

# A SEXUAL AWAKENING CH. 03

## *twofourthree*

*James makes love to mom and reveals a secret.*

Incest/Taboo

4.56

15.8k words

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

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

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

Chapter Three.

Janice continues to find her way. James makes Janice his lover then answers the riddle.

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"One last item. I found this in my father's belongings in his desk. It seems to make no sense. I thought I should ask Latisha if she knows what it means. He handed a copy of the following to everyone but the lawyer.

What lies within is what you seek

Within these words secrets keep

To run around that will not do

To help your quest I leave a clue

You can see above. You can see below

When I am high. Or when I'm low

For when it rains I get not wet

To argue that I take the bet

I am happiest when here I go

If you truly see then you know

To what you seek is next in line

If you understand you're doing fine

If I were well above I rest

If not. To look below would be the best

Alas be there I am not

Instead alone I sit and rot

I find myself beneath this tree

I am losing hope and dignity

For journey's start and journey's end

If not look here or start again

For only the smartest I don't jest

To find the prize. You must stop and rest.

For upon me now most would sit

For the prize within just make a slit

We all looked at each other. No one had a clue what it meant or even if was relevant to us at all. Even the copy showed how old the original looked. Maybe it was something Harold picked up or found himself. Latisha slid it back across the table. I looked at mine and gave it back also. James took Robert's copy and ripped them up and threw it in the trash.

"I felt the same way. Just checking." James announced. "Any other questions?"

"Can we go now?" Latisha whined.

"Be my guest." James led them to the door and returned to the room.

James went immediately to the waste basket and retrieved the pieces of paper.

"Janice shred these yourself. Then come to Robert's office." James asked. I shredded the papers watching every scrap go through.

I looked at the empty chair of Mandy's wondering where she was. James and Robert were talking in the office. It was weird seeing Robert behind the desk.

"Mom..."

"Janice!" I scolded Robert.

"MOM! You will be joining Latisha the next two days as the auction company comes for inventory. You will be with her as they tag each piece. She has been put up in a hotel today until the inventory is completed. There is security on the premises as we speak." Robert explained. He sounded just like James when he took control like this.

"It's very important you act interested in anything bigger than a loaf of bread. At least pick it up and feel it. Maybe look inside. Anywhere they could hide money. Dressers. Cabinets. Hat boxes. If it's metal pick it up. Gold is heavy like lead. If you suspect anything make sure you write down the number." James added. "If you are really concerned alert security and have them take it after its tagged and they will secure it. They work for us. "

"What did that riddle mean?" I asked James.

"Ask Robert he's the boss."

"Bobby do you know?" I asked. He cringed as I called him by his nick name.

"Mom I don't?" Robert replied.

"James do you?" I knew he avoided the question. But I couldn't pass up the chance to zing Bobby.

"I'm not sure!" He grinned.

"I may not be your lover yet but I am your mother and I DO know when you are lying!" I stared him down.

"Mom! Why are you saying that out loud? I am standing right here!" Bobby cringed.

"Well your brother sent me to see Becky. She has us all but married. I figured if she knew you may as well know too!" I stared at James.

"Look I thought that was over years ago. If you two want to..."

"You're ok with that?" I asked stunned.

"Mom I fuck guys! They fuck me. What you two do behind closed doors is none of my business. If you're happy, I am happy for you. Just keep the affection in public to a kiss or two if I am around! Ok?" Robert looked at James then me. He was so embarrassed.

I moved to him and kissed his cheek and pulled him tight.

"I love you Robert. I am so proud to have you as my son!" I kissed him again.

"Now about the riddle?" I turned to James again.

"We need to go see dad." James replied. Robert you coming with us?

"Nah I will meet you there I have some business to attend to afterwards." Robert explained.

James and I were in his car. The leather felt sensuous on my bare ass.

I filled him in on Becky and how it went at her house. Word for word. James almost seemed pleased.

"Where is Mandy?" I asked. I was determined to get an answer.

"She was upset after she left you this morning. I sent her home."

"Did she say why?" I asked.

"Look mom..."

"Don't you dare call me mom! We aren't going back there. You can call me Janice, Jan or slut but I will never be just your mom again!" I shouted at him.

"You used the love as a safe word for a reason. You didn't want to hear me say it. When we were with Sorina I didn't even know I said it but I must have. It was what I felt. Last night again I said what I felt and you stopped again. I cried all night wondering why you left! You hurt me!" I yelled some more.

"Then this morning Mandy said she thought she may be falling in love with me. It dawned on me then. It hurt to hear her say it. I love her but I didn't want her to love me! That is the way you feel isn't it. Tell me the truth!" James pulled into an empty lot and stopped.

"I do love you Janice. I want so bad to show you how much. But I can't. Not right now. Maybe tomorrow or the next day but not at this minute! James was starting to cry. I had never seen him cry since. I can't remember when.

"I do love you James but I need you to hear it. I love you! I am in love with you and I want to make love with you. I need you. I need you to keep doing what we have been doing. I need to be your slut! Maybe not tomorrow or the next day but for now I need it!" We were face to face hand in hand. "Please don't leave me like that again. If you can't fuck me I understand. But don't abandon me."

"I promise you. I won't!" He sobbed.

"It's been almost ten years since the first time you asked for my help to the day I let you take a shower with me? I can still remember the feel of your cum as it landed on my tits and stomach. How you tried to apologize and how fast you recovered when I stroked your hard cock." I reminded him.

"How you sucked and bit my nipples. How you shot your second load up my back as I stroked your cock with the crack of my ass. Your cum sliding down the same ass dripping from the cunt lips you found so mesmerizing." I kissed his lips gently.

"I have waited ten years for you to come back to me. I can wait longer but I can't make you stay. My heart has been bruised. Leave me if you must but don't say you want me then take off. That would break my heart forever!"

James pulled me into a long sensuous kiss. His hand gripped my tit through my blouse and pinched my nipple.

"You have my word! And you still have the best tit's I have ever seen!" He teased as his tears started drying on his cheek. He kissed me once again.

We continued driving I was the happiest I have been. We finally had the talk. I was still in the dark about Mandy but that could wait for now. Robert was waiting for us as we walked in hand in hand. I had a new bounce in my step. Robert noticed.

"Are you married yet?" He teased.

"Soon I hope!" I teased back. I looked at James he wasn't laughing. He looked at Harold studying him intensely. It was like he was willing him to get better or worse.

The hit me like a freight train. Harold! It was Harold. I can still remember the words when Becky told him we were in the shower together. He barged in and said "What the fuck are you doing with my wife!"

Oh I have been so blind. James was just nineteen the first time. There was almost a second time on several occasions. I all but threw myself at him. He would come so close but he always left before we did anything serious. Even after Harold and I divorced.

Now here is his dad. James must hear the words in his brain every time we get close to stepping over that line.

I squeezed his hand he looked at me. I winked. He looked confused.

"We will come back tomorrow!" I said. He looked at me puzzled for just a moment then smiled.

"I would like that." He replied then squeezed my hand.

We walked with Robert down the hall. James refusing to let go of my hand. As we passed the waiting room Latisha, Becky, and Russ were waiting.

James turned in gripping my hand so I wouldn't let go.

"Rebecca. I am so glad to see you! Latisha we meet again!" James released my hand and kissed Latisha on the cheek knowing she hated it. He returned and took my hand in clear defiance of his sister. "So Rebecca. Mom tells me you were not polite when she arrived today?"

Becky squirmed a bit then lashed out.

"She suggested my husband was cheating on me!" She spat.

"Well she has some experience on that front. Did you ask for her advice?" He looked at Latisha. "Or you could ask your stepmother. Maybe she could help?"

Russ looked like he was going to say something. James stared him down.

"Look we all have our little secrets. I have mine!" James held up my hand as I turned red. But he never stopped looking at Russ. "Surely we can all get along during these difficult times. It's what dad would want us to do."

"You're such an asshole!" Becky snipped.

"I can send pictures if you like!" James only made it worse.

"Becky please don't escalate this." I suggested.

"You're holding his hand for Christ's sakes!" Becky snapped. I think she was still mad from this morning.

"But we aren't married yet. Just dating. I like the slutty ones." James replied. Becky turned red now. James was playing her and we all knew she wouldn't win.

