

A Lot's Cave Novel
Victoria Blackstone

A photograph of Victoria Blackstone with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a light blue, low-cut, form-fitting dress. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

Naughty Boy

Boys Need Their Mothers No.1

by **Victoria Blackstone**

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All Characters In This Book Are Age 18 Or Older

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A Lot's Cave Novel

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## Chapter 1

# Naughty Boy

**“Bobby...” I uttered, groaning.** Of my two sons, I knew instinctively that it was my youngest who’d been rummaging through my hamper. At just shy of sixteen, he’s a year and a half younger than Ricky. But where his older brother is outgoing and extroverted, Bobby is quiet and shy. He’s the very definition of a momma’s boy, spending most of his free time at home, either in my company or in his room, reading or doing homework or playing video games. *Or masturbating*, I thought, a small smile pulling my lips.

This isn’t the first time I’ve noticed my underwear missing. That had been about two months ago. No, this is the first time I’ve actually tested my theory, proved to myself that I’m not imagining it.

Normally, I cover my bras and panties with a blouse or a pair of slacks, whatever I happen to be wearing. Call it a quirk, but I have this thing about opening the lid on my hamper, only to find a damp crotch staring up at me. Last night, though, after stripping for my shower, I’d done something different, broken my rule; I’d tossed my panties atop my other clothes. This morning, however, they were missing.

Unbidden, the image of him, lying back on his bed, formed in my mind’s eye, my panties pressed to his nose, his insatiable teenaged cock in his hand as he stroked it.

I shook my head, banishing the naughty vignette as I reached for the hamper. That I needed to say something to him wasn't the question; the question was, *what* to say, how to approach him.

Like any teenager, his hormones are raging, and the poor thing seems to be hard from the time he wakes until the time he goes to sleep. I wouldn't be surprised if his penis doesn't tease him all day long, at school. Yes, for years now, I've been catching glimpses of his growing boyhood, bulging out the front of his clothes.

As I began to load the washer, I puzzled over where, exactly he's been ejaculating, for I know it isn't in my panties; I haven't seen so much as a trace of his dried semen in them, which, incidentally, is how I know he's sniffing them. I pictured him lying in bed, my panties pressed to his nose. "Bad girl," I muttered.

I started the washer, then headed for Bobby's room. I heard the shower start across the hall, as I approached. His brother is autonomous, needing no prompting to get up in the morning. Bobby, on the other hand... I entered quietly and stopped beside his bed. He looked so peaceful, so innocent and beautiful. "So perfect," I whispered. My heart fluttered at the thought that this sweet, charming boy had come from inside of me. I made him!

Okay, so it was my husband and I, but still...

I reached out to trace his brow with a fingertip, my touch soft, then down the slope of his nose and across his lips and over his chin and down his throat. The late summer heat had caused him to push the sheet and blanket down past his waist, leaving his chest and stomach and upper thighs uncovered. I drew a finger over his chest, describing little designs on his soft, warm skin. And when I could no longer resist the pull, I allowed my gaze to roam over his stomach and to the bulging tent in his briefs. *Such a waste*, I thought, my fingertip teasing his belly button.

I shook my head, my eyes closing as I pulled my hand away, as I silently chastised myself for my un-motherly thoughts.

I blew out a slow breath, even as I reached out to cup his cheek, caressing it with my thumb. "Gotta stop stealing your momma's panties, baby boy."

I took and released another breath, then leaned over him to press my lips to his forehead and then his eyes, first one and then the other. I kissed his nose and

then his lips before pulling away. And still he slept.

I leaned over again. “Wake up, baby boy,” I whispered, my breath in his ear.

Still nothing.

My stomach fluttered even as the next words formed in my mind, as they slipped from my lips. “Wake up, my naughty boy.”

I kissed him, just below his ear. “Come on, sweetie, time to get up.” I nibbled on his earlobe, pulling gently on it, and finally got a response in the form of a quiet moan. I kissed his temple, then the corner of his eye, and then his nose.

His lips were now curved up into an adorable little smile, and I couldn’t resist pressing my lips to his neck, kissing him over and over until he was laughing.

“Okay, I’m awake,” he pouted.

I cupped his cheek. “Rise and shine, handsome.”

He rolled onto his side, frowning as his gaze made a slow trip across my chest. It lingered there a moment before his eyes closed.

He’s been stealing glances at me for a long time, two years maybe. But for about the past couple months—for about as long as he’s been absconding with my panties—he’s been getting more and more bold. Where before he’d steal quick peeks, lately he’s been openly staring; at my legs, at my feet, my breasts... And though I knew I needed to discourage him, I couldn’t bring myself to confront him. And not because I’m too timid or too embarrassed. No, if I’m totally honest with myself, I’ll admit that it’s terribly thrilling to have him so interested, so curious. I mean, what mother can honestly say that having her own son interested in her is off-putting? What honest woman can actually claim to be repulsed by having the most perfect male of the species sexually interested in her? The thought seems absurd. And anyway, it’s harmless. I mean, what could it hurt for him to look?

“You have the prettiest smile.”

My heart fluttered, my smile growing as I shook my head. “You say the sweetest things,” I said, tracing his ear with a fingertip.

He smiled, shy, his gaze drifting down, lingering, and I wondered if he could actually see through my nightie. It’s powder blue cotton, and fairly thin. Oh, I

know that back-lit, it's all but see-through, but was the light coming through the drawn curtains sufficient illumination to render it transparent enough for him to actually see anything?

Feeling naughty, I lifted my arms above my head, stretching, yawning, head tilted back. A small squeak slipped from my lips as I twisted my back. I lowered my arms, my eyes coming open to see his dart away. I shook my head, a playful smile pulling my lips as I tapped the tip of his nose. "Come on, lazy bones, I'll go start breakfast."



Here and there, throughout the day, he'd entered my thoughts, and as it drew closer to the time he was due home, I grew more and more restless, distracted by the teasing itch in my panties. Finally, unable to resist the pull any longer, I retreated to my room to curl up on my bed. I smoothed my hand over the soft cotton of my dress, past the hem, then drew it back up, my fingers gliding gently over my skin. I shifted my leg to make room, my dress pooling at the tops of my thighs as I pushed my palm against the top of my mound, curling my fingers to cup my sex, already hot to the touch. I pulled upward, my middle finger sinking between my lips, tucking the silk into my heat, making me moan.

I conjured the image of my husband, lying with me, his fingers teasing me, working me into a lather, exciting me, but as I continued to tease myself, the image transformed, Bobby taking his father's place. In my fantasy, he reached into my hamper, looking for my panties. He brought them up to his nose, his eyes closing as he took in one deep breath after another, breathing in his momma's hot, excited scent as his penis throbbed before him, big and thick and oh, so delicious-looking.

I groaned, while pulling my hand from between my legs. My eyes came open, my gaze landing on my night stand, on the drawer that held my favorite toy, the one I knew would take me to where I needed to go, and quickly. I released another groan as I rolled over and crawled to the edge of the bed.

Call me old fashioned, but my favorite toy, my only toy, actually, is a regular old vibrator, an off-white, cylindrical plastic tube full of 'C' batteries, the tip of

which curved up to a gently rounded point, one that had gotten me off more times than I could count. Well, for full disclosure, it's my fifth or sixth such toy, the previous models having given up the ghost, after many hours of pleasure.

I got comfortable, then twisted the serrated dial at the base. The resulting low hum sent a shiver of anticipation through me, and I pressed the thing against my lower belly, moaned as the vibrations traveled through me, my hips moving in response, my thighs opening all on their own.

Ordinarily, I'd remove my panties, both to keep them from getting soggy and to allow the cool plastic direct contact with my vulva. Without my panties in the way, there would be nothing to stop me from teasing the smooth tip into the wet mouth of my vagina, then shoving it in when the moment came. Today, though, I kept my panties in place, trying desperately not to acknowledge the fact that I had a naughty motive for doing so. And whether I wanted to admit it then or not, I did have a motive.

I moaned, biting my lip as I pushed the thing down over my mound and into the furrow of my labia. My hips came up as I pulled the toy hard against my clit. I rolled my hips, my thighs opening wider as I slid the thing further along my crease, teasing, my clit complaining, hardening, aching for more attention.

I forced Bobby's handsome face from my mind's eye, replacing it with my husband's, but no matter how many times I pushed him from my thoughts, my imagination, fertile and naughty, kept bringing my son back to me; his beautiful face, his gorgeous little ass, his constantly erect penis... I came, my back arching, toes curling as the low hum of my toy sent little bolts of electricity shooting up and down my spine as I held it tight to my slit, squishing my clit, my walls claspings rhythmically, trying desperately to reach through the silk barrier, now wet with my orgasm.

Still riding the wave, I twisted the dial and the room fell silent, save for my long, soft moan as I glided down the slope, my muscles relaxing. I lay there for several long minutes, the occasional tremor coursing through me. I knew, though, that it wouldn't be long before Bobby got home, and I didn't want to be hidden away in my room when he arrived. I wanted to greet him the way a good mother should, with a kiss and a hug and a warm smile. More than anything, I want him to

look back on his childhood with the fondest of memories. Long after I'm gone, I want him to smile when he thinks of me.

I curled up on the sofa to wait for him. I woke to him rubbing my arm, his touch gentle, and I smiled up at him. "Hi, sweetie, how was your day?"

He made a face, then shrugged, a smile forming. "Linda Zuniga smiled at me."

"Yeah?"

He nodded, his gaze dropping, lingering in my cleavage for a moment before coming back up, the cutest smile pulling his lips. I laughed softly. "Go change, then come back and tell me all about it."

"Kay."

I laid there another couple moments before getting up. I needed to pee and I wanted to brush my teeth. Sleep has the rather unappealing side-effect of a stinky mouth, but I pride myself on always having fresh breath.

I returned to the front room and reclaimed my spot against the arm of the sofa, feet tucked up under me, and as I waited for him, I wondered if he'd picked up on my scent, for as I sat there waiting, it was all I could concentrate on. It all but permeated the air around me.

I followed him with my eyes as he entered, and smiled at him as he sank down to the floor before me, his forearms on the edge of the cushion, touching my calf. He pressed his lips to my knee and left them there as he stared up at me. I reached out and pushed the hair off his forehead, then I returned my gaze to his, holding it as the intimate moment stretched on.

He took a deep breath, his eyes closing, and I knew that he'd just picked up on my scent. The thought made my stomach flutter. His eyes came open and he exhaled. I drew a trembling fingertip down his nose, then began to caress his temple with my thumb. "Tell me who Linda is, and why she smiled at you."

"You have the prettiest eyes," he said, his voice barely reaching me.

His words made my heart soar. I shook my head. "Such a beautiful boy."

He smiled, and again the intimate moment dragged on. Eventually, though,

his gaze left mine, only to slip down into my cleavage. I tapped the tip of his nose to get his attention. He looked embarrassed, only holding my gaze for a moment before looking away.

“What made her smile at you?”

He shrugged, his eyes focused on my stomach.

“Sweetheart?”

He brought his gaze up.

“Thought you said I had the prettiest eyes?”

He smiled, shy. “You do.”

I drew the tip of my finger over a brow. “Well, I happen to think *you* have the prettiest eyes, and when we’re talking I want your eyes on mine.”

But he looked away, and it was obvious to me he was trying desperately not to run from the room. He was distracted and nervous. I pushed my fingers into his hair and curled them, squeezing, pulling his hair. His eyes closed as a soft moan escaped him. I moved to a new spot and closed my fingers into another tuft, pulling gently at first, then firmer, only letting up when he groaned. It always amazes me how quickly and completely I can calm him this way. In my softest voice, I said, “Let me see your eyes, baby boy.”

They opened slowly, focusing on mine, holding there, steady and open. I broke the silence nearly a full minute later. “They say the eyes are the windows to the soul. Have you ever heard that?”

He nodded. I said, “You have the most beautiful soul I’ve ever seen.” I ran my fingers through the hair at his temple. His smile grew with my words but he remained silent, his gaze steady on mine. “This girl, what does she look like?”

“She has long, dark hair, with bangs,” he said, holding a finger to his forehead.

“And does she have pretty eyes, like your momma?”

His gaze dropped and I allowed him a few moments indulgence before waving a finger at him. “Concentrate, Bobby.”

He took and released a deep breath. “You always smell so nice.”

Maybe so, but this is the first time he’s ever given me that particular compliment. I smiled. “I’m glad you think so, sweetie.” I returned my fingers to his hair and began to pull it, causing his eyelids to flutter. “Does she have pretty eyes, baby boy?”

His gaze sharpened and he nodded. “They’re really dark brown.”

“And she smiled at you?”

Again he nodded.

“What made her smile?”

“We were going into class at the same time. I let her go ahead of me.”

“Mm. Such a gentleman.”

He smiled, shy. Still, though, he held my gaze.

“Proud of you.”

Now, his gaze wandered back into my cleavage and I let out a slow breath, waiting patiently as his gaze moved lower. It looked as though he was willing my dress and bra transparent, and as he continued to stare, I could feel my nipples hardening, pushing against the thin satin cups. I knew, without looking down, that they’d now be visible. And in that moment, had he reached out to touch them, I’d have allowed it. I’d have pushed against his touch.

For nearly a full minute his gaze remained there, warming me, making me wonder what was going through his mind. Did he have me naked, in his mind’s eye? Did he have me stroking his hard, young cock? Or was he simply nursing at my breast, content to stare up into my eyes as he did.

“What are you thinking about?” I murmured, not wanting to break the spell.

His eyes came up then, for a moment only, then darted away. I called out to him and he met my gaze, looking terribly embarrassed. I drew a fingertip over his lips, making him smile. “Tell me, baby boy?”

He closed his eyes, shaking his head once.

“Never be afraid to talk to me, sweetheart. I’ll never judge you.”

His eyes came open then, focusing on mine, and for nearly a minute the silence stretched on. He parted his lips to speak, but didn't.

As much as I wanted to sit there with him, staring into his eyes forever, I had things to do. "Need to start dinner, sweetie. Wanna keep me company?"

He nodded. I tapped his nose. "Help me up."

He stood, his gaze moving over my breasts to my lap, watching as I straightened my legs, likely hoping to see more of my thighs than my dress allowed. Later, I'd slip into my nightie, for now, I stood and wrapped my arms around him, my breasts pressed to his back as we made our way to the kitchen. I released him and he leaned against the counter while I went to work. "So, are you going to ask this girl out?" I said, breaking the silence.

He shrugged. "She probably has a boyfriend."

"You could ask her..."

"I guess."

I put the casserole in the oven, then moved to lean against the counter beside him. I draped my arm over his shoulder and pulled him to me. He surprised me, though, when he pushed off the counter, stepped between my legs, and wrapped his arms around me in a loving display of affection. I pressed a kiss to his forehead. "Love you, my sweet boy."

"I love you too."

I kept my lips pressed to him for the longest time, my eyes closed as I enjoyed the moment. Of the two of them, he is infinitely more affectionate.

Where Ricky is content with the occasional kiss on the cheek, Bobby is always looking for affection, always quick to hug his momma. He enjoys curling up with me to watch TV or just to talk, where Ricky is more apt to seek out his father for advice or for company.

He took a deep breath then let it out slowly, moving his cheek against my skin, nuzzling me. I laughed softly. "How long will you stay there, if I let you?"

"Ever," he murmured, his breath warm on my neck.

“What about Linda?”

He shrugged, wiggling further into my embrace. And he stayed pressed up against me for the better part of twenty minutes, neither of us speaking, the only sign he was awake, the occasional sigh and the feel of his lips, so soft against my skin. But I needed to set the table and get the veggies ready. “Why don’t you go get started on your homework, while I finish with dinner.”

He nodded but made no move to leave my embrace. I squeezed him. “Go get started. Later tonight, you and I will cuddle up together, okay?”

This time he moved, slowly pulling away. He pressed a kiss to my cheek, then left without a word.

I’d just finished setting the table when I heard the garage door opening. A few moments later Ricky entered, followed by his father. Ricky had his backpack slung over one shoulder and his gym bag hanging from his other hand. He stopped before me, offering me his cheek. “Hi, Mom.”

“Hi, sweetheart, how was practice?”

He shrugged. “It was okay. We had to do extra laps today. The camel jockey refused to dress out again.”

I gave him a look of disapproval. “Honey... please don’t talk like that.” I shifted my gaze to his father, and shook my head at the smirk on his face. “I’d really appreciate it if you didn’t encourage him.”

He shrugged, reminding me where our oldest son gets both his mannerisms and his looks from. “Kid needs to learn how things work in this country, how to be a team player.”

I nodded slowly. “Has it occurred to you that maybe he has no interest in sports?”

Again, he shrugged. “Regardless, it’s a requirement for graduation, and he needs to learn to fit in.”

“I get that, but that has nothing to do with you,” I said leveling a look of admonishment on Ricky. “And calling him names isn’t going to change anything. It just makes you look ignorant.”

James ruffled Ricky's hair. "Get changed, ace... And no more name calling," he called out after him.

"Thank you," I said, tilting my head for a kiss, sighing when he wrapped his arms around me.

He passed his dark brown hair and brown eyes to Ricky, along with his tall, lanky frame. And though both boys have the same finely-sculpted lips, they got them from their momma. Interestingly, there isn't much else they share in the way of looks. Bobby inherited his sandy blonde hair and blue eyes from me, and though he now has about two inches on my five feet, four inches, I hope, for his sake, that he gets at least some of his father's height. But regardless whether he grows taller or not, Bobby is going to be an absolute hunk. Of course, in my eyes, he already is. The girls are already starting to chase him.

I sighed as I went in search of him, consciously forcing from my mind the notion that, one day, some young lady will take him from me. She'll take him and make a home with him and have his babies.

I eased his door open and approached him from behind. I leaned over him, wrapped my arms around his neck, and nuzzled him. "Dinner," I murmured.

"Did you know that the speed of light is one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second?"

"I think I remember that from school." I kissed him just below his ear. "I love that science fascinates you."

"It really does. I think I'd like to be an engineer, or maybe a physicist."

"Well, my little rocket scientist, let's start with something simple, like eating dinner while it's still warm."

He laughed softly, while rubbing his cheek against mine. "Kay."

I waited until he stood, then wrapped my arms around him and guided him toward his door. We'd just turned up the hall when his brother's voice came from behind. "Momma's boy," he called, his tone taunting.

"Are you momma's boy," I whispered, my voice only for him.

"Why is he like that?" he said, his own voice equally as low.

“I think he’s jealous ‘cause you get the cutest girls.”

“But I don’t *have* a girlfriend, and he’s got Rachel.”

I steered him into the kitchen, and waited until his brother passed. “Listen to me, sweetheart, pretty soon you’re going to be fighting the girls off with a stick.” An image of his friend Janine quickly filled my mind’s eye, but as quickly as it formed, I banished it. “Don’t compare yourself to him. You’re two different people.”

He pouted. “He’s taller, and he’s good at sports.”

I cupped his cheek, brushing my thumb over his skin. “Sports aren’t everything, Bobby, and being tall isn’t going to get him any more attention than your looks will get you.”

He made a face. I said, “Bet you he doesn’t know how fast the speed of light is...”

He smiled now.

I pressed my lips to his, and lingered for a moment before pulling away. “And I never want you to repeat it but...” I took a calming breath, surprised at just how close I’d come to crossing a line, to saying something inappropriate. I offered him a warm smile. “I love you more than you can imagine, my sweet boy.”

He looked confused. “Why can’t I repeat *that*?”

I held his gaze for a long moment, then leaned in, my cheek to his, my lips near his ear. “If you’re a *momma’s boy*, that makes him a *daddy’s boy*.” I whispered. I nibbled his ear, then, in my breathiest tone, I said, “I’m pretty sure being a *momma’s boy* is far more exciting, wouldn’t you agree?”

I pulled back to see a look of wonder in his eyes, or maybe it was awe, but whatever it was, I’d gotten the intended result; it shifted his focus fully and completely away from the differences between he and his brother.

And it likely gave him an erection.

I rubbed my nose against his. “Dinner’s getting cold.”

“Uh huh.”

I laughed softly as I rested my hands on his shoulders, as I directed him toward the dining room. As I moved to sit, I watched his brother's eyes, watched the thoughts swirling around in them. I shook my head, one brow up, daring him to voice them.

But...

“Dork,” he muttered.

“Get up.”

He met my gaze for a moment before lowering it to his plate.

“I said, get up.”

He looked to his father.

“Look at me,” I said, praying for infinite patience. He did, looking more or less contrite. But he'd already stepped on my last nerve. “When I tell you to do something, you do it, is that clear?”

“Yes,” he murmured, lowering his gaze.

“If it's clear, why are you not looking at me?”

His gaze came up. I said, “How many times have I asked you not to call him names?”

“I'm sorry,” he mumbled.

I slammed my hand down on the table, making the three of them jump. Teeth clenched, I said, “I didn't ask you for an apology; I want to know how many times I've asked you not to call him names?”

“I don't know.”

“Was it more than once?”

“Yes.”

“Mm. And can you tell me why I've had to ask you more than once?”

He shrugged.

“Answer me, Richard,” I said, my tone dropping to a low growl.

“I don’t know,” he said, sounding frustrated.

“Well, maybe you ought to pass on dinner, spend some time in your room thinking about it.”

He looked to his father, silently asking him to step in. Wisely, he shook his head, choosing to remain silent. I said, “You’d better stop looking to him to bail you out, buster, because I’ll tell you that out there, in the real world, he isn’t always going to be there. And one day you’re going to do something or say something that’s going to get you into real trouble; something your daddy isn’t going to be able to get you out of.”

“You’re always taking his side,” he muttered.

“You have got to be kidding me! Where the hell did that come from?!” I took a calming breath and released it. “Go. Now.”

When he hesitated, James said, “You heard her. I’ll be in to talk to you after dinner. In the mean time, I want you studying, that means no video games, no surfing, and no texts or phone calls.”

I watched him walk out, head hung low. I gave James a grateful look and received a nod in return. I rubbed Bobby’s arm. “Eat, baby.”

“Why doesn’t he like me?”

I blew out a breath. “He does like you, honey, he’s just... I think he’s just having a hard time figuring out where he fits in.” What I really wanted to say was that he needs a spanking, but I didn’t want to stir the pot.

We finished dinner in relative silence. Afterward, I sent Bobby to his room to finish his homework, and when he was out of earshot, I met James’ gaze. “Thank you for backing me up.”

He stood and pulled me up and into a hug. “Welcome.” He rubbed my back for a few long moments, then said, “Gonna go talk to him, see if I can’t figure out what’s going on with him.”

I cleaned the kitchen, then went to take a bath. I needed to unwind. It had been a long time since I’d gotten that angry, and a nice, hot bath would hopefully put me in a better frame of mind.

I retreated to my room, undressed, and locked myself in my bathroom. I added bath oil to the steaming water, as the tub filled, and lit the two candles on the vanity. The warm scent of vanilla quickly filled the air as I clipped my hair up. I stepped into the tub and sank down into the fragrant water with a sigh, and for several minutes I tortured myself, replaying the scene at dinner. I tried to put myself in Ricky's shoes, tried to understand where he was coming from, but the only thing I came up with was that he was somehow jealous of his brother, jealous of the time he spends with me. But what I couldn't figure out was, why? If he *was* jealous, didn't that mean that he, himself, wanted to spend more time with me? If that was the case, though, why wouldn't he make the effort to do just that?

Frustrated, I blew out a breath, and I took and released several more breaths as I tried to clear my mind. Soon I felt myself relaxing, the tension leaving as the hot, oily water began to soothe my muscles, the scent of the candles lulling me to the place I longed to be. I sank lower, allowing the water to cover my shoulders. By the time the water cooled for the third time, I was a puddle, and I sat on the side of the tub to dry myself off, my legs too relaxed to hold me up.

I pulled on my favorite nightie and a pair of worn but very comfortable satin panties, then sat at my dressing table and brushed out my hair. I looked up when the door opened, and returned James' warm smile. "Hi, handsome."

He came up behind me, meeting my gaze in the mirror, his hands coming to rest on my shoulders, where he began a gentle massage. I watched as his gaze dropped. "Still as beautiful as the day I met you," he murmured.

I tilted my head back to look up at his handsome face. He smiled, his hands moving slowly down, over my chest as his lips came closer. "He's a bit jealous of the time you spend with Bobby," he said, his breath on my face.

I arched up when his big, warm hands slipped under my gown, moaned, my eyes closing when he found my nipples, brushing over them with his fingertips, teasing me, sending little shocks through me as his tongue moved over mine.

All too soon, though, he broke the kiss, leaving my body strung tight, my lips still parted. He kissed my forehead then straightened, his hands coming back up to my shoulders. I met his gaze. Like my own, his eyes were full of desire. "Go close

the door, big boy.”

A slow smile formed and he leaned over to brush his lips to mine. “You have the best ideas.”

I slipped my nightie off, then crawled up onto the bed. I watched as he undressed, watched as his thick, gorgeous cock danced into view. “Looks like he’s happy to see me.”

He laughed softly as he rested a knee on the edge of the bed, his gaze moving from my face to my breasts, then over my stomach to my satin-covered vagina. “Very happy.” He eased himself down onto his stomach and pressed his lips to the inside of my knee, making me shiver in anticipation. “Soft,” he whispered. “Warm.”

I watched his face, though hooded eyes, as he kissed his way up my thighs, alternating from one to the other as he moved, his pace slow, teasing. And when he got close enough, I reached for him, pushed my fingers into his thick, dark hair, and pulled him to me, a long, low moan escaping as he pushed his face into the satin, as he nipped at my lips through it, his hot breath adding to my warmth. I tilted my hips up, opening my thighs further, and I yelped when he bit down on my clit.

He spent a long time down there, teasing me through my panties, leaving them wet with my excitement and his saliva. He maneuvered around on the bed and I rolled over onto my side, already hungry for his cock. I followed it with my eyes as it bobbed in my face, the drop of pre-cum pooling at the tip making my mouth water. I leaned in to swipe at his drool with my tongue, and pressed it to the roof of my mouth. I moaned, even as he pulled me atop him.

This is one of my favorite positions; me on top, his face between my legs, his cock in my mouth. It leaves me in control, free to take as much or as little of him as I want, and it allows me to ride his face.

“Really love these, but they’re between me and your candy store,” he husked, while pulling at the waistband.

I lifted up then settled back down, drawing my knees up, and I moaned around his shaft when his lips found my wetness, his tongue dancing around in my

entrance, darting inside, and as he pleased me, the naughty thought came to me that I needed to keep this particular pair of panties out of the hamper. I didn't want Bobby to find them. They were tainted. I wanted to protect him from unwittingly putting them to his face. The thought made my head swim and I moaned again as I slipped further down his father's shaft, sucking at him, teasing him, wanting his sweet, young cum. I groaned, grinding my wet pussy on his face, trembling as he nibbled at my clit, taking me higher.

I eased off of him as the first pulse surged through his cock, his hips coming up off the bed as he tried to follow me. I'd been expecting it, though, for he's been doing the same thing since the first time I took him into my mouth, so many years ago. But I needed the room in my mouth. I needed room for my tongue to move, to form a little cup at the tip of his cock, a place for him to shoot his sperm.

His cock began to throb and I moaned low as the first warm jet hit my tongue. Over and over he pulsed, filling my mouth with his warm, slick cum, his hips bucking as I rolled my hips over him, my own orgasm sweeping through me, making me dizzy. I cried out when he bit down on my clit, pulled my knees further up and further out, opening myself up to him as wave after wave washed over me, leaving me panting and moaning and swallowing and sucking and licking.

I collapsed atop him, out of breath, and for several long minutes we stayed just like that, my body shuddering ever few moments as his tongue moved around in me, cleaning me. Many years of practice told him to stay away from my clit.

Inappropriately or not, as I lay there in the afterglow, I couldn't keep my mind from wandering to what he'd said about Ricky, about him being jealous of his brother. I was proud of myself for figuring out what the problem was, but frustrated that I had no idea how to fix it. I mean, I couldn't force him to spend time with me, if he didn't want to. It saddened me to even entertain the notion that he didn't want or need my attention.

I saw Bobby's face in my mind's eye and I smiled. He's so unlike his brother; he has nothing but time for me, loves to be wherever I am. I moaned when he pushed his tongue up into me, and closed my eyes tight, banishing Bobby's handsome face from my thoughts, only to replace it with his father's rugged, handsome face, his beautiful blue eyes, so much like his momma's.

Nervous energy caused me to lift off of him and I turned to meet his curious gaze. I shook my head, conjuring up a lazy smile as I crawled atop him, and brought my lips to his. "I love you," I murmured.

He squeezed me, moaning, unable to respond through the kiss.

Panting, I pulled my lips from his and focused on his warm, brown eyes. I reminded myself that it was he who had brought me to orgasm. I lowered my cheek to his chest, listened to his steady, even heartbeat and, eventually, his deep, even breathing. Slowly, I lifted my head. His face, so handsome and so relaxed in sleep, gave me pause, elicited feelings of contentment.

I spent a long time just staring at him, enjoying the quiet, until the desire to move around outweighed the need to cuddle. As gently as I could, I eased myself off the bed and backed slowly toward the bathroom, my gaze moving over him, lingering on the soft, glistening organ that lay on his thigh, long but not too long, more than thick enough to please his woman.

I spent a few minutes in the tub, cleaning his saliva and my cream from my sex, enjoying the hot water on my swollen lips. Then I brushed my teeth and returned to the bedroom. He was awake now but hadn't moved. He followed me with his eyes, a smile pulling his lips. I returned it.

"So sexy," he said, his tone low and deep.

I sat on the edge of the bed and reached out to tease his stomach with my nails. "I'm glad you think so."

He brought his hand up beneath a breast and hefted it, then found a nipple and pinched it lightly. "Pretty sure I know why that boy won't leave your side."

I opened my mouth in shock, then slapped at his belly. "Bad boy."

He laughed softly, and gave my breast a gentle squeeze. But the smile slid from his face a moment later. "He follows you around like a love-sick puppy."

"He loves his momma," I said, trying to keep my voice steady.

He nodded slowly, pulling on my nipple. "That, he does." He pulled harder, making my breath catch. "Some boys lust after their mother's," he said, his voice dropping further. "And he's one of 'em."

“James...”

“Just sayin’.”

I cleared my throat as the image of my mother-in-law formed, in my mind’s eye. I couldn’t fight the smile that pulled my lips. While my breasts are bigger than hers, she’s taller and slimmer and, even at fifty-three, still has a very nice figure. And though she has the crows feet that come with age, she’s a very beautiful woman. “Were you one of them?”

He nodded once. “If I had a dollar for every time I...” His gaze dropped to where his fingers were driving me crazy. He shook his head, bringing his gaze back up to mine. “I could probably make at least one house payment.”

I laughed, nervous, hoping he couldn’t hear it. “Bobby’s not like that,” I whispered.

“Are you saying there’s something wrong with me?”

“No. No, I’m not. It’s just...”

His tone softened. “Don’t kid yourself, Jackie, that boy is beating himself raw thinking of you.” He punctuated his words with a pull of his fingers, his brow twitching when I moaned.

“Stop,” I whispered, wishing I could push my hand between my legs, clamp down on my tingling clit.

He laughed softly. “Anyway, don’t be surprised if your panties start disappearing.”

I felt the heat on my cheeks immediately. Reflexively, I slapped at his stomach, then I stood, turning, heading for the dresser, unable to face him. Absently, I reached for a pair of panties and slipped into them.

“It’s harmless, baby. It’s a phase boys go through.”

I reached for my nightgown, praying I wasn’t blushing.

“He’ll outgrow it, honey.”

I faced him then. “Are you trying to give me a complex?”

“No, of course not. Look, forget I said anything, okay?”

I shook my head, a jumble of words trying to form on my tongue, all at once. I said, "Even if he is..." I waved my hand in the air. "...whatever... what business is it of ours? I mean, aren't people supposed to be able to fantasize?"

"They are," he said, softening his tone. "And there isn't a thing wrong with him fantasizing about you."

I stared at him for a long moment. He said, "There isn't, Jackie." A moment later, he said, "If nothing else, the boy has good taste in women."

"I don't want him looking at... women."

"Trust me, honey, that boy has eyes for you, and you alone."

I shook my head. He rolled off the bed and came to wrap me in his arms. I sighed, my forehead on his shoulder. "I'd have given anything to have my mother," he whispered, his breath in my hair, in my ear, making me warm.

I pulled in a slow, calming breath, praying he couldn't hear my heartbeat, hoping he couldn't smell the scent of my excitement, for *I* could.

He rubbed my back. "We won't talk about it anymore, okay?"

I nodded, not trusting my voice. He pulled back and lifted my chin. It was everything I had to meet his gaze and to hold it. He pressed his lips to mine, the kiss soft and gentle. "I love you."

"And I, you."

I turned to rest my cheek on his chest, and for several minutes we stood there, silent, each lost in thought. He moved his lips to my ear. "I can smell your pussy," he whispered.

My stomach fluttered at his words. "Bad boy," I said, curling my fingers into his skin.

He laughed softly.

I pulled away and slapped at his stomach. "Gonna go read." I turned at the door and blew him a kiss.

I curled up against the arm of the sofa, legs tucked up under me, and pulled my book onto my lap. I opened it and stared at the page, unseeing, James' words

fresh in my mind: *I can smell your pussy*. I shivered, both at his choice of words and at the thought that I chose to do nothing about it, that I chose to take my usual place on the sofa, where we both knew Bobby would come looking for me, just as soon as he finished his homework. The thought left me light-headed.

I was more than a bit turned on by James' admission, that he'd longed for his own mother's touch. I never knew that about him. It had never come up, and I'd never suspected. I wondered now, though, as I stared at the page, whether Priscilla knew that her son had lusted after her. I wondered whether she'd ever pranced around, as I was just then, wearing nothing but a thin nightie and a pair of semi-transparent panties, the scent of her feminine excitement permeating the air around her.

I read for maybe an hour before I heard someone moving up the hall. I was a bit surprised and, though I'd never admit it to a soul, let down, that it wasn't Bobby. But I followed him with my eyes as he moved to sit beside me.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For calling him a dork."

I stared at him for several moments but he never lifted his gaze to mine. I blew out a quiet breath and reached out to touch his cheek. "I love you two more than anything in the world, did you know that?"

He nodded, meeting my gaze for only a moment.

"It hurts me when you call each other names, when you hurt each other."

I watched, my heart aching, as silent tears began to fall from his eyes. I wiped at them with my thumb, and pulled him to me when he leaned over. I shushed him, while he cried, whispering my love for him. And when the tears trickled to a stop he pulled away, offering me a shy smile as he wiped his cheeks with his tee shirt. I rubbed his arm. "It would mean a lot to me if you would try to understand him better, try to see that, just because he isn't interested in sports or hunting or fishing, he's still a good person."

He nodded. I said, "You're his big brother, and he looks up to you, but did

you know that beneath that soft-spoken exterior is a fighter?”

A small smile pulled his lips. I felt my own coming on. He said, “He still won’t come near him.”

*He* is Josh Banner, a schoolmate of Bobby’s, a bully, by most accounts, who had, only three months ago, learned the hard way that Bobby can be pushed only so far.

I’d gotten a call from the principal, asking me to come pick him up; he’d been suspended from school for five days. I’d scolded him, of course, and I’d grounded him, even if it was only for those same five days. For Bobby, though, being grounded is tantamount to a slap on the wrist, for he’d spent nearly the entire time hanging out with me; watching movies and baking and playing board games and working puzzles. But, I digress...

I ran my fingers through his hair. “That boy that you called a dork would fight to his last breath to protect the people he loves, Ricky, including you.”

“You think?”

“I know, and don’t you ever doubt it.”

“Guess I should apologize to him, huh?”

“That would be the right thing to do, yes.”

“Kay.” He leaned over and kissed my cheek, then he stood and left, without a backward glance.

Not ten minutes later Bobby appeared, smiling as he approached. He knelt at my feet, his lips coming to rest on my knee, and I ran my fingers through his hair. “You have such a beautiful smile.”

I watched it grow, his eyes shining. I closed my fingers, capturing a tuft of his hair, and squeezed, making his eyelids droop. Dazed or not, though, his gaze drifted into my cleavage and, eventually, to my nipple. I continued to pull his hair as he continued to stare, my nipples hardening under his gaze, until they began to ache. I knew that this was where I was supposed to tell him that young boys aren’t supposed to stare at women’s breasts, but I had no desire to discourage him. It felt wonderful to have him looking. It made my tummy flutter and my heart race to

know that I had his attention, that he found me attractive. He's so unlike his brother, that way; I don't believe I've ever caught Ricky admiring me, and yet, here was his brother, openly staring.

His gaze came up. "Are you cold?"

I shook my head, my stomach fluttering anew.

His gaze returned to my nipple. A few moments later it moved to the other, then to my cleavage, then back to my nipple before coming up. "Ricky apologized."

I nodded for him to continue. He said, "He told me he thought it was cool that I beat Josh up."

I laughed softly, curling my fingers in his hair as his gaze slid down through my cleavage, again burning a hole in my nightie. Then he turned his head and lowered his cheek to my calf, his eyes drifting closed as a soft moan escaped him. He reminded me of a puppy, just then; ever loyal and affectionate and protective. But he's no puppy, he's my child. He's the most perfect thing I've ever accomplished. I reached up to wipe at my eyes, my throat closed tight with emotion.

He felt the movement, though, and opened his eyes. His head came up, a look of concern transforming his face. "What's wrong?"

I shook my head. "Nothing," I whispered.

"You're crying."

Still unable to talk, I offered him a sad smile. He rose and, in a series of moves that only *appeared* choreographed and well-practiced, we moved to lay down, his legs entwined with my own, his head on his hand, his eyes locked with mine. "Why are you crying?"

I shook my head, smiling, and cupped his cheek, my thumb moving gently against his skin. "They're happy tears."

"What are you happy about?"

"I'm happy because I have a wonderful husband and two wonderful sons. I'm happy because we're all healthy and warm."

“I’m happy because I have the most beautiful mom in the world.”

I smiled, charmed. “You think I’m beautiful?”

He nodded, his gaze steady on mine. I brushed my lips to his. “Well, I happen to think you’re the most handsomest boy in the world.” I kissed him again, my lips lingering on his for a long moment. “And I think some really pretty girl is gonna make you really happy some day.” I pulled back to see his eyes closed, his lips parted in the classic look a girl gets with her first real kiss. I leaned in again, brushing my lips to his, lingering, pulling away slowly when he released a soft moan. And I watched, my heart swelling with love and pride, as his eyes fluttered open, his gaze finding my own, taking long moments to focus, brightening until they were beaming.

I drew a fingertip over his lips. “Ever kissed a girl before?”

He shook his head, looking love struck. I stared into his eyes, committing the moment to memory. How many women can say they were their son’s first kiss? “Nice?”

He nodded vigorously.

“I thought so too,” I whispered.

For several long moments he stared into my eyes, then, in the blink of an eye, he was staring at my lips, seemingly willing them to him. This is where I was supposed to shake my head, to tell him that a mother doesn’t kiss her son that way. But I couldn’t have resisted the pull if my life depended on it. “Kiss your momma?” I whispered.

He nodded, staring at my lips until they began to move. His eyes slid closed then, and he moaned when, again, I pressed my lips to his. I held them there for a long time, enjoying the feel of his warm skin on my own, enjoying the taste of him.

I pulled away when I felt him pressing against my thigh. My heart raced, my stomach fluttering wildly, at the realization that I’d made him hard. But where I was in a near panic, unsure what to do, he was oblivious, his eyes still closed, lips still parted, his fingers closed in the material of my nightie, looking for all the world like he was holding on for dear life. And maybe he was. I released a quiet

sigh as I slipped my hand around the back of his head. My fingers in his hair, I pulled him to me, tucking his face into the crook of my neck, hoping to protect him from his momma.

He sighed, in response, snuggling up to me, pressing his hard cock more firmly into my thigh. He pulled in a deep breath, then released it. “Love the way you smell,” he murmured.

That was all it took for me to become aware of my scent. It suffused the air around us, and it occurred to me that, even without the kisses, he’d have likely gotten hard just from my scent. He has had two months or so of conditioning, two months of associating his mother’s intimate scent with erections and masturbation and sexual gratification. The idea made me light-headed, the notion only just now registering with me that he was already associating everything he knows about sex, with the scent of his own mother’s sexual excitement. I rationalized that all women smell much the same, but I knew it was only an assumption, for I had no practical experience. But if it *were* the case, there was no harm, and therefore, no foul.

But wasn’t it possible that he’d one day lay with a girl, and in the heat of passion realize that her scent didn’t trigger the desired response? Even as the question formed in my mind, I dismissed it as ridiculous. Common sense told me that, when the time comes, when he finds himself pressed up against some hot and bothered girl, he’ll be hard. Just as he is now.

I slid my hand down his back, curled my fingers, and raked my nails up to his shoulder blades, making him arch into me, making him moan, his breath warm on my neck. But when he pushed against me again, I found the strength to speak. “Baby...”

“Mm?” Again he pressed into me.

“Sweetheart, look at me.”

I wasn’t ready for the look in his eyes, the lazy way they focused on my own, the dreamy look in them, a look that made my heart flutter, a look I’m sure would have made my knees weak, were I standing. I forced myself to concentrate.

“Maybe you need to go to your room,” I whispered. “Take care of yourself.”

The dreamy look quickly cleared, giving way to embarrassment as a shy smile

formed. I laughed softly. “Nothing to be embarrassed about, sweetheart.”

He made a face, still looking embarrassed. I said, “Go get ready for bed. I’ll come tuck you in, in a few minutes.”

“Kay.”

He rolled off the sofa and walked out, not the least bit shy of the tent in his briefs. I reached down to lay my hand on my thigh, where his erection had been, then shook my head, groaning, as I rolled off the sofa.

I slowed as I approached the office. I was this close to entering when I remembered he’d be able to smell me. I continued on to my room, to my bathroom. My stomach fluttered as I caught my reflection in the mirror. My nipples were hard, two thick nubs pushing obscenely at the thin cotton of my nightie, practically screaming, *Look at me!* I brought my hands up and cupped my breasts, squeezing and lifting them, capturing my nipples between my thumbs and fingers and pinching them, softly at first then harder, moaning, my eyes closing.

I released one breast and ran my hand down, over my belly, over the silk of my panties, and cupped myself, pulling my fingers up into my crease. Already hot and wet and excited, I hissed when I found my clit, moaned, my hips tilting up as I began to rub it in teasing little circles.

I would have loved to bring myself off, but I had the feeling that the window of opportunity would be relatively small before Bobby locked his door, and I really wanted to kiss him goodnight before that happened.

I pushed my fingers down, forcing the silk into my damp center, and moved them in small circles, causing the silk to absorb my wetness like a sponge. I pulled my hand up and sniffed at my fingers, a soft moan escaping. I watched myself in the mirror as I reached for the waistband, watched as I slid them over my hips, my gaze going to the trimmed thatch of soft, blonde hair on my mound, then to my bare labia, to the thick inner lips that protrude out into the open air like two naughty girls. I laughed soundlessly at the mental image, as I lifted one foot and then the other. I brought them up to my nose and pulled in a long, slow breath, then moaned as I released it.

My gaze dropped to the hem of my nightie, and though it covered what it was

supposed to, it did so with not a thread to spare. I knew I needed to cover up properly, for, while it was one thing to offer my sweet boy my warm, wet panties, it was something else altogether to allow him to actually see my goodies. And then there was the very real possibility that I could encounter either his brother or my husband on my way to his room.

I pulled on a fresh pair, then headed for the hall, walking softly and avoiding the creaky floor board. I held my breath as I twisted his door handle. My heartbeat pounding in my ears, my stomach a bundle of nerves, I pushed his door open.

The light was on, on his night stand, making what I was about to do even naughtier, for there would be no hiding in the dark.

He followed me with his eyes, his gaze, not surprisingly, on my swaying breasts, on my pointing nipples. I sat on the edge of his bed and offered him a warm smile when his gaze came up. “All brushed and ready for bed?”

He nodded, leaning in to my hand when I cupped his cheek. I summoned up my courage and brought my other hand up, slowly, the damp, silk ball hidden inside my closed fist. “Brought you a little something,” I murmured, opening my hand. I rubbed them against his cheek, watching as his nostrils flared, his eyelids fluttering closed as he inhaled, long and slow. And I waited, more nervous than I was on my wedding night, for his eyes to open, for his reaction. But even before his eyes opened, a smile began to form on his lips.

“I noticed you’ve been taking them from my hamper,” I said, my tone soft.

He looked embarrassed, but not overly so, and as he continued to hold my gaze, I watched his chest expand as he took in another deep breath. He released it a moment later as a long sigh. “You smell dreamy,” he purred.

I drew the silk over his cheek and over his lips, then held them under his nose. “Dreamy, huh?”

He nodded, staring up into my eyes, his own, mere slits as he breathed slow and deep.

“You know you can’t tell anybody, right?”

He nodded, his focus sharpening.

“I could get into trouble with the law.”

Another nod.

“Nobody, Bobby, ever.”

“I promise.”

“I believe you, my sweet boy.”

I pulled the silk from his nose then lowered my lips to his, kissing him softly, then again and again, moving from his upper lip to his lower, the mint of his toothpaste sweet on his lips, the air around us suffused with my naughty perfume. And though I wanted nothing more than to slip my tongue into his mouth, to tease us both, I found the strength to pull away, and I watched as a cute smile curved his lips, as his eyes fluttered open. “Like that?”

He nodded, his gaze going directly to my lips. I laughed softly. “Oh, you...” I purred, as I leaned back in to suck at his lower lip, then his upper, making him moan.

I pulled away, my head shaking. “How’s that for a goodnight kiss,” I said, touching a finger to his lips, drawing it gently over them.

“Super dreamy.”

I leaned in for another peck on the lips, then sat up. I brought my other hand up and tickled his neck with my panties before leaving them on his pillow, in the crook of his neck. “Sweet dreams, baby boy.”

“Night.”

Unable to resist, I leaned in once more to brush my lips to his. “I love you more than you’ll ever know,” I whispered.

“I love you too, Mom.”

I turned, when I reached the door, amused to see his gaze come up from my ass. He smiled. I shook my head. “Don’t leave those laying out.”

He nodded.

“And, I want them back.”

Another nod.

“Night.”

“Night.”

I pulled his door open and took only a few steps down the hall before James called out to me. “Pee,” I whispered, over my shoulder. I knew, without having to look, that my nipples were hard enough to cut diamonds. I wouldn’t be able to explain that.

I left the light off in the bathroom and sat, my heart racing, for I knew he’d follow me in. My only hope was that the smell of my pee would mask the scent of my arousal. I heard his footsteps as he approached, and I leaned forward, praying the cotton would fall away enough to hide my secret.

He appeared in the doorway, his gaze going directly to the open neck of my nightie. A slow smile formed. “Nice view.”

I glanced down, then laughed softly, sounding nervous to my own ears. I could see enough to know that, though I was pointing, it didn’t appear as though they were in all their glory. I brought my hands up to cover them. I squeezed them, captured my nipples, and pulled at them. “I think they need attention,” I purred.

He grabbed his toothbrush, loaded it, then leaned against the door frame, following me with his gaze as I wiped and washed and reached for my own toothbrush. I turned and leaned back into his chest, meeting his gaze in the mirror, my brow twitching with nervous energy.

He laughed softly, his head shaking. “Did you go in there like that, with your nipples poking out of your nightie?”

It was everything I had not to react, to hold his gaze while I finished brushing. But once I’d rinsed, I said, “I distinctly remember you promising you’d drop it.”

He nodded once, the smirk leaving his face. “You’re right. I’m sorry.”

I released a soft sigh and leaned over him to hug him while he rinsed. “It isn’t like I can turn them on and off, James,” I said, my tone soft.

Ever the gentleman, he didn’t bother to point out the elephant in the room; the fact that I could simply wear a bra, or a robe, something to hide them from my

son's impressionable, young eyes.

He turned and wrapped me in his arms, bringing his lips to mine, murmuring against them. "Say no more."

I pressed my lips more firmly to his, then straightened, rolling my hips against him, moaning at the feel of his semi-hard cock against my belly. "Gonna take me to bed, big boy? Have your way with me?"

He reached down to cup my ass, then lifted me. I wrapped my legs around him, then moaned into his mouth when he began to tease his fingers into my moist heat.

I kept my legs wrapped around him, once he laid me on my back, but released my hold when he reached for my panties. I watched his eyes as he worked them over my hips, as he slid them off, his gaze in my hot, swollen sex.

"So fucking beautiful," he husked, while pushing my legs back, opening me up. I could all but feel his gaze on my hot, excited sex. Slowly, he released my legs, urging me, with the subtlest of movements, not to move. I stayed just as he placed me, knees bent, thighs wide open, fully exposed, while he slipped off the bed. And I continued to remain still, splayed open in the most unladylike way, as he moved to the door and pushed it the rest of the way closed. He stopped at the foot of the bed. "You are, without doubt, the sexiest woman in the world."

I drew my nails down my thighs, my gaze on his face, his on my fingers as they moved lower, as I teased my lips, pulling at them, spreading them for him. "This is where I want you, baby," I purred, showing him the wettest part of me.

As he slipped his boxers off, as they fell to the floor, the thought came to me that Bobby hates the things; he prefers briefs.

I mentally shook my head, forcing myself to focus on my husband, on his hard, thick cock, as it bobbed and weaved as he moved onto the bed. I continued to hold my lips open while he positioned himself between my thighs, held myself spread while he gripped his meaty shaft. He stroked it slowly, his gaze on my 'candy store', as he likes to call it. And I pulled more firmly on my lips, opening myself further as he teased me with his tip, spreading his pre-cum on my clit. I moaned for him as he slipped down through my open sex. Just before encountering

my entrance, though, he pushed, sending his thick knob sliding obscenely through my wet trough. I released my lips, a long, low moan escaping when he increased the pressure, forcing his shaft into firm contact with my clit. Slowly, oh, so slowly, he withdrew, teasing us both as, again, he slipped through me. Again, I moaned when, at last, he settled at my entrance. Lip caught in my teeth, I nodded, and I struggled to hold his gaze as he began to push. I drew my nails up his sides, a soft sigh escaping me when the head popped in, the flared barb hooking itself in me. “Turn the light out,” I whispered.

He shook his head.

“I’ll make it worth your while,” I said, my brow twitching.

He smiled a sexy smile. “Can’t you make it worth my while with the light on?”

I teased my fingers into the hair at the back of his neck. “Don’t argue with me, baby, just do as I say.”

He hesitated another moment before nodding once, before stretching to reach the switch.

Even with the faint moonlight coming in through the window, it was dark, and would for another few moments, until our eyes began to adjust. But a few moments was all I needed. I took and released a calming breath, then found his cheeks with my hands and directed his lips to mine. I kissed him softly, his lips, his cheek, over to his ear. I ran my hands down to his hips, then pulled my nails back up. I took a last, slow breath then released it, warming his ear as I did. “Come to momma, baby.”

It took but a moment before he released a low groan, making me smile in the darkness. Again, I drew my nails up his sides, encouraging him, and when he began to sink into me, I sighed, finding his earlobe with my lips, nibbling it, moaning as he worked his way in. “That’s it, sweetheart, show momma how much you love her.”

“Fuck,” he growled. He pushed the rest of the way in, in one smooth, even stroke, moving me against the bed.

I moaned softly in his ear. “Show me, baby,” I whispered.

He pulled out, then pushed back in, then again and again, building up a slow, steady rhythm. I moved one hand to his lower back, massaging him, the other I brought up to the back of his neck, to run my fingers through his hair. “That’s it, baby, in momma. I’ve wanted you for so long, my sweet boy.”

I held on tight as he began to thrust into me, hard, his belly slapping mine, his thighs forcing mine open, his balls slapping at my ass, already wet with my excitement. Within only a few moments he was pushing me toward the first peak as he grunted in my ear, his hot breath warming me. “You feel so good in me, my sweet boy.”

I tried to hold off, to wait for him, but I just couldn’t. I brought my other hand down onto his ass, opening myself fully to him, pulling myself onto him, over and over, and as the tremors started, I put my lips to his ear. “That’s it, honey, make momma come.”

I moaned, biting into his shoulder to keep from crying out, my fingers flexing and relaxing against his skin as I convulsed around his shaft. I held myself tight to him as his cock began to throb, as I contracted around him, over and over, milking him. “Momma’s boy,” I murmured. I held on tight as we rode the waves, his body shaking, his weight holding me down, pinning me oh, so deliciously to the bed. And as the waves ebbed, as his muscles began to relax, I whispered for him. “So good, my sweet boy. Love you so much.”

He moaned, long and low. I smiled a lazy smile. I wondered, as my breathing slowed, as my heartbeat slowed, if he felt as I did; that *that* was the best sex we’d had in a long, long time.

“Incredible,” he murmured, several moments later.

“You’d make her proud,” I said, my tone low and warm.

“If we weren’t already married, I’d propose to you right now.”

I laughed softly. He pulled back to find my lips. The kiss, slow and deep and tender, left me breathless. “Wow,” I purred.

“Unbelievably sexy.” He nipped at my lips. “Un...believably...sexy,” he

whispered, kissing me over and over.

I moaned into his mouth, even as I felt him softening in me. But neither of us was so out of control as to want to sleep in a wet spot. He broke the kiss and lifted himself slowly off of me. He reached for his tee shirt, and slipped it under my ass as he slithered out of me. I moaned, shivering, my toes curling with the sudden feeling of emptiness.

Later, after we'd cleaned up, I curled up to him, my head on his shoulder.

“What made you do that?” he said, his voice barely breaking the quiet.

“I guess I just thought it would be fun, exciting.”

