

# A DESPERATE MOM TAKES CHARGE CH. 03

## *twofourthree*

*Will Heather come between Mark and his mother Sandy?*

Incest/Taboo

4.69

13.1k words

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

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

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

This is the third chapter involving Mark and his mother Sandy. As things heat up in Mark's sex life he struggles to keep his dreams alive with Sandy. Undeterred Mark realizes the lessons aren't over yet and he is rewarded.

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Sandy and I looked at apartments for several days but the costs seemed high. Then through work she heard about a house that was for rent with the option to buy. The house was in an older neighborhood, nothing special a small three bedroom. It was the grandparent's home at one time. The décor was dated, the kitchen and one bath had been updated. It was clean and partially furnished.

Two things sealed the deal, it was cheaper than renting and was within walking distance from the restaurant. This was important since Heather started working there with Sandy. She still had to live at the halfway house for a few months but when her time was up she now had a place to live. How did my mother ever get so smart?

Matt and Kit were thrilled to come over and help arrange and set up my stuff. It wasn't much but the fact they wanted to help meant a lot to me. The twins were growing up and becoming quite accomplished in their own right. As you can imagine Hank didn't make an appearance.

I got settled in and started working full time again with the inspectors. I had thought of getting into building maintenance but decided to try my hand at real estate.

Once I was settled the first thing I did was contact my uncle Randall. With his help I had my last name change to my real fathers. I would be Mark Hancock forever more. Mom seemed happy I chose to recognize his involvement in my life. She and I both decided not to tell the twins at this time. Mom wanted to wait until they were adults.

I invited Five to the house one Saturday night after we left the game. Closing the front door she embraced me for another kiss. I led her to my room.

I undressed her and she me. It takes longer but it is much more fun. Her soft skin felt like heaven. I slipped my hands over her hips. Five had curves, she was a bit bigger than most girls I dated. Fives body was a bit softer but her desire was genuine.

"Please put it in me!" Five begged. My concern about lubrication was dismissed as I started to slip deeper.

Her pussy was well ahead of me, my condom covered cock started its journey. It still took several strokes before she started to enjoy it. Her pussy was tight, she moaned with each thrust.

"Let me adjust. It's been awhile." Five whispered. She gripped my hips and slowly guided my thrusts. The feeling was closer to anal sex, my cock felt like it was in a vice. For me the sensation was incredible.

Five was picking up our pace, I could tell she was closer than me. I let her control the rhythm we moved into. Five was gasping for air her moans were filling the room. I was now along for the ride as he used me almost as a human dildo. Then just when I thought she forgot all about me she came.

"Yes Mark, Yes!" She bucked beneath me. Five was pulling me into her desperately. "You're so big!"

Five was definitely carried away, I could feel the tremors pulse through her body.

"Fuck me, fill my pussy! Don't stop until you fill me up!" She hissed.

Relinquishing control I set a new faster pace. Her pussy well lubricated by her excitement the feeling was more velvet like. I pulled my cock until the head caressed her lips and plunged down firmly

"Yes! Do it again!" She begged. I repeated it over and over, Five writhed as mini orgasms one after another flushed through her. "More, please more!"

I was on the verge of cumming, Five was desperate so I plunged deep and pulled back to her lips.

"Come get it, show me how much you want it!" I teased. Holding my cock at her entrance she felt me fill the condom with the first blast. Thrusting her pelvis she took me deep the next shot was against her cervix. "Take it take it all!" I demanded.

"Fuck me, you bastard!" Five raked my back punishing me for playing with her. She started to cum as I fucked her quickly. She wrapped her thighs around me and held me tight.

I was in the bathroom getting cleaned up, when I returned she was gone. I was mad at first but then it hit me. Five had used me for sex. It was good sex, very good sex. I learned another lesson. Smiling I went to bed.

Heather was working with mom and would come over to the house when she could. With no car she depended on the bus system to get around. Curfew at the halfway house required that she be in at eleven, so she had to leave work at ten to be on time. This meant she started earlier. Since I was at work we didn't see much of each other, mostly weekends. Sandy filled the void since she worked almost the same schedule. We set up a second bedroom at the house.

The women worked throughout the summer getting it ready for her to move in. I transferred to the university, in late August classes started. I left the job with the inspectors deciding to dedicate

myself to school and some real estate listings. With the money Jerry left me most of school was financed.

As a young realtor you are at less than bottom starting out. No experience, no leads, and no established network would discourage many. I had an angle. Through the city I knew all of the foreclosed houses and buildings. I also knew many developers and people in the housing industry. I lined up several clients that bought repaired and sold houses in the area, flipping was what it's called.

When flippers want to unload the house they are always looking to save money. I provided them with a low cost outlet. I soon learned that commercial properties were my best source of income. Commercial buyers know what they want, what they need, and what they can afford. What color the carpeting is wasn't going to determine if it sold or not.

Classes at the university were more difficult but I still maintained my Deans List status.

Heather moved in the day she was released from the home. It was awkward as she unloaded her things. I had been living alone for just a short time but I treasured the solitude. I was on number Seven by now. The last three were nice but nothing long term.

Seven was working out well. As most of the better dates she was older by some years. She had a child that lived with her ex. She was a looker, smart enough and fun to be with. Some drama with her ex but nothing of concern, at least not yet. I was her first post break up relationship. I knew that if she found another woman in the house it would be a difficult thing to explain.

Sandy, my mom, was working on her own drama. I was rarely around their house anymore, on those rare occasions I was it just seemed to add to the tension. The twins were doing great! Excelling at school they were looking into what universities they could get a scholarships from that they could both attend. They both had love interests and would almost always double date. Seems weird to me but they were that close.

Matt is so smart he couldn't boil water without Kit. Sometimes I think he would just live in a library and a gym. Kit on the other hand was smart but social. It was only through her efforts Matt got out at all. She included him in everything. Kit pushed him to grow up kicking and screaming but he obeyed her every command. In return Matt helped Kit with academic support and protected her from harm. Even I wouldn't want to cross his path if he thought I was a threat. They were for all intense and purposes inseparable.

Heather started taking classes at the community college I attended in the past. She needed only a few classes to get her first degree. Many times she would come to me and I would help her study. Soon we turned the third bedroom into the study hall. It separated the two bedrooms, and other than a radio had no other forms of distraction.

Two desks and a funky looking long chair/sofa thing that was actually quite comfortable to recline on and read. It was worthless for a chair and since it wasn't flat worthless as a sofa. Falling asleep on this thing would take a week to work out the kinks, I know from experience.

Heather and I found a routine that worked for us. Our schedules allowed us to have our own space and still find time to be friends. I wanted to spend time with her since her release just so she wouldn't regress and fall back into a bad circle of friends. It was a stress filled time for her, I thought of dating her but decided to give her some space. She was dependent on me for support and I didn't want her to feel she needed to repay it with sex.

