Thanks I whispered"

"You have earned it. Now that you have wheels you still need to make sure the twins get their homework done and fed." Mom said. I nodded in agreement.

"I need to get back to the office." Hank said.

"Take me around the block before I get ready for work!" Mom yelled out.

I walked around and opened the door for her then hopped in and started around the neighborhood. The truck was old but solid. It drove just fine Mom was happy I liked it, she suggested it but Hank found it. I wanted to pull her to me but that wasn't possible. Just having her there was enough.

We were playing the last game of the season. Our goal of playing in the post season slipped away the last two games. Our leading scorer Ryan was going through a dry spell. I was the next best offensive threat and kept us in several games but the coach and I knew I wasn't the future. Ryan just needed confidence, the last couple of games down the stretch he just seemed to get stiff, and rigid.

His nick name in the locker room became Stiffy overnight, cruel but funny as hell, except to Ryan. This game didn't matter except to us. We were down to one last shot the coach pulled us over, the play was to come to me to take the last shot and hopefully win the game. We left the huddle I walked beside Ryan.

"Whatever you see me do, be prepared for the ball, whatever I do." He looked at me in sheer horror. "Ryan we are just playing basketball! Chill and have some fun. When you get laid that is when you want a Stiffy!"

After that he couldn't keep a straight face. The ball came in we passed it around running the last few seconds off. The other team was ahead by two and a foul could be a disaster. Their only hope was keeping in front of us and making the last shot difficult. We faked the ball to Ryan, they knew he was our best shot but when it came to me on the other side they were out of position. I had it made, my best, shot two points and into overtime. But I wanted to win I dribbled once to give them time to react and then I went up for the tying goal.

Just as I knew they would their team overreacted. Faking a shot I adjusted slightly and passed a laser to Ryan deep in the corner. He was left unguarded for just a split second too long. The game was over when he sunk one of his patented three pointers. Stiffy was no longer his nick name. The coach wasn't happy at first but when I explained why I had done it, he agreed it was brilliant.

Hank was there that night, mom had to work. The next morning I went up to breakfast he was telling her all about the game. Embellishing more than a little bit Sandy was impressed.

Sunday morning I heard Hank leave for the golf course. I was surprised that mom had not woken me before he left. Curious I went upstairs to the kitchen. She wasn't there. Just as I started up the steps she came out of their room with her robe on. Turning to the only bathroom upstairs she saw me. I thought I may have startled her, maybe at first I did but there was something else.

Sandy was blushing. But why? She was holding a pair of silk panties in her hand. I gave her a puzzled look. Sandy seemed uneasy as she shifted her weight slightly from one leg to the other. Then I saw it. May face at the level with her waist, her robe ended mid-thigh. It was cum, it was his cum. He got his rocks off then left. She could see I knew. What she wanted to know is how I would react. I took the last few steps quickly taking her hand.

She wanted to resist, I could sense it, I held firm but gentle. I looked at the rooms for the twins. We both knew they wouldn't be up for hours but I was no thrill seeker. Not with them, not in this house. I led her through the kitchen and down the steps. I was turning to go to my room but she stopped. Her eyes look in the other direction at my bathroom. I concurred.

His cum was farther down her leg not quite to the floor. Sandy held the panties open for me this time. I stripped down and watched as she bent down to help me with them. Reaching to her shoulder for support she kissed the back of my hand. Sandy didn't take her time she slipped the panties up making sure my raging hard on was well over the waist band.

Sandy kissed the head of my cock! I was so stunned we could have stopped right there! Sitting down on the toilet lid Sandy straddled me once again. This time her bare pussy greeted my panty covered cock.

The fact it had just been fucked and I was willing to accept it seemed to make her happy. Her urgency suggested she may not have orgasmed yet. Either way I was happy. I knew Sandy wouldn't be disappointed. Her arms extended, her hands behind my neck, her pelvis arched up, her pussy flowed cum.

Her cunt lips already engorged seem to get bigger still. Sandy's pubic hair was already matted down. The aroma of their combined juices filled the room. I was trying to find a place for my hands. I gripped her ass cheeks but unlike the last time she objected.