“Can we do it again? Soon?”

I laughed softly. “We’ll see. Maybe that’ll be for special occasions.”

“Works for me.”

Into the short silence, he said, “Did you know that tomorrow’s somebody’s birthday?”

My brows drew as I frantically tried to recall whatever it was I’d missed. “Whose?”

He shook his head. “Not sure, but it has to be somebody’s. And everybody knows birthdays are special.”

I pinched him, groaning. “Goodnight, my sweet boy.”

“I love you,” he said, his tone now full of warmth.

I sighed.



## Chapter 2

**I rolled out of bed** and padded, naked, to the bathroom, and as I sat peeing I heard Ricky's door open, then, a moment later, the door to the main bath closed, followed, a moment later, by the shower.

Like clockwork.

I washed and brushed, then returned to my room for a pair of panties and my nightie.

Several times since leaving Bobby's room last night, I've questioned my sanity, surprised beyond belief that I'd actually handed him a pair of my panties. And now, as I approached his room, my stomach fluttered wildly. I took a calming breath, then released it as I twisted the handle.

I closed the door behind me, softly, wanting to watch him sleep for a few minutes. I stood beside his bed and took him in. As they were yesterday, the sheet and blanket were pooled around his thighs, leaving him exposed but for his briefs. Like yesterday, he had a morning erection. Unlike yesterday, however, I couldn't resist settling my gaze there, mentally trying to gauge the size of him through the white cotton. A rough guess put him at about seven inches long, based on his father's claim of close to eight inches. The tip was near the waistband, lifting it, though not enough for me to see him.

I pulled my gaze up to see his eyes still closed, his breathing still deep and even. I returned my gaze to his penis and, the butterflies fluttering around in my belly, leaned over him, capturing my hair as I did, and pulled it aside as I neared him. I opened my mouth wide, and moved until I was but a fraction of an inch above him, close enough that, were my tongue not pulled fully into my mouth, it would be touching the sensitive spot just below the head. I released the breath I held, then jumped, my heart rate skyrocketing, when he twitched, bumping into my

lips, making me dizzy with excitement.

After gathering myself, I leaned in again, though not quite so close. The last thing I wanted to do was to wake him... well, not yet anyway. Again, I exhaled on him, slowly, the hottest breath, and again he twitched. And though I wanted to continue to tease him for at least the next few weeks, I knew instinctively that my breath was dampening the cotton. Any more and he'd feel it when he woke. Even so, I couldn't resist moving closer, couldn't resist touching my teeth to him, biting down ever so gently. The resulting twitch made my head swim. I moaned, soft and low, my vagina tingling in the most delicious way.

Reluctantly, I rose, and moved to sit beside him, settling my gaze on his pretty face for several moments before shifting it to his chest. Though he lacks his father's muscles and chest hair, he still looks terribly inviting. Of its own volition, my hand moved to the hem of my nightie, and lifted it until my breasts hung uncovered in the warm morning air. I leaned over him slowly, watching his face, his eyes, as the hard, aching tips touched his skin. I released the breath I held, even as I shifted my weight, dragging the rubbery bundles of nerves over his skin. But his lip twitched then and, unwilling to be caught being so naughty, I pulled slowly away, allowing my nightie to fall as I did.

I took several calming breaths, then leaned over him again, this time over his face. I kissed his lips, then his cheek, then captured his earlobe and nibbled it. I giggled like a schoolgirl when he pulled away, annoyed. "Wake up, my sweet boy," I whispered, the sound barely reaching my own ears. "Show me those pretty blue eyes."

I pulled back just enough to see his face, enough to watch him exhale and, satisfied he was still out, I leaned in again. "Did you think about your momma's pussy while you masturbated last night, my sweet boy?"

Still nothing.

"You love the way I smell, don't you baby? You can't get enough of your momma's sexy scent." Even as the words left my lips, the naughtiest idea formed and, unable to resist, I brought a hand down between my legs. I slipped a finger under my leg band and into my oozing center, a soft moan escaping at the touch. I

stared at his face as I coated my finger, soaking it in my warm butter. I brought it up and wiped it off on my neck, just at my ear, then tossed my hair aside and leaned over him, pressing my cheek to his, my lips to his ear. “Smell that, sugar? Momma’s honey,” I purred. Drunk with excitement, I went on, “No other woman’s gonna smell as alluring as your mother does, baby boy, not your first girlfriend and not your wife. My hot, wet vagina is gonna be what you think about every time you have sex.” I nibbled his ear, moaning softly, wanting him awake now, wanting him to smell me. “Come to momma, lover.” I heard his breathing change. “That’s it, baby,” I purred. “Come to momma.”

He moaned softly. I took and released a calming breath. “Smell your momma’s honey, sweetheart?” I sucked gently on his earlobe, exhaling. “Momma’s honey, baby boy, that’s what you need.” He moaned again, louder. My head swam with endorphins when I heard him take in a deep breath, hold it for a long moment, then release it. “Morning, sugar,” I whispered. I pulled back to see his face, to watch his eyes flutter open, a smile pulling his lips. I leaned back in and kissed him, just below his ear. My heart skipped a beat when he pulled in another deep breath. “How did you sleep?” I asked, pulling back, rubbing the backs of my fingers over his cheek.

“Good.”

“Just good?”

He stretched, growling. “Awesome.”

I drew my finger down his chin and over his throat. “And did you have nice dreams?”

He shrugged. “I dreamed I was in a movie, but I have no idea which one or what I was supposed to be.”

I laughed softly, my gaze on my hand as I ran my fingertips down his chest to his stomach, my touch soft enough to make him shiver. I nodded toward his night stand, to the clock there. “Better get you up. Don’t want you late for school.” He nodded and I shifted my gaze, allowing it to linger on his erection. “Gonna go start breakfast.”

“Kay.”

I pulled my gaze from his penis and tapped a finger to his nose. I rose then, and watched as his gaze dropped to my breasts. It lingered there, but, as with yesterday, when I turned at the door, he was staring at my ass.

I winked at him then left, closing the door behind me.

He came into the kitchen, fifteen minutes later, still wearing nothing but his briefs, his erection gone. He came up behind me and wrapped his arms around me, resting his cheek on my shoulder. And he stayed there until I finished cooking our breakfast. “Grab some plates, honey.”

We ate in silence, stealing glances at each other, and when his brother came in I filled his plate and deposited it before him, then I pressed my lips to his cheek. “Morning, sweetheart.”

“Morning.”

“Ready for tonight?” I asked, grinning.

His lips turned up and he nodded, swallowing. “I can’t wait.”

James had tickets for a basketball game for the two of them, and though he’d offered to take Bobby, as well, it was no surprise when he shook his head and told them to enjoy themselves. “Your father’s looking forward to it too. I hope you guys have fun.”

He spared a glance at Bobby, then returned his attention to me. “Why don’t you come with us?”

I gave him a warm smile. “Thank you, honey, but I think I’m gonna hang out at home, watch a movie or something.” It was on the tip of my tongue to ask Bobby if he was going to join me but I didn’t want to put him on the spot. I did, however, reach out with my foot and brush my toes against his calf. His gaze came up to meet mine. “Good?” I asked, eyeing his plate.

He nodded. “Thank you.”

As he ate, I ran my toes up and down his leg, watching as he tried not to smile. I noticed something then that I’d never noticed before: he never stared at me when we weren’t alone. Now, for example, his gaze was focused on his plate.

“Are you gonna come to my game on Saturday?”

I nodded. "I'll be there."

"What about you, Bobby? I heard Linda's gonna be there."

Though his tone was teasing, Bobby seemed unphased, and he shrugged. "Maybe."

"Thank you for asking," I whispered.

He smiled, then turned to his brother. "Thanks for asking."

"Welcome."

I mouthed a thank you to Ricky, and earned a shy smile in return. And I presented him my cheek when he stopped beside me on his way out. "Thanks for breakfast, Mom."

"You're welcome. Have a good day."

Alone now, I tapped his leg with my foot. "Better get a move on." I gave him a patient smile when his gaze came up from my chest. "That was nice of him to ask you to the game."

He shrugged. "It was."

I tickled the inside of his knee, making him jump. "Got any plans for tonight?"

He shook his head. "Just homework."

"Wanna hang out with me? Watch a movie or something?"

He grinned, nodding. I laughed softly. "Go get ready."

He took his plate to the sink, then returned to kiss my cheek. Unlike his brother, though, I presented him the one I'd scented for him earlier. He pulled away, but returned a moment later, pressing his cheek to mine, inhaling deeply. I tilted my head, my eyes closing. I bit my lip when he exhaled, warming my skin. "More love later, baby boy," I murmured. "Go get ready."

Slowly, my body uncoiled, but his naughty attention had left my nipples painfully hard, and as I moved to the sink to wash the dishes, they rubbed teasingly against my nightie. I was beyond horny, and I knew that the moment he left for school, the moment I was alone, I would sprawl out on my bed with my toy. And I

knew, with absolute certainty, that my head would be filled with images of him, of his pretty eyes and his kissable lips and his ever-present hard-on.

Right now, though, I needed to get his lunch ready. Unlike his brother, he still prefers a homemade lunch.

I was sorting laundry when he found me. “Ready to go?”

“Mhm.”

My stomach fluttered when he tilted his head back, presenting me with his lips. I kissed him, then straightened, and laughed softly when he remained there, eyes closed, lips pursed, willing me to him. Again I brushed my lips to his. “More?”

He moaned softly, his tone making my stomach flutter. I held my lips to his, moving gently against him, enjoying the closeness.

But he needed to get going.

I pulled back and opened my eyes to find his lips still pursed. I cupped his cheek and brushed my thumb over his lips. The desire to lean back in and kiss him forever was strong, but... “School, baby.”

“One more,” he whispered, his tone drawing me in.

I moved, bringing my other hand up, cupping his cheeks, pressing my lips to his for a long, slow kiss. “School now, baby boy, more kisses later.”

At last, he opened his eyes, though the smoldering look remained. It was everything I had to usher him toward the door. I offered him one last, chaste kiss, then I moved my lips to his ear. “Where are my panties?”

He rubbed his cheek against me, and I listened to him take in a deep breath before exhaling. “Under my pillow.”

I kissed the tip of his nose. “Go.”



I'd curled up on my bed, the moment he left, and masturbated. I came several times over the next hour, then I'd spent the remainder of the day split between

doing chores and yoga. And now, at a quarter to four, I was sitting on my bed, leaning back against the stacked pillows, feet and knees wide apart, my vibrator sliding in and out of my hot, wet pussy as my orgasm took me over. In my little fantasy, Bobby was laying at my feet, watching me pleasure myself, his hand wrapped around his hard, young cock. I came with a cry, my toes curling, my body shivering as I pulled the toy out of me and pressed it to my clit. I held it there, quaking and shaking and panting, and when I could no longer take the stimulation, I pulled the thing away and fumbled with the dial on the end, plunging the room into silence.

Slowly, I brought the thing up, my eyes closing as I held it under my nose, as I took one deep breath after another. Unable to resist, I reached out my tongue and drew it up the length, gathering my juices, cleaning the thing off, moaning as I did. I wondered, as I brought my knees together, if Bobby would think I taste good.

Still smiling at my naughty fantasy, I reached for my panties. I pulled them on, then pressed them tight to my hot, swollen vulva, allowing the light cotton to soak up my excitement.

I heard the front door open and close, then heard his voice as he called out for me. "In here!" I called, my fingers teasing my warm, quivering pussy. I waited until I heard him in the hall before lowering my legs, waited until he was just outside my door before closing them and pulling the hem of my dress down to cover myself. I waited until the door began to slowly open before rolling onto my side and sliding the still-warm vibrator up under my pillow.

I followed him with my eyes as he entered, as he neared me, his gaze on my legs, on my panties. I reached for my dress and pulled the hem down slowly, then I patted the bed beside me. I guided his head onto my stomach, and curled around him. "How was school?"

He shrugged, his gaze dropping to my lips. They lingered there for a long moment before coming back up, and again he shrugged.

I drew a fingertip down his nose, making him smile. "How was school?" I asked again, my tone lower and more intimate.

His eyes slid closed then, the smile leaving his face as he took in a deep

breath then released it. “You smell nice,” he murmured.

I laughed softly. “I’m glad you think so, sweetheart, now answer my question.”

His eyes opened and he stared, confused.

I tapped his nose. “School?”

“Oh.” He shrugged, smiling shy. “It was okay.” The smile left. “I thought about you all day,” he whispered.

The admission both warmed my heart and concerned me. I didn’t want him daydreaming about me while he was supposed to be studying. Hell, I didn’t want him daydreaming about *anything* while he was supposed to be studying. “I’m glad you keep me in your thoughts while you’re away from me, Bobby, but when you’re at school, I want you concentrating, okay?”

He nodded.

“Promise me, baby.”

“I promise.”

I held his gaze for a long moment. With a sigh, I reached out to run my fingers through his hair. I closed my hand tightly, making him moan. “There’s a time and a place for everything, sweetheart. School is for learning, not for daydreaming and not for goofing off. And not for fighting,” I said, yanking on his hair. “Okay?”

“Kay.”

I softened my tone. “I love you more than you know, and I love the closeness we have, but it can only continue if you get good grades, if you stay out of trouble.” I lowered my voice to a whisper. “And I *really* love being close with you.”

He smiled. “I love being close with you too.” He rubbed his cheek on my belly. “And I love the way you smell.”

I laughed softly, but the smile left my face quickly. I drew my finger over his ear then his brow, then I gathered my nerve and drew it over his lips, watching as

his eyelids fluttered closed, as he took in a deep breath, held it, then exhaled, slowly, moaning. I curled my finger and, my heart racing, eased it between his lips, offering him his first taste of a woman, his first taste of his momma's honey.

Exhilarating; that was the feeling I had as his lips pulled at my finger, as his tongue found me, wrapping around me and working to strip the taste from my skin. I pulled my finger free then slipped the next one between his lips. "Such a handsome boy," I whispered.

He smiled around my finger, and when his tongue stilled I pulled it free. "Go change."

He shook his head, a playful smile pulling his lips.

"Listen to your momma, sweetheart," I said, my tone dropping. "Go change and brush."

He held my gaze for a long moment, then rose, and he spared me a glance as he reached the door. I nodded once and he was gone.

I waited anxiously for him to return, teasing my clit with a finger, listening for his footsteps. I pulled my hand from between my legs just as he entered. He approached slowly, his gaze focused on my panties. It was only when he lost sight of them, as he rounded the bed, that he met my gaze and returned my smile. He resumed his earlier position, his head on my belly, this time only a fraction of an inch separating his cheek from my breast.

I offered him my finger, then held his gaze as he nursed at it. It felt incredibly intoxicating to be so intimate with him, to introduce him to new delights. I'd been daydreaming all day about having his tongue moving against mine. Of course, I'd also daydreamed about having him nibbling on my nipples and on my clit. And I'd come, more than once, thinking of him laying between my legs, easing his hard, young cock into me. But those things, unlike kissing, were things I'm not sure either of us was ready for. And then there was the ever-present voice in the back of my mind that kept reminding me that what we were doing was illegal.

He pushed my finger out. "More?"

I shook my head. "Come up here," I said, patting the bed.

He moved slowly, obviously not thrilled with the idea of leaving the relative closeness of my breast, or the softness of my stomach. But he lay facing me, his lips too far away for me to reach. I shook my head. “On your back.”

He held my gaze as I moved to lean over him, but as my hair fell around us, closing us in an intimate little cocoon, his gaze drifted to my lips.

“Love kissing you,” I murmured, brushing my lips to his, first the upper and then the lower, back and forth, teasing him, making him moan. “Like that?”

He nodded, his eyes closed. I laughed softly. “You need to breathe, sweetheart.”

He released a long, slow breath, and for many minutes I teased his lips with my own, our constant moans, the only sound. But I was desperate to taste his tongue, and I eased mine out, just the tip, and teased his upper lip, thrilling to the feel of him shivering under me. “Nice?”

“Tickles,” he whispered.

“More?”

He nodded, his eyes struggling to focus, the look in them dreamy. It was the most incredible feeling, laying there with him, breathing his breath, the trusting look in his eyes, the feel of his lips on mine, the feel of them on my tongue as I ventured further, teasing it along the velvety surface, back and forth. With his moans of delight as background music, I curled the tip of my tongue and slipped it up beneath his lip. He shivered beneath me as his lips closed, capturing my tongue, and I pushed in slowly, parting his lips, finding the tip of his tongue, teasing it. He whimpered, his hands coming up, his fingers grabbing at my dress. He clung to me as our moans filled the air, and though I really liked being above him, my hair shrouding us from the rest of the world, I couldn’t resist the thought of being on my back, of surrendering to him.

I broke the kiss, panting, his breath hot on my face, his eyes coming open, but only just. He pulled at my dress, desperate to have me back. It was a heady feeling to have him desire me so, and I smiled down on him, then brushed my lips to his. “You make me feel so nice, baby.”

“Wish you could be my girlfriend,” he whispered.

The sentiment, the feeling behind his words, made my heart flutter, and I considered them carefully while weighing the myriad possible responses. I touched a finger to his lips. “What about Linda? I thought you had your eye on her.” And then there was his friend Janine, though I’m fairly sure he hasn’t a clue as to the depth of *her* feelings for him.

He shook his head. “I don’t want Linda; I want you,” he said, his tone soft, almost timid.

I shifted my gaze to my finger, watched as it traced his lower lip, as it moved across the warm, silky skin. The words were ready, I was just dragging out the moment, one of the sweetest since my husband proposed to me. “So... are you asking me to go steady?”

He nodded, looking hopeful. I smiled. “I would love to be your girlfriend.”

He lifted his head and fused his lips to mine, crushing my finger between us. I pulled back, breaking the kiss, leaving my finger in his mouth. “Easy, tiger, we have things to talk about.”

He looked all too eager.

“First of all, it has to be our little secret; I *am* married, after all.”

Again, he nodded.

“That means you don’t tell anybody; not Alan, not Chad, nobody. Do you promise?”

“Mmhm.”

That he refused to open his lips, seemingly afraid he’d lose my finger, was endearing. I said, “You’d have to take me on dates...”

Again, he nodded. My eyelids fluttered when his tongue found the tip of my finger. Oh, how I longed to feel it wiggling around on my clit. I moaned softly. “I’d want a ring,” I said, my tone husky. The thought of him sliding his ring onto my finger excited me more than I’d have thought possible.

He spoke around my finger. “I don’t have a lot of money.”

It wasn't the easiest thing for me to do, but I gave him an unfortunate look. "You'd have to earn some, then, 'cause I really want a ring. A girl needs to have something to look at, something to remind her that she's taken."

"How much is a ring?"

The butterflies took off in my stomach as the image formed in my mind, of James, catching the glimmer of a new, shimmering diamond on my right ring finger, as the significance of that registered. I knew instinctively that the sex that followed would be lively. I shrugged. "A few hundred dollars, a thousand, maybe."

His eyes grew large and round, the look of panic growing rapidly. "I could never have that much money!" he hissed.

I shushed him, my finger to his lips. "What kind of mother would I be if I didn't help you?"

He released the breath he held, his body sinking into the mattress. "Still..."

I shook my head. "If you really want to be my boyfriend..." I said, growing light-headed. "We'll find a way to make it work."

"I really do," he whispered, his eyes and his tone speaking to his conviction.

I gave him a reassuring smile, then leaned in, brushing my lips to his. "We'll find a way, my love."

The smile reached his eyes then, and I placed a last kiss on his lips before rolling onto my back. "Come here, baby boy."

He rolled over and curled up against me. I pulled him closer, willing his lips to mine, and I moaned into his mouth when I felt his erection pressing into my hip. I allowed us a few long minutes of bliss before breaking the kiss, knowing I needed to slow things down. I wasn't sure I'd be able to stop myself if he actually came, and at the rate his hips were moving, it was inevitable. "Bobby..."

He murmured a response as he pressed his lips to my neck, making it hard for me to think. Even at only fifteen, he's already well on his way to being a little heart-breaker. I wiggled out of his embrace, laughing softly. "Stop, you little monster!"

He got up on all fours and growled at me, making me laugh, but as my gaze

drifted down, coming to rest on his erection, on the wet spot in his briefs, my smile faded. I watched, detached, as my hand reached out to him. He moaned with the contact, and I brought my gaze up to meet his, held it as I squeezed, gently at first, then with a firmer grip. The look of hunger in his eyes registered and I eased my grip on him. “Go take care of this,” I whispered.

He remained frozen in place, seemingly afraid to move. I rubbed him once then pulled my hand away, knowing that I was too close to doing something he may not be ready for. “Go take care of yourself, baby boy.”

Slowly, his gaze on mine, he moved toward the edge of the bed, myriad emotions filling his eyes.

“I love you, my baby,” I whispered, wanting to end the moment on a positive note.

He gave me a smile that told me he was confused. I watched him go, watched him turn at the door, then disappear into the hall.

I laid there with my heart thudding in my chest, as I tried to banish the little vignette that was playing in my mind’s eye, the one where he’d lowered his underwear and presented me with his cock. I shook my head, trying to get him out of it.

I rolled out of bed with a groan, and though the responsible mother in me begged me not to go, the voice of empathy guided me toward his room.

His quiet, almost inaudible moans of pleasure tickled my ears, as I came to a stop outside his door, drowning out the voice of reason. I promised myself, as I reached beneath my dress, that I would go in, hand him my panties, then leave. The responsible woman, the voice of reason, shook her head in disbelief as I eased them over my hips and down my thighs, as I stepped out of them. The endorphins rushing through my brain made it easy to ignore her words of warning. I appeased her by reiterating my promise that I wouldn’t touch him, that I wouldn’t offer to masturbate him, that I had no intention of wrapping my— I shook my head, while clenching my thighs together. Rather than assuage the tingling in my clit, though, that only drew my attention to my labia, to how easily my lips slid together.

I wasn’t consciously aware I’d twisted the handle. I had, though, and I held

my breath as I eased the door open.

His eyes were closed, which allowed me to clear the foot of his bed before he sensed my presence. I attempted to calm his surprise with a warm smile. “Brought you a little something,” I purred, while drawing my panties up the inside of his thigh.

He was frozen, his penis partially hidden behind his hand, where he held it tight to his belly. But while the head was hidden, the base of him was not, and neither were his balls, and he groaned, his eyes drifting closed, as I drew the warm satin over them.

His eyes came open, his gaze settling on mine as I drew them up the center of his chest. He swallowed when they reached the base of his throat, and moved to increase the contact when I drew them over his cheek. Without hesitation, he pushed his face into my cupped hand, and I watched, fascinated, as he took in a long, slow breath.

“Like the way your momma smells?”

His eyes came open and he nodded, exhaling. Again, he breathed in, then again and again, his gaze locked with mine.

“Gonna suffocate,” I whispered.

He ignored my warning, leaving it up to me to pull my hand away. Instead, I smiled, encouraging him. I didn’t want him coming up for air, I wanted him to fill his lungs with my scent, to memorize it. I wanted him thinking of me every time he got hard. I wanted him so hungry for me that, when the need to mate hit him, he’d come looking for me.

The feel of his belly, so warm against my fingertips, grounded me, breaking me out of the trance he had me in, and I exhaled, lifting my hand as I did. Before rational thought escaped me, yet again, I opened my hand, allowing the satin to fall to his pillow. I summoned up all of my willpower and straightened. “Enjoy yourself.”

A shy smile curved his lips, and he followed me with his eyes as I backed toward his door.

I'd returned to my room, sprawled out on the bed, and pulled one orgasm after another from my overheated body, while picturing him pleasuring himself, stroking himself, coming, his juice shooting from his gorgeous cock, covering his hand and his stomach. Then I'd forced myself up and into the shower, a cold one, one that I hoped would ground me, one that would give me the strength I needed to resist the strongest urges I'd ever had.

I'd dried off, dressed, and applied a bit of makeup, and I was sitting on the sofa, working on my toes, when he entered. I smiled up at him, and followed him with my eyes as he sank down to the floor at my feet, wearing nothing but his briefs. He shifted his gaze to my foot, and watched as I dipped the brush, then pulled it across my nail. "Pretty," he murmured.

I waited for his eyes to come up. "My toes or the color?"

A shy smile formed on his pretty lips as his gaze left mine. I laughed softly as I reached out to cup his cheek. "So much like your father..."

He returned his gaze to my foot, seemingly content to watch me paint my nails, and when I was finished, I said, "Go get dressed." At his questioning look, I said, "I thought we'd go out to dinner."

"Okay."

"Baby?"

He stopped and poked his head back in. "Hm?"

"Something nice. You want to impress your date."

He grinned.

He returned, ten minutes later, wearing a pair of black slacks and a navy button-up shirt, looking altogether handsome. I twirled a finger in the air, and with a shy smile, he turned, faster than I'd have liked, giving me only a quick glimpse of his gorgeous ass. I moaned, my head shaking as I held out a hand to him. He pulled me up and I leaned close, giving him a warm kiss. "You have the cutest little butt."

I took us to my favorite Italian restaurant, and we sat close. We spent the time formulating a plan for him to earn some money; doing yard work, both at home and for some of the neighbors, washing my car, doing the dishes and the laundry...

mostly, things he did already. As far as the laundry, I'd have teach him how to do that.

By my rough calculation, he'd have no problem saving up at least five hundred dollars within two or three months. He'd looked daunted, but I'd pointed out that if he really wanted to date me, if he really wanted to call me his girlfriend, he needed to act the part, to show me he was responsible, that he could buckle down and work hard. And though he was skeptical about ever being able to afford a ring, he seemed determined to try.

Now, as we pulled into the garage, as he reached for his door handle, I caught his arm and his gaze. "A lady likes her man to hold doors for her."

Without a word, he jumped out and came around to open my door. It was the most charming gesture, even if his gaze did drop to my legs, as I swung them out. His eyes caressed my thighs, then my panties as they came into view.

I offered him my hand, and as we entered the kitchen, I turned and pulled him to me, cupping his cheeks as I drew him close. "I love that you find me so attractive," I whispered.

He moaned, his body sagging as we kissed, and when we came up for air, he said, "You're the most beautiful girl in the world."

I gave him my warmest smile. "Gonna ask your girl to dance?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Go put on some soft music, I'll get us something to drink."

"Kay."

I poured a glass of wine for myself and some iced tea for him. In the front room, I kicked off my heels and approached him. I reached for his hands and threaded our fingers together. "I had a nice time with you tonight. You're a wonderful date."

His eyes glowed with pride. "I had a nice time too."

We were still standing in the middle of the floor, swaying together, the lights low, lips pressed together, our tongues locked in a playful battle, when I heard the garage door. Reluctantly, I pulled away, my gaze going to the clock on the mantle.

We'd been standing in the same spot, kissing, for the past two and a half hours, or thereabouts—aside from a couple bathroom breaks, that is.

“Go get ready for bed, and make sure you get all that lipstick off of you,” I said, pressing my lips to his neck, nibbling him, making him moan. I pulled away just as the door opened, just as they entered the kitchen. “Go!” I whispered.

The realization hit me that my nipples were terribly hard, and that they'd be the first things they saw when they entered. I turned, and I made it nearly to my bedroom door before James entered the hall. “Hey there, pretty lady.”

I shook my head. “Gotta pee,” I whispered over my shoulder, not slowing.

I heard him laugh softly.

He was laying across the bed, head on his hand, when I came out. It had taken a few minutes of thinking about mundane things, like housework and such, before my nipples would behave, before I was ready to face him. And he followed me with his gaze as I approached, as I stretched out on the bed facing him, smiling. “Thank you for the flowers,” I whispered, brushing my lips to his.

“Welcome. Last night was really nice.”

“It was, very.”

He kissed me again. “What are you all dressed up for,” he purred.

I shrugged. “A lady likes to dress up for her man, once in a while.” As the words left my lips, I wondered if they'd come back to bite me.

“Mm, well...” He rolled onto his back, taking me with him. “That's nice... special,” he said, breathing the words into my ear, making me shiver.

“Last night was special. Let's not over-do it.”

“Impossible,” he murmured, nibbling my earlobe.

I moaned, my eyes closing.

“Wanna go lock the door?” he whispered.

“Tell you what, why don't you go get ready for bed, while I go say goodnight to the boys.”

I laughed softly, pushing away from him, when he tried to get his hand up under my blouse. “Bad boy.” I stood. “Go get ready.”

I stopped at Ricky’s door and knocked lightly on the jamb. He invited me in with a distracted wave of his hand. He was sitting at his desk, some social networking site up on the screen. I stopped behind him and rested my hands on his shoulders, then leaned over to press a kiss to the top of his head.

He continued clicking away, seemingly unaware of my presence. I couldn’t help feeling sad that we weren’t closer. I’m not so naive as to think that our relationship is anything other than functional. In fact, it’s probably about as close to normal as you could get. No, if anything, it’s the level of intimacy I share with his brother that isn’t normal. And standing there, in the silence, I felt guilty, as though on some level he was punishing me for my naughty ways. But I knew, even as I stared at the top of his head, that I’d leave his room and enter his brother’s, and that our exchange would be as different to this one as oil is to water, as night is from day.

I was just about to ask him about the game when he broke the silence. “We had a great time. We saw John Petit and his dad there.”

I brought a hand up and ran my fingers through his hair. “Yeah?”

“Mmhm. We lost, though.”

“That sucks. Did you just not try hard enough?”

He laughed then, and turned. “You’re pretty funny, for a girl.”

I pulled on his earlobe. “That’s Mrs. Girl, to you.”

He shook his head to dislodge my teasing fingers. “What did you guys do?”

My heart fluttered at the memory, and I had to swallow before I could answer. “We went out to dinner.”

I knew what was next, and I struggled to come up with an acceptable answer before the question left his lips...

“Did you guys watch anything good?”

“No. We just hung out.”

He looked confused, and I prayed he wouldn't push for more, but...

“Sounds awfully boring.”

“Well, we had fun. But I'm glad you got to spend time with your father. He really enjoys the time he spends with you.”

“I like hanging out with him too.”

I leaned over him and pressed my lips to his forehead. “Gonna go get ready for bed. See you in the morning.”

“Kay. Night, Mom.”

“Night, sweetie.”

I turned at the door but he was already facing his computer, his mind occupied. I sighed quietly. He is definitely nothing like his brother. Nonetheless, I love him dearly.

I moved down the hall, quietly, and reached for his door handle. I was hoping to catch him masturbating, but the door was locked. I released a quiet breath and tapped softly, and I listened to the rustling of material, then the soft patter of his feet, and then the door opened. He smiled, shy, and backed up a couple steps, but the moment the door closed he approached me, tilting his head back, waiting for my lips. I laughed softly, my nipples already hardening, from his enthusiasm, from the feel of his naked shoulders under my hands, from his erection, so hard and warm where it pressed against my belly.

I broke the kiss, even as I moved against him, increasing the contact. My lips brushing gently against his, I said, “Thought you'd have taken care of that by now.”

He shook his head, the movement subtle, and he reached for my hand. My stomach filled with butterflies when I realized what he was doing, where he was directing me. I shook my head. “No, baby boy,” I whispered.

“But you're supposed to be my girlfriend,” he murmured.

I felt bad, seeing the hurt, confused look in his eyes. I pulled out of his grip, gently, and brought my hand up to cup his cheek. “Baby, listen, a gentleman never pushes a lady. He hints at what he wants, and then he watches for her cues, he

watches to see if she's receptive to his advances. And sometimes he'll be let down, because she isn't interested in him the same way he's interested in her."

He looked crestfallen, his brows drawn. I brushed my thumb over his skin, offering him a warm smile. "Life doesn't always give us what we want, sweetheart, but that doesn't mean we give up."

In his softest voice, he said, "I just thought we would..." He shrugged, his gaze dropping.

I lifted his chin, bringing his gaze back to mine. "Listen to me, and listen carefully; what you want from me, what we've already done, is illegal. I could go to prison." His head was shaking. I said, "I know you'll never tell, baby, and that's why we've gone as far as we have, that's why I said yes when you asked me to go steady, but you have to accept the fact that we may never go further than we've gone."

"But I want to," he whispered, his tone pleading.

"I know you do, sweetheart." I held his gaze for several long moments before saying, "I was young once too, Bobby. Trust me when I tell you that I know. I mean, I *really* know how badly you want to go further." I paused before going on. "But whether this relationship ever moves further or not, you need to treat it as special." I brushed my thumb over his cheek. "Never go into a relationship with expectations. That's not what a meaningful relationship is about, that isn't what *our* relationship is about... is it?"

He shook his head.

"No, it's not. Our relationship is based on love. You love me more than you can put words to, don't you, baby?"

He nodded, leaning in to my hand.

"And I love you more than *I* can put words to. But I don't know if I'm ever going to be able to be what you want me to be."

"Kay."

"Do you enjoy my company?"

He smiled then, a genuine smile, one that made me smile, as well. "I enjoy

your company too, baby boy, oh, so much. Enjoy what I can give you. Be happy with that, okay?”

He nodded, looking more like himself. I pressed my lips to his and held them there, surprised but pleased when he didn't push for more. “You make me so proud, Bobby,” I whispered. “Oh, so proud.”

He moved to press his face into my neck, while squeezing me so tight I could barely breathe. “I love you,” he said, his words muffled.

We both jumped at the knock on the door, and my first instinct was to pull away from him, but I pushed the reaction aside and turned us to offer James a smile. His gaze shifted from mine to Bobby's. “Doing okay, son?”

He nodded but remained silent. James brought his gaze to mine, one brow up.

I brushed my cheek against his hair. “We're learning about how life works.”

He nodded slowly. “And how, exactly, does life work?”

I shook my head, the movement subtle, asking him, without words, to drop it. He nodded once, then met Bobby's gaze. “When you figure it out, will you come tell me?”

I could hear the smile in his tone when he said, “Okay, but I don't think you're gonna like it.”

We laughed. James leaned down to kiss Bobby's cheek. “Night, son.”

“Night, Dad.”

“I hope you have nice dreams.”

He backed out, pulling the door to. I closed my eyes, trying to remember where we were, and even after it came to me, I remained silent, enjoying the quiet moment far too much to break it. But it was getting late, and I'd put his father off for long enough. “I had a nice time with you today.”

“I had a nice time with you too.”

I brushed my cheek against him. “Go get my panties,” I murmured, easing my hold on him.

He shook his head, his arms still tight around me.

“Don’t argue with your momma.”

He pulled away then, and met my gaze, his brows drawn. “But—”

I put a finger to his lips, stopping his protest with a shake of my head.

It was hard not to laugh at his look of disappointment, but I had a plan, one that would make him exceedingly happy, one that made my stomach flutter with nervous anticipation. I watched him reach under his pillow, and I watched him shuffle back toward me, looking like I was about to take away his favorite toy. In a way, I suppose I was. I held out a hand but he shook his head, staring, unseeing, at my waist. “Look at me, sugar.”

He brought his gaze up and I drew the backs of my fingers over his cheek, giving him a warm smile. “I promise I won’t let you down.”

A slow smile pulled at his lips and he held his hand out. I took them, my stomach fluttering wildly as I leaned close, as I whispered in his ear, “The ones I’m wearing, baby boy.”

He was silent a moment, then he pulled back to see me, a look of guarded excitement lighting up his whole face. I nodded, and I continued to stare at him, my own excitement charging the air around us.

He gave me a pleading look, telling me I was taking too long. I shook my head. “You’re a big boy; figure it out.”

His features morphed, from excited to shy, in the blink of an eye, as what I’d insinuated registered. He reached out, his fingers gripping the material of my dress, at my hips, and he tugged at it nervously. “I don’t know what to do,” he murmured.

I brought my hand up to cup his chin and tilted his head back, then brushed my lips to his, once, twice, then I met his gaze. “You’re a big boy, show me you know how to get what you want.”

He smiled, shy, and I released him. And then I waited. It took him a moment to release the hold he had on my dress, then he ran his hand nervously up and down my hip, only an inch or two, as he gathered his nerve.

But he was taking too long, and I wanted this to be a nice experience for him. I moved my lips to his ear. “Reach up under my dress, baby boy.” I touched his

hip. “Here. Both hands, one on either side. Can you figure out the rest on your own?”

He nodded, smiling shy. He looked absolutely adorable, and I grew light-headed as his hands began to move. I took and held a breath, then released it slowly, trying to calm my nerves. It came to me then that he ought to know that. I put my lips to his ear. “I’m nervous too, Bobby.”

“You are?”

“Mhm. Everybody’s nervous the first time they’re with someone new, and sometimes even the second and third time. It’s natural, and it’s exciting, and it’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Kay.”

His tone sounded a bit more relaxed, and I bit my lip as his hands began to come up, my dress rising with them. And when I felt his fingers brush against my thighs, I released a quiet moan. There was no way he could miss the fact that I was shaking with anticipation. “I’m nervous,” I whispered.

His hands stilled. “Should I stop?”

“No, sweetheart.”

He nodded once, the movement barely perceptible. He began to move again, his touch unbelievably soft, his fingertips raising goosebumps on my skin as they eased up, higher and higher. I shivered. “You’re exciting me.”

I could feel him smile, his cheek moving against my own. His fingers stopped, then reversed course, moving back down. They made it halfway down my thighs before starting their way back up. I caught his earlobe in my teeth and released a low moan. He laughed softly.

That he was a natural was obvious. I knew it the moment his tongue touched mine, that first time. And I was reminded of the fact just now, as he continued to tease me. Who knew that a fifteen year old could be so damned sexy? But as much as I wanted to stay there with him, to let him practice his powers of seduction, I was on borrowed time. “Stop teasing me, baby. Your father’s gonna come looking for me soon.”

That was all it took to get him moving, and perhaps a bit too fast. I grabbed his hands to still them. “Slow, baby, just...” I exhaled. “Go on.”

Like me, he was trembling with excitement, and I held my breath as he reached the waistband, bit my lip as he slipped his fingertips beneath the material, and I resisted the urge to growl as he began to ease them down. He made it only an inch or so before they stopped, hanging up on the swell of my ass.

The impatient, horny woman in me wanted to reach up under my dress and yank them down, but the nurturing mother in me told me to be patient, that this was about him learning, about building up confidence, gaining experience. “Move around to the back and push them over my butt. You have to do the sides, and then the back, back and forth, until they’re over my hips.” The words, the thought that I was telling my own son how to undress me, made me light-headed, and I tightened my hold on his shoulders to keep from swaying as his fingers worked, as they touched skin they were never meant to touch.

He had the hang of it now, and within moments he had them at the widest part of my hips. I exhaled softly as they moved further down, but my breath caught in my throat when the crotch began to peel away from my hot, excited vulva.

I gripped his shoulders when he began to ease himself lower, as the cotton reached my knees. My heart skipped a beat when the thought occurred to me that I was soaking wet, and that his father was expecting me. Still, I lifted one foot and then the other, allowing him his prize.

He stood up and shrugged, a shy smile pulling his lips. My scent began to permeated the air around us and I watched, my stomach fluttering, as he brought my panties up to his nose. His gaze on mine, he inhaled, held it, then released it as a long sigh, then, again, he inhaled. I shook my head as I reached for him, sighed softly as I cupped his cheeks, as I directed his lips to mine, and I moaned as I slipped my tongue between his warm, soft lips.

I kissed him for far too long and, knowing I was way past due back in my room, I pulled away and touched my forehead to his. “I love you, Bobby Terassino.”

He nodded, as breathless as I was, his eyes full of excitement.

“I have to go. Sweet dreams, my baby.” I gave him a quick peck on the lips, then turned to wink at him as I slipped through the door.

I stopped halfway to my room, my mind a jumble as I tried to think. I was beyond horny, and there was no way I was going to hide either my wetness or my scent or my painfully hard nipples from my husband. I was just about to take a detour to the bathroom when I rolled my eyes. The tightness began to ease in my stomach as I stepped into the panties I’d retrieved from Bobby. My dress fell into place as I reached my door, and I pushed it slowly open to find him staring at me. I prayed he couldn’t see my twitching eyebrows as I returned his smile, or my shaking hand as I pushed it down the front of my dress, into the vee at the top of my thighs. I prayed he couldn’t see my lip twitching as I smiled at him, the teasing smile I get when I’m in the mood.

He patted the bed but I shook my head. I curled my fingers, then again and again, my gaze on his as the hem crept up my thighs, and when I reached my panties, I drew a finger through my lips, moaning with the touch, shivering when I brushed over my clit.

I watched as his hand moved onto his thigh, noticing only then that he was growing hard. I watched as he gripped himself and squeezed, his gaze on my hand as I brought it up to my waistband, as it slipped under. I watched, transfixed, as he pulled his cock out through the opening in his boxers and gripped it, teasing it thicker as my own fingers reached the top of my slit. I eased further in, moaning softly when I reached my clit, as I pushed against it.

I had the passing thought that I was still in the doorway. I knew I needed to move, to lock us in, but I remained rooted to the spot as I pushed my fingers further down and into my soaking center. I coated them then brought them back up to moisten my clit.

For several long minutes we watched each other, but I really wanted him inside of me. I reached for my panties and eased them over my hips and down my thighs, allowing them to fall at my feet.

I closed and locked the door, stepped out of my panties, then kicked them onto the bed. “Hot for you, big boy,” I purred.

He ran his hand down to the base of his cock, squeezing it, making it flare.  
“Come here, baby.”

I lowered myself down onto my stomach and pressed my lips to his thigh. I kissed and nipped at him, again and again, higher and higher. He hissed when I reached him, when I took him in, sucking, swiping my tongue over the tip, through his delicious drool.

He groaned. “Suck, baby.”



## Chapter 3

**O**ver the next two days, Bobby and I had virtually no time alone, though I did make it a point to bring him my panties both nights. The second night he'd given me the cutest pout, telling me he was really looking forward to taking them off again. I'd promised him that tomorrow night, rain or shine, he'd get his chance. And though I hadn't told him, I was excited at the thought of having his hands on me again, for I'd replayed the scene of him reaching up under my dress and sliding my panties over my hips countless times over the past two days.

Now, as I sat at my place at the head of the table, running my toes up and down his calf, I gave him a warm smile. "Are you excited about the play?"

He'd been picked to be a cowboy in his school's latest play, and though the first performance wasn't for another few months, I couldn't wait to see him standing up on stage, dressed for the part.

He nodded, smiling.

"Gonna try to get to know Linda?"

His gaze dropped and he shrugged. "Don't know," he mumbled.

"Sweetheart, look at me." His gaze came up. I said, "I want you to."

"But *you're* my girlfriend," he murmured.

"I am, and I'm really enjoying our time together, but you know what? I'd be perfectly happy to share. It's healthy for you to be around girls your own age. But even if you don't pursue Linda, or any of the other girls I know are chasing after you, I want you to keep an open mind, okay?" At his skeptical look, I reached out and laid my hand atop his. "I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart."

"Promise?"

I hooked his pinkie with mine. “I told you I’d be your girl, and I meant it. And you *know* I always keep my word.”

A shy smile pulled his lips. “Can we go look at rings after dinner?”

I lost myself in his beautiful, earnest eyes, and I stared into them until I heard the sound of his brother approaching. I pulled my pinkie from his only a moment before Ricky appeared. “That what you want?”

He nodded, his gaze drifting away.

“Then that’s what we’ll do.”

“What are we doing?”

“Going to the mall, after dinner.”

“Mm. Maybe I’ll go too. I need some shirts.”

“Good. We’ll go over as soon as we finish with dinner.”

Bobby seemed put off, but he perked up when I brought up the play, asking him about the story line, and by the end of breakfast he was back to his usual, smiling self. But the moment his brother left for school, he said, “How are we gonna shop for a ring with him there?”

I released a soft sigh. I was hoping that, over time, he’d outgrow his clinginess. I reached for his hand, teasing my fingers in and around his as I pondered how best to attack this. I looked up at him. “You and I have a special relationship, wouldn’t you agree?”

He nodded, smiling. “We’re boyfriend and girlfriend.”

I felt his words as a tingle in my stomach, in my vagina. I nodded. “Yes, baby, we are. But I love your brother very much, more than words can say, and even though the relationship we have is different than the one you and I share, I still want to be around him, I still want to hold him and love him.” I gave him a pleading look. “I really need you to support me, it’s what a good boyfriend would do.”

“Okay.”

I pulled on his hand, urging him out of his chair and to my side, and I stared

up at him as I kissed his fingers. “I’ll find a way to make time for us, baby boy, I promise. Just, bear with me. Okay?”

He nodded, his gaze moving down to where his fingers were still pressed to my lips. “Go brush,” I whispered.

I headed for my bathroom, as well, and stared into the mirror as I brushed my teeth. The naughtiness of what I was doing, as it had almost constantly since we’d started down this slippery slope, hit me again, leaving my stomach a bundle of nervous energy. I closed my eyes as the dull ache started in my nipples. It amazed me that nobody before him had ever excited me so completely, so quickly. I knew, of course, that it was more the forbidden aspect of the relationship than it was anything he was doing. But that isn’t to say that he isn’t partly responsible for my reaction to him. Quite to the contrary, actually; there’s no denying that he has the prettiest eyes, the prettiest smile, and the way he seems to know when to tease and when to behave is terribly attractive. And his ass... I moaned as I pulled up a mental image of him in those black slacks.

“Are you okay?”

I nearly jumped out of my skin, my hand coming up to my chest, my other pulling the toothbrush out of my mouth. I shook my head then spit, quietly and discreetly, like a lady. “I’m fine. You just scared me.”

“Sorry.”

I gave him a reassuring smile. “It’s okay. Are you ready?”

He nodded, his gaze dropping to my chest. I rinsed then faced him, leaning my hip against the vanity. “You like looking at your momma?”

He nodded, lips parted, his gaze and all of his attention on my nipple. I brought my hands up under my breasts, cupping them, lifting them. My areolas, clearly visible as two large, dark circles, framed my stiff nipples. “You made them this way,” I said, my voice soft. “I got excited thinking about you.”

“You did?”

I squeezed them again, the soft flesh rising up under my nightie, my nipples standing at attention, pointing proudly at his chest. I released them then squeezed

them again, moaning.

“They’re beautiful,” he murmured.

My brow twitched, a seductive smile pulling my lips.

“Do they hurt?”

“No, they ache.”

At his confused look, I said, “Aching and hurting are two very different things.”

“Do they always ache when they’re like that?”

I nodded, squeezing them again, wanting so desperately to pinch my nipples, to pull at them, but now was not the time. I released them, then ran my fingers through his hair. “School, baby.”

Though it looked like the last thing he wanted to do, he nodded, offering me a shy smile. I tugged his hair. “Come on.”

I slid my arm over his shoulder and walked him through my room, up the hall, and to the foyer, where I turned him to me and cupped his cheek. “Remember, sweetheart, there’s a time and a place for everything. Promise me you’ll concentrate on school?”

He nodded. “I promise.”

I smiled my warmest smile. “You make me so proud.” I pressed my lips to his for a brief, sweet kiss. “Go,” I whispered.



I’d spent the day doing my usual chores, but I quit an hour before he was due home. I’d showered and shaved my legs and styled my hair, and just now, as he keyed open the door, I was sitting on the sofa, legs crossed, a glass of iced tea on the table beside me. It was with equal parts nerves and excitement that caused my bare foot to dance in the air. The best I could do was to regulate its speed down to a slow, mesmerizing cadence.

I’d donned a pastel blue dress, a light, flowing thing that came just to my

knees. Just now, though, it was bunched up at the tops of my thighs, having slid down with the constant motion of my foot and the resulting flexing of my thigh, and though my panties were covered, I knew I could count on him to try to get a peek at them.

I glanced at the clock on the mantle, just as the door opened. We had about forty minutes before his brother was due home, and though I knew he should be using the time to do his homework, I had other plans. I'd promised him some alone time, and this was the only time I knew we could count on. He could study later, when we returned from the mall.

I'd have lost a bet as to where his eyes would settle, for I'd have put money on him ogling my thighs, on the smooth, inviting expanse of exposed skin that my dress was failing to hide. Instead, he stared at my toes, and I flexed them under his gaze. "Just like your daddy," I whispered.

His gaze came up to meet mine. "Hm?"

I shook my head. I lifted my leg, when he got close, and reached my foot out to touch him, to run my toes up and down his thigh, from just above his knee to just below the bulge in his pants. "Did you have a good day?"

He nodded, distracted, and leaned in to my touch, his gaze now on my panties.

"Go change, then come keep me company."

He returned a few minutes later wearing shorts, his chest bare, and he sank down to the carpet before me, resting his head on his hand, his gaze on my knee. It remained there for only a moment, though, before moving down my calf to my foot. I flexed my toes.

"So, you like your momma's feet, huh?"

He lowered his head to the cushion, and pushed his face into my thigh, hiding. I smiled, though it was lost on him, and reached out to push my fingers through his hair. "Like to look at your momma's toes, baby boy?" I asked, my tone low and warm.

He nodded, while pushing his face further under my thigh.

I laughed softly, curling my fingers, pulling his hair until he moaned, then I moved to grab another handful and again I squeezed. “Do you like the color?”

He nodded, smiling.

“Is it what you would have picked?” I asked, my gaze on the pale pink enamel.

For the longest time he remained still, the smile on his face barely visible, then he shook his head.

“Tell me, baby.”

Again, he shook his head.

Wow. I had no idea he had such a thing for my feet. But his reaction spoke volumes, and now that I knew, I couldn’t wait to explore this new facet to him. I said, “Maybe, when we get to the mall, you can show me some colors you like.”

“Kay.”

That was too easy, and this was too fun. It felt amazing to watch him explore his sexuality, unbelievably so. I traced the edge of his ear, lost in the moment, wanting to be nowhere else. “You love your momma, don’t you, baby?”

He nodded, moving so he could see my eyes. He’s the most affectionate person I’ve ever known, and as he stared up into my eyes, so open and honest, I felt my throat tighten. It came to me then that I was in over my head. I was falling in love. Which is ridiculous! I’m married, for crying out loud! And he’s my son! I shook my head.

“What?”

“Your eyes are full of love. I’m just enjoying watching them glow,” I whispered.

He crawled up onto the sofa beside me and sprawled out over me, his head in the crook of my neck. Hidden from his view, now, I let the tears come, but I wiped at them, lest they fall on him, alerting him. But he heard me sniffle and he pulled back, a look of concern in his eyes. I shook my head. “Happy tears,” I whispered.

Slowly, he lowered his head back down, pressing his lips to my neck, and for

many minutes he lay still while I ran my hand up and down his back, then up his neck and into his hair, and soon he pursed his lips, kissing me, then again and again. I moaned softly when I felt his tongue come out to taste my skin. And in the next moment he was sucking at me, softly at first, then with purpose. I allowed him a few long moments, enjoying the tingles he elicited, before shaking my head and pulling at his hair. “No marks, baby boy.”

He let up, but only for a moment, and as he began to suck again, I pulled at his hair. Unwilling to stop him altogether, I directed him to a new spot. It just felt too damned good. But there’s only so much surface area, and I knew that if I *didn’t* stop him, I’d have some very uncomfortable explaining to do to my husband. And, really, how does a woman explain hickeys to her husband? Never mind who put them there!

I found the strength to pull him from me, far enough away to see his eyes, to see the desire in them. I turned my head to offer him my lips, and I moaned into his mouth when he found my tongue.

At only fifteen, and with no experience whatsoever, he is, by far, the best kisser I’d ever had the pleasure of being with. Nobody I’ve ever kissed before can hold a candle to him—not my husband, and not even my last boyfriend, who, until Bobby, has held the crown. He is, without doubt, a master, moving with the grace of a cat, his tongue moving almost too slowly, as though he’s completely and utterly devouring me, teasing every single nerve ending in my body. And by the time he broke the kiss, panting, kissing at my lips, sucking at them, I was a puddle, my nipples so hard they hurt, my pussy aching for attention, my clit tingling.

The sound of a key entering the lock snapped me out of the drunken state he had me in and I shook my head, struggling to focus. “Baby...” I pushed him away, already moving to stand, taking him with me, frantic, knowing we had only a couple seconds to be in the hall and out of sight, for I knew, just *knew*, that we looked a mess. I knew, without focusing on him, that he’d have my lipstick smeared all over his lips, and that his hair, as well as my own, would be a mess, that my dress would be rumped. And never mind that he was fully erect!

We made it into the hall just as the door opened, and I pushed him into the main bath just as his brother called out for me. “Go look in the mirror,” I

whispered. Then I darted toward my room, stepping as softly as I could, while moving as quickly as I could. “I’ll be right out, sweetie!” I called, trying desperately to mask the panic I felt.

In my bathroom, I faced the mirror, my gaze going straight to the small, red spot on the side of my neck. My stomach fell at the sight. “Fuck!” I hissed. But even as I cursed, I smiled. I brought my hand up and touched my fingers to the spot, shivered at the still-vivid memory of him sucking at my skin.

I poked my head out the door to see the alarm clock on James’ night stand, and released a soft sigh as the time registered. We’d spent over forty minutes kissing. I shook my head in disbelief. It had felt like five minutes. Ten, tops!

“Mom?”

And again my pulse raced. “Be right out, honey. I’m not dressed.”

I reached for my concealer, and once I’d worked my magic there, I reached for my brush, and as I brushed out my hair, I couldn’t help but acknowledge the bias I felt toward him. I smiled a naughty smile as I pictured myself feeding his brother my fingers, wet with my warm nectar.

Five minutes later, after making myself presentable, I found him at his desk, doing homework. I took a calming breath as I approached, and laid my hands on his shoulders as I leaned in to kiss to the top of his head. “How was school?”

He shrugged. “It was okay.” He turned. “What’s for dinner?”

“I thought we’d eat at the mall.”

“When are we leaving?”

I pushed my fingers through his hair. “Let me go see if your brother’s ready.”

“Kay.”

