

# 3 M'S, MY MANY MOTHERS CH. 01

*twofourthree*

*Kathryn's mistake teaches Daniel valuable lessons.*

Incest/Taboo

4.62

19.1k words

*This is a story I can finally share. It is a tale that covers many years so if you are looking for a quick read you can stop here. Like I have mentioned many times I am not a true writer but so far my submissions have been well received.*

This story is the one that truly started it all, even though it is not the first story I submitted. It is about a real person I was introduced to through a close friend. I met Daniel years ago having purchased a home from his grandfather and years later Dan himself.

I learned his story first hand and since then have documented much of his life for you to share. Daniel is his real name, the others have been changed for their protection. I offer you his story that has been updated just this year, 2016.

Enjoy and vote if care to.

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(Kathryn)

"You bit me you fucking bitch!"

Damn right I did! I warned him! I warned him I would if he did it again. Serves him right. Shooting his cum in my face and hair, then he wants to gag me again?

The son of a bitch shoved his prick down my throat one to many times. I hate that. I told him what would happen if he did it again. Besides no blood no foul I say!

"I fucking told you not to do that!" I yelled at him. I heard my blouse rip as I pushed away. He stepped away his cock still dripping as he moved.

"You fucking bit my cock! I heard you were a cold one but no fucking way do you bite me and get away with it bitch!" He yelled.

I reached for my purse and was almost clear of the door, but in my inebriated state I was too slow.

"Let me go you asshole!" I protested. My blouse tore further the bra followed suit. I could feel the fresh air hit my chest.

"Get back in the truck cunt!" He yelled. My date swung me against the fender, my left elbow hit the cold hard steel. I heard the CRACK and then the pain. He heard it too.

"Let me go! Please just leave me alone!" I screamed.

The pain seared through my arm. I'm not sure if it was panic or he was granting my wish. My date zipped himself up and went around to the driver's door. He stood in the darkness cursing me then

himself.

"Get in I'll take you home!" He offered getting in the driver's seat.

"Don't you ever come near me again or I'll ..."

He started the engine. In the dim glow of the dash lights I could see him look at me one last time. He hesitated then began driving back to the road. I slumped to the ground awkwardly. My bare tit pressed into the gravel.

He stopped at the asphalt looking back making sure I hadn't changed my mind. In the glare of the headlights I flipped him the bird. He spun around then hit the gas, dirt and gravel flew around some of it hitting me as he left me there on the ground. I could see the tail lights growing dimmer as I tried to stand.

The pain in my left arm caused me to cry out in pain. The gravel dug hard into my knees. Standing, I walked to the edge of the road. Alone in the darkness all I could see was the soft glow of a light in the distance. With just one shoe to be found I tossed the other one and picked up my purse.

Kathryn I thought to myself. What were you thinking?

(Daniel)

As soon as the phone rang I knew it was bad news. Why me? Why tonight I thought? Looking over at Nikki the night wasn't going well and this wasn't helping. I answered the phone.

"Daniel Masters?" It was a man's voice on the other end of the phone.

"This is Dan." My worst fears weren't confirmed but my second worst were. "Thank you. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Is she alright?" Nikki knew from my end of the conversation it was my mother. She was noticeably upset but tried not to show it. I knew then she was hiding something.

Nikki knew my mom but her reaction was too emotional for such a casual acquaintance. I suspected before and now this was just more proof. I filed it away then started to move back in her direction. Even though Nikki was concerned she was still pissed.

"Kat is hurt but safe. She's down on the Old Mill Road. Not sure where, I just hope I can find the house." I explained watching her carefully.

"I'll go with you. I know that road very well." Nikki looked at me still scared. I also felt she was genuinely offering to help.

"I can drop you off at home. It's on the way." I replied.

The night was shot, I might as well end it now and hope it didn't get any worse.

"Dan this is your mother we're talking about! I think we can be civil for a few more hours." Nikki protested.

There she did it again. It was subtle but clear to me. I was in no mood to argue any further. The last hour was enough. I grabbed my hoodie and a spare blanket from the closet. With keys in my hand and Nikki leading me I opened her door to the truck.

"Do you know how bad she is?" Nikki asked. Her attention clearly shifted back to my mom.

"He said it looks like she may have a broken arm. Some bruises. He couldn't say much more." I explained.

We drove in relative silence Nikki giving me directions when needed. The oncoming headlights lit the cab of the truck. I could see as upset as Nikki was with me, she was anxious to see Kat. If it wasn't clear earlier I could clearly see it now. That's what I do. I notice things.

It took almost half an hour but we finally found the place. I pulled in the gravel drive. The headlights from the truck illuminating her as she sat on a picnic table in the yard. An older couple was on their front porch looking on as I covered the distance to my mom. Removing the sheet over her shoulders I could assess what damage was done.

Kat was a mess. Her blouse was ripped exposing her chest. The straps no longer attached her bra barely covering her breasts. Her left arm was swollen at the elbow. I could see scrapes and dirt everywhere. She smelled of booze. And then there was this stuff in her hair.

Nikki had moved in behind me and gasped as she looked on. In the shadows of the headlights I placed Kat's right arm through the sleeve of the hoodie. Any attempt to move her left arm resulted in immediate protests. I removed my belt and made a temporary sling and closed the hoodie over her covering her body.

The older couple stood silently watching us from the porch. I walked Kat to the truck and helped her in the passenger side. Nikki followed us there and helped slide mom to the middle before Nikki sat beside her. I retrieved the sheet and returned it to the woman on the porch she looked at it as if it was infected with the plague.

"Take it with you! I don't want it back." She turned abruptly and went into the house.

"Don't mind her. She's too old to remember what it's like to be young!" He was smiling at the truck as I looked up to him.

"Yeah. Well she isn't that young!" I replied back. I looked back at Kat. I offered my hand with an apology. "Sorry about this."

"Young man, you her son?" He gave me a quizzical look.

"Yes sir. My dad died when I was young. It's just me." I normally don't talk about my life to strangers but I was hoping to explain enough he might understand. My hand still extended.

"Daniel you be easy on her. You hear me?" He took my hand and shook it.

"Yes sir." I released his hand but he held firm. He gave me a serious look taking his time before he spoke. His grip seemed familiar. There was a strength to it but at the same time a softness.

"You do that. You mind me Daniel. That is a special woman." He released my hand but his gaze didn't alter.

"Yes sir. I know that! Thank you again." He kept me locked eye to eye with his. I wanted to look away but I couldn't.

"She needs you son. She loves you!" I had never met this man and yet he seemed oddly familiar.

"Goodnight sir." I said. He smiled and nodded as I left him on the porch. There was something about what he said and the way he said it that unsettled me. I shook it off as I saw my mother setting next to Nikki.

The mood in the truck was quiet. Too quiet. My suspicions became more of a confirmation. I would file that away for later too. It's just the way I am. I backed out the drive the man on the porch looked on as we left.

Heading down the road the smell finally hit me. Mom was either sleeping or passed out. Nikki looked at me nodding in agreement with my assessment of the situation. I rolled the windows down. It was a nice early summer's night and under any other circumstances I would love to be out feeling the wind pass by as I drove. But this wasn't just any night. This was a night from hell and my gut told me it wasn't over yet.

We were almost there. Another couple of miles and at least part of this epic nightmare would be over for now. But, as we all know, these things come in threes. From out of her slumber mom woke and ...

She tried she really did, but with her seat belt on and sleeping she wasn't as quick as she might have been. God was punishing me. I'm not sure why, maybe he and I'll discuss that later. All I know is he's surely not talking to me right now!

Kat puked. Yep. I can't make this up. Sure most of it made it out the window but what didn't make it, you guessed it. Right on Nikki's lap. It's a wonder I didn't kill us all, besides the screams and flailing arms was the putrid smell. I reached under my seat and handed Nikki an old towel I kept for cleaning the windshield. The look she gave me was equal to the one she gave me when I dropped her off at her house.

I opened my door to get out like a gentleman should. Her door was already closed when I reached the hood of the truck.

"Goodnight Daniel. You better get her to the hospital." Nikki said coldly. She turned and walked straight to the front door.

Mom was passed out when we reached the emergency room. I don't know how those people do it. They must see so much worse. When a half dressed drunken women in her late thirties comes in they don't even bat an eye. They had her in a room before I even finished filling out the forms. The whole staff was incredible. Even the orderly was professional as he helped guide her back in the truck.

The cast on her arm was proof that this was a more serious failure than her earlier exploits. I support her efforts but she has to find a better caliber of men. Mom was awake but fortunately she chose not to try to explain. That would come later.

I pulled in the drive and walked to open her door. Her eyes avoided mine. It was almost one in the morning but we weren't done yet. Holding her steady we went into the house. I took her straight to the bathroom. Setting her on the toilet I stood looking at her contemplating my next move.

"I'm sorry Daniel." Kat whispered.

She only called me Daniel when she was mad at me. It was always Dan. Danny if she was really happy or wanted to tease me. My guess is she was mad but at herself not me.

"You ok?" I asked. Her face was flush her eyes bloodshot either from the booze or crying it really didn't make much difference right now.

"It hurts!"

"I'm sure it does, but right now we need to get you cleaned up. Here let me help you." I replied a bit peeved. I bent to remove her shoes only just now remembering she wasn't wearing any.

"Didn't the doctor give you a prescription for the pain?" Mom asked. She looked desperate.

"He did, but, he said because you had been drinking not to give it to you until morning. I can give you some aspirin when we're done here."

"Done with what here?" Kat asked still a bit loopy. Mom swatted my hand as I tried to remove the hoodie covering her.

"You need a shower." I explained as calmly as I could.

"How the hell am I going to do that?" She protested.

"You aren't, we are!" I tried to be low key.

"Like hell WE are!" Kat protested her eyes open and defiant.

"Mom, you're dirty and, you stink like vomit!" I explained firmly. I wanted to mention the cum in her hair but thought better of it. "You're getting a shower before you go anywhere! This night has been a real nightmare. I am in no mood to argue with you too. It's going to happen! Just like you tell me. Get over it." She started to respond but my stare let her know it was futile.

Carefully I removed the hoodie and threw it on the floor. Next came her blouse which I just cut off her as well as the remnants of her bra.