With no car of her own I was the defacto chauffeur when she needed to get around. We had many discussions about drugs and agreed we both needed to avoid them at all costs. Heather actually pressed the issue and came up with a word, 'Jerry' (of all things) we used in the case of an emergency.

Whatever we were doing we would come to the other person's aid immediately and get them out of the situation even if it required calling the cops. Mostly we just hung out, grocery shopping, homework, sharing an odd meal together.

Heather started dating on a limited basis, the community college had little to offer in her age bracket. An occasional working guy that had never finished school or who needed some kind of continuing education for their job.

We had a signal if we were entertaining. There were two lights on the mantle that were only decorative, and never used as a lamp. If one light was on the polite thing would be to not come in. It was on a timer that went off at midnight. If the light was to go off then you could come in and go to your own room quietly. This was to allow some privacy during the night, and if there was a sleepover the other person could go to bed and get some sleep. The other lamp was to let you know that there was a guest and that you were free to be home but be polite and limit your presence around the house.

We both used the lights sparingly since communication beforehand usually determined what was going on. On the rare occasion the first was used the encounter usually ended well before the final hour.

Number Seven and I used them off and on. Heather used the first one when she had a guy over which was rare, the second was used when the fairer sex was around. I always wondered what would happen if they were both on.

We had gained a fair amount of respect for one another. We worked well together. I did the laundry she was a great cook. We shared the cleaning and seemed to have the same standards. Some nights we just curled up and watched a movie nothing sexual just the closeness of another person.

After months of occupying the same space you learn a lot about a person. There is only so much they can hide when you share the same bathroom and kitchen. It's all stripped to the bare essentials when you talk about the hair plugging up the shower drain or leaving the toilet paper roll empty. Better yet farting when you don't think the other person is around.

I started my senior year at the university full of excitement. My sales have been good and I am starting to make a name for myself. Heather is doing great, she has some prospects but decided to stay at the restaurant with mom for now and continue to work on her education. I am very proud of her. In fact I find myself being a bit jealous on the now rare occasion when she is with another guy. Maybe that is why my relationship with Seven is at a low point.

My agreement with Sandy will expire as the Twins head off to college. I am proud of her and myself, it has not been easy but like she said it has allowed us to see what we really want. True to my word I have limited my contact with her and not gone to the house unless Hank was home. I know I will never lose her but still...

Heather asked me to take her to a concert one night. She was going to be with friends but wanted to make sure she wasn't tempted. I agreed. The night was scheduled and I drove her about an hour away to an outdoor concert venue. It was warm and humid out, the place we laid our blanket was

perfect. Her friends were next to us spread around several blankets. The slight breeze helped keep the heat from being too oppressive. Our only hope was it would get cooler when sun went down.

The comedian came out and got everybody in a good mood. I thought she was hilarious as she made fun of women. Heather kept poking me when she went after the guys. The warm up band came out and we opened our first beers. Heather and I agreed we would consume no more than two beers apiece and obviously no drugs. Heather was still on probation. Getting drunk may get her in trouble but there was a zero tolerance for any drug including weed.

The warm up band came out and they were quite decent. The sun was down now and the weather moderated. Heather and some girlfriends headed to the bathroom trying to beat the rush. She was gone for some time but was back before the main event came out. I went when she returned knowing the line for men would move faster.

When I came back she was talking to a couple of dudes. I didn't know them but they looked like trouble. Heather caught my gaze and motioned me over. Heather grabbed my arm immediately and introduced Asshole and Shithead. My instincts were right they were trouble.

I held my tongue as they asked if she wanted to come party with them. Heather declined, politely. Shithead was hard of hearing it seems asking her a second time. Again she politely declined. I could feel her tense up next to me. When Asshole opened his mouth with the second offer I spoke up.

"Hey we really appreciate it, but we are here with friends and it would be rude to leave. Tell you what have a Bud on me. Besides the band is coming out any minute!" I reached out and handed them each a cold beer.

Shit Head stood his ground but Asshole took the brews and slammed one in Shit Head's chest. They took the beers and walked away as the music ramped up for the first song. Heather kissed me like never before when they left.

Before long men and women were standing and gently moving to the music. We popped open the munchies and our second brews part of the way through. As the music played on I watched as Heather stood and shadow danced with another girl. Tall and slender her long black tresses flowed about her. Heather always complained she had no hips but from what I could see she had enough for me. It was a good time. She sat down and kissed me again thanking me for bringing her.

The weather was changing again I could feel the threat of rain coming in. I told Heather I thought it was going to rain. She suggested we leave. I had no umbrella and it was getting late. We still had to get out of the parking lot and then another hour home. We heading to the restrooms after Heather said her goodbyes. We were just reaching the building when I felt the first drops start to fall.

By the time Heather came out it was sprinkling. We were not even half way to the truck when the clouds burst open and proceeded to drench us both. I started the truck as we laughed about our soaked condition. I could see Heather's nipples press against the wet material and bra she had on. It must have been very thin as I could see the faint outline of her areolas.

I pulled the gearshift in drive and made my way through the grass parking lot. We were heading home. I had the AC on trying to keep the widows from fogging up but the cold air only made our wet clothes more uncomfortable. I looked over and Heather was taking her clothes off!

Before long she had only her thong on and was wrapped in the blanket that had stayed mostly dry being folded. I was getting clammy myself and uncomfortable especially my shorts as they started

to dry. Heather made me stop, I stripped to my briefs and soon we were back on the road the blanket covering us both as she leaned against me.

"Are you trying to take advantage of me?" I asked as her breast rested on my right arm.

"I can if you want." Heather offered.

"It's temping but Seven and I are going through some things and I feel it would be unfair to her." I explained.

"She is a lucky gal!" Heather quipped. "I wished it would have worked out for you and me."

"Heather, there are things you don't know about me, otherwise you might not feel that way." I tried to warn her.

"I have a feeling there are things about me you don't know as well." She snuggled closer. "I would still take you Mark."

Back at the house Heather ran to the back door with the blanket and opened the door. I slipped on my shorts and carried the cooler and our clothes in. She was waiting for me in the kitchen. When I looked up after setting the cooler down Heather was focused on me.

"What?" I asked nervously.

"Come here." She grinned.

I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't resist the look she gave me. I moved in front of her she wrapped her arms over my shoulders. I wrapped mine around her back over her waist. Heather kissed me aggressively.

"I don't think I have thanked you for saving my life." She whispered.

"Heather..."

"Shhh. I want to do this!" Heather replied cutting me off.

I picked her up and sat her on the counter. Pulling her panties off I started to lean her back to lick her pussy. She was already aroused when I started but soon I had her squirming on the Formica.

"Mark!" She squeaked as her hand raked through my hair.

I lifted her ass her slender legs now lifted back over her torso. Heather spread them wide her shaved cunt gaped open. I lapped at her gash and teased her clit. Heather purred then groaned as I progressed from one spot to the other. I felt her stomach tighten her breathing was short and choppy.

"I want you in me!" She panted.

"Cum!" I replied quickly.