Though I hadn’t noticed the closed bathroom door, on my way up the hall, I noticed it the moment it came into view, and I knew, just *knew*, that Bobby was in there masturbating. And though I wanted so badly to tap on the door, to invite myself in, to watch him finish, I resisted the urge. Instead, I returned to Ricky’s room. “Maybe another ten minutes or so.”

“Okay.”



As we exited the car and began the walk into the mall, Bobby took my hand, making me smile. With me in the middle, Ricky couldn't see my fingers thread with his brother's, and I got a naughty thrill from the relatively innocuous touch.

“Can we eat first? I'm hungry.”

“Of course.”

Bobby sat beside me, a respectable distance between his thigh and mine, but under the table I'd slipped my foot out of my shoe and had my toes pressed up against his calf, moving occasionally over his skin, enjoying the connection.

After lunch, we split up, Ricky wanting to check out the video game store. I led Bobby toward the jewelry store, his excitement palpable.

Being so close in height, holding hands with him is a natural fit, and as we neared the store, I noticed a woman, my age, maybe a year or two older, eyeing us. Her gaze came up from our linked hands, her expression more or less neutral. I watched her appraise me, casting only the briefest glance at Bobby before returning her attention to me. Her gaze settled on my legs, as we approached, and though she seemed unaware, the large mirror inside the display case held her reflection, and I watched her watch me as we entered, watched as she caught her lip in her teeth, her head shaking the slightest bit as she stared at my ass. It isn't often that I find myself intrigued by another woman, and I'd have offered her a warm smile, had her gaze come up to meet mine, but alas...

I focused on the approaching salesman, a forty-ish man with stylish blonde hair, a handsome, rugged jawline, and piercing blue eyes. His thin lips curved up into a cordial smile as he approached.

“Anything I can help you find?”

“Not just yet, but thank you.”

“Of course. Let me know if you'd like to see anything. My name is Nathan.”

I nodded. "Thank you, Nathan."

As he turned to walk away, I leaned close to Bobby. "It's all yours, sugar."

He moved toward the nearest case, and peered in as though something spooky might pop out at him. I bit the inside of my cheek. They were pearls; necklaces, earrings, and rings. All were beautiful, but not what we were looking for. I allowed him to lead me to the next case, a collection of opals. He leaned over, peering with interest at each piece. "You like opals?" I whispered.

"Is that what they are?"

"Mmhm."

He nodded, and I waited patiently while he continued to peruse them. The next case was all Onyx. Interestingly, he moved on with only a passing glance. As with the onyx, he bypassed the jade, though not quite as quickly. The sapphires intrigued him, at least as much as the opals had, and I watched as he took in the pretty blues and purples, his eyes alight with wonder.

"Pretty?" I said, my voice only for him.

He nodded.

The next case was filled with all things ruby and, like the sapphires, he spent quite a long time there before moving on. The next case was filled with men's rings and, with a passing glance, he pulled me back to the sapphires. I watched as his eyes came to rest on a bed of rings. He stared at them for half a minute before speaking. "How much is that one?"

"Let's check."

It amused me that the mere act of raising my head and finding his gaze had Nathan moving. He stopped before us. "Mm... sapphire. Such a beautiful stone. So many delightful shades. Would you like to see one?" he asked, his eyes glimmering.

I looked to the side, one brow up. Bobby pointed. "That one. How much is it?"

He pulled the ring out and spoke, without having to check the price. "Four, forty-nine." He presented it to Bobby. "Is there a special girl at school?"

He shook his head, all of his attention on the ring he held. He turned it this way and that before meeting my gaze, his eyes so clear and open, and though I had no idea whether Nathan could see the question there, I could. It wouldn't have been any clearer had he spoken it aloud. I squeezed his hand. "It's really pretty." Before he could ask the question I knew was coming, I said, "There are a lot of rings you still haven't seen."

He held my gaze a moment before returning the ring. I met Nathan's eye. "Thank you."

"No trouble at all."

Bobby led me down the line of cases, and when we were out of earshot of Nathan, he leaned close. "Didn't you like it?"

I led him further away, not wanting to be overheard. "It was gorgeous, baby, but you haven't seen everything yet, and there are other jewelry stores, with entirely different selections."

"Kay."

Now for the hard part. I took a calming breath, then released it softly. "And even if you do find something you like, we aren't going home with it today."

His brows drew. "Why not?"

I shushed him quietly. "Because I happen to know you only have about two hundred dollars in your savings account."

"But you said you would help me?" he whispered.

"And I will, but I need to know you're serious before we spend that kind of money." I shook my head when he opened his mouth to protest. "Bobby, listen to me, please; I'm not going anywhere, okay?"

He nodded, waiting, focused on me. And in that moment, his face so earnest, I was so proud of him, I just wanted to pull him into a tight hug. Instead I cupped his cheek, giving him my full attention. "I'm not going anywhere," I repeated, my tone softer, more intimate.

He brows drew. "I just wanna make you happy."

I brushed my thumb over his cheek. “You *do* make me happy, baby, so very happy.” I tapped the tip of his nose, breaking the moment. “Let’s see what else they have, okay?”

He nodded. I allowed him to lead me from one case to the next, and as we drew closer to the engagement rings, my pulse began to race, for I knew that once his eyes lit on them, he would fall in love. And I couldn’t have been more right. “Wow,” he breathed, his eyes full of wonder as his gaze shifted from one ring to the next. “Diamonds?”

“Mmhm. A girl’s best friend.”

He pulled his gaze from the case. “What does that mean?”

“It’s just a saying; diamonds are a girl’s best friend. I think some marketing company came up with it, as a way to sell them.”

He returned his attention to the case full of sparklies. “They have trouble selling them?”

I laughed softly. “Oh, no, baby boy, they most certainly do not. Diamonds sell themselves.”

“They’re expensive, aren’t they?”

“They are.” I wanted to say that they’re expensive for a reason. I wanted to say that his momma, like most every woman, is particularly fond of them, but I didn’t want to influence him. I wanted him to pick what *he* wanted to see on my finger. And as I stood there at his side, I wanted to fan my face, to cool myself off, as the thought of what we were doing registered.

His gaze had settled, and for several long moments I stood there, waiting for him to move on, but he didn’t. “Pretty?” I murmured.

He nodded.

“Wanna see it?”

Another nod.

I lifted my head, and resisted the urge to laugh when Nathan came a-running. Okay, so he didn’t exactly come running, but he did move pretty quickly. I’m sure

he knew, by the diamonds in my ears and the pearls ringing my wrist and the rock on my ring finger, that I wasn't exactly in the poor house. And how could he know that I'd told Bobby we weren't buying today?

He met my gaze, one brow up. "Anything in particular you'd like to see."

"Bobby?"

He pointed. Nathan whistle softly. "You have excellent taste, young man. This..." He presented it to him. "...was designed and crafted by a very talented, local artisan."

I translated that to very expensive, but left the assessment unspoken.

As Bobby turned the thing this way and that, his face full of awe, Nathan brought his gaze up to mine. "Who are we shopping for?"

"Me."

His brow went up. I smiled. "He wants to show his momma how much he loves her," I said, shifting my focus, pulling at his earlobe.

Bobby smiled, shy.

Nathan said, "Wow... I'm pretty sure that's the sweetest thing I've heard all day."

I pressed a kiss to the side of his head. "He's about the sweetest boy a mother could want."

Bobby tilted his head, pulling away from me with an annoyed smile. "How much is it?" he asked, his face full of hope.

"Mm. I'm afraid this one's a bit more than that pretty sapphire you were admiring," he said, nodding. "Thirteen-fifty."

I watched, my heart going out to him, as he slowly held the ring out to Nathan, the look on his face showing just how let-down he was. "Thank you," he said, his voice quiet.

"Thanks for your time," I said.

Nathan nodded, giving me a small smile. I led Bobby down the line of cases, moving slowly, squeezing his hand as we stepped out into the mall. I led him over

to the rail that overlooked the lower level and leaned against it. I turned to see him staring at me, his cheek on his crossed arms. He looked sad. In my warmest tone, I said, “I didn’t bring you out here to break your heart; I brought you here so you could get an idea of what you like, and to get an idea of how much things cost.”

“They’re so expensive,” he murmured. “I could never have enough money to buy you something that pretty.”

“Don’t think like that, sweetheart. Fifteen hundred dollars is a drop in the bucket, in the overall scheme of things.”

His gaze shifted to my hand, to my wedding set. “He said it was thirteen-fifty.”

“I added tax.”

He frowned. “It would take me years to get you something that sparkly.”

“No, baby, it wouldn’t. We talked about this over dinner, the other night.”

He returned his gaze to mine. “What if you paid for it and I paid you back?”

I smiled a sad smile, my head shaking. “Never ask your sweetheart to pay for her own ring, baby boy,” I whispered.

“But you said you’d help me.”

“I did, and I meant it. I’ve offered to pay you rather handsomely to do your chores, chores that you ought to be doing out of kindness. Don’t think for a minute that I enjoy washing your dirty clothes, or that it’s fun to cook and clean all day long.”

His gaze fell. I said, “Not that I’m complaining, sweetheart. I’m not. But you ought to know that when I was your age, I did all of the same chores you’re doing, and my allowance every week was ten dollars.”

He frowned. “Wow, you could never buy a ring with only ten dollars a week.”

“Oh, but you’re wrong. It would just take longer.”

“I guess,” he mumbled.

I spotted his brother, coming out of the game store, and followed his progress until he disappeared into the poster store. I turned to meet Bobby’s gaze. “Wanna

know what would make me proud of my boyfriend?”

His lips turned up into the cutest smile, and in lieu of pressing my lips to his, I drew the backs of my fingers over his cheek. “You are the cutest boy I think I’ve ever seen.”

He leaned in to my touch. I said, “I want so badly to watch you work hard and save money to buy your favorite girl a ring,” I whispered. “Me buying it, or even helping you pay for it, just wouldn’t be the same.” Paying him rather handsomely for his chores, on the other hand...

“Gonna work hard and buy you that ring.”

“Make me proud?”

He nodded, rubbing his cheek against my hand.

“Wish I could kiss you right now,” I whispered.

He grinned. “Me too.”

I moved away from the railing, and as we began to stroll, I slipped my arm through his. I directed us to the beauty supply, and led him to the wall of colorful nail polishes. I watched as a shy smile pulled his lips. He was already looking, though, and his gaze moved directly to the reds, then to the darker shades, then, his embarrassment showing, he shifted his gaze up to the greens then the blues. I watched, amused, as his gaze swept back down and to the side, moving slowly over the reds again before coming up to meet my eyes. “Are you gonna get something?”

I shook my head, a playful smile pulling my lips. He gave me a pleading look. I said, “I want you to pick something out, and I want you to buy it for me.”

Again, he gave me a pleading look, but there was also a hint of excitement in his eyes as he continued to stare at me. He released a breath. “I’m too embarrassed.”

I shook my head. “Nothing to be embarrassed about, Bobby. You’re buying a gift for your girlfriend. Lot’s of men do that.”

“But men are old,” he whispered.

My brow went up. “Like your momma?”

“You’re not old, you’re beautiful.”

I couldn’t resist reaching out to him, drawing my fingers over his cheek. “Listen to me, men have confidence. Most of them, anyway, and confidence comes from experience, nothing more and nothing less.” I held his gaze a moment, then, in a soft tone, I said, “I want you to walk up to that counter, and I want you to set a bottle of nail polish down, and I want you to look that woman in the eye when you hand her your money. Smile at her. Show me you can be my man.”

An adorable smile began to pull at his lips. “I’m your man,” he whispered.

My smile faded. “Yes, you are, now make me proud.”

He stared at me for a long moment, then he shifted his gaze. And I watched as he perused the dark reds, his eyes moving from one bottle to the next, back and forth. Likely, he was trying to picture the color on me. It was an erotic experience, to say the least. He reached out, selected a darker scarlet, then he met my gaze.

“Pretty.”

He smiled, shy.

I kissed his cheek, then I led him to the lipstick. He groaned, the sound only for me. Annoyed or not, his gaze went, not surprisingly, directly to the darker reds. My stomach fluttered when he reached for a dark scarlet. How I was going to explain to his father my sudden interest in dark colors was beyond me. But if my son was brave enough to buy them, I’d find a way to wear them. Even if they made me look like I was out trolling for men. As naughty as the thought was, it didn’t stop me from reaching for a lip pencil, a few shades darker than the lipstick he’d picked. At his curious look, I said, “You’ll see.”

He smiled, shy, but it left quickly, and he turned the bottle of polish over, then the lipstick, seemingly adding up the cost before nodding once. “Is that it?”

I nodded, handing him the pencil. He blew out a breath, his eyes rolling.

The woman at the counter, a twenty-something redhead with a pierced eyebrow, gave him a warm smile before shifting her gaze over to me. She winked, then returned her gaze to his. “That it, hon?”

He nodded, trying so hard to hold her gaze. And for the most part, he succeeded. He thanked her when she counted out his change, then again when she handed him his bag.

“You’re welcome. Hope to see you again soon,” she said, her tone soft.

As we crossed the mall, I pulled him close, my arm through his. “She was flirting with you.”

His gaze dropped, a smile pulling his lips. “No she wasn’t,” he murmured.

“Oh, but she was.”

At his skeptical look, I said, “I know women, Bobby, and that woman was flirting.”

“Really?”

“Mmhm.”

As we neared the poster store, he spotted his brother, and immediately he steered us to a nearby bench. “What if that ring’s gone by the time I save up the money?”

“Then we’ll find something even prettier. And trust me, baby boy, there’s always something prettier.” Though I spoke to him of jewelry, I knew the same applied to girls. And I knew that someday soon, some pretty young girl would catch his eye and steal him away from me. And I knew that when that day came, I’d cry my eyes out, for there was no questioning the fact that I was in love with him. No, if I had my wish, I’d spend every night of the rest of my life staring into his beautiful blue eyes while he made sweet love to me.



Later that evening, as I sat on the sofa, curled up against James, some program or other playing on the TV, I stole yet another glance into the dining room.

He pressed his lips to the side of my head. “What’s with all the sighing?”

It took a moment to formulate a sentence that represented my feelings while

not making his head explode. “One day he’s gonna leave,” I whispered, my throat tightening.

He pulled me tighter to him. “They both will. But you know what? It’s gonna be okay.”

I turned and hid my face in his chest, while fighting to keep the tears at bay. He knew, though, for he shushed me, his tone low. “Gonna be okay, baby girl. I’m gonna hold you so tight, give you extra love,” he murmured.

He picked me up then, and carried me toward our room, as the tears came in earnest, and he curled up with me on the bed, wrapping himself around me, shushing me while I cried, whispering to me as I clung to him. And when the trickle of tears slowed, he pulled himself from me and went in search of tissue. He wiped my eyes and my cheeks as I stared into his eyes, telling him without words how much I love him.

“I got no idea what made an angel like you fall for a clown like me,” he murmured. “But I’m really glad you did.”

I laughed softly, feeling much better. “You, husband, are anything but a clown.” I held his gaze for a long moment, willing him to me, and when he moved, pressing his lips to mine, I rolled onto my back, pulling him atop me. I broke the kiss and moved my lips to his ear. “Go lock the door, my sweet boy.”

He growled as he moved, faster than I’d seen him move since, well, the last time I asked him to lock the door.

When he turned, he stopped, his gaze zeroing in on my hand, on my fingers as I pulled them up through my warm crease. And he watched as I brought my other hand down, as I pulled the crotch aside and dipped into the hot syrup that coated my inner lips. I held my glistening fingers out to him, smiling when his gaze came up to meet mine. “Come taste momma’s pussy, baby.”

His eyes slid closed, his Adam’s Apple moving as he swallowed. He opened his eyes, his head shaking as he reached for the top button of his shirt.

Later, as I lay pressed up against him, sated, a towel sopping up the mess he’d made of my vagina, he pressed a kiss to the top of my head. “So fucking sexy,” he

purred.

I laughed softly. “If your mother only knew how good you were, she’d have stolen you away from me years ago.”

“I’d fuck her silly,” he murmured, surprising us both. He laughed nervously. “Jeeze... I’m not really sure, um...”

I kissed his throat. “Relax, handsome, your secret’s safe with me.”

A few moments later, he exhaled, long and slow. “Guess you bring out the best in me, huh?”

I wiggled closer, moaning softly.

“Love you so much,” he said, his tone low.

“I love you too, my sweet man.”

I’d fallen asleep in his arms, and I stirred when he slid out of bed, then fell right back to sleep. I woke needing to pee, and as I brushed my teeth, I peeked out at his alarm clock. Then I sighed. It was approaching one o’clock. It’s rare that I miss saying goodnight to my babies, and I felt compelled to go kiss them, asleep or not.

I donned my nightie and slipped into the hall, stopping first in Ricky’s room. I pressed my lips to his cheek. “Night, sweetheart,” I whispered.

He moaned, the sound barely audible.

I moved to the door and turned, and for long moments I stared at his sleeping form, wondering, as I did, if he knew how much I love him.

As usual, Bobby’s door was closed. I let myself in and moved to stand beside his bed. In the moonlight, he looked so peaceful, lying on his back, head turned away, both hands up, one on the pillow beside his head, one beneath it. Unlike the kiss I’d given his brother, I pressed my lips to his, holding them there for a moment before moving them to his ear. “Sweet dreams, my angel.” I straightened, and for a full minute I stared down on him, admiring his soft, almost feminine jaw, his adorable up-turned nose. I sighed as I reached out to draw a finger down the center of his chest.

I moved toward the door then, not wanting to wake him, but as I turned to take a last look at him, it came to me that his hand, the one under his pillow, likely held my panties. I smiled at the thought.



“I missed you last night,” he said, hugging me from behind.

I leaned back against him, and turned my head to press my lips to his neck. “I’m sorry, baby boy, I fell asleep. I came to your room, though, to kiss you.”

“When?”

“About one,” I murmured.

“Tickles.”

“Want me to stop?”

“No.”

I laughed softly as I pulled away, returning my attention to the pancake I was cooking. “Wanna go have a seat?”

He shook his head, while tightening his hold on me. My eyes closed, my stomach fluttering as his erection registered, where it was pressed to my ass. In the worst way, I wanted to wiggle against it, but I didn’t want to get him going, not this morning. For one thing, I wasn’t wearing panties, and for another, I hadn’t yet washed, hadn’t yet had the chance to clean his father’s dried cum from my vagina. And I couldn’t deny feeling a bit dirty, like I’d cheated on him. Absurd, I know, considering that if I was cheating on anybody, it was his father. I swallowed, knowing that I was doing just that. And still I was helpless to stop myself. “Go sit down, Bobby,” I whispered.

Slowly, he pulled away and moved to the table. And as I stood there, making our breakfast, I couldn’t help but wonder what I was going to say to James when he found out about us... because he *would* eventually find out. He is not a dumb man, not by any stretch of the imagination.

I suppose I would tell him the truth; that I was enjoying a bit of

unconventional time with our son, that I was only trying to educate him in the ways of love. I only hoped the notion didn't sound as lame to him as it did to me. It would, though, without doubt.

I placed a stack of pancakes on his plate, then another on my own, then I sat, watching as he poured syrup all over his. He met my gaze, his brow going up as he held the bottle up. I reached for it but he shook his head. "I got it."

I watched, charmed, as he covered my pancakes. "Thank you, honey."

"You're welcome."

He seemed to sense that I was preoccupied, and he remained mostly silent throughout breakfast, and kept his head down when his brother entered.

I found him in the bathroom, later, brushing his teeth, and I wrapped my arms around him and lay my cheek on his shoulder. "I'm sorry I fell asleep last night."

"It's okay."

"Make it up to you tonight," I murmured, brushing my thumb over his belly. "Gonna make your favorite dinner."

"Pot roast?"

I nodded against his skin. "Mhm."

"Cool."

I laughed softly. "Give you twenty bucks if you do the dishes."

"Deal."

"Give you a hundred if you wash my car on Saturday."

"For sure!"

I pulled away and pressed a kiss to the warm spot I'd just vacated. "Gonna go take a shower. I'll see you when you get home."

He met my gaze in the mirror, looking confused. I gave him a half smile. "It's a woman thing."

He nodded, but he still looked let down. I said, "Tonight, handsome, you and me and a movie. Maybe some hot chocolate," I said, drawing a fingertip down his

side, making him shiver.

“Kay.”

I left him with my warmest smile.



## Chapter 4

**An interesting byproduct** of being on my period is that I get unbelievably horny, more so than usual, which is just cruel because James is understandably put off by my scent, and we won't even mention the blood! And so, every month, for about a week, he's treated to some rather enthusiastic blow jobs, while I spend more time than usual trying to assuage the naughty tingling in my pussy. Invariably, I'll go through at least one set of batteries in my vibrator, just in the five or so days that I'm menstruating. And, right on schedule, my period started this morning.

I'd curled up on my bed, a thick, white towel under me as I thrust my toy up into my hungry wetness, moaning, Bobby's handsome face filling my mind's eye. I'd come I don't know how many times, and eventually fell asleep, then I'd cleaned myself up in the shower, trying, as the water cascaded over my skin, to come up with some sort of a plan for tonight. James was likely expecting to spend the evening with me, watching TV, but I really wanted to spend time with Bobby. I wanted to dress for him, to pretty myself up for him, and I wanted to melt into his arms as we stood in the middle of the floor, soft music playing while we made out while pretending to slow dance.

The thought crossed my mind to tell James to call his mother, to offer to take her out to dinner, but the idea made me cringe. James would know immediately that I was trying to get rid of him.

Now, as I sat at my dressing table, applying the darkest shade of polish my fingernails had ever seen, I was still no closer to a plan. But as I stared at the drying polish, I decided to forge ahead, to ask James to ask his mother to dinner.

I stood and moved to the phone. I smiled when he answered. "Hi, sweetie, how's your day going?"

He groaned. "Busy. I'm trying to put out two fires, as we speak, one in

accounting and one with a supplier. What's up?"

My stomach full of butterflies, I said, "I wanted to know if I could talk you into going out tonight."

"A date with my sweetheart?"

I closed my eyes. "No, um..."

He broke the short silence, laughing softly. "Ah, you want me out of the house. Got a hot date I don't know about?"

"No, I don't have a hot date," I hissed. "Get your mind out of the gutter."

Again, he laughed. "What's up?"

I blew out a breath, softly, hoping he didn't hear it. "I want to spend some time with Bobby, teach him to dance."

"Yeah?"

"Mm. He's got a school dance coming up, and you know as well as I do that he has zero practice."

"Like his brother."

I felt the words like a dull knife through my heart. In my softest tone, I said, "I can't make him come to me, James."

"I'm sorry, baby, that was insensitive."

"I want to," I whispered. "I'd love nothing more than to hold him and squeeze him and smother him with love. He just doesn't seem to want it."

"I'm sorry." He sighed. "Maybe I'll go get some dinner, hit a movie or something, give you two some time to bond."

I wiped at my eyes. "You're the best," I whispered.

"I love you, Jackie."

"I love you too, my sweet man." I took a calming breath. "Call your mother."

He didn't answer right away, then... "Yeah, maybe I will. She'll be thrilled... assuming she hasn't already got plans."

I rolled onto my back and released a long sigh. For God only knows what reason, I was *so* looking forward to a nice, cozy evening with my handsome son, and still I felt not a hint of guilt. Somehow, it didn't feel like cheating, not like I knew it would were I rendezvousing with another man.

I was, though, for, regardless of the fact that Bobby is not yet a man, he has a penis, one that's perfectly capable of causing trouble. And I knew that, unchecked, his penis, like any other, wouldn't hesitate for a second to try to worm its way into me. I shivered at the thought, my spine tingling as I rolled off the bed, forcing all thoughts of penises and my beautiful baby from my mind.



I was pushing the spoon around in the thickening gravy when the phone rang. I glanced over at the caller ID, and smiled as I reached for the thing. "Hello, Priscilla, what brings you to my phone?"

She laughed softly. Everything about Priscilla Terassino is soft; her voice, her demeanor, her curves... She's a widow, her husband, James' father, having died just over five years ago. And though he was a very nice man, he was more than a bit reserved. Never once did I hear him tell James that he loved him. No, from the first time I met her, I knew that it was from her that James got his gentle, sweet personality. She's about the best mother-in-law a woman could hope for.

"I just hung up with James."

"Oh?" I said, a smile pulling my lips.

"Mm. He asked if I was free for dinner."

"That was nice of him."

"I think so."

"He's a very sweet boy," I said, my tone low. "Gets it from his momma."

"Thank you, dear, but I can't take all the credit; his father was a fine man, even if he wasn't very touchy-feely."

I blew out a breath. "I'm sorry. I wasn't..."

“Relax, Jackie, I know you weren’t. Anyway, I called to thank you. This has your fingerprints all over it.”

I sighed, unable to stop the smile. “He loves you very much.”

“And I, him. He’s the best thing I ever did in this life.”

The statement made my breath catch. I swallowed the lump in my throat. “I know the feeling.”

“I suppose you do. And speaking of you, why are you not joining us?”

I hesitated before speaking, knowing that this was one of those times in life where a little white lie would actually be justified. I set my tone just this side of intimate. “He’s been talking about you for weeks; how he doesn’t get to see you.” Quieter, I said, “He misses his momma.”

“He does, does he?”

“Enjoy your evening, Priscilla.”

“You too, dear. Give my grandsons hugs and kisses.”

“I will. Bye.”

“Bye.”

I disconnected, smiling, my head shaking. And for the next full minute, the phone, resting innocently on the counter beside me, taunted me, willing me to pick it up. I sighed as I reached for it.

“Hi there, beautiful. Forget something?”

Though the phone had been taunting me, that didn’t mean I had a plan. “Not really. I just... got off the phone with your mother.”

“What a coincidence.”

I laughed, sounding nervous even to myself. I closed my eyes, picturing his face. “I told her you miss her.”

“You did?”

“That you miss spending time with her,” I said, ignoring his question. “And that you’ve been talking about her for weeks.”

He broke the short silence, his tone quiet, “You told her that?”

“I did.”

“Why?”

Why, indeed. “Because you have. Sort of.”

Another short silence, then, his voice warm, he said, “Are you trying to play cupid, Mrs. Terassino?”

“No, I’m not trying to play cupid. I just thought...”

“That you’d...?”

I sighed, feeling flustered. I really hadn’t thought this through. “Look, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t speak for you.”

“Baby, I’m not upset, really. I’m just teasing.”

“Don’t like to be teased,” I murmured.

“Oh, but you do.”

“James...” My stomach fluttered at his tone.

He laughed softly. “Enjoy your evening, Jacqueline.”

“You too, husband.”

I set the phone aside, unable to stop the smile.

Unlike his father, I wasn’t the least bit concerned about Ricky, for I knew, without having asked, without needing to, that he’d be out tonight, likely until at least eleven, and probably later. If I was right, he’d be going out with Rachel. Rarely, does he miss an opportunity to spend time with her.

I made a mental note to talk to James; get him to have another chat with him about birth control.

I had the table set and I had dinner simmering on the stove, and though I could have done it earlier, when I was fresh out of the shower, at the same time I’d done my fingernails, I was pampering my feet, buffing the already-soft skin of my heels.

As a rule, I have my nails done professionally, at least once a month, my

hands more out of convenience than anything else. My feet, though... It's so much more relaxing to just sit back and let somebody else do it. And there's no denying that the results are better. But between appointments I like to paint them myself, change the color, keep things fresh. And I get enough compliments from James that it's worth the time and effort.

Today, though, I wasn't after my husband's appraisal. Today I was primping myself for my boyfriend. The thought made my stomach flutter. And though the balls of my feet really didn't need it, I was buffing them when Bobby came in, for I'd been waiting to paint my toes until he took his place at my feet.

I followed him with my eyes, nervous excitement coursing through me as he approached, as his eyes moved over me, starting with my feet and moving up my smooth legs, over my thighs, and stopping on my exposed panties. I sat still, waiting, the sanding board held idle in my hand as his gaze lingered, warming my tingling vagina.

There wasn't really much to see, though, for I was wearing a pair of simple, cotton panties, these red, one of several pair reserved for *that* time of the month. But to *his* eyes, they were new, and they stood out only in that they contrasted so sharply with my normally frilly underthings. They also contrasted sharply with my milky skin. "How was your day, baby?"

It took a moment for my voice to penetrate, and another moment for him to pull his gaze from between my legs. "Hm?"

I gave him a patient smile. "I asked how your day was."

He shrugged, his gaze dropping, first to my lips and then to the deep line of cleavage my nightie afforded him. "It was good." His gaze moved to an already hardening nipple, and lingered there as he spoke. "I got an A on my geometry test." He brought his gaze up. "And I got paired with Janine, in theater."

"Yeah?"

He nodded. I said, "And how did Linda Whatshername take that?" I said, pushing my foot out to run my toes up and down his thigh.

He smiled. "It's Zuniga, and I think maybe she's jealous."

Most likely true. In my biased opinion, she'd be a fool if she wasn't interested in him. But while I don't know her, I *do* know Janine, and though she's never been very overt with her feelings for Bobby, she isn't fooling me; she's in love with him, has been since they met in the fifth grade. And like Bobby, Janine is maturing, becoming more assertive. It's only a matter of time before she stakes her claim on him. No, whether Bobby realizes it or not, Linda hasn't got a chance.

"Well, just... be careful with her heart."

His brows drew. I said, "Girls are sensitive. We get our hearts broken pretty easily." He still looked confused. I gave him a reassuring smile. "Go change. I'll explain it to you when you come back."

"Kay."

I shook the bottle of polish while I waited for him, and I followed him with my eyes as he sank down before me, as he leaned in to kiss my knee. He focused his gaze on my fingers. "Pretty," he murmured.

"Yeah?"

He nodded.

"Not too dark?"

He shook his head, his gaze moving to my panties. "Are those new?"

I shook my head. "Aside from the fact that she's a little hottie, tell me why you think Linda is jealous of Janine."

He shrugged, his gaze shifting to my ankle, a shy smile pulling his lips.

I pushed my fingers into his hair, grasping it, pulling it, making his eyes slide closed. "Do you know what it means to lead somebody on?"

I watched a smile spread across his face. I laughed softly as I released him, as I found a new spot. "Shall I take that as a yes?"

He nodded, still not meeting my gaze.

I released his hair and trailed a fingertip down his cheek, hooked his chin, and pulled it up. His eyes came open then, the smile reaching them. "Tell me about Linda," I said, my tone intimate.

His gaze dropped to my chest. “She has really nice boobs.”

I laughed softly. “Yeah?”

He nodded, his gaze on one excited nipple.

“Were you a gentleman?”

He brought his gaze up to mine, his brow furrowed.

“Did you stare at them?”

He shook his head, but his smile said otherwise. I laughed softly. “It’s okay to look, just... be discreet, okay? Some girls don’t like to be ogled.”

He nodded, then lay his head on his folded arms, his eyes closing.

The silence dragged on, and I couldn’t help but wonder if I touched a nerve.

“Baby?”

He moved, pressing his face up against my leg, hiding, answering my unasked question.

I reached out to pull my fingers through his hair, calming both of us. “I’m not like most girls, Bobby.”

“You’re not?” he said, his voice muffled.

“No, sweetheart. I love the way you look at me. It makes me feel...” I took a breath, held it a moment, then released it slowly. “Sexy,” I whispered.

He pushed his face further under my leg, a shy smile pulling his lips.

I traced his ear with a fingertip. “Such a pretty smile.”

“Your smile’s pretty too.”

“Yeah?”

He nodded.

“As pretty as Linda’s?”

“Prettier.”

I teased his hair. “What about her eyes, baby boy; are they pretty?”

“Mhm.”

“As pretty as your girlfriend’s eyes?”

He shook his head, nipping at my knee, softly, making me jump, making my heart race.

I closed my fingers in his hair, and squeezed it until he moaned, then I moved to a new spot and did it again, then again and again. “Wanna paint my toes?”

He shook his head, smiling.

“Wanna go check on dinner for me?”

He nodded, then slowly stood.

“Stir it a bit.”

“Kay.”

He returned to his spot before me, leaning against the arm of the sofa, his eyes following me as I worked. “Wanna blow on them?” I asked, when I finished with the first foot.

Without hesitation, he leaned toward me. Oh, I know how enamel works; that blowing on it does exactly nothing, as far as drying it goes. But his warm breath felt wonderful between my toes. I ran my fingers through his hair. “That feels nice, baby,” I purred.

He pressed a kiss to the top of my foot, then he leaned back. Maybe later I’d ask him for a foot massage. I glanced at the clock. We had about another twenty minutes before his brother was due home. Dinner would be ready about then, as well.

In silence, I finished my other foot, then I held it out to him, again enjoying the feel of his breath on me. Then he leaned back.

“No kiss?”

He smiled, shy, but leaned forward and pressed his lips to me. They made a smacking noise when he pulled away.

I lowered my foot to the top his thigh and rubbed it there. “Your father won’t be here for dinner.”

“No?”

I shook my head. “He’s taking grandma out to dinner, and maybe to the movies.”

“Why?”

“Because he loves her.”

“Mm.”

“And your brother’s probably got a date with Rachel.”

A smile began to pull at his lips. “Just us?”

I nodded. “Just us, baby.”

His gaze moved to my chest. “Are we gonna dance again?”

“That what you want, sugar?”

He smiled.

“Gonna hold your sweetheart tight?”

He reached for my calf, up high, just below my knee. His fingers curled around me and he began to pull. His gaze slipped over my thigh to settle on my panties, as they came into view.

I brought a hand down between my legs to cover myself, and met his gaze when it came up, my own eyes alight with mischief. “What, baby boy?”

“I wanna see,” he said, his voice just reaching me.

“Not supposed to stare at your momma’s panties, baby.”

I watched as he grew restless, his gaze moving from mine to my hand then back up, his eyes pleading.

“Tell me what you want, sugar.”

He lowered his gaze, and in the softest voice, said, “I wanna lick your fingers.”

My stomach rolled, his naughty request making me shiver. But as much as I would love to push my fingers into my panties, to gather my juices on them, and to slip them into his mouth, now was not the time. No, that kind of play would have to wait. I shook my head. “We can’t, baby, I’m on my period,” I whispered.

He frowned. I pulled my hand from between my legs and slowly brought it out to him, holding my fingers up for him to smell, and though he didn't exactly back away in disgust, neither did he look terribly interested in them.

"It's nature's way of keeping your face out of there during that time of the month."

He smiled, shy.

"Know what, though?"

"Hm?"

"I'm really looking forward to spending time with you tonight. I've been thinking about being in your arms all day long."

"You have?"

I nodded, tracing his ear. "Mmhm. Come on, help me up."

He stood and reached for my hands. Once standing, I cupped his cheeks. My eyes slid closed as I settled my lips over his, moaned when his tongue came out to meet my own.

Within moments his fingers were gripping my nightie, our moans filling the air, and though I was sure we had at least another ten minutes, I jumped when I heard a key in the door. "Gotta go change!" I pecked at his lips, then darted from the room. "Go check on dinner," I called over my shoulder.

I entered the kitchen, a few minutes later, dressed in a pair of stretch pants and a tee shirt. He was standing at the stove, stirring, and I snuggled him from behind as I reached for the spoon. "Set the table for me?"

He noticed my pants, a few moments later, and I watched, amused, as he stopped in his tracks, his eyes glued to my ass. Unable to resist, I pushed it out, giving it a little wiggle. He groaned, his head shaking.

As thin as my leggings were, my panties were dark enough that, aside from their outline, they were all but invisible. Even so, he seemed fascinated, and I made a mental note to wear them again, when it was just the two of us... with some frilly panties.

The sound of his brother's footsteps got him moving, and I turned to offer Ricky a smile. "Hi, sweetheart."

Over dinner, we talked about school and about their plans for the weekend. Ricky was excited about the game tomorrow evening, and though I wasn't thrilled about having to sit on the hard bleachers for the better part of the evening, watching a bunch of testosterone-laden boys running around and plowing into each other, it was a small price to pay to show my support.

"Gonna go?" he asked, meeting Bobby's gaze.

He shrugged. "I don't know, maybe, I guess."

Only just then realizing his father was missing, Ricky's brow went up. "Where's dad?"

"He's out to dinner with grandma," Bobby said.

Ricky turned questioning eyes on me. I shrugged. "He misses her."

"But we just saw her, like, two weeks ago."

My brow went up. "Would you be okay with only seeing *me* once every couple weeks?" I asked, trying desperately to keep the hurt from my tone.

Without hesitation, he shook his head, which made me feel a bit better. He said, "That sounded so much better inside my head than it did outside."

I chuckled. His brother covered his mouth to keep from spitting out the mouthful of food he was chewing.

My gaze on Ricky's, I said, "No matter how old we get, mothers need their babies."

"Got it, spend more time with my mother."

"That's right."

He focused on his plate. "I have a date tonight, with Rachel."

I laughed softly. "I figured as much. But there's always tomorrow. You could hang out with me for a while, tell me what's going on in your life."

He nodded. "I can do that."

An hour later, he entered the front room, looking fresh and clean. I presented him my cheek and reminded him not to drink and drive, and to drive carefully, and to call me if he did drink, that I'd come pick him up, no questions asked. It was the same thing I told him whenever he went out, and like every time, I prayed to God he listened to me.

Less than a minute after he walked out the door, Bobby appeared. He stretched out on the sofa, his head in my lap. I spent a few minutes just staring into his eyes and running my fingers through his hair. But I was really looking forward to dressing up for him, and seeing him in a pair of slacks. "Go get ready for your date, baby boy."

"Kay."

I waited until I heard the shower start before heading for my room. I'd already picked something out for the evening, and it was laid out on my bed; a black knit gown, one that hugs my curves, accentuating both my breasts and my hips. I freshened up in the bathroom before pulling it on, then did my makeup and spent some time on my hair, and though I had no intention of keeping them on, I slipped into a pair of strappy sandals, a pair I happen to know he's particularly fond of. I was still admiring them in my full length mirror when he entered. I turned to face him, hands at my sides as his gaze moved slowly over my dress, over my thighs, his eyes caressing me as they moved lower, lingering. He brought his gaze up again, to my thighs, then to my hips before finally settling on my breasts. "You look really pretty," he murmured.

"I'm glad you think so." I did a slow turn, watching as his gaze dropped to my ass, lingering there, then I walked toward him. His gaze dropped again to my feet, and followed them as I circled him. "I think you look really nice too." I stopped facing him.

The extra three inches afforded by my heels brought him that much closer to my breasts. Not surprisingly, his gaze settled there, warming me. I brought my hands up and rubbed them against his chest. "Like looking at your momma's boobs, baby?"

He smiled, his gaze coming up, meeting my own for but a split second before

dropping to my lips. “Wow,” he breathed.

“You like?”

He nodded, staring, his lips parted.

I leaned in then, my eyes closing as I brought my lips to his, brushing against them, kissing his lower lip then his upper. Then I settled my lips over his, a soft moan escaping. I shivered when our tongues met.

I wanted music, though, and I wanted the thrill of leading him down the hall, knowing he’d be looking at my legs and my ass. I pulled away and touched my forehead to his, stared into his eyes, already dark with desire. “You have the sweetest tongue,” I whispered.

He smiled, his gaze dropping to my lips, willing them closer. I shook my head. “Come with me.” I ran my hand down his arm and slipped a finger through his, then pulled him toward the door.

In the hall, I stopped him. “Wait here.” I began walking, one foot directly in front of the other, slowly, the way a woman is supposed to walk in heels, the way that makes her hips sway so seductively as she moves, the way that makes men, and some women, drool. And when I turned at the end of the hall, he had his lip caught in his teeth, his gaze on my feet. I had intended on calling him to me, instead, I retraced my steps, slowly, my gaze on his face, his on my feet. And as I approached, I knew that one day soon I’d have him sucking on my toes, running his tongue over and between them, driving me crazy, just as his daddy does when the mood strikes him.

I reached for his hand and slipped a finger through his, then pulled him along with me, staring into his eyes as we moved. “I love the way you look at me,” I murmured.

“You’re beautiful.”

“Thank you. I wanted to look nice for you tonight. I’ve been looking forward to being in your arms all day long.”

“Me too.”

I directed us to the middle of the floor, purposely facing him toward the sofa.

“Gonna put some music on. Don’t move.”

“Kay.”

I backed away from him, then moved around him, holding my finger out, my brow twitching. He smiled, amused, but remained where I left him as I moved toward the stereo, my gaze on his ass.

I tuned to my favorite easy-listening station and set the volume low, then I approached him from behind. “Don’t move.”

Though I wanted so badly to take his gorgeous little ass cheeks in my hands and squeeze them, I resisted. Instead, I leaned in to nuzzle him. He shivered when I pressed my lips to the side of his neck, moaned when I sucked at him, oh, so gently. It wouldn’t do to mark his perfect skin. Slowly, I nibbled my way toward his ear. “Take my shoes off, baby.”

“You just put them on.”

I bit his earlobe. “I only put them on so you could take them off.”

He leaned back against me, reaching blindly for me. He found the hem of my dress with surprising speed, but I caught his wrist. “Ah ah. No touching.”

He groaned, long and low, as he took a step forward. He knelt, and for a long moment he stared. I ran my fingers through his hair. “On the outside of my ankle, there’s a little buckle there,” I said, turning one foot.

Even shaking with nerves, his deft fingers made quick work of the strap. I lifted my foot and he slipped my shoe off and set it aside. I presented him my other foot, then toyed his hair as he went to work on the buckle. He stood and faced me, his eyes on my lips as I ran my hands up his arms and over his shoulders. I crossed my wrists at the back of his neck, sighing as our lips met.

We kissed and swayed together until I had to pee, then I poured a glass of wine for myself and a glass of iced tea for him. But as he watched me sip my wine, he said, “Can I taste it?”

“Pretty sure one sip isn’t gonna kill you.” If nothing else, it would remind him that he doesn’t like the taste of wine.

I laughed at the look he made as he swallowed, shivering, looking like he’d

swallowed a lemon. “Good, huh?”

“How can you drink that stuff?”

I shrugged. “It’s an acquired taste.”

“Okay...” he said, skeptical.

I took another sip, then reached for his glass. I set both on the coffee table, then I reached for his hand, lifted it, and turned myself. I stopped facing away from him and leaned back into him with a sigh. I drew his arms around me and tilted my head for him, moaning softly when he pressed his lips to my neck. I spoke when he began to suck. “Gently, baby. You gave me a hickey last time.”

“I did?”

I eased my head back onto his shoulder. “Mmhm.”

“I didn’t see anything.”

“I covered it up with makeup.” I sighed, closing my eyes when he touched his lips to me. “That’s it, baby,” I purred. “This is how a woman wants to be loved.”

For many minutes he licked and sucked at me, making my head swim, making my nipples hard and my spine tingle. “Mmm. Nobody’s ever kissed me the way you do.”

“Really?”

I reached up to caress his cheek. “You make my head swim and my heart race.”

I shivered when he pressed his lips to me, just below my ear, his tongue coming out to tease me, his breath warm on my skin, and for a long time I enjoyed the feel of him as he worked his magic on me, enjoyed the hold he had on me, the delicious feeling of his erection pressed to my ass. He had me so aroused that, were I not on my period, I have no doubt we’d have ended up in bed, naked and writhing against each other. The thought made me dizzy, and I gripped his wrist, fighting the urge to bring his hand up, but the desire to have him touching me was stronger than my will, and I released a soft sigh as I ran my fingers over his skin and into his hand. With the slightest pressure, I directed him up to my breast. “That’s right, baby, gently,” I murmured.

He explored me for only a few moments before his other hand came up, and then he was squeezing them, massaging them, his touch experimental. I moaned softly when the pressure was right, and remained silent when he got a bit too aggressive, and within only a few minutes he had me moaning constantly. It amazed me how fast he picked up on my cues, how in tune he was with my body. “When I’m on my period, I like a really gentle touch.”

“Not all the time?”

I shook my head.

“Are all girls like that?”

I couldn’t resist a smile. “Who are you thinking about?”

“Nobody, really. I was just curious.”

“Mm. Anyway, I think most are.”

One hand slid down to my belly and he pulled me tight to him. “What about other times?”

“Mm... Guess you’ll have to experiment.”

“Experiment?”

I nodded. His hand, the one massaging my belly, was creeping steadily south, and though I knew I needed to rein him in, the words, the protest, wouldn’t come.

By the time he reached the base of my belly, he’d abandoned any pretense of a massage, instead, his fingers eased over my mound, slowly, teasing, making me moan. I’m sure I’ve never wanted anything as badly as I wanted his touch, and when his fingers finally found my clit, I turned my head, searching out his lips, his tongue. I couldn’t resist tilting my hips, pushing against his teasing touch. I broke the kiss and eased my head back onto his shoulder. “Such a naughty boy,” I purred. “Making me crazy.”

He rolled his hips, increasing the pressure of his cock against my ass, while at the same time pulling his fingers more firmly into my crease, crushing my clit, making me dizzy. But he was beginning to get a bit carried away with my nipple. Next week, I’d welcome the assault. Tonight, though... I shook my head. “Easy, baby.”

And just like that, he eased up, his hold on my nipple easing as he moved to cup my breast. But he wasn't willing to give up his hold on my vulva, and his fingers continued their teasing caress of my clit, though with far less enthusiasm, far less pressure. "Mmm... Perfect," I murmured, my breath warming his neck.

I allowed him a few more minutes of fun before reaching for his wrist. While I wanted nothing more than to come, I knew I needed to slow things down, before we got too carried away, for it wouldn't be long before I would lose the desire to keep us in check, and there was no question that we needed to be kept in check. "Baby..."

I wasn't ready for the look in his eyes, and my heart fluttered at the sight, my stomach tumbling at the desire there.

He pressed his lips to mine, gently but firmly, even as he tightened his hold on me, pulling me tighter to him, grinding his erection against me.

I shivered, trying desperately to gather the strength to fight him, to pull myself from him, but he moved his lips to my ear, his hot breath making it hard for me to think. "Please, baby," he whispered.

The plea stopped me struggling, immediately and completely, and I uncoiled, relaxing back into him, sighing as he fastened his lips to my neck, his hips moving against my ass in the most delicious way. "No marks, sweetheart," I murmured, moving against him, inciting him.

The effect was immediate; he thrust against me, groaning, his breath hot on my neck as his fingers slipped deeper into my crease. I came with him, a slow, lazy orgasm that left my head full of cotton and my stomach twisting and turning as I sagged against him.

We clung to each other, his grip on me easing as the moments ticked by. I turned to face him and moved into his embrace, pushing my face into his neck, pressing my lips to him. "Was that nice, baby?"

He moaned softly.

I forced my eyes open and glanced at the clock. My brows creased with the realization that we'd been teasing each other for the past hour. Though I had no

idea when his father would be home, I knew I didn't want to be dressed as I was when he arrived. And though I hadn't looked, I just knew that my lipstick was smeared all over Bobby's lips and cheeks and neck. We both needed to clean ourselves up, and sooner was better than later.

I pulled away slowly, not surprised when he resisted. "Come on, baby, we need to get you cleaned up and ready for bed."

"Not ready for bed yet," he pouted, sounding adorable.

"I didn't say we were *going* to bed, I said we need to get *ready* for bed."

"Oh."

I pulled away and offered him a warm smile. He did, indeed, have lipstick all over his face. "Grab my shoes?"

He reached for them, then straightened with a moan, his hand pulling at the front of his pants.

I bit my lip to keep from laughing. "Messy boy." I held a hand out to him. "Come on." I pulled him toward the hall. "Go clean up. I'll meet you back out here."

"Kay."

I stripped, then squatted in the tub to wash away the evidence of my excitement, but I couldn't resist teasing another orgasm from my aching sex. I'm never hornier than I am while on my period, and orgasms during that time of the month are a dime a dozen. I settled for one, however, knowing he was waiting for me, then I dried off and faced the mirror. I sighed, noting the small, pink hickey he'd left, up near my ear. I reached for my concealer and covered it up, and I touched up the one he left the other day. Then I wiped the lipstick from my lips and, satisfied I was as presentable as I could be, moved to my room. I slipped into a pair of plain, dark panties, and had just settled my nightie when he entered, his gaze on my chest as he approached. I brought my hand up to cup his cheek. "All ready for bed?"

He nodded. I traced his lips with a finger, then pressed my lips to his. "Come on, Romeo."

I sat on the sofa, while he sank to the floor at my feet, his head in my lap, lips pressed to my knee as I sipped the rest of my wine, my fingers sifting through his hair.

I set the empty glass on the end table and watched as his lips teased my skin. And yet again it struck me how sensual he is, how erotic it is to feel his lips on me.

Each kiss overlapped the last, each soft and each lingering for many moments, and it took several minutes to realize that he was moving, several minutes for it to register that he was already a good four inches above my knee. And as I continued to tease his hair, he continued his sensual assault, his kisses now interspersed with sweet, little nips, making my spine tingle with each one, and with each one my thighs came further apart. I watched, removed, as this boy, so young and inexperienced, and yet so in tune with my body, forced my legs apart without so much as a touch of his fingers.

By the time his breath was warming my upper thighs, I was trembling, my fingers gripping his hair, one leg pulled to the side, his lips pressed to it, teasing it, driving me crazy. I moaned softly, my pussy clasp in anticipation as he turned his head, sucking gently at my other thigh, then again and again, biting softly, my leg twitching with each little nip, opening further with each soft kiss, his lips inching closer and closer. And as I stared down on him, I wondered how far he'd go if I didn't stop him.

But I knew.

His teenaged hormones were driving him, and they'd continue to drive him until he got what he wanted, what his hormones told him he needed; pussy. And he was headed right for his momma's.

I have no idea where I found the willpower, but I tightened my grip in his hair. "Baby..." I pleaded, my head shaking even as I pulled my thigh further to the side, my mind telling my conscience it was only trying to escape the sweet torture of his lips, of his teasing tongue.

But he ignored me, his lips moving closer, his hormones pushing him on, his progress steady, his lips now only an inch from my hot, swollen vulva.

I fought to control my muscles, for though I was willing my thighs closed,

they only moved further apart, inviting him. Not trusting either of us, I pushed a hand down to cover my panties. “No, baby.”

But he pressed his lips to my fingers, kissing them, then his tongue came out to tease me as he stared up into my eyes. I lifted a finger, holding it out for him. He immediately sucked it in, tonguing it, making my stomach flutter. “Naughty boy.”

He smiled.

I pulled at his hair, forcing his head back, following his delicious lips with my finger. I needed to get him out from between my legs before I gave in to him, before I let him at me. I leaned further over and shook my shoulders side to side, getting his attention with my swaying breasts and my swollen nipples. “They’re aching for attention, baby.”

He smiled around my finger. I released his hair, then slipped one shoulder strap down my arm. He watched with interest as I lowered the front of my nightie, exposing one breast. Slowly, I pulled my finger from his lips and directed him to my nipple, a soft moan escaping as his lips closed over the thick, rubbery tip. I struggled to hold his gaze as he began to pull at it, teasing me. “Suck, baby,” I purred.

He stared into my eyes as I tilted his chin up, but they fluttered closed as I dipped my head, as my tongue slipped out to tease his lips.

His attention now fully on my breast, I began to tease the other, pulling on my nipple, gently, trying to assuage the dull ache. I pushed it up against his cheek, rubbing my nipple against him, making him smile. “Wish I had some milk for you.”

His brow twitched.

Though I was enjoying the teasing, the position I was in was making my back hurt. “Let me up, baby.”

He released me and sat back on his heels. I stood. “Lay down... On your back... Move down.”

I straddled him and leaned over, the position allowing my breasts to hang above his chest. A slow smile pulled his lips as I moved my shoulders side to side,

slowly, making my breasts sway. His gaze followed my nipples as they danced before him. “Really love the way you look at me,” I purred. My nipples brushed against his chest as I lowered my lips to his. “You make me feel sexy.”

“You are... sexy,” he whispered, tasting the word. His hands came up to capture my breasts, stopping their movement, and I moaned into his mouth when he began to tease my nipples, pinching them lightly, then harder, experimenting. “How long until I can have your panties?”

His words made me all warm and fuzzy. He was growing more and more confident. “A day or two after my period.”

“When?”

“Maybe by Wednesday.”

He tugged on my nipples, gently. “I can’t wait that long.”

I nipped at his lips.

Again, he tugged on my nipples, harder now. “I wanna taste you,” he said, his voice a soft whisper.

“No, baby, you need to wait.” I kissed him. “Next week.” Another kiss. “I promise.” Another kiss. “I’ll open my legs for you.” Another kiss. “...and you can push your face around in there to your heart’s content.”

He groaned as he captured my lips, pushing his tongue into my mouth, making me moan. And I groaned when he began to get more aggressive with my nipples.

He broke the kiss, his eyes full of fire. “Too hard?”

Even during my period, there’s a point at which the pain morphs into pleasure, when a virtual link opens up between my nipples and my clit, and somewhere in the last couple minutes, he’d crossed it. I shook my head.

He increased the pressure, pulling against me. “Too hard?”

Again I shook my head, but I jumped a moment later, my eyes closing as I released a ragged breath.

“Too hard?” he purred.

“No.”

Again, I jumped, my head shaking as I met his gaze. “Tease your momma?”

He nodded, a mischievous smile reaching his eyes.

We heard the garage door then, and I pressed a last kiss to his lips. “Cover momma’s girls?”

He laughed softly, but he pulled my nightie up, holding each strap for me while I slipped my arms through. I slipped down between him and the back of the sofa and he rolled over to face me, cuddling up, his legs entwining with mine, his face in the crook of my neck. “Hard for momma?” I whispered.

He moaned, pressing up against me.

“Close your eyes, baby.”