"Ok children that's enough. Someone is going to get their feelings hurt!" Robert stepped in as he always did. The moderator I use to call him.

"When did you trade your dress in on pants?" Becky was now being rude. Russ almost came to his defense but Robert beat him to it.

"That is a cross-dresser or transgendered. I am just plain gay. No kinky stuff just guys on guys. I know it's so yesterday but a guy's got to do what a guy's got to do!" Robert said flamboyantly.

Even Latisha found that funny.

"Tess maybe you and Becky could go check up on Harold?" I suggested. She looked at me a bit taken aback. It was the first time in a long time I had called her Tess.

"Come on sister lets go before one of you ends up in the emergency room." Tess said. They left leaving Russell and Robert with James and me. There was a long awkward pause. No one knowing what to say. Taking James lead I started.

"Just keep the affection in public to a kiss or two if I am around! Ok?" I repeated to Robert using his words from earlier. He looked at me in disbelief. "Well are you going to kiss him hello or just stand there?"

Russell looked at me and then Robert.

"Look Russ if we would have wanted to tell them it would have done it by now!" James explained. "I may be an asshole but I'm not a fucking asshole!"

Robert and I started laughing just a bit. James looked at Robert and he stopped laughing. Robert then looked at me. I looked at Robert. His eyes grew big and then he looked at James.

"I told you if you ..." James started.

"You told her? You told mom?" Robert looked at James.

"Worse I am afraid. I saw you!" I explained.

"MOM!" Robert didn't know what to say. I went to him and kissed him on the cheek.

"I love you Robert. What you do behind closed doors is none of my business. Just remember to close them in the future." I teased.

I walked over to Russell and kissed him on the cheek as well. "Be gentle. He is the sensitive one. Hold him tight and he will never let you down. You boys behave in public now but tear him a new asshole behind closed doors!"

"Mom I am standing right here. I can hear you." Robert protested.

"Good then I won't need to repeat it to you!" I teased.

I grabbed James's hand and we walked out but not before they kissed.

"Did she just say that to me?" Russell asked.

"Yeah. I am afraid she did." Bobby sighed.

"Man she is cool!" Russ replied.

James and I started back in the car. I was getting use to the seats. My pussy was getting wet.

"It's Harold isn't it?" I squeezed his hand.

"I hear him every time we get close." James kept looking forward.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked. "Don't you trust me?"

"I keep thinking I can block it out."

"But he will always be your dad and I will always be your mother." It hurt to say that.

"You see if he was alive. I mean healthy, I could deal with it. He would accept it or not. That I can handle. If he were to pass, in my mind he would no longer be your husband. That too I can accept. But he is in limbo, and until he goes one way or the other I just can't get past thinking I am cheating him out of his say. Does that make sense?"

"James darling that makes perfect sense. Even to me. In a way maybe I feel the same?" I kissed his hand. "I think I love you even more now!"

"You do?"

"Does that scare you?" I was afraid to ask.

"The only thing that would scare me now is losing you!" He looked over at me and squeezed my hand."

"Are you coming over tonight?" I asked.

"I am busy tonight. I leave Saturday. I will be over tomorrow night. We are going to dinner just you and me."

"Should I wear a dress?"

"Yes!"

"Should I wear my new panties and bra?"

"No and yes." He thought for a moment. "Change that, yes and yes."

"Will you come back to my house and make me earn an orgasm."

"Yes!"

"Will you fuck me?" I pressed. He turned to look at me with questioned eyes.

"Just checking. You can't blame a girl for trying" I blushed. "The new safe word is now Rebecca!"

"That will be easy to remember!" He laughed.

James dropped me off at my car I went home feeling much better but Mandy was still on my mind.

Friday night he picked me up for dinner. I wore the deep U bra, the plunging panties and a new dress to show them off. The new shoes were the tallest I have ever worn at just over 4 inches. My small feet were almost vertical. He kissed me when he picked me up.

My ass now familiar with his leather seats. James held my hand the whole way. We talked about business and the last two days with Tess but there wasn't much to report. If she had found anything

she had already removed it. But I doubted she had because she was inspecting everything just as I had.

To my disappointment there wasn't anything sexual happening during dinner. After dinner he drove me home. I thought it might end at that until he had me carry a small bag in the house. James pushed me up against the foyer wall and kissed me grinding his cock against me. Reaching in the bag he withdrew a blindfold and placed it over my eyes. Next he put the ball gag in my mouth.

"I know you love me. I don't need to hear it. Besides I want you to let go without the neighbors calling the cops." He said. My pussy started to seriously dampen. James had that effect on me.

James led me down the hall and to my bedroom. Slowly he stripped me of my clothes batting my hands down when I tried to help. Then he secured one wrist to a rod behind my back and then the other. My tits thrust out, he spread my legs. I felt the sting of the clothes pins bite into my dripping pussy lips. He was starting where he left off the other night.

"If your tits were not so perfect these would be your best feature!" James whispered as he tugged on the clamps.

I moaned as he put each one on and growled in defiance as he teased my tender lips. James placed a smooth rope around one tit winding it again and again. When my tit was tight and hard he tied it off and moved to the other one. Again he bound my massive orb until my nipple felt it would burst. He fondled them sending thousands of needle like sensations through my breasts. I was in heaven. Drool now dripped over my lower jaw and between my lips. My replies to the delicious abuse muffled behind the ball.

Just then the doorbell rang.

"I have one more sensation for you before I let our guest in!" James whispered.

I thrashed about and protested but he held me firm. When the first clamp gripped my nipple I cried out in pain. The second was just intense the third through sixth sealed my fate. I was his. I didn't care who was watching.

The bell rang again. I heard him answer the door and whisper instructions. I thought it may be a bluff but two pairs of steps came down the hall. They stopped I heard a zipper open and then I was turned around. Lube was applied to my ass crack teasing my asshole.

Then the most wonderful feeling I had in ten years split the clips on my pussy lips. It was James cock!

I knew it! I could feel it as it rubbed me from behind. I could smell him. I could even taste his breath as he moaned in my ear.

"I do love you mother. I have loved you from the beginning. I will not fuck you but we can start at the beginning and do those things again!"

I could hardly concentrate on what he said. I was trying to work his cock in my dripping pussy. James toyed with me dragging the top of his cock along my slit. My arms restrained. My legs spread wide barely able to stand in the high heels. The clips on my pussy lips reminding me the price for this pleasure was gentle pain.



I bucked hard against him his cock started pumping faster. I was cursing the ball in my mouth. I wanted to scream for him to put it in me. I struggled against my bonds.

"You feel me don't you? I want you mother. I want what you want. Not yet. Not tonight." He whispered his voice cracking. He was excited too. "I am close Janice. Are you ready?"

I was more than ready I was desperate. James pulled his cock from between my legs and slipped it between my ass cheeks. I protested to no avail as he started fucking my ass crack. I didn't care. Take my ass. Take my mouth just take me! I pressed back again grinding him deep in the crack. I tried to get him to fuck my asshole but he refused. Then I felt him suddenly shift. His breathing changed. He held my shoulder. Then I felt his hand grip his cock.

Cum! His glorious hot love filled cum shot up across my back. Oh how I have waited for this! Spurt after loving spurt landed on my back and shoulders. Holding me slightly bent the pressure in my large tits seemed to double. They ached from the lack of blood. The clamps on my nipples sweetly throbbed reminding me I was alive. Then he pulled back away from me. He whispered something.

Oh my god! I had forgotten all about the fact someone was watching us! I shivered in embarrassment. Who was it? My mind swirled in wonder I listened for any clue. I heard the zipper close. A strong hand lifted my foot and removed my shoe, then moved to the other. Standing flat on my feet my legs still spread wide I felt a cold hard probe press against my asshole. I tightened my muscle in response to the unknown intruder.

"Relax Mistress and this will feel better I promise!" She whispered.

It was Mandy! Oh how I wanted it to be her! I struggled to move but James strong hands held me firm. I relaxed my sphincter and pushed slightly back. The rubber cock started the journey deep in my ass. It wasn't big but was long. Gentle ripples massaged my wrinkled skin. It felt lovely.

"Something has come up. I must go. I don't know when you will see me again but I will call. I am not running away this time. I am running to you." James whispered. "Still I must go now. I leave you in the hands of someone who loves you as I do. Enjoy the night for tomorrow she too must leave. I love you mother!"