I slipped two fingers in her and focused on her clit. Heather gripped my head and forced it to her pussy as the first wave of her orgasm started to take over her body. She pushed my head back clamping it with her thighs. She rolled one way and then the next my head following her like some fake wrestling match. I pulled my fingers from her pussy and tried to lick her dripping sex.

"In me!" She begged hoarsely.

I pushed my shorts and briefs down. With all the strength she had left Heather sat up. I pulled her to the edge and guided my rock hard shaft in her pussy. Her head flung back her rich black hair trailed in a wave.

"Yesss!"

"Come with me!" I grunted.

Taking the cue Heather wrapped her legs around me and her arms around my neck. I lifted her ass and shrugged off my shorts. I carried her to my bedroom all the while Heather kissed her excitement from my lips.

"Fuck me Mark! Make love to me!" Heather cooed in my ear.

I have to admit I started doing the first but soon moved to the second. Heather and I had sex many times over the years but we had never made love. At least I hadn't. Tonight of all nights it was all I wanted to do.

There was something about Heather that just felt right. I loved the feeling of her body under me. Heather seemed to feel the same way. She responded in ways that let me know she was getting just as much enjoyment as I was.

We made love for quite some time when I felt the need to cum. It was like she knew my thoughts. Heather wrapped her legs around me and held me firm.

"It's ok darling I want to feel it in me!" She whispered.

With one last lunge I filled her pussy and embedded my cock deep in her sex. Heather held me tight as I filled her pussy over and over. Then playfully giggled as lay motionless above her.

I propped myself up and looked down at her. I saw in her eyes what I felt. She reached up and kissed me. I then pushed down to kiss her.

"Thank you Mark." Heather whispered. "I should go now."

Like a fool I let her leave.

The next morning I was up and off to school. The next few weeks were agonizing, between the end of school and the drama with Seven I was stressing out. She was talking about getting back with her ex for the sake of their child. I wasn't much help as my thoughts were with Heather and mom.

Eventually Seven and I went our separate ways. It was hard and ugly break up, we both had a lot invested. She wanted to pursue her ex, I refused to play second fiddle. She suggested I was immature for not wanting to wait and see if it worked out for her. Maybe I was. Unhappy I had lost another girlfriend, I was glad that it happened now. I was free to clear my mind and finish taking my exams.

Graduation was a big day for me, Matt, Kit, Heather, Sandy of course, even Hank showed up. I could see the pride in Sandy's eyes as I walked across. Meeting me in the courtyard where they were gathered mom kissed me on the cheek and pulled me close. "Your father would be so proud of you!" She whispered. Sandy was gushing with happiness.

You would think the summer would be the busy time for real estate but I was actually slow. I had a few appointments but it seemed everyone was on vacation or going there. Having been in school and working for the last five years left me unprepared for so much free time.

Matt and Kit were usually free so I spent a good amount of time with them, and occasionally their friends. Being away from home actually brought us closer together. Kit and Matt were still all but joined at the hips. The three of us started to form a bond of our own.

They were getting ready to move out of state, they had both been accepted at a big time university on scholarships. I had friends but they all worked during the day so I hung with them in the evenings. Heather was taking some summer classes in the morning two days a week so I scheduled my appointments on those days.

Heather and I were between love interests. I was holding off hoping Sandy and I could finally be together. From the reports of the twins I knew things at home were not good. I had kept my word and so has Sandy. It wasn't easy, I still had the desire to pick up where we left off and more.

Sandy is my mother, and there would be many roadblocks to overcome. I have no regrets of what we did, had Seven worked out maybe I wouldn't go back. I still have feelings for Heather but it would not be fair to her to start a romantic relationship now.

All I could think of is taking Sandy in my arms and spending several nights with her doing the things we wanted to but never did. After that I could live with whatever decision mom made about the future.

On Heather's days she had off from work we would occasionally take day trips. We were headed up to wine country one day just driving along.

"Mark can if asked you question can I expect an honest answer?" Heather slid closer to me.

"Sure, why not?" I looked at her as she faced me. I was unnerved by what I saw. I had seen it before with Sandy. I had seen that look the night of the concert.

"It's kind of personal?" She warned.

"Go for it, I promise to be honest." God I hoped this wasn't going to involve Sandy. I stopped at a deserted four way in the country. I looked in her eyes. Heather didn't even need to ask, I could see it all right there.

"Do you have any feelings for me?" She asked bluntly.

OH fuck! My first thought was to make a joke but I knew that would be cruel.

"I do, I will not deny that." I replied honestly and respectfully.

"Is it my past?" Heather asked. I looked at her again. She was setting me up, this was a diversion.

"NO! Your past and mine are the same. If anything it makes me love you more!" I replied.

OH NO YOU DIDN'T JUST SAY THAT! I thought to myself. Did I really say that out loud?

"Its just..."

"It's ok I understand!" I interrupted. Heather shifted in her seat looking straight ahead.



"No I don't think you do?" She replied.

She reluctantly looked my way. I could see it there was more and it was coming now.

"So is it because I am bi-sexual?" Heather asked.

"No Heather, no, it has nothing to do with you. You are everything a guy could want. It isn't you it's me." I replied.

"You're gay? I would have never guessed!" She replied smiling.

"WHAT? No I am not gay or bisexual for that matter." I protested.

I turned and looked down the road. "Heather it's complicated." I started driving again.

"Mark, I'm sorry, it's just that when I am with you, I like myself. I like being with you." She explained.

"Look Heather, I have something I can't tell you. If it doesn't work out and you are still available, well maybe we could actually start over and you know, date."

"I could wait." Heather quipped. I stopped the truck pulling over in an empty lot. I looked over at her I could see she was serious. She was falling in love with me.

"No, please don't wait. Waiting is worse than if I said no." I looked past her. How could I tell her I had feelings for her too but couldn't act on them? Heather could see I was deep in thought.

"So I have been told" Heather was changing the conversation.

"I am sorry what?" I asked. I was clearing my mind trying to catch up.

"Oh, I have a friend that is in the same kind of dilemma. She and her lover would like to tell her boyfriend. But she isn't so sure how he would take it, you know another woman, the male ego and all."

"Are they hot?" I asked just kidding.

"You're asking me if another woman is hot?" Heather teased back.

"From what I have seen you have good taste in women." I volleyed back.

"Well thanks, I will take that as a compliment, I would do them!" She was getting silly now.

"Well have you?" I teased.

"Who is being personal now?" She protested with a grin. I could see she had even before she answered.

"Well, have you?" I pressed on.

"One I have." I could see she was truly embarrassed.

"So do you think he will approve?" I pried.

I didn't want it to, but the question seemed to take the wind from her sails. She was scared to answer the question. Heather looked away.

"He would be a fool if he doesn't." I wanted to ask if she was one of the people involved but the thought of it hurt.

At this moment I didn't want to know. The only thing that soothed my mind is it had been months since she had anybody over male or female.

"Mark can we still, you know?" She turned to me and I could see the desperation in her eyes.