James appeared before me, a few moments later, and I offered him a warm smile. He returned it, one brow up, his gaze dropping, first to my nipple and then to our legs, where Bobby’s thigh was pulled up against my panties. The embrace was far too intimate to be appropriate, and I put a finger to my lips, hoping to forestall whatever it was he was about to say.

He shook his head, a small smile pulling his lips. “Awfully cozy,” he murmured.

Unable to stop the smile, I said, “Go get ready for bed. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

He leaned over to press his lips to my forehead. “Love you.”

I mouthed the endearment back to him, and I watched as he backed out of the room. As his footsteps receded, Bobby’s eyes came open, the excitement showing in them.

I ran my nails up his back, making him arch into me. “Need to get up.”

He shook his head, looking terribly adorable. I laughed softly. “Let’s not push our luck, okay?”

He groaned but he moved, rolling off the sofa. He leaned in to press his lips to mine. I shook my head when he tried to deepen the kiss. “Go.”

I watched, charmed, as he pouted, his head hanging, lip pushed out. I followed him, a few moments later, hoping to allow my nipples the chance to settle down.

I found James in the bathroom, brushing. He followed me with his eyes, in the mirror, as I came up behind him. I wrapped my arms around him and rubbed my cheek against his back, inhaling deeply. “You smell like Priscilla,” I murmured.

His body shook with silent laughter. And once he’d rinsed, he turned and pulled me to him, pressing his lips to mine, murmuring against them. “How did it go?”

My brows drew. “How did what go?”

“Dancing lessons...”

My heart skipped a beat and I turned, laying my cheek against his chest, hiding. “Fine.”

“Did you teach him to waltz?”

My stomach rolled. “No.”

“What *did* you teach him?”

*How to tease his momma.* I bit the inside of my cheek, nervous about how close I’d come to uttering those words. “Really, we mostly just slow danced. He seemed more interested in that than anything else.”

“Mm. Now there’s a surprise.”

I’d just pulled in a breath to respond when he said, “Well, you’d better try to get him interested in something other than slow dancing or he’s gonna be a wallflower. The dances I remember going to were mostly dominated by the faster stuff.”

I moved my cheek against him. “Maybe next time.”

He laughed silently. I ignored him. “Go get in bed, handsome.”

I washed and brushed, and when I came out, he was waiting for me, a mischievous smile pulling his lips. His gaze wandered over me before coming up. “Go say goodnight, then come give me some candy.”

I laughed softly. “Gonna give you the whole jar.”

I heard the front door open then, just as I entered the hall, and I went to greet Ricky. “Glad you’re home.”

“Everybody in bed?”

“Mhm. Go say goodnight to your father. I’ll see you in the morning.”

I waited until he entered my room before twisting Bobby’s door handle. His light was off but there was enough light from the moon that I could see him following me with his eyes. I sat on the edge of his bed and reached out to cup his cheek. I offered him a warm smile. “Love you so much,” I murmured.

“I love you too.”

We stayed like that for almost a full minute; smiling at each other, my thumb brushing his cheek. I broke the silence. “I had a nice time with you tonight.”

“Me too.”

Unable to resist the pull, I leaned over him, my eyes closing as our lips met. “Can’t get enough of your sweet lips,” I whispered.

He caught my hand, threading his fingers with my own, and pulled my hand down, slowly, as his tongue came out to taste mine, making me moan. But he was leading me onto his belly, pulling his fingers from mine, running his hand over the back of mine, caressing me, not pushing, just... caressing. But I knew what he wanted, and I broke the kiss, my head shaking. “No, baby.”

He gave me a pleading look. “I’m hard for you, Momma.”

My eyes slid closed, my breath catching. He was learning, and fast. Already, he knew just what to say to get to me. His fingers closed around my hand and I opened my eyes, holding his gaze as he began to pull me lower. “Bobby...” I shook my head, pulling against him. “I can’t, baby.”

“Please, Momma,” he whispered.

The poor thing had no idea how badly I wanted to, how desperately I longed to touch him, to have him in my mouth, in my pussy, but I just wasn’t willing to risk James catching us in such a compromising position. On the other hand, I

needed to give him something. “I want to, baby, I really do, but I can’t.” I took and released a calming breath. “Not tonight.”

“Tomorrow?” he said, his eyes full of hope.

I sighed. “We’ll see.” His lips curved up into an adorable smile and I laughed softly. “I said, we’ll see.”

“Kay.”

I pressed my lips to his, my eyes closing, and I slipped my tongue between his lips, making us both moan. Though I’d tasted his tongue I don’t know how many times, over the past week, it still amazed me how quickly and completely it derailed me, how unbelievably naughty it felt. But if I wasted any more time, I’d have to explain my absence, and I really didn’t want to. I pulled back and smiled at him, enjoying the dreamy look in his eyes. “Kiss me so good,” I purred.

“You too.”

I placed a last kiss on his lips. “Sleep tight, my sweet boy.”

“I wish you could stay with me.”

I shook my head slowly. “I can’t, baby. But don’t think for a moment that I wouldn’t if I could.”

“Maybe one day?”

I tried to find a way to tell him that it wasn’t likely, but I just couldn’t find the words. I shook my head. “Never say never.”

“I’d marry you, if I could.”

His words, the promise, made my heart flutter. I cupped his cheek, brushing my thumb over his skin. “And I’d say yes, and I’d go anywhere with you.”

His smile grew.

“But I’m married, baby, and I want you to promise me that, when the time comes, when some sweet girl finds you, you’ll marry her and settle down and give me lots of little grand-babies.”

He nodded but remained silent.

“Promise me, Bobby,” I said, my tone pleading. “I need to know that you’re okay.”

“I am, I promise.”

I brushed my thumb over his cheek, then leaned in to press my lips to his for a chaste but lingering kiss.

“I love you,” he said, his eyes full of conviction.

“I love you too, my sweet boy, so very much.” I pressed a last kiss to his lips, then straightened, running my gaze down his chest, over his tummy, onto the tented sheet. I brought my hand out and drew the tip of my finger down the length of him, making him twitch. “Dream about me,” I whispered.

At the door, I offered him another warm smile. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

I entered my bedroom, closed the door, and stood there, taking him in. He was on his side, head on his hand, one knee up, his semi-erect cock draped over his thigh, looking unbelievably delicious. I shook my head. “You should have been a model.”

He laughed softly. “Think so?”

I nodded as I moved toward the bed, pulling my nightie over my head as I did.

His gaze moved to my breasts. “Beautiful,” he murmured.

I leaned forward and shook my shoulders. “Like looking at your momma’s boobs, sweetheart?”

He shook his head. “You’re just... The way they sway when you move... Bet you left him hard,” he said, his tone soft.

My breath caught, my head shaking as I tried to form a coherent response. But his gaze dropped back to my breasts, watching as they swayed slowly, side to side, mesmerized, and I realized he wasn’t waiting for a response. I moved closer and rested my knee on the edge of the bed. I brought my hands up to cup my breasts, and lifted them, teasing my nipples.

He rolled onto his belly and pressed his lips to the sensitive spot on the inside of my knee, then higher and higher. He knew, from our years together, that it was that time of the month. He'd know just by the panties I wore, but I'm sure he could also tell by my scent, so I wasn't surprised when he continued on past my hot oven, pressing kisses up my thigh and across my belly, over the stretch marks that marbled the skin there, as they did my hips and the backs of my thighs and my breasts. Over the years, I've come to believe his assertion that he finds them sexy, that they only add to my beauty. But even without the compliments I'd know, merely by the way in which he'll sometimes follow the vein-like tracks, with either his fingertips, his tongue, or both.

Now, though, he wasn't interested in my stretch marks; he was interested in my nipples, and I moaned, my eyes closing as his lips captured one. He began to nibble it, making me sway over him. He knows, from long years, just what I like, just how to tease me, and now, his teeth grazed me, then pulled gently on my nipple, driving me crazy. I released the breast he was ignoring and sent my fingers into his hair. "Such a momma's boy," I murmured, as I began to sift through it. "You know just what to do." I slid a fingertip down along his jaw, under his chin, and tapped him. It was the only hint he needed and I groaned, my eyes sliding closed as he bit down. I brought my hand to the back of his neck, to tease the hair there as he sucked and nibbled on me. But I wanted something more than his mouth on me. I was hotter than I'd been in a long time, and though I rarely pursue intercourse with him while on my period, tonight I was desperate to feel him inside of me, and I knew just what to say to get it. "Love momma's nipples, don't you, baby?"

His eyes darkened, a low moan escaping, warming my skin as he moved his head side to side, my breast swaying as it followed him. The gentle tugging felt divine.

He held my gaze as he feasted on me, as I pushed my fingers through his hair. I leaned over him, pressing my lips to his forehead. "Nibble, baby." I lifted his chin then kissed my way down to his lips. He released my nipple but I shook my head. "Don't stop, sweetheart." Again, he latched on, making me hiss when he bit down, gently at first, then harder, pulling at me, shaking his head side to side, like a dog

with a bone, making me crazy. I found his gaze. “Momma ride your sweet, young cock?”

He nodded, releasing me. My body uncoiled and I watched as he rolled off the bed, his cock dancing before him as he moved toward the bathroom. He returned with a bath towel, spread it out, then stretched out against me, pushing his cock into my belly, painting me with his delicious drool. “Take your panties off,” he whispered, his breath in my ear.



## Chapter 5

**I** woke to find him staring at me and I smiled, then stretched with a growl before again finding his gaze. “How long have you been awake?”

He reached out to draw his fingers over my cheek. “About ten minutes.”

“And have you been staring at me the whole time?”

He nodded. “You’re incredibly beautiful.”

I smiled, and for several moments the silence dragged on. I broke it. “Tell me about your date.”

He laughed softly. “She really is fond of you, you know.”

“I know, now tell me about your date.”

“It wasn’t a date.”

“So you say...”

He held my gaze, seemingly lost in thought, then, his tone soft and gentle, he said, “Everything alright with Bobby?”

My brows drew at the seeming non-sequitur. “Yes... why?”

He shook his head. “I’ve just noticed... Please don’t take this wrong, okay?”

I nodded, though my stomach was suddenly full of knots, as myriad images began to flood my mind’s eye, images of us kissing, of him sucking on my nipples, of me teasing his hard, young cock. “Okay,” I said, trying desperately for a neutral tone.

“Some nights, when you say goodnight to him, you take an awful long time.”

“Not that long,” I said, fighting to hold his gaze, struggling to keep my tone soft.

He drew a fingertip from my wrist to my elbow, making me shiver. “Yes, baby. Last night you were gone for over twenty minutes.”

It was everything I had not to show my surprise, not to deny it, for I knew that would beg the question of why I wasn’t aware of just how long I’d been in there with him. Instead, my tone soft, I said, “I’m mothering him. It’s the time we need together.”

For the longest time, he was silent, then he nodded. “Alright, sweetheart, I won’t interfere.”

I released a slow breath, my eyes closing. “Thank you.”

“You’re a good mother, Jacqueline.”

I met his gaze then, unable to stop the smile forming. “Thank you,” I whispered. “It means a lot to me that you feel that way. I try so hard to give them good memories.”

He cupped my cheek, smiling his warmest smile. “They’re happy.”

“They are, aren’t they?”

He nodded, his gaze dropping to my chest. His finger followed, a moment later, to run through my cleavage. “She wore that green pant suit.”

I smiled, relaxing further. I know the one. At about five, nine, his mother is a tall woman, with legs to match, and while the slacks he was speaking of hide her fifty-three year old skin, I know it to be as smooth as, or smoother than, my own. But while they may hide her legs, those slacks do nothing but justice for her fabulous ass, cupping it and displaying it to perfection.

“Pair of black pumps, hair pinned up.” His gaze came up. “You and her...” He shook his head. “Two of the most beautiful women I’ve ever laid eyes on.”

I gave him a warm smile. He said, “I’d give anything to see her in something like that,” he said, nodding.

My brows drew as I rolled over, following his gaze, and almost released the squeak that threatened to slip out, for there, hanging from the molding over the closet, was the dress I’d worn last night. I’d forgotten to put it away. Before he could ask about it, I said, “You should tell her that. I’ll bet she’d be flattered.”

“You think?” he asked, skeptical.

“Only one way to find out...”

“I don’t know if I could ever suggest something that...”

“Naughty?”

He nodded, smiling.

I said, “You could start off slow; compliment her. tell her that you’ve always thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world.”

He shook his head. “That would be you.”

“Don’t tell *her* that.”

He continued to stare at me. I said, “She’s been alone for over five years, James. A woman gets lonely.” I had his attention now. “Compliment her, take her out on dates, show her she’s still desirable, let her know you find her attractive.”

“But how?” he asked, then shook his head, his eyes closing as he groaned. “I can’t believe we’re even talking about this. Ridiculous,” he mumbled.

I cupped his cheek. “It’s not. If you want her, pursue her.”

He stared at me for several long moments. “Would you really sit back and let me...” He shook his head, his eyes again closing.

I drew my fingertip down his nose. “Only her, James. Never another woman. Only your mother,” I said, my tone quiet but firm.

“I think I’d come just having her touch me,” he whispered. “Those fingers...” He shook his head. “She has the most beautiful hands. I wouldn’t last thirty seconds.”

I drew a nail down his chest, taking the sheet with me. “Bet they’d feel really nice wrapped around your cock,” I purred. I ran my fingers through the hair at the base of his belly, scratching him lightly. Not surprisingly, he was already growing hard. I wrapped him in a loose grip. “Stroking you while she stares into your eyes.”

“She has such pretty eyes,” he said, his voice husky.

I nodded, watching his eyelids flutter as I pushed my hand down to the base

of him. “Tell her you think she has the prettiest eyes, baby. Tell her she’s beautiful.”

He moaned.

“Take her out dancing. Find a dark corner.” I swallowed as the memory of last night came to me, flooding me. I swallowed again. “Hold your cheek to hers.” I squeezed him gently. “Let her feel what she does to you. She’ll be putty in your hands.” I pushed my hand down, stretching his skin, squeezing him hard. He flared, the fat head turning an angry reddish-purple. “Put your lips to her ear, baby, tell her you need to be inside of her. Tell her you’ve always longed to be inside of her.” I brought my hand up, then pulled it back down, hard. “Thrusting up into her.”

He groaned then, long and low, as the first pulse tore through his cock. I squeezed him tight, the way he likes it, as I stroked him. “In momma, baby. So soft and wet and warm... where you belong.” He came then, shooting long, hot ropes of cum onto my arm, onto my nightie, onto the sheet between us. I eased my grip, knowing what he needed, staying away from the sensitive head, teasing the underside with my palm. “Was that for momma, baby?”

“Yes,” he hissed.

“I love you, my sweet boy,” I said, moving close, brushing my cheek to his. “Oh, so much.”

“God, I love you,” he whispered, minutes later, his breath calming.

“And I, you, my handsome man.”

He rolled onto his back with a moan. I cuddled up against him, my head on his shoulder as I listened to his heartbeat, as I listened to his breathing even out. And as the silence dragged on, I knew he was thinking of her, imagining it was her hand that had brought him off, her hand that was teasing his softening meat.

The phone rang, shattering the quiet, and he groaned as he reached for the handset. He laughed silently, his head shaking as he read the caller ID. He pressed it to his ear. “Morning, Mom.”

I grinned, moving closer so I could listen in.

“I hope I’m not calling too early. You’re not still in bed, are you?”

“No, it’s not too early. We’re up.”

He slapped at my ass when I laughed.

“Well, I just wanted to thank you again for last night. It was nice to spend time with you. I can’t remember the last time we got to hang out together, just the two of us.”

“It *was* really nice, wasn’t it?”

“It was. Well, I won’t keep you.”

“Tell her you can’t wait to do it again,” I whispered, earning another swat. “Tell her,” I insisted.

He took and released a calming breath, his eyes closing. “I’d like to do it again.”

My stomach fluttered at his choice of words, as well as his tone. And if the brief silence on her end of the phone was anything to go by, she was just as surprised as I was.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

I moved to see his face. “Tell her she looked beautiful.”

He shook his head in annoyance, his eyes again closing. “Maybe next weekend I’ll take you to Marelli’s”

“Wow, fancy. Don’t forget to invite my daughter-in-law.”

I turned him to face me. *Tell her she’s beautiful*, I mouthed.

He shook his head. “I think having both of you all dolled up and looking pretty would make my head explode.”

I laughed silently.

Her laughter came through the phone. “Oh, you...”

I drew my fingertip down his nose, making him smile. He said, “I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too. Gonna let you go.”

He disconnected, then slammed the phone down onto the mattress with a deep groan. I laughed softly, teasing the hair at his lower belly. “James and his momma, sittin’ in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g.”

He laughed, his fingers moving into my hair when I lowered my cheek to his stomach. I reached for his hardening cock. “They’re in love, but he’s already married.” I swiped my tongue up the underside of him, tasting his cum. “Baby wishes his momma had taken his cherry,” I murmured, wrapping my lips around him and pulling him in, making him moan. His hand at the back of my head, he held me still as he tilted his hips up, pushing deeper into my mouth. I sucked at him, tasting his recent ejaculation, enjoying the feel of my lips on his warm, silky skin. But I had other plans.

I reached for his hand, and guided it to his shaft as I pulled back, allowing him to slip from my lips. “Stroke it for me, baby.”

His hand closed around it, tightly, the head flaring, and I reached out to capture him, to suck and lick the knob as he stroked himself. “Gonna give momma your cream, sweetie?”

He groaned, his pace picking up.

“It would be so easy, baby. She’s probably fantasized about you, about your thick, delicious cock.” I swiped my tongue over the head to capture the gathered pre-cum. “...about what it would be like to suck on it...” I sucked at the tip as he continued to stroke himself. “...about what it would feel like to have you slide up into her sweet, wet vagina...” I moaned around the head. “That’s it, baby, give momma your cream,” I purred.

He groaned, deep and low, holding me down on him as he pulled his hand down to the base, squeezing, the thick shaft expanding further, filling my mouth. “Suck, Momma,” he whispered, his fingers moving in my hair as he began to throb. I moaned around him as he thrust up into my mouth, his sperm pulsing out onto the back of my tongue. But he’d already come, less than ten minutes before, so there wasn’t a whole lot. Still, though, I sucked at him, gently, teasing him with my tongue, enjoying the naughty taste of him, holding still for him as his climax

tapered off, his muscles uncoiling as his body sank into the bedding. I swallowed, then again and again, moaning around the softening head. When it was soft, I allowed it to slip from my lips. “Wow,” I purred. “Somebody loves his momma.”

He laughed softly, his belly shaking under me. “Somebody has the best wife in the world.”

I took him back into my mouth. *Gonna remind you of that, the next time you catch your son teasing his momma.* I released him and moved to lay my head on his shoulder. “Love you so much,” I whispered.



I watched, lip caught in my teeth, as he backed my car out of the garage. I have faith in him, though. He has fast reflexes and good eye-hand coordination, and really, I told myself, if *I* can back a car out of the garage, anybody can. And anyway, he was only pulling it out to the driveway to wash it.

Little things like this, him backing the car out, are the kinds of things I know will help build up his confidence, and the feeling of pride I get from watching him take on such a simple-yet-grown-up task is worth the relatively small risk.

It took only a few moments of watching him work, his chest and legs bare, for me to decide to join him. And it occurred to me, as I stood looking into my lingerie drawer, that he hadn't seen my midriff in quite a long time, years maybe. Oh, I was under no delusions that he couldn't see it through my nightie, but I knew the thin cotton at least put a mask over the stretch marks, as well as the extra bit of meat that seems to refuse to go away, regardless how much exercise I do or how carefully I watch what I eat. Thinking about it, James is the only one who's seen my middle in quite a few years, aside from my doctor, of course.

But even though I'm a bit self-conscious, that doesn't mean I don't have a small collection of bathing suits. In fact, I have exactly one, one-piece suit, the remaining four are two piece bikinis in varying degrees of modesty. Still, though, I frowned as I stared into the drawer. I had only one dark-colored suit; a maroon thing that, while perfectly adequate, paled in comparison to the one I *really* wanted to wear; a slinky, white thing with a plunging waist line. Both tops are nearly

identical, both covering the important bits and not much else. But I needed the insurance of the darker color, just in case...

Maybe next week, weather permitting, I'd lay out in one of my more risqué suits. I pulled my tee shirt off and donned the top, and I'd just exchanged my shorts for the bottoms when I heard footsteps behind me. Force of habit made me yank my tee shirt off the bed and hold it up to my chest.

I exhaled, my shoulders falling, when James appeared in the doorway, one brow up. I frowned. "Guess I'm a bit self-conscious," I muttered.

He entered, his head shaking. "You have nothing to be ashamed of." He pulled the tee shirt from my grip and tossed it absently onto the bed, then ran the backs of his fingers over my belly. "You're perfect."

"I'm fat," I whispered, my gaze on his lips, waiting for the ego boost I knew would come.

"You have the belly of a woman who's given birth to two perfect sons." He drew his fingertip over my skin, likely following one of my myriad stretch marks. "You're beautiful."

I felt myself moving, leaning in to him, head tilted back, lips parted. I moaned when his lips met mine. I allowed myself a few long moments before breaking the kiss with a sigh. "You're so good for my ego."

He shook his head. "I'm not telling you anything but the truth, Jackie. You have a fabulous body."

"Love you."

He took advantage of my nearness to squeeze my ass, releasing a soft moan as he did. "Delightful," he murmured.

I laughed softly, nipping at his earlobe. "We should invite your mother over here for a barbecue next weekend. Get her to lay out with me. I'll bet her ass is nicer than mine."

He laughed softly. "You headed for the back yard, or are you just trying things on?"

I stared up into his eyes a moment before shaking my head. "I'm headed out

to help Bobby wash my car.”

His brow went up.

I covered my breasts with my hands. “Yes... no...”

He grinned. “Gonna give the boy a boner.”

I slapped at his belly, scoffing.

“MILF,” he murmured, catching my wrists before I could slap him.

I shook my head. “Get your mind out of the gutter,” I hissed.

He shook his head, releasing me. “Go.”

I made it halfway through the garage before Bobby spotted me, his gaze settling on my gently swaying breasts. It remained there as I approached, his lips parted. “You’re staring,” I whispered, while reaching to take the hose from him.

“You look beautiful,” he said, turning, following me with his eyes as I passed between him and the car.

“I wore this for you,” I said, my tone only for him.

“You did?”

I turned to find his eyes on my ass. “Concentrate, Bobby.”

“Hm?”

“Look at me.”

His gaze came up.

“You need to be discreet, honey. Your father’s home.”

He looked away, his gaze landing on the wash bucket. He reached for the mitt and went to work on the top. He did his best to focus on my car, and for the most part he was successful, sparing me only the occasional glance. But while he was squatting down to do one of the wheels, I rubbed up against his arm, and smiled down on him when he lifted his gaze to mine.

The ease with which I could derail him was a huge ego booster. Here was a boy with a school full of prancing little hotties, and yet he’d rather spend his time with his thirty-six year old mother. I watched his gaze drift down to my stomach,

where it lingered.

“Stretch marks?” he murmured.

I nodded, lip caught in my teeth, watched his eyes as he appraised me. It surprised me how much I needed him to find me attractive. I knew that, at some point, he’d see what two pregnancies could do to a woman’s body, and I guess I’d chosen today—this moment—to gauge his reaction to seeing this part of me. And as the moments ticked by, his gaze moving slowly over me, taking me in, I couldn’t help but wonder what he was thinking, couldn’t keep the trace of uncertainty from my voice when I said, “I’m not exactly some young, firm, beauty queen, I’m afraid.”

He shook his head, his gaze coming up. “You’re beautiful,” he breathed, his eyes conveying his sincerity.

“Do you really think so?”

He nodded, his gaze moving back to my stomach. “Just wanna rub my cheek on you.”

His words made my heart flutter, and I couldn’t resist reaching out to him, cupping his cheek, caressing him. His eyes closed as he moved against me. “So in love with you,” I murmured. I swallowed, my eyes sliding closed. Had I just spoken those words? Had they really just rolled off my tongue?

I had, and they had, and I had no desire whatsoever to take them back. I glanced up through my hair, toward the house, to make sure we weren’t being watched, then I leaned over him. His gaze moved immediately to my breasts, hanging only a few inches from his face, but I lifted his chin and pressed my lips to his for a brief, chaste kiss, then I moved away, not wanting to be caught teasing him, should James happen to look out.

As we dried the car, I said, “Wanna make another hundred?”

He smiled, nodding.

“Wash your father's car?”

“Easy money.”

“I’ll say, considering I usually pay about twenty bucks to have mine done at

Quackies.”

We made quick work of his father’s car, and though I’d had visions of us engaged in a water fight, while changing to come out here, it didn’t happen. What we *did* do was to move to the back yard to enjoy the late summer sun. And as I basked, my thoughts turned to my mother-in-law. I wondered if I could get her to lay out with me. I made a mental note to invite her over next weekend. I smiled at the thought that maybe, just maybe, I could plant a little bug in her ear.



## Chapter 6

**I glanced at the clock** for about the twenty-ninth time. He was late. So what if it was only ten minutes, late is late, and I'd been anticipating this moment since he left for school this morning. I'd shaved my legs and my underarms, and I'd thinned and trimmed my pubic hair. I'd done my hair and my makeup and applied fresh polish to my fingernails. With the temperature in the high seventies, I'd slipped into my lightest summer dress, a white thing held up with spaghetti straps, the hem of which just reached my knees—unless I happened to be sitting, as I was now.

I heard his footsteps on the stairs and I reached for the nail polish remover and the cotton ball. I lifted my foot, just as the door swung open, and set my heel on the edge of the sofa cushion, not far from my knee. The position left my thighs pressed together, and though he'd have a great view of my legs, my panties were hidden.

He met my gaze, a smile pulling his lips.

“Hi, baby,” I said, my tone warm.

“Hi.” His gaze shifted to my thighs, as he approached, and lingered there, seemingly willing them to part. But I was in a teasing mood. I tilted my head, offering him my lips, and moaned when his settled over them. The kiss, soft and slow, left me breathless. “Missed you,” he murmured.

“Go change, then come sit with your sweetheart.”

He nodded, his gaze moving to my foot, caressing it as he backed toward the hall. He met my gaze, wiggled his brow, then disappeared, leaving me almost giddy.

I was half finished removing the old polish from my toes when he returned, wearing nothing but a pair of snug-fitting cotton shorts, his semi-hard cock pushing

invitingly at the material. He sank down before me, as is his wont, but only a moment later he moved away, waving his hand in front of his face. “Strong.”

“It is. We should probably have a fan. Wanna grab it?”

He nodded and, a minute later, returned with it. The breeze felt good on my legs, and did an adequate job of eliminating the strong scent of acetone. He sat before me, leaning back on his arms, and watched as I removed the rest of the polish.

“Wanna give it a try?” I asked, holding up the bottle of polish.

He smiled, shy, but leaned forward, sitting cross-legged, and without my having to tell him to, he began to shake the bottle, his gaze on my thighs, lingering, sneaking up under my dress. Alas, his efforts were all for naught.

I knew it was only a matter of time before I gave in, before I showed him what he so desperately wanted to see, but I wanted to tease him first, and I suppose I was teasing myself, as well.

He brought his gaze down to focus on my toes, as he twisted the lid. I caught my lip in my teeth when he brought his hand up under my toes. He used the heel of the one hand as a rest, to steady himself, as he began to brush on the color.

I’ve had literally hundreds of pedicures over the years, but this one, I knew, would remain forever in my memory as the most enjoyable. For whatever reason, having him pamper my feet was nearly as erotic as was kissing him.

I settled more fully into the cushions, exhaling softly, gaining his attention. I smiled and he returned it, holding my gaze for a long moment before again focusing on my toes.

“How was school?” I asked, breaking the long silence.

He shrugged, and I wasn’t sure he’d answer but, at length he said, “I talked to Linda today.”

I waited for his gaze to come up, and offered him a warm smile. “Yeah?”

He dipped his head, nodding. “She asked if I wanted to go to Will Denning’s party with her on Friday night.”

“Wow,” I murmured. “Bet that felt good.”

He nodded, returning to my toes.

“What did you tell her?”

“Yes,” he said, smiling shy.

“Good.”

“You’re not jealous?” he asked, the words only just reaching me.

I waited but he wouldn’t meet my gaze. I said, “I’m jealous, Bobby.”

He smiled then, the cutest smile. I shook my head, charmed. “But I still want you to go. It’s healthy for you to hang out with people your own age. And I meant what I said about wanting you to look for a girlfriend.”

“I have one.”

“Yes, you do, and I’m gonna tell you something that you’ll want to pay attention to.”

His brow went up. I said, “This may be the only time in your life when your girlfriend encourages you to mess around on her. Take her up on it, baby.”

He stared at me for another few moments, looking thoughtful, the expression in his eyes showing a level of maturity in direct juxtaposition to his age. The look reminded me why we were even having this conversation. He nodded. “We’ll see.”

“I want you to promise me that if you decide to have sex, you’ll talk to me about it first.”

He nodded.

“Promise me, Bobby.”

“I promise.”

“I trust you,” I whispered.

He met my gaze, the shy smile gone, and again nodded.

He finished with the one foot, and leaned down to kiss the top of it, making my stomach flutter, then he shifted his gaze to my thighs, waiting for me to move, to present him my other foot, to show him my goodies, as I did. And why wouldn’t

I? Hadn't I trained him to expect it? The thought reminded me how far in over my head I was with him, how utterly in love I was with him, how hooked on him I was. And we hadn't even made love yet. A shiver chased down my spine at the thought.

I watched him, my gaze on his face, as I brought my foot down, then slowly brought the other one up, carefully keeping my legs together, teasing him, enjoying the rapt look in his eyes. When I set my heel on the edge of the cushion, he brought his gaze up to meet mine. "I wanna see you," he whispered.

"I know you do, baby."

"Show me," he said, his tone barely a whisper, his gaze moving back down.

I made him wait a few long moments before I pulled my thighs open, not far, only enough for him to see a flash of white, only enough to tease him, then I pushed the material of my dress down between my legs. I laughed softly when he groaned. "Naughty boy," I purred. "Not supposed to be so interested in your momma's goodies."

He held my gaze a moment, then he reached out, his fingers closing around my knee. My stomach fluttered wildly as he applied pressure, pulling at me, his grip insistent. I allowed my leg to fall to the side, but I kept my hand and my dress pressed firmly down between my legs.

Again, he met my gaze. "Let me see."

I shook my head, lip caught in my teeth, fighting the smile.

"Please, baby," he whispered.

My breath caught, the profoundly inappropriate endearment derailing me. How naughty a thing for a boy to say to his mother. But I was no longer just his mother; I was his girlfriend. And a girlfriend is expected to show her delights to her boyfriend, she's expected to offer them to him. My stomach turned in the most delicious way at the thought, and I pulled the hem up slowly, watching his eyes. He hadn't yet seen these panties. They're white and lacy and they have no cotton in the gusset, making them altogether impractical, leaving them without the ability to sop up my viscous, scented drool, leaving them incapable of hiding my naughty

little girl from his eager young eyes.

I allowed him but a quick peek before again covering myself.

He groaned, his eyes pleading, but I shook my head, flexing my toes. “First things first.”

He smiled, and I could see in his face, as he went to work, that he was expecting a reward for his efforts.

“Can I have those?”

I shook my head.

“Why not?”

“Because they’re mine.”

A shy smile pulled his lips, his gaze dropping, lingering. “Can I borrow them?”

“Maybe.”

He nipped at my knee, making me squeak. “Let me see them.”

I waited for him to look up before shaking my head.

“I wanna see you,” he said, his gaze moving down, his cheek pressing against the inside of my knee, insistent.

“I know you do, sugar.”

“Show me.”

I nodded toward my foot. “Finish what you’ve started.”

He returned to my toes, not trying to hide his disappointment.

“Bobby, look at me.”

His gaze came up. I said, “It’s the teasing that’s fun.” Softer, I said, “Trust me, honey, it’s the best part.”

At his skeptical look, I leaned forward to cup his chin, and brought our lips together for a soft, sweet kiss, then another and another, teasing his lips with my own, with the tip of my tongue. “Like that, baby?”

He nodded, his eyes closed, a look of bliss on his face.

I slid my tongue up under his lip, making him moan and shiver. “It’s the teasing, isn’t it, sweetheart?”

He nodded, eyes still closed, lips still parted, waiting for more. I pressed my cheek to his, my lips near his ear. “I’m in love, baby.” I took a calming breath, preparing the words I knew would seal our fate. Then, my lips near his ear, I said, “It’s only a matter of time.”

He moved then, searching out my lips, frantic, the kiss wet and wild, and the only thing that kept me from losing myself in it were the minutes ticking by. Unlike him, I was keeping track. Unlike him, I had a plan.

I pushed at him, breaking the kiss, my head shaking. “Finish, baby.”

He settled, the fire in his eyes burning down to a smoldering ember before eventually cooling, a shy smile curving his lips. “Teasing,” he murmured.

I brought my other foot up, and drew my instep up and down his arm, my touch barely there. “Teasing, Bobby.”

I watched his eyes as he pushed the brush back into the bottle, twisted the cap, and set it aside. He met my gaze then, and for several long moments he stared into my eyes, looking so much like a man, so much like he knew what he was doing, what he was getting into. And while I’m as new as he is to the type of relationship ours has morphed into, I have something on my side that he lacks: I have experience that only years can provide. I have intuition that comes only with age and experience. And if there’s one thing I know, with absolute certainty, it’s that once he gets a taste of his momma’s pussy, and I don’t mean a stolen taste, his face pressed to my panties, I don’t mean licking a bit of my honey off my fingers. I mean a real taste, where his face is wet with my juices, where my taste is on the back of his tongue, my scent filling his head... Once he has that experience, no other woman will ever truly satisfy him. And whether I’m willing to admit it or not, that is my ultimate goal.

I want him to desire me above all others. I want him to come to me when he can’t be satisfied. I want him to want me so badly that he’ll fantasize about me on his wedding night, while he’s laying between his bride’s legs. While he’s pushing

up into her, grunting through his orgasm, I want him thinking about me, fantasizing it's me he's making love to.

There's something else I'm not willing to admit. I know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that once I have his cock in me, I'll be tied to him. Just as no other woman will ever completely satisfy him, no other man will ever give me the same pleasure I know he's capable of giving me. And as I stared into his eyes, I knew I was supposed to take my knowledge and use it to protect him from his mother. That's what society has taught me to do. But society doesn't know the pull I felt as I stared into his eyes. The faceless machine that is society could never understand just how badly I crave having him inside of me, how desperate I am to have him thrusting up into me, filling me with his warm seed while I'm at my most fertile. Society could never understand the need to have him in my mouth, thrusting between my lips, throbbing on my tongue. They could never understand my need to taste his warm cream.

I released a shaky breath, my gaze locked with his. We had, at most, fifteen minutes before his brother got home. I stretched my leg out, wiggling my toes, gathering his attention, then I set my foot on his thigh, teasing him with my toes, my knees together, watching as his gaze caressed my thighs, my sex still hidden from his view. But it was time to give him his reward.

Slowly, I moved, easing my ass forward, the back of my dress riding up. I lifted my leg, bringing it out and up, offering it to him, watched as his eyes slid up under the front of my dress, the hem no longer hiding me. I didn't need to look to know that my labia were all but exposed to his gaze, the meaty, velvety inner lips, already slick with my excitement, would be pouting out from between my swollen outer lips, pushing against the thin, transparent material, made all the more see-through by my wetness. "Can you see me?"

He nodded, his eyes transfixed.

"What do you see?"

"Your, um..."

"Tell me."

His gaze came up then, his eyes searching my own. "Your vagina."

I nodded slowly. “Momma’s vagina,” I whispered.

“Momma’s vagina.”

I watched his face as I raised my leg up and over his head, framing him, my thighs and panties now fully exposed. The feeling was altogether naughty. With a sigh, I slid my ass toward the edge of the cushion, spreading my thighs, as I did. “You like looking at your momma, don’t you, baby?”

He nodded, lips parted, his gaze centered on my panties, on my barely covered sex. I touched the top of my thigh, drew little designs there with a nail, the dark, scarlet polish vividly contrasting my creamy skin. My breath caught when he pressed his lips to the inside of my knee. “I’m sensitive there,” I whispered.

He brought his gaze up, and I moaned softly, my fingers moving into his hair as he began to lick and suck and kiss me, as he had nearly a week ago. But where he’d worked his way up my thigh at a snail’s pace then, now he was eager, and I gripped his hair, stilling him. “No, baby, you need to stay here.”

He watched my eyes as he nibbled, as he sucked, gently, like I showed him, no marks. I continued to tease my fingers through his hair as he pleased me, his eyes locked with mine. “Love the way you look at me.”

His gaze dropped. “They’re see-through,” he said, his breath warm against my sensitive skin.

I nodded, feeling dizzy. “And what can you see?”

He bit down gently, making my breath catch, his eyes on me making my pussy tingle, and after several long moments he lifted his gaze. “Momma’s vagina.”

“That’s right, baby.” I exhaled, long and slow, willing the nervous tension from my muscles. But I knew, as I stared into his eyes, that it was only going to get worse.

Slowly, as he had the last time I’d had my legs parted for him, he began to tease his way up my thigh, one kiss after another, one nip after the next, sucking, licking, biting me softly, making me moan, his eyes willing me not to stop his progress. And while I’d told him he needed to stay up near my knee, I had no

intention of enforcing the request, not then and certainly not now. On the contrary, I wanted his hot breath on my sex so badly I could taste it. As I said, though, I had a plan. A sketchy plan, but a plan nonetheless, one that revolved around the arrival of his brother, as well as the pace of his progress up my thighs; two variables, one I could more or less control, one I could not. But I was betting on his brother showing up within the next five minutes, and if he was early, well, I'd come up with a new plan, one that left us equally as excited as we were just now.

If, however, his brother was late... That would only guarantee more fun.

He continued to stare up into my eyes as he nipped at me, not quite halfway up my thigh, making me jump, sending little bolts of electricity shooting up my thigh and making my pussy contract. I shook my head, lip caught in my teeth, and held him back when he tried to move closer. "You behave," I whispered, my eyes showing my excitement.

He was teasing me and he knew it, forcing my thighs further apart with each successive nibble.

The scent of my excitement was beginning to permeate the air around us now and I swallowed, my throat dry. "Smell that, baby boy?"

He nodded, his eyes flashing with excitement.

"What is it?" I asked, my voice husky.

He shook his head, moving to my other thigh, biting it, making me yelp, making me shake with nervous anticipation.

"Tell me."

He was only a few inches from his prize now, and I knew he wasn't inclined to stop and talk. But this was a game, if ever there was one, and I repeated myself, my voice dropping to a mere whisper.

"Momma's vagina."

I nodded, pushing my fingers through his hair, slowing his progress. "You're exciting me," I purred. "But you were supposed to stay up at my knee."

"I love the way you smell," he said, ignoring me.

I caught my lip in my teeth, moaning, as he pushed against my hands, his eyes closing as he inhaled.

He turned and bit me, then again on my other thigh. I shrieked, pulling my legs further apart, trying to escape him. “Stop!” I cried, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice. I couldn’t, though, and I continued to push against him, trying to hold him back. We were ahead of schedule and I was losing the ability to control him. I took a deep breath and released it as a groan, curling my fingers in his hair, pulling hard, my head shaking.

He eased up then, and I released the grip I had on him and pushed my fingers through his hair, settling it. “Naughty boy.”

He smiled, sucking gently at me, his tongue teasing me with the softest of touches. Unable to resist, I eased forward, immediately cursing my little girl for betraying me. I shook my head, smiling at him as he moved, ever so slowly, to my other thigh. He nipped gently, making me moan, causing my thighs to ease further open.

He was so close now. He pressed his cheek to my thigh, his eyes closing as he took in a long, slow breath. He released it a moment later, meeting my gaze, his eyes full of fire. I drew a fingertip over his cheek, my touch soft and gentle. “Such a handsome boy,” I whispered.

He smiled, content to breathe me in, his gaze locked with mine, his breath just reaching me, adding to my heat. And for several long moments we remained like that, staring into each others eyes, breathing my scent, enjoying the intimacy, and when he began to move I made no effort to stop him. I held my breath as he came at me, slowly, oh, so slowly, his own breath hot.

I pulled my legs further apart, tilting my hips up for him, and moaned, long and low, when he pushed his face into me, groaned when he moved side to side, rubbing against the moist silk, teasing my clit with his nose. I curled my fingers in his hair and guided him, his hot breath inflaming me as he tried to get at me, nipping at me through my panties, sucking at me, teasing me so badly I wanted to scream. “Look at me, sweetheart.”

I wasn’t sure the words were loud enough to reach him, but a moment later

his eyes fluttered open, the fire there palpable, hot and scorching.

“You want in there, don’t you, baby?”

He nodded, pushing against me, biting at me through the fabric.

“Want your momma’s honey, don’t you, baby boy?” I purred.

He groaned, from deep within his chest, the vibrations echoing through me, making me shiver.

I heard a car pull up out front, then, a moment later, a door closed. I held his gaze, shaking my head. “Such beautiful eyes,” I murmured, drawing my fingertip down the slope of his nose. I didn’t need to see his lips to know that my wetness had seeped through my panties, that it was beginning to coat his lips. But I didn’t want him to stop with only a trace of my naughtiness on his pretty face, I wanted him glistening, I wanted him soaking in his momma’s juices. I wanted him as addicted to my essence as I was to his pheromones, to his gorgeous eyes, and with but a few moments left to seal our fate, I reached for the leg band of my panties with one hand, while pushing at him with the other, easing him away as I pulled the material aside. And then I let him go. He came at me hard, smearing his face in me, sucking, frantic for the taste of me. I lifted my hips, reaching for him, and pulled him in. I held him tight to me until I heard Ricky’s footsteps on the porch, then released my grip on him. “Quick!” I called, frantic, closing my legs as I struggled to my feet. We all but tripped over each other as escaped into the hall.

“Hello?”

He tried to turn into his room but I caught his arm, shaking my head, and directed him toward the end of the hall, toward my room. I got the door closed just as Ricky’s voice echoed down the hall. “Mom?”

I pulled Bobby to my chest, both of us breathing hard, and took a calming breath, then another. “I’m in my room! I’ll be out in a minute!”

“Oh. Well, I’m home.”

I was close to hyperventilating, and I took another breath and released it before speaking. “Alright, honey.”

“Are you okay?”

He was right outside my door. And it wasn't locked. I placed the side of my foot there, praying he didn't push. "I'm fine, just... exercising."

"Oh. Alright."

He hesitated a moment before moving back up the hall, toward his room. I released the breath I held, then focused on Bobby's eyes, so full of nervous excitement. I twisted the lock on the door, shaking with silent laughter, but as my gaze slid down to his wet lips, to his wet cheeks and chin, my smile faded, and I felt my heart thudding in my chest as I moved to him, slowly, closing my lips over his, sucking at them, sucking at his chin, at his cheeks. "Got your momma's nectar all over your pretty face, baby boy."

Even as I licked him clean he was inching us toward the bed, turning me, easing me down, showing me his assertive side. "What are you doing, Bobby?"

He ignored me, his gaze locked with mine as he leaned over me, forcing me onto my back. He stared into my eyes as his hands came to rest on my thighs, just above my knees, already moving up, higher, slowly. I shook my head. "We can't, baby," I whispered.

And still his hands moved, slipping under my dress, just the way I taught him, reaching for my panties, at my hips, pulling. "Lift up."

"No, baby." But even as the words drifted off my tongue, I was lifting my ass for him. And I shook my head, even as I lifted my legs, held his gaze as he pulled my panties up to my knees. The silk slid sensuously over my calves and my feet. My knees still together, still providing a last little bit of modesty, I placed my feet on his chest, just touching him, drawing my toes down over his nipples as he brought my panties to his nose, as he pulled in a deep breath. I wanted to spread my legs for him, to hold my arms out for him. I wanted to tell him to come to me, but I needed to be careful. I didn't want him to get the wrong idea. I didn't want him to think we were going to have sex, because we weren't. Not yet, anyway. Not until I was wearing his ring.

I let him set the pace, watched his eyes as he tossed my panties to the bed beside me, held my breath as his fingers closed around my ankles. I shook my head when he began to pull my legs open. "No, baby." But I didn't resist. I couldn't, not

even when he had me open, my naughty sex exposed to his hungry eyes.

I bit my lip when he released my legs, knowing that I was supposed to close them. A good mother would. A good mother would never have gotten herself into the position I was in just then, on my back, with my son staring at my wet, naked vagina, but at that moment, his eyes burning into me, I couldn't close them. I released a slow breath, bringing my hands down to my sex. He stared in awe as I pushed my fingers through my wet heat. I pulled myself open for him. "What are you looking at, baby boy?"

He brought his gaze up to mine. "Momma's vagina," he whispered.

I nodded. "Momma's hot for your lips, baby, for your sweet tongue."

He sank to his knees, and I moaned as he pushed his face into me, cried out softly as he began to lap at me, to suck and lick at my hole. I released myself and pushed my fingers into his hair, pulled him to me, moaning as I began to ride him, my orgasm sweeping through me in a flash, lifting me up and up before tossing me off the highest cliff. And I fell as his tongue slithered around in me, making me shake and shudder and whimper for him. Over and over he brought me up then let me fall, until my stomach muscles were too sore, until my thighs were shaking so badly they hurt.

I found the strength to pull him from between my legs, and urged him up onto the bed beside me. But while I was sated, he was eager to get naked. I twisted my head to see the clock, then met his gaze, my head shaking. "We don't have time, baby." His brows drew. Again, I shook my head. "He'll be here in less than half an hour," I said, my tone soft, almost pleading.

"Mom..." he whispered, gripping his hard, young cock through his shorts.

I stared at him for a long moment, then released a sigh. "Hand me the phone."

He scrambled up to reach it, then handed it to me, and as I called his father's office, he moved to lay down, his head on my stomach. I curled my fingers in his hair, stopping him when he tried to move lower.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Hi, sweetie. Wanna do me a huge favor?"

“Huge, like...?”

“Pick up a pizza on your way home?”

“Sure. Did you already order it?”

I exhaled, pulling my fingers through Bobby’s hair, already missing his tongue. “No.”

He laughed softly. “What’s up?”

I shook my head, even as I ran my fingers down through my lips, still slick with my excitement. I held them out, then moaned softly when Bobby’s lips closed over them. I shivered as his tongue began to work on them. “I’m just...”

“Beat?”

“Something like that, yeah.” I pulled my fingers free of his lips, only to push them back into my sex, sighing softly as I did. “Guess I’m just being a girl,” I said, while holding my fingers out for my baby.

“Take a rest. I’ll take care of dinner.”

“You’re a dear,” I whispered. I bit my lip when his fingers found me. I closed my legs, while reaching for his wrist, trying to stop him before... I groaned as his fingers slid through my lips and up inside of me, my legs opening of their own accord.

“You okay?” James asked, concern coloring his tone.

“I’m fine. Just...” I bit my lip, hard, trying desperately not to moan as he began to move his fingers around in me, teasing me, as my hips disobeyed me, tilting up in invitation.

“Alright, well, I’ll be there in about forty-five minutes.”

“Thank you.”

“Mm. Bye.”

I stabbed the OFF button, then released a long, low groan as I reached for him. I closed my fingers in his hair and pulled. “You... are... terrible,” I growled, making him laugh.

He pulled his fingers out of me and slipped them into his mouth, his eyes alight with mischief as he smiled up at me.

I groaned again, the smile leaving my face as I settled down. I ran my hand down his back, tugging on his shorts. "Come up here," I whispered.

He got to his knees, his gaze on mine, and waited for further instruction. I reached for his shorts, tugging them again. "Take these off."

He practically ripped them off.

"Underwear too."

I watched, lip caught in my teeth, as he sprang into view, and while he isn't as big as his father, he's gorgeous nonetheless; seven inches long, and thick enough to please a woman, his beautiful shaft curved up to a smooth, barbed dome that I couldn't wait to have inside of me. But for now, I reached out to draw the side of my finger up the underside, watching as it twitched and bobbed. I met his gaze. "Beautiful, baby."

"You don't think it's too small?"

I shook my head, again teasing my finger up the underside, making him twitch. "No, sweetheart, it's perfect. You're perfect. There isn't a thing I'd change about you."

He smiled then, the beautiful smile that melts my heart every time I see it.

My gaze on his, I closed my hand around him, gently, watching as his eyes drifted shut, a soft moan escaping him. "Sweetheart," I called.

His eyes came open, lazy, the lids heavy.

"I wanna see your eyes, baby. I wanna see how good I make you feel."

He struggled to hold my gaze as I began to stroke him, slowly, my fingers barely holding him. "You're perfect," I whispered. He smiled but it quickly faded, and again his eyes slid closed. "Kiss me."

He moved to lay down but I shook my head. "On your hands and knees."

For a moment he looked confused, but he dropped down onto his hands, then lowered his lips to mine. He moaned into my mouth when I tightened my grip on

him, and though I wanted to stroke him for at least the next few weeks, he was already trying to hump my hand. There was no way he'd last, which meant I needed a plan, and probably fairly quickly, for it wouldn't do to have him shooting all over the bed.

What I really wanted was to have my lips wrapped around his gorgeous knob, when he came, to savor his seed, but I didn't want to scare him. I was content to let him set the pace.

I pulled my dress further up, exposing more of my belly, and draped the hem over my breasts, then I tugged on him. "Sit on my belly."

"Won't I crush you?"

I shook my head as the mental image of his father came to me. He'd sat astride me, in the same spot, not two weeks ago, his big hands holding my breasts together as he slid his thick, hot cock between them, making us both moan. Again, I shook my head. "It'll be fine, trust me."

He moved slowly, swinging his leg over me, easing himself down, his balls coming to rest on my belly, just above my mound. The feel of them there made my head swim. I wanted them in my mouth in the worst way. I wanted to suck on them, to coax the sperm out of them and onto my waiting tongue, but it would have to wait. For now, I willed his lips back to mine. I squeezed him once, and as his tongue began to move against my own, he began to push into my hand. I slid to the base of him, pulling his skin taut, making him groan. He pulled back then pushed forward, while sucking at my tongue, teasing us both as he began to move, his balls moving sensuously, back and forth, teasing me. It was everything I had not to direct him down into my heat.

He groaned into my mouth as his pace faltered, his hips stilling for a brief moment, then he pushed hard into my hand and released a long, low moan as he began to throb. I pulled my thumb out of the way and pressed him down onto my stomach, his drool smearing there. It felt delicious, having him throbbing against me, one pulse and then another, and then I felt his warm, slick cum ooze out, pooling on my belly. He groaned into my mouth as he continued to pulse against me, painting me with his naughty cream. My head swam with excitement as he

sucked at my tongue, his body shaking and shuddering. But as delicious as it was to have him pulsing on my stomach, I knew the experience would pale in comparison to how I knew it would feel to have him throbbing in my mouth. My head filled with cotton as I pictured him between my legs, thrusting up into me, trying to bury himself in his momma's hot, wet vagina.

He broke the kiss, panting and out of breath, and I pulled his head down onto my shoulder, his breath warming my neck as he rode out the waves. I pulled my hand out from between us, allowing him to crush his cock between us. He fastened his lips to my neck then, sucking gently as he continued to move against me, his slick knob painting my stomach with each stroke. "No marks, baby," I whispered.

As much as I didn't want to move, I knew we needed to. We both needed to clean up before his father arrived home, and though I couldn't smell it, I knew the room had to reek of our naughtiness. I needed to light a candle and open the windows.

I turned my head, pulling his hair to pry him off of me. "Come on, baby boy, we need to get up."

He moaned, moving slowly to sit atop me, his gaze going immediately to the mess he'd made, a shy smile pulling his lips. I closed him in my hand and squeezed, gently, watching his eyelids flutter. "Messy boy."

He laughed, rolling his hips, his balls moving against me as my smile left. "Come on, honey, we don't have much time."

He rolled onto his back, my fingers still wrapped possessively around him, and though I'd promised myself I'd wait, that I'd let him set the pace, I couldn't resist leaning over him, capturing my hair with my clean hand and holding it safely out of the way as I sucked him into my mouth. His deep, low moans filled my head as I cleaned him, as I coaxed the last few drops of cum out of his still hard cock.

I let him slip from my lips, and met his gaze with a warm smile. "Nice?"

He rolled his eyes, surprising me when he reached down to draw a fingertip down my nose. "So pretty," he whispered.

I held his gaze, for several long moments, lost in the feeling of wonder, then I

sighed softly as I rolled onto my back. I used the hem of my dress to wipe up his cum. Even though I'd just sucked him clean, it was too soon for him to watch his momma lick his cum from her fingers, regardless how badly I wanted to. I told myself there would be plenty of time for that later. I really did want him to set the pace.



As we sat down to dinner, Ricky said to Bobby, “Where have you been hiding?”

Bobby looked to me, a deer-in-the-headlights look in his eyes. I laughed softly. “The little devil was hiding in my room.”

He lowered his gaze to his plate, looking like he wanted to be anywhere else. “Hiding?”

I turned to James, giving him a pleading look, asking him, without words, to drop it, but that did nothing to quell his brother’s curiosity.

He laughed. “Trying to see mom naked?”

I leveled a no-nonsense stare at him. “Richard, that’s enough.”

He reached for his pizza, a smile firmly on his face.

After dinner, as I sat on the sofa, cuddled up to James, he said, “Was he really hiding in our room?”

I nodded, smiling.

“And did he see anything?”

“He saw enough.”

His brow went up. “Define enough.”

I shook my head slowly, searching his eyes. “I could tell you.” I closed my fingers around his leg, just above his knee, and squeezed, gently. “Or you could use your imagination.” Before he could reply, I said, “Did you ever spy on *your* mother?”