Taking my wrists she guided them to her tits. Oh lord yes, this is a no brainer. She had a rhythm going now. My cock buried deep in her folds only the material keeping her from impaling herself. I was watching her expressions, filing away every look, or twitch. The flare of her nostrils, the gritting of her teeth, the restraint not to cry out. I filed it all away for the next time.

Mom looked in my eyes and guided them with hers. It took just a second to catch what she wanted me to see. It was amazing. Sandy's clit was out! It was big, fat and beautiful. Like a little penis only thick, the sheath must be longer than every clit I have seen. Sandy looked to me as if to say do you like it? With every muscle I twitched I said Hell yes!

The biggest smile I have ever seen spread across her face, ever. From that instant she had a happiness I had never seen while we had been intimate. It flowed out of every pore in her body. I showed her how glad I was that she was so blissful. Our attentions went back to her clit.

Sandy had adjusted her movements so she could cover the end of my cock with her clit. She would then slide down until her nub was forced to one side or the other. Each time she did the slit on the end of my cock flared open and more precum added lubrication. On the down stroke she would drag it past the rim of my cock head forcing it under and then dragging it up so her clit almost folded in half. As it snapped free I could feel her whole body quiver in response. Over and over this continued, the panties making sure there would be no penetration.

The amount of Hank's cum, her juices, and my pre cum had completely saturated everything below our waists. The toilet seat was dripping with sex. Sandy fell forward and held me tight. As her climax peaked she dragged her cunt up my cock, shivered, delayed, then slammed her cunt down my cock.

Sandy was starting to orgasm! She shivered, delayed and repeated it five or six times. Each time Sandy gave out a soft whimper as her cunt spasmed on my cock. I wanted to cum so bad but the erratic, forceful and jerky action left me right on the edge. Sandy kissed me then realized my dilemma.

She seemed unprepared for how to do it in a way that wouldn't change her rules. Taking my lead I turned her around. With her ass replacing her pussy she straddled me again. My hands had never left her tits earlier but I was so distracted then I put them to little use. I was now in a position to take advantage of that. Leaning her back against me I worked my soaked panty covered cock between her ass cheeks. Her head near mine we both watched as I learned what she liked me to do to her tits. It was a short lesson. She needed to take a shower, seems someone covered her back in cum.

Grabbing her robe Sandy draped it over her arm and walked naked up the stairs. I thought of taking a shower but decided to save the hot water for mom, she earned it. I rinsed off thoroughly and got dressed. Hungry I poured some juice and was making toast. I heard his truck pull in the driveway. He had been gone just twenty five minutes. Just long enough to make it to the course and back.

I was reading the comics, eating my toast when he barged in the kitchen.

"What no golf? I casually asked.

"I forgot my new driver and Malcom is running late, so I decide to come back and get it. I figure I can practice putting on the course." He went to the living room and found the club. "Your mom up?"

"Couldn't say for sure but I doubt either one of the twins would be in the shower at this time in the morning." We both laughed.

"Well I got to go, tell your mom I stopped by!" Hank said out of breath.

"You could probably go tell her yourself, I just heard the shower turn off." I looked back at the funnies.

"No better not, I gotta go."

"Have a good game." I yelled after him. Then it hit me he asked me to tell her he was here, no time like the present.

Mom opened the door slightly when I knocked. She was standing behind the door. Looking both ways she let the door open so I could see her nakedness. She gave me a why are you here look.

"Hank forgot his new club and came back to get it. Either that or he really does think you and I are fucking. He told me to tell you he was here." Her eyes grew large as I told her. I had a feeling she knew as well. Hank is a lousy spy, and lately he has been trying to do just that.

"As for me I came because, well because I never know when I will get to see you naked again. And to let you know I can't wait until the next time. I will, but it will be hard. Oh and so will that." I looked down at my open fly and my hard cock hanging out. I turned and left.

I was still at the table when she came down. It was quiet, too quiet, but I wasn't going to go first. Sandy was restless.

"You don't think it's too big?" She looked at me blushing a bit.

"Not at all! I wish I could..." I stopped before I went too far.

"Do you now?" She teased. "Interesting."

To be continued ...