"Are you happy now?" Kat looked at me as I saw her naked tits for the first time.

Sure I've seen her in a bathing suit or a bra or hidden by some thin material, well you get the picture. But never in my eighteen and a half years have I ever seen them out in the open.

I know I shouldn't say this but I was happy. Just a little bit. Maybe for the first time tonight. I could think of many better scenarios to see them for the first time but I was happy just the same. I broke loose staring at them and started to remove more clothes.

"Well are you?" Kat repeated waiting for my answer.

I thought of saying something to remind her why we were here. But I didn't. I remembered the old man on the porch. I knew she was still drunk. My mother, my sober mother was way to straight laced to be asking such things.

"They are very nice." I looked her in the eyes and answered calmly.

Kat held my gaze for an extended moment, and without blushing, smiled broadly. And yes, I noticed. That's what I do. My mother, for whatever her reason, was happy I approved.

I lifted her up and removed her skirt. I started to remove her panties, her good hand gripped my wrist.

"That's far enough young man I am still your mother!" Kat protested. It seemed however happy she was exposing her tits was drawing the line here. I thought about arguing but I knew it was pointless. Besides she was buzzed and still not thinking clearly.

"Stay here I'll be right back." I said. I left her standing and went to the utility room. I came back with a plastic bag and some duct tape. "I need to cover your cast so it doesn't get wet."

Kat lifted her cast and I sealed it off, the whole time trying not to just stare at her tits. Turning on the shower I removed my shoes, socks, and shirt. I then reached in and tested the water.

"I need to pee!" She said. I smiled at her. She now knew what I thought of earlier.

"Be my guest. I'll wait in the hall." I replied.

I even closed the door most of the way while I waited. I could hear her struggle knowing she wouldn't ask for help. I heard the toilet flush. I was afraid she might fall she was so drunk but all I heard was her cussing. She called my name.

I opened the door her panties were at her feet. Mom boldly stepped out of them leaving them on the floor. This was a side of her I had never seen. As her son I daren't look, but as a young man this was torture.

"Not a word you hear me?" Kat glared at me. She sounded almost sober. I didn't need to answer. I helped her in under the shower head the warm water seemed to sober her up even more. Still dressed in my shorts I followed her in and closed the door.

I started with her hair the dried cum was easy to remove but the smell took two applications. Moving down I had her hold her left arm up so the water would run off. Her shoulders and right arm were easy. Her back was more of a challenge. The challenge was stopping before I reached her sexy ass. I wanted to go slowly and savor these moments. I wanted to remember every inch I covered. But I had a mission to accomplish and my pleasure wasn't part of it.

Maybe God was answering my prayers, because when I reached her breasts all I could think of is how great this new day was. I washed them as if they were my own. I never once fondled or made a big deal of it. Sure I wanted to. It took every ounce of restraint to resist. But I had too much respect for her. Even when she let slip a light moan I resisted temptation.

I was half way home and was feeling pretty good about finishing this without embarrassing either one of us. Standing to one side I started on her ass. The soap and warm water enhanced every contour. When I went down her crack the second time I noticed her eyes were closed and she pushed back ever so slightly. I had to move on or this was going to get serious.

I shifted to her right side my right hand slid smoothly across her stomach and then slightly lower. My fingers felt the small scar where she had her tubes tied after I was born. She tensed up at that moment then relaxed as I worked back up to her stomach again.

I looked down her eyes closed tightly her breathing sporadic. I moved to the outside of her thigh down to her knee and started back up I stopped just short of her vagina when her hand gripped my wrist.

"Lake Danamanski" The voice in my head was back. What was it saying and why? I had no idea what it meant.

"No please!" Kat held my wrist firmly in place.

"Lake Danamanski"

There, it's in my head again, but it didn't make any sense. I never heard of the place. Mom moved my hand higher and any thought of some stupid lake was now forgotten. I could see her spread her legs ever so slightly. Mom's hand guided mine along her inner thigh to her vagina.

"Mom!" I managed to protest. Her grip was strong on my wrist.

"Kathryn! It's me Danny!" I called out. I was sure she was drunk now but her hand held me still.

"SSHHH!" She replied. It was but a whimper but I obeyed just the same.

I feebly tried to pull back just to test her decision. Kat held me firm. And then it happened. Mom put my hand directly on her pussy. I have kissed several girls and touched only one set of tits, Nikki's, and that wasn't about to happen again any time soon.

The problem is I have never seen or touched a real pussy. Worse I didn't know what to do now that I have. With one hand on her ass the other was over her vagina cupping it like a baseball.

Kat slipped her hand over mine and soon her legs spread even further. Before long her hand was guiding mine and with her help I explored her sex. I was inexperienced but not stupid.

This was no longer a shower. In and out, around and over, up and down she took me places I had only dreamed about. She put two of her fingers inside and then pulled them out and had me repeat it. She thrust her hips and pressed my hand hard against her mound.

"Yes. Oh God yes!" She hissed in my ear as I bent over to reach her. The water was still pulsing over her, the soap long gone but it was wet and it was slippery, and she was moving faster than ever. I knew it was wrong but in a strange way it felt so right.

Nature has a funny way of taking over when you least expect it. My left hand was following the motion still gripping her ass. Something clicked in place in my head, maybe it was the voice I had been hearing lately?

My left hand I found the soap and lathered it up and eased it down the crack of her ass. When I reached her asshole I lightly touched it. With two fingers in her pussy and one against her asshole she started bucking back and forth screaming in pain.

No wait! It must be pleasure as she kept saying "Yes. Yes. Yes". Her hand was inside of mine rubbing further up the slit.

"I'm cumming Danny. I'm cumming!" Kat announced.

There was no doubt she knew it was me now. I watched as her stomach tightened then released then tightened again. Mom pulled my fingers from her pussy and clamped her legs tight. Her body trembled as I reached out to hold her up. Turning she kissed me square on the lips her tongue forcing its way in my mouth. My hands went around her to keeping her from falling.

I had witness my first female orgasm. I may have even helped? I had my first French kiss, and I'm embarrassed to say, I came myself while touching a woman! The problem is, the woman is my mother.

I stood holding her as she fell against my chest. Her nipples felt glorious against my skin. I turned off the water bringing us both back to the reality of what just happened.

There was so much I wanted to say. She looked up. Her eyes now looking for forgiveness. She started to say something but I beat her to it by putting a finger to her lips. I kissed her forehead.

"Let's get you dried up and into bed. You need to get some sleep." I grabbed a towel and helped her dry off. There was no protesting now. Kat helped but I got to feel her tits through the towel and her whole ass.

I grabbed another towel for myself. My remaining clothes were soaked but I helped her get dressed and gave her some strong over the counter pain pills the doctor suggested. I went upstairs to dry off and clean myself up. Kat asked me to come down and see her before I went to bed. Slipping on a pair of boxers. I headed downstairs.

Kat had dried her hair and brushed her teeth. She was sitting on the edge of her bed in one of my tee shirts only the right arm through the sleeve. It was so big and so long on her it barely covered her tits and went well past her ass. Beside her mom had a pair of panties. She held them out to me.

"Will you help me put these on?" Mom asked politely.

I hesitated but not for lack of wanting to assist her. Did she want me to because she needed my help or was this in some way a reward for what happened in the shower?

I placed the panties at her feet but instead of slipping them up her legs I held my left hand out.

"Stand up." I suggested. Now she hesitated. Tilting her head in reply. I took her right hand and helped her stand. When she was erect I took the sides of the panties and slid them up her legs under the tee shirt and hopefully into their proper place. She watched intently at my actions and further more at my expressions.

"Daniel please kiss me goodnight!" Kat whispered. I could see her eye lids were getting heavy but she was still holding on. I stood and started to kiss her on the cheek. With her right hand she took my jaw and moved it in front of her mouth. "I think for tonight we are beyond that don't you?"

Kat pulled me in for a real kiss. A man and woman kiss. I did my best before she broke free. A happiness I have seldom seen crossed her face. "Daniel stay with me tonight. I don't want to be alone."

I wanted to argue. I should have argued, I should have been stronger. Kat seemed so fragile at that moment. With no will to fight I caved in. I helped Kat find a comfortable position for her broken arm. Turning off the light I slipped in behind her.

"I love you Daniel!" Mom said. I could hear the emotion in her voice. Calculating my options I replied.

"I love you mom!"

I was up early. The sun was just above the horizon. I washed the truck inside and out. Fortunately most of what was inside was on the vinyl surfaces. I called my uncle George and told him a sanitized version of what had taken place. George and his wife Sally lived on the side of the mountain but were out of town at a convention. He said they would stop in Sunday afternoon on the way home from the airport.

Suggesting I stay with mom he gave me the day off.

Back in the house I started the coffee. I could hear mom starting to stir so I looked in on her.

"You ready for that pill yet?" I couldn't help but smile. She closed her eyes and tried to go back to sleep.

Finishing outside I went back in to check on mom again. The coffee was ready I set out the prescription and started a load of laundry. When I finished sorting my clothes I knocked on the door.

"Come in." Mom replied. Opening it I stuck just my head in.

"You ready for some coffee?" I asked politely. I saw her wince as she moved to sit up.

"You have anything stronger?" She tried to smile.

"It's with your coffee. I'll make some eggs and toast, it says not to take it on an empty stomach." I turned and went to the kitchen as she stood. The eggs were started the toast just popped up when she sat on the stool.

"Dan about last night. I'm sorry! I ... we should talk!" Kat struggled to explain.

"Yeah I figured you might say that." I replied.

The problem is I wasn't sure what part of the night she wanted to talk about.

"I have been making some poor choices lately. I'm sorry for that too. It won't happen again I promise." Mom said not able to look me in the eye.

I was waiting to hear which choices she thought were poor. She finally looked at me for a response. I slid the eggs and toast in front of her as she took her pills.

"Exactly which choices are you talking about?" I asked.

When you are a social outcast like me, and a bit of a nerd as well, you learn quickly in life to never offer information until you know specifically what the other person is asking.

"You know? These losers I have been going on dates with these last couple of years." She looked at me reading my expressions.

Shit! Damn is she good. I can fool anyone but her. Well, and my grandmother Eve. "What did you think we were talking about?" Kat asked waiting for an answer.