He moaned, tilting his head back, his eyes closing. “I didn’t need to,” he purred.

I ran my hand up his leg to bush my palm over his hardening shaft. “Do tell.”

He shook his head, bringing it forward with a moan. “She would take baths, maybe once or twice a week, while I was getting ready for school.”

I closed my fingers around him and squeezed. “More,” I whispered.

“I’ve always wondered why she insisted on using the downstairs bathroom when she has that beautiful, frilly haven of her own.”

I’ve seen it, and it is most assuredly a haven, with a wide, deep Jacuzzi tub, and mood lighting, and a dedicated heater. I made a mental note to ask him for similar lighting for our bathroom; I already have the tub.

“But once or twice a week I’d come in to brush my teeth and do my hair, and she’d be relaxing in the tub.” He shook his head, his eyes on the far wall, unseeing. “No bubbles, just clear water. God, I loved to look at her.”

“She never said anything?” I said, my tone soft, not wanting to break the spell he was under.

He shook his head. “You remind me of her.”

My brow went up. “How so.”

He met my gaze now, smiling. “Just... everything.”

“I want to know.”

He nodded, his gaze on my hand, where it was massaging him through his slacks. “Your touch. You’re always touching; me, Bobby... Ricky.”

“I love you guys.”

“Have I ever complained?”

“No.”

“It’s one of the things I love the most about you. Those boys are gonna have the fondest memories of you. Especially Bobby,” he said, after a short pause.

I bit my tongue, knowing we’d already been over this.

“Anyway, every once in a while she’d invite me to sit beside her, and she’d brush her thumb over my cheek as I stared at her. She was so lovely to look at.”

“She still is.”

He nodded. “She still is.” Into the short silence, he said, “She was so patient. She allowed me all the time in the world.”

“Maybe she wanted you to know what a woman looked like, or maybe she wanted to make sure you were comfortable with your own body.”

He shrugged. “Maybe both.”

“Mm.”

He stared at my hand, watching as I teased his hard length. “Been meaning to ask you about that color.”

My hand stilled as a moment of panic swept through me, but I took and released a calming breath. “Do you like it?”

He nodded. “Sexy.”

“I think so too.” I took and released another breath and, my gaze on my nails, I said, “Bobby picked it out. Bought it, actually.”

“Seriously?”

I nodded, unable to stop the smile.

“What on Earth made him buy you nail polish?”

I shrugged. “Guess he’s experimenting.”

He nodded slowly. “I never experimented that way,” he said, his tone quiet, speculative.

“But you did lust after your mother,” I said, squeezing him, my grip firm.

He moaned, his eyes closing.

“I’m going to invite her over this weekend.”

He nodded, his eyes still closed.

“Gonna try to get her to sit out with me.”

He smiled.

“In a bikini.”

He laughed softly, his head shaking. “Good luck.”

My brow went up. “You don’t think she will?”

He shook his head. “You *may* be able to get her out there, but only if it’s just the two of you.”

“Mm... We’ll see.”

He laughed softly.



I had the phone pressed to my ear, holding it with my shoulder while I cut veggies for dinner. “Why, Priscilla... are you afraid your grandsons will see you?” I asked, my tone teasing.

“Yes, as a matter of fact! I can just picture Ricky running for the hills, screaming.”

I laughed. “Oh, no, that is so true!”

“Mm... Bobby, on the other hand...” She groaned. “That boy...”

I shivered at her tone. “Oh, yeah, there’s no denying he takes after his daddy.”

She laughed again, this time quieter. “How so?”

This was my in. This was my opportunity to plant that little bug in her ear. “Oh... I think I may have already said too much.”

“Don’t you dare, Missy.”

I laughed softly. “Why, Mrs. Terassino, what on Earth do you mean?”

“You know exactly what I mean. Spill it.”

The fact that she was so interested in the mannerisms that her son and grandson share was promising. I set the knife down and reached for the towel, then headed for the sofa. “Really, Priscilla, there isn’t much to tell.”

“I’m listening.”

I tucked my legs up under me and leaned my head back, my eyes closing. “I don’t know,” I murmured. “He just seems to always be looking, you know?”

“I do.”

I laughed nervously. “I can’t tell you how many times I’ve caught him trying to peek up my dress or down my top.”

“Just like his father,” she said, her tone low.

I waited a long moment, then... “He tells me he has the fondest memories of you.”

“Oh?”

“Mm.” I released a quiet breath. “He loved to watch you while you bathed,” I said softly.

There was a long silence before she spoke. “He told you that?”

“Yes.”

“When? And what on Earth brought *that* up?”

I could hear it in her tone. This wasn’t a woman disgusted that her son had told someone their secret, this was a woman interested in hearing how much of an effect she’d had on him. I shivered at the similarities between us, and I knew, as I sat there, drawing the moment out, that with a soft touch, with a gentle hand, there was the chance that she would allow her son to lay between her legs, allow him into the most forbidden of places. I took another breath then released it. “We talk, Priscilla,” I said, almost on a whisper. “When we’re being intimate.”

“Oh, my...”

“Some of our most rewarding times together.” Into the long silence, I said, “I shouldn’t have said anything. I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to apologize for. I’m the idiot that asked.”

I laughed, the tension easing. “You, my sweet mother-in-law, are anything but an idiot.”

“So glad he picked you,” she said, her tone warm.

“Me too.” I stood and headed for the kitchen. “Come over on Saturday, and bring your suit.” She groaned. I said, “Oh, come on, what’s the worst that can happen?”

“Oh, honey... Famous last words.”

“So... see you on Saturday, say, ten thirty?”

She groaned again. “Fine. Saturday, at ten thirty.”

“Good. And, Priscilla, try not to upstage me.”

She laughed. “Good-bye, daughter-in-law.”

“Bye.”

I set the phone down, smiling.

Not long after hanging up with her, not long after I’d returned to work on dinner, I heard the front door close.

“Hello?”

“In here!”

I wasn’t the least bit surprised when he wrapped his arms around me, nuzzling me from behind. I laughed softly, trying to wiggle away. “Tickles.”

He growled, rubbing himself against me.

“You know I’m holding a knife, right?”

“Not interested in your knife,” he murmured, nibbling on my earlobe.

I sagged against him, tilting my head, moaning as his lips began to work their magic, kissing and nibbling, from my ear down to my shoulder. “Baby... We can’t do this right now.”

He bit down on my shoulder, then again and again, moving back up the side of my neck, his hands squeezing my waist, then lower, slowly, my hips, teasing, pulling me into him. “Sweetheart...” I purred, following his subtle direction, moving my hips for him.

He ignored my plea, his hands moving onto my stomach, pulling at me,

moving lower, his fingers teasing my pubic bone as he bit down gently on my neck. I rolled my hips for him, lost in the moment, loving the feel of his hard-on in the crack of my ass. But he was starting to thrust, and his hands were moving again, up over my stomach, heading for my breasts, cupping them as he pushed against me, over and over, so slowly. Through the fog, I wondered at his sensuality, marveled at how, at such a young age, he could have mastered something that most men never even begin to learn. I sighed as I continued to roll my hips for him, the answer coming to me then; he learned from his momma, *is* learning from his momma. “Gonna teach you everything, my sweet boy,” I murmured.

He squeezed me again, lifting my breasts, his fingers inching closer and closer to my nipples. I shook my head, trying to clear it, for I knew, from long experience, that if he got to my nipples, I would turn to putty. I wouldn’t refuse him.

I dropped the knife and turned in his embrace, capturing his lips as I captured his hands, pulling them down to his sides. I moaned into his mouth when his tongue found my own, teasing, toying. When the fight left his hands, I placed them on my hips, then I reached up to cup his cheeks while I sucked at his tongue. I allowed us a few minutes of fun before breaking the kiss, resting my forehead against his, staring into his eyes. “Kiss your momma so good,” I whispered.

“Makes butterflies in my stomach.”

I nodded, teasing my lips to his, once, twice, then I pulled slowly away, my hands sliding down his arms to his wrists. “Behave.”

He shook his head, a slow smile forming. I laughed. “Bobby, I need to finish dinner.”

Gently, slowly, he lifted his arms, running them up and around and capturing my wrists. He brought them up and set my arms on his shoulders. Our gazes locked, I crossed my wrists behind his neck, leaned in to him, my lips closing over his as a soft moan escaped. “So soft,” I whispered.

“Warm.”

He lowered his hands to my waist and squeezed, then they were moving,

easing down, over my hips, lower, his fingertips finding my skin, so soft on my thighs, raising goosebumps, and as they began to come back up, I pushed my tongue more firmly against his, moaning into his mouth as his fingernails teased over my skin, dragging the hem of my dress up and up, until he found my panties. I shivered, my knees moving as he traced the leg band, slowly, oh, so slowly, teasing me, making me dizzy as he drew alongside my vulva, pushing gently at my lips. I groaned, my head shaking. “No, baby, please.”

He drew his fingers up, slipping them beneath the thin satin, and again he began to move down, just brushing my hair, lower, his fingers turning, the soft pads moving over my lips, his pace so unbelievably slow, driving me crazy, teasing, lower. I shook my head, my forehead against his. “Please, sweetheart, we can’t.”

He was learning, though, that I couldn’t say no to him. Even so, he surprised me when he retreated, his fingers moving back up, still tucked beneath the satin. I shivered when reached my hips. He slipped his thumbs in, then began to ease them down. He moved around to the back, then again to my hips, just as I taught him, back and forth, from the sides to the back, peeling them down, slowly, over my ass, over my hips, down my thighs. I nipped at his lips as the wet material began to peel away from me, sucked at his tongue as they slid down my thighs. I followed him, my arms locked around his neck, my tongue moving so sensuously against his as he bent, pulling them lower, over my knees. I followed him lower, lifting first one foot and then the other. And I followed him as he straightened, the kiss so slow and so deep as I pushed up against him, against the hard lump in his pants. I broke the kiss, panting, resting my forehead against his. “You have the sweetest tongue,” I purred.

He brought my panties up between us, and took in a long, slow breath. “You have the sweetest vagina,” he whispered.

I groaned, my eyes closing. “Naughty boy,” I whispered. “Not supposed to lust after your momma.”

He exhaled. “Can’t help it. She’s the prettiest girl in the world.”

I opened my eyes to find him smiling. He backed away, my panties held to his

nose. I laughed softly. My gaze on his, I reached down to grip him through his jeans. “Go take care of yourself.”

He nodded, pushing against my hand.

I forced myself to pull away. “Go.”

“Going.”

I waited for my racing heart to calm before reaching for the knife, and as I sliced veggies, I wondered whether he’d be around on Saturday. I wondered how he would react to seeing his grandmother in a bikini. Then I wondered whether she actually owned one. “Probably a one-piece kinda girl,” I murmured.

I moved around the kitchen, naked under my dress, unable to get him out of my head. It was terribly thrilling the way he’d taken my underwear, reaching up under my dress, uninvited. It was equally as thrilling to know that, just then, he was likely naked, on his bed, my wet panties held to his nose as he stroked himself, breathing in my scent. The mental image *that* elicited made me want to go to him, to watch, to offer him my mouth as he finished. I shivered, groaning, willing all thoughts of him out of my head.

During dinner, I left my toes pressed up against his calf. “Any plans for the weekend?” I asked Ricky.

He shrugged. “Some of us are heading to the beach. Why?”

I shrugged. “Grandma’s coming over tomorrow. I thought we’d have a barbecue, hang out.”

He looked to Bobby. “You can go with us, if you want.” He wiggled his brows. “Helen and Cathy are going.”

He shook his head. “I have chores, and homework.”

Ricky made a face. Bobby said, “I’ll be at Will’s party on Friday.”

“Yeah?”

He nodded.

“Who are you going with?”

He spared me a quick look before returning his gaze to Ricky’s. “Linda.”

“Wow...” he said, drawing the word out.

“Is this, like, a date?” James asked.

He nodded.

James smiled. “Good for you.”



## Chapter 7

**All day Friday** I felt a bit off, unable to stop thinking about Bobby's looming date. I tried to tell myself that this was for the best, that it was healthy for him to have a girlfriend his own age. I told myself all the same things I'd told *him*, and though it didn't help my mood, when I told myself that I'd been his first real date, that I'd been his first taste of pussy, that I'd been the first woman to tease the cum from his balls, it did bring a sad smile to my face.

As I lay curled up on my bed, I promised myself that, when he came through the door, I would be there to greet him, smiling, offering him a hug and a chaste, motherly kiss. I promised that I would encourage him to have a good time on his date.

I sighed as I rolled onto my back, but a few moments later I returned to my side, and stared out the window, unseeing.

Unbidden, an image formed in my mind's eye, of the two of us, this morning. I'd gone in to wake him, wearing nothing but my nightie, my panties hanging from my finger. I'd draped them over his open hand, then I'd teased him awake by running my wet fingers over his lips, smearing my juices there, coating them, my stomach quivering when his delicious, little tongue came out to taste me. A slow smile had pulled his lips as his eyes came open, and I'd watched, my eyes shining with excitement, as he'd cleaned his lips, his tongue coming out over and over again until he'd gotten everything.

I moaned, pushing my fingers over the front of my panties, into my warm furrow, teasing my clit as I relived the memory.

I'd set my foot on his bed, leaving him with an unobstructed view of my

glistening lips, my damp thighs. I'd groaned, swaying above him, when he'd slid under me, his hands coming up to my waist, pulling at me, urging me lower, onto his lips and tongue, and as he pushed his tongue up into me, I'd reached for the waistband of his briefs, tugged on them, willing him to remove them. A moment later he was pushing them off his legs with his feet as I stared at his bobbing cock. I'd broken my promise, then, leaning over him, my hair caressing his stomach and thighs. Our soft moans filled the air as my lips closed around his hard shaft. I was still climbing up that sweet, slippery slope when he'd come, groaning, the sound muffled, his lips and tongue teasing me mercilessly as his hips bucked, his cock throbbing in my mouth as he began to shoot his sweet cream onto the back of my tongue. I'd come then, a body-shaking orgasm that left me trembling and dizzy, and as the waves washed over me, I'd held him in my mouth, sucking gently, cleaning him off. I'd had to reach down, to push him away from my oversensitive clit. The little devil had moved down then, into the wettest part of me, his wonderful tongue moving through me, laving me.

I heard the sound of the door closing and I reached for my waistband. I heard him call out to me as he entered the hall. I moved to sit up against the pillows, lifted my ass, then eased the soft silk down my smooth legs. I had my feet wide apart, my knees drawn up, thighs open, when he pushed open my door. A smile pulled his lips as his gaze settled, his head shaking. "Beautiful," he murmured.

I smiled but it was lost on him. "How was school?"

He approached slowly, oblivious to my question, his gaze on my thumb, watching as I made lazy circles in the warm, slick crotch of my panties. Wordlessly, he crawled onto the bed, moving slowly, capturing my thumb with his lips, sucking, making me shiver. I dropped my panties to focus on him, and pulled him toward me for a kiss. I moaned when his tongue came out to meet my own, my breath catching when his fingers trailed up my thigh, and I jumped, thrusting my tongue against his when his fingers found my clit.

He pulled his lips from mine and moved across my jaw, planting soft kisses on my skin, down my neck, down my chest as his fingers worked their magic on my clit, teasing me, making it hard for me to think. He sucked and nipped at my breasts, making me jump when he got too carried away. "Baby..." I purred. "No

marks.”

He brought his gaze to mine, his eyes smiling as he closing his teeth in my skin, biting me, making me moan, making me crazy.

Again, I shook my head. “Sweetheart...” I pouted.

Again, he bit me, then again and again, soft little nips, closer and closer, until he was pushing at the material of my dress, making my pulse race, making my spine tingle with anticipation. And though I wanted nothing more than to have him teasing my nipples, sucking on them, nibbling on them, we didn’t have the time, for I knew that once he latched onto them, I wouldn’t want him to let go.

I shook my head, slipping my fingers into his hair, pulling him back up, capturing his lips, sucking on his tongue.

But he was determined. “Can I see your boobs?” he whispered.

I had no intention of denying him, and still I shook my head. “No, baby.”

“Why?” he pleaded, his voice soft.

“They’re sensitive.”

“I’ll be gentle.”

I laughed softly, brushing my thumb against his cheek. “Don’t you want to concentrate on your date tonight?” I knew I sounded jealous, and to a small degree, I was, but I had a plan.

He shook his head. “I want to concentrate on you.”

I held his gaze for a long moment then patted the bed. “Lay down, honey. Momma take care of you.”

He rolled onto his back, his gaze going down into the neck of my dress when I followed him, and he watched my breasts sway as I unbuttoned his jeans, unzipped them, and slid them and his underwear down and off. I met his gaze, smiled as I straddled his legs, stared into his eyes as I reached for him, holding my hair to the side, careful not to block his view of my breasts as I began to stroke him. “Hard,” I murmured.

He nodded, his gaze shifting to my breasts, watching as they swayed. “I want

to see them.”

I shook my head, teasing my tongue up the underside of his cock, making it twitch, making him moan.

“Show me.”

But he didn't wait for me to show him, he reached out to slip his hand into my dress, and I moaned when his fingers found my nipple and began to tease and toy it.

I pressed my lips to him, sucking at him as I teased the sensitive underside with my tongue. He writhed, his back twisting, his other hand moving into my hair, pulling at me, groaning. I gripped him tighter, then tighter still, pulling my hand down, stretching his skin, sucking at him, tonguing him, his shaft thickening, the knob filling with blood, turning an angry shade of reddish-purple. And when I felt him begin to pulse in my hand and against my tongue, I ran my lips up and over the head, wrapping them softly around him, gripping him tighter, pulling harder as he began to shoot, pulse after pulse, the length of his shaft dancing on my tongue as he groaned, his fingers pulling at my nipple, making me crazy as his cum shot up into my mouth. I moaned from deep in my throat, swallowing, over and over again, watching his face, so contorted in bliss as he emptied his balls.

I held him in my mouth until the tremors passed, until his breathing returned to normal, then I moved up beside him, cuddling up to him, my head on his shoulder, my fingernails teasing his stomach. “Like that, sugar?”

He groaned, tightening his hold on me. I closed my eyes, settling, enjoying the taste of him.

I gave us several long minutes to cuddle, then I roused him. “We need to get up. I have to start dinner, and you need a shower.”

“I smell?”

I reached up to kiss his chin, then his lips. “A boy always wants to be fresh for a date.”

“*I have* a date,” he purred, pulling at me, urging me up and onto him. He moaned into my mouth as the kiss deepened. I caught his hands when they began

to knead my breasts, and shook my head, breaking the kiss. “Come on, Romeo.”



He showered while I cooked dinner, my mind on him, on us. I was nervous about tonight, about this sweet, young thing he was interested in. I was nervous about them being alone together, nervous that he'd allow his penis to think for him. I was afraid that he'd use his fast-developing powers of seduction to try to get into her little honey pot, and that she'd be all too eager to spread for him. What it all boils down to, is that she has the ability to throw a monkey wrench into my plans. She has the ability to take away from me what I so desperately want: his virginity.

I've been his first real kiss and I've been his first taste of pussy. Mine are the first lips to wrap around him and I want my vagina to be the first one his gorgeous cock slides into. I want them to be my eyes he's staring into as he pushes into his first pussy, my eyes he stares into as he becomes a man. I want to be the woman he can never forget, the one he can never let go of.

The sound of the garage door brought me back from the naughty place I'd gone to, and as I waited for James to come in, I did my best to push Bobby and his date from my mind.

I set the baking dish on the stove to cool, then I leaned against the counter, waiting, offering him a warm smile when he entered. “Hi, baby.”

He didn't respond, instead, he approached me slowly, his eyes moving from mine down to my bare toes in one long, slow caress. He shook his head. “Just something about a beautiful woman in the kitchen, barefoot,” he said, his tone low, his arms slipping around me as he leaned over me, pressing his lips to mine.

The kiss left me light-headed, and I clung to him as he moved his lips to my ear. “You smell like pussy.”

I moaned softly. “Go get cleaned up for dinner, big boy.”

He pulled me away from the counter, his hands moving down, over my ass, squeezing. “No panties,” he murmured. “Been playing in the cookie jar?”

I bit his ear. “Jealous?”

“Not as long as you save some for me.”

I pressed my lips to his neck, inhaling, taking in his warm, manly scent. “I’ll always have enough for you, lover.”

He groaned, running his hands lower, squeezing, pulling my cheeks apart, making it hard for me to think. I shook my head. “After dinner, baby, I promise.”

Slowly, his fingers opened, letting up, and he pulled away. “Gonna hold you to that.”

After dinner, as I was doing the dishes, Bobby wrapped his arms around me, laying his chin on my shoulder. I rubbed my cheek against him. “Looking forward to your date?”

“I guess, yeah.”

“Doesn’t sound too convincing.”

Into the short silence, he said, “I’m nervous.”

I finished the dishes, dried my hands, then turned to lean back against the counter. I pulled him to me. “Tell me what you’re nervous about?”

He took and released a breath. “Guess I don’t know what to talk about.”

“Well, I’m sure you two have similar tastes in music, and you could always ask her to tell you something interesting about herself.”

“That’s a good idea.”

I nodded once, holding his gaze, the moment dragging on, and then he was staring at my lips. I shook my head. “No, baby.”

He moved closer, stopping only an inch away, his gaze coming up, the desire in his eyes so strong I could feel it, and though I’d told him no, I couldn’t wait to have his lips on mine. But I wanted him to make the first move. I wanted him in control. I wanted him to build up his confidence, to feel secure enough to take what he wanted.

I wanted him to take *me*, and I dropped my gaze to his lips, waiting for him to move, waiting for his touch. I licked my lips when he began to move, parted them as I slid my arms around his neck, crossing my wrists, my eyes closing as our lips

met. I moaned softly as his tongue slid oh, so sensuously against my own.

He was pressed up against me, his cock hard, pushing into my mound, against my belly, driving me crazy. I broke the kiss, panting, and touched my forehead to his. “Want you so bad,” I whispered. “Inside of me.”

“I want that too. I can’t stop thinking about you.”

I closed my eyes and pressed my lips to his, the gentlest of touches, teasing his lips, teasing my own, sucking, moaning.

“When?” he murmured.

“Soon, baby.”

“When?”

I opened my eyes. “When I get my ring. I need to know I’m what you really want.”

“You are.”

I could hear in his tone that he believed it, but I knew that a boy—a man—would say anything a woman wanted to hear, if it meant getting into her panties. He’s different, though, he’s my baby. I offered him a warm smile as I cupped his cheek. “I’m already yours, Bobby.”

“But I want to make love to you.”

My eyes slid closed as my heart skipped a beat. I took a calming breath then exhaled. “I want that too, baby.”

“Can we?”

“Not yet, honey. I need you to stick to the plan. I need you to show me you can be a man.”

A slow smile pulled his lips as he rubbed his cock against me.

I slipped my hands over his shoulders, teasing the hair at the nape of his neck. “Hard for momma?”

He nodded, his eyes full of fire.

I pressed my lips to his, then again and again, telling him, without words, that

I love him, that I want him.

We both started when we heard footsteps in the hall, and he made to pull away from me but I held him fast, my head shaking, calming him as I pulled his head down onto my shoulder. I took and released a breath, and followed James with my eyes as he approached, one brow up. “What’s up?”

He shook his head. “Just wondering where you were.”

“Our baby is nervous about his date.”

“Mm. Well, I’m pretty sure it’s normal to be nervous for any first date, but especially for your very first date.”

Though James couldn’t see it from his position, I could feel Bobby smile. I resisted the urge to smile, myself. To Bobby, I said, “You haven’t mentioned how you’re getting to and from this party, or where it’s at. And I need to know what time to expect you home.”

He groaned. James said, “Groan all you want to, just make sure to write the address on the fridge.”

“Kay.”

“What time?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Midnight?”

“Eleven,” James said.

“Daad...” he said, drawing it out.

“Don’t daad me. You’re fifteen years old. I want you home by eleven.”

I gave him a pleading look.

“Thirty,” he muttered.

I gave James a thankful smile.

“Who’s driving?”

“James...”

His brows drew.

I said, "I was in the middle of all this when you came in."

"Oh. Well... I'll be in the front room, waiting for my date."

We laughed. When he was out of earshot, I said, "He loves you very much."

"I know."

I spent a few long moments ordering my thoughts. "Do you remember promising me that you'd talk to me before you have sex?"

He nodded.

"I really need you to do that. It's very important to me."

"Okay."

"And that includes any foreplay."

Into the short silence, he said, "What's foreplay?"

My stomach fluttered. "Foreplay is what you and I have been doing; teasing," I whispered.

"No kissing?"

"Kissing's okay."

He smiled, making me laugh. Then I groaned, my head shaking. "My baby's growing up."

The smile left his face then, and he moved to lay his cheek on my shoulder. Into the short silence, he said, "You said to tell you when I'm ready for sex."

"I did."

"I'm ready."

I took a deep breath and released it slowly. I was *so* not ready for that. "Baby... You don't even really know this girl."

"I'm not talking about her."

My stomach fluttered with his words. I pulled him from me, wanting to see his face, his eyes. I cupped his cheek, brushing my thumb over his lips, staring into his pretty eyes. "Need to be inside of me, don't you, baby?"

He nodded, moving his hips, insinuating his hardness into my thigh.

I licked my lips, my gaze on his, and I moved, kissing him softly, then deeper, the fire flaring quickly. I slid my hand down his side, then drew it back up again, my fingers flexing, gripping his shirt then releasing it, over and over, lower and lower, and finally I pushed my hand down between us, giving us what we both wanted, gripping him, stroking him through his slacks, making him moan. “Hard for momma?”

“Yes,” he husked.

I stared into his eyes as I squeezed him, softly at first, then firmer. Then, silently, I led him out of the kitchen, down the hall, and into the bathroom. I locked us in, then slipped my fingers into his waistband and pulled him further into the room. My gaze on his, I sat on the closed toilet seat. I tugged on his slacks, and a moment later they were falling, along with his briefs, around his ankles. I lowered my gaze to his hard, curving cock, but as delicious as it was to look at, I couldn't wait to feel it throbbing on my tongue. I leaned forward and swiped my tongue up the underside once before taking him in, wrapping my lips around him, sucking gently, listening to his soft moans. I let him slip out, then met his gaze. “Quiet, baby boy.” I kissed the tip then pulled him back in, working my tongue against the underside of him, sucking, moving my lips slowly up and down, taking nearly all of him, every few strokes. And though I was enjoying myself immensely, there was something I'd been craving. I brought my lips to the tip and held them there, stilling my tongue, waiting. I'd been dying to watch him masturbate, and I decided that it would be now that I got to see it.

For a few long moments, we stayed just like that, neither of us moving, then I felt his hands slip into my hair, but before he could close his fingers, messing my coif, I caught his wrists. I brought his right hand down near my chin and released him, then I laced my fingers with his left hand and waited.

I smiled around him when he cupped my chin, applying the gentlest pressure, pulling me onto him. “Suck, Momma,” he murmured.

I moaned at his unbelievably naughty plea, and I tucked the idea away for future reference, but right now, I wanted him stroking himself. I brought my hand

up and pulled his gently from my chin, then directed him to his shaft, guiding him until he got the idea.

At first he was tentative, but within a few short moments, within a few strokes, he was moving in earnest, doing the naughtiest thing he'd ever done.

He began to groan, and though they were quiet groans, I really didn't want to get caught. I pulled off of him and met his gaze, his eyes so dark with desire. I shushed him. "Quiet, baby."

He nodded once, his hand moving again, slowly, then with purpose. I licked the tip then held my tongue to him, my gaze on his as he stroked faster, bumping into my lips every few strokes. Soon, he began to shake and sway. I wrapped my lips around him then, waiting, watching his face, his pretty blue eyes, as his cock began to throb, once, twice, and then he was pumping his cream out onto my tongue, making us both moan, making my head swim.

Though I'd knelt before his father before, while he stroked himself to orgasm, holding my mouth open for him, staring up into his eyes as he pleased himself, never had it seemed as naughty as it did to do the same for Bobby. Not even close, in fact. But watching his eyes as he pleased himself, as I held my lips to the tip of his gorgeous cock, was pure bliss. I swallowed over and over, moaning, staring up at him, willing him to hold my gaze, watching as he struggled to keep me in focus. And as the last of the tremors shook him, I held him in my mouth, bathing him with my tongue, one hand gripping his thigh, the other gripping his fingers.

He released his grip on himself, and brought his hand back to my chin, pulling me further onto him, moaning as I took him in. I wanted to shush him, but with my mouth full, I couldn't. I just hoped he wasn't being so loud as to be heard out in the hall.

His moans softened, quieting, as I continued to pleasure him, but as delicious as it felt to nurse on him, I couldn't shake the feeling that, if he wasn't already, his father would soon come looking for me, as so, with a soft sigh, I allowed him to slip from my lips.

I handed him his slacks and underwear, then moved to the mirror to make myself presentable, and when he was dressed he came to stand behind me, meeting

my gaze in the mirror, smiling shy. Shy or not, he reached for my shoulder, turned me to face him, and pulled me into a hug, his breath warm on my neck. “Nice?” I murmured.

He nodded, moaning softly. “So totally, unbelievably awesome,” he whispered. “Can we do that again when I get home?”

I laughed softly, swallowing, the taste of his cum, tart on the back of my tongue. “We’ll see.”

Not wanting to release him, I walked us to the door, unlocked it, and pulled it open. I turned the light off and leaned back against the vanity, him between my legs. “What time is it?”

He checked his phone. “Seven twenty-five.”

“Gonna be late,” I murmured.

“Mm.”

I heard the recliner creak then, and I knew we had only a few moments before he appeared. I pressed my lips to his for a sweet, lingering kiss, then pressed my forehead to Bobby’s, just as James came into view.

“Gonna be late...”

He shrugged. “Waiting for Chad.”

“Mm.”

He met my gaze then, his eyes full of questions. I gave him a sad smile as I tightened my hold on Bobby. He laughed softly. “He’s going on a date, Jackie, not moving out.”

I fought the tears that threatened to fall, and James saw that. He reached out to brush the backs of his fingers over my cheek. “Gonna be okay, baby. He’ll be home before you know it.”

“Don’t be late,” I whispered.

“I won’t.”

I released him, only to wrap my arms around him from behind, as he moved out into the hall, and I held tight to him in the front room, until we heard the sound

of a horn.

He pressed a kiss to my cheek. I stood in the doorway until he slid into the car, until it drove off.

James pushed the door closed, locked it, then pulled me to him. Into the silence, he said, “Doing okay?”

I nodded against his chest. And for several minutes we stood there, swaying in the silence, and though I was perfectly content to stay there, I couldn’t stop thinking that I wanted to brush my teeth. I needed to get the taste of Bobby’s cum out of my mouth, lest his father notice. “Gotta pee,” I said, my tone subdued.

He laughed, releasing me. “Go. Gonna go pour us a glass of wine.”



I stared at the TV, unseeing, my thoughts on Bobby, as they had been all evening. Just now, though, I was wondering what life would be like once both of my babies had moved out. I couldn’t stop thinking about how alone I would feel. And tonight, as I lay across the sofa, my head in James’ lap, I came to realize what a mistake we’d made thirteen years ago, when he’d gotten a vasectomy. At the time, we were certain we were through having children. We had two beautiful boys, both healthy and strong, and neither I nor James could fathom having another bottom to clean, another mouth to feed, and for me, another nine months of discomfort.

Now, though, I couldn’t help thinking that, in another year or two, Ricky would be heading off to college, likely moving to another city or, God forbid, another state. And how long after that would Bobby follow in his footsteps? Two years? Three or four, if I was lucky?

I cried silent tears, thinking forward to being in this house, all alone, every day, with nothing but old photo albums to keep me company.

I could only hide my anguish for so long before James picked up on my soft sniffles. He pulled the hair back that covered my eyes. “Hey... No...”

I shook my head then, and covered my face as the sobs came in earnest. He

moved to lay down, and pulled me tight to his chest. He whispered to me while I cried, rubbing my back, and when the tears slowed, when I began to calm, he said, “What’s got you so shaken up?”

I shook my head, trying to order my thoughts. “Gonna be all alone... when they’re gone.” And again the tears started.

He shushed me, whispering to me, holding me until I calmed. “Gonna be okay, sweetheart. They’re not gonna go far. And they’re gonna bring their babies to us to babysit, and we’re gonna celebrate birthdays and holidays, and we’re gonna sit back and think about how proud we are of them.”

I nodded against his chest, holding on, his words providing at least a modicum of comfort.

At ten thirty I got up and went to my room, where I stood in front of the mirror, staring at the mess my hair had become, at my tear-streaked cheeks, at my red, puffy eyes and my red nose. I groaned, my head shaking. This is not what I wanted my son to see when he got home. I didn’t want him concerned about me, I wanted him carefree. I wanted him to sit with me, bubbling with excitement as he told me all the details of his first date. My stomach fluttered as a smile pulled my lips. “Second date,” I murmured.

I washed my face and brushed out my hair, then I applied an ice pack to my eyes while I laid on my bed, trying to put a positive spin on my situation. On the bright side, I had at least another couple years before I had to worry about Bobby moving out. And maybe I’d get lucky; maybe he’d go to one of the local colleges, stay close to home. And maybe, as James had said, my boys would settle down here, in town, close to their mother.

But as hard as I tried to think positive, I couldn’t help but curse myself for encouraging James to get that vasectomy. He’d only brought it up as a way to assuage my occasional breakdowns, which, admittedly, must have driven him crazy. Over the course of several months, though, we began to consider it as a serious possibility. In hindsight, it was the right choice for us. We really were happy with two little ones.

But now, as I lay on my bed, alone in the dark, with nothing but my thoughts

to keep me company, I couldn't help thinking that we'd made a mistake. But even as the thought crossed my mind, I knew I would never put it into words. I would never utter those words to James.

I ran my hands over my belly, caressing myself, remembering the feel of a baby in there, kicking, wanting to come out and meet his momma and his daddy.

By the time I rolled off the bed I was feeling much better, and as I stared into the mirror, I was pleased to see that the skin around my eyes looked much better.

I put on a fresh dress, this one power blue, then I teased my hair and curled my eyelashes, and though I knew it was going to be next to impossible to explain myself to James, I applied the lipstick Bobby had bought me. And as I stood in front of the mirror, staring at my reflection, I felt my nipples begin to harden. I was supremely pleased with the fact that, at thirty-five, I still look pretty damned good. Oh, my stomach isn't the flat washboard it had been before I got pregnant with Ricky, and my breasts hang a bit lower on my chest, the skin marbled with stretch marks, and my butt is bigger than I'd like it to be, but even considering the changes my body has gone through, I can still turn heads.

I'm honest enough with myself, though, to admit that I wanted to turn only one head tonight. I wanted Bobby's attention. From the moment he walked in, I wanted him focused on me, fully and completely. I wanted him to forget all about sweet, little Linda.

I walked barefoot up the hall, my stomach a bundle of nerves as I moved. I stopped in the darkness, at the end of the hall. There, I took and released a few calming breaths, willing myself not to bite my lip, not to appear nervous. If I was going to face James, dressed as I was, I knew I needed to appear calm and confident, as if there wasn't a thing wrong with the fact that I'd prettied myself up for our son.

I glanced at the clock, as I entered, and as casually as I could muster, I walked toward him, offering him an easy smile as I reached for our wine glasses. I ignored his raised brow, willing myself not to blush like a school girl. "Gonna refill mine. You?"

"No, thank you."

I nodded, turned, and headed for the kitchen, holding my breath, but just as I reached the doorway, he called out to me.

I stopped, my heart beginning to race. I blew out a quiet breath as I turned to face him, one brow up. “Hm?”

He brought his gaze up to meet mine. “You look really nice.”

I couldn’t help the smile. “Thank you.” I held his gaze for a long moment, then I winked and turned.

As I poured wine into my glass, I couldn’t help but wonder what he was thinking. I mean, had the roles been reversed, had he showered and shaved and dressed up at the end of the evening, just before our daughter was due home, I’d have been unable to come to any other conclusion than that he’d done it for her. And I’d have come to that conclusion without the added consideration that he and our daughter were constantly in each others arms. No, if I found myself in his shoes, it would be impossible for me to come to any other conclusion than that my husband and daughter were playing a very naughty game.

I sipped my wine, wondering how it was that he could allow me to continue to carry on with our son, knowing what was going on, for my husband is just too smart to miss the signs I knew were there. No, as I stood there, wine glass in hand, I could no longer delude myself into thinking I was fooling him. In fact, he’s likely known all along that his wife and his son have been growing far closer than is proper. And as I stood there, wondering why he’d let it continue, it came to me; the words he’d spoken so many times over the years:

*I just want to see you happy.*

“Bobby makes me happy,” I whispered.

“Hm?”

I jumped, pulling in a huge, surprised breath, trying desperately to keep control of my glass, even as my other hand came up to my chest. “Jesus, James!”

“Sorry.”

I turned back to the counter, eyes closed as I tried to calm my racing heartbeat and the knots in my stomach. I jumped when his fingers closed around my upper

arms.

“Sorry,” he repeated, his voice a whisper, his breath in my hair.

“It’s okay. I guess I’m just...”

“Nervous?”

I nodded once.

“He’ll be home soon, baby girl.”

“I don’t want to feel so... needy,” I whispered.

He shushed me. “It’s hard to let go.”

I set my glass down and turned, pressing my face into the crook of his neck. “Don’t want to let go. I just want to smother him with love.”

He laughed softly. “Smother him any more than you already are, he’s never gonna wanna leave home.”

“Good,” I murmured.

Again, he laughed. He pulled back, lifting my chin with a finger. “Boy’s got the prettiest momma in the world.”

I stared into his eyes, searching, willing him not to put words to what we both knew: that his wife and son were having an affair, for somehow I knew that even hinting at it would ruin it, would destroy the delicate balance. And to ensure the magic survived, I pressed a finger to his lips, my head shaking.

“I just wanted to tell you how much I love you,” he said, warming my finger.

“I love you too, husband. Never doubt that.”

He pulled me back to him, my cheek on his chest, his lips pressed to the top of my head, and we stood there in silence until we heard the door open and close. He pulled back and offered me a warm smile. “Gonna go get ready for bed.”

James had just left the room, headed for ours, when Bobby appeared, his gaze going immediately to my bare feet, where it lingered a moment before coming up. “I wasn’t sure you were still up. The lights were off.”

I shook my head, holding out a hand to him, offering him a warm smile. I

pulled him between my legs, then pressed my palms to his chest, rubbing him, grounding myself, watching, pleased beyond measure, when his gaze slid down to my lips. “Did you have a nice time?”

“Hm?”

I pull him close, and brushed my lips to his. “Missed you, baby boy.”

“I missed you too.”

I touched my fingertip to his lips. “Go get ready for bed. I’ll come kiss you goodnight. You can tell me about your date.”

“Kay.”

I entered our room to find James just coming out of the bathroom. I drew my fingers down his arm, not meeting his gaze. I pulled my dress over my head and hung it in the closet, then I slipped into my nightie. I spent a few minutes in the bathroom, brushing my teeth and my hair, staring at my reflection, telling myself I wouldn’t break the promise I’d made to both myself and to Bobby: that we wouldn’t make love until I was wearing his ring. But I made the decision, as I stood before the mirror, that, after Priscilla left tomorrow, I would head over to the mall and I would pay for that ring. I would have Nathan put it aside, so that when Bobby returned to buy it, it would be there waiting. And at the rate he was saving, it wouldn’t be but another week or so. His momma would see to that.

I closed my eyes and took several deep breaths before turning out the light and facing James. “Gonna go say goodnight.”

He nodded, his gaze on my chest, on my nipples, as if to tell me I wasn’t dressed appropriately for the task. I ignored the thought as I leaned over him, slowly, allowing him a long view of my swaying breasts. I pressed my lips to his then straightened, leaving him with a smile.

Bobby was already in bed, when I entered, and he followed me with his gaze, a smile pulling his lips. I sat and reached out to rub his chest, then, unable to resist the pull, I leaned over him, bringing my lips to his. I held still, enjoying the fluttering in my stomach as he teased my lips with his own, nipping at them, sucking, first the lower then the upper then again the lower. And I moaned when he

brought his hands up to cup my cheeks, deepening the kiss.

He was learning fast, his confidence much stronger now than it was only a couple weeks ago. And as if to punctuate the fact, he broke the kiss. “Lay down with me?”

I nodded once, and stretched out beside him, laying my head on his pillow, facing him. Almost immediately, he pressed his knee to me. I lifted my leg, moving closer, capturing his leg between my own, sighing, smiling at him. I touched a fingertip to his lips. “Tell me.”

A shy smile pulled his lips and he shrugged. “It was okay. She’s nice.”

I waited, staring into his eyes. He said, “Not really sure what you want to know.”

I twitched my brow. “I want to hear the parts you don’t want to tell me.”

He laughed. “There aren’t any.”

“Oh, come on. Did you hold her hand?”

He grinned, nodding, his excitement making my pulse pick up. “And did you kiss her?”

Though he continued to stare at me, nervous, I could see in his eyes that he did. “Tell me,” I whispered.

“I don’t know, we just... kissed,” he murmured, his gaze dropping to my lips.

I drew my fingertip over his lips. “Tongue kiss?”

He shook his head.

“Why not?”

“I guess I didn’t want her to think I just want to...” He shrugged, looking terribly adorable.

I nodded slowly, feeling a sense of doom falling over me, the same feeling I’d had earlier. I know I told him I want him to look for a girl his own age. I know it’s the right thing to do, that it’s healthy, but just the thought of him falling in love with someone other than me made me physically ill.

But he was counting on me to mother him. I met his gaze. “Proud of you.”

He smiled. I said, “Did you give her a kiss goodnight?”

He nodded.

“And was it nice?”

He smiled, shy. I laughed softly. “Wow,” I purred. “Think you’ll go out with her again?”

“Guess I’ll ask her... if you don’t mind.”

Though the idea gave me a stomach ache, I pasted on a smile. “Of course I want you to. I told you, you need to find someone your own age.”

“But I don’t want to lose you,” he whispered.

I shook my head. “I told you, I’m not going anywhere, baby, I promise.”

He held my gaze for several long moments before speaking. “I want to make love to you.”

I bit my lip, my breath catching. “I want that too, baby, oh, so badly.”

“Can we?” he asked, his face so eager.

I nodded. “As soon as you slip your ring onto my finger, Bobby Terassino, I’ll open my legs for you, give us what we both want.”

“I can’t wait that long,” he said, his brows drawn.

“Yes, you can. Remember what I told you, sweetheart; it’s the teasing.”

His hand began to move then, leaving my hip and searching for the edge of my nightie. He slipped his warm hand beneath it, dragging the soft cotton along with him as he began to move higher. “The teasing,” he murmured.

I shivered when his nails touched my skin. “That’s right, baby boy. It’s the best part.”

I stared into his eyes as he drew intricate designs on my stomach, on my hip, around my belly button, then lower, teasing beneath my waistband, the hair there, pulling it through his fingers for several long moments before moving lower. I bit my lip, my head shaking when he shifted course, avoiding my clit, slipping down

into the crease between my labia and thigh, then lower, but he stopped just before he reached the hottest part of me and came back up, his eyes smiling. Again, he pulled his fingers through my hair. I moaned, pulling my knee further up his thigh, turning my hips, giving him more room as he began moving back down the other side, his fingertips making me shiver as they teased the ticklish crease, his palm just grazing over my clit. I pushed against him but he pulled back. "Teasing me," I murmured.

He nodded, the fire in his eyes smoldering.

"Love the way you touch me... like you love me."

"I do love you."

"I'd marry you," I whispered. "Give you babies."

He moved then, slipping his fingers between my lips. "Wet," he murmured.

I nodded, lip caught in my teeth, and I moaned softly when he pulled them up through me, jumped when he found my clit. He spent a few moments teasing it, making it hard for me to focus on him, making me breathe harder. "Hot for you, baby boy," I said, my hips starting to move, trying to set the pace.

He continued to tease my clit, making me hotter and wetter, until I curled my nails into his arm, groaning, my orgasm sweeping up on me from out of nowhere. I fused my lips to his, thrusting my tongue past his lips as he teased me up and up and over. I shuddered and shook against him, groaning as I rode the waves.

I broke the kiss, panting and out of breath. And I laughed softly when he began to pepper my face with kisses, but the laughter died down and the smile faded as I stared into his eyes. "Naughty boy," I purred. "Not supposed to have your fingers in your mamma's honey."

"Then why did you let me?"

I reached for his wrist, and pulled his hand out of my panties. "Can't resist you," I said, drawing his hand up between us. I captured his fingers between my lips, my eyes on his as I sucked at them, licked them clean, watching the fire roar.

"Sexy," he said, his tone husky.

I smiled around his fingers.

“I wanna suck your fingers.”

My stomach fluttered with the thought, and I released his wrist and pushed my hand down between us, into my panties, into my wet heat, moaning, my gaze on his as I coated them. I brought them up and held them out for him. His eyes closed as he pulled in a deep breath, a long, low moan escaping him. Then, his eyes on mine, he closed his lips around them, sucking hungrily.

“Naughty boy.”

He nodded, his eyebrow twitching as he pushed his tongue in and around my fingers. And when he pushed them out, I returned them to my hot furnace and coated them again, then again and again. Eventually, though, I cupped his cheek. “I need to get back to him, baby. I’ve already been gone too long.”

He pulled me lower, directing me to his rigid cock, and against my will, my fingers wrapped around him and squeezed. “Bobby...”

He leaned closer, sucking at my lips, teasing. I groaned, even as I sat up. “Gonna get me in trouble.” But I got to my knees and began to work his briefs over his cock and down his legs. I tossed them aside, then knelt between his legs and reached for his cock. I watched his eyelids flutter, a soft moan escaping him as I gripped it.

“I can’t see you,” he said, his gaze on my breasts.

I shook my head, laughing soundlessly. He’s more like his father than not. But... “I need to keep it on, in case he comes looking for me.” Even as the words filled the air, I was reaching for the hem, lifting it, holding it up enough that he could see my nipples. I shook my head at the smile I got from him. “Such a boy,” I murmured, tightening my grip. I began to stroke him then, my gaze locked with his. “Handsome boy.”

He moaned, his gaze on my swaying breasts, and soon his hips were moving, trying to get me to go faster. But I kept my pace slow and steady, driving him crazy, his lip caught in his teeth as his gaze moved back and forth, from one breast to the other. The look in his eyes told me he was close, and I released him. He groaned as his cock dropped onto his belly. “Momma...”

I ignored him as I reached for my panties, as I eased them off and set them aside. “Close your legs, baby.” I straddled him, and though I could see in his eyes that he thought we were finally going to make love, that I was giving in, I was doing nothing of the sort. I had it in my head that I wouldn’t allow him inside of me until I had his ring on my finger. No, what I had in mind was a compromise, one I knew he’d like.

I moved higher, my wet lips leaving a naughty trail over his balls then up onto his hard shaft as I spread my hands out on his stomach. Then I began to ride him, my lips capturing him in an intimate embrace, sucking at him, painting him with my naughty essence as our soft moans filled the air. I shushed him when he got close, when he began to groan. “Quiet, baby boy.” I continued to slide up and down his shaft, my clit massaging the delicate underside of him as he began to throb. “That’s it, my baby,” I whispered.

He groaned as he thrust up against me, then again and again, and then he was shooting, the first jet almost reaching his throat. The second, third, and fourth left a long trail up his chest. The rest formed a pool on his belly, where I had his cock pressed tight to him, my clit smashed between us. I stayed atop him, moving my hips slowly, coaxing out the last of his cum, and when he began to settle, when his muscles began to relax, I moved off of him, my gaze on his still-rigid cock, on the mess he’d made. It was everything I had not to suck him clean, but I needed to be able to return to my husband with a clean mouth, and so I grabbed one of his tee shirts and used that to wipe up the mess, holding his gaze as I did, returning his smile, lazy though it was. “Like that, baby?”

He nodded. “Nice. Wet.”

I leaned over him and pressed my lips to his for a short, sweet kiss. “Sweet dreams, baby boy.”

Ricky’s door, open when I’d left my room for Bobby’s, was now closed, and as I passed by, I prayed he hadn’t heard his brother’s naughty moans.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw the time. I’d been gone for over half an hour. My head swam as I thought about James, lying in bed, wondering what was taking so long. I tiptoed to the bathroom to pee, then I stopped beside the bed,

staring down at him, so relaxed in sleep. I lifted the covers and slid in, watching as his eyes came open. Before he could speak, before he could ask me what took so long, I pressed a finger to his lips, shaking my head. “Shhh.” I replaced my finger with my lips, kissing him, moving my hand down his chest, over his belly, teasing the trail of hair there as I kissed my way across his jaw. I found the slit in his boxers and slipped my fingers through to find him soft. I toyed him while I nibbled his ear and his neck, making him moan, teasing him, and when he began to harden, I pulled his boxers off, then I returned my lips to his, my tongue teasing his as I stroked him to hardness, squeezing him, pulling the skin tight. I broke the kiss then. “Hard for mamma, sweetheart?”

He moaned, again capturing my lips in a frantic kiss. I swung my leg over him and directed his cock to my lips, teasing them, parting them with his thick meat. I broke the kiss, wanting to see his eyes as he slid into me. I sat up, my hands on his chest as I sank down onto him, rolling my hips, moaning as he stretched me open, and when I had all of him in me, I lowered myself down to kiss him, then again and again.

He rolled us over, his hands coming down beside my head as he began to thrust into me. I ran my fingers through his hair, staring into his eyes as he thrust harder and harder, making me moan. I pulled him to me to whisper in his ear. “You feel so nice, my sweet boy.”

“Is that what you told him?”

I froze, my stomach turning, my fingers curling, nails digging into his skin as I tried to push him off. I shook my head when he pulled back to see my face. “Stop,” I whispered, my voice hoarse as I pushed against him.

He rolled off of me and I turned onto my side, unable to face him, the tears coming so fast I didn’t even know they were on their way. He rubbed my back as I cried, whispering apologies, whispering his love for me, curling up against me, holding me so tight. And he continued to hold me until long after the tears stopped.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

I nodded once. And then the silence dragged on, and on and on, until I felt his muscles relaxing, his breathing evening out.



## Chapter 8

**I woke to the smell of chocolate.** I smiled even before I opened my eyes, and I struggled to maintain my smile as I met his gaze, as the memory of last night came back to haunt me.

“Morning,” he said, setting the tray down beside me.

“Morning.”

His gaze dropped to the tray, but a moment later it came back up. “I’m sorry about last night. I wasn’t trying to hurt you.”

I nodded, unsure what to say to him, for it wasn’t him who should be apologizing, it was me. I’m the one who cheated. But as I stared into his eyes, it came to me that he knew that, and still he was apologizing. “*I’m* sorry,” I whispered, willing my sincerity on him.

He shook his head, and reached out to place a finger to my lips, as I’d done with him last night. “You have nothing to apologize for,” he said, his tone soft. Again, I shook my head, and again he put a finger to my lips. “Shhh... I won’t question you again.”

I stared into his eyes for long moments, willing him to see that I love him. He nodded, and when I exhaled, he pulled his finger from my lips, and I watched, charmed, as he reached for the fork, loaded it with eggs, then held it out for me.

He fed me in silence, and when I was finished he wiped my lips. Then he put the tray on the floor and curled up against me, his head on my shoulder, his breath warming me. I brought my hand up and teased my fingers through his hair. “Love you so much,” I whispered. “So very much.”

“I know.”

I pressed a kiss to the top of his head. Into the silence, I said, “Thank you for breakfast.”

“Welcome.”

“Thank you for loving me.”

He tightened his hold on me. “You’re a joy to love.”

I kissed him, my throat tightening. For many minutes we laid there, my fingers sifting through his hair, his thumb brushing over the skin at my hip, and though I didn’t want to move, I needed to. I had to pee and I had a million things to do before his mother arrived in... I glanced at the clock. Two and a half hours. I closed my fingers in his hair. “Gotta get up.”

He pressed his lips to my breast then rolled out of bed, snatched the tray from the floor, and winked on his way out.

I peed, then washed and brushed before venturing out in search of my children. I found Ricky sitting at his desk, working on a report. I kissed his cheek, and I waited until he finished the sentence he was working on before speaking. “Morning, sweetheart.”

“Morning.”

“Sleep okay?”

He nodded, turning to face me. “I, um... I can stay home today, if you want me to.” He shrugged.

I smiled, pleased. “It’s awfully nice of you to offer, but I’m pretty sure you’d really rather head to the beach. Am I right?”

He rolled his eyes, smiling. “Helen Travers and Cathy Stevens are going.”

“So you say.” I ruffled his hair. “Does Rachel know about your wandering eye?”

He looked away, shy.

“Go. I wouldn’t want you to miss out on seeing the little hotties in their skimpy, little suits.”

“Moom,” he said, drawing the word out, turning back to his computer.

I laughed, kissed his cheek again, then moved toward the door. “Just make sure you call your grandmother, at some point today, to tell her you love her. And it wouldn’t hurt to tell your mother the same thing.”

“I love you, mom.”

I smiled at him. “I love you too.”

I found Bobby in the dining room. Like his brother, he was doing his homework. I pressed my lips to the top of his head, then, when he tilted it back, to his lips. “Morning, my sweet boy.”

“Morning.”

I kissed him again then straightened, backing away from him, holding his gaze until the wall came between us.



“Grandma’s here!”