He kissed my cheek. I heard him walk down the hall.

"He loves you more than you know!" Mandy whispered. "I am going to remove your gag. If you speak it will go back. The safe word is 'love' if you say it we will stop no questions asked! Do you understand?"

I nodded Mandy released the gag. My jaws sore I wanted to speak. I held my tongue as I moved my jaw then she fed me her fingers. They were coated with James cum, I greedily cleaned them off. She scraped my back feeding his love to me the whole time keeping the dildo deep in my ass. I missed him more with each scoop she presented. Just tasting him was making me drip again.

"How can you eat that disgusting man juice you slut?" Mandy teased. "We will have to break you of such habits. First we have some work to do."

Mandy reached around and removed the clamps on my nipples and breasts. I moaned in relief as she removed each one. I couldn't massage them my hands still secured so she did it for me. She untied the rope allowing the blood to flow back into my tit. A million tiny needles pricked inside my tit. The feeling sent shivers up my spine.

When she released the other tit I pushed back on her the feeling so intense I wanted her to feel me quake. She caressed both tits teasing my nipples often. She bent me forward and started to fuck my ass with the dildo. The clamps on my pussy lips swung reminding me I wasn't done being tormented.

"Cum for me slut then I will let you free. Free to make me happy. Free to tell me what you want!" Mandy slammed me hard in the ass.

Her tits mashed into my back. I was so fucking close but unable to speak or play with my clit I was at her mercy. And mercy she had. Mandy pulled each of the clamps from my pussy then as I whimpered she stroked my clit. I bucked as she fucked me with her fingers. My ass was stretched and loose. My clit throbbed her fingers started to bring me off.

With one last lunge my cunt shuddered and I came! Deep within the contractions started, a warm glow eased through me then the mother of all contractions clamped my ass around the rubber cock. As each rippled of the dildo slipped past my asshole my pussy responded with another mini orgasm one on top of another.

Mandy held me up. She pulled the dildo from me and standing behind me started untying my arms. I was so spent and weak I just wanted to stand there. She removed the blindfold. I saw her walk in front of me perfectly naked. Our eyes met, I lunged at her forcing her onto the bed. Laying on top I started kissing her.

"Hold me Mandy. Hold me and don't let me go. Not tonight. Please don't leave me tonight!" I was crying as she wrapped her arms around me.

"I am yours tonight Mistress." Mandy was crying too.

"No my beautiful child. Tonight I am not your Mistress I am you're ...

"Please don't say it!"

"But I need you to know!" I was weeping tears rolled off my cheeks.

"I know. But hearing you say it will only hurt more!" Mandy cried.

"Then how can I do what I want to do without using the word?" I sniffled trying to get her to smile.

"Then just do it. I will know just as you will." She kissed me not breaking the contact for a long time.

"Take me to the shower! I need your hands all over me." I broke the kiss begging. "Please baby?"

Mandy led me to the bathroom. The hot water washed me clean but it was her hands that washed my heart. We took our time fondling and washing each other. Our hands rarely left each other. With soap to spare we slipped over and around each other. Her tits felt like warm marshmallows as they slid over my hard nipples. Her lips found mine as we rinsed off it was all I could do not to cum as she dried me off.

I don't know why we took the first shower we didn't do anything but make sure another was needed. I rimmed her asshole as she fucked her pussy with my favorite vibrator. Mandy sucked my clit until came so hard I actually squirted a bit. We didn't stop until we had the double ended dildo in our pussies and mini vibrators in our asses. When we both had come so many times we couldn't stand another we took that second shower only this time it was just to get clean.

In the wee hours of the morning we finally reached the bed and curled up in each other's arms. The last kiss was soft and sensual. The greedy lust we shared earlier had given way to just Mandy and me holding each other as we fell asleep.

"I have to go!" Mandy was sitting on the side of my bed.

"But where to so early? I asked just now realizing she was dressed.

We had both been up. I was in the bathroom after she used it. When I came out she was on the phone. I crawled back in bed expecting her to join me.

"I am going home." She explained but I could tell something wasn't right.

"Then stay a bit longer. We can have lunch!"

"I would love to but I have somewhere I need to be." Mandy said. She smiled but I could tell it was forced.

A horn honked outside. She looked to the window.

"My ride is here. Kiss me Jan!" She offered herself to me and we kissed for a few moments. The horn honked again. Mandy broke our kiss. "I love you Janice. Goodbye!"

I tried to say something but she held her finger to my lips stopping me. She left my room in a hurry. I heard the front door close. I don't know why but something unsettled me. I got up and walked to the window. She was loading a suitcase and a smaller bag in the trunk of a taxi. She looked at me as I pulled the curtain to the side. She was crying. Seeing me she hopped in the back. I could see her tell the driver something and he pulled away.

I knew something was wrong. I tried to call James but he didn't answer. I called Robert.

"Bobby. Mandy says she is going home but she had her bags packed and got in a taxi. Do you know what is going on?" I didn't even let him say hello.

"Mom? Mom is that you?" I was almost in tears in desperation he wasn't sure who was calling.

"Yes Robert it's me. Now what do you know?"

"Well if she told you she was going home. I am not sure what else you want me to tell you. Her flight leaves today and she is going home." He said. I almost collapsed.

"Robert! Is she is going back to Sri Lanka?" I yelled. I was devastated.

"Yeah I think that is what James said." Robert was clearly not as upset as I was.

"James knew about this?" I almost screamed.

"Knew about it? He bought her the ticket!" Robert explained.

I sat on the edge of the bed. I was frantically trying to think.

"Robert do you know which flight she is on?" I started to pace.

"Sure I have it right here on James. I mean my desk." He gave me the flight and time of departure. I threw on some decent clothes and headed to the airport.

I looked all over for her hoping she had not gone through security. I found her flight and the gate I rushed to see her before she left. I saw her heading down the hall just past security.

"MANDY!" I yelled.

She stopped in her tracks looking back at me I could see her starting to cry. They wouldn't let me advance any further. In fact security came to see what I was doing. A man and a woman approached me explaining I needed to leave before they took me into custody. I tried to explain I just wanted to talk to her but when they looked at her and saw her crying they must have thought I was upsetting her. The woman explained that I was making passengers nervous and suggested I call her on the phone. I had tried but she either didn't answer or no longer had the phone.

I wanted to see if I could locate her through the windows but. My heart wouldn't stand it. I drove home wishing I could have had one more kiss. In the kitchen she left a note.

'My love. For years I sat across from you wishing you would notice me. I know you think I am too young. But I have admired you since the day I met you. With all you have been through you are always kind. Always helpful and generous. So many times I dreamed about you and I.

When James showed up. I got jealous of the way you looked at him. I knew you were in love with him. The day he toyed with you in his office made me mad. Drunk and feeling bold. I confronted him. I told him about my feelings for you. He offered to have me take you shopping.

My world hasn't been the same. I know you love him and he loves you. The morning you refused to tell me you loved me I was hurt. Then I found out my sister and her husband in Sri Lanka passed away suddenly leaving two baby girls. I was devastated. James helped me get home but insisted I see you before I go. You are my going away present. I love you Janice. I would gladly share you with James but I must go home and take care of my nieces. Wages are low in Sri Lanka. I have little hope of seeing you soon. Maybe you could come visit your slut. With open arms I am yours.'

Mandy.

I cried myself to sleep.

I allowed myself several hours of self-pity even taking a nap in the bed where we frolicked just to smell her scent. I went to the gym hoping to revive at least my body. I had not been there since James arrived. After working out my body was as sore as I can remember. I went home and changed the linens. I cleaned up and put away the toys. I was almost done cleaning when James called.

"Jan are you ok?" James asked.

"She left me!" I sobbed. "You left me!"

"I know. I am sorry but it couldn't be helped." he consoled me.

"You did this! Why did you bring her into our lives? My life?" I was crying like a little kid. "I want you! I only ever wanted you! Why James?"

"You have me now. That isn't going to change." His voice alone comforted me. "I have to go. I will call tonight. We can talk then."

"I never told her I loved her!" I sobbed into the phone. "Can you fix this? Can I get her back?"

"I don't know. I tried but there are kids involved and that complicates things. I really must go. I love you. We will talk later."