"Just how much do you remember from last night?" I asked without emotion.

Answering a question with a question was an old trick she rarely let slide. This could get interesting.

"I remember that asshole broke my arm. I remember setting on a picnic table. I remember being in the hospital." She offered.

"Is that all?"

"Is there more?" Mom asked.

This was how it was between us at times. Like a game of chess always positioning, never exposing your flank. Now she was answering a question with a question. I knew I had to give her something.

"You remember going to a stranger's house half dressed? You remember barfing on Nikki's dress and my truck?" I stopped there hoping I had given her enough to think about.

"Nikki? Oh Dan! She was...you didn't... I threw up on her?" Kat was wracking her brain trying to remember.

"Yes she was here, and I'm not sure what you think Nikki and I did or didn't do, but we only talked. And yes, you... on her dress." I grinned.

"Oh shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!" Kat was starting to see the picture. "Well. I'll just have buy her a new dress. You can take it to her?" She insisted.

Kat was red with embarrassment. I wasn't sure if she thought it would help me in some way to deliver it or if she would be embarrassed to do it herself.

"Well we should probably replace the sheet from those people too, and I think you will have to deliver the dress. I don't think she is too happy with me right now." I explained.

"Oh Daniel you didn't. She is such a nice girl. She is so perfect for you." Mom said giving me that disappointed look.

See I told you she called me Daniel when she wasn't happy with me! I figure it's time to get outside and cut the grass before we have another one of 'those' conversations.

"You should probably lay down, those pills will knock you on your ass! I talked to Uncle George he gave me the day off. He and Aunt Sally will stop by tomorrow on the way back from the airport. I'm going to cut the grass. If you need me I'll be outside." I said. I moved around the counter to leave.

"Danny there is one thing you didn't mention. Don't think for a minute we won't talk about that also." Mom gave me that sly look now. She stood and pulled me close and kissed my cheek. "Still nice try. I appreciate your sensitivity and maturity on the matter."

I had a lot to think about as I cut the grass, and plenty of time to do it.

(Kathryn)

I took Dan's advice and went back to bed as the pills took over. God he is such a great kid. Closing my eyes I thought back to when Duane and I got married, I was so happy. After my miscarriage. I thought kids were off the table. Fate had a plan for me even though I didn't want to accept it.

Here I was in the hospital, in the maternity ward. Duane hesitated to show him to me knowing I would be emotional. We discussed all of the options. Duane was brutally honest with me. He laid it all out. I'll admit there were moments I didn't want to accept the responsibility but when I saw Daniel in that incubator I knew what my answer was.

"You tell them to do whatever it takes to save our baby!" I said. That was over eighteen years ago and although there have been difficult days, even weeks. I have never regretted one moment of his life.

Duane worked for his Uncle George in construction. Twelve years ago we were in a terrible accident. Duane pulled Danny from the wreckage. They talked briefly at the side of the road. I was trapped. Duane tried to free me but I could see the strength drain from his body as an ashen color came over him.

"Make Dan a man Kat! Promise me!" Duane said as he collapsed.

I screamed in vain as he fell to his knees and then laid sprawling on the grass. The paramedics took Duane. Daniel refusing to leave me until they cut me free.

God he is such a great kid, no, a young man. He has fought every day of his life to overcome every obstacle. As a preemie he fought for life. As an infant he fought to stand. As a toddler he fought to learn. As a child he fought to keep up even when we held him back a year. As a teenager he fought to be accepted. And now as a young man he is fighting to learn how to be independent. To be his own man.

George and Sally have been my closest supporters. Without them I don't know what I would have done. George sold me the house we live in for half of what he could sold it for on the market. It's a small house tucked in the corner of his first development. It was the house he and Sally lived in at one time.

Thoroughly modern in all ways it's still small. With only one bedroom on the main floor and one large room upstairs. The original living room and dining room have been converted into a great room with the kitchen in an open floor plan. There is a bathroom on each level and a laundry and mud room on the main floor. There is a two car garage and a shed on the almost one acre of land. The property is in a pie shape the house nestled in the center of mature trees. To the east is an upper middle class neighborhood George built.

Dan now works for George's construction company after school and on weekends except during basketball. He wanted to play football like his closest buddies. At six foot three and barely 165 pounds George and I both thought it best he avoided the punishment and risk of injury of that sport. He put up a fuss at first but decided since practice was during summer break it would cut into working full time and maybe even his yearly trip to Florida to be with his grandparents Eve and Charles.

The basketball coaches always wanted him to play but he was so gangly and just not that coordinated. As with any challenge Dan took it personally and although he is no star he did play in several games last year. As a senior I expect he might make the first team this year.

My mother-in-law Eve (Sally's older sister) has been both a source of support and conflict. Charles her husband has been very generous and supportive. They live on the coast in Florida. Charles was a partner with George many years ago but decided to move south and became a realtor instead.

He is a big man loud and bellicose, always smiling, drinking, and eating. A big fat teddy bear that loves to golf. Eve couldn't be more opposite. Tall for a woman with her build she is maybe five nine. Slender and always tan. An effervescent personality she can be outgoing and yet at times reserved. She suffers no fools and has an air of confidence and grace without being bitchy.

An exercise and fitness fan and yet she isn't devoted to it. Still she looks athletic without giving up a feminine look. All of that has paid off and maybe even a few surgical enhancements to help her look closer to fifty than her real age of sixty.

Financially secure Eve comes back home about every three months or so usually staying for about a week. She stays with Sally but is a regular visitor here as well. During the summer they pay to have Dan visit. It started when Duane passed away. Danny's stay was just for a week then. Now it's closer to a month. The last five years I have gone down for a week to be with them.

I have few close friends. Mostly people I know from either work or sitting in the stands at school games and functions. I work for the Turner's and elderly husband and wife team that own their own insurance company. There is just the three of us now. They do the selling and I do the books. I also update policies and answer the phones. Just a few months ago they told me they were looking for a buyer for the business.

I haven't told anyone yet hoping they would hang on a bit longer. I worry about many things but this scares me, I have been insulated in that little office for eleven years. Maybe that's why I have been so irresponsibly lately.

Last night was so not me. I rarely drink and never to excess. Not like when I was a teenager. I'm not an easy lay. I've had a few encounters over the last five years but nothing close to serious. Most offers are from married men pretending they aren't or like the asshole last night use to be and should never be again.

I'm not desperate. I just need a diversion. Something to keep me from these feelings that started months ago. Then there is Daniel, I never planned last night. The problem is I'm not as strong as people think I am. What if last night wasn't because I was drunk? What if I am wrong and what I'm doing pushes Daniel away?

(Daniel)

Not sure how much I need to worry about mom, this isn't like her. From the day my dad passed away she has always been my rock. Life has been good for me but never easy. I was a preemie when I was born. I remember Kat never letting me use that as an excuse.

Kat has taken the approach, if I ever got down or tried to feel sorry for myself she always made me try. I learned that giving your best isn't always enough. Sometimes you need to be better than that.

Kat taught me to try and then try some more. She taught me if the first way didn't work to find another. I learned that if working harder wasn't the answer working smarter might do it. She also taught me you can't learn everything in a book. Sometimes you do need to do the hard work, maybe even get hurt. Sports are like that. I know how to play but my body doesn't always do what I want it to when I tell it to. So I struggle with it but I always get back up and try again. Always.

Through thick and thin she was with me. Late nights at the library. Bandaging me when I came home battered and bruised. Holding me when I needed a hug. Kicking me out the door when I need to face my fears. Doting on me when I was younger but adding responsibility as I could handle it.

I know how to cook, clean, and do laundry. I now pay all the bills and handle all of our money. I make sure we save and still are able to splurge occasionally. I was held back a year. It use to bother me for a while but I'll admit it was the right decision. I am an A- to B+ student going into my senior year. I play basketball and work part time for my uncle.

I never had expensive toys as a kid. We still don't have a computer at home and never had a Play Station. I learned that the friends of mine that do, either never use them or always do. Going to a

restaurant is still a treat.

The only cell phone I have belongs to the construction company. My friends may have more money and stuff but I am happy with my life, something most of them can't say. I have a great Aunt and Uncle. Awesome grandparents and, a mother that I love and respect.

I put the lawn mower in the shed and headed back in to check on Kat and make some lunch. I found her on the couch dozing so I made some sandwiches with her favorite salad and took them out on the patio. Gently shaking her I watched as she came around.

"I made you some lunch. It's on the patio when you're ready." I said softly. Kat stood up and headed to the bathroom. "You need any help?"

She looked at me as if I was suggesting something inappropriate.

"So that's how it's going to be?" Kat asked accusingly.

I wasn't sure if she was offended or was in pain but this wasn't like her. Mom could take a joke as well as dish it out. The only problem is I wasn't joking, I just wanted her to know I was there for her. I closed the gap. I learned many things in school and one of them was to stand up for myself.

"This is how it's. You're hurt. You have no use of one arm. You're in pain. You're frustrated, and maybe a bit embarrassed by it all. Now you can get mad at me if you want but that will not change your predicament." I kissed her cheek, sending a signal that last night was over. "If the positions were reversed would you offer to help me?" I challenged her.

Mom's attitude softened recognizing my offer was sincere.

"I'm sorry. Yes I would." She said demurely.

"Good now let me rephrase the question. If you find you need assistance I'm at your service." I held the door open and closed it as she entered. I didn't need to wait long.

"Dan, can you come in?" Mom called.

I took a deep breath to calm myself and opened the door. She had her robe held high her panties partially pulled up but way crooked. I stood behind her and slid them into place. I didn't ogle but I did look. She knew I did as she watched me in the mirror.

"I'll meet you on the patio." I explained.

"Dan can you help me wash my hand?" There was a quiver in her voice.

I went to the sink and started the water. I grabbed her special soap and worked a lather in my hands. Kay slipped her hand between mine until it could no longer be seen. She held it over the sink as I washed it gently. Her fingers spread I slipped mine between working the lather along the sides.

The softness of her hand drew me in. her delicate fingers kept me there. I was taking way too long for such a simple undertaking but I didn't care and she made no move to stop me. It was the ringing of the phone that interrupted the task. I quickly rinsed our hands and grabbed the towel wrapping it around hers. I reached the phone and answered it.