I wiped my hands, then tossed the towel onto the counter, and by the time I reached the front room, Priscilla was standing in the foyer, her arms wrapped around Bobby, her smiling eyes meeting mine over his shoulder. As always, she was dressed to impress, in a pretty, mint green blouse and a pair of white shorts, her sandals showing off her pedicure. She has thick, dark brown hair that I’m sure she colors, but it shines just like her eyes do when she smiles. And they shone, just now, as she winked at me. To him, she said, “Missed you, sweetheart.”

“I missed you too. Mom’s in the kitchen.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m positive. We haven’t seen you in, like, two weeks.”

She laughed, pulled away, and turned him. “I meant, are you sure she’s in the kitchen.”

“Oh.”

“Hi, Priscilla.” I pulled her into a tight hug, then kissed her cheek as we parted. “Good to see you.”

“You too, dear.”

I cupped Bobby’s cheek. “Go tell your father his mommy’s here.”

She laughed.

“Pretty sure he knows,” he mumbled, on his way out.

I led her to the kitchen. “Something to drink?”

James came in a few moments later, his hands on Bobby’s shoulders. He aimed him at me, then released him. I pulled him to me and pressed my cheek to the side of his head, watching as James pulled his mother to him, squeezed her, then pressed his lips to her cheek. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”

I offered her a warm smile when she met my gaze. “Staying out of trouble?”

She laughed, her head shaking, then she caught Bobby’s eye. “How come you aren’t at the beach with your brother?”

My brow went up. Bobby shrugged. I said, “Did Ricky call you?”

She nodded. “Just before I left the house. Such a sweet boy. Told me he was sorry he wasn’t going to be here, that he’s been looking forward to going to the beach for weeks.”

“Wow,” James said, impressed.

I decided against telling him of my suggestion that Ricky call his grandmother. Better to let him be proud.

I pressed my lips to the side of Bobby’s head. “Do me a favor?”

“Hm?”

“Go clean the loungers off? Grandma and I are gonna lay out for a bit.”

He nodded.

“Grab towels for us, too, and one for yourself, if you want.”

Again, he nodded. I kissed him. “Go on.”

Priscilla gave me a pleading look. I laughed softly. “Are you really gonna

deny that sweet boy the joy of seeing his beautiful grandmother in a bikini?”

“I was hoping to, yes.”

James laughed softly. “Gonna let you two fight this out.” He pressed a kiss to her cheek, then left us.

She shook her head. “Poor thing’s gonna have nightmares.”

I laughed. “More like fantasies.”

She groaned. “I’m fifty-three years old, Jacquelin.”

I allowed my gaze to drift over her. “Fifty-three or not, Priscilla, those are the legs of a woman half your age.”

She scoffed. “Gonna go change.”

I changed, as well, into my least risqué bikini—a medium-blue two-piece with a full back and generous cups. But even as tame as it was, it still left little to the imagination. I wrapped a sarong around my waist, then returned to the kitchen to wait for her. She entered, a few moments later, wearing a semi-opaque robe over a pretty, pale yellow one-piece. I shook my head as I took her in. “This is me praying I look like you in another twenty years.”

She laughed nervously. “You flatter me.”

I bit my lip, my head shaking, and before I could change my mind, I said, “He’s right, you know, you have to be one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever met.”

“He said that?”

I shook my head. “No. To be accurate, he said you’re *the* most beautiful woman in the world.”

She looked away, clearly pleased, but also clearly embarrassed.

“Shall we?”

She nodded. I handed her a glass then grabbed my own.

Bobby was exactly where I expected him to be; sitting on the lawn, about ten feet from the foot of the loungers. I heard Priscilla groan under her breath. I turned,

and in a soft voice meant only for her, said, “I can send him in, if you’d prefer. I really don’t want you to be uncomfortable.”

She rolled her eyes, waving me off. “Oh, I’m complaining, more than anything else. I’ll be fine.” She looked past me. “No harm letting him look, I suppose.”

I smiled at her. “That’s the spirit.”

She brought her own sunblock, and we sat in silence while we applied it, but I stopped just above my knees, then I wiggled my fingers, getting Bobby’s attention. I held out the bottle to him. “Do my knees and my calves and my feet?”

He nodded, smiling shy, doing his best not to look at his grandmother as he went to work, and though I could feel her eyes on me, I kept my gaze on him, wanting her to see that I was comfortable with him touching me, even if it *was* just my lower legs. But I couldn’t resist glancing over when he got to my feet. I offered her a cute smile. “Loves his momma’s feet,” I whispered.

“Mooom...”

I laughed softly, winking at him. “Such a cute pout.”

He smiled, shy, but went back to work on my foot. When he was finished, I thanked him. He shrugged, then returned to his towel.

Her voice just a whisper, she said, “You’re gonna traumatize the poor thing.”

I turned, one brow up. “Applying sunblock to my feet isn’t even in the same ballpark as letting him sit with me while I bathe,” I said, only loud enough for her.

Her brows drew, and I watched as myriad emotions clouded her eyes. I said, “That wasn’t meant as a barb, Priscilla.”

“No?”

I could hear the uncertainty in her voice. I shook my head. “I have nothing but the highest regard for you, and I know for a fact that the memories James has of you in that tub are some of his fondest.”

She held my gaze for several long moments before turning her head and closing her eyes. “I’m glad.”

Into the silence, I said, “And I can guarantee you he’ll be out here within the next few minutes.”

She turned then, one brow up.

I shook my head. “There is no way in hell he’s gonna pass up the opportunity to see his momma in a bathing suit.”

She laughed softly. “Oh... You talk as if he...” She shook her head and again turned her face up to the sky, her eyes closing.

It was on the tip of my tongue to try to finish her thought, but I’d already planted the seed. I could see it in her eyes, hear it in her voice.

True to my prediction, I heard the door slide open, not five minutes later. I turned my head just as she did, and I winked at her. She rolled her eyes, then closed them, again turning her face to the sky.

James pressed a kiss to my lips, and I watched as his gaze swept over her in a discreet yet slow caress. I’d have shaken my head but I had the strongest feeling we were being watched.

He pressed his lips to mine again. “Gonna go clean the grill.”

I winked at him, then I met her gaze when she turned. “Could have made at least a few bucks on that prediction, huh?”

She laughed softly. “I wouldn’t have taken the bet.”

“No, I don’t suppose you would have.”

Into the silence, she said, “He wants to take me to Marelli’s tonight.”

“I know.”

Her brows drew. “He said you weren’t interested in going.”

I looked across to him and returned his smile. “It’s not that I don’t want your company,” I said, meeting her gaze. “I just...” I took and released a breath. “He wants alone time with his momma.”

She studied my eyes for a long moment before nodding once.

I said, “You’re young, Priscilla, whether you want to believe it or not. Wear

pretty things, go on dates, go dancing, enjoy yourself.” I lowered my gaze. “Although, you already have the pretty things part covered.”

She laughed softly. “Have you seen the selection of men I have to pick from, at my age?”

I brought my gaze to hers. “Are you kidding me? I’d put money on the fact that, if you’d gone to the beach today, dressed like that, you’d have men from twenty to seventy chasing after you.”

She shook her head.

“But I wasn’t talking about other men, Priscilla, I was talking about that hunk over there.”

Her brows drew. “He’s my son!” she hissed.

I nodded, amused. “Dates Priscilla. Dinner... dancing... I never said anything about sleeping with him.”

Her eyes closed and she turned her face to the sun, a quiet groan escaping. And I watched as, a moment later, a smile pulled her lips. “I think you enjoy teasing me,” she whispered.

I waited for her to meet my gaze. “I want to see you happy,” I said, my tone soft. “I want to see him happy.”

She stared for several moments then turned, her eyes closing. “Dinner and dancing, huh?”

“Dinner and dancing... but don’t rule out a bit of kissing,” I whispered. I turned and closed my eyes. It was everything I had not to smile, for I could feel her eyes on me. I listened, waiting, and when she turned away, I said, “The kissing’s the best part, Priscilla.”

She laughed softly.



Later, after we’d eaten and visited, and she was leaving, she pulled me to her, her lips near my ear. “Troublemaker.”

I laughed softly. “Remember, the kissing’s the best part.”

She pulled away, trying not to smile.

I slipped my arm around Bobby’s shoulders and led him from the room and into the kitchen. “Wash the dishes for me?”

“Sure.”

Once I had the food put away, I leaned against the counter. “Have a good time?”

He nodded, his gaze slipping down to my chest.

“Were you staring at your grandma?”

The cutest smile pulled his lips and he returned his attention to the dish he was washing. I laughed, while drawing a fingertip down his arm. “You have the prettiest smile.”

He grinned, and moments later, as it began to fade, he said, “She has really long legs.”

“Yeah?”

He nodded, not meeting my gaze.

“Pretty?”

He smiled, shy.



Nathan was with a customer when I walked in, but he spared me a wide smile and held up a finger. I made a beeline for the wedding sets, my stomach fluttering. I was anxious to see whether he’d sold my ring. I breathed a sigh of relief when I peeked in and saw it.

I returned his smile when he approached.

“Well, hello there.”

“Hi. I’m not sure if you remember me or not, but I was in with my son, a couple weeks ago.”

He smiled. "A man never forgets a pretty lady." He glanced outside, then returned his attention to me. "And where is the handsome, young man?"

"Home, doing his homework."

"Ah." Unprompted, he slid the case open, removed the ring, and set it in my palm.

I thanked him with a smile, and after I inspected it, I returned it. "I'd like to pay for it."

"Excellent. It's a beautiful ring."

"Yes, it is."

He led me toward the register, and when I handed him my card, I said, "I'd like you to hold it for me."

"Oh?"

I nodded. "I want him to come pay for it."

He held my gaze a moment then returned my card. "I will hold it for him, and when he comes in, I will sell it to him."

"You wouldn't mind? I really don't mind paying for it, as long as my account gets credited."

"Nonsense." He seemed to reconsider. "Mm... How long are we talking here?"

"A week. Two, at the latest. He's saving as fast as he can."

He smiled. "It'll be in the safe."

I gave him a warm smile. "Thank you, Nathan."

"You're quite welcome, Mrs...?"

"Terassino. Jacqueline."

He nodded, smiling warmly. "Good day, Jacqueline Terassino."

"You too."

I left, feeling like a schoolgirl on her first crush. I knew that Bobby had

already saved close to a thousand dollars, and by my calculations, he'd be in to buy that ring next Saturday—assuming, of course, that he washed both cars that morning. And also assuming he kept up with his homework, for I had no intention of rewarding him if he started slipping in school. I knew instinctively, though, that I needn't worry; he's very diligent about school and homework, and as if to reinforce the notion, I found him at his computer, reading an article on batteries, of all things. He explained that he was studying for an upcoming physics test. I nipped at the ticklish spot on his neck, making him laugh.

I stopped in the doorway to the office, leaning against the jamb, staring at him in profile.

“I can feel you looking at me.”

I waited until he turned, then held a hand out to him, wiggling my fingers. A moment later he was standing and moving toward me. I reached for his other hand, and I led him, in silence, down the hall and into our room. I locked the door then drew him to me, and I held his gaze as I pushed my wrists up over his shoulders, finding the hair at the nape of his neck, teasing it.

“So beautiful,” he murmured, bringing his lips to mine.

I moaned, moving closer when he tightened his hold on me, rolling my hips, telling him without words that I was in the mood.

He ran his hands down my back and onto my ass, squeezing, pulling, teasing me.

He undressed me, and I, him. I made myself comfortable on the bed and held my arms open for him, and I teased the hair on his chest while we made slow, gentle love, no words, just sweet, quiet love. And when we'd come down, we cuddled, facing each other.

He broke the silence. “Sure you won't join us tonight?”

I nodded. “Gonna hang out here, relax, hang out with Bobby.” I lowered my gaze to my fingers, where they teased the hair on his chest. “Planted a little bug in your mother's ear.”

He laughed softly and I brought my gaze up. “I told her she needs to have fun;

dine, dance... kiss.”

“She does. Dine, I mean. And she’s been out dancing. You know that.”

“With you,” I said, watching his eyes.

His brow went up. “You told her that?”

I nodded, lip caught in my teeth.

“And what did she say?”

“She called me a troublemaker.”

“Troublemaker.”

I rolled atop him, laying with my cheek on his chest, exhaling, content. “I told her the kissing is the best part, so...”

“So... what?”

“So, it won’t be a complete surprise.”

“I can’t kiss her,” he whispered.

I moved my cheek against him. “Don’t need to, baby, she’ll come to you.”

Into the short silence, he said, “What do I do?”

I pressed my lips to his neck, nipped him, teasing, kissing, licking, making him moan, his fingers teasing my back, and I’d only just pressed my lips to his jaw, just below his ear, when he turned his head, seeking out my lips. I allowed him a few short moments before breaking the kiss and meeting his gaze. “Why did you kiss me?” I whispered.

“You were driving me crazy.”

I touched a finger to his lips. “Drive your momma crazy.”

He shook his head slowly, the uncertainty clear in his eyes.

I said, “She’ll come to you, baby, I promise.”

“I can’t,” he said, his tone soft.

“She has such pretty lips,” I said, touching his. “So full and inviting.”

He moaned. I moved my hips, rubbing against his growing erection. “Dance

with her, breathe on her neck, listen to her breathing. I promise you, that's all it'll take to get her excited." I moved my lips to his ear. "And when her breathing starts to change, put your lips to her neck. Just a sweet, little kiss. You'll know if she's receptive."

He moaned low, shivering, when I pressed my lips to his ear.

"See?"

He laughed, nervous.

Later, after he'd showered and shaved, I buttoned his shirt for him. "Listen to her breathing."

He cupped my cheeks, and brought our lips together for a sweet kiss, and as he hugged me good-bye, he said, "You make it sound so romantic, but at some point we'd end up all hot and bothered. What happens then?"

I shook my head, holding his gaze, knowing that to answer him would be to admit I had experience, and though Bobby and I hadn't had actual intercourse, he wouldn't know that. But I moved my lips to his ear. "What happens next is the best part, baby," I purred. "Being inside your momma will be the sweetest love you'll ever make."

He pulled back to see my eyes, his head shaking slowly, but before he could ask the questions I could see in his eyes, I put a finger to his lips. "Shhh."

He spoke around my finger. "I just need to know he's alright," he whispered.

"I'd never do anything to hurt him, James. Never."

He held my gaze.

"He means everything to me, husband, you know that."

"He's your baby."

"Don't make your mother wait, sweetheart, we don't like it."

He laughed softly. "I love you."

"And I, you. Call if you'll be past eleven."

"Yes, Mother."

I found Bobby in his room, surfing. He turned toward me, focusing on me. So unlike his brother. I ran my fingers through his hair, from his forehead back, gripping it, squeezing, watching as his eyes slid closed. Again, I gripped him, tilting his head back, brushing my lips to his, then again and again, making him moan. “Been thinking about you all day,” I murmured.

“Me too.”

“Tell me.”

Instead, he fused his lips to mine, but a moment later I felt his hand on my hip, his touch tentative.

“Thinking about touching me?”

He nodded, his hand moving up under my blouse, finding bare skin, squeezing me, then again.

“Love how you touch me,” I whispered. I licked my lips then pressed them to his, searching out his tongue. The kiss, so deep and slow, left me dizzy. I moved my lips against his. “Kiss your momma so good.”

His hand began to move down, over my hip, over my thigh, onto my bare skin, to my knee, tickling me, making me shiver, making me moan when he teased the skin at the inside of my knee, his touch barely there. And then he was moving again, coming up the inside of my thigh, slowly, teasing, making my heart race with anticipation as I stared into his eyes. I shook my head, when his fingers reached my upper thigh, but I couldn’t resist opening my legs, just a little bit, giving him room. I bit my lip when his fingers crept beneath the leg band of my shorts, teasing, but they were a bit too snug to allow him further access, and he brought them back out, then drew little designs along the inside of my thigh. I shook my head. “Baby...”

“Mm?”

“Teasing me,” I whispered.

He drew his fingertips down toward my knee, slowly. “Teasing’s the best part, Momma.”

I groaned, my head shaking as I held his gaze, showing him the desire in my

eyes. “Trying to get me hot and bothered?”

He nodded, lip caught in his teeth, watching my eyes as his fingers came back up, as he moved them onto my shorts, at the inside of my thigh, then higher, pushing up into me, looking for the crease he knew was there.

I brushed my lips to his, moaning softly, my hips moving, trying to follow him as his fingers began to move, back and forth, teasing my lips. “Warm,” he murmured.

I nodded. “Wet for you, baby.”

“Take these off.”

I shook my head. “You do it. Show me you can have what you want.”

I stared into his eyes, lost in them, while he reached for the button, then the zip, then he gripped them and began to tease them over my hips, like I showed him. It was terribly erotic to have him undress me, and by the time they slid to the floor, at my feet, I was shaking with anticipation.

He left my panties on, which surprised me, and ran his fingers up the inside of my thigh, up into me, teasing the fabric at my entrance, pulling through my furrow. I arched to him, increasing the pressure on my clit. But he pulled his fingers away. “Baby...”

He shook his head, even as he teased me with the pad of his thumb, making me moan, long and low, when he began he rub it around and around, teasing the hard bundle of nerves, making my knees weak. I found his tongue then, and chased it around and around with my own, in time with his teasing, and soon I was curling my fingers, gripping him, moaning, trembling. I broke the kiss, out of breath, and touched my forehead to his. “Coming,” I murmured. I bit my lip to keep from crying out, and even so I couldn’t contain a low moan as the waves came at me, washing over me, making me sway above him.

He stood, then, and directed me to his bed. There, he eased me down onto my back. I smiled at him, a lazy smile. His gaze on mine, he reached for my panties.

“No, baby,” I whispered, even as I lifted my legs for him, my head shaking. “Not supposed to see your momma’s naked vagina.”

He smiled as he eased them over my calves and feet. I pressed my soles to his chest, keeping my knees together, hiding. I shook my head when his fingers closed around my ankles, when he began to pull them apart, spreading my legs open. “What are you doing, baby boy?”

“I wanna see you.”

“No,” I whispered, my legs following his direction, opening wider. I pulled them back and up when he released me, shivered when he drew his fingertips slowly down the insides of my thighs, tickling me. I tilted my hips up to meet him, moaning, long and low, when his lips met my own, when his tongue come out to tease me, and I whimpered through one orgasm after another as he moved his face around in my wetness, and though I wanted nothing more than to have him stay there forever, I wanted desperately to hold him, to kiss him, to taste myself on his pretty face.

I pulled at his hair, urging him up, and when I could reach him, I sucked at his lips and tongue, cleaned myself off of him as I whispered my love for him.

Slowly, I came aware of his stiff cock, pressing into my moist heat, his hips moving, the cotton of his briefs rubbing against me, making my already excited clit tingle. It felt delicious to have him there, moving so sensuously against me, but it was too tempting. I wanted him too badly to let him stay there, for it would be oh, so easy to just pull the cotton aside. The rest would come naturally. It would also ruin the fun.

I thought about trying to roll us over, but I know he isn't the tiny, little waif my mind has him painted as. He's a growing boy, and though he doesn't have the bigger muscles that his father has, or the tantalizing trail of hair leading to his beautiful, young cock, he *is* getting big. I broke the kiss, panting. “Come up here,” I said, patting the bed. Then I groaned, my head shaking. “Lock the door.”

“Nobody's home.”

“Don't argue with your momma.”

I watched while he undressed, and when he drew near enough, I reached for him, wrapping my hand around him. He began to sway as I stroked him, his eyelids growing heavy. I released him then and watched, lip caught in my teeth, as

he leaned against the mattress, willing me to touch him. I shook my head. “Undress me, first.”

In the blink of an eye, his focus shifted, from the quest for pleasure, to the desire to see me naked. I watched his eyes as he unbuttoned my blouse, as he eased the fabric aside, exposing me, watched as his eyes caressed my breasts, the semi-transparent bra doing little to conceal them. And I watched, holding my breath, lip caught in my teeth, as his gaze moved down to my stomach, watched as he studied the intricate network of stretch marks, as if he were memorizing them. He reached out a fingertip, as his father has done so many times over the years, and traced one of the many faint veins, seemingly fascinated.

I exhaled softly. “Love the way you look at me,” I whispered.

His eyes came up then, so open, so full of wonder. “You’re so beautiful.”

I bit my lip, my head shaking, my throat tight. Slowly, he pulled his gaze from mine, lingering for a moment on my lips before moving down to my breasts, to my nipples, so hard and distended and aching for his attention.

“Take your bra off.”

I shook my head, smiling a playful smile.

“I wanna see.”

“A woman likes her man to undress her.”

He smiled, shy, but he reached for my hand and pulled me up. I turned, presenting him my back, and pulled my hair over my shoulder. I waited patiently while he experienced his first bra clasp, but he has deft fingers, and it took him no time to defeat it. I resisted the urge to shrug out of it. I wanted him to remove it, wanted him to have the experience. And when he tossed it to the foot of his bed, atop my panties, I lay back down, arms over my head, stretching, watching his face as he took me in. I held my breath as he reached out to draw a circle around a nipple, following the perimeter of my areola, making me shiver.

He smiled as his finger ran around and around, the circles getting smaller with each successive trip, and when he captured my nipple and squeezed, I moaned. He met my gaze, watching my eyes as he did it again. I nodded and again he squeezed,

harder this time, then again and again, harder and harder, until I winced, moving my legs together.

“Too hard?”

“No.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

I shook my head, watching his face as he squeezed. “Feels nice, baby.”

“Really?”

I nodded, waiting. My back arched when he squeezed again. But he released me, his gaze on my breasts as he traced the circumference of my areola. “I don’t want to hurt you,” he said, repeating himself, sounding nervous.

“Sometimes a woman wants it to hurt a little bit. It’s a sweet reminder that her man is big and strong, that he’s in control,” I murmured.

A shy smile came and went, and he held my gaze as he began to squeeze, harder and harder, seemingly looking for my signal, as the pressure continued to increase.

I moaned, my back arching, making him smile.

“Like that?”

I moaned. “Feels wonderful.”

“More?”

I nodded once, lip caught in my teeth. I blew out a long, slow breath when he squeezed hard, then harder still. The muscles in my back responded, my hips beginning to move, and I shook my head. “Making me wet, baby boy.”

He smiled, shy.

“More, baby, show me how strong you are.”

The smile left his face as he increased the pressure, watching as I began to writhe.

I moaned. “Pull hard, baby,” I purred.

I held out for as long as I could, loving the sweet torture, but I was keenly

aware that we wouldn't be following up our naughty foreplay with the sex I so desperately craved from him, the sex his father and I always enjoyed during and after the delicious teasing, and so I shook my head. He released me without hesitation, and I sank into the mattress, slowly releasing the breath I held. "Kiss," I murmured.

He moved onto the bed then, pressing himself up against me, one knee pushed over my thighs, his cock drooling on my hip as his lips found my own, his tongue slipping between them.

I hadn't been lying to James when I said that loving his mother would be the sweetest love he'd ever make. This—having his tongue moving so sensuously against my own, his delicious cock pressed up against me, painting me as his hips moved, his nimble fingers teasing my nipple—this is bliss. I knew, instinctively, that having him moving inside of me would be absolute nirvana.

"Momma..." he murmured, breaking the kiss, panting, his breath hot on my face.

I licked my lips, waiting, knowing what was coming. But I wanted to hear him say it.

He shook his head, his hand leaving my breast to begin a slow trip across my stomach. It fluttered in anticipation.

"What do you want, baby?"

He gave me a pleading look as his fingers reached the hair on my mound, pulling through it, teasing me. He shook his head.

The need was there in his eyes, the desire clear and vivid. It matched my own, I'm sure, and though I knew we weren't going there tonight, I still wanted to hear him say it. I still longed to hear him ask his mother for sex. The idea that he was desperate for me made my head swim, and I reached up to brush my fingertips over his cheek. "What, baby?"

His gaze dropped to my lips as he pushed his fingers down into my wet heat, teasing my hard bundle of nerves. "Can we do it?" he whispered.

I shivered, my clit tingling under his teasing fingers. "Do what, baby?"

An adorable smile pulled his lips. "Have sex," he whispered.

I brought my finger to his lips. "We are."

He captured my fingertip, a low growl escaping. I laughed softly. "The teasing's the best part, baby boy."

His look turned pleading. "I need you," he whispered.

I cupped his cheek, brushing my thumb against him, my smile fading. "I know what you want, baby, and I promise I'm going to give it to you... as soon as I'm wearing your ring." I shook my head, as his face fell. "It won't be long, sweetheart, and the wait will just make it that much sweeter."

"But I *need* you."

"I know you do," I said, my tone soft. "But there are other ways. Use your imagination."

A slow, shy smile pulled his lips, making me laugh. "Tell me."

He pushed against me, even as his hand began to move, his fingers teasing my stomach.

"Wanna sit up there again?"

He nodded, smiling.

I drew my nails up his back. "Go on."

He moved, his cock bobbing in the air above me as he straddled me, the tip drooling. I couldn't resist swiping my finger through it, My gaze on him, I brought it to my lips, then moaned around my finger. "Yummy."

He made a face. I said, "You should try it. It's delicious."

He moved his hips, looking embarrassed, but he watched, transfixed, as I brought my hand down, closed it around him, and began to stroke him, and when the tip again filled with pre-cum, I captured it with my finger and held it up for him, my brow twitching. He shook his head.

"Trust me, baby."

Though he looked skeptical, he moved to wrap his lips around my finger, his

tongue teasing me, making my stomach flutter. He smiled.

“Good?”

He nodded.

“Momma knows best?”

Another nod.

I left my finger in his mouth while I closed my other hand around him and squeezed, harder and harder, until he moaned. I began to stroke him then, my grip tight enough that his cock was beginning to turn color, the veins coming out in stark relief as his hips began to move, trying to set the pace, but I followed him, teasing him.

“Momma...” he moaned, not releasing my finger.

I knew he would come soon. I also knew I could get him to come more than once. I continued to stroke him, and as the moments ticked by, I gradually allowed him to move against my grip, to push up into my hand, his soft moans, music to my ears. “Momma’s boy?” I whispered.

He nodded. He was getting close, though, and I wanted his lips pressed to mine. I wanted him sucking my tongue. I eased my finger from between his lips. “Kiss,” I murmured.

I released him when he leaned over me, and brought both hands up to cup his cheeks, licked my lips to wet them as he trapped his cock between us.

I groaned into his mouth when I felt the first pulse flare through him, gave him my tongue to suck on as his warm cream began to shoot out. I ran my nails up and down his back as his cock throbbed, over and over, his low moans and deeper groans making my head swim. He broke the kiss, out of breath, and I pulled him tight to me, his face in the crook of my neck, his breath warming me as he panted through his orgasm. I rubbed his back. “Love you so much,” I murmured.



He’d gone for a towel, and after he’d cleaned his mess, we’d cuddled. I

should have known we'd fall asleep. Fortunately, though, I had the foresight to have him close and lock the door, for I woke to the sound of the bathroom door closing. The sound made my heart race and, as quickly as I could, I slid out from under him, shushing him when he protested. "Your brother's home."

His eyes went round. I nodded, glancing at the clock. Eleven sixteen. I grabbed my blouse and slipped it on, then quickly pulled my panties on. "I need to get to my room before he goes looking for me." Even as the words left my lips, I was hoping he hadn't already. "Come kiss me goodnight," I said, twisting the handle slowly, quietly. I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard Ricky brushing.

I made it just to my door when the phone rang.

I jogged to James' nightstand, snatched the thing up, and jabbed at the TALK button, then I took and released a calming breath before speaking. "Hello?"

"Hi."

I smiled. He sounded relaxed and happy. "Hi."

"I'm not home yet."

I laughed softly. I shrugged out of my blouse and pulled my nightgown on. "Mm." I pulled back the covers. "Where are you?"

"At my mother's. We're dancing, talking... having a glass of wine."

I eased into bed. "Another one?"

He laughed quietly. "I had one with dinner and one about an hour ago."

"Feeling good, huh?"

"A bit, yeah."

"Mm." I wiggled my fingers, willing Bobby to me when he appeared in the doorway. "I think maybe I'd be more comfortable if you stayed there tonight."

"Oh, I'm fine."

I softened my tone. "James, humor me, please."

"Really, Jackie, I'm fine."

I drew my fingertip down Bobby's nose as he snuggled up to me, his eyes on

mine. “Stay the night, James. You can dance all you want, spend some time with your mother.”

I shook my head when he slipped his hand up under my nightie and began to tease my stomach with the tips of his fingers.

James blew out a breath as Bobby’s fingers moved higher. He said, “That would make you happy, huh?”

I pulled in a breath when his thumb found my nipple, a playful smile pulling his lips. I shook my head, exhaling. “It really would.” *Naughty boy*, I mouthed. And I bit my lip, my eyes closing when he squeezed me.

“You there?”

I narrowed my eyes at Bobby, shaking my head. “I’m here.”

“I asked if you were watching TV.”

I shivered when he drew the backs of his fingers over my nipple, slowly, each finger bouncing over the rubbery teat. I struggled to focus. “No, um... Bobby and I are...” I bit my lip, my head shaking at the look in his eyes; so full of excitement.

“You’re what?”

I closed my eyes. “We’re... just getting ready for bed.”

“Mm. And is Ricky home yet?”

I shivered, my back arching. “Yeah, he got home... about five minutes ago.”

“You okay?”

“I’m fine.”

“Playing in the cookie jar?” he murmured.

I laughed softly. “No.”

“Sounds like it.”

I exhaled when his fingers disappeared from my breast, but I jumped when I felt them moving down, brushing ever-so-gently over my stomach, then lower, teasing themselves under my waistband. I bit my lip, eyes on his, waiting, my heart racing as he teased my hair.

“Honey?”

“Mm?”

“Sure you aren’t playing?”

I moaned softly when he moved lower, teasing me, just above my clit, so close and yet so far away. “Maybe a little bit,” I purred.

He laughed quietly. “Should I let you go?”

I tilted my hips, pushing my clit into firmer contact with his finger. “Naughty,” I whispered, meeting Bobby’s gaze.

“Who, me or you?”

*Bobby.* “Me.” I lifted my leg, pulling it up, resting my knee on his hip, staring into his eyes as he moved lower, finding my wetness. He coated his finger, then brought it up to tease my clit.

“Maybe I should let you go. Sounds like you’re busy.”

“Love you,” I whispered. I shook my head at him when Bobby mouthed the words back to me.

“I love you too. I’ll see you in the morning.”

I moaned, rolling my hips, loving the feel of his fingers. “Kay.” I closed my eyes. “Tell your mother I said hello.”

“I will. Kiss the boys for me.”

I shook my head. “I will.” I ended the call, then set the phone aside, absently, even as I reached for Bobby, cupping his cheeks, pressing my lips to his as he continued to tease me.

I heard the bathroom door open, and quickly reached for the light, then I tucked Bobby’s head under my chin. “Close your eyes,” I whispered.

I listened to Ricky’s footsteps as he entered.

“Are you awake?” he whispered.

“I am.”

“What’s he doing here?”

“Couldn’t sleep.”

He made a face, his gaze moving to the opposite side of the bed. “Where’s dad?”

“Out with grandma,” I whispered, noting only just now that Bobby was behaving.

“Still?”

I nodded. “He’s gonna stay the night. They’ve had a couple glasses of wine.”

“Mm.” He leaned over to kiss my cheek. “Night.”

“Night, sweetheart.”

I waited until I heard his door close before pulling Bobby up by his hair, gently, my head shaking. “Are you trying to do me in?” I hissed.

He grinned, and I watched, my stomach fluttering, as he slipped his finger into his mouth. I shook my head, groaning. “Bad Bobby.” The smile left my face, a moment later, though, when he pushed his hand back into my panties. “Tease momma’s vagina?” I murmured.



## Chapter 9

**I came awake slowly**, to the feel of his lips, pressed to my cheek. They moved further back, a bit at a time, headed for my ear. And then they were moving down my neck. I moaned softly, smiling, knowing it was James, by his scent, and then there was the fact that Bobby's breath was warming my chest, and then came the realization that he had a possessive hold on my breast, his hand beneath my nightie. My only hope was that the blanket masked his naughty hand well enough that my husband couldn't see it.

I opened my eyes when he pulled back, and met his gaze. I held it as he reached out to push the hair from my forehead.

"Gonna sleep the day away?" he murmured.

"What time is it?"

"Eight thirty."

I sighed, my eyes closing as I tightened my hold on Bobby. James pressed his lips to my cheek. "Sleep, baby girl."

I was just drifting off when I noticed Bobby's cock, hard against my thigh. I smiled a lazy smile, wondering if he was awake or if he was having a really good dream. He answered me when his hips began to move, then, a moment later, his cheek moved against my breast. I raked my nails up his back, making him arch to me, a low moan escaping him. "Morning, sunshine."

He rolled his hips once more then slowly pulled away. "Pee."

I watched, laughing softly, as he jogged to the bathroom, naked, his hard cock dancing ahead of him. He was becoming less shy, as the days passed.

I waited until I heard his stream stop before sliding out of bed, and as we

passed, I reached out to draw a finger up the length of him.

I looked up to find him standing in the doorway, a shy smile pulling his lips. I watched as his gaze drifted down, watched his face as I pulled the hem of my nightie up. The thrill I got from having him watch such a private moment was electrifying, and I couldn't resist opening my legs for him. His gaze drifted, from my stomach down to my pussy, where it remained until the hissing stopped. It lingered there while I wiped. It didn't get past me that, where he was semi-erect before, he was now fully hard, his delicious cock curving upward, begging for attention. "Like watching me pee, baby?"

He shrugged, a shy smile pulling his lips as his gaze left me, but it wandered back a moment later, landing on my hand, on my wiggling fingers. He moved slowly, looking adorably nervous. I stared at his penis as he approached, the hard, curving tube of flesh mesmerizing me. I shivered as I thought of what it would feel like moving inside of me. I reached out to wrap him in a loose grip, stroking him slowly, pulling him closer. I pressed my lips to his chest, then turned my head and rubbed my cheek against the same spot, my hand moving slowly. "Momma take care of you?" I murmured.

He didn't answer. Instead, he slipped his hand around to the back of my neck, his fingers caressing me as I stroked him, as he pushed into my loose grip.

I turned my head and pressed my lips to him, then again and again, and my focus shifted from his cock to his hand, my eyes closing as his fingers eased over my skin, coming around, from the back of my neck to just below my ear, slowly, onto my cheek, caressing me with the lightest touch, easing closer, teasing the corner of my mouth. I waited impatiently for his touch on my lips, shivered when at last I felt him there. I opened for him, when his fingertip began teasing me, and I listened to his moans of appreciation as my tongue found him, as I laved him, hinting at what I wanted to do to his beautiful cock.

For several long minutes we stayed like that, him pushing up into my hand, me sucking and licking at his finger, but eventually he wanted more. The hand that had been content to tease my shoulder had moved, slowly making its way to the back of my neck, squeezing then relaxing, over and over, his need clear in his touch, the pressure increasing with each passing moment, pulling at me, urging me

down even as his hips tilted up.

I'd have gone willingly, but it felt delicious to experience his growing confidence, to feel him pulling at me. It made my stomach flutter to think about what he wanted from me, to think that he was trying to get his momma to wrap her lips around his sweet, young cock.

I allowed him to direct me lower, moving slowly, resisting only the slightest bit, teasing his belly button while I pushed the pad of my thumb into the underside of his cock, moving it around in a small circle, enjoying the moans I was eliciting from him, loving the way his hands gripped me, flexing into my muscles, urging me lower. I brought my other hand up to hook a finger under his ball sack, and teased the soft, tender skin. I smiled against his belly when he groaned, deep and low.

I jumped, pulling away from him, my heart rate soaring at the sound of the bedroom door creaking open. The sound caught Bobby's attention, as well, and his hand shot down, covering both my hand and his cock, pulling it up against his stomach. I shook my head at his look of panic. "In the shower, baby."

"He'll see me!" he hissed.

I shook my head, willing him calm. "Turn it on. I'll be in to join you in a minute."

Though he looked skeptical, he was already moving, and he was just pulling the door closed when James appeared. "Thought I heard you up and about." His gaze dropped to my chest, to my very hard nipples, and though I could see the questions in his eyes, he didn't comment.

As I reached for the toilet paper, he glanced toward the shower, the expression on his face a combination of confusion and amusement. He curled a finger at me, urging me toward him, when I stood, and he backed out of the bathroom as I moved toward him, into the bedroom. I held his gaze, praying he hadn't caught the fact that I hadn't pulled my panties up, for they were still in our bed, under the covers, right where Bobby left them, last night.

But...

“Wise to run around with no panties around him?” he whispered.

I held his gaze, staring patiently into his eyes as I rubbed his chest, willing him calm.

He blew out a soft breath. “Did he strip with you sitting there?”

I continued to stare up into his eyes, continued to rub my hands gently against his chest, waiting, and for the longest time his gaze bored into mine. But I refused to lie to him, and there really wasn’t anything I could say without admitting that something was going on, without destroying the magic. And still his gaze bored into mine, willing me to answer. “I love you,” I whispered.

He stared for another long moment then exhaled. “I love you too.”

“Did you eat?”

He shrugged. “I had a bagel.”

I patted his chest. “Go relax. I’ll make you a nice breakfast.”

“Now?”

I shook my head. “Soon.”

His brows drew, and again I patted his chest. “I’ll be there soon.”

I waited until the door clicked shut behind him, then returned to the bathroom, slipping my nightie off as I entered. I offered Bobby a reassuring smile as I stepped into the shower, but his gaze remained on mine only for a moment before moving down to settle on my breasts, on my hard nipples, and a moment later his hands came up to cup them, his thumbs teasing me, making my eyelids flutter.

I reached for his cock, now semi-erect, and wrapped my hand around it to resume my lazy massage. My cheek on his shoulder, I teased my stomach with the head of him, making us both moan, and as he began to thrust up into my hand, I pressed my lips to his neck, kissing him, sucking lightly, tonguing him. As he drew closer, I released his cock, pulled my hand from between us, and pressed myself tight to him, allowing him to move against my belly, and within moments he was moaning softly in my ear as his cock throbbed against me, painting me with his delicious cream.

He washed me off, once he'd calmed, and we spent a few minutes running our soapy hands over one another, but as the moments ticked by I grew more and more nervous. I didn't want to upset James.

We dried each other off, then I sent him to his room to dress, while I donned a light dress. I'd forgone a bra and panties, instead focusing on my evolving plan to steer James' attention from what he'd seen, what he suspected, to something pleasurable.

I stopped in on Bobby, to find him laying on his bed, dressed in a tee shirt and shorts, one arm covering his eyes. I sat on the edge of his bed and reached out to rub his chest. "Okay?"

He moved his arm, and I could see he was troubled. "Is dad mad?"

I shook my head, offering him an easy smile. "No, sugar. He just wants to know you're alright. He's concerned, that's all." I waited a moment. "Are you alright, baby?"

A slow smile began to form and I found myself unable to resist returning it, my head shaking. "That a yes?"

He nodded once.

I abated the smile. "If you want to stop, ever, for any reason, you say the word and we'll stop, okay?"

He nodded.

"I'll love you just the same, baby, I promise."

"Don't want to stop," he whispered.

I smiled down on him. "Come on, baby boy, let's feed you."

He grabbed his political science book from his desk and I followed him out into the hall. I wrapped my arms around him and, my chin on his shoulder, led him toward the dining room. James followed us with his eyes, as we entered. I released Bobby and moved to stand before his father, offering him my hands and my warmest smile. I pulled him up and toward the kitchen, my eyes on his the whole way.

Out of earshot of Bobby, he said, “You two seem to be getting more and more... intimate.”

I stared into his eyes, unable to hide my nervousness but unwilling to look away. I was adamant about not directly addressing the big, white elephant, for several reasons, the biggest being that I was counting on the mystique of my silence to keep him entertained. Another reason, the one I really didn’t want to focus on, the one I was most nervous about, was that I was afraid he’d see just how deeply I was entangled with our son.

Slowly, I pulled away and turned toward the fridge. “Tell me about your date.”

He exhaled, then moved to lean against the counter.

I turned to meet his gaze. “Did you kiss her?”

He shook his head, fighting a smile. I waited, knowing he’d talk. And... “We danced to some pretty music; classy, Jazzy. And we talked.” He brought his gaze up from my chest. “She’s so unbelievably beautiful. She wore this really pretty dress, one I haven’t seen before; black, the kind that criss-crosses your chest, like your cream one?”

I nodded. “A wrap.”

“Mm. Open toed heels, maybe two inches tall.”

“Sandals.”

He laughed softly. “Is this a fashion tutorial?”

I shrugged, while reaching for a skillet.

“She smelled like roses.”

I smiled.

He shook his head. “You have the prettiest lips,” he said, his tone soft.

My smile grew, and as I cracked eggs into a bowl, he approached me from behind, his fingers closing around my waist, pulling me to him. He nibbled my earlobe, making me shiver.

“No panties?”

I bit my lip.

“Naughty girl.”

I held still for him, as his hand slipped down the front of my dress, and moaned softly when he found my clit. I gripped his wrist, my fingers curling into his skin. “Baby...”

I gave him a few moments before turning my head. My lips to his ear, I whispered, “Behave now, big boy, momma take care of you after breakfast.”

He groaned, his fingers pulling hard against my clit before retreating, making my breath catch. He eased away from me, leaving me strung tighter than a drum, and it took me a few long moments to gather my bearings.

After breakfast, I pressed my lips to Bobby’s cheek. “I’d like to spend some time with your father. Will you clean up the kitchen for me?”

He nodded.

“Wash the cars?”

“Are you gonna come out?” he asked, his tone so soft I almost couldn’t hear him. But I *did* hear him, and I knew exactly what he was asking.

I laughed softly. “Didn’t get enough of me earlier?” I murmured.

“You’re really nice to look at.”

I nuzzled him, making him laugh. “I’ll come find you.”

“Kay.”

I found James brushing his teeth, and I followed suit, then I held his gaze as he pulled me toward the bed. There, he pulled me close. Moments later, he was searching out my tongue, his thick cock crushed between us. I moved against him, teasing us both, moaning into his mouth, pushing against him as the naughtiest image came to me; the image of Bobby and I in the shower, his cock pushing against my stomach, just as his father’s was now. I banished the vignette, but not before it morphed, to that of him painting my stomach with his warm, slick cream. I opened my eyes to focus on my husband, and whispered against his lips, “Need you inside of me, baby.”

He lifted my dress off, then guided me to the bed, where he eased me onto my back.

I'm honest enough with myself to admit that, as I lay there, so open and ready, it was Bobby's cock I was craving, Bobby's warm eyes I so desperately wanted to stare up into as he made sweet love to me. But I wasn't with Bobby, I was with James, and what I wouldn't do, what I *refused* to do, was to pretend that the man I married wasn't about to make love to me. There was no way I could forgive myself for cheating him out of my love, and so I reached for him, wrapping my hand around him, stroking him as I directed him to my core. Our gazes locked, I held onto him as I teased myself with his big, spongy head. "Push, sweetheart," I whispered. I moaned, lip caught in my teeth as his fat knob began to open me up, stretching me in the most delicious way. I moved my hips, inciting him, encouraging him as he pushed further in. I moaned as he bottomed out, as he teased the mouth of my cervix. "Feel so good inside of me," I whispered, squeezing down on him, watching as he struggled to hold my gaze.

"So warm."

I moaned when he began to pull out, my inner lips following him, trying desperately to hold onto him, and when he was all the way out, only my lips sucking at him, I pulled my knees up and back, opening myself further. I nodded, then groaned, long and low, when he slid back in, hard, pushing me into the mattress, making me crazy. I wiggled my hips, teasing myself on his thick, spongy knob. "Like being in momma's pussy, baby?"

He groaned, his eyelids drooping, his head shaking. "So fucking sexy."

I kissed him, teasing his lips. "How far did you get?"

It took him a moment to pick up the thread. "I listened to her breathing."

"And was it deep and husky?"

"She wasn't panting."

He began to move in and out of me, slowly, deeply, teasing me. "But she *was* breathing heavy?"

He nodded.

I reached up to tease his lips with my own, nipping at them. “You had your lips near her ear?”

Again, he nodded. I pulled him to me and, my lips near his ear, said, “Did you whisper to her? Tell her how much you love her?”

“Yes.”

“Mm. And did she moan when your breath was in her ear?”

“No,” he breathed. “She’s a lady.”

I nibbled his earlobe. “I’m a lady…”

He groaned, shaking his head. “That isn’t… I didn’t mean…”

I shushed him. “I know, baby boy. But your mother’s still a woman, and a woman has needs.” I wiggled under him. “A woman needs to feel a man moving inside of her, just as a man needs to be inside of a woman, thrusting into her, pleasing her.”

“Fuck, baby.”

“And the next time you dance with her, I want you to tell her that. I want you to tell her that you need to be inside of her.”

He groaned, pushing hard into me.

“Tell her, baby. Tell her you need to feel her wrapped around you like a warm, wet glove.” As he began to throb inside of me, I whispered in his ear, “Tell her you need to be inside of your momma.”

He groaned, thrusting up into me hard, and held himself there as he began to throb.

“In momma, baby, all safe and warm.” I ran my nails through his hair, while rubbing his back with my other hand, as he emptied his balls into me, knowing that, in his mind’s eye, it wasn’t mine but his mother’s warm, silky sheath clinging to him, milking him into her depths. It was his mother panting in his ear as her spine curved, her orgasm taking her to the sweetest place.

I lay under him, enjoying the tremors as they coursed through us, as they slowed and, eventually, stopped. I held him tight, moving my hips in a slow dance,

my lips pressed to his neck.

I'm not sure how long the silence dragged on for before he broke it. "Love being inside of you," he murmured. "So delicious."

I moaned, squeezing down on him. "Love the way you stretch me open, baby boy." I raked my nails over his scalp. "Your mother isn't gonna wanna give you back."

He laughed softly. "The sweetest love?"

"Yes, sweetheart, the sweetest love."



I glanced at the ringing phone, at the display, and smiled as I reached for it. "Priscilla's Cafe, can I help you?"

She laughed, the sound musical. "Oh, but you are a delight. What are you up to on this fine Wednesday afternoon?"

I groaned. "Exercising, if you must know."

"Ah, so that's how you keep that pretty figure."

I couldn't help the smile. "What a nice thing to say."

"Mm. Well, I didn't call you to stroke your ego; I called to point out that, for the second time, in as many weeks, I've been asked out to dinner by your husband, and for the second time, you won't be present. What gives, daughter-in-law?"

I eased onto my back. "I'm not avoiding you, Priscilla, honestly. I just..." I closed my eyes, sighing softly. "He wants time alone with you."

Into the short silence, she said, "What's going on, Jacqueline?"

My stomach fluttered, so thrilling was the feeling of being put on the spot. I wanted so badly to tell her that her son wanted her, wanted the one thing a mother was never supposed to give her child, but it just wasn't my place. As much as I wanted to hear her reaction to such a naughty notion, it wasn't for me to speak the words. But that didn't mean I couldn't hint. "Just what I said, mother-in-law, he wants to be alone with you."

I listened to the silence, as it dragged on, the anticipation making my nipples hard. In a quiet voice, she said, “Are you two having trouble, Jacqueline? And, please, tell me to butt out if I’m getting too personal.”

A smile pulled my lips. “You’re his mother; we have nothing to hide from you. But to answer your question, we’re fine. Better than fine, actually; we’ve never been stronger.”

“Level with me, Jackie, what’s going on?”

I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling, as I wondered how it was that, in less than a minute, I’d gone from being adamantly opposed to broaching the subject, to being put in a spotlight I felt unable to hide from.

“Please, sweetheart,” she said softly.

I closed my eyes and released a slow breath. “It really isn’t my place to speak for him, Priscilla.”

“Then speak for yourself; tell me something.”

I conjured up the image of the two of them, from last weekend, the one my imagination had so helpfully fabricated; the two of them together, standing close, cheek to cheek, listening to pretty music, lost in the moment. In my mind’s eye, he pulled away, moving to see her face, to gaze into her eyes. I bit my lip, watching as he pressed his lips to hers, their eyes closing as their soft moans filled the air. “I can’t give him what he needs, Priscilla,” I said, the words barely a whisper.

“You *are* having trouble,” she murmured.

I shook my head, smiling. “We’re not. I told you that.”

She exhaled. “I’m confused, dear.”

I took and released another calming breath. “I whisper to him, while we’re making love, and it’s really exciting and wonderful and naughty, but it’s just not the same.”

I held my breath then, waiting for her to piece things together, and it took her no time at all. “Jesus,” she breathed. “Are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

“I’m saying that maybe you two have some things to talk about.”

I could all but hear her head shaking through the phone when she spoke. “That’s... That’s...” she whispered.

“It’s love, Priscilla.”

“It’s wrong,” she breathed.

In my softest tone, I said, “Please don’t let him hear you say that.”

“How can you be okay with this?”

I answered without hesitation. “Because I love him, because I want to see him happy.”

“It’s wrong.”

“According to society, yes, but according to his heart, it’s the most natural thing.”

The silence dragged on for a few long moments. Then... “It isn’t natural.”

“Isn’t it? I’d argue it’s the most natural thing in the world.”

“It’s wrong.”

“It’s not, Mother,” I said, using the intimate address for the first time.

“Answer me a question, honestly; have you really never had the desire to have him inside of you?”

Into the short silence, I said, “Don’t think about it, just answer.”

“I can’t,” she whispered.

“You can’t or you won’t?”

“I have to go.”

“I love you,” I whispered. “Please don’t go.”

For several minutes the silence stretched on, so long, in fact, that I was beginning to wonder if she hadn’t already hung up. Instinctively, though, I knew she hadn’t. She was there, processing, trying to make sense of things.

“So, what?” she said, “Am I supposed to... I can’t even say it,” she murmured.

In my warmest tone, I said, “Are you asking me if there’s any harm in

enjoying a bit of romance with the most perfect man in your life?”

“No. Yes. I... I can’t believe we’re even having this conversation.”

I laughed softly. “Well, we are, dear mother-in-law.” My tone sobered. “He’s in love with you, honey, a love more pure than any other.”

Into the silence, I said, “In his eyes, you’re the perfect woman, Priscilla. To him, you’re a goddess.”

“I’m his mother,” she whispered. “And mother’s don’t...”

“I’d bet it happens a lot more often than you think.”

“That doesn’t make it right.”

“What makes it wrong?”

“You mean, aside from the fact that it’s against the law?”

“The law says it’s illegal, Priscilla, it doesn’t say it’s wrong.”

“The bible...”

This was the only real argument, and one I wasn’t equipped to debate. I exhaled. “I have to admit that I’m not versed in the bible; I don’t have a clue what it says.” I waited a beat. “But when I picture the two of you together... when I picture him staring into your eyes as he makes sweet love to you... it takes my breath away.”

Into the silence, she said, “Can’t believe you’re picturing us making love.”

I could hear the slightest hint of amusement in her tone, and I knew, just *knew*, that within the next week or two, she’d be on her back, staring up into her son’s eyes as he pushed into her. “Come on, Mother, you’re one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever met. It isn’t exactly unpleasant to picture you...” I took and released a breath, knowing that my next words would make her stomach roll with the most delicious tremors. “It’s not unpleasant to picture you naked...” I softened my tone to a low whisper. “...spreading your legs for him...” She pulled in a shocked breath. “...staring up into his pretty brown eyes...”

“Stop,” she whispered. “You’re a naughty girl.”

I laughed softly. “I am that.”

She laughed nervously. "I should go."

My smile faded. "I want you to do something for me, Priscilla; I want you to think about what it means to love unconditionally, and while you're thinking about that, I want you to try to count the number of times, over the years, that you've pictured yourself laying under him, letting him have his way with you."

"Troublemaker," she whispered.

"I love you, Priscilla," I said, my tone soft.

"I love you too," she whispered. "But I may take you over my knee the next time I see you."

I laughed. "And you call *me* naughty."

She groaned. "Good-bye, daughter-in-law."

"Bye." I lowered my hand, allowing the phone to roll onto the floor, my head shaking as the reality of what I'd just done began to set in.

Much as I didn't want to think about it, I knew that my advocacy on her son's behalf would only make her question whether Bobby and I were enjoying a bit of incestuous fun. Like her son, she isn't dumb, not by any stretch of the imagination, and I knew, as I lay there, that at some point in the next few days, I'd be answering to her. Then again, maybe she'd quiz James...

I spent the rest of the day trying to tell myself that I'd done nothing wrong, that I'd merely given my mother-in-law information I felt she ought to have. I mean, what mother doesn't want to know everything that's going on in her child's life?

It was a weak argument, I know, but it was all I had. Well, that and the fact that I had only his best interests at heart. And more than once, over the five or so hours between the time I'd hung up with Priscilla and the time James came home, I wondered whether she'd call him, questioning his sanity for marrying such a crazy woman. But each time the notion had crossed my mind, I'd dismissed it, for I only needed to recall the tone in her voice when she'd told me she loves me, to know how she feels about me.

And then there's the fact that she's the consummate lady; she would likely see

going to him as somehow underhanded. No, my instincts told me that, if she had a problem with me, she'd be on *my* phone, not his.



A smile formed on my face when I heard his key in the door, and I waited anxiously for him to find me, and he *would* find me, as he did every day, find me and love me in the way I'd come to expect. I set the spoon aside when I heard his footsteps, sighed when his arms wrapped around me, moaned softly when he pulled me back into him, my head rolling back onto his shoulder as his lips found my neck. "Missed you so much," I murmured, my head swimming as his lips and tongue teased the skin below my ear.