James hung up leaving me feeling somewhat better. This was all too much too soon. Three weeks ago I was a single divorced mother living alone with virtually no love life. Now the son that vied for my attention for years is back in my life. I made love to his ex-lover waking up a part of me I never knew I had. I've made love to the sweetest young girl who I sat in the same office with for years as she secretly lusted for me? All while my ex-husband lies clinging to life?

I was thinking about Mandy and how we could sit in the same office day after day and not know how she felt. Sure we talked but with two other ladies it was always just innocent gossip. I knew Mandy wasn't fond of most men. I had guessed she was drawn to women.

I wondered if she had been giving me clues and I rejected them or I was just naive to see them. But then again why would I even look. I had never been with a woman before. Until I met Sorina I wouldn't have expected to in the future. I kept thinking back but it was in vain. Then the phone rang.

"Mom you up to go see dad and have some dinner?" Robert asked.

"Thanks Bobby but not today." I sighed.

"Great! Russ and I will be there in fifteen minutes." He completely ignored my reply. "Oh and you can wear panties and slacks when you are with us!"

The little rascal I thought! He and his brother were too close. Or is he was just as perceptive as James. I slipped on a pair of loose fitting slacks over my panties I might add, but wore a rather sexy bra and top with a plunging neck line. They were here as he suggested.

Russ insisted I set in front. He is such a gentleman. We stopped in to check on Harold the doctors were not around to talk to. We went to an Italian restaurant and had a nice relaxing dinner. Russ and Robert were great together and made me forget at least for the moment the drama I had been dealing with.

James called that night. We talked for almost an hour. Not once bringing up Mandy's name. I was in love with him and just having him talk to me made my heart happy.

The next day I went shopping and found some clothes I thought James would like to see me in. I cleaned the house and made myself dinner. That night James called again. I told him about my shopping but teased him when I wouldn't tell him what I bought. I explained he would have to wait and see it for himself.

Monday started a whole new journey through my life. Robert was running the company. Latisha was working there. Every time I looked at Mandy's desk and saw she wasn't there made my heart break. Each day Latisha and I would go to the house and check on the progress of the auction crew.

Security was tight with around the clock staffing. There were personal items Latisha and I agreed together we would keep but nothing of real value. Sentimental items. Everything would have to be sold. We could buy it at the auction in less than two weeks.

Business was picking up at work. Robert made a point of meeting with department heads each day and the entire department's staff one day each week. The sales staff were called in. and new

approaches recommended. I was with him taking notes and following up. It didn't take long to see Robert wasn't only friendly and easy going but when it came to business he was committed.

Latisha was receiving several calls a day on her cell phone. This wasn't allowed except for emergencies. The company rules were quite clear. No cell phone calls except when you are on break. Harold began that policy years ago. We were allowed personal calls on the company phones. This way he could keep track of them and make sure customer calls were not being ignored. The receptionist would monitor abusers. Robert warned her to have her calls redirected.

It was Wednesday when Robert confronted Latisha explaining she would need to turn her phone off. She merely turned it to vibrate then rushed into the ladies room to answer it. Thursday I heard the phone vibrate when I was at her desk. She got up and took her purse with her heading to the restrooms. She must have pulled it from her purse because when she turned the corner Robert was there.

"Let me see that!" Robert quickly took the phone from her hand. He pushed the button. Hello this is Robert answering Latisha's phone. She isn't allowed to use her cell phone at work. Please call her office phone."

He proceeded to give them the number. He played with the phone. I have forwarded the calls to the office. They will be transferred to your phone by the receptionist. You can get your phone back when you are done working.

Robert walked past her and into the office. He picked up the phone and called someone. Latisha was so stunned and caught off guard she didn't say a word.

"I need my phone!" She finally came to her senses. "He can't do that!"

She headed to his office when her phone rang. I looked at her. She started to walk by her desk.

"Do you want me to get that?" I glared at her letting her know we never let the phone ring. We always put the customer first.

"No!" She looked at her phone as she snapped back. "The Sinclair Company. This is Tess."

I couldn't hear clearly as she turned her back but I did hear her say she would call back. Latisha marched to Robert's office and knocked on his door. He motioned her in. She closed the door. Muted sounds hid the words but she was none too happy. She emerged with her phone but still looked mad.

"That is my battery. He has no right to take it out of my phone!" She seethed.

During the rest of the day several more calls were transferred to her desk, the receptionist came to see Robert. The next several calls that came in for her was transferred to Robert. He called her in the office with me. It was almost the end of the work day. He looked serious she looked scared.

"So you and Ralph have quite the scam going I see?" He looked at Latisha. Ralph was our salesman that used to be our top producer.

"I don't know what you are talking about." She crossed her arms in defiance.

"Well just so you know. James knew weeks ago. We just needed confirmation of your participation." He looked at her with a sly smile. "We had the vendor record your conversations today. That and

the fact you were obviously hiding it today is all we wanted."

"That's illegal! That is entrapment!" She accused.

"Don't know don't care. Sue us if you must. But before you do think about this. Where are you going to get a job?" Did I hear him right? He was going to keep her?

"What are you talking about?" She was as confused as I was.

"Look we offered you a job. You need a job. We knew what my dad and Ralph were doing. And we knew you helped. You did what anyone of us would do if my dad asked." Robert stood up handing her the battery. "Look I know you have been dealt a bad hand lately. We are here to help not kick you when you're down. We will handle Ralph. You can decide if you want to stay."

"You mean I am not fired?" Latisha looked at me as if she were asking me.

"Tess he is the boss. I just own half the company!" We both looked at him.

"Well I am going to write you up for the phone violation but I am not firing you." Robert smiled. "Now you both need to get back to work!"

We went back to work she couldn't stop looking at me and Robert in his office. That night when James called as he had every night I told him what happened. I am guessing he already knew but listened anyway. I was missing him but he was vague when I would see him again.

As the week closed I felt more alone now than ever before. The gym. Robert and Russ were my only distractions. They included me everywhere they went. I could see how close they had become. Each day we would go see Harold. They had wanted to move him to a long care facility but Robert resisted. It had been a month since he had been admitted. The insurance coverage would soon run out.

The next week was busy at work as new orders began to flow from the company Harold had been dealing with off the books. Ralph was fired agreeing to a non-compete clause for five years. It was a better deal than jail.

The auction is this Friday and Saturday. Everything was set. Friday morning would be the viewing time, the auction started at one. Saturday would be when the biggest and most expensive items would be auctioned. James promised to be back Friday night for at the Saturday event.

Friday morning James called. He asked about some items in the auction he wanted to bid on asking me to make sure to buy them if they came up. He was very concerned that some items would be moved from the Saturday event.

"Janice you need to listen to me very carefully. Under no circumstance is the boat to be auctioned off Friday. Do you hear me?"

"Yes James if you say so."

"Don't mention we talked about this to anyone including Robert are we clear?"

"I understand." I replied.

"Don't allow them to remove the shrink wrap or disturb the boat in any way. It's to be auctioned exactly as it sits." I could tell he was serious.

"I will tell the auctioneer what we discussed." I offered.

"No! Not unless it's necessary. And not around Latisha or Becky. That is critical." He stressed.

"I understand." I gave him my word.

"Good now relax and have fun. I will see you tonight."

"I can't wait!" I gushed.

The day was so hectic. I had never been to an estate auction. People of all walks of life came Friday morning. They looked over the grounds. Many walked around the boat and in the shed. Most went to see the emergency shelter Harold put in the back yard.

I noticed that there was a security person located at the bunker at all times. The boat was about twenty five feet away propped up on some wooden trusses. It had been there when Harold bought the house. It was a wooden boat very long with a small cabin that was actually very roomy down below.

It was old. The paint was peeling. The varnish long ago weathered away. He did keep it covered, a white plastic sheet sealed it tight to the upper half. He had it surveyed once the man telling him it wasn't sea worthy. He said it would cost more than it would be worth to fix it. Harold seemed enamored by it just the same refusing to even sell one of the two propellers hanging out below.

Tess and I had lunch and went back to enjoy the sale. The auctioneer moved about with purpose selling the smallest items many times in lots to move things along. I was amazed at the whole organization. I walked outside and watched them prepping new tables to auction.