"Hello?"

"Daniel. How is Kat?" Eve asked bluntly.

"Eve! Hello how are you doing?" I said.

Eve refuses to be addressed as Grandma or Grandmother. No Gamma or any such variation. Her name is Evelyn but except for Charles even that is off limits. It's simply Eve.

We talked and I repeated the story I gave Uncle George. Eve suggested she would be coming in to help Kat for a couple of weeks. I use the word suggested loosely. She more or less decided she was coming and that was that.

Eve has a way of getting her way with just the words she uses and the inflection in her voice. I know I'm doomed when she calls me darling, as in, "Darling would you please ..." How can you say no? Or even get mad? There are more but you get the picture. She is smooth. That's for sure.

"Great I'll see you then." Kat was waiting in the hall as I hung up the phone. "Eve is coming in on Tuesday. Sounds like she wants to stay here!"

"You ok with that? You may have to give her your room." Mom asked.

Rumor was years ago before my dad passed away they would hardly even talk. As a kid they seemed to get along fine. The last five years or so they seem close. But now they are even closer. I think I know how close but I have no proof.

"I think it's great! We can make it work. Come on let's go eat." I said cheerily.

We went out to the patio and sat down for lunch. I thought for sure she would want to talk about last night but she was either still under the influence of the pain pills or had other things on her mind. Maybe it was Eve.

"How's the arm? Still in pain?" I asked. She looked down at her elbow in the sling.

"The worst is over. Just a dull throbbing right now. Every once in a while I have a moment. What are your plans for the day?" Mom asked.

"Well I usually work on Saturday so I have no plans if you need me. If not I might go see some buddies."

"I thought we might go shopping but we can wait until tomorrow. You go have some fun. I'll see you for dinner?" Mom asked more than stated.

"Dinner for sure. I'll be back by five." I picked up the dishes to take them in the house.

"Just set them on the counter and I'll finish cleaning up." She called after me.

I took them inside but stayed long enough to rinse them and load the dishwasher. Saying my goodbyes I headed out the door.

I found Kyle and Carlton at his house. They were going to the school football field to play a game of flag football. Kyle suggested I come as they were always looking for extra players. I tagged along planning to just hang out. When we got to the field there were plenty of others and soon I found myself on the field.

They wanted me to play on the line but it was soon clear that my lack of weight and strength wasn't a good fit. Carlton had me go out as a receiver. I only caught three passes but one was a thing of beauty. We headed back to Carlton's house. Once we arrived we went out back and were setting on the deck when Carlton nodded to Kyle.

Carlton headed inside and soon I saw what they were being so stealthy about. Carlton had a joint in his hand, a big one. Lighting it up he took a couple of drags and handed it to Kyle.

"You up for a hit?" Carlton asked me. I won't go into all of the conflicting arguments on the issue, suffice to say it wasn't my thing. Still being a teenager and hanging with friends the desire to fit in was strong.

"Na. I'm good. Thanks for the offer." I looked at the joint as Kyle offered it to me. I held up my hand as he handed it back to Carlton.

"You don't know what you're missing. That is some primo stuff. Grown locally you know?" Kyle offered.

I wanted to. Just once. Just to see for myself. Fuck I am almost nineteen. Don't be such a pussy I said to myself. Carlton saw my indecision and handed it to me. I took it and held it. I was looking at it knowing this was wrong.

"Daniel be a man step up!" There it was again. That same voice I have been hearing for the last six months. I looked at the joint one last time. How would I explain this to her. She would know. She always knows. How could I tell her after all these years I did it because someone else was doing it. I handed the joint to Kyle.

"I appreciate the offer but I'll pass. You two enjoy it I need to get home." I stood and walked to the drive leading to the front of the house.

"Pussy!" Carlton shouted.

"Mama's boy! Kyle followed. I wanted to go back and punch them both but knew from my earlier lessons in life I usually lose those battles. Instead I just flipped them the bird.

I walked back in the house a quick glance for Kat turned up empty. I went to her bedroom, not there. The bathroom door was partially open what looked like a foot came into sight. I rushed in only to find her on the tile floor in tears. She held her hand up indicating I shouldn't come closer.

"Are you ok? Are you hurt?" I asked desperate for an answer. I sat on the edge of the whirlpool tub. I saw the mess on the floor. Kat she was sitting in it.

"I had an accident!" Mom sobbed. "And then I stepped on my robe ..." She looked helpless as she tried to explain.

"It's ok. Let me help you up and I'll take care of this. No big deal as long as you aren't hurt." It took some time but we got her cleaned up for the moment and I cleaned the bathroom.

"You still up for dinner? I was planning on taking you out. We could order in or I could whip something up. Your choice." I offered. I sat beside her on the couch her hand in mine.

"I'll need to take a shower now if we go out." Kat looked over. Her meaning wasn't lost on me.

"Well you better get started cause I'm getting hungry!" I teased her.

I wrapped her arm in plastic. I undressed her and sent her on her way. When she was done I helped dry her off and dress her. She watched me intently as she stood naked in front of me. I looked but didn't stare, she was amused at the constant grin I had.

I could tell there were moments the anticipation of me moving to the next part of her body affected her. I think we both enjoyed it more than we should. I took my own shower and met her in the kitchen.

Kat looked nice in the flower print dress she wore. I picked a casual place with good food at reasonable price. After dinner we drove back home. After a pit stop we walked the half mile to the ice cream stand. The night was warm and clear, the stars were out. The line at the counter was long. It seems we weren't the only ones who thought of this.

We walked home as we enjoyed our cones. I could tell she was getting fatigued. I gave her another round of pills and let her lie on the couch as I sat in the recliner. We watched the latest movie that came in the mail.

I made sure she was tucked in before I headed upstairs myself. I finished in the bathroom and turned out the light slipping into bed. It had been an interesting couple of days. I lay awake in the dark replaying the last two days in my mind. The voice I kept hearing concerned me. I thought I knew who it was, but that can't be possible, dad is dead. Am I going crazy? What about that lake place? I need to go online and check that out.

I was just nodding off when I heard the steps creak. In the faint light I could see her form at the side of the bed.

"Are you ok?" I asked. Setting up I turned on the lamp.

"Can I join you?" Mom asked.

I could tell she was still upset and fragile. I pulled back the covers and she slid in front of me. I turned off the lamp.

"I love you Daniel!" Kat whispered.

"I love you mom!" I replied knowing it was what she needed to hear.

For a few months after my father died mom had let me sleep with her. That was well over ten years ago and we have never repeated it since. Now it has happened two nights in a row. Kathryn is a complex woman, she's tried to hide it but to no avail.

She thinks I don't know, but I do. Not just about me but all of it. This is where the real story begins.

Sunday we were off to go shopping right after lunch. We stopped by the linen store and found a sheet that was much better than the one they sent home with me. Kat shopped at several clothing stores before she found what she wanted. We then bought some groceries before heading back to Mill Road.

Finding the house in the daylight was a cinch. I offered to deliver the package while she waited in the truck. Kat readily accepted.

I walked to the front door, the screen was closed but the main door was open. I knocked.

"Daniel? What brings you here?" The old man opened the door. "Come on in." I stepped into a large foyer to the right was the living room to the left was a room that looked like a study. Trophies lined the shelf above the fireplace.

"I wanted to replace the sheet your wife sent home with me." I explained. I held out the package.

"You know you didn't have to do that?" He replied.

"That may be, but I was raised to respect things that belong to others. So you see I did have to do it." I replied. The old man smiled, a wide grin spread across his face.

"You wait right here, let me fetch mother." He led me into the den. I looked around at all the pictures on the wall. Teams of almost every sport, football, basketball and, baseball covered the walls. Trophies made out to Coach Andersen. I don't believe it. This is the house of the most successful coach in the school's history.

"Daniel this is my better half Gladys. Honey this is Daniel. Duane's son." Coach said.

It all made sense now! He knew my dad. He knew who I was! I extended my hand.

"Please to meet you again ma'am." I said happily. She wasn't friendly but she did take my hand. It was warm and soft. It almost reminded me of my mothers.

"Mother be polite he has something for you." Coach explained.

The old man winked at me as he pulled her close. He called her mother again. I remember watching Andy Hardy movies with Mickey Rooney. Even back then husbands called their wife mother if they had kids. How quaint.

"Ma'am I would like to replace the sheet you gave me. The receipt is in the bag if you would like to exchange it for another pattern." I offered her the package.

"I told you to keep it. You didn't have to buy me another!" She snipped.

"Your husband said the same thing, but as I explained to him it's something I had to do. It's just the way I was raised!" Gladys looked at Mr. Andersen and gave him a scowl. She smiled at me.

"So the woman that was here Friday night was the one that taught you to have manners like that?" She asked. Gladys was waiting to hear my response.

"Well I'm not inclined to discuss my dirty laundry in public, but since you knew my dad." I nodded to the old man.

"I suppose it isn't easy raising a teenager on your own these days. Finding the right man to replace the love of your life, probably isn't any easier. It's never happened before and my guess it won't happen again anytime soon. It's too bad to. She really is a fantastic person." I looked out the window making sure Kat was still ok. Looking back at them. "I only hope I can find someone as great as she is."

Gladys took the package and set it on the hall table.

"Can you boys give me a few minutes there is something I need to do?" With that she left us in the den.

"So you knew my dad Mr. Andersen?" I was trying to be polite.

"Andy, please, or Coach if you prefer." He walked to a picture on the wall pointing out my dad.

"Played football for me. Was pretty good. Even played at college a couple of years before he started to work for his uncle. What he lacked in talent he made up for in smarts and effort. One of the best I ever coached. You play?"

"Basketball. Kind of a sixth man position. Might have a chance at starting this year but no guarantee just because I'm a senior."

"Looks to me you just need to bulk up a bit. Ever thought of playing football? Basketball players usually make great receivers."

Gladys came back in the house.

"Daniel, your mom is waiting for you. Thank you for stopping by. The sheet will be a treasured gift." I shook his hand and headed to the front door. Gladys taking my hand as she led me that way.

"You ever decide you want to play football you come see me. I'd be happy to help." Andy offered. I nodded in acknowledgment.