He didn't answer. Instead, he planted one kiss atop the next, moving slowly, working his way around my neck, moving my hair aside as he went, sucking and licking at me, his pace unhurried, showing me, rather than telling me, how much he missed me. I allowed my head to fall forward when his lips latched onto me, high up on my neck, not quite to the back, but out of sight of all but the most prying of eyes. Nobody would see a hickey there, not even James, and though I'd told Bobby before that I didn't want to be marked, I couldn't have stopped him to save my life, and especially not when his hands came up to cup my breasts, his fingers teasing my nipples as I continued to moan. I couldn't help pushing back into him when I felt his cock hardening in the crack of my ass. "Marking your woman, baby boy?"

He moaned, pushing against me, his lips breaking their seal. A moment later his breath warmed my ear. "Can I have your panties, Momma?"

My stomach fluttered at the thought, as it did every time he took them, every time he touched me. "Yes," I murmured.

He pushed against me. "Take them off."

I shook my head. "You do it."

"I want to watch you," he whispered.

I couldn't help the moan, as the mental image formed, and it occurred to me,

yet again, that he was growing more and more confident. I turned to meet his gaze, leaned in to brush my lips to his, moaned when he captured my lips, and parted them for him when his tongue came out to tease me. The kiss was warm and slow, making my knees weak, and I cupped the back of his neck to hold on, while I ran my other hand over the front of his jeans, teasing his erection. I broke the kiss. “Hard for mamma?”

He nodded, reaching for my lips. I shook my head. “Dinner, baby boy.” Even as I spoke the words, I was lifting the hem of my skirt, bunching it up around my waist, watching his eyes, as I did, enjoying the hunger there as I reached for my panties, as I eased the waistband over my hips, moving slowly, staring into his eyes as the soft cotton panel eased out from between my swollen, excited lips. My naughty scent began to fill the air around us, speaking to my arousal. I stopped with them around my thighs, and I watched his face as I pushed my fingers between my lips, coating them. I moaned softly as I drew them up, smearing my naughty sauce over my clit. “Smell mamma’s honey, baby boy?”

His gaze came up, his head shaking. And then he was moving, kneeling. “Baby, no,” I whispered. My hips contradicted my plea, though, tilting up in anticipation, and I cried out when his lips closed over my labia. He began to suck at me, his tongue slipping through me, making me sway above him, and I curled my fingers in his hair, gripping him, holding myself up as he went at me. I moaned, long and low, as my orgasm swept up on me. Nipples aching, heart racing, I held onto him, my fingers in his hair as the waves crashed over me, and I continued to hold onto him as they ebbed.

Still suffering the occasional tremor, I wasn’t aware he’d stood until I felt his lips, wet with my naughty honey, brush against my own. I moaned softly as I went at him, licking and sucking at him, cleaning him off, as he’d done me, and I’d only just pushed my tongue past his lips when I shook my head, breaking the kiss. “Baby... you’re killing me,” I pleaded. “I’m cooking here!”

He laughed softly. “Give me your panties and I’ll go.”

I closed my eyes, fighting against a fresh wave of euphoria, so naughty were his words. He held me steady as I lifted first one foot and then the other.

“So sexy,” he whispered.

I brought them up, slowly, and held them under his nose, watching, my stomach turning, as he pulled in a long, slow breath, his eyes drifting closed, a soft moan escaping him. “Not supposed to be so interested in your momma’s honey, baby boy.”

His eyes came open then, the hunger in them clear. “Need your honey,” he murmured.

He captured my lips for another naughty kiss, then he began to back out of the room, his gaze dropping as he moved, and it took a moment to realize I still held my skirt up. I was still naked under his gaze. I gave him a few more moments to admire me before letting the hem fall.



I’d stretched out on the sofa, after dinner, leaving Bobby to clean the kitchen. James came in a few minutes later, stopping for a slow, sweet kiss before settling into his chair. I held his gaze, offering him a warm smile. “Really love you,” I said, only loud enough for him to hear.

“Really love you too.” Into the short silence, he said, “My mother called today.”

It was everything I had not to show my surprise. I nodded for him to continue, not trusting my voice. And I watched as an interesting smile pulled at his lips.

“She said she had a change of heart about going out to dinner.”

My heart skipped a beat, the color, I’m sure, draining from my face. “Oh?”

He nodded once. “Said she’d rather stay at home, cook for me.” He smiled, and I began to breathe again. “She wants to make homemade lasagna.”

I swallowed. “Wow.”

“I know, right?”

I grinned at him. “Gonna steal your momma’s heart away?”

He looked away, shy. “Still don’t really believe...” He shrugged.

“Baby...”

He met my gaze, looking hopeful, as though he knew that the words I’d speak next would somehow give him what he so desperately wanted.

He couldn’t know just how true that was, and though I wanted to continued the conversation, it was getting a bit too... private, to be speaking from across the room. I rolled off the sofa and moved to sit on his lap, my head on his shoulder, my fingers coming up to tease the collar of his shirt, and for a few long moments I ordered my thoughts, then I exhaled. “Play your cards right and you’ll be eating from her honey pot, sweetheart.”

In the silence, I brought my gaze up. His eyes swirled with myriad emotions, doubt being the biggest. “I’m afraid I’d do irreparable damage to our relationship,” he whispered. “...if it turns out she isn’t really interested.”

“Then don’t pursue her, unless you’re sure she’s interested.”

“But how do I know?” he asked, his tone pleading.

I smiled an easy smile. “I’ve already told you, baby; listen for her cues, pay attention to her breathing. She’ll let you know.”

“But what do I do?”

I shook my head slowly, for it came to me then that, whether he needed me to or not, he wanted me to spell it out for him, and I couldn’t resist indulging him.

I moved to stand, offered him my hands, then pulled him to his feet. I drew my fingertips down his arm, my touch barely there, making him shiver. “Like that, baby,” I purred.

He shivered. “Tickles.”

“It’ll make her shiver. It’ll make her come alive, make her nipples hard.”

He moaned softly at that. I ran my fingers over his wrists and into his hands, only to lace them with his. “While you’re dancing,” I whispered, moving close. “Slip your fingers through hers. It’s about the most intimate touch you can share with her, without actually being inappropriate.”

“And that’s supposed to get her all...” He shrugged.

“It will, when your cheek is pressed to hers, when your breath is in her ear,” I murmured, reaching up to press my lips to his neck.

He pulled me to him, moaning softly. I rubbed up against his cock. “Hard for momma?” I purred.

He moved then, searching out my lips, and I allowed us a few long moments before pulling away. I lowered my cheek to his chest, taking things down a couple notches.

And then his breath was in my ear. “Need some candy,” he whispered.

I tightened my hold on him, while shaking my head.

“Was that a no?”

“Yes.”

“You can’t get me all hot and bothered and then tell me no.”

I resisted the urge to smile. “You’ll thank me later.”

“How much later.”

I shrugged. “That’s up to you.”

“I’m listening.”

“Gonna feed you again when you come home smelling like your momma’s pussy.”

He groaned. “Baby...”

Into the silence, he said, “So, what, if we never end up... You’re just gonna cut me off?”

I nodded against his chest. “Think of it as incentive.”

A few long moments later, he said, “You can’t cut *me* off and still...” His allowed the thought to trail off.

But I didn’t need to hear the rest to be able to finish the sentence for him, and the part that I *did* hear made me nearly dizzy. I tightened my hold on him, tilting my head down further, my hair falling into my face, hiding me. “He’s not getting any either,” I whispered, my stomach a bundle of nerves.

“He’s not?”

I shook my head.

He broke the silence. “It sure looks like—”

I shook my head, stopping him before he could finish the thought.

He tightened his hold on me. “Alright, baby girl.”

A few moments later he said, “Still don’t think it’s fair.”

“Gonna thank me later, baby, I promise.”

“Don’t believe you.”

I pulled away, a few minutes later, under the guise of getting some tea, and while I did want something to drink, I needed to get out of his embrace, for it was just too tempting. It would be too easy to acquiesce.

I sipped my tea while pretending to watch one of the music competitions, and when I finished it, I set the cup aside and moved to lay down, meeting his gaze as I did, offering him a coy smile before returning my attention to the TV.

I ignored his repeated, mournful sighs. I knew that, by Saturday, he’d be so hard-up for sex, and that he’d do whatever he needed to do to get into his mother’s panties. And between now and then, I intended to tease him mercilessly.

I started during the next commercial; I went pee and brushed, then changed out of my skirt and blouse and into my nightie, and I slipped into my white, see-through panties.

I entered the room slowly, giving him plenty of time to admire me, to realize just what I was doing, and when his gaze came up to meet mine, his head shaking, I offered him a playful smile, then I returned to my place on the sofa. Oh, the way my nipples tingled with the almost palpable feel of his gaze, where it lit on the vee at the top of my thighs.

Even after turning my attention to the TV, I could feel his eyes on me. But it was almost a full minute later that he broke the silence. “You can’t prance around like that in front of him.” He glanced at the clock. “And Ricky will be home in another half hour.”

I held his gaze for a moment longer then shifted my focus back to the TV. It wasn't easy ignoring him, but it sure was fun to lift my knee, to scratch at an imaginary itch on my inner thigh, knowing he could see everything, knowing that, when Bobby came in, and he *would* come, he'd get the same view. Well, maybe not the same view; I would have my legs closed, after all. Still, though, even with them closed, he'd be able to see my trimmed hair.

After about the twelfth frustrated sigh, I met his gaze, and gave him a playful, scolding look. "Enough, already!"

"You need to change. I can see everything; your nipples, your areolas... your pussy."

I shook my head, my gaze locked with his, and I waited, knowing that within the next few moments he'd blow out yet another annoyed breath. I gave him a patient smile. "I've been wearing this same nightie around them for years."

"And the panties? Has Ricky seen them?"

"No," I said, my voice only just breaking the silence.

His brow went up. "And when he gets home?"

Without taking my gaze from his, I reached up and patted the blanket that lives atop the back of the sofa. He rolled his eyes. I shook my head. "Would it make you happy if I took them off?"

"Yes."

I held his gaze a moment longer, then reached for the waistband. Stomach fluttering with nervous excitement, I began to peel them off. His eyes began to grow wider and wider until, at last, they cleared my feet. I set them on the sofa near my face, ensuring their scent would reach me.

"What the hell are you doing?!" he shouted, in a hoarse whisper, his gaze darting to the hall and back. "Seriously?!"

I lifted my knee, watching as his gaze dropped, without hesitation, to my naughty, little girl. He watched, rapt, as I ran my hand down my stomach, through my fur, and pushed my fingers through my lips. I moaned softly.

He brought his gaze up, his head shaking. "Sometimes I think you like to fuck

with me.”

“I hate that word,” I whispered.

“And I hate it when you...” He let the thought taper off, his head shaking.

I reached for my panties and silently pulled them back on. I’d only just settled them when he spoke. “I’m sorry.”

I met his gaze, pushing my lip out, and again he apologized. In my softest tone, I said, “I’m not ashamed of my body, James.”

“I know, and neither am I. I just...” He blew out a breath. “I’m sorry. I said I wouldn’t interfere.”

“Thank you.”

He shrugged. “Guess I’m just jealous.”

“You have nothing to be jealous about.”

“No?”

I shook my head, my gaze fast on his, telling him, without words, that he had nothing to worry about. And I continued to hold his gaze when, a few moments later, we heard Bobby’s footsteps in the hall. I offered him a warm smile, then shifted my attention to Bobby as he entered.

He all but ignored his father as he sank to the floor before me, looking a bit nervous.

“Finished with your homework?”

He nodded, his gaze drifting down to rest on my hard nipples. A moment later, his gaze drifted down toward my panties. It lingered there for a long moment before coming back up. “Are you crazy?” he murmured.

I couldn’t answer, not without grinning, not without his father seeing my excitement. I patted the cushion. “Cuddle?”

He shrugged, a cute smile playing on his lips as his gaze drifted, only to settle on my breasts.

“Lay down with me, tell me about your day.”

Still, he looked nervous, but I willed him to me.

As he often does in milder temps, he wore nothing but a pair of shorts, these cotton, and as he moved to lay beside me, I caught a quick, innocent glance at the prominent bulge in them before returning my gaze to his. I stared shamelessly into his eyes as he got comfortable, and when he pushed against my thighs, I lifted my knee and pulled him closer, and though he pulled his leg up, his thigh stopped shy of my panties. I brought my hand up to his chest, my gaze on my fingers as they teased the sparse hair there.

I looked up to meet his gaze, and for nearly a full minute I lost myself in the warm connection. “You have the prettiest eyes,” I whispered, my heart swelling with the moment. He smiled, shy, and I reached for his hand, only to thread our fingers together. I brought our hands up between us, and as I continued to stare into his eyes, watching the emotions and the questions move through them, I wondered how the hell I’d ever make it to Saturday, for, in that moment, the connection was so unbelievably deep, the desire to have him in me so incredibly strong, I felt my resolve crumbling. “What are you thinking?” I whispered.

Without hesitation he said, “I never want to leave you.”

I brought our hands up to my lips. “In love?”

He nodded once.

“Me too. It’s the most wonderful feeling, isn’t it?”

He nodded. “Just wanna be inside of you.”

“And I want you there more than you can imagine. It’s where you belong.”

“Wish I could marry you,” he murmured.

I nodded, my throat tightening. I pulled him closer, my gaze dropping to his lips. I watched as they parted, and licked my own in anticipation. My eyes slid closed as he neared, the faintest moan escaping me as our lips met, the kiss soft and sweet, our lips just touching, but the fire flared so fast I had no chance at controlling it, and when his tongue came out to tease my lips, I acquiesced without hesitation, parting my lips, sealing them to his. For a few long minutes our tongues battled in the slowest, deepest kiss, and when it broke, when we came up for air, I

felt every muscle in my body relaxing, coming down from the incredible high as I exhaled. I moved back enough to meet his gaze, to see the storm in his eyes, and I'd just dropped my gaze back down to his lips when I heard a car door slam outside. We were out of time. I brought my gaze back up to his. "Go get your phone and your earphones."

"Trust me," I said, addressing his look of skepticism.

"Kay."

He moved the slightest bit then stopped, his brows furrowing. "He'll see," he whispered.

I shook my head. "You have nothing to be ashamed of, sweetie. You have a beautiful penis."

He gave me a meaningful look and I laughed softly. "Pretty sure he knows what you want from me, baby boy." At his skeptical look, I allowed the smile to fade. "Don't be shy, honey. Let him see what I do to you."

"I can't," he whispered.

But I could hear his brother's footsteps on the porch. I nodded once. "You can do it, baby."

He moved then, slowly, using up every available moment to stand. Our gazes still locked, I reached for the blanket, and as his brother's key slid into the lock, he turned and headed for the hall, leaving me to face his father. I offered him a playful smile.

He shook his head, fighting his own smile.

I shifted my gaze to the door, as it swung open, and offered Ricky a warm smile. "Hi, sweetheart."

He returned my greeting, then met his father's eye. "Broke my record," he said, his eyes beaming.

"Yeah?"

He nodded, then began a detailed and passionate accounting of their practice game. It was both heartwarming and heartbreaking to see the excitement in his

eyes; heartwarming to watch him share his passions with his father, to witness the connection they shared, but at the same time it hurt something fierce that he just didn't feel the need to share them with me.

I stood, earning but a quick glance from Ricky as I left the room. Bobby was in the bathroom, the door closed, and as I passed, I wondered if he was in there masturbating. The thought made me smile. I peed and washed, then returned to the front room, and I watched, amused, as James' gaze settled for the briefest moment on the hem of my nightie, seemingly trying to get a peek. I knew that, while standing, the thin cotton covered everything, extending past the bottoms of my ass cheeks by an inch or so, and that, in combination with my semi-transparent panties, they did a respectable job of hiding my goodies from our son's eyes... were he the least bit interested in looking.

I returned to the sofa, sitting up against the arm, legs pulled up under me, and I settled the blanket across my lap. I tried to follow along with their conversation but I just don't have the least bit of interest in sports, and the terms they were using had me lost. But I did find some joy in watching Ricky's face as he talked, the excitement there making me smile. Even if I couldn't enjoy his company, in the same way I could his brother's—and I don't mean the sexual aspect—I could at least enjoy watching him interact with his father. It warmed my heart to know that he was happy, even if I was somewhat of an outsider.

It occurred to me then that James must feel the same way about my relationship with Bobby, and as that realization clicked, I wondered how the hell I'd never considered that before.

I turned, on hearing Bobby's footsteps, and offered him a warm smile as he approached. He gave his brother a cordial nod, then came to a stop before me, looking unsure. I patted my lap, as I swung my legs to the floor, and followed him with my eyes as he curled up across the cushions, his head coming to rest in my lap. Immediately, I pushed my fingers into his hair, my gaze finding his. Now, I was happy, content to stare into his eyes while I waited for his brother to use up all of his words.

“Why do I have my phone?”

I drew my fingertip down his nose, making him smile. “I thought we’d dance.”

His brows drew. “With them here?”

I shook my head. “You know your brother; he’ll head to his room soon enough.”

“Dad,” he whispered.

I smiled, tracing his lips. “We’re going to dance, sweetheart, not make love.” I watched as his lips curved into a smile. I said, “I want to teach you how to waltz.”

“What’s that look like?”

I watched, my stomach fluttering, as he captured the tip of my finger. He pulled it into his mouth and began to tongue the tip of it, completely derailing me, and for several long moments I stared at his lips, my own lip caught in my teeth as I watched him tease me.

“What’s a waltz?” he said, speaking around my finger.

“It’s a dance,” I murmured. “You’re making me wet.”

His gaze dropped to my chest, his focus on my nipples, a playful smile pulling his lips as he continued to tease me.

I shook my head, and pulled my finger from his lips. “Naughty boy.”

He grinned. I tapped his phone. “Do a search for waltz.”

As I’d hoped, the change in focus had the desired effect; my nipples began to calm, and within moments they were no longer poking out so prominently. They were still visible through the thin, semi-transparent material, but at least they weren’t screaming for attention.

“Try this one,” I said, tapping the screen.

We each put in an ear bud, and I watched his eyes as I waited for the music to start. When it did, he said, “I recognize that.”

I nodded. “It’s one of the more popular songs from that era.”

“It’s nice.”

I shifted my focus as Ricky approached.

“What are you guys up to?”

“Listening to music.”

He leaned over to read the screen. “Theme from a Summer Place?”

I nodded.

“What is it?”

I pulled my ear bud out and held it out to him, then watched as he took in a few notes.

“Classical?”

I nodded. “It’s also called Big Band. Pretty?”

He made a face. “I guess.” He shifted his gaze. “Enjoy your pretty music, mamma’s boy.”

The smile slid from my face as I caught his gaze. “I don’t mind a bit of teasing, Ricky, but I don’t ever want to find out you talk down about him to your friends. That would really hurt me.” I saw the panic fill his eyes as my words hung in the air. I shook my head, biting down on my impulse to scream at him. I wanted to try a different approach. “How could you?” I whispered.

“I’m sorry.”

“You should be. He’s never done a thing to you.”

His gaze shifted to the side, looking miserable. I said, “He would beat the living daylights out of anybody he caught talking that way about you.” I shook my head. “We’ve talked about this, sweetheart, haven’t we?”

He nodded, fighting the tears. “I’m sorry.”

“I know you are.” It was clear he was dying to escape, before the first tear fell. “Go get ready for bed.”

He nodded, then leaned in to kiss my cheek.

“I love you, Ricky.”

“I love you too,” he murmured.

I settled back into the cushions, my eyes closing, even as I reached out blindly, finding Bobby's hair, pushing my fingers through it, willing the hurt from my heart and from his heart, for I didn't need to see his eyes to feel the pain there.

A few moments later, I felt his fingertip glide down my nose. I smiled, eyes still closed, as he traced my features, one after the other, his touch delicate. "You have the most beautiful soul," I whispered.

He didn't answer, but when he lowered his hand I found it with my own and threaded our fingers together. I met his gaze. "Restart that song?"

He nodded, and while he was focused on his phone, I shifted my gaze to meet his father's. I offered him a warm smile.

"Really like the way you handled that."

I shrugged. "Trying a different approach."

He nodded once.

I shifted my attention back to Bobby when he held up the ear bud. "Ready?" I asked.

I watched his face transform, from easy and relaxed, to nervous, in the span of two seconds. I pushed my fingers through his hair. "Come on, handsome."

He stood, facing me, hiding from his father. I walked us to the center of the room. It wasn't easy, tuning out the sound of the TV, but I did my best to focus on him and the music. "Watch my feet."

I moved slowly, showing him the steps, over and over again, gaining speed a little at a time, and within ten minutes he had them mastered, showing both his father and I his impeccable coordination and grace. It wasn't long before he was leading. "You're a natural dancer."

"You think?"

"I do. Now let's show you how to turn your girl."

That earned another shy smile, and I laughed softly, resisting the urge to cup his cheeks, to fuse my lips to his. Instead, I focused on showing him how to turn me. Like the dance itself, he had no trouble picking it up, and within minutes he

was spinning me around, watching me laugh. As fun as it was, though, I couldn't do it with the ear bud in, and I really wanted to enjoy the music with him.

I reached for his phone. "See what else we can find." I typed in *eighties dance music*, then scrolled through the results. "Bet you'll like this," I said, selecting one.

It was a duet by The Bee Gees and Samantha Sang, a love song, and as it began to play, he smiled. "I've heard you play this before."

I nodded, and moved to lay my cheek on his shoulder, face tucked into the warmth of his neck. He tightened his hold on me as we began to sway. Halfway through the song I opened my eyes, then turned us until I could see his father. I offered him a warm smile, and though my lips were hidden from his view, he returned it nonetheless. *Beautiful*, he mouthed, making my smile grow.

"Okay?" Bobby asked, his voice only for me.

I nodded, while pulling myself tighter to him, crushing his growing erection between us. I closed my eyes, sighing. "Always so hard," I murmured.

"It's embarrassing sometimes."

I pushed against him, the movement subtle. "Maybe so, but as you get older you're going to realize that it drives women wild. It's a huge thrill to make a man hard."

He groaned. "You must be thrilled to death."

I laughed softly. "I'm pretty sure you know how I feel about your penis, baby boy."

"Tell me."

The simple request made my pussy tingle. Already, he's learning to tease. "It's beautiful, Bobby."

"Is it as big as dad's?" he asked, the words barely reaching me.

I hesitated before shaking my head. "No, it's not."

He exhaled, warming my skin. I moved to see his face. "You know I would never lie to you, right?"

He nodded. I said, "It may not be as big as his, but I get butterflies just

thinking about having you inside of me.” I focused all of my attention on him, closing my eyes to block out his father’s gaze, and I pressed my lips to his, a chaste but warm kiss. I pulled back only enough to speak, leaving our foreheads touching. “The size of a man’s penis is nowhere near as important as how he uses it.”

“Then why is it such a popular topic?”

I shook my head, then returned my cheek to his shoulder. “To some women, size matters. To most, though, it doesn’t. But I think that, just as women are our own worst enemies, regarding body image, you men are your own worst enemies, regarding the size of your equipment.”

“So, it’s all a bunch of BS.?”

I nodded. “That about sums it up.”

“Mm.”

I nuzzled him. “You, my dear man, have two things most men would die to have.”

“What?”

I pulled myself tighter to him. “You kiss like nobody I’ve ever known.”

His fingers flexed against me. “I just do what feels good.”

“Well, you’ve got a natural talent for making my knees weak.”

“What else?”

“You are unbelievably gorgeous.”

He laughed softly.

I pulled back to meet his gaze. “You think otherwise?”

He shrugged. I said, “How do you explain Linda asking you out?”

He smiled. It was on the tip of my tongue to point out to him that his friend Janine is hopelessly in love with him. Instead, I said, “You, my dear, sweet boy, are the handsomest, most gorgeous boy I know.”

“You think I’m better looking than dad?”

I considered evading the question, but only for a moment. “I do, and I’d

appreciate it if you never repeated that.”

“Promise.”

“And Ricky?” he asked, breaking the short silence.

I held his gaze, searching his eyes. “I love the two of you the same, Bobby. I love you both so much that sometimes my heart hurts.”

He nodded, his eyes on my lips, waiting. I blew out a soft breath. “He doesn’t make my heart skip a beat, when he smiles. He could stare into my eyes for a week and I wouldn’t feel a thing.” I brushed my lips to his. “You, my sweet boy, have the unique ability to make me want to melt into you.”

“Can we go to my room?” he murmured.

I shook my head, then returned my cheek to his shoulder. “I can’t, baby boy. I’m already pushing my luck.”

“Is he mad?”

I shook my head. “But it’s a delicate balance.”

Into the short silence, he said, “Has he been watching us kiss?”

I nodded.

“How come he hasn’t said anything?”

I wanted to tell him he was too young to understand, that it was complicated, but that would be an insult. He’s more mature than most of the adults I know. I took and released a breath. “Let’s go lay down.”

I slipped a finger through his and led him back to the sofa. We got comfortable, him pushing his knee between my thighs. I pulled his hand up between my breasts, and for several minutes we were silent, just enjoying the closeness, our gazes locked. “When you and I talk, I expect you to keep our secrets.”

He nodded. I said, “I’m never going to tell you that again. From now on, it’s implied, do you understand?”

“Yes.”

I studied his eyes while I ordered my thoughts. “Your father and I love each other very much.”

His brows drew. “Are you guys...” He shrugged, looking worried.

I brought our linked hands up, touching a finger to his lips, my head shaking. “Never, baby boy. We’re as strong as ever. Stronger.”

He nodded. I said, “He loves me enough that he’s willing to let me go.” A moment later, I added, “There’s a saying: If you love something, set it free; if it comes back to you, it’s yours. If not, it was never meant to be.”

“I’ve heard that.”

I smiled. “Your father and I treat each other that way. Neither of us wants to hold the other so tight that we don’t feel free to fly away.”

“But you’re married,” he said, his confusion coming through.

“We are, and we love each other dearly, but I would never stop him loving somebody else, if that’s what he wanted.”

He nodded slowly. “And he doesn’t want to stop you from loving me.”

I nodded once. “He only wants to see me happy.”

“And I make you happy.”

“And you make me happy.” I dropped my voice to a low whisper. “You, my sweet boy, have stolen your momma’s heart.”

“Gonna keep it safe.”

I bit my lip, my head shaking for the lump in my throat. “I believe you will,” I whispered.

When the lump went down, I said, “Your father’s been a real trooper, putting up with us, but right now he’s a bit frustrated.”

“Why?”

I felt my brow twitch with nervousness. “There’s a woman he’s in love with, and he doesn’t know what’s going to happen, where it’s going to go.”

“He’s in love with another woman?” he asked, trying desperately to keep his

voice down.

I nodded. He said, “Is he gonna leave us?”

I shook my head, willing him calm. “No, baby, I promise you, he’s not leaving. He loves us too much for that. He just wants to love her too.”

I was anticipating his next question, as I had been since starting down this road, and I knew from the start I’d tell him everything, for I knew, without doubt, that he’d figure it out anyway, and likely sooner rather than later. I knew it wouldn’t take him long to figure out what was going on when his father began to see more and more of his grandmother, when he began to stay the night. And while I wanted to think Ricky was paying close enough attention to also figure it out, I was actually praying he didn’t. Though it’s hard to admit, I don’t believe he has the maturity to face something like this. Bobby, on the other hand...

“Who is it?”

I waited, staring into his eyes. He shook his head, an excited smile pulling his lips. “No way,” he breathed.

I nodded, picking up on his excitement.

“No way!”

“Mmhm.”

“Wow. That’s... wow.”

I watched him process, the smile slowly leaving his face. “So... she doesn’t know?” he asked, the thought seeming to come out of his mouth even as it was forming.

I nodded. “She does.”

“Wow.”

I laughed softly. “Think you might have said that already.”

I watched as he continued to process, but it was time to redirect his focus. I tapped the tip of his nose. “Looking forward to my ring...”

He smiled. “Can we pick it up tomorrow?”

I shook my head. “No, baby boy.”

He gave me a pleading look. I laughed softly. “You’re as transparent as your momma’s panties.” We laughed, me nervously. I said, “My goodness, I have no idea where that came from.”

He brought his thigh up then, pressing it up against me, making my breath catch. Once the initial shock passed, I released my lip. “We’re gonna have the place to ourselves, Saturday night,” I whispered, wishing, as the words passed my lips, that his father would look away, so strong was the need to rub myself on his thigh.

“Is he going out with grandma again?”

“Mmhm.”

“And we can have sex?” he whispered, mouthing the last word.

I nodded, picking up on his excitement. He moaned softly, his eyes closing, but as delicious as the thought was, I really needed to refocus us, lest I go crazy. I reached for his phone, and searched for something else for us to listen to. As I did, it occurred to me that he and I had only two more nights in which to enjoy the current iteration of our relationship, for I knew that, once he slid into me, everything would change. I knew, instinctively, that we’d want each other all the time, that laying around and talking, as we were now, wouldn’t be enough. I also knew that I needed to have a talk with him regarding appearances. For now, though, I found one of my favorite songs from the eighties, and stared into his eyes as I sang along.

He tapped his foot against my calf, following the beat. I found James watching us and winked at him, held his gaze for a long moment before returning it to Bobby’s. I continued to sing to him, my voice quiet, only for him. “I don’t want no damage, but how am I gonna manage you. You hold the percentage, but I’m the one paying the dues...”

He shook his head, amused. “Who is this?”

“Fleetwood Mac.”

“Mm.”

“Do you like it?”

He shrugged. “It’s cool.”

“Just cool! I’ll have you know that they were one of the top bands, back in their day.” He nodded slowly. I said, “Back when they were popular, they didn’t have all these no-talent bimbos, like Justin Beeper.”

He laughed. “It’s—”

I put a finger to his lips, my head shaking. “Please, if I never hear his name again, it’ll be way too soon.”

We talked and listened to music the entire evening, and now, as it drew near his bedtime, he grew quiet. “Tired?”

He shrugged. “Little bit.”

I caressed his cheek with my thumb. “Tell me.”

Again, he shrugged. “Wish you could stay with me.”

I pressed a kiss to his lips. “Tell you what, how ‘bout I lay down with you until you fall asleep?”

That brought a smile to his face. I said, “Go get ready for bed, then come get me.”

“Kay.”

I waited until we were alone before meeting James’ gaze. I offered him a warm smile, then rolled off the sofa. He held his hand out to me, as I neared, and I settled in his lap, snuggling up to him with a sigh.

“Look like a teenager on a date,” he said, his voice low and deep and sexy.

“We had a nice time.”

“You two sure do laugh a lot.”

I drew a finger down his neck. “He makes me feel young.”

“You are young, and beautiful.”

I pulled back to meet his gaze. “You’re good for my ego. Think I’ll keep you around.”

He laughed but it quickly died. “Not tired of me yet?”

I held his gaze. “Never gonna tire of you.”

His brow twitched. “Think maybe I can have some candy now?”

I flattened my palm against his chest and rubbed the spot. “No, baby.”

“This is me, pouting.”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart, but it’s for your own good.”

“Sex would be good.”

I moaned, closing my fingers in his shirt, as the mental image of Bobby and I popped into my head, of him laying between my legs, thrusting into me, his tongue moving against my own.

“Wow... I hope that was me.”

I met his gaze, smiling a coy smile, my brow twitching. He laughed softly. “You know it would drive you crazy if the shoe was on the other foot.”

“Oh?”

He nodded. “Gonna come home and tell you all about it. Make you jealous.”

I shook my head. “Your mother isn’t going to make me jealous, and I really hope we aren’t making you jealous. Honestly, James, that’s the last thing I want.”

He stared into my eyes, waiting. Eventually, I blew out a breath. “Okay, maybe I want you a little bit jealous,” I purred. He smiled. I said, “I guess I just want you to know how much I love you.”

“You could show me.”

I pulled at his shirt, groaning. “Please tell me you know that I know what’s best for you.”

The smile left his face, then, and he leaned in to kiss me. “I do. I’m just whining.”

I grinned, then stood. I leaned over him and pressed my lips to his. “Gonna go lay down with Bobby, until he falls asleep.”

His brow went up. I said, “I’ll come to bed when I get up to pee.”

I didn't wait for a response, instead, I backed slowly toward the hall, gripping the hem of my nightie as I moved, and just before I slipped into the darkness beyond, I lifted the hem, showing him my panties. "Night, baby."

He shook his head.

I stopped in my bathroom, for my nightly routine, then I stopped in to say goodnight to Ricky. He was playing a video game, something sports-related. I kissed him, leaving my lips pressed to his forehead for several long moments. "I love you, sweetheart. Even when you think I don't, I love you."

"I know. I love you too. I'm sorry."

"Shhh. Try harder, that's all I ask."

"Kay."

I left him with a warm smile, then headed for my room. I stopped beside our bed—his side—and reached for the waistband of my panties. Nervous energy coursed through me as I eased them over my hips and down my legs. I tossed them onto his pillow, then pulled at the hem of my nightie, making sure it covered the important bits before I eased out into the hall.

As usual, I didn't knock on Bobby's door, and when I entered I found him where I expected him, in bed, blankets tossed aside, sheet covering him from the waist down. And I wasn't the least bit surprised to see the bulge in the sheet. I offered him a warm smile, as I moved to sit on the edge of his bed. I caressed his chest. "All ready for bed?"

He nodded, his gaze drifting down to my breasts, and I held my breath as his hand slipped beneath my nightie, his fingers moving over my skin, easing their way up. I sighed. "Tease momma?"

He nodded, his fingers tracing random designs on my skin, following my stretch marks, no doubt.

I stared into his eyes, waiting, anxious for him to reach me, but he seemed in no hurry. "Love the way you touch me."

"You're soft."

I bit my lip as he neared my breast, held my breath, waiting, then moaned

when the tip of his finger drew along the underside, then higher, not quite reaching my nipple before moving down to follow the crease between my breast and my chest. He lifted it, cupping it, his fingers and thumb staying just at the edge of my areola. He had me on edge, and still he wasn't any closer to scratching the itch. As much as I was enjoying the teasing, I wasn't comfortable, and so I moved to stand.

I turned off the light, then curled up to him. Less than a minute later, I joined him beneath the sheet. It seemed wise to ensure my ass was covered, on the off chance that his father entered.

I drew designs on his belly, teasing his skin as I drew my knee up over his thigh, avoiding his cock. I found his gaze, the moonlight providing just enough light to see. He smiled. "It's hard to picture grandma..." His gaze drifted off, along with the sentence.

I laughed softly. "Pretty sure I don't want you trying to picture her naked."

He smiled a mischievous smile. I said, "And I *really* don't want you trying to picture her having sex."

The smile left his face then, and he met my gaze. "Are they really gonna make love?"

I eased my head onto his pillow. He turned onto his side to face me, his leg coming up between my thighs, his lips pulling into an instant smile when he discovered me naked. I shook my head when his hand began to move. "No touching, baby."

His gaze on mine, his fingers teased over my belly, making my breath catch. "Sweetheart..." I caught his wrist. "No, baby," I murmured. I moaned softly when his fingers eased into my moist slit, finding my clit, teasing it with the softest touch. I gripped his wrist, my head shaking even as I brought my knee up to rest on his hip, giving him more room. I bit my lip when he pushed lower, into my damp heat. "I've been simmering all night for you, baby boy."

"Wet," he said, his voice husky. I nodded. He pulled his fingers out of me a moment later. "You do it."

"Baby..." I murmured, my tone pleading as I squeezed his wrist, willing him

back to me, but even with me holding onto him, he pulled his hand from between us, impressing me with the display of strength.

I watched, mesmerized, as he slipped his fingers into his mouth, his gaze locked with mine. He moaned softly, the sound making me dizzy, and I shook my head. “Naughty boy.”

He smiled around his fingers. “More.”

He stared into my eyes as I eased my hand down, as I pushed my fingers into my wetness, moaning softly for him. “Wet for you, baby.”

He searched out my lips, and they’d only just touched mine when I brought my fingers up. I broke the kiss only long enough to slip my fingers into his mouth, then I fused my lips to his, sucking at my fingers and his lips and tongue. Over and over I teased my fingers into my hot, wet center, then brought them up for us to share. But as the minutes ticked by, I grew more and more hungry for him. What I really wanted was to roll onto my back, to invite him between my legs, to let him have his way with me. I settled for having his tongue in my pussy. But perhaps settling isn’t the correct term, considering he has no trouble satisfying me. Indeed, he seems to thrive on burying his face in my damp heat, and isn’t enthusiasm the very foundation for the mastery of a subject?

Without warning, I broke the kiss, rolled out of bed, and moved to lock the door. I returned to stand beside his bed. One knee resting on the edge of the mattress, I peeled off my nightie and tossed it aside, then I let my hands rest at my sides, waiting, watching as he took me in, as his head shook. And I watched as he moved closer, as he pressed his lips to the inside of my knee. He kissed and nibbled the skin there, making me shiver and sway, and I rested my hand on his shoulder in an effort to hold myself upright as he began teasing his way up my thigh. “What are you doing, baby?”

He nipped at me, making me jump, waking up all of my nerve endings. “Stop, baby,” I whispered, my tone not matching the command.

Not surprisingly, he ignored me, further fanning the flames as he nipped and licked and bit his way up my thigh, making me twitch and jump as he inched closer and closer to where I so desperately wanted him. “After momma’s honey, baby

boy?”

He nodded, then nipped at me, harder this time, making me squeak. I reached for him, then, closing my fingers in his hair, squeezing, my head shaking, a long, low groan escaping me when he bit down on my ass, *this close* to my entrance. He spent a few long moments there, sucking and licking, cleaning up the juices I could feel there. “Make me so wet,” I whispered.

I knew that if I allowed him to reach my pussy, I’d scream. I needed to lay down and I needed his cock in my mouth. I needed a pacifier, and fast!

“Baby, stop,” I said, my fingers tight in his hair.

He pulled back, showing me the fire in his eyes. I eased my grip. “I need to lay down, before I fall over.”

He moved to the far side of the bed and I eased down beside him, watching his face, as I did, watching the playful smile that settled there. I inched closer and he lifted his head, then lay back down, his cheek on the inside of my knee. I ran my fingers through his hair, closed them in it, and pulled him toward me. “Come to momma, sweetie.”

He moved directly into the wettest part of me, making me moan as he pushed his face into me, sucking at me, licking, nibbling at my lips. “All for you, baby,” I whispered, rolling my hips against his face, wetting his cheeks and his nose and his chin. “Nibble on momma, sweetheart.”

His moans reverberated through my core, vibrating me, turning my stomach to jelly. I stretched out on my side, my gaze landing on his delicious cock. I wrapped my fingers around him and directed him to my mouth. I held him loosely for a few moments, just enjoying the feel of his skin, so silky on my tongue. But the desire to have him thrusting into my mouth was strong. My hand on his hip, I pulled him close then pushed him away, once, twice, then again and again, until he took over. I settled, content to nurse as he humped my mouth, as he continued to feast on me.

He was thrusting now, teasing himself on my tongue, pleasuring himself with my lips. I closed my fingers in the hair at the back of his head and directed him to my clit. I held him there for a moment before releasing him, but no sooner had I

eased my grip did he move back down. I pulled him right back up, centering his lips on my clit, and this time, when I released him, he remained there, teasing me, nibbling, sucking at me, bringing me closer and closer.

I began to shiver as the waves crashed over me, and I pulled him into my mouth, as far as I could take him, sucking, moaning, wanting all of him in me when I came.

I've never been able to take all of his father; he's just too thick and too long. Bobby, though... I knew I'd have all of him when I felt him at the entrance to my throat, thrusting in short, delicate strokes, as though he knew he needed to be gentle. I moaned, swallowing each time he moved in, shivering each time he pulled back. But I was going over, and the next time he pushed in, I swallowed, and I continued to swallow, over and over, and I followed him when he tried to retreat. He pushed hard then, and again I swallowed, this time groaning from deep within my chest as I felt him go in, as my lips slid to the base of his delicious shaft. As quickly as he bottomed out, though, I pulled back, slave to a sudden wave of panic. I was hooked, though, and when he came at me again, I was already swallowing, already missing him. I groaned, long and low, as I gripped his ass, holding him to me as I continued to swallow, over and over, until I felt him begin to throb, his own groans of pleasure muffled in my hot, wet sex, vibrating my clit as I went over, convulsing, my pussy grasping for anything but finding nothing. But I had his cock in my throat, and my head was positively swimming in endorphins as he continued to throb, pumping jet after delicious jet into me. It was, without doubt, the most erotic thing I'd ever experienced, but I needed air. My sense of self-preservation won out and I eased myself off of him, only to resume nursing on him, and even as he suffered the occasional shudder, I found myself wondering what it would feel like to take his father so deep. Oh, I was under no delusions that it would be so easy, but there was no question I was hooked. Indeed, now that I'd had a taste of it, I knew I wouldn't stop trying until I had my lips pushed to the base of my husband's cock, until I knew the thrill of him pulsing in my throat.

I pushed all thoughts of my husband from my mind in order to focus on Bobby, when he rolled onto his back, taking me with him. At his urging, I drew my knees up, a soft moan escaping me as he shifted his attention, from my clit to my

hot, wet center. Moments later, following his cues, subtle though they were, I righted myself, a deep, low moan escaping me as I rolled my hips, smearing myself on him. Oh, the thrill of riding him while he sucked and licked at me.

I rode him through two more body-shaking orgasms before guilt had me rolling off of him. I had no desire to suffocate the poor thing! But no sooner had I settled on my side was he pulling at me, urging me back up onto my knees. “Hungry little thing,” I purred, while lowering myself down atop him.

He went at me with renewed vigor, and while it felt utterly intoxicating to ride him in such a naughty manner, his cock was calling to me. But no sooner had I begun to move, intent on draping myself over him, did he stiffen his arms, blocking me. I shushed him, even as I took hold of his hands and directed them to my hips. He gripped me, holding me to him, as I lowered myself down.

Having already come, I knew he’d be sensitive, and so I contented myself with nuzzling him, moving my cheek against his soft fur while pressing the occasional butterfly kiss along the length of his hard, silky shaft. But as the waves of yet another orgasm began to lap at my feet, I found myself unable to resist the draw of him.

He tilted his hips up, inviting me, and I moaned in contentment as I eased my lips down his length. So hard and ready was he that, with his knob teasing the entrance to my throat, there was still a good two inches of him in need of my attention. Determined to revisit the feelings of euphoria, I swallowed, then again and again, inviting him. And then I was going over, a flood of endorphins short-circuiting my brain as I rode the waves of one of the strongest orgasms I’d ever had.

I was still nursing on him, still enjoying the calm after the storm, when I felt the first pulse ripple through him, alerting me to his impending orgasm. It was with mixed feelings that I eased him out of my throat. As thrilling as it was to have him throbbing there, I was quickly running out of air. Not surprisingly, he lifted his hips, intent of following me, when I moved to pull off of him. I *was*, however, surprised to feel his fingers, closing in my hair, and while his need was clear, he didn’t fight me when I pushed against him. I didn’t let him go, though, instead I held him between my lips, content to nurse on him, but I yelped when, as the first

volley of cum shot out onto my tongue, he began to nibble my clit. I struggled to rein myself in, as he continued to nibble on me, for it wouldn't do to wake his brother. Even sidetracked, though, he still managed to pull yet another stomach-churning orgasm from me, leaving me lying limp and panting. Only the need to cuddle roused me from my place atop him, and with a last kiss to his tip, I rolled off of him—then released a long, low groan when he followed me. Even as sore as my stomach muscles were, I found myself closing my fingers in his hair, my back arching as he continued to tease his tongue around in the wettest part of me.

I shook through two more orgasms before pulling him from his warm, wet cocoon. Still panting, I pulled him up for a naughty kiss.

Lost in the kiss, I wasn't aware he'd rolled me onto my back until he settled atop me, forcing my thighs apart. Only the fact that he was soft allowed me to relax, to enjoy the feel of him, covering me like a blanket, but no sooner had I given myself over to him was he breaking the kiss. And then he was peppering my throat with kisses, his hands closing around my breasts. I moaned, my back arching as he drew them together, his lips closing over one distended peak. Our gazes locked, I began to sift my fingers through his hair while he teased me, one nipple and then the other, back and forth, sucking, nibbling, pulling, making me ache for him.

He left my nipples hard and glistening with his saliva, only to embark on a slow, teasing journey down the slopes of my breasts, headed for my belly. There, he began to nuzzle me, setting the butterflies free. I drew my fingers through his hair, wondering, as the moments passed, why such a relatively innocuous endeavor would elicit such an intense response—until, that is, it dawned on me that only an inch or two separated his cheek from the heart of my reproductive system—my uterus. Yes, even my subconscious was tracking him, keeping tabs on his close proximity to my womb—to his birthplace. No sooner had realization dawned, though, was he moving on, and I found myself spreading my legs, making room for him.

He settled on his belly and, without preamble, pushed his face into me, earning another long, low moan. At his urging, I drew my legs further up and apart, and I found myself wondering, yet again, where he'd learned to please a woman.

Oh, I'm under no delusions that he hasn't found himself navigating one or more of the myriad porn websites, but I also know, from a bit of deductive reasoning, as well as simple intuition, that he doesn't frequent them. Instinct told me that the same intuition I was blessed with is the same intuition he was relying on to pleasure me, or, more accurately, us.

I jumped, all thoughts of intuition and instinct drifting off into the ether when he grazed my over-sensitive clit with his teeth. No sooner had I tightened my grip in his hair, though, did he hide them behind his lips. But the reprieve was only temporary, for no sooner had I exhaled, settling in for the ride, did he nip at me again, capturing every last ounce of my attention. And then he was sucking at me, with the gentle finesse of a surgeon. A moment later he was pushing his tongue up beneath my clit, lifting it, and when the surrounding skin had stretched to the limit, sending his tongue darting past, he went back for more. My breath caught, my fingers tightening in his hair, when he captured my clit in his teeth. Rather than bite me, though, he merely nibbled, ever so gently, making me squirm beneath him. As the moments passed, though, he continued to grow more and more aggressive until, my thighs quivering with the torment, he began to chew on me, albeit gently. Fingers flexing in time with the clenching of his jaw, I held him tight to me as I fought against the almost overwhelming need to scream, as yet another orgasm washed over me.

I wasn't the least bit surprised to find him nuzzling me, his tongue moving lazily around my entrance, when at last I crested the waves. As wonderful as that felt, though, I was desperate to cuddle, and with nothing but a gentle tug as a hint, he crawled up beside me. Wordlessly, I wrapped myself around him, a soft moan escaping me as our lips met.



I stared at the clock, squinting, but no matter how hard I tried, the display refused to change to something a bit less *really* late. As late as it was, though, that isn't what made my stomach fall. No, *that* would be the locked door. I rolled out of bed, praying, as I did, that James would forgive me locking it, effectively shutting him out. As I made my way across the hall, to the bathroom, I wondered what time

he'd gone to bed, and whether he'd heard us, and then I wondered what he thought when he found my panties on his pillow.

I stared at my reflection, debating, as I washed my hands, whether to join him, or whether to return to Bobby's bed. Cuddling up to James, of course, would be ideal, but I couldn't help feeling it would be an affront to him to touch him when I still had Bobby's saliva all over me, while I could still taste his sperm on the back of my tongue.

I told myself, as I crossed the hall, that I would make it up to James, later. Yes, tonight I would make him a nice dinner, and I would pamper him, and I would cuddle with him the entire evening. I would let him know that I love him.

With a sigh, I snuggled up to Bobby, not the least bit surprised when he pulled me close, whispering his love for me. "Love you too, my sweet boy."



I woke to the feel of his hand on my arm, stroking me softly. I smiled. Even before opening my eyes, I knew that it was James, and that it was still dark. I focused on him. "Hi," I murmured, offering him my warmest smile.

He squeezed my wrist, his thumb brushing over me. He crooked his head, asking me to follow him, then led me to our bedroom and gestured me to sit, and when I did, his gaze went to the hem of my nightie. "Cheating on me?"

"No," I whispered. "I love you too much."

"What do you call it?"

I held his gaze, showing him I had nothing to hide. "I'm mothering him."

I watched, stunned, as his semi-playful demeanor left. "In his bed, with no panties on?" He shook his head. "You smell like sex."

My brows drew. His words had painted things in the most unsavory light, and until he'd spoken them, I hadn't felt more than the slightest guilt. Now, though... "I'm sorry," I whispered.

"Did you...?" He cleared his throat. "Did you have sex with him?"

It was everything I had to hold his gaze, as I fought to order my thoughts.  
“Not technically, no.”

His brow went up and he waited. I counted it as a good sign that he wasn't yelling at me, or worse, and though it was extremely uncomfortable, I spoke.  
“Oral,” I whispered.

His lip twitched. “Oral, what?”

I held his gaze, not wanting to say it, not wanting to cast such a bright light on what had been such a wonderful experience. But he was staring, and I knew he deserved an explanation. “Sex.”

“Oral sex?”

I couldn't keep my gaze from dropping to my folded hands. He lifted my chin, his touch surprisingly delicate, his eyes searching, patient.

I exhaled. “Yes.”

“Can you tell me how that's mothering him? He's fifteen, Jackie.”

I felt the first tear slip out then.

“You two were making out last night, and it didn't look like it was the first time.”

I shook my head, feeling unbelievably ashamed.

Into the short silence, he said, “What would he say if I asked *him* what was going on?”

I brought my gaze to his, my head shaking. “Please don't do that to him. This isn't his fault.” I dropped my gaze back to my hands. “It's mine.”

“Who started it?”

Immediately, I had the image of me, sitting on the sofa, Bobby at my feet, staring so innocently at my breasts, sneaking a peek up under my dress, at my panties. I shook my head. “I did.”

“Please don't lie to me, Jackie.”

I lifted my head, searching his eyes. Had he already talked to Bobby? I

waited, thinking. I have a real distaste for liars and lying, and yet here I was, telling him the first lie of our nineteen year marriage. “I’ve never lied to you,” I whispered. “Don’t ask me questions about him.”

He blew out a quiet breath. “I need to protect him.”

I shook my head. “Not from me.”

Again, he exhaled. “I need to know whether he’s in over his head, whether he feels... coerced.”

“How dare you!” I whispered, unable and unwilling to hide my disbelief. “How can you even say that to me?”

His eyes closed. “I’m sorry.”

“You have no idea how much it hurts me to have you question me. I’ve never given you any reason to...” But I had, more than once now. I spent a moment trying to condense the swirl of emotions and thoughts that filled my head. Then I met his gaze. “He’s not some naive, little boy, James. He’s a willing, intelligent participant. He wants what I’ve given him. And at every step of the way, I’ve given him outs, honest, viable outs.” I shook my head. “Please don’t paint me as some kind of monster.”

“I’m not. I’m not. I just...” He blew out a breath, his head shaking.

I reached for his hand then. “What’s this all about?” I caressed the back of his hand. “You know I would never hurt him. Never!” I said, my voice soft but full of conviction.

He nodded. “I know.”

“I love him more than anything or anybody, James, you know that.” I’d never openly admitted it before, to anybody, but there it was.

Again, he nodded, and for several long moments, I waited for him to respond, waited for him to tell me what I suspected. But he was silent. I moved my thumb over the back of his hand. “Tell me, baby.”

He shook his head, not meeting my eyes. “Jealous,” he murmured.

I stood, then, and wrapped myself around him. “Shhh. You have nothing to be

jealous about,” I murmured. “Nothing. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Stupid,” he whispered.

“Very.”

He laughed softly, making me smile. I said, “Did you know that, when I got up to pee...” I glanced at the clock. “...four hours ago, that I went back to bed thinking that I was going to cook you a nice dinner tonight, and cuddle with you, and spend the evening telling you how much I love you?”

“No.”

“Well, I am.”

“Okay.”

I continued to caress him, willing him calm. “I love you very much, husband. I never want you to think otherwise.”

He nodded. “Think I just need love.”

“You *do* need love,” I murmured. “Lots of it.” Before he could respond, I said, “And on Saturday night, I want you to tell your momma that.”

“I want *your* love.”

I teased my fingers through his hair, his breath warming my neck. “I know you do, sugar, and you have no idea how badly I want you in me.”

“So?”

“I promise you...” I took and released a breath. “She’ll give you what you want, baby, just ask her for it.”

“It’s...” He groaned. “I’m afraid she’ll think I’m...”

I pulled him from his warm cocoon and met his gaze, my head shaking. “She doesn’t know it yet, but she wants you as much as you want her.”

“But how do you *know* that?”

I shook my head. “Please don’t question me, sweetheart.”

He continued to stare at me until I pulled him close, pressing my lips to his forehead. “Put your heart out there, baby,” I whispered. “I promise you won’t be

disappointed.”

He pulled back, his eyes questioning, but before he could speak, I put a finger to his lips, my head shaking. “Have I ever given you any reason to doubt me?”

He shook his head. I tapped my finger against his lips. “Don’t ever question me, baby, mother’s don’t like it.”

He captured my finger and nibbled it, making me smile. I moaned when he began to suck it. “But, oh, how we love to be teased,” I whispered.

He laughed softly. “I love you.”

“And I, you.” I moved onto the bed, crawling slowly toward *my* side, offering him a wonderful view of my ass, of my naked vagina, and I rolled over onto my pillow, my knees pulled up and apart. I smiled at him. “Tell your momma you need her, baby, she’ll give you what you need.”

He shook his head, bringing his gaze up to mine. “Go back to bed,” he murmured. “Don’t make him wake up alone.”

Without hesitation, I rolled onto my knees, crawled to him, and pressed my lips to his cheek. “Have a good day,” I murmured. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

I slipped off the bed and moved toward the door. I turned, reaching for the hem of my nightie, and lifted it, showing him my goodies, and when his gaze came up to meet mine, I winked.



I groaned. “Had to wait until my hands were wet, huh?” I said, under my breath. I wiped my hands, then ran from the bathroom, toward his night stand, reaching for the ringing phone. “Hello?”

“Hi, doll. Why so out of breath?”

I groaned. “Because you waited until I was washing my hands before deciding to call.”