I looked at the back yard and occasionally someone would wander over to the boat but when they got close they would inevitably walk away and look at other items placed around the yard. It was about three when I saw a man look at several items in the yard then walk over to the boat. He wasn't deterred by the condition. He walked around the entire hulk.

I slowly made my way in that direction heading to the nearby shed. I heard the security man ask him if he could be of some service. The man explained he was a scrap dealer and wanted to know if he could look inside the boat. The security man explained that the boat was sealed and would stay that way until the auction ended.

The buyer left in a gruff but took one last look around. He started walking to the house, I followed at a distance. I heard him talk to the one auction staff member about buying it today. The staff person went and talked to the head auctioneer. I was ready to step in if needed but soon saw the customer walk back to his truck unhappy.

There wasn't anything that interested me. I had lived with the man for almost twenty five years. What feelings I had for him he trampled before and during the divorce. I cared for the man. I wished him no ill will but there was no lingering feelings in my heart for him either. I did buy a small case that James asked me to bid on. It was so exhilarating I can see how people get carried away with this.

They closed the bidding at four. The best was saved for the next day when people who worked during the week would be available.



Robert and I went to the hospital that evening. Harold was getting worse. The doctor had always been realistic but positive. The words he used this time was less encouraging. Becky and Tess were there also. The mood was somber.

James called and told me to be ready at seven. Robert dropped me off at home on his way to pick up Russell.

I was like a girl on her first date when he pulled up. I was so nervous he had flowers when I opened the door. I threw my arms around him and kissed him before he came in the house. He picked me up and easily carried me in returning my kiss. I refused to let go holding onto him he set the flowers down and pulled me tighter.

"God I missed you!" He said when we finally broke our kiss. My world seemed to brighten up by those simple words.

"Oh darling I needed you to say that. I have missed you too!" I replied.

"Come we have a busy night. "He sat me down I swirled in my new dress. His eyes got big then he pulled me close. His hand slipped over my ass. My tits squeezed against him.

"Tonight I am going to ask you to wear slacks."

"Don't you like it?" I acted mad.

"I love it. Tomorrow night you can wear it for sure. Tonight it might be best if you wear slacks." He explained.

I changed quickly slipping on some comfortable shoes and off we went. A quick dinner then a trip to the house. James held my hand as we walked around greeting each security person. I counted three in the back yard. Mostly at the bunker. I was glad I wasn't in my dress as we walked the grounds. James received a call just as we headed to the car.

"Mom is with me. We will be there soon." James replied. He looked at me, I knew it wasn't good news. "That was Robert. Harold is slipping fast.

We hopped in the car and headed to the hospital. He was holding my hand.

"You ok?" I asked.

"I am fine. I worry about Becky and Latisha." He offered.

"What about you?" I asked again. "Are you ok if he doesn't make it?"

"I think it will be a blessing. He has suffered enough. Besides after what he put you through. he stopped being my father long ago." James looked over at me. "What about you?"

"I don't know how to feel. I agree with you. He has suffered enough." I looked at James. "But I don't wish him dead."

He squeezed my hand firmly. James knew what I meant. As much as I wanted James as my lover. I didn't wish Harold to die to accomplish that.

We arrived at the hospital and went up to the floor Harold was on. In the waiting room a doctor was talking to Becky, her husband and Latisha. Russell and Robert showed up minutes later. The last

of the brain activity stopped earlier in the day. Only machines were keeping him alive. The staff were ordered not to revive him if he had any difficulties. The question was should they pull the plug. Becky alone had the medical power of attorney. She alone would decide.

James took my hand and led me down the hall. We went into the room. The tubes and pumps sustaining what life he had. I never much thought about what it took to keep Harold with us. We stood there James and I together knowing Harold wouldn't approve. I also knew he was already gone. The only thing in the room with us was a machine and the body of the man I lost so many years ago. James kissed me on the lips.

"Good night Harold. May you rest in peace." James said. He kissed me once again just in case Harold missed the first one. "Come mother. It's time to let the others grieve"

One by one they went and spent time with Harold. Russ taking his mother. Robert spent longer than I would have thought. Becky went with her husband. He returned after fifteen minutes. She stayed with the body for almost an hour before she joined us again. I could tell she was distraught. I was surprised when she ran to me.

"Mom I don't know what to do?" She was crying holding me close. "I don't want to decide!"

"I know dear but you must." I held her like I have always wanted to. "There is no wrong answer. Darling do what you think is right."

We held each other for several minutes then parted. We waited for the doctor. Becky told him she needed more time. James took my hand we said our goodbyes and headed home. He took me to his hotel room. I had nothing to wear so he gave me a button down shirt.

I was nervous when he came from the bathroom. He left me some supplies. I brushed my teeth and washed up before joining him in the room. I looked over he was sound asleep. Disappointed I slipped in front and pulled his arm over me. He scooted closer mumbling something and went back to sleep. I looked at the clock it was after two.

James was up early the next morning. He took me home to shower and change and we headed off to the auction. With James at my side this was even more exciting than the day before.

They started with the small stuff left over from the day before and then went in the back yard. Harold had all kinds of lawn equipment. Mowers, garden tractors, even a tiller but I never seen him plant anything. They moved to the bunker. The unit itself wasn't for sale but the contents were. There had been a steady stream of visitors in and out it over the last few days. The bidding started it stalled around five hundred. James raised his number which brought out a lively round of buyers. He finally won the bid at twelve hundred.

They had one item before they moved to the boat. I saw the scrap dealer was back. James pulled me aside.

"You need to buy the boat. I don't care what it costs buy the boat!" James held my hand firmly.

"But James I don't have much money. Why don't you buy it?" I asked confused.

"Don't worry about the money. Hurry now. Just buy it. I will explain later." They moved to the boat. The bidding started. There were few bidders. I was one. Latisha saw me bidding and walked over.

"You buying that heap?" She said to me.

"My dad and I always thought of restoring it someday. Janice offered to buy it for me as a gift." James said.

I wanted to say something but he squeezed my hand firmly. I raise my number. It was over fifteen hundred.

"Seems like allot to pay for sentimental reasons." Latisha replied but she stayed anyway.

The scrap guy was giving me the evil eye. He wanted it and I was costing him profit. Each time he bid I wanted to ask James why I was bidding on this. I knew he had never worked with his father on any project. James just kept squeezing my hand to bid.

The guy bid two thousand. I turned to James I had to say something. This was crazy. He looked at me urging me to bid. I trusted him I raised my number again. The scrap guy looked over at us and turned to leave. The auctioneer declared me the winner and without ceremony they went to the next item on the list.

"Excuse me sir would you happen to have a card?" James asked the scrap dealer.

"Buzz off. You just cost me a day's work." He snarled.

"I am sorry. If I decide this is too much of a project. I may want to sell it." James explained.

"Well I ain't payin no two grand for it now." The guy dug out his card anyway.

"How about a grand? But you still have to haul it away." The guy's eyes lit up.

"You have a deal but you can't part it out on me." He warned.

"I promise if I decide not to keep it you can inspect it and make sure you can still turn a buck. Fair enough?" He held out his hand the man shook it.

Latisha just shook her head as she walked away. James bought a couple of more items. One was an antique desk for Robert.

The auction was over, we watched as truck after truck loaded up with all the items that were sold. By six the place was all but deserted. Only two security guards remained. James walked over to them as I loaded the small things in the car.

"Come on. You have a dress to wear and I have a surprise for you." James said. He seemed very happy.

We went to my house. I showered and changed into the dress I had on the night before. We went to dinner the place was nice but we were both overdressed. It was almost nine when we stopped for a carry out pizza and some beers. I was going to ask why but decided not to. We headed back to the house where the auction was. A lone guy was on the porch the other in the back yard smoking. James motioned for him to come up to the house. He stepped up on the porch. James handed them the pizza and the beer.

"Remember you stay in the house until I come get you." James handed them each a 100 dollar bill. They looked at me in my sexy dress and knew what was up.

"No problem. We got your back." The one said.

I felt like a whore but my pussy started to get wet. I had a good feeling about this.

James opened the trunk and took out a duffel bag and a small lantern. He took my hand and with the glow of the lantern we walked past the bunker into the shadows of a large tree and to the back of the boat. James pulled a key from his pocket as he handed me the lantern. On the back of the boat was a small ladder leading up to the back. He climbed the ladder and there under the flap of white plastic was a lock on a small door.