Gladys opened the screen door and stopped me on the porch. Pulling me close. "You take care of her she's a special woman Daniel!" Gladys squeezed my hand firmly to make her point.

"Yes ma'am. I will." I replied. We were rolling down the road when Kat spoke.

"What did you say to her?" Mom asked pointedly. I looked over to see what she was talking about.

"What do you mean?" I asked confused.

"She came out and apologized to me! What did you tell her Daniel?" Kat took my hand in hers.

"I told her I love you Kathryn!" I squeezed her hand. Mom looked deep into my eyes and seemed affected by my reply.

'Smooth one Sport' the voice in my head was back. I shook it off as we headed to Nikki's.

Mom smiled all the way until we got to the place in the road where she puked. We followed the same route as the last time only this time the without the same results. I dreaded this stop as much as mom probably dreaded going to the last one. I wanted so bad to tease her but thought better of it. I stopped on the street. Nikki's car was in the drive I guessed she was home.

"You coming with me?" Kat asked, she looked nervous again.

"I think its best I don't for both of our causes. You go. Take your time. I'll wait right here for you." I replied.

After the Friday night I had with Nikki, and mom with her date, getting them together may be a good thing. Kathryn didn't know I knew and I wasn't about to show my hand yet. I went around and helped her out of the truck handing her the dress.

(Kathryn)

Dan dropped me at Nikki's house and waited in the truck. I was nervous for two reasons. The dress of course but there was more, much more. I rang the doorbell torn between wanting to see her and not. The door opened. There she was, my stomach flipped.

"Mrs. Masters. What brings you here?" Nikki looked over my shoulder. I could tell she saw Dan at the truck.

"I brought you a dress to replace the one I ... I ruined. That and to apologize." I explained. I shifted nervously on my feet. I saw her look back over my shoulder again.

"Please come in. Mom and dad are out on the boat with Aunt Becky and Tina. Kyle is over at Carlton's, probably getting high again." She explained obviously happy to see me.

I stepped into the foyer she looked at Dan one last time before she closed the door. I knew I shouldn't have come inside the moment the door closed. I couldn't help it and neither could she. Mentioning Becky told me that.

"I see your arm is in a cast. Does it hurt?" Nikki moved closer and kissed me lightly. Her breasts brushed my cast.

I hesitated just to see how far she was going to take this. I hoped for the best.

"Not so much during the day. Nights are worse for some reason." I looked down at my sling then back up at her moist lips. We kissed again this time a bit harder.

"Do I want to know?" Nikki looked at me with interest.

"Some asshole I should have never been out with in the first place. He got me drunk. I blame myself for that. He then tried to gag me with his cock. So I bit him!" I confessed. I couldn't help it. I needed to tell someone. Besides I didn't want her to think it was something else entirely.

"You didn't!" Nikki squealed in reply.

"I did and I would do it again. This is worth it!" I said proudly as I raised my cast. "What about you? I assume since he is in the truck things didn't go as planned?" I pried just a bit. If Dan wouldn't talk maybe Nikki would.

"I won't say much. What you don't know you can't tell him by mistake. Many a fool in school underestimated Dan. We can't be so careless. I'll say this he is a tough cookie. I'm going to let him stew for a while. School doesn't start for a couple of months. You ok with that?" Nikki asked.

"Of course. You know I appreciate it don't you?" I replied. Nikki flashed a naughty smile.

"Kat you really want this for him don't you? This is important to you. You love him that much don't you?" Nikki said.

She pulled me to herself my arm making it a bit awkward. Her lips found mine our tongues danced. I was flush with desire and so was she. But now wasn't the time for this.

"Nikki he can never know. Never!" I hissed in her ear. She gave me another quick embrace.

"I promise. Remember I have my own problems if he finds out." She whispered in my ear. As we separated I could see her desire.

"I guess we both do!" I agreed. I held out the dress. "I hope you like it. I hope it fits you."

Nikki took the box and led me to the kitchen. Placing the box on the counter she opened it.

"You know the other dress isn't ruined I just had it cleaned, that's all." The lid came off the box she pulled the dress free. "Kathryn, it's lovely!"

Knowing we were alone in the house relieved any anxiety of her using my first name. I could tell she was truly happy with my choice. She held it in front of her body it looked great.

"I should put it on! Let's see how it fits?" Nikki giggled.

She grabbed her top and pulled it over her head. Next she slipped her shorts down. I still can't believe a twenty year old young lady has feelings for me. She was in her bra and panties. Nothing revealing, but it seems everything young ladies wear today is sexy. Her full breasts filling her bra and then some. My pussy dampened. Nikki slipped on the dress standing right there in the kitchen.

"Well?" She asked.

"It looks great on you. Do you really like it?" I hoped she did I made Dan take me to several stores to find the right one.

"I love it. Come see for yourself!" Nikki took my free hand and brought it up under the dress and placed it on her moist panties.

"Nikki! Stop that! Dan is in the truck! I need to get going." I acted shocked. I pulled my hand slowly away but only after I gave her pussy a quick squeeze.

"That's right he is. Wait I have an idea." Nikki pulled the dress off and removed her bra. Her 36 C's sat firm on her chest. Her puffy nipples extended. "Suck them for me. Make my nipples hard Kat!"

I couldn't believe she said that. Not now. Not here. Nikki was so adamant resisting was pointless. I gripped one breast and massaged it until she gave out a soft moan. Her tits are so sensitive. I sucked first one and then the other. Just like clockwork her nipples became hard and extended. Her moans became louder. I released her tits from my hand and mouth. Nikki growled in disappointment.

Nikki pulled the dress back in place. She smoothed the material her nipples could be seen from a blind person a mile away.

"You better get going before I spread your legs and eat you for dinner!" Nikki teased

"Nikki please. You know..." I looked at her hoping she wouldn't go there.

"Ok. Ok. I know. But it's going to happen. We both know it!" She gave me that sexy smile. "And we're both are going to love it!"

Nikki backed me up against the counter she reached under my skirt and put her hand on my pussy. I wasn't soaked but very damp. Too damp.

"See we both want this? Don't we?" Nikki replied rubbing my pussy.

She kissed me hard this time like the lovers she wants us to be. Like I promised her we could be for just one night if she kept my past a secret. I kissed her back just as hard. I gathered myself and stood in the foyer letting my breathing even out. Nikki tweaked her nipples keeping them hard.

He looked on from the truck. I could see he noticed her nipples. Still he was composed as I got to the door.

Dan helped me back in the truck and slipped in behind the wheel.

"George and Sally should be at the house soon. We should get home and get these groceries put away and let you rest." Dan pulled out into the street. "The dress looks good. Was she happy?"

"She was surprised. You'll know if she likes it if you see her wear it in public." I replied. We both laughed at that. "She asked about you Daniel."

"Mom. We aren't going there today. Ok?" I glanced over at him. He smiled with a slight grin. "What did she say?"

I smacked him with my good arm as we laughed once more.

We unloaded the truck and set the groceries on the counter. Dan was going to put them away. I was just about to turn when he stopped me.

"Hold still." He said stopping me. He grabbed a tissue and rubbed each corner of my mouth. Holding the tissue he showed me the smudge on it. "Looks like Summer Peach. Nikki's favorite. I guess she really was happy wasn't she?"

I could have died right there. I was so busted and yet he just turned and started putting the groceries away. That was it. No teasing. No questions. Just a simple gesture letting me know he knew something was up.

I wanted to talk about it. We have always talked about everything, and yes about sex too. Not often. Mostly on how to act, protection, respect and such but we could always talk about it as grown adults.

"Dan can we talk?" I asked. Fuck it. I might as well get this over.

Dan moved close to me. He gave me a look that stopped me in my tracks. Slowly he lifted the front of my dress and rubbed my moist panties softly. I let out a slight whimper as I stood frozen in place. He lowered my dress and leaned closer.

"We can, but not now. Later. Our guests should be here soon and you need to rest. In fact come with me." Dan whispered. I started to say something but he put a finger to my lips. "Trust me, and not a word."

He took me into the bathroom and standing in front of me he reached up under my skirt again. He gripped my panties and started to lower them. The crotch stuck for just a second to my steamy cunt. I stepped out of them Dan reminding me to stay quiet. I could smell them now my scent filled the small room. He tossed them in the hamper. Turning he found a clean wash cloth and soaked it in warm water handing it to me. "Call me when you're ready I'll bring clean underwear."

I dropped on the toilet like a rock. I was so, so busted. He knew the moment I got in the truck I bet. My pussy was getting wetter. Daniel knowing turned me on even more. The bastard knew I was

dripping wet and never said a thing. He never let on in any way. Nikki was right he was not to be underestimated.

With my skirt in my lap I wanted to finger myself so badly it was all I could do to restrain myself. I wiped myself clean with the wash cloth and then took the opportunity to pee. I wanted to wait but thought if I did he might think I was doing the nasty. I took a deep breath. "Dan!"

He walked in holding a pair of black lace panties with a silk panel covering the vagina. It was the second sexiest panties I owned. Dan knelt down holding them out for me to step into. I pulled my skirt up to my waist with my one good hand displaying my pussy for him. Two can play this game I thought. He looked in my eyes as he slipped them up never once glancing down at my sex. Fuck how does he do that?

"You should take a nap. You've had a very 'exciting' day." Dan teased. With that he walked out and started to the kitchen. "Remember what I told them. You were on a date and tripped in your heels."

"Mom!" A faint sound woke from my sleep. "Mom they're here!" Dan was gently shaking me from my sleep.

(Daniel)

George and Sally pulled in the drive. I woke Kat and then went to the door and welcomed them. I hugged and kissed Sally. She looked at me with a stunned expression. Sally took my hand and held it between hers. Her shocked look slowly melted into a slight smile. She knew. I don't know how but I could feel it in her hands. I turned to George and shook his hand.

"Mom should be out in a minute I just woke her." I led them to the living room and we sat down.

"Did you hear from Eve?" Sally asked.

"I did. I'm picking her up Tuesday at the airport." Sally looked at George. "She is staying here. It's all worked out.

"You sure? She can come up to the house!" George replied.

"Thanks. If she gets too wild I may take you up on that!" I joked.

Just then Mom appeared from her room she looked the best I had seen her since I brought her home. Sally went to her and fawned over her injury as George and I talked business. George took us all out for a nice steak dinner and dropped us back at the house.