He laughed. “Sorry. Anyway, I um... sort of invited myself to my mother’s for

dinner tonight.”

My brow went up. “Yeah?”

He sighed and, in a low tone, said, “I told her I couldn’t wait until tomorrow to see her.”

I crawled onto the bed and rolled onto my back. “And what did she say?”

“She told me she was glad I called, that she was thinking of me too.” His tone dropped to a quiet whisper. “I told her I can still smell her perfume.”

“Wow,” I murmured.

“Yeah.”

“Tonight, baby, after dinner, ask her to dance, and when she’s in your arms, when she’s relaxed and her breathing is slow and easy, tell her you need to be inside of her.”

“I can’t,” he whispered.

“Listen to the way her breath catches when you say it. Feel the way her fingers tighten on you.” Into the silence, I said, “She’ll do the rest, baby.”

“She’ll slap me.”

“Tell her you need to be inside of her, whisper it to her. She’ll lay back and let you in, I promise.” I waited a beat. “Now go back to work.”

He laughed softly. “Bye.”

“Baby?”

“Hm.”

I closed my eyes. “When you’re inside of her, making sweet love to her, I want you to put your lips to her ear and tell her that I love her.”

Into the silence, he whispered, “I have to go.”

I lowered my hand, allowing the phone to slip from my fingers.



## Chapter 10

**I had dinner in the oven**, and was relaxing on the sofa when I heard him coming up the steps. My hand shook as I squeezed the bottle, my toes wiggling with nervous energy as the golden goo oozed over and between them.

I'd had my nails done today, and I'd had the little sweetheart use a shade of polish similar to the one Bobby had bought for me, and just a few minutes ago, I'd washed my feet, wanting them to be extra clean, then I'd placed a clean bath towel on the floor at my feet. I set the bottle on the end table just as his key was turning in the lock.

I watched his eyes as he entered, watched as they went directly to my nervously bouncing foot, then to the towel, then back to my foot before finally coming up to meet my gaze. I smiled, my lip twitching. "Hi, sweetheart."

He looked confused, and for a moment he didn't respond, then, "What's going..." His voice tapered off as his gaze drifted to the bottle of honey. Quickly, it shifted back to my toes. His tongue came out to wet his lips. "Is that honey?"

I waited for his gaze to come up, then twitched my brow, my lips forming into a nervous smile. I wiggled my toes, drawing his attention back to them, and I watched, amused, as he dropped his book bag in the middle of the floor, his gaze on my toes. He stopped before me, looking unsure what to do.

"Don't let it drip," I said, my tone low and husky.

He sank to his knees, slowly, his eyes moving from mine to my toes and back as he licked his lips. He moved closer, bringing his tongue out, teasing me with the tip, making me shiver. "Suck, baby."

I moaned when he wrapped his lips around me, tentatively at first. He brought

his gaze up to meet mine, and smiled around my toe, while his tongue worked to strip the honey from it. Within moments he was sucking and licking his way toward my baby toe, driving me crazy, and I couldn't resist pushing my hand between my thighs to tease my clit. "Make momma all hot and bothered," I murmured.

He smiled, his eyes alight. I said, "You're the most handsomest boy I've ever seen."

Eventually, his gaze shifted, from mine to the bottle beside me. "More?" I asked.

He nodded, smiling shy.

I reached for the bottle, but instead of putting more on my toes, I squeezed out a couple drops on my leg, just above my knee. "Oops."

He laughed soundlessly, even as he moved closer. I shook my head. "Go change, and wash your hands."

He backed toward the hall, his gaze all over me, and when he returned, he immediately dropped to his knees before me, heading straight for the honey, and began sucking and licking at my thigh.

Within a few moments, he'd gotten all traces of it, then he began to nibble me, softly, the little love bites that trigger my thighs to open, and as they began to spread apart, I moved my fingers into his hair, teasing it, pulling it, making him moan while he made *me* moan. "Love the way you love me," I murmured.

Again, he nipped at me, harder now, making me jump and squeal. It was hard not to pull him to me, for I wanted his tongue in me so desperately I could taste it. But I wanted him to go at his own pace, slow as it was. "Tease momma?"

He nodded, rubbing his cheek against me. "Are these new?"

I nodded. He was referring to my shorts; nylon, so short they left a good inch of my ass cheeks showing, so thin they molded to my every curve, so tight they cleaved my lips, leaving my clit visible as a prominent bump at the top of my crease. I ran a finger between my lips, parting them further. "Do you like them?"

He nodded, his gaze on my naughty fingers as he nibbled and kissed his way

up my thigh.

“Would you wear them outside?”

I held my fingers out to him, watching, entranced, as he smelled them, his eyes closing as he inhaled. I waited for his eyes to open before shaking my head. “I bought them for you.”

He smiled, shy, while watching as I ran my fingers through my lips, parting them. I was already hot and damp, and thinking about being seen in public, in something so unbelievably risqué, only added to the heat. Heart racing, I held my fingers out for him. “Do you want me to?”

He shrugged. “Tomorrow, while we wash the cars?”

I laughed softly. “We?”

He nipped at my finger, making me jump. I giggled when he did it again, then I pushed my fingers into his hair, both hands, and pulled him to me. “Naughty boy,” I whispered.

He inhaled deeply as he began to nip and suck at me, trying to get at me through the thin nylon.

“Want mamma’s honey, don’t you, baby boy?”

He nipped at my clit, growling as he did. My hands in his hair, I forced eye contact. “Take them off, baby.”

I lifted my ass for him, stomach fluttering wildly at the naughtiness of having him undress me, of showing him my most intimate place—crazy, I know, since he spent half the previous night feasting on me. I eased forward, the moment my shorts cleared my toes, and spread my thighs for him. “Come to mamma,” I purred.

I had my feet on the edge of the sofa, my thighs spread wide, and he was nibbling on my clit, drawing me toward yet another orgasm, when the sound of Ricky’s car made it through the fog. I groaned, knowing we needed to stop, but as the seconds ticked by, as he continued to tease me, as my orgasm drew closer and closer, I began to wonder whether Bobby had even heard him. It didn’t seem so, and as he continued to nibble and suck and lick at me, my orgasm, so close only a

few moments ago, was now creeping away. I groaned in frustration, while pulling his hair. The sudden fit of nervous energy brought his eyes up to mine. “Your brother’s home,” I said, my voice shaky.

As though he hadn’t heard me, he pushed his face back into my sex, not licking, not sucking, just moaning, just moving around in my wetness, seemingly happy to smear my essence around on his cheeks and lips and nose. Then he pulled away, in no hurry, and stood, capturing my shorts on a pinkie before offering me his hands.

I slid my feet to the floor and allowed him to pull me up. “Got mamma’s honey all over you,” I purred, while leaning toward him. I pushed my fingers into the hair at the base of his neck, and as we began to move toward the hall, I fused my lips to his.

“Taste so good,” I whispered, when the kiss broke, just outside his room.

Before he could answer, we heard the front door open. Reluctantly, I pulled myself from him, while relieving him of my shorts. “Get dressed and meet me in the kitchen.”

“Hello?”

“Go!” I hissed, already moving. I waited until I was just crossing the threshold of my room before answering. “Be right out!”

I headed for my bathroom to clean myself up. A few minutes later, I stopped to lean against his door jamb. “Hi, sweetie, how was school?”

He turned, making a face. “It was okay, I guess.” He blew out a breath. “Rachel broke up with me.”

“Oooh...” I walked to him and squeezed his shoulder, then pressed my lips to his forehead. “I’m sorry, honey.”

He frowned. “Girls are stupid,” he mumbled.

I laughed softly.

“Except you, I mean.” He groaned. “I don’t get it. I mean, everything seemed fine, and then...” He snapped his fingers.

I cupped his cheek. “You guys are young, honey, too young to be so serious.”

Into the short silence, I said, “Trust me, Ricky, if you two don’t get back together, you’ll find somebody else to spend your time with, and I bet it doesn’t take but a week or two.”

Again, he exhaled. “I guess.”

I kissed him again. “Gonna go get dinner on the table. Get washed up.”

“Kay.”

Bobby was setting the table, when I entered, and we exchanged a smile. My stomach fluttered at the thought that his face was covered in my butter. I set the casserole on the stove to cool, and turned as he approached, my gaze dropping to his lips, watching as they neared my own. I moaned, my eyes closing as his lips met mine, as his tongue came out, teasing, making my knees weak. I moved closer, tilting my hips, rubbing up against his erection. “Hard for momma?”

He nipped at me, growling. I laughed softly but I quickly turned serious. “Need you inside of me,” I whispered.

“Will you stay with me tonight?”

Hearing Ricky’s footsteps, I reluctantly distanced myself from him. “We’ll see.”

“Is dad staying at grandma’s again?”

I reached for the dish. “I don’t know, probably.”

A slow grin pulled his lips, but he bit back on whatever it was he was thinking of saying, when his brother entered.

“Smells good,” he said, peeking over my shoulder. “Where’s dad?”

I raised the dish. He inhaled deeply, his eyes closing. The thought occurred to me then that he *had* to have smelled my scent, in the front room, when he’d entered, had to have smelled me any of several times his brother and I had been playing, when he arrived. And yet, he seemed oblivious. I wondered, not for the first time, if maybe he was still a virgin. Maybe he hadn’t yet encountered the scent of a woman or, in his case, a girl. “He’s eating at grandma’s tonight.”

“Again?”

I nodded, choosing to leave it at that. We ate in silence for several minutes before he broke it. “Can we watch a movie tonight?”

I met his gaze, one brow up. “Gonna stay home?”

He nodded, causing a look of displeasure to fall over Bobby’s face.

I smiled. “That’ll be nice. Maybe I’ll make popcorn and hot chocolate.” I reached out to run my toes up and down Bobby’s calf, then offered him an easy smile when he met my gaze.

After dinner, I set Bobby to work on cleaning the kitchen, then headed to my room. I found him twenty minutes later, at the kitchen table, doing homework. I nuzzled him from behind, making him giggle, then I kissed my way across his jaw to nibble on his lips. “Gonna take off for a bit. I have a couple errands to run.”

“Can I go?”

I drew a fingertip over his lip, my head shaking.

“But I wanna be alone with you,” he said, his tone this close to pleading.

“We’ll find time, baby boy, I promise. Right now, though, I want you studying.” I tapped his nose. In a lower tone, I said, “You’re gonna be too busy to do it this weekend.”

He smiled then, shy. I laughed softly as I rubbed my nose against his. “I’ll be back.”

His gaze dropped to my lips, making my stomach flutter. Slowly, he closed the short gap. He brushed his lips to mine, then again and again, making me moan. Though I really wanted him to focus on studying, I couldn’t resist him when his tongue came out, couldn’t deny him when it slipped so sensuously between my lips. Within moments I was breathing hard, my knees trembling as I tried to maintain my balance.

Never before had I been kissed so damned thoroughly! Never before had a tongue moved so slowly and so seductively against my own. It was as though he’d found the magic frequency that triggered every endorphin in my brain to respond, to come alive. But somewhere in the recesses of my mind, I heard the sound of

footsteps, and somehow I found the will to break the kiss, panting, my head shaking. “Love the way you kiss me, baby,” I murmured. I straightened, cupping his cheek, enjoying the feel of his skin as he moved against me. “Your brother...”

And just like that, the hearts that had been dancing in his eyes and above his head evaporated, leaving him with nothing but a pretty smile. I pulled my hand away slowly, and turned as Ricky entered, his gaze moving directly to my purse. “Are you leaving?”

“Mmhm. I have a couple errands to run.”

“Can I go? I need to get a new notebook.”

I patted his cheek. “I’ll get it. Just tell me what you want.”

He shrugged. “Same thing you got me last time.”

“Got it.” I placed a kiss atop Bobby’s head, then another on Ricky’s cheek. “Be back soon.”



I met his gaze across the counter. “Can I trouble you to clean it for me?”

His brow went up. I said, “I want it sparkling, without a single fingerprint on it.”

He nodded once, smiling. “As you wish.”

He returned a couple minutes later, the ring wrapped in tissue and encased in a small velvet bag. He held it out to me.

“Thank you, Nathan.”

“You’re quite welcome. I hope to see you again soon.”

I gave him a bright smile, then turned for the door. “I’m sure you will.”



For several minutes I stood in my closet, perusing the three long rows of hanging clothes; dresses on the left, slacks and pant suits and jackets on the back

wall, and blouses and lingerie on the right.

Yet again, my gaze returned to the long string of dresses. Weather permitting, I'd wear a dress every day. I love the feel of something so light covering me, the way the material flows over my skin with each step, with each breeze, and I really love the attention I get while showing off my curves. But just now, as I stared at my collection, I shook my head. I wanted to change things up a bit. I wanted to tease Bobby, and I knew he was expecting a dress.

At my dresser, I perused a drawer full of stretch pants. I mostly wear them when I work out, in milder weather. I reached for a pair in white and pulled them on, then moved to the mirror, a mischievous smile pulling my lips as my gaze moved down. I could clearly see the outline of my panties, through the thin material. More importantly, though, I could see the faintest outline of my labia. I ran a finger through my crease, shivering at the touch. I stared at my reflection for a few more moments before wiggling out of them. I just couldn't get comfortable with the idea of Ricky seeing me in something so risqué.

I folded them and returned them to the drawer, then reached for a pair in black, and I was just about to slip them on when I stopped, a wave of excitement washing over me as I envisioned my bare vagina squeezed into the stretchy fabric. The black material would hide my naughty little girl from Ricky's casual gaze. Bobby, on the other hand... Nervous energy coursed through me as I exchanged my panties for the leggings.

I stood before the mirror, a smile forming as I appraised myself. At a glance, they were perfectly acceptable, a simple pair of black pants—thin yet presentable. Indeed, I'm convinced that even the absence of any visible panty lines would likely go right over Ricky's head. Not for the first time, I wondered whether his seeming lack of interest in older women was a universal thing, or if it was just me. Instinct told me it was the former. I mean, not to brag but, I get more than my fair share of looks. Hell, I've even caught some of his friends sneaking a peek. Bobby's, as well, though it's interesting to note that, of all their friends, not a single one is crazy enough to allow Bobby to catch them looking, not even Dave Webster, one of Ricky's buddies—a seventeen year old with a bit of an attitude and an easy six inches on Bobby. "Obviously familiar with Josh Banner's little mishap," I said,

sotto voce.

As his mother, I'm well aware of my responsibility to discourage my children from fighting, and I take that responsibility very seriously. But I'm also a woman, more old-fashioned than not, and like most women, I'm drawn more to stronger men. Indeed, weak men repulse me—a fact I keep well and truly hidden.

“Masculine,” I purred, my thoughts on Bobby.

I turned to glance at my reflection, over my shoulder. “Winner,” I said, arching.

Facing the mirror again, I rolled my hips, wondering, as I moved, how on Earth such curves could escape Ricky's notice.

To be clear, I'm more baffled than let down, and I'm not sure I'd be at all comfortable with him ogling me. Juxtapose that with the thrill I get from turning Bobby's head. Puzzling, I know, but such is the nature of the human psyche.

I moved back to my closet for a blouse, and came out with a pretty silk thing in emerald. It flatters my curves, hugging my breasts like it's in love with them.

I donned a comfortable, sheer bra, slipped into the blouse, then moved back to the mirror, and as I studied my reflection, I pondered the ring. I had it in my head that I'd hide it in my panties, which was the impetus for having it cleaned so thoroughly. Now, though...

I removed it from its velvet satchel, and the tissue, and held it up, admiring the way the light played through it. I kissed it, then, before I could change my mind, I slipped my hand into my pants, through my moist groove, and into the wetness below. I held my breath as I pushed the thing up into my warm tunnel, a moan escaping as I pictured Bobby searching for it.



He was at his desk, doing homework, and he glanced up when I appeared in the doorway, his gaze immediately dropping, lingering, as I walked slowly toward him. I slipped a finger under his chin, lifted it, then pressed my lips to his. “Not supposed to lust after your momma.”

He moaned, increasing the pressure of his lips on mine, his tongue coming out to tease my own. I allowed us several long moments of fun before breaking the kiss to rest my forehead against his. “Kiss your momma so good, baby boy.”

“You drive me crazy,” he murmured.

I rubbed my nose against his. “Come on, Romeo, your brother’s probably wondering where we are.”

I’d just reached his door when I felt his touch, a light, teasing touch on the back of my thigh, and before I could reach back to stop him, he was cupping my ass, his fingers up against my heat. “Bad boy!” I hissed, spinning away from him.

He wiggled his brow, making me laugh, and I walked the length of the hall facing him, holding a finger up in warning. I turned as I entered the front room.

Not surprisingly, Ricky was in his father’s chair, the remote in his hand, a glass of iced tea on the table beside him.

I gave him a warm smile when he met my gaze. He returned it, but just a moment later he was again focused on the TV, on the two sports commentators. It struck me again how different he is from his brother.

I said to Bobby, “Gonna grab something to drink. Thirsty?”

He shook his head. I turned, as I reached the doorway, amused but not surprised to find him staring. I shook my head.

I returned with a glass of wine and, as I sat, Ricky said to Bobby, “How come you’re not out with Linda?”

He shrugged. “Her and a couple friends are going to some concert in the city.”

“Mm. Yeah, a few of the guys are up there. Supposed to be pretty good.” He wiggled his brows. “Going out with her tomorrow night?”

He shook his head, sparing me a quick glance. “Probably stay home, keep mom company.”

Ricky turned to meet my gaze. “Dad going out again?”

“I’m not sure yet. He was supposed to go out with grandma tomorrow night.

He may still do that.”

He nodded, turning back to the TV. And just like that, he was engrossed.

I uncrossed my legs when Bobby moved to lay down, his head in my lap. I stared into his eyes as I pulled my fingers through his hair. He smiled when I began to hum to him.

I have no idea how long I stared down into his eyes for, when Ricky’s voice broke the tableau. “Hm?”

“I asked if there was anything you wanted to watch.”

“Oh, um, hm...” But my mind was blank. I dropped my gaze to Bobby’s, one brow up. He shook his head. I looked up. “Whatever you want to watch is fine.”

He went back to flipping channels. I met Bobby’s gaze. “Go grab your phone.”

“And my ear buds?”

I nodded, and I resisted the urge to stare at his ass as he walked out, which was good, because Ricky turned his head. “How ‘bout *Fast and Furious*?”

I quirked my lips. “That that car movie?”

He nodded. “Something like that, yeah.”

I shrugged. “Whatever you want to watch is fine.”

He nodded. I shifted my attention to Bobby, as he entered, and held his gaze as he resumed his position, his head in my lap. I reached for his phone, and eased it out of his grip.

“Did you want that?”

I grinned, tapping the tip of his nose with a finger. “Gonna call your dad.”

It went to voicemail, but in the middle of leaving a message, he beeped in.

“Hey.”

“Ah. Safe to assume Bobby’s there with you?”

“It is.”

“What’s up?”

“Nothing.” I traced an eyebrow with a fingertip. “I just wanted to hear your voice.”

“Aaah. You’re so sweet.”

“This is true. Did I interrupt dinner?”

“No, we finished about fifteen minutes ago.”

“Mm. And are you having a nice time?”

“Let me guess, Ricky’s there.”

I laughed softly, as I drew a fingertip down Bobby’s nose, my gaze on his. “Wow, you’re good.”

Bobby nodded. James laughed. “He and Rachel on hiatus?”

“I guess, yeah.”

“He forcing you two to behave?”

“You could say that.”

“I did.”

I tapped Bobby’s nose. *Let me up*, I mouthed. I made my way toward my room, waiting to speak until I was out of earshot. “Are you behaving?”

“Trying,” he said, his tone soft.

I lay back on our bed, not bothering to turn the light on. “Are you dancing?”

“No, we’re sitting.”

My brow went up. “Now?”

“No. I’m in the front room, she went to... whatever, give me some privacy.”

“What’s she wearing?”

He laughed softly. “My wife, playing cupid.”

I laughed. “Tell me.”

“Seriously?”

Into the silence, and in a quiet voice, he said, “Blue blouse, really dark blue skirt, and black sandals.”

“Mm. Is her hair up?”

“It is.”

I nodded to myself, and I opened my eyes, looking toward the sound of the soft knock. Bobby was just crossing the threshold, his gaze moving over me. I held a hand out to him. To James, I said, “Give me a second, hon.” I covered the phone, then pulled Bobby to me for a quick kiss. “Give me a couple minutes, okay?”

He made a face, his gaze following his finger as he drew it back and forth on my thigh.

I caught his eye. “Two minutes, okay?”

“Kay.”

I waited until he left before apologizing to James. “So, is she wearing jewelry?”

“Mmhm.”

“Makeup?”

“Yes.”

“So, she’s all prettied up?”

He laughed softly. “She is, but does that really mean... you know...”

I lowered my tone. “She’s on a date, husband.”

Into the silence, he said, “I’m really afraid of embarrassing myself.”

“Do you trust me?”

“You know I do.”

“Do as I told you, James; dance with her, hold her close, wait until you’re sure she’s relaxed, really relaxed, kiss her neck, just below her ear. You’ll know right then and there where you stand. If she stops you, you have your answer, if she doesn’t, tell her you need to be inside of her.”

He groaned softly. I said, “She’s not some woman you picked up in a bar,

James. She knows you. She loves you. And if you think she doesn't know what you want from her, you're deluding yourself. Mother's always know."

"And does that hold true over there?"

I closed my eyes, telling myself he wasn't poking at me. I reminded myself that his tone was gentle and easy. I released a quiet breath. "Mother's know, sweetheart."

Again, the silence dragged on. He broke it, saying, "Can't I start with something a little less... out there."

"You could, but I want you to remember something; what I've told you to do is guaranteed to get you what you want, and I mean right now, immediately." I dropped my tone. "I want you to come home to me in the morning, and I want you to make love to me while you tell me about the most amazing experience of your life."

I listened to the silence, waiting. He said, "On a scale of one to ten, how sure are you that... that she wants this?"

"Very sure."

"How do you know?" he whispered.

I could just elaborate on the conversation I'd had with her, but I really wanted him to have the experience of being unsure, at least to some degree, for I knew it would only add to the thrill. "Mother's know their babies, James.

He exhaled. I said, "She's dressed up for a date, sweetheart. Think about that."

"Okay," he said, his tone betraying his nervousness.

"Have faith in her, baby."

"Okay."

I turned my head, offering Bobby a warm smile, holding my hand out for him, then threaded my fingers with his when he reached me. "I have to go, sweetheart, my boyfriend wants my attention now."

Bobby's eyes widened, his hand gripping my own. James laughed softly,

releasing another low groan. “Naughty girl.”

“You have no idea,” I purred. “We’re going to make love tonight,” I said, my tone a soft whisper.

Bobby shook his head, his eyes alight.

James said, “You are too much.”

My gaze on Bobby’s, I said, “I love you, sweetheart.”

Bobby smiled. James said, “I love you too.”

“Tell your mother I love her.”

He laughed. “Night.”

I disconnected and set the phone aside, and I followed him with my eyes as he moved around the bed and crawled atop me, straddling my legs, lowering himself down. I moaned when our lips met. I brought my arms up, crossing my wrists behind his neck.

A few minutes later, we broke the kiss, panting and excited. I touched a finger to his lips. He spoke around it. “Are we really gonna make love?”

I nodded, while pushing up against his erection. “Can’t wait to have you in me.”

He fused his lips to mine, and again the kiss took off like a wildfire. I caught his hands, when they began to roam, threaded our fingers together, and drew our linked hands above our heads.

Out of breath, I broke the kiss, my head shaking. “Kiss me so nice, baby boy. Make me all hot and bothered.”

He moved against me, the length of him pushing directly into my mound, making me crazy. “I don’t have the ring,” he said, his voice husky.

“Yes, you do.”

He pulled back to focus on me. “I do?”

I nodded.

“Where?”

Biting my lip, I rolled my hips up at him, a nervous smile pulling my lips.  
“Where?” he asked, looking confused.  
Again, I lifted my hips, my gaze on his.  
He stared at me for another few long moments before his brows went up.  
“Down there?”  
I nodded.  
“In your panties?” he whispered.  
I shook my head.  
His brows drew. “Where?”  
I pushed up against him, my brow twitching with nervous excitement. “I’m keeping it warm for you.”  
He tried to move then, but I held him fast, my head shaking.  
“I want to see it.”  
I shook my head. “Later, baby.”  
“Now,” he said, his tone husky.  
Again, I shook my head. “Tonight, after your brother goes to bed, gonna give you what you want.”  
“I want you,” he murmured.  
I stared up into his eyes, feeling remarkably calm. “Gonna open my legs for you.” I lifted up to reach his lips. “Let you have your way with me.” Another kiss. “Make love to my man.”  
He moaned, long and low, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, his hips moving in a slow, sensual dance, and while I would have loved to stay there, kissing him until my lips were raw, I knew we needed to get back to the front room before his brother came looking for us. I broke the kiss. “Baby...”  
He nipped at my lips. “Now, Mom,” he said, the words making my stomach flutter.  
I shook my head. “Show me you’re a man, Bobby.”

He held my gaze for several long moments before nodding once, then he leaned down and pressed a chaste kiss to my lips. He stood then, offered me his hands, and pulled me to my feet. He surprised me when he moved behind me, wrapped me in his arms, and walked us slowly out into the hall, his warm breath in my ear.

As hard as he was, I knew he needed a chance to calm, and with that in mind, I steered us toward the kitchen. “Grab the hot chocolate mix.”

Ricky was engrossed in the movie, and while it looked action-packed and exciting, I had no interest in it, and nor did Bobby.

I offered Ricky a bowl of popcorn and a cup of hot chocolate. He thanked me, then returned his attention to the movie. I took my seat on the sofa and Bobby joined me, sitting close.

Once he’d finished his chocolate, he moved to lay down, his head in my lap. I fed him popcorn, while I stared down into his eyes, so clear and open, and as the moments ticked by, I knew that tonight, all the teasing and all the anticipation would end. Later, when the house was quiet, I would lay back and let him have me. I would stare into his eyes, as I was doing now, while he took me to the place I knew only he could take me.

I pushed my fingers through his hair. “Love you so much,” I whispered.

He turned to press his lips to my wrist, his eyes leaving mine for but a moment.

I released a quiet breath and reached for his phone, intent on finding something we could dance to, but I’d only just swiped my finger over the screen when it rang, startling me.

He laughed softly as he reached for it. He rolled off the sofa. “Hello?”

I stared at the TV, but was unable to focus on it. It was nothing more than noise and confusion, intruding into my calm, quiet world, and as the moments ticked by I grew more and more restless. I began to calm, though, the moment Bobby appeared, my heart rate slowing as I took in his easy smile. I followed him with my eyes as he resumed his place, his head coming to rest in my lap. I laid my

hand on his chest, flexing my fingers against the soft cotton, grounding myself.

“Janine.”

I nodded, waiting.

“She wanted to know if I was interested in going to the movies.”

My brows went up. It was very rare that she went out at night. Like Bobby, she’s more content at home than anywhere else. “So...?”

He shook his head, his eyes full of excitement. I laughed softly. “What did you tell her?”

He shrugged. “That dad’s out, that I didn’t want to leave you home alone.”

I graced him with a warm smile. “Was she upset?”

“Nah. She said her dad was out, too.”

A thought formed, but as quickly as it did, I dismissed it. I pushed my fingers into his hair and closed them, and just that fast, his eyes closed, a soft moan escaping him. “She’s in love with you,” I murmured.

His eyes came open to search my own. I said, “You’re a catch, and she knows it.”

“Yeah?”

I nodded, and as I stared down into his eyes, my thoughts on her, I spoke the words I told myself I never would, the words I knew could potentially take him from me. “Mark my words, baby boy,” I whispered. “One day that girl’s gonna steal your heart.”

He shook his head. “I’m taken.”

I fought the sudden sting of tears. “Yes, you are, and I’m going to cry when you leave.”

He shook his head. I said, “Yes, baby, you need a wife of your own.” I wiped at the first tear. “I want grandbabies,” I whispered. “Promise me you’ll give me grandbabies.”

He pushed his face into my stomach, hiding his own tears.

“Promise me, Bobby.”

“I promise,” he said, the words muffled.

I pulled my fingers through his hair, centering myself, calming us both. My voice only for him, I said, “I love you more than anything, Bobby Terassino, so much that I’m willing to share you.”

He came out of his warm cocoon, and I wiped at his tears. He stared up at me, the emotions swirling in his eyes. I smiled my warmest smile. “Handsome,” I murmured. “Pretty girls chasing you...” I dropped my voice to the softest whisper. “Your momma chasing you...”

Just like that, the clouds cleared, leaving him smiling. He broke the silence. “Did you really tell dad we were going to make love?” he murmured.

I nodded, my stomach fluttering at the thought.

“Wow,” he breathed.

I held his gaze a few more moments before reaching for his phone. I found something pretty, then scratched his belly. “Dance with me?”

“What about him?” he whispered.

I shook my head. “Just some innocent dancing, baby.”

He moved to stand, offered me his hands, then led me over near the dining room, more or less behind his brother—out of his line of sight. Even so, Ricky turned, following us with his eyes. “What are you up to?”

I handed Bobby the phone, then put my hand up on his shoulder. “I’m teaching him how to waltz.”

He made a face. “Isn’t that a bit dated? I mean...”

I shook my head. “The waltz is from the seventeen hundreds, sweetheart. It’s the very definition of timeless.”

“If you say so.”

“Watch and learn.” I met Bobby’s gaze and nodded.

He gave me the deer-in-the-headlights look. I laughed softly, but started us

moving, and almost right away he took over, as though he'd been doing it for years. "Turn?" I said, while setting my ear bud on his shoulder.

He stared at me a few moments, obviously trying to recall the movements, then he lifted my arm and turned me, a shy smile pulling his lips as he did.

"Wow... Impressive," Ricky said, sounding surprisingly serious.

"Thanks. She taught me last night."

He grinned. "My brother, the dancer."

I laughed softly. "I'm gonna let you in on a little secret, Ricky; girls are drawn to boys who can dance."

He shrugged, his gaze dropping to our feet as we moved, but his attention, and his gaze, soon returned to the TV.

I reached for the ear bud, and for a long time, we danced, enjoying the music and the closeness, but as the evening wore on, I found myself wanting to be closer, needing to be wrapped up in his arms. I reached for his phone. "Let's find something else."

I found a slow song from the early eighties, one of my favorites. Needing no prompting, he immediately pulled me close, his cheek pressed lightly to mine. I exhaled. "Love you, my sweet boy."

He tightened his hold on me. "I love you too."

I moved further into his embrace, a soft moan escaping when his lips found my neck. I couldn't help tilting my head, offering him more room. "No marks, baby," I purred. But even as the words left my lips, he was sucking. I moaned, reaching up to the back of his head, urging him further back. Despite my long-held dislike of hickeys, the thought of his father finding the evidence of our naughty play was making me dizzy. I made a mental note to direct his lips to my breasts, later, while we made love. "Mark your woman?" I murmured.

He groaned. I shushed him. "Quiet, baby."

He broke the seal between his lips and my neck, only to search out my lips. But as turned on as I was, I couldn't relax. I just wasn't willing to take the chance that his brother would catch us, and so, I broke the kiss, my head shaking as I tried

to catch my breath. “Go lock your door, then wait for me in my room.”

His brows drew. “I don’t have a key.”

I put a finger to his lips, my head shaking. “Don’t argue with your mother. Go. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

With a final look of doubt, he moved. I returned to the sofa, offering Ricky a smile, when he turned.

“Where’d he go?”

I shrugged. “Guess he’s finished dancing.”

“Mm.” He returned his attention to the screen.

I spent the next eight minutes alternating between watching the clock and staring, unseeing, at the TV. My mind, however, was focused squarely on Bobby, on what we were about to do. Yet again I recalled my conversation with James, the words I’d spoken to him fresh in my mind: *We’re going to make love*. I smiled, wondering what he was doing. Was he dancing with his mother, his cheek pressed to hers? Was his hard cock pressed up against her belly, as he whispered in her ear? Or maybe she was already on her back, enjoying his delicious cock while she stared up into his eyes. I shivered, squeezing my thighs together, trying to quell the ache there, the need. But I was through waiting.

I stood slowly, trying to hide my nervous energy, and I gave Ricky a tired smile when he glanced my way. “Gonna head to bed.”

He glanced at the clock. “It’s only nine.”

I shrugged, then leaned over to kiss the top of his head. “Night, sweetheart.”

“Night.”

I resisted the urge to try Bobby’s door, on my way by, choosing, instead, to trust him. He was relaxing, on my side of the bed, I noted, with a certain satisfaction. Even in my absence, he wants to be near me. I closed and locked my door, then leaned back against it, and for several long moments we stared at each other, the light of the moon providing just enough illumination for me to see his eyes.

I was just about to speak when he rolled off the bed. He moved toward me, slowly, and wordlessly moved into my embrace, laying his head on my shoulder. I brushed my cheek against the side of his head. “Love you so much, my sweet boy.

He nuzzled me. “Love you too, my sweet girl.”

I laughed softly, but quickly sobered. “Is this what you want, Bobby?”

He nodded, tightening his hold on me.

“You’re sure?”

Another nod.

“We can stop now, baby. I promise I won’t love you any less.”

“Don’t wanna stop. I wanna make love to my girl.”

I pushed my fingers up into his hair, exhaling. “Undress me, baby.”

He pulled back, but held my gaze a moment longer before focusing on my blouse. I pushed a finger through the hair on his forehead. “Such a handsome boy,” I murmured. “Can’t wait to have you in me.”

He brought his gaze up to mine, smiling, shy. I brushed my lips to his, then again and again as he reached up to push my blouse off my shoulders. He reached around to unclasp my bra, then eased it off without breaking the kiss. I moaned softly when his hands came up to cup my breasts, groaned when he found my nipples and began to pull on them, teasing me, the pressure increasing as the moments ticked by. Soon he had my back arching, my nipples painfully hard. I broke the kiss, panting. “Love the way you tease me, baby.”

“Not too hard?”

I shook my head, and I waited, lip caught in my teeth, as, again, the pressure began to increase. I nodded.

“Don’t want to hurt you.”

I traced his lip, then moaned when he captured my finger and began to suck. “Want you nibbling on them,” I murmured. I moved to touch my forehead to his. “I want them sore tomorrow. I want to remember our first night together.”

He held onto my finger until the last possible moment, then captured my

nipple and, as he'd done my finger, began to suck, his tongue joining in the teasing. I closed my fingers in his hair, gripping him tightly, and held him to me. "That's it, baby, show me how much you want me."

He tilted his head to meet my gaze. I nodded and he began to nibble. I was beginning to moan now, and I knew we needed to move away from the door. I held him to me as I directed him further into the room, then I reached for his hand, aimed his fingers into my waistband, then released him. My eyes slid closed as his fingers moved through my fur, then lower, parting my lips, making me moan. I put my lips to his ear. "I'm wet for you, baby." He pulled harder on my nipple. "Love what you do to me," I murmured.

He continued to tease my nipple with his teeth and tongue, while his fingers moved through my wetness. I reached for my pants and began to work them over my hips. They fell silently, freeing me, and I opened my thighs, offering him more room. I bit my lip to keep from crying out, when he got a bit carried away, and he released me. "Too much?"

"No."

Again, he reached for my nipple and, again, he nipped at it, making me jump. I closed my fingers in his hair and held him to me, while rolling my hips, looking for more attention, from both his mouth and his questing fingers. "More, baby."

He bit down lightly then began to pull away, his teeth scraping the sensitive skin, sending waves of electricity shooting through me. I nodded, and for a few moments he nibbled on the very tip, making me sway.

I reached for him, hoping to steady myself. "Gonna fall over."

Again, he nipped at me, making me squeak. I nodded, then yelped when he snapped at me. He laughed softly. I pulled at his arm, extracting his fingers, and brought his hand up. My gaze on his, I sucked my honey from his fingers.

He continued to tease me, both with his teeth uncovered, and with them hiding behind his gums, and though I was quite enjoying the attention, I was quickly losing the ability to keep quiet. I shook my head, pulling his fingers from between my lips. "That's enough, baby. Any more and I'm going to scream."

“Too much?” he asked, sounding nervous.

I shook my head, cupping his cheek. “When you and I are alone, when the house is empty, I’m gonna let you go crazy on them.”

His excitement lit his eyes. I laughed softly but the smile quickly faded. “Get undressed, sweetheart.”

I turned the bed down, crawled in, and moved to the middle. There, I settled against the pillows, my feet far apart, spread for him, and I watched his eyes as I pulled at my labia, opening myself up, showing him where I wanted him. “Come to momma,” I whispered.

He moved onto the bed, on his belly, trapping my foot. I slipped it from beneath him and placed it on his shoulder, which only succeeded in opening me further. “Want you here, baby boy, your tongue,” I murmured, spreading my lips even further, showing him the wettest part of me.

I moaned, tilting my hips up, when he sealed his lips to mine. In moments, he was sucking and licking, driving me crazy with desire for him. I ran my fingers through his hair, toying it with nervous excitement. “That’s it, baby, tease momma.”

“You taste like sugar,” he said, his voice lazy.

I nodded, while reaching for my clit, and began to rub it while he continued to tease my entrance. “Where’s my ring, baby boy?”

He began to probe me, tentatively, at first, but soon he was tight to me, his tongue pushed as far up into me as he could get it. “Find my ring, baby boy. I want it on my finger now. I need you inside of me.”

I moaned as he wriggled his tongue around in me, trying desperately to find the ring. I’m not sure if he thought he could actually reach it or not, but it felt absolutely delicious for him to try. I spread my legs further, offering him more room. “Feels so good, baby.”

He continued to stare up into my eyes as he pleased me, as I toyed my clit, my hips rolling, willing the ring toward my entrance. Eventually, however, I grew impatient, and I shook my head. “Use your fingers now, baby. I want my ring.”

He shook his head, while pushing harder against me, his tongue wiggling around in the most delicious way, pushing me closer and closer. “Gonna come, baby.”

He thrust his tongue into me, over and over, swirling it around as though he was trying desperately to get inside of me, and I suppose, on some level, he was.

I abandoned my clit and slipped my fingers into his hair. I humped his face, convulsing, as the waves washed over me, taking me up and up and up and then dropping me, my stomach tightening almost painfully as I clasped at his tongue, pulling at it, wanting it as far up inside of me as I could get it.

No sooner had the waves began to ebb, my grip on him easing, was I climbing again, higher and higher, and then I was clasping at him, my vagina working to draw him in.

I collapsed back onto the pillows, panting and shuddering. Weak and sated, I released my hold on him. Mercifully, he pulled away, only to rest his cheek on my thigh, his breath warming my overheated slit.

I met his gaze, once the tremors passed, and offered him a lazy smile. “So amazingly good, sweetheart.” I sighed. “You’re a master.”

He smiled, proud. I laughed softly, but the smile quickly left as I pushed my fingers into his hair, capturing a tuft and closing it in my grip. Tighter, and his eyelids began to droop. “Momma’s lover?” I whispered.

His focus sharpened as he took in a deep breath, then released it. “Momma’s boy.”

I eased my grip and began to pull my fingers through his hair. “Make you my man,” I purred. “Find my ring now, baby. I can’t wait any longer.”

Tentatively, he reached for me, his fingers teasing my entrance, moving slowly, his gaze focused on my swollen center as he began to ease them inside.

I pushed my fingers into his hair, watching his face, feeling overwhelmed with love for him, with longing for him. Never in my life had I wanted anything as badly as I wanted him thrusting into me, making love to me, and were I not afraid he’d hurt one or both of us, I’d have him look for the ring later.

I moaned when his knuckles brushed up against the soft pad on the front wall of my tunnel, as the mass of nerve endings there began to wake up. Soon, they were screaming for attention.

His fingers stilled. “Okay?”

I nodded, speechless. It was the most amazing feeling, laying there with my legs spread wide, my baby’s fingers teasing me, and when he smiled, my breath caught, a sob escaping. I shook my head, when his face fell, and pressed a finger to his lips. “Shhh.”

“Did I hurt you?”

Again, I shook my head. “Overwhelmed,” I whispered, my throat tight.

For several long moments, he stared up into my eyes, his fingers idle, just holding me open. I broke the silence when the lump in my throat went down. “How can it feel so right and yet so wrong?”

He shook his head, looking like he wanted to say something but unsure what.

I reached for his wrist and pulled at him, urging him deeper, and moaned when he resumed his search.

“So wet,” he said, his tone husky.

“Wanna watch you lick your fingers clean.”

He smiled, even as he pulled out. Our gazes locked, he slipped them into his mouth and went about stripping them of my juices.

“Momma’s honey?”

He nodded.

“Good?”

Another nod.

“Get more, sweetheart.”

He pulled his fingers free, then slipped them back into me, making my breath catch when, again, he brushed against that soft pad of nerves. I squeezed down on him, lip caught in my teeth. His gaze on mine, he pushed in further, then pulled out

a bit before again pushing in. I allowed him a few more strokes before shaking my head. “Stop teasing me, baby.”

A coy smile pulled his lips as he again pushed into me, harder now, bumping into my labia, then again and again, harder and harder, making me moan softly. I eased my grip of his hair, only to reach for my ankles. Gripping them, I drew them tight to my thighs. The position left me wide open to him, and I rolled my hips, trying to get him deeper. “Turn your fingers over.”

I released one ankle and curled two fingers, showing him what I wanted. “Pull up against my front wall... here,” I said, rubbing the spot.

I groaned, my back arching as a sharp spasm pulsed through me, my muscles contracting around his fingers. I shook my head, reaching for his wrist. “Wait, baby.”

“Did I hurt you?”

I settled back down, my muscles relaxing. “No, I guess I just got ahead of myself. We can’t do that right now.”

“Why not?”

I closed my eyes, and took and released a calming breath. “We need a towel for that, and an empty house.”

His brow went up. I said, “Later, baby, I promise. Right now, you need to find my ring. I want you making love to me now. No more teasing.”

He shifted his focus to my splayed sex. Without having to be told, he turned his fingers back over and began to push them in, only stopping when his hand pressed up against me. He held my gaze as he felt around in me, and then he smiled. “I can feel it. It’s really in there.”

“Remind me not to do this again.”

He shook his head. “I think we should do this every night.”

I laughed softly, and almost immediately he smiled. “Got it.”

I shivered as his fingers slipped through my feminine grip, and I watched, breath held, as he slipped the ring into his mouth, along with his fingers. He

moaned, his eyes telling me what I already knew.

I held my hand out to him, fingers spread, and I watched, my stomach rolling with anticipation as he pulled the ring from between his lips. I bit my lip as he slid it onto my finger. It wasn't as tight as I'd like, but I'd worry about that later. I held my hand up, and spent a few moments admiring my new ring before shifting my focus. Our gazes locked, I ran my fingers down through my wet heat. "Make love to your girl, Bobby."

My gaze drifted, as he got to his knees, to his swaying cock, so hard and inviting, and I reached for it when he was close enough. I began to stroke him, slowly, my grip loose. "Such a beautiful penis," I murmured.

He moved closer, his thighs slipping beneath mine, his gaze moving down. We both watched as I teased myself with him. He drew in a breath when I pushed him lower, parting my lips with him, wetting him. I moved him lower still, watching as he bit into his lip. I centered him at my entrance. "Come to mamma, sweetheart."

He began to push then, the wet tip going in easily. We both moaned when the barbed head popped in. I released him then, and relaxed back into the pillows. "In mamma's vagina?"

He nodded. "Warm... tight."

I reached up to cup his cheek, brushing my thumb over his lip. I struggled to hold his gaze as he began to push further in. "That's it, baby," I whispered.

He continued to push, his cock slipping in further, inch after delicious inch, as I rolled my hips. I was impatient for him, desperate to milk him.

I cupped his cheeks and pulled him to me, my gaze dropping to his lips as they neared. I licked my lips, wetting them, and parted them even as I tilted my hips up. I groaned, when I felt him bottom out, the hard, spongy knob pushed tight against the mouth of my cervix. I broke the kiss to meet his gaze. "Mamma's man, now."

He caught my bottom lip between both of his, then the upper, then again the lower. Back and forth he moved before, at last, he searched out my tongue. He

swallowed my moans as he began to withdraw. He stopped almost right away, however, seemingly unwilling to be out of me. I groaned when he pushed back in, and broke the kiss, wanting to see his eyes. I held him tight to me when he tried to pull out again, and exhaled, some of the tension easing, when he settled atop me, his cock buried in me to the hilt.

For long moments, I stared up into his eyes, enjoying the look of wonder in them as I squeezed down on him, again and again, making him moan, and as the moments stretched on, it came to me, not for the first time, that he's the perfect man, and his, the perfect penis, more perfect than any other, anywhere in the world, for I'd made him. Our shared DNA is sewn into every cell of his body; his skin, the muscle beneath, the blood pumping through it, the thin, creamy sperm that I knew would soon be flooding my womb... "Everything about you is perfect," I whispered.

He smiled a lazy smile, and I felt him push against my hands, wanting to move. I eased my hold on him and he pulled back, only an inch or two, then pushed back in, slowly, his head shaking. "Feels nice. So warm and wet and yummy."

I smiled up at him, enjoying the feel of him as he began to move. Soon he was thrusting, moving me against the bed, holding my gaze, making me dizzy. I watched his eyes as he began to move faster, his hair teasing my clit with every stroke, and I continued to stare up into his eyes as he drew closer to orgasm. I cupped his cheeks, nodding, telling him, without words, how good he was making me feel. He began to lose focus, his hips thrusting hard now. With profound reverence, I brushed my thumb over his cheek. "This is where you belong."

In answer, he fused his lips to mine, a low moan escaping him as his tongue moved so sensuously against my own, as his cock began to pulse so deep within me, stretching me with every heartbeat. I ran my hands down to his ass and pulled myself tight to him, wanting all of him.

He broke the kiss, panting, his head shaking as he continued to throb. I moved my lips to his ear. "That's it, my sweet boy, in momma."

He bit down on my shoulder, making me moan. "Up higher," I whispered. I

moaned again when he began to suck. “Naughty boy,” I purred.

He pulled out, an inch or two, then pushed back in, slowly, showing me he was still hard.

“More?” I whispered.

He nodded, while pulling out. He hovered at my entrance for a long moment before thrusting back in, then again, harder still. I tilted my hips up for him, and within moments he was moving me against the bed, his pubic bone smashing into mine, teasing my clit, dragging me closer and closer to the heavenly place I so longed to go with him.

I kept one hand at the small of his back, encouraging him, the other I brought up into his hair, pulling at him, harder and harder until he released me. I searched out his lips, and teased them with my own. “Make me feel so good,” I murmured.

He nipped at my lips, thrusting harder, and I nodded, licking my lips. “My nipples, baby. Make me come.”

He lowered his gaze and I arched my back, moving my fingers in his hair, directing him to me. “Suck, baby.”

I groaned when he began to draw more and more of my nipple into his mouth, pulling harder and harder. He really is a quick study. “That’s it, baby, nibble now.”

He bared his teeth, at first just grazing me, but as the moments ticked by, he grew more and more aggressive, biting gently then harder, until I was writhing around under him. He continued to thrust into me, taking me higher and higher, closer and closer, nibbling harder and harder, and just as I began to come, I pulled him from my breast and sought out his tongue. I groaned, long and low, as I went over, my pussy convulsing around him as my body shuddered and trembled, and still he thrust into me, hard now. He was close, and I raked my nails up and down his arched back, just hard enough to tease him. I tilted my hips up when I felt him begin to throb. I moaned softly, telling him, without words, how desperate I was for him. Oh, how I wished he could be inside of me forever, thrusting, throbbing... making me pregnant. Another orgasm tore through me as the images began to form in my mind’s eye, images of me with a growing belly, of the two of us, standing together, him behind me, his arms wrapped around me, cradling my pregnant belly,

the image of me nursing our child while he looked on, a look of wonder in his eyes.

I came down slowly, the last of the tremors ebbing, and I opened my eyes to find him staring at me, looking so grown up. I pushed my fingers up the back of his neck and into his hair. “So in love with you,” I whispered.

“Me too. You’re amazing.”

I moaned as a shiver coursed through me, and for several minutes he stared down into my eyes, so many emotions and thoughts flitting through them. “Talk to me, baby.”

He continued to stare into my eyes for a few more moments, then he exhaled and moved to lay his head on the pillow beside me. I rolled onto my side to face him, and reached out to push the hair from his face as I waited, a smile of contentment curving my lips.

“What happens now?” he whispered, his brows drawn.

I reached down to capture his cum, as it began to ooze out of me. “You grab a towel for me, before I leak all over the bed.”

He laughed, the tension leaving him, and he rolled out of bed and ran for the bathroom. He returned, wiping his cock.

I held a hand out but he shook his head, only to crawl onto the bed between my spread legs. My stomach fluttered with nerves as I pondered the notion that he wasn’t supposed to see me, wasn’t supposed to touch me down there. But I offered him a gentle smile when he met my gaze, and I watched, content, as he began to clean up the mess he’d made, and when I was as clean as I was going to get, he leaned close and pressed a kiss to my clit. Then he settled, his cheek on my thigh, his breath warming me. I sifted my fingers through his hair, feeling unbelievably content. “So incredibly handsome.”

He smiled, shy, his gaze meeting mine. Quickly, though, the smile left. “What now?” he whispered.

I shook my head, drawing a fingertip down his nose. “What do you mean?” I knew, of course, but I wanted to hear him say it. I wanted to know how he saw

things.

He shrugged. “Ricky... dad...”

I stared at him, waiting patiently. He said, “I guess I don’t know where I fit in.”

I nodded for him to continue, and he took and released a breath. “I want to hold your hand. I want to kiss you. I want to make love to you... every night and every day,” he said, his tone soft but full of conviction.

I touched a finger to his lips. “I want those things too, baby boy, oh, so much.”

“But how? I mean...”

I shook my head. “We do the best we can, sweetheart. Life isn’t perfect. In fact, it’s full of compromises.” I pushed my fingers into his hair, closing them, pulling. “Come up here.”

He moved to lay beside me, facing me, our legs entwined. I cupped his cheek. “We can’t kiss in front of your brother, and we can’t have sex every day, all day long. Though, I have to tell you, it sounds absolutely wonderful.” He smiled. I said, “We kiss when we can, and we make love when we can.”

“What about dad?”

His tone told me his father was his biggest concern. I smiled reassuringly. “I have the feeling your father’s gonna be preoccupied for quite a while.”

His brows drew. I said, “He isn’t going anywhere, baby. He just wants his momma.”

He smiled, shy. “I want my momma, too.”

I pressed my lips to his. “I’m all yours, baby boy.” I held my hand up, wiggling my ring finger. “See?”

He was studying my ring, admiring it, when the phone rang. A glance at the caller ID had my stomach fluttering, and I had to force myself to take a couple calming breaths before answering. “Hi, sweetheart.”

“What are you up to?”

I brought my leg up, hooked my foot behind Bobby's thigh, and pulled myself to him. "I'm talking to Bobby."

"Yeah? So, no sex for him tonight?" he said, his tone quiet.

"Please tell me your mother isn't there with you."

He laughed softly. "No, she's freshening up."

"Mm."

"So...?"

I stared into Bobby's eyes, feeling grounded and very happy. "He's a man now," I whispered. I reached up to cup his cheek. "My man."

"You have a man."

"I have two, now."

"Mm. We'll talk later."

"We will. Are you having a nice evening?"

I bit my lip when Bobby's hand came to rest on my lower belly.

James said, "I am." His tone dropped to a whisper. "I'm in love."

I shook my head when Bobby's hand began to move. "I'm happy for you." *No*, I mouthed. He nodded, smiling mischievously.

"You are, aren't you."

"I am." I couldn't suppress a moan.

"Seriously?"

Again, I shook my head, even as I pulled my knee up higher, offering him more room, and I moaned again when he began to tease my clit. "Stop, baby," I whispered.

"You are too much."

I bit my lip, then flinched when he pinched me, and I released a soft sigh when he slipped further down, finding me wet. "Baby..."

His eyes on mine, he brought his fingers back up, making me moan.

“What are you doing, Jackie?”

“I’m just laying here.”

“Tell me,” he murmured.

I sighed. “He’s teasing my clit.”

He shook his head, looking embarrassed, but also terribly excited.

“Naughty girl.”

“Very.” I reached down to find him hard again. I squeezed him. “Looks like my baby’s hard again,” I purred.

Bobby reached around to my lower back and pulled at me. I slid up onto him, waiting, lip caught in my teeth as he lined himself up. And I moaned softly as I pushed back against him. “I have to go,” I said, sounding sedate, even to my own ears. I sat up, a soft moan escaping as I sank down onto him, rolling my hips, his knob brushing against my cervix in the most delicious way.

“What are you doing, sweetheart?”

I flattened my free hand on his belly, using him for balance as I began to move. “I’m riding my man.”

“Jesus, baby,” he breathed.

“Don’t do that,” I whispered.

“Are you talking to me or him?”

“You. Him. Both of you. He’s teasing my clit, you’re taking the Lord’s name in vain.”

“You’re fucking your son.”

I closed my eyes. “Don’t say that,” I whispered. “I don’t do that.”

“Is his cock in you?”

I opened my eyes to focus on Bobby. “Yes.”

“You’re fucking him.”

“I’m not. That’s crass.” I wiggled my hips, teasing us both. “We’re making

love. There's a difference."

"I suppose that's true."

We fell into a silence as I continued to move up and down on him, moaning softly as I stared down into his eyes. "Love the way you feel in me," I murmured. "Delicious."

"I have to go, before I come in my boxers."

I laughed, despite myself. "Enjoy your evening. Tell your mother I love her."

He laughed softly. "