"No strings attached?" The words stung her but she let me know it was still something she could accept for now.

"Friends with benefits?" Heather offered.

"Friends with benefits." I replied. "As long as I can decide when!"

"Ok tough guy, you decide." Heather laughed at my request knowing she had me wrapped around her little finger.

"Should I take you home now?" I teased

"If you do you will just have to drive me back out, besides I am a much easier fuck if I have a few glasses of wine. Just thought you should know."

I started down the road she slid close to me her tit pressed to my side as I put my arm around her. She turned the radio on softly. We rode with just the music playing.

"Mark?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you're not gay?" Heather teased. I tweaked her nipple hard as a reply.

"Ok. Ok, just wanted to make sure." She pulled herself tighter.

We were back at the house enjoying some of the wine we bought. Soft music was playing she was curled up beside me. Heather was true to her word and was in a particularly feisty mood. I poured the last of the bottle in her glass she slipped next to me.

Her lips tasted better than the wine, her hands fumbled for my zipper. Heather was a bit tipsy I'll admit but she clearly wanted what I had to offer.

"Strip for me!" I teased her.

"I'm not that easy!" She giggled.

"Please?" I pouted. "I have more wine!"

"Well in that case maybe I am!" Heather laughed.

It was like we were on a deserted island just her and me. Heather swayed to the music. Each garment she took off seemed to make her even more beautiful. When she was naked she looked at me to gauge my reaction.

"God you are beautiful!" I whispered. She knew I meant every word.

"Mark. I need to tell you something." Heather suddenly seemed scared.

"Later my love." I replied standing up. "Right now let's just ..."

Heather threw herself at me knowing how much I wanted her. We kissed like real lovers.

I was scared now, scared I was falling in love with her. With my arms wrapped around her Heather melted in my grasp. She pulled at my jeans releasing them. Slithering down me she pulled out my hardening cock.

"Mmmmm!" I moaned as she covered the head with her mouth.

Slowly but effectively Heather had my proud soldier at attention. I removed my shirt as she knelt before me. I looked down enjoying the view from above. Heather looked up I could see passion in her eyes, she was truly happy trying to please me.

It didn't take as long as I had hoped, but longer than she planned. Heather was on a mission to accomplish the task at hand, and I basked in sexual bliss as she succeeded. Her mouth was filled her cheeks puffed out, she broke the seal with my shaft and let my cum drool as it escaped.

Heather seemed to relish the wickedness of such a display. She swallowed what was still in her mouth, her fingers collected the remnants on her chin. She stroked my slick shaft with her other hand as her fingers fed the errant emissions back in her mouth. Only the glob dangling from her left nipple seemed to escape the same fate.

"You missed some!" I teased, looking at her tit.

Heather looked down and found the rouge glob. Her fingers brushed it from her hard nipple and sentenced it to the same fate as the others.

"Any more?" Heather asked in a sultry voice.

"If you keep doing that there will be!" I looked at her other hand still stroking me.

"Oh!" She giggled. "I have other plans for that!"

I helped Heather up and finished undressing. Leading her to my bedroom I placed her gently on the bed.

"Fill me up my love!" Heather purred using my words. "Make love to me all night Mark."

"That would be my pleasure!" I replied back.

And make love is what we did. It didn't last all night but damn close. When we were both more than satisfied I laid beside Heather holding her tight.

"What did you want to tell me?" I whispered.

I brushed a strand of hair from her cheek as she looked up at me. I could see the fear come back into her eyes. Her body tensed, all the happiness seemed to drain from her body.

"Maybe another time?" I said with a nervous smile.

Heather didn't even answer. She closed her eyes, her body relaxed against me, I pulled her in tighter.

"I love you Mark." Heather whispered as she drifted to sleep.

There was but one month left before the twins left for college. For mom and me it wasn't like there was a date on the calendar but it was significant just the same. I have enjoyed the last couple of years. I have dated, maybe even fallen in love with Seven. Heather and I have enjoyed each other and still stayed friends. I will have to admit mom may have been right when she said Heather was the one.

Still I had to find out if mom was really the one.

I have not mentioned Sandy much over the last almost two years. Well there isn't much to tell. I have been faithful with my commitment. We see each other on a regular basis I knew it would be stupid to break my promise. She was my mother and I was her son. True to her word we did find time to embrace and kiss but very seldom. We talked on the phone but always about normal stuff. We found a common interest in the twins and their growth. Many times they had come to me to ask about things a grown up brother could help with.

I shared many of these with Sandy but only if she asked. Sandy was always quick to acknowledge my efforts and praise me for being so mature. I would sometimes go to the restaurant where she and Heather worked just to see her. I stopped six months ago, I couldn't stand to be that close and yet so far away. Sandy came by the house many times but only if at least one of the kids was with her, usually both. We never had one moment alone. I knew she did this purposely removing any temptation on my part and hers.

I was working long hours now, maybe too long even Heather suggested I should back off a bit. It was driving me crazy. I knew my feelings for Sandy had not changed, if anything the time away made it worse. Some may think I was setting up Heather to be second fiddle just in case. Maybe subconsciously I was, but she was better than second fiddle for anyone.

Matt called me up and wanted to ask me a favor. "Mark, can I talk you into hauling our stuff up to college?"

"Sure buddy, but I thought Hank was doing it?" I asked.

"He was but plans have changed. I have a trailer rented and all we have is Kit's car so I was hoping we could get you and the truck to get our stuff there." Matt explained. He gave me the date.

"Consider it done." I offered.

It was just two weeks away I cleared my calendar the best I could but I had one closing that morning. Talking with Matt he was good with that. They had lunch planned with Sandy and then we would leave.

It was a three hour drive and then unloading and such. Kit and Matt even found a place I could flop for the night. They offered to take me out with them that night for dinner and a beer. My plan was to start back the next morning. The day arrived and as usual the closing was extended with some petty paperwork glitch.

I called Matt and told them I would miss lunch and just go ahead without me. I rushed over after the meeting. The twins seemed quiet when I got there, something wasn't right. I chucked it up to

early homesickness and the realization they were really leaving.

Besides I was so flustered I was late it could be they were mad at me. Matt and I loaded the last of the stuff in the back of the truck and headed out. Unfortunately I had missed Sandy. Kit said mom wanted to wait but she had an appointment.

We headed out of town, I was not happy I missed Sandy or lunch. Kit rode with me for the first hour. When we left she gave me a strange look and the feeling she wanted to say something. I could tell she was tired and after just a few minutes of talking Kit leaned against me and went to sleep. Matt and I stopped at a rest stop and Kit drove her car so he could ride with me.

"Mark, I want to thank you for doing this." Matt offered as we followed Kit back on the highway.

"No problem buddy glad to do it!" I replied happy to be part of their lives.

"Have you talked to mom today?" He asked.

"Not today, sorry I missed lunch. The closing got all jammed up by some paperwork." I explained.  
"Is everything ok?"

"Yeah." He said too vaguely. I was expecting an explanation.