"Well now we find out if that two grand you spent will pay off."

He turned the key and a heavy lock popped open. James opened the door and removed another panel then I handed up the bag. He helped me up the ladder replaced the panel and guided me down the center where the plastic was supported by poles to shed the water. As old as the boat looked outside the inside looked very nice. The wood looked in good shape the gauges and controls looked polished. We headed to the cabin. James unlocked another padlock with the same key.

We entered the cabin it looked well maintained like someone lived here. Even the cushions looked great. In fact they looked almost new. James walked to a panel and flipped it open, there was a key pad with some small lights. There was an alarm on the boat? He punched in a code and closed the door.

He opened the bag and removed a large blanket. James sat down on the cushion along the side and invited me to join him. I hesitated standing there in my sexy dress.

"James if I join you I don't want to stop at a kiss." I had been through too much. I had waited too long. I needed this to move forward. He handed me the key to the lock.

"Tonight you drive. Just be careful the tank is full. It could be a long trip!" James looked at me. It was the look he gave me ten years ago when we were in the shower. It was desire. I knew at that moment he wanted me as much as I needed him.

"I'm going to make you keep that promise!" I teased.

I sat down with him, he kissed me slipping his hand over my shoulder and around my back. I locked lips and offered my tongue. He took it and shared his with me. I dropped my hands to his crotch and felt his semi hard cock through his pants. I released his belt. I unbuttoned his slacks and lowered the zipper. He helped me take them off by lifting his ass. His briefs were next. I tossed them. His cock grew harder as I lifted it with my hand. His hand reached for my tit. I slapped it away.

"Not yet my little boy. Tonight I am in charge!" He moaned in frustration and the fact I was now stroking him.

I lowered to my knees and took the head in my mouth. I never much cared for oral sex. I had done it of course but never really enjoyed it. Maybe I was old enough now to appreciate how we use the most intimate parts of our bodies to pleasure our lovers. Maybe it was because it was James's cock. The one I had longed for all these years. Whatever the reason I wanted it. I wanted his cock in my mouth. I wanted him to know that this mouth was there for him in any way he wanted to use it.

James was glass cutting hard. The head alone filled my mouth. There was no way I was going to get close to taking this thing even half way. I didn't even try. What I did do is wrap my hands around it and stroked the whole length as my mouth teased what would fit. My other hand gently caressed

his balls. I knew better than to treat them rough. That would be another time this night was about getting past the barriers we locked ourselves in.

"Janice...mom...soon!" James thought he was warning me but I was already ahead of him.

I renewed my efforts and was rewarded with the first blast of cum filling my mouth. James thrust he cock deeper in my mouth. I was prepared for the second and third but the fourth and fifth were larger than I expected. He was groaning. His one hand behind him supporting his body the other resting gently on my head. James rocked through his orgasm. My pussy was dripping.

There was no way I wasn't going to swallow every drop. I forced it to the opening to my throat and let it just shoot straight down. I gagged and coughed a couple of times but recovered to keep to get him hard again. Robert had done this so I knew he was capable. I just need to learn how. I released his cock in my mouth but continued to stroke him.

James fell back on both arms as he watched me work his cock. I reached between my legs pushed my panties to the side and dipped my fingers in my pussy. I offered them to him he happily took them in his mouth. His cock surged.

I dipped them again this time cleaning them off myself while he watched in the glow of the lantern. James was hard enough to fuck but I wanted him to taste me again. Dipped my fingers one more time and offered them to him. He took them his cock was straining. I stood up and lifted my dress. With my panties still pushed to the side I positioned myself over his cock.

"Mom wait. I want this to be perfect!" James whispered.

"No son. I don't want it perfect I want it now!" I slipped over his cock slowly taking him in my tight pussy. "If it were perfect you might never want to fuck me again!"

His cock filled my pussy I fell over him we found each other's lips and kissed.

"I love you Janice. I will never stop making love to you. Never!" I started to cry just a bit.

"Oh James you don't know how long I have waited for you to say that!" I mashed my tits into him. "Fuck me son. Fuck your mother. I am giving myself to you!"

James started to thrust in me then picked me up and turned me on my back. His strength and weight felt like heaven. His cock filled my pussy as well as my heart. I came quickly pawing at his back. I was whimpering as my climax raced through my body. James never stopped bringing me closer to another orgasm with each thrust.

"Cum for me!" James hissed.

"As your mother? Or as your slut?" I teased.

"As my lover!" He hissed again.

"Am I James? Am I your lover?" I pulled back to look at him. His eyes were glassy.

"Yes now and forever. You are my lover!" He replied.

"Then tonight I will be your mother! Your slut mother! The one you seduced so many years ago. Do it son fill my pussy. Show your mother how much you love her. Show her she is your slut. Fuck me son! Cum in my pussy and make it yours!"

"You fucking bitch you're going to make me cum in you!" The first blast coated my walls and started me cumming with him.

"Take this mother!" James thrust even deeper shooting his cum in my womb.

"And this you slut!" Again he filled me up.

"And this my love!" He gave me the gentlest thrust as my pussy contracted around his soon to deflate cock.

"I love you mom I always have. You have never been or ever will be a slut to me." James whispered as he supported himself above me. His cock twitched in my cum filled cunt.

"Then never call me mom again as your lover." I kissed him. "And James, I know you like it a bit kinky. I will be your slut as long as you love and respect me."

James pulled from me and grabbed a towel from the bag. We cleaned up a bit then he started to put his clothes on.

"Whoa what are you doing?" I asked.

"I told you I have a surprise for you!" He explained.

"You mean this wasn't the surprise?" I motioned to the two of us.

"That was making love. That is no surprise." James replied. I nodded as if I agreed with him. He pulled out a piece of paper. It was the one from the meeting with Latisha. It was some silly riddle

"Did you figure it out?" James asked.

"Why no. should I have?"

"Well if I am right it could be worth a few bucks." James gave me a sly look.

"You mean it really has meaning?" I was shocked.

"Well let's read it and see what you think." James read the first two lines.

What lies within is what you seek

Within these words secrets keep

"Well that is clear enough. There must be something of value we should be looking for." I explained.

"Very good. Now the next two lines" James read on.

To run around that will not do

To help your quest I leave a clue

"I guess it means I need to read more?" I asked. James nodded.

James read the next four lines.

You can see above. You can see below

When I am high. When I am low

For when it rains I get not wet

To argue that I take the bet

"I have no idea. What doesn't get wet when it rains? And seeing above or below? A cloud?"

"Very nice guess. But how about water. Like a lake or ocean?" He asked.

"Oh my goodness you are right! Read the next lines!" I squealed.

I am happiest when here I go

If you truly see then you already know

To what you seek is next in line

If you understand you're doing fine

If I were well above I rest

If not. To look below. Would be the best

"This is tricky. But if the clue is water. What should be on top of water if it's well and below the water if isn't well" James asked.

"Anything that floats?" I guessed.

"Excellent." James complimented me. He then read on.

Alas be there I am not

Instead alone I sit and rot

I find myself beneath this tree

I am losing hope and dignity

"Well if it's a boat and it's under a tree then it must be on land...!" I squealed. "James we are on a boat on land!"

"You are so close!" James explained reading the last lines.

For journey's start and journey's end

If not look here or start again

For only the smartest I don't jest

To find the prize. You must stop and rest.

For upon me now most would sit

For the prize within just make a slit

"James are you telling me this boat holds some sort of treasure?" I whispered so no one could hear. He pulled a knife from his pants and stuck it into the cushion we just made love on. It was filled with cash. Lots of cash.

"James!" I yelled forgetting where we were.

"Janice maybe we should whisper!" James laughed at me.

"James is this the missing money?" I whispered. I knew then it was a dumb question.

He just kissed me then pulled out his phone and made a call.

"Marvin this is James. Send the truck but quietly. In the back by the shed. I will be waiting for you." He hung up the phone.

"I think we better get you back to the car and get our buddies from the house" He packed up the bag. Back at the car he gave me his sports coat to slip on. He knocked at the door to the house the security guys gave him a knowing look.

"I have a truck coming any minute. I need you to stay here and keep a watch out front and inside the house."