"Are you ready to go to bed? You have work tomorrow." I asked mom.

The plan was Monday I would take mom to work before going to the job site. George let me know that I could take as much time off as I needed to take care of her.

"I think I'll call in sick." Kat looked over to see my reaction.

"No ma'am you will not. If you can go shopping you can go to work!" I scolded her. "Now follow me."

We headed to her room and I helped her undress to her panties. In just days I had seen her naked more than my entire life. It was starting to affect me. Until a few years ago Kat had always been just

my mom. That started to change, slowly at first, then I turned eighteen. Just like the voice in my head I can't seem to control my feelings for her.

Something was different now. Not just seeing her naked, although that was part of it. I guess thinking about her having a sex life fascinated and excited me. Sometimes I was even jealous.

I helped her on with the tee shirt and sent her across the hall.

"Call me when you're done." I picked up her clothes and placed them on the bed. I heard the toilet flush and the water run then shutoff.

"Danny I am ready!" I grabbed her dirty clothes and pulled back the covers to her bed. I went into the bathroom. Mom was naked waiting for me, her panties and tee shirt in her hand. She walked past me. I placed her dirty clothes in the hamper and followed into her room.

"Kathryn what are you doing?" I asked taking in her nakedness.

"You said we could talk later. It's later."

I walked over to the bed and sat beside her. "I'm listening!" I said.

She was still holding her panties and tee shirt.

"What do you want to know?" She asked.

"I want to know why you are naked right now?" I replied.

"That's it? You don't want to know about Friday night or this afternoon at Nikki's?" She asked as if she was upset.

"Well as interesting as that may be. I think as your son its best I shouldn't ask such questions. Nor do I think you should tell me. Maybe there are some things we shouldn't know. Some things we shouldn't discuss." I wasn't exactly polite.

"Daniel what happened Friday was a mistake. I got drunk. I lost control and a man I shouldn't have been with tried to take advantage of me. He tried to force himself on me. I bit his dick!" Mom just threw it out there.

Maybe she was trying to confess in some way. Maybe she just needed to get it off her chest. I know that the last thing I wanted to hear was how some asshole had his cock in her mouth, at least not from her.

The fact I already knew didn't seem to make much difference to me. I don't know if I was upset or sorry for her, or a bit jealous. I wanted to say something. I wanted to hurt her like she just did to me but I loved her and just couldn't do it.

I kissed her on the forehead.

"I love you mom. Goodnight." Was all I said. I went upstairs to my bathroom and closed the door. I took care of my grooming and turned out the light. I went to my bed and started to lie down.

Something told me I needed to check on her. I went down stairs skipping the steps I knew squeaked and stood in the hall way outside her room. I could hear her sobbing.

"Be strong. Don't give in. Still she needs you!" I said to myself.

The feeling was so strong it was almost painful. I opened the door she looked up in the dim light from the window. I crawled in behind her. She was wearing the tee shirt. Kat pushed back tight against me. She took my hand and placed it on her hip. I could feel the panties below the material from the shirt.

"You got your panties on I see?" I wasn't shocked I knew she could if she really wanted to.

"I wanted to protect you from me. I can't be trusted." Kat sobbed. That was the moment. That was the exact moment I knew our relationship would forever change. She just admitted what I had known for some time. Kat wanted me as more than just her son!

I rolled her over and kissed her like a lover. She took my hand and guided it to her breast. I squeezed before releasing it.

"I think it's a good thing you covered up. I'm not sure I'm ready for this mom, or with any woman." I whispered.

"You're not upset that I feel that way? I am your mother Daniel!" She pleaded emotionally.

"And you always will be. Regardless if we go down this path or not. I just think you are in a very emotional state and we should take this slow." I replied. She turned and faced me.

"So you ..." I took her hand and placed it on my hard throbbing cock.

"Clear enough?" I asked. We kissed one more time before I broke it off. The situation was getting out of control.

I spooned behind her she pressed back against me. Her ass pushed tight against my cock. I could feel her cheeks spread slightly so it could settle in the crease. I started to move away slightly.

"Daniel please put it back I love the way it feels on my ass." She whispered.

I moved back tight my hard cock snuggled between her cheeks. She took my hand and pulled it tight against her and guided it back to her tit.

"Goodnight Daniel. I love you!"

I dropped mom off at the office Monday before heading to work myself. At the end of the day I picked her up. Kat look tired but seemed happy she went. Tuesday was the same only I picked up Eve at the airport before picking up mom.

Eve ran into my arms giving me a big hug, we exchanged kisses on the cheek.

"Stand back let me look at you! I think you have put on a few pounds." Eve gushed. Always effervescent she made sure I was the center of her attention when we met.

"Well I must admit I have added about five pounds. Thinking of going on a diet." I teased her.

"Stop that. I have a feeling you will start filling out that radio tower of a body you have very soon!" She teased back.

"Well my coaches would be happy. Not sure about mom and the grocery bill however?" We both laughed again.

"So how is Kathryn?" Eve asked. We had reached the carousel waiting for her luggage.

"Dislocated her elbow. Bruised a bit. Probably more embarrassed than anything. She's at work right now." I explained.

The carousel started and soon after bags started to appear. Eve showed me hers and I carried them to the truck. Mom didn't get off for another hour I asked Eve if she wanted a coffee or something. She agreed we stopped at a little cafe and sat down at a table outside with our beverages.

"Daniel I need to ask you something. It's very important. I want you to be honest with me." Eve reached across and took one of my hands in both of hers. "Do you hear voices or get images in your head?"

The look alone gave her my answer.

"Yes. Sometimes I think I hear a voice. Maybe dads?" I replied. I could see a look of relief cross her face.

"I thought you might. When we talked the other day I was sure of it. Thank you for telling me the truth." She let go of my hand and took a sip. "How long has it been going on?"

"It started just after my eighteenth birthday but it has been more frequent now." I felt a weight off my shoulder as I told her. "So I'm not crazy?"

"Well we are all a bit crazy in some way but no." Eve seemed calm and relaxed as we talked about it. Almost like we were discussing the weather. "Have you told Kat about this?" Eve asked. She shifted forward in her seat

"No. no one. I wouldn't have told you but you asked." Eve settled back in her chair. I had a feeling she knew more that she was letting on.

"Daniel I would like you to keep this between the two of us for now so I can think about it. Now before we pick up Kat do you have any questions?" Eve asked.

"Just one. Does Lake Danamanski mean anything to you? I looked it up it doesn't exist. But he keeps repeating it? I was hoping it was a place from my youth I just don't remember." I explained.

"No Dan. I can't say I have ever heard of the place. Have you asked Kat about it?" Eve questioned.

"Not yet. Something about it's familiar. Like I have been there when I was a kid. You think I should?" I asked.

"Well she raised you. If anyone would know it would be her." Eve suggested. We picked up our cups and headed to mom's work. I was feeling much better knowing I wasn't alone, that I had someone I could trust to talk to.

The next two weeks flew by. Eve and I didn't get a chance to talk again here. Kat and I were scheduled to go to Florida in a couple of weeks. Eve said we could talk when I got there giving her more time to think about what was happening. While Eve was around Kat backed off a bit with her flirtatious displays.

Eve didn't stay in my room. She slept with mom. On more than one occasion I had the impression they were closer than they let on. Knowing mom had a thing with Nikki, her and Eve would be no surprise. The first time was one morning.

Kat was running late for work, something that was usually not a big deal. She was fretting over everything running around forgetting what she just asked about. Eve sat at the counter she had on a sexy pajama set and a robe that wasn't tied. She drank her coffee looking on seeming to find satisfaction Kat was so frazzled.

The next time was when we were going to dinner. They were both in the bathroom getting ready at the same time. They were both flushed. Mom explained it away saying we were in a hurry and they need to get ready quickly.

I figured they took a shower together as well. Besides we were in no hurry. There were many more small instances. I acted like I didn't notice. At times Eve went out of her way to make sure I did.

I realized the whole time Eve was there she wasn't only involved with my mother but making overtures to me as well. Call me arrogant or delusional but I persevered in school by observing every detail of my world. It was a matter of survival. School can be a very cruel place for kids like me. Eve was subtle, that was her style. I let her play her game. I even let her know I enjoyed it several times.

The day after Eve left however I was rewarded with the return of Kat's new found freedom. Nothing blatant but for some reason Kat decided that bras were for outside the house and tee shirts with panties was appropriate attire inside the house. I for one wasn't complaining. It was fun and harmless and seemed to make us both happy. We kissed often but except for some flirtatious groping we seemed to have backed off a bit physically.

Everything was going smooth. Mom and I were in Florida soaking up the sun and just hanging out with Charles and Eve. I even went golfing with Charles a couple of times. What a character. I never laughed so much in my life as when he is with his buddies. Even when most of the jokes were about me, they show no mercy. Eve and I talked again but it seemed that dad only came when I was very emotional.

Kat and Eve were less guarded when we were in Florida. Except when Charles was around they took turns taunting me. Eve had this orange bikini she only wore when I was around and Charles wasn't. Kat had a similar dark green one that had the same affect.

Then the call came. It was Nikki.

"Dan. I am sorry to call you on your vacation. I called to tell you my brother Kyle and Carlton were killed last night in a car accident." Nikki said calmly. I could tell she was holding back tears. "I just thought you might want to know. Goodbye."

"Nikki don't hang up. Please." I asked quickly.

"Ok." I heard her crying.

"I know this isn't the time for questions. I just want to say how sorry I am for you. They were great guys. My best friends. Please let me know when the services are. I would like to be there." I said.

"Dan you don't need to come home from your vacation!" Nikki sobbed.

"Nikki. Mom and I'll be there if I have to charter a plane. You going to be ok?" I asked concerned.

"No!" She said breaking down.

"I'll see you in a few days. Nikki, I'll bring Kat" I replied.

She hung up. I found Kat and told her the news. I called a few other guys they played football with. They promised to call with the details. Two days later we were back home.

I called Nikki but her mom said that she would prefer if I waited to see her until after the service. The next day we attended one service the other was the day after. We saw Nikki but she was so distraught we never had a chance to do anything but offer our condolences.