"Have you talked to Hank?" Matt asked next. I was surprised Matt didn't refer to him as dad, he always had before.

"Nah, we don't talk very often unless I come over." I replied looking over at him. I could see he was hiding something. Matt was a terrible liar.

"Something I should know?" I asked bluntly.

"It's not important." Matt wasn't being very honest.

I didn't want our last day together to be confrontational so I let it go. We talked about college and how excited he was to attend this university. We stopped after another hour of driving. Kit came back and rode with me as Matt drove her car once again. We had been on the road for about fifteen minutes.

"Is everything ok back at home?" I asked Kit.

"Why what did Matt tell you?" Kit asked defensively.

"Nothing. Just asked some questions I thought were strange." I said without telling her what Matt said.

"There was a bit of drama this morning but nothing to worry about." Kit looked over to see if I was buying it.

"You're not going to tell me either are you?" I asked smiling.

"I think it best you don't ask." Kit replied not smiling.

We rode in silence, I again decided not to pry any further. Kit kept looking over at me, I wasn't sure if she was waiting for me to say something or she wanted to. I wasn't happy to be left hanging but I

really had no choice. I wasn't pissed but I sure as hell not happy either. The conversation stopped abruptly.

"Mark do you think you can love two people equally?" Kit asked out of the blue.

"I assume you are talking more than just friends?" I questioned for clarity.

"Yeah, I mean really love them." Kit made it perfectly clear.

"I don't see why not?" I replied without questioning why.

"What if you have never been romantic with one of them?" Kit asked.

I almost choked when she said it. Did she know about mom? I knew they were close but Sandy would never tell her about that. Did she know about Heather and me? It only made sense, we did live together. I felt trapped by Kit, I didn't know what to say. I looked over to see if she was talking about me but her look was still questioning.

"Someone other than Steve?" I asked. Kit nodded yes. I purposely asked the question as if it was for her. I was relieved when she suggested it was her. "Does Steve know?"

"No." Kit looked at me like she was asking for forgiveness.

"Does the other guy know how you feel?" I asked trying to get the big picture.

"I don't think so. I mean I never approached him." Kit looked out the windshield.

"Does he at least know who you are?" I teased. "I mean he has met you, right?"

"Yeah, but he probably thinks I am still a kid. It's just that he is so nice to me when we are around." Kit sighed. "There is just something about him..."

"Well maybe you should drop a few hints." I teased some more cutting her off.

"Yeah, maybe someday. I think now that I am going to college it will have to wait." Kit looked over. "What about you, is there anyone you are serious about?"

"Nothing serious." I replied.

"What about Heather, mom thinks the world of her." Kit teased me now.

"We hang out. She is definitely special to me." I said. "I think only time will tell."

Mat had pulled over in a parking lot. He asked if he could drive the truck up to the dorm when we arrived. I drove the car as the two of them pulled up together. They were thrilled as I took several pictures.

Unloading was breeze, there were so many students willing to pitch in, especially the guys when they saw Kit.

Matt called Sandy at work and told her we arrived, then he handed me the phone.

"Thank you Mark. I really appreciate it." Mom said. "Here Heather wants to talk to you."

There was something about how she said it that unsettled me. Sandy gave me chance to respond. It was like she didn't want to talk to me. Of course I feared the worse. The agreement was we could be with each other after the twins left for college. The time had come.

Had she changed her mind?

"Hi honey how was the trip" Heather said happily.

What the fuck she called me "Honey" in front of Sandy. Shit! I didn't want Sandy to think she would be splitting me and Heather up.

"Honey?" I couldn't resist correcting her.

"I know, no strings attached. You still staying the night?" She asked. I was concerned mom heard that also.

"Yeah, the twins have their heart set on taking me out, you know big bother on campus and all." I joked.

"Well good you all should have fun." Heather suggested.

"Yeah I am kind of looking forward to checking this place out, seems nice." I replied.

"I have the early shift so can we plan on something when I get home?" She teased.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked curtly. I think she knew I was not happy.

"I have something special I think you will like. Don't worry I know the rules. I found something you always wanted and thought I would get it for you." Heather seemed happy toying with me.

"Sounds expensive." I replied happier. Bringing up the rules softened any objections I might have.

"On a waitress pay, dream on buddy." Heather teased.

"You sure I will like it?" I teased back.

"Men are never happy. I have to get back to work!" With that she hung up.

Setting up all the furniture dragged on. We ordered the typical college food, pizza. It was ten when they started to the bar scene. I went but by eleven it was clear my presence was no longer needed. I pulled Matt and Kit aside and told them I was headed home. Matt gave me a brotherly hug.

Kit headed outside with me leaving Matt inside.

"I am going to miss you Mark." Kit said as I headed to the truck.

"Yeah I think I will miss you two brats too!" I kidded her

"Will you come visit me?" She asked.

"Sure if you want me to!" I promised. I thought it odd she didn't say 'us'.

Kit hugged me, it seemed like she wanted to ask me something but then decided not to.

We exchanged kisses on the cheek. I watched her head back inside.

They had thanked me profusely and now were with their new found friends. I looked for the trailer rental and as I suspected no one was manning the place. I dropped the trailer next to another and pulled next door to the gas station. I filled up and left my card and showed them the trailer.

It was after midnight. I tried I really did but the excitement of the day had finally caught up to me. Each set of headlights lulled me to sleep. I was only an hour into the trip when I pulled into a rest stop. Twenty minutes was all I needed. I woke with a startle, a semi pulled in close behind me. I looked at my watch it was after five in the morning. Fuck. Oh well what did it really matter?

I went inside and took a leak. Hopped in the truck and headed towards home. A coffee and egg sandwich saw me on the way. I thought about many things, Sandy, work, and the twins. I even gave a few minutes of thought about what Heather bought me. I figured it was another bottle of wine. She was right, she was an easy lay when she drank. Better yet she was quieter when she drank! Damn that woman could talk through sex.

Still it was always good. Too good, too intimate. I did love her. I blocked all thoughts of women from my mind. A half hour out I fell into one of my habits. I was listening to music and looking at all of the buildings around sizing them up as a potential sale.

Wherever I went I saw potential. I knew who was looking and what they were looking for. I have even talked an owner into selling their building to a client and then sell them one to upsize or downsize their needs, win, win and win as I see it. I made a mental note of some possibilities as I pulled in the drive.

I looked at my clock before turning the engine off seven fifteen, oh well Heather was on the job already. I walked in the house and headed for the office to make some notes. Just as I entered the office I heard her call out.

"Did you forget something lover? Or do you miss me already?" I stopped in my tracks. Was she talking to me? Wait! I knew that voice and it wasn't Heather's.

I turned. Naked with only a towel on her head it was Sandy. I saw her long before she saw me. I was looking at her as she was looking in the living room. Amazing what our brains can process in an instant. I saw mom. She looked fit, not quite athletic but close. Her tits looked slightly larger but more pert like they sat higher.