"Sure thing boss." One guy replied.

The truck pulled in. It was an armored car. James guided the truck back near the boat. For the next twenty minutes they loaded over ten large cushions and ten smaller ones in the truck. James set the alarm and locked it up. He talked to Marvin and they agreed they would meet Monday morning

We watched the truck pull away quietly down the darkened street. James went to the house and talked to the security guys thanking them for their services. James joined me in the car he pulled out of the drive. There was this exciting silence as we pulled down the street.

"What next?" I asked too excited about all of the money to think about anything else.

"I am taking you home and finish what we started!" He looked over at me taking my hand.

"What about the MONEY!" I asked looking back over my shoulder.

"Oh that. It's going to a safe place. Nothing we can do until Monday." He said calmly. "On the other hand the tank still has gas in it!"

"Well step on it then. I have at least one more place to put some of that!" I suggested. I reached over and felt his hard cock. "And if that isn't enough we can back track!"

We reached my house. I pulled out a bottle of wine. James poured a couple of glasses. We moved to the couch and spent a long relaxing time undressing each other. When the time came we moved to the bedroom James chasing me naked down the hall.

We spent the next two hours romping on the bed and in the bathroom. First he lubed us both up and fucked my ass until we both came. I took him in the shower where we washed each other and he focused on my large breasts. Drying off he carried me to the bed. I slipped on top of his body showering him with kisses. He pulled me up so we could kiss again the whole time expressing his love for me.



He was hard again I had waited so long for this I wasn't going to waste even one chance to have him inside me. I moved down and slipped his cock in me. James thrust up seating it deep in my pussy.

"I have you right where I want you James!" I whispered as I laid my head down on his chest.

"If you like you can call me Jimmy now." He caressed my back and shoulders.

"Do all your lovers call you that?" I looked up searching his eyes.

"They did. Although Robert has never been my lover." He looked at me wondering if he need to explain.

"I love you did that for him. You are such a good man." I laid my head back down. "I know I shouldn't ask, but how many were there?"

He didn't answer for the longest time. I looked back up at him. He was trying to avoid the question.

"Sorry I shouldn't have asked." I laid my head back down.

"There was only one other I allowed to call me that." Jimmy whispered. I knew who that was.

"Thanks for telling me Jimmy." I wrapped my arms around his sides and pulled him tight. "Why Sorina? I asked.

"When I found the history on your computer I was surprised." James looked up at me. I was embarrassed now. "I knew we were alike in so many ways but I didn't expect that. I knew Sorina would be the perfect person to know what you wanted. What your limits are."

"So you set it up?" I asked a bit confused.

"I only invited her to dinner before she went home." James replied. "What happened after was really up to you two."

"You mean...?"

"I didn't expect you to stay. That's what we argued about in the bathroom." James explained.

"Sorina told me the next morning what happened after you left my room."

"And Mandy?" I asked trying to figure it all out.

"I had looked at her computer as well. I knew she had a thing for you." James smiled at me. "She wrote a story about the two of you."

"But we never. I mean I had no idea!" I protested.

"She told me that. After what Sorina told me I figured maybe you should spend some together." James winked. "I will admit to setting the stage, but again it was all up to you!"

"But she left!" I replied still hurt.

"That was not planned." James said seriously. "She really did just lose her sister and brother in-law."

"But if you loved me why bring her into the picture?" I asked still confused.

"Because I love you. I know it doesn't make sense now. Someday it will." James replied. "I guess it just didn't work out."

"I love you James. You are all I need." I said.

I shifted so my tits could find a comfortable position. I wiggled down his hard cock embedded in my pussy until I felt him bottom out. I lay my head down listening to his heart beat. I fell asleep.

"Hey sleepy head"! Jimmy whispered.

I was no longer on top of him but curled up inside of him. I could feel his hard cock against my ass. I moved higher and reached between my legs guiding his throbbing missile in my silo.

"You talking to me?" I teased. He reached around and grabbed my right tit squeezing it firmly.

"Not if you want to do that first!" He teased me back.

"First and always!" I wiggled my ass encouraging him to start fucking me.

A quick learner he did just that. I could feel the muscles in his arms hold me tight working deeper in my cunt. Fully rested he had the need to pummel me but my ass was in the way. I pulled off him and positioned myself on all fours my head laying on the mattress. The first stroke set the pace as his balls swung and slapped my clit. I cried out in ecstasy as his passionate pace picked up. I grunted each time his cock hit my cervix. The pleasure mixed with a wonderful sensation of discomfort.

"Fuck your slut Jimmy! Oh god that feels so good!" I cried out. "Deeper Jimmy I want you deeper."

James slammed my pussy so hard his cock started to buckle against my cervix. I grunted in pain. I could hear the sloshing in my pussy now. I looked past my tits and saws my pussy lips glisten as they hung down dripping our excitement. Reaching between my legs I caressed his balls. James responded by slowing just a bit. I flicked my clit, my pussy clamped down on his cock. I felt him pick up the pace once again.

"Hurry Jimmy I need to cum!" I whimpered his cock slowed down. "No Faster!"

"Cum slut. I want to feel you cum on my cock." He commanded. "Do it now cum for me let me feel you orgasm!"

I slipped my hand from his balls to my clit. With little effort I rubbed the nub furiously making up for lost momentum. That warm glow started to spread out from my clit overtaking my pussy. I wanted to ride his cock but he held my hips and pulled me tight against him keeping me in place. It was like being restrained. I could feel his powerful grip forcing his cock deep in my cunt. I wanted so bad to be his. To be controlled, to be used to bring him happiness. I wanted to be his slut!

I started cumming. Deep inside I could feel the floor of my pussy contract around the head of his cock! It was a feeling like I had never felt before. Powerless to move I just released all my energy to cumming. I was on the fifth or sixth contraction when I felt his cum sear my contracting pussy walls. I was his.

There was no fighting this. I was but a toy in his hands as he started to fill my cunt one more time. My whole body pulsed with my pussy. The feeling of cumming and being cummed in was such a wonderful feeling. I collapsed under him. He lowered himself over my back kissing my neck.

"Jimmy this has been a night I will never forget!" I whispered as his cock slipped from my pussy.

"I hate to stop but the tank is definitely empty for now." He teased as he continued to kiss my back. "Come on we have some things to do!" He smacked my ass.

I sent him in the bathroom first as I started breakfast. His cum was still running down my thighs when he came out. Dropping my robe I walked naked past him letting him get a good long look at the tits he yearned to see when he was a teenager.

In the shower I thought back to the first time I let him have a good long look at the girls. Just before he was to start college he was in the back yard cutting the grass. With tits like mine going without a bra isn't really practical. Oh I love the feeling when they run free but they are just too big to control. I knew we were the only two home that day. I wore a loose fitting, well ok a baggy top.

I started pulling weeds where he was trimming a bush. Bending over I let the top fall away allowing him to see them both clearly. It's a wonder the plant lived he trimmed it so much. I teased him for almost thirty minutes before the bulge in his pants was showing too clearly. I went in the house and masturbated to a wonderful orgasm.

It was just a days later when we were alone again I came out of the bathroom after washing my hair. I had on panties, shorts, and a thin white muscle tee shirt. My whole top was soaked through my nipples pressed tight. You could clearly see the whole front of my tits. I know for a fact you could see. I did it three times before I finally caught him heading to his room. It was just a week later when Harold found us in the shower together.

I slipped on a nice lace bra and panty set Mandy and I shopped for. I had just a nice summer dress that was sexy but not obscene. I cinched a wide belt drawing the material tight over my tits. My cleavage visible but not on display. I met James in the kitchen. He slipped his hand under the back of the dress feeling up my ass. I let him grope a bit then swatted his hand away.

"Later Jimmy!" I teased.

"Listen slut. I will take what I want!" he teased back.

"Just so long as it's me you want!" I kissed him. He returned his hand to my ass. "Really Jimmy? Now? I just put this on for you and now you want to take it off?"

"Let's go before you do!" He kissed me and led me out the door.

I sat in his car the familiar leather now accustom to my ass.

"Where to James?" I asked.

"Not Jimmy?" He teased.

"Not in public silly! So where are we going?" I looked out the windshield enjoying the great weather. All I could think about was how special I was feeling right now.

"We need to go back to the house. I want to see if there are any other items hidden!" James explained.