Sunday I just finished the lawn and taken a shower. With the cast now gone and the healing taking place mom was able to drive again. Kat was at the market getting groceries and some special ingredients for the dinner I was making.

A shadow was cast through the screen door. I heard a knock. It was Nikki. I walked to the door and looked at her through the screen. She looked beautiful in the dress mom had given her. I could see she was distraught. I opened the door and she flew into my arms.

"Hold me Dan. Please just hold me!" She pleaded.

I wrapped my arms around her we stood there inside the door in a quiet embrace. She felt good as she pressed against me. I had missed her and I could tell she missed me. I could feel her desire but I still couldn't give her what she wanted. Not that. Not yet. But what she needed right now was a friend. This was different. This I could give her. This I could willingly give her.

"I miss him already." She whispered.

What could I say? Nothing seemed appropriate. I just held her. I saw mom pull in the drive. She saw Nikki's car and came straight to the door. Looking in she saw us standing there.

Kat looked at me frozen in place. I could see she wanted to come in to console Nikki. She was in a dilemma and we both knew it. I could see it in her eyes as tears started flowing down her cheeks.

"Nikki. Kat is here." I whispered.

I let her go as she spun to see her on the other side of the door. I opened the door Kat stepped in she offered her hand, Nikki taking it. They stood separated each weeping. They wanted to kiss, to embrace each other, to console each other like lovers would. I decide to help them both out of this situation. I made the first move knowing they couldn't.

I kissed Nikki on the lips.

"It's ok. I know about you and mom!" I whispered. She looked at me with a questioned look. I let her know it was ok.

I then turned and kissed Kat squarely on the lips for Nikki to see. I pushed my tongue to her lips she parted them for me and took my passionate kiss for Nikki to witness. Mom looked to me with a questioned expression.

"It's ok if Nikki knows?" Kat asked.

"No more secrets ok?" I asked looking at them both.

Kat nodded then looked at Nikki. Still shocked from me kissing mom and learning their secret Nikki slowly nodded too.

"I'm going for a walk. A long walk. When I get back I'll make us all dinner. Nikki. I hope you like Italian?" Nikki stood mute. "Nikki, is Italian ok?"

"Italian would be great." She answered, looking at me still in shock. I turned to leave. The door hadn't closed when I heard them embrace.

I had only been walking about ten minutes when my phone rang.

"Dan, we're hungry!" It was Kat.

When I returned their eyes were red but dry.

Nikki was getting ready to leave about ten giving me a prolonged hug and kiss. It was the most passionate kiss we ever shared. As I went upstairs to get ready for bed Nikki and Kat were locked in a loving embrace, kissing just as passionately as I have ever seen.

From that day forward things started to change even further at our house. Not by much but there was a new openness about how we expressed our feelings about certain people in our lives.

That night I was in bed and just turned out the lights. Before I knew it Kat was on the steps and then slipping into bed with me.

"Kiss me Daniel. Kiss me now!" I rolled to my side Kat was naked!

My lips found hers and she kissed me deeply. Suddenly she grabbed my hand and placed it on her pussy. Guiding my hand she rubbed her sex. Her pussy was on fire and dripping. One then two fingers of mine were guided into the depths of her pussy. Moans filled my mouth as she urged me on.

Her hips pressed up against my hand forcing my fingers deeper. Then she did something that change the way I viewed my mother forever. Removing my fingers from her pussy she guided them lower. Lifting her legs my slick fingers slipped over her tight asshole.

"Yes. Right there. Rub me right there!" Mom begged. I dipped my fingers in her pussy again and followed the path she showed me.

"Don't stop Danny!" She moaned.

She moved her hand and I could tell she was rubbing her clit. I dipped my fingers one more time and coated her entire ass crack with her fluids.

"Oh god Daniel I've wanted you to do that forever! Please don't stop!" Her moans dripping with desire.

Mom's hips were moving up and down pushing harder. I could feel the pace picking up on her clit. I dipped my middle finger in her pussy and got it good and slick and pressed it to her asshole.

"Do it baby! Push it innnnnnn..."

I hadn't gotten past the immediate opening when she bucked my hand free and clamped her legs closed. Kat came hard. She pulled me back into a kiss hungry to have my mouth on hers. All too soon she was glowing as her breathing returned to normal. Turning she pushed her naked ass hard against my raging cock.

She took the hand I had in her pussy and placed it in her mouth licking it clean. She stroked my cock between her ass cheeks through the thin fabric of my boxers.

"Take them off I want to feel it on my ass!"

"Mom!" I protested.

"Daniel. Please?" Kat begged again.

How could she want this more than I did? I pushed my boxers down I felt her hand slick with saliva coat my cock and guide it back along the crack in her ass. Pushing back she moved her ass along my length. I was in heaven and hell at the same time. I reached around and found her tit I gripped it firmly.

"Do it Danny. Do it for me. Just this once. You deserve it." Kat growled.

She had me wound up like a top. I was right on the edge.

"Are you sure?" I asked stupidly.

"I want it and Nikki wants it for you also! Do it for both of us!" Mom shrieked.

That was it! My cock spewed cum up her back and on my chest. She pushed her back against me trapping the warm goo between us. I rolled onto my back. Kat got up and retrieved the towel from the bathroom. She cleaned me up and then allowed me to clean her back.

"Get your boxers and come down and sleep with me." Kat ordered.

"Can I trust you?" I asked half teasing.

"For the rest of the night you can. But tomorrow..."

I slept in her bed with her that night. The next day we talked about how I was still not comfortable having sex with her or any other woman. I don't think she understood. How could she when I didn't understand it myself. I had a feeling one day soon I would.

Later that week Mom had gotten word that the people she worked for had sold their business to a large agency. The details were still being worked out but they would be giving her a generous severance. She put on a brave face but I knew she was terrified inside.

Friday I received a call from the current coach from the football team. He asked if I could come and meet him Saturday. I explained that I worked during the day but would be available in the evening or Sunday. He asked if he could come out Sunday afternoon.

Coach Watkins was at our door and beside him was Coach Andersen, the one whose house I had been to. I welcomed them in. Mom and I listened to their pitch. Besides the passing of my two friends others were suspended from the team for being involved at the party contributing to their deaths. The team was decimated. Some of the guys I played flag football with recommended me. Coach Andersen had also called the current coach.

I had a long talk with George. He agreed that I should give it a try. Coach Andersen started me on a training regimen to build body weight and strength. When I joined the team I played wide receiver tipping the scales at just over 180 pounds. In time I would become a force to be reckoned with. My speed was better, my strength was greater, but mostly I was more durable. We had a good year despite our shortcomings.

Football was over with and I was on to basketball. I had just turned nineteen in September. Tall and lanky I was still not bigger than most of my teammates. On other fronts Kat was no longer employed. She planned to take a couple of weeks off but was now just hanging out at home.

Mom was miserable and now so was I. Nikki was back in college, jammed with classes so she could graduate early, because of that she was seldom around. With school, sports and some work I was busy also. I knew I had to do something.

"I thought you were supposed to go interview at the new agency?" I asked Monday night over dinner.

"I will. I just need to get prepared. I have never worked in a place with so many people!" Mom replied. I knew she was stalling.

"Kathryn, tomorrow you will set up an interview. After dinner we are going to the mall and get you a new outfit." When there was no reply I knew I had gotten my point across. That night with the help of a great salesperson we bought Kat a new business suit.

The next day Kat informed me her interview was scheduled for Thursday at ten thirty with a Mr. Sheets.

Thursday I was in my second period class when I had a feeling something was wrong. I looked at the clock, my class would be over in fifteen minutes. I decided then I would call her. The bell rang I bolted out the door, the image of our house flashed through my head. I went past the locker straight to the parking lot.

I pulled in the drive opening the garage door. I could see her car was still parked inside. I was in the house in a flash. I looked around the living room and then her bedroom. Mom was not in the bathroom. I stood in the hall looking at the stairs to my room.

"Kat what's wrong?" I asked stopping at the top of the stairs. She was curled up in my bed crying. I looked at the clock it was just past ten. "Kathryn! Get your ass out of that bed and get yourself dressed right now!"

I gave her my sternest look and grabbed her hand. She was in her robe. She smelled fresh from the shower. I led her down stairs and waited for her to get dressed. She fixed her hair but would have to do her makeup in the truck I looked at the clock it was ten thirty. Setting beside me she used the rear view mirror for her makeup.

We reached the agency office I pulled into a visitor spot just in front of the building.

"Relax and be yourself." I said calmly. Kat looked terrified.

I gave her a long gentle kiss on the lips so as not to smudge her lipstick. Kat stopped shaking but was still nervous. I gripped her hand and helped her out my door. I looked at the building and could see a tall dark hair woman looking out the window at us.

I could see several other people standing with her in the office talking to each other. Ignoring the others the striking woman was looking directly at us. With a tilt of her head she smiled at us. Something about her struck me odd. It was the way she focused on Kat and then me. Her whole body language was wrong for work.

This woman was completely focused on us. Sizing us up. I knew that look, it was very familiar. It's the same look I give people when I am searching for clues. Holding mom's hand the whole time we walked to the entrance. Kat started shaking again when we reached the outer door.

"Mom settle down, it will be ok. They aren't going to make a decision today. They just want to talk to you. Relax. Be yourself and you'll be fine." I tried to calm her down.

I kissed her on the cheek this time. We entered the foyer a long reception desk was in front, a glass conference room to our left. To the right was the glass office where the woman still stood with the other people. Behind the reception desk are rows of cubicles the quiet roar of business being conducted there.

"Tell them you're here. Don't mention why you're late. I'll sit here in the chairs and wait for you." I whispered. Nervously mom walked to the counter. My seat was near the conference room looking at the office and the counter.

"Hello I am. I am Ms. Masters. I am here to see Mr. Sheets." Kat explained.

I noticed the woman in the office walking out, the group followed her. They passed within feet of Kat waiting at the counter.

"Ms. Masters, I am Kevin Sheets what can I do for you?" He was short and terse.

"I have an interview scheduled with you." Kat was shifting nervously.

"Did have an interview. You were to be here at ten thirty. It's now almost eleven. If you can't be here on time you do not need this job!" Kevin said condescendingly.