What registered the most was her pussy. Still covered with the full trimmed bush her pussy lips were flush. Bursting out her lips looked meatier than I have ever seen. They were splayed wide and open, all of her hair couldn't even hide that. Then her clit, it was so big, bright pink, and swollen it looked almost angry. They had been having sex pure and simple. My mother was fucking Heather behind my back.

All of it in an instant. How do I know because that is how long it took for her to suddenly look my way. I looked in her eyes hoping to find what I was searching for. What I had waited all these months for. But what I saw was shock and fear.

Our animal instincts are powerful emotions, passed down for eons. Survival instincts are very basic. Fight or flight. I wanted to throw her on the floor and fuck that pussy and show her what a man I was. I wanted to hurt her so she knew how much she just hurt me.

I wanted to bend her over and fuck her and then fuck her ass! I wanted to lay her on her back and spread her legs and eat her until she screamed and show her I could do that instead of some lesbo.



But most of all I wanted to beat her to a pulp! It took all the self-control I had not to do any of those things and more. I didn't want to fight so I made the only choice left and that was to run.

"Mark!" Sandy screamed. She tried to grab me as I passed her in the hall, I was almost to the door when she yelled again.

"Mark I can explain!" She pleaded. I turned and looked in her eyes, this time I found part of what I wanted to see but there was still fear in her eyes.

Two fucking years you have strung me along and now you want to explain? Was all I could think? I didn't say it, but God I wanted to.

I picked up my keys and left the house I was down the street when the first call came in. I was driving past the restaurant when I saw Heather on her phone looking at me in the front window. Fuck them both I said to myself.

The phone rang, again I ignored it. I turned it off. I went by the office, the secretary had a message from both Heather and Sandy. God we are creatures of habit! They even knew where I would go! I drove and sat and drove some more. I knew they may even come look for me. I went where I couldn't be found. An empty building I was selling for a client.

So many thoughts went through my head. Most not good. Then a kind of calm came over me. Why was I mad? Sandy never lied to me. She never promised me anything. There was no contract we signed. She even sent me packing just so I wouldn't get too attached. Mom was honest from the beginning.

Heather wasn't my possession, hell I was the one trying to put her off. Still it hurt. I got back in the truck and drove to a place no one would look. I went home.

Hank was on the patio, a beer in his hand and several empties on the ground around him. I turned my phone back on, cleared the history and the voice mails. The office may need me so I would just screen them. Besides it was hours ago when Sandy last called.

"Well if it 'isn't the bastard son returning to the scene of the crime." He blubbered.

"Hank what are you talking about?" I asked.

"Your mother of course, she left me!" Hank seemed surprised I didn't know.

"She did what?" I asked stunned.

"Left me the bitch did. Ah, I knew it was coming. After I told the brats who your father was she up and left. Hasn't even called. Thought you would have been all over that." Hank said finishing another beer.

"What? You told the twins?" I yelled.

"Yeah, just before they left me too." He waved his hand. What a fucking asshole I thought.

"Hey Mark, now that the cunt has left, let me ask you man to man. How many times did you fuck her?" He slurred.

He was drunk and he wanted to pick a fight, I knew better.

"Well Hank if it makes you feel any better you pick a number. The truth is I have never, not then, not now."

Where were you last night?" Hank asked accusingly.

"Hank I took the twins to college last night. You should know, you were supposed to take them. I didn't get home until this morning. Been at work since then." I explained.

"Fuck, that's right!" He reached for another beer.

My phone rang. Hank looked at me as if I should answer it. It was Sandy again I cleared the call.

"Just the office I will get that later. Hank I have never had sex with Sandy." I continued.

"Ah that is what that no good private eye said too. Had him follow the two of you for months after you left. The fucker came up with nothing. Said you were never even alone with her." Hank admitted. "I fired that company and hired another, six months and the same thing nothing."

Hank stared at me as if I understood what he was telling me.

"I know she is getting it from someone. That slut needs a good cock couple of times a month or she goes crazy. I still pegged you! I could see it in her eyes. Anytime she saw you she was a different person, she wanted you just like she wanted that incestuous father of yours. Still I had no proof." He started drinking again. "So here I sit broke and she is still leaving me!"

"Sorry Hank. But it never happened between the two of us." I replied. I almost felt bad for Hank. "Mind if I use your bathroom?"

"Sure go ahead, won't be mine for long." I went upstairs, the memories of the basement too painful to remember.

I came out and Hank is talking on my phone. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

"Sure Heather, he's right here, let me get him for you. It's Heather the jailbird." Hank said loud enough she could hear. He almost fell over as he handed me the phone.

"Mark thank god you're there! They are here." Heather sounded scared. "The guys from the concert, they are here at the house! Bring Jerry!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked confused.

"I need you now bring 'Jerry'" I finally realized she was in trouble. Heather had given me the code for help.

"I will be right there, hold on I am coming! Sorry Hank, got to go!" I yelled at Hank as I headed to the truck.

I hopped in the truck and peeled down the street. I knew if I took the main roads it would be faster but there was more traffic. It was almost one and the fast food joints would be packed. I took the side streets where possible, besides I could drift through the four ways if I needed to.

I reached the house in record time. One of the dirt bags bound up the porch, I could see the other just inside the door. As I cleared the truck he opened the door and rushed in. I bound up the stairs

my feet barely hitting the surface. I went through the door and there was Heather in her uniform smiling like a girl after her first kiss.

She seemed happy not terrified. Shocked, I stopped trying to figure it all out. She looked behind me.

Then they pounced. The fuckers came from both sides. Before I could put up a fight I heard ziiiip click. ziiiip click. They had put me in hand cuffs behind my back.

"I will kill you mother fuckers! I yelled." Asshole came around front, looking at Shithead he smiled. Heather placed a gag in my mouth.

"Now I know the rush cops get doing that." Asshole announced. "Heather can we do it again?" They moved me to the couch and sat me down.

"You two have had your fun, now it's time to go. But first let me introduce you to my fiancé Mark. Randy, Bryan this is Mark, Mark, Bryan and Randy." Heather grinned at me letting me know it was all her idea. "He's a little tongue tied right now. I hope you'll excuse his manners. He really is a great guy, maybe another time."

"We still get a free dinner right?" Randy said.

"That was the deal!" Heather grinned at me.

"With pie?" Bryan asked.

"With pie and whipped cream and a cherry on top. Now guys I am on a schedule." Heather reminded them.

The two of them left it was just Heather and me. Heather sat on my lap facing me she kissed my forehead gently.

"Now Mark just listen for a minute. Relax, be still and I will explain a few things. Sandy is in the other room, you will get to see her in a few minutes." Heather said calmly.

I tried to get up but with my hands behind my back and her on my lap there was no way.

"The longer you struggle the longer it will take. Like I was saying, Sandy is in the other room. You will see her in a few minutes. Before you do I need to apologize to you and then explain?" Heather whispered. She kissed me again.