"The MONEY!" I squealed. "I forgot all about it!"

"Really?" James looked at me. "You haven't been thinking about it at all?"

"I have spent the last month thinking of nothing but you. I have finally gotten what I wanted ten years ago and you think I care about a few thousand dollars?" I gave his hand a squeeze. "I'll take you. You keep the money!"

"Jan do you know how much was in those cushions?" James asked. I loved that he called me Jan. It made me feel like a person other than his mother.

"I have no idea. Five thousand?" I asked.

"Jan. Really there was ten cushions filled." He glanced over from driving the car.

"Ok twenty thousand?" He held his thumb up. "Fifty?" His thumb still pointed up. "One hundred?" The signal had not changed. "Five hundred?" His thumb was still pointed up.

"James. Really? One million?" I shifted in my seat. This was crazy! "James you are scaring me. How much was really in those cushions!"

"We will know when the fed's count it, I figured around two million dollars were originally stored there. Minus what he spent." James looked over to see me stunned. "There is another three and a half still unaccounted for. My guess is most of that is still parked offshore in various banks. We may never know for sure?" It took some time to let it all register in my brain.

"He had two million in the BOAT!" I slumped back in my seat.

"I am sure it wasn't his first choice but he didn't have too many options. He knew the feds learned he had the account in Europe so he transferred it back and hid it in the boat a couple of years ago."

"Two million? In the boat? That is crazy. What was he thinking?" I looked at James. He was smiling. How did you know where to look?"

"I knew he bought some special material and had it used to make something but I didn't know what. I found the invoice for the material and another for an upholstery shop. I visited the shop but they wouldn't tell me anything. They did car and boat upholstery. Then I found the riddle. I am not sure why he did that. Maybe it was meant for someone. Maybe in case he started to go bonkers. We may never know."

"But the feds you called them in?" I was confused.

"I knew they were on to him. I knew if we found the money they would be on to us too. Besides this money belongs to the company. You own half of the company so I knew you would get your share." He squeezed my hand gently. "Then of course there is the reward you will get for finding and turning it in."

"James I didn't find it! You did all of that!" I punched his arms as I started to realize what he had done.

"You bought the boat. It all belongs to you!" He squeezed my hand again.

"Why did you do that?" I was crying now. He could have taken the credit and the money.

"Well Robert helped too! He insisted we hire the guards and have the auction so there would be no contest to who had title to the proceeds. I am sure someone will try to sue but I believe you are safe. Possession is ninety percent of the law." We pulled into the drive of the house.

"Not a word to anyone. Even Robert for now. He is in love and his emotions sometimes run counter to discretion."

"Whatever you say. I trust you...with my life!" We got out. There was only one security guard now that the sale was all over.

There were a few people picking up items they bought Friday and Saturday. Robert and Russell were in the house walking around. I ran to Robert and put my arms around him and kissed him on the lips. The first time I had ever done so. He looked at James. They exchanged knowing glances.

"Jimmy told me how much you helped!" I whispered in his ear. "I love you Bobby!"

I kissed him on the lips quickly. He looked at me then back to James almost immediately. I followed his eyes. Even at thirty James looked like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"I am so happy for you both!" Bobby whispered back.

He went to James and gave him a hug. Regaining his composure James stepped back.

"So what do you think?" He asked Russ.

"It's a big house. Way more than we would need." He looked at Robert.

"Yeah. But it would be great if your mom came to stay at some time. Besides it's the perfect location for the garden you always talked about!" Robert explained to Russ.

"There is a bunker in the back yard!" Russ exclaimed. "And about my mother we have talked about that."

"First the bunker is under ground. You can plant on top of it. Second your mom is going to find out sooner or later. She isn't deaf, dumb and blind! Give her some credit. She adores you. She will come around." Robert countered. "Besides what makes you think she doesn't already know?"

"Well for one she hasn't said anything?" Russell defended himself.

"I know and I have not said anything!" I chimed in. "Maybe she doesn't want you to think you are committed to Robert if she says something. I agree with Robert. Trust her. She is a good woman."

"We are going to look around while you two decide. The offer still stands Robert but you only have a week before it's put on the market." James took my hand and off we went.

We stopped by the car and he took a small pouch out of the trunk. James led me to the bunker. James unlocked it and reached inside the pouch and handed me a small flashlight. He took a second one. Down the stairs we went guided by the light beams. It was a bit spooky. Looking around there wasn't much to see. Harold had just bought it maybe six months before and it had only been buried just two months before he fell ill. It wasn't huge but it was good size I thought. Four people could easily move around but I couldn't see spending more than a couple of days in the enclosed space. James was looking at every panel and grate in the room.

"What are you looking for?" I asked watching him methodically move about.

"Gold!" He replied.

"Gold? Like real gold?" I was surprised at first but then remembered the boat.

"Everyone thought he was trying to fix some electrical device, which is why he didn't start the main generator. He brought his portable one in here with a drop light. He had this screwdriver with him." James explained. "But with no power the vent fans weren't working. Dad succumbed to the fumes."

"So you think he was trying to get something?" I thought I understood.

"I think he was hiding something. If he knew where it was it wouldn't take long enough to get it. I think he spent most of the time looking for a spot. Some place near electrical wires." James stopped at a grate near the ceiling. "Look here, it's missing a screw."

James remove the other three screws and looked around inside the box. Moving his hand down the small opening he stopped. Turning to me he smiled. He pulled a ring attached to a small rope. As he lifted up a small bag came up. He continued to pull two then three followed by the fourth and fifth. The rope ended. James held up the whole string I picked up the one on the bottom it had to weigh about five pounds.

"I think we have found another stash!" James exclaimed. "I figure at around five pounds each there is close to a half a million just in gold!"

His phone rang just then.

"Hello?" He listened for a few minutes. "I understand. We will be there shortly."

I could see he was now very serious.

"Harold has been pulled from life support they don't expect him to last long." He watched for my reaction.

"Are you ok son?" I held out my hand. He took it.

"I am now." Was all he said.

James returned the bags from the hiding spot and replace the grate. It was a solemn ride to the hospital. Russ and Robert followed us over. Harold had a major setback. As instructed the medical team didn't revive him. He was hanging on but just barely. Becky arrived in a state of hysteria. I tried to console her. Tess showed up she too acted distraught. Becky did get to see her beloved father one last time but he expired just after she joined us.

James stayed with me during the next couple of days. The funeral was Wednesday and the turnout was impressive. Monday we met with the Feds. I can't say which ones but the IRS was definitely represented. Everything was done in secret. I did get a reward for turning the money in. They tried to suggest I was part of the plot but my lawyer easily refuted that. He reminded them it was me Harold was hiding the money from.

The gold is still in the bunker as far as I know. James didn't report that. They did find two more overseas accounts. Each with over a million dollars in it. James explained that I would be in court for years if I didn't settle. Actually since it all went back to the company we had to pay some back taxes and a small penalty. This of course took six months to finalize.

Robert and Russell did buy the old house from the company. The company sold it on a ten year note with part of the payments as a bonus based on the company's performance. Russell did come out to his mom. It was dramatic but over a few weeks she came to grips with what she already suspected. She moved in with them shortly after.

Last time I saw her she was sinking her claws in on another Sugar Daddy. This one was at least a widower. Becky still mourns the loss of her father but she is now distracted by the divorce she filed against her husband. She was so mad she even called James to advise her on how to keep her husband from getting any part of her inheritance.

Speaking of that. Other than half of the company I received during the divorce and the reward for turning in the money I received nothing. Robert, Becky, James and Latisha each received one fourth of Harold's half.

Latisha quickly sold her share to me for a fair price in exchange for not being charged as an accomplice. Along with the money raised from the sale. A decent paying job and a roof over her head she will be fine as long as she works. Becky sold hers to James for one dollar and a large bag of gold. Of course her husband didn't know about the gold.

James and I are still finding our way together. I wanted to keep working but the drive is too long for us to be together if I work at the office. I decided he was more important so I sold my house and moved in with him. I go back when he is out of town on business.

The first four months I was going crazy but Robert sent me packages next day air each week to work on. I then send out checks from my office (well James old office) at his apartment. It has worked out so well I am now looking for a small office space. I and the two new sales people can work from there also.

To be continued ...