The woman heard this. She held her hand up and stopped, the troupes stopped with her. Turning she indicated the troupes should continue on. She stood well to the side and rear of Mr. Sheets silently watching and glancing at me on occasion.

"I know I am late, and to be honest it was avoidable. It's just." Kat held back her tears. Mom looked at me briefly. I knew she thought of all those times I wanted to give up on myself.

"Mr. and Mrs. Turner suggested I come here. Maybe I can reschedule?" She was gaining confidence as her words came out. The woman looked at her and then at me. Even the receptionist seemed to understand her predicament.

"Wait here a minute I have something to take care of. I'll be back shortly." Mr. Sheets turned his back and left Kat standing at the counter.

The woman passed right by mom and headed straight to me. Her heels clicked on the tile floor. I stood as she stopped in front of me. A smile crossed her face as I did.

"Sharon Peterson and you must be?" She took a quick glance back to the counter. Mom's back was to us, she extend her hand.

"Daniel Master's. That's my mom." I shook her hand confidently. She crooked her head at my admission.

"So Daniel, why is she late?" Sharon was much like Eve. She has the innate ability to be both forceful and polite.

"Kat has worked for the Turner's for over twelve years. It was just the three of them. They did the selling and mom ran the office. She did almost everything alone." I explained.

We both looked at her patiently waiting for Mr. Sheets to return. I could see Sharon was just as unnerved seeing her standing alone as I was.

"Mom is a bit overwhelmed by the possibility of working with so many other people. She was a bit shy about coming. Kat will be fine, she just needs some time to get acclimated." I said. "She is good at what she does just ask the Turner's. She is as good as any of these people I bet, heck maybe even better!" Sharon looked back to the counter I could see she wasn't happy with Mr. Sheets.

"So your mom knows the customers?" Sharon turned her attention back to me.

"Most on a first name basis. Any changes or updates she handled personally. Kat probably knows more about the clients than the Turner's do." I replied looking to see if Mr. Sheets returned.

"Thank you Daniel. I believe you." Sharon reached out to shake my hand again.

"Ma'am it was all my pleasure I am sure." I shook her hand and waited for her to return to her office before I sat down. I could see her pick up a phone and speak briefly then hung up.

Mr. Sheets returned to the counter. "I am sorry Ms. Masters but my schedule is full. I have no openings for you." He turned and walked away.

Kat turned and gathered herself walking in my direction. I could see her disappointment. I stood waiting for her to reach me. I saw Sharon walking out of her office to the counter mom had just been standing at. I indicated Kat should wait for me.

"Ms. Peterson." I waited so as not to interrupt. Sharon turned to face me. "Thank you for not making her wait any longer. I think he has humiliated her enough." I said clearly. "Again thank you." I turned to leave.

"Daniel wait!" Sharon called out.

I turned to face her. She looked me up and down then looked at mom.

"Would you ask Kathryn to join us in my office?" Sharon asked. I gathered mom and stood at her office door.

"Come in, would you both please have a seat? I'll just be a minute." She picked up her phone. "Kevin would you please come to my office? Thank you."

Moments later Kevin showed up at her door.

"Kevin, Ms. Masters will be joining our staff as of Monday." Sharon said firmly. She turned to mom. "Is Monday ok with you?"

"Why yes. Of course!" Kat replied. Mom could hardly believe what was happening.

"As I was saying, she will be here Monday. I want you to have Heather come see me when I am done here. Kat. May I call you Kat?" Sharon asked, mom nodded. "Kat will be taking her position so Heather can be promoted. That is all. You may go."

Kevin turned red in the face and left.

"Kathryn I have to tell you, your son is an amazing young man. Please be here on time Monday we start at nine. It would look bad for the rest of the staff if they thought I was playing favorites. Any questions?"

"Ms. Peterson. I understand you are offering Kat a position here but what will the compensation be?" I asked tilting my head with confidence.

"Ah yes. Her agent I see. Well how about we start her at her previous wage plus ten percent?" She tossed the ball back in my court.

"Plus commissions!" I volleyed back.

"Commissions? What commissions?" She seemed shocked.

"Ms. Peterson you bought the business from the Turner's but once clients find out the Turner's are no longer their agents they will feel free to go anywhere to get their insurance. My guess, and I'm sure yours, is if they were contacted by someone they were familiar with, let's just use my mom for an example, most would likely stay." I said smiling.

"I'm listening." Sharon chuckled.

"Now you pay your sales force to pick up new business but the cost to retain existing customers significantly affects the bottom line. If these clients decided to leave you may be able to retain what? Maybe 25%? Just a guess, but if Kat gets involved I bet it would be closer to 75%." I explained. "That and if they do leave and then you get them back you would pay the full commission on the new sale. So my suggestion is she gets compensation for any clients she can retain. If she doesn't you are out nothing."

"What you are suggesting is quite unique." Sharon replied

"The person you are getting is quite unique." I looked over at Kat.

"Mr. Masters you have a deal." She stood at her desk and extended her hand. I shook it and so did Kat.

"Thank you Ms. Peterson." Kat gushed. Mom and I walked to the door to leave.

"Daniel. May I make a suggestion?" Sharon asked.

"By all means." I replied.

"This is a large office. Public displays of affection can keep the rumor mills working overtime here."

"I understand. I'll remember that." I moved into the hall outside her office. "Thank you Ms. Peterson. Mom will be here on time Monday." I announced clearly to anyone within earshot.

I took mom's hand in mine as we started to leave. Sharon and I exchanged one last knowing smile as I walked past her office windows. I helped mom in the truck and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

Sharon tilted her head one last time before we left.

I was on the first team in basketball no longer the wimpy kid being pushed around. The Christmas break was a needed time off. Eve offered to fly us to Florida but with Kat's new job and Uncle George needing me on site we decided to stay home. Kat was disappointed when Nikki didn't visit, but her parents took a much needed trip to see family that weren't able to come to Kyle's funeral.

I knew how important it was to her. I was feeling the loss of Kyle and Carlton both. Sure I had other friends but none as close as they were. Also on my mind was the fact that I needed to sort through college offers.

Christmas day was a special occasion. With mom's new job and additional income I decided we could finally get her a new vehicle. The day before Christmas they delivered it hiding it in the garage while we were at George's for a family get together.

On Christmas Eve, Kat and I went to George and Sally's where we had a great time. We drove my truck. I left the keys in her car and the side door open. They were to back the new car in at an angle with a big bow on top. When we came home I opened the overhead door and the truck's lights illuminated the new car. Mom was completely stunned of course. She started hugging and kissing me for many minutes before and after she sat in it.

Christmas morning I was hoping to slumber in bed. It was earlier than I hoped when I heard mom slowly ascend the steps. I faked being asleep when she sat on the edge of the bed.

"Are you coming down sleepyhead?" Mom said knowing I was awake.

"Awe it's Christmas, can't a guy get some sleep?" I laughed turning to face her.

Kat was wearing her satin robe and from the looks of her nipples little else below it.

"You have presents to open!" Mom grinned. "You used to love to open presents."

"Well how about I just open this one?" I teased reaching for her hand.

Kat stopped smiling. She looked at me in earnest. My hand held hers I could feel how conflicted she was.

"Are you sure Daniel?" Kat asked her eyes never leaving mine.

"Can I trust you?" I replied smiling.

"It's your present, do with it what you will." Kat teased.

"So you're giving it to me?" I asked for clarification.

Kat knew what I meant by that. She raised me too well to know there could be no question of her intentions. Kat nodded. Still I waited. Knowing me as she did mom slipped the top of her robe off displaying her tits to me.

"Kiss me Daniel!" Kat whispered.

I sat up and took her in my arms. Sitting on my lap we kissed passionately for several minutes. I worked my hand inside her robe and up her back. Mom quivered in anticipation. Slowly our suppressed desires took hold. I pulled the robe from her body further unwrapping my present.

"Mom you are so beautiful!" I said just trying to be honest.

"Thank you son." Kat replied naturally.

"I'm really not just saying that, I mean it." I blushed a bit. "But you know that don't you?"

Kat looked deep in my eyes confirming what she already knew, I was in love with her. Mom moved up slightly offering me her tit as she gave herself to me. Instincts kicked in as I took the soft fleshy mound in my mouth. I can remember every sound Kat made, every movement, every texture as I kissed my way around her breast. Mom desperate to open her present was pawing at my boxers.

I knew how awkward I must be. I had always struggle in the beginning. Mom knew this of course and helped as only she could. Just like when she taught me how to dance I let her take the lead. We shifted on my bed as our passion started to build.

I took Kat's panties off and slowly moved my hand over her stomach. How to get there was today's lesson what to do once I got there I learned months ago. She was writhing on the bed as mom guided my fingers to touch all of her hot buttons. Kat squirmed as my finger grazed her clit then slowly slipped deep in her pussy.

As for me? Well this was Christmas. So in the interest of giving, as well as receiving, I allowed mom to pleasure me as well.

As my fingers worked in her oozing pussy her hand was stroking my cock. The feeling was one I had never experienced. Having someone other than myself stroking my erection was one thing. Having Kat doing it was more than magnificent.

Kat had my cock hard and straining to cum. She brought me close several times but then let me settle down as her excitement built up to match mine. Here we were mother and son masturbating each other, and of all days, it was Christmas!

As my cum shot from my dick her pussy clamped hard on my fingers. With Kat's impeccable timing we both orgasmed in unison. Moments later we were locked into another passionate kiss as the mess I made coated our bodies.

Knowing I was still not ready for the next step Kat slipped from my arms and kissed me one last time. She stood slipping back on her robe, I could see she was happy.

"Are you going to come down now?" Mom laughed.

"Can I trust you?" I teased back.

"For today my love, for today." Kat cooed.

With both of us sexually satisfied I got up but we went to our separate bathrooms to prepare for opening our actual presents.

The car was really not a gift since she would be paying for it so I bought her a new cell phone. The present under the tree for me was a laptop computer. The rest of the day was spent relaxing. I held her as we watched a few movies, Kat and I kissed almost the whole time. Later we shared dinner before going to bed, there she wrapped my arm around her to caress her tits.

"I love you Danny." Kat whispered just before she fell asleep.

I on the other hand was wide awake remembering probably the best day of my young life and wondering what was in store for the future.

To be continued...