"Mark I am sorry I ruined this night for you. It was to be a special night for you and Sandy. It's a night you and her both have waited a long time for." She began.

Heather had a tear forming in her eye. I could see what she was saying before she said it. I heard her but couldn't believe it. Heather slowly nodded her head letting me know it was true.

"We had a special night planned, everything was going to be perfect. Sandy came over last night, she was furious when she found out Hank had told the kids before she could. We knew the twins wouldn't tell you, and when we spoke last night you confirm it." Heather stopped so I could respond.

I nodded in agreement.

"I got out the bottle of wine and the next thing I know we are in bed together. It wasn't the first time. We have had sex several times over the years." Heather explained. I could see she loved mom too. "Then Sandy decided we should stop. She was afraid you might find out and be hurt. So for the last six months we have been celibate."

Heather kissed my cheek firmly.

"Anyway last night the wine, her frustration with Hank, her excitement of having you back in her life. Well it happened. You weren't supposed to be home until later today. Then you came home and saw her after we had spent the night, and yes this morning." Heather started to get emotional.

"Mark I am so sorry. I have hurt the two people I love the most. Sandy has been devastated, and I know you are too. I can't imagine what you think of her or me but it's all my fault!" She admitted.

I felt like such a heel, in my haste to judge I had it all wrong. Heather kissed me again, my cock was getting hard.

"Now I have to get back to work. I am late already. I can tie you to this chair OR I can remove this gag and take off the handcuffs and you can pick up where you left off when you left home. There is only one rule. No talking. Do you understand?" She asked. I nodded my head.

Heather removed the gag I worked my jaw a bit and was ready to say something to her.

"Mark! I said no talking. Anything you need to say can wait until I get back, deal?" Silently I nodded.

Heather kissed me long and deep. Her lips were needy against mine. Releasing my lips she unbuttoned my pants and removed them and my briefs. Moving behind me she released my arms then held me still as she removed my shirt. I was naked with a bit of an erection.

"You will need this. I will see you in three hours, make the most of it." Heather handed me a can of shaving lotion. Then she left the house.

I thought the house was vacant but in the silence I heard her sobbing softly. She was in the bathroom sitting on a thick towel on the counter. It was the place where my dreams ended so many years ago. We looked in each other's eyes for the longest time learning how to communicate all over again.

I wanted to rush to her and hold her but she was telling me we had unfinished business. Sandy looked at the shaving cream I was holding and then at her pussy. A simple nod of the head was all it took.

I checked to make sure that is what she wanted and again she nodded. She held the case I had given her with the scissors. I opened it and took the scissors out and started to trim her cunt hair.

My hands were shaking. Sandy reached down and took my hand. She pulled me close and we kissed like real lovers. After she felt me relax a bit she indicated I should start again. With steady hands I neatly removed the bulk of the forest.

Each clip of the blades revealed more of her beautiful pussy hidden under years of growth. I still needed to go lower but she wouldn't allow it yet. I looked for the razor. Sandy smiled and then to my astonishment she raised her hips well off the towel.

Moving her hand between her legs she reached for something, I watched as Sandy slowly pulled the razor from her ass. The long thin handle flared close to the end and before long the whole thing was free from its hiding place. My cock drooled pre-cum.

Sandy surprised me even more when she licked it clean before handing it to me. Christ I am horny. I pulled myself together taking a deep breath. I was finishing with the scissors getting as close as I dared even to her asshole. We kissed again, I was in no rush now, I wanted to do it right.

Applying the lotion elicited a quiet yelp but a big smile. I was concentrating on Sandy's pussy she was concentrating on me. The razor was amazingly efficient and smooth. There are many nooks and cranny's but Sandy helped me smooth them out so I could get to them.

I even gave her the razor and watched as she did some touch up from angles I didn't have. Moving she even got on her hands and knees and let me shave around her asshole.

I wiped the remaining foam from her rear and then licked her little brown star. Sandy quickly turned and waved a finger at me in a scolding fashion. I could tell she was saving some things for later.

Returning to her earlier position I cleaned the foam and kissed her one more time. I looked at her, I could tell she wanted me in her but I had unfinished business. I moved first to one nipple and then the other it was nice but unlike Heather, her nipples were not that sensitive. I then moved lower. Sandy tried to stop me but I let her know that this is what I wanted, what I needed.

The moment I placed my tongue at her cunt I knew she was mine. I wasn't trying to compete with Heather. I knew only another woman could know all the intricate details of a woman's body. I just wanted her to know that I wanted this.

I wanted her to know what she stopped from happening so many years ago. I wanted her to cum. When she was open and vulnerable I went for the kill I went to her clit.

Oh how I have waited for this moment. I had read and practiced, I knew how sensitive it would be so I killed it with kindness. Just my breath on it started her bucking. When the tip of my tongue touched the end of it she almost screamed but when I coated my tongue in her juices and licked along the length lighter than a feather she came, and so did I.

"Oh Mark I am cummmmmmmiiiiinnngg!!" Sandy screamed out in pleasure. She pulled my hair guiding my pussy soaked face to hers and made me kiss her. My last shot of cum landed on her gaping cunt. We kissed and she licked the pussy from my face until we both stopped thrusting.

Sandy looked down, her cunt was as red as this morning, her excitement and my cum covered the counter and the front of the cabinets. It was so wicked it was almost funny. I lifted her from the counter and carried her to my bed. In one swoosh it was down to the sheets. I placed her on it and lay beside her.

We spent several minutes kissing and exchanging looks making sure the next step was what we wanted. I knew there was no going back for me, but now was the moment I had dreaded as well as anticipated. My cock was hard and thick her pussy still waiting to be taken. My eyes asked one more time.

"Mark I want to make sure you know exactly what I want, no what I need. I love you Mark, my son, my love, my lover. FUCK ME!" Sandy said clearly. There was no hesitation as I placed my cock at her opening.

My arms extended we both watched as I started the long slow decent. About half way I felt resistance. Her hands gripped my hips and pulled me further. I could feel her tense up as I continued. Still she pulled me deeper. There was almost two inches left and I could tell she was in discomfort. I pulled back before she could stop me.

"I said fuck me! Fuck me like your father did and then go deeper." Sandy urged me on. "I want you to make this pussy yours because after this yours is the only cock that will ever be here again!"

I entered her cunt one more time, she groaned as it stopped just short.

"Again!" Sandy commanded. This time I drove deep, I slammed it in.

"Again! You wanted this, now take it, take it all!" She pleaded. "Please baby I need your fucking cock in me!"

I slammed so hard I could feel our bones hit. I stopped and let her feel what I had been trying to give her for so long.

"Yes! That's what I have been waiting for! I have waited for this moment and it's ten times better than I had dreamed." Mom whispered. "Baby this cunt is yours now and forever. If you never fuck me again I will die a happy woman. Now get going and fuck me! I need to cum and you need to fill this pussy so when your bitch girlfriend gets home she can lick it out."

I had waited so long to get to this point I wanted it to last forever. We both wanted this, we both in some ways needed this. I took it all in, every smell, every touch, and every sound she made. Sandy was tighter than I expected, but more passionate than ever before.

It was like she had made the decision and knew there was no going back. What was going on between her and Heather shocked me in many ways and in others I should have seen it. For now all that I could think of was how my own mother just told me she wanted me, and only me. There was no way I was going to let her go.

I thrust in her using my weight to pinned her to the bed.

"I love you Sandy, I always have!" I arched my back so I could kiss her, she responded by willingly accepting my tongue. I decided this wasn't going to be some wild fuck her until she cums or I cum, this was going to take time. "You are worth every minute I waited!"

Sandy squirmed under me letting her pussy work its way further up my cock.

"And every minute you waited I loved you more." Sandy growled. She pulled me down for another kiss. Words were no longer needed at this point.

I rolled over so she could be on top. She thought I did it for her but my motives were purely selfish. Sandy could control our fucking but I could control her. I could grip her ass and rub her back or fondle her tits. I could kiss her easily, and suck her nipple as it dangled for my pleasure. But best of all I could finger her asshole.

The moment I dipped my finger in her pussy and spread it over her brown star her eyes half closed. I had her holding her breath at first then softly panting. The more I teased the harder she forced her pussy down on my cock. Her wicked grin turned to a frustrated frown the longer I teased. She tried to push back but I just followed her ass.

Her pussy was loose and frothing now, I took more pussy juice and started to press at the opening.

"Yes." She whispered so softly it was hard to hear.

"You have to wait!" I teased.

"No, now!" She tried to push back.

"You must wait!" I held firmly.

"How long?" She whimpered.

"How long did you make me wait?" I teased. Sandy opened her legs and let all her weight settle over my cock. I could feel my cock starting to bend against her cervix.

"Yes! I like this!" She eased back. I wiggled my finger deeper, it had not started past her sphincter.

"Open up and I will put it in!" I whispered.

"Yes baby please!" She let her asshole loosen but with my cock stretching her pussy there was little room for my finger, still she tried. She ground her clit against me making her even more excited.

"Open mom! Trust me and let me in your ass!" I growled. I could feel her body literally fall over me her asshole loosened considerably. My finger made it to the first knuckle, she moaned and then clinched it tight.

"Please baby just let me have it." She begged in a low whisper.

"Not yet!" I replied letting her know she needed to do this. "For your son, do it for your son, mom!"

"Yes, for my son!" Sandy relaxed her asshole. Slowly my finger slipped deeper the resistance was all but gone. I was like she willed it open. I could feel my cock beside my finger, she had them both all the way in.

"Cum in me, please cum in me!" Sandy whimpered.

Leaving my finger in her ass I started to thrust below her. Her asshole clamped around my finger promising not to let go. She bucked her ass up letting the whole length of my cock fuck her pussy. She was panting I was trying to make it last but she was greedy.

"Cum with me Mark, you have waited so long..." I jammed my finger in her ass deeper and she slammed down on my cock. "...hurry darling, it's time!"

My cock swelled, her pussy contracted, I could feel my balls send the one thing we both wanted deep in her pussy.

"Mom, I'm cumming!"

"Yesssss!" She groaned. I was fucking her and she was fucking me. My finger in her ass started slipping in and out my cock did the same in her pussy. Sandy ground her clit and bit my shoulder.

"I am cumming!" Sandy yelled in my shoulder. "Oh, Mark..."

I was filling her up I could feel her juices flowing from her pussy, she couldn't get enough of my cock. Over and over she slammed down crying out with each thrust.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" I did until neither one of us could manage another stroke. I pulled my finger from her ass, she pulled my hand down and sucked it clean.

I was drained but not tired, Sandy collapsed on me for a moment, she felt my dick harden as she shifted on top.

"Really?" She grinned as she rubbed her clit over my growing cock.

"Really!" I grinned.

"In my ass?" She pushed up on her hands to see my reaction.

"Definitely!" I replied. My cock swelled between her pussy lips.

"Oh Mark do it now, do it before Heather gets back!" Sandy pleaded. I had forgotten all about Heather coming home soon. I handed her the lube I keep handy (I was a boy scout at one time!) she lubed me I lubed her. Sandy looked between her legs as she guided me to her nether hole. "Oh baby I have wanted us to this since we were in the bathroom."

Sandy eased down, her asshole resisted my offer. She wiggled her butt and took a deep breath. I held myself from moving, I could feel the head of my prick making progress.

"Can you feel it going in?" Sandy hissed.

"I do, are you ok?" I asked.

"Oh Mark, I am better than ok!" Sandy took a deep breath, she held it and pushed down further.

"It's so big! Just look at it going in my ass!" She squealed. Sandy was breathing quicker, holding her breath was getting harder. I think she was more turned on by watching it go in than the feeling from it doing so. Cum pushed from her shaved pussy the deeper we went. "I want it all!"

Determined to do so she pushed further down my cock. The lube made it all possible as her tight asshole scraped it ahead of her descent. Moans, whimpers, and her occasional commentary continued until she was resting on my balls.

"Fuck me!" She begged.

Sandy held herself up as I fucked her ass from below. She watched every delicious stroke, she bent her head back thrusting her tit's forward. "Harder!"

"On your knees then!" I suggested.

Sandy whimpered when she pulled off but squealed in delight as I thrust it back in. She was loosening up now as her ass adjusted to my cock. I could see her tight skin follow me, I pulled out it gaped open.

"Cum baby fill my ass up, oh God you feel so good in me!"

I started pumping faster her cries got louder, she pushed back begging for more.

"Mom!" I warned her. I felt her rub her clit.

"Do it baby! I am ready when you are!" She hissed.



I pulled out one last time, all I could see was juicy pink flesh in her ass. Sandy whimpered, her hole contracted, I slipped back in, she cried out.

"Now Mark, now!" She panted. I shot one just inside her opening and the next deep inside. "I love it!" She squealed.

That only encouraged me more. I continue to finish fucking her ass when Heather moved over my shoulder and pulled me in for a kiss. Heather was naked except for panties, she smelled like work.

I gave Sandy one last thrust holding deep inside as she worked through her orgasm. Sandy fell forward spent, her ass expelled my shrinking cock. Sandy rolled on her back her legs open her eyes closed. Her hands went to her tits she squeezed them as her lungs filled with air.

Heather moved between her legs and started lapping at mom's. Sandy's hand came down and moved through her hair. Her eyes still closed.

"You are right my love he is quite gifted!" Sandy cooed. She opened her eyes and looked at me. "And he has a wonderful cock!"

"I will leave you two, as they say three is a crowd!" Heather kissed me sharing moms pussy and my cum. They were both impressed I didn't shy from that. "Maybe some other time?" Heather suggested.

We heard Heather in the shower as Mom and I clung to each other. We had kissed before but the meaning now was much more significant. Free to do as we pleased I caressed every inch of the woman I had longed for all these years. She was in my grasp and I wasn't letting go.

To be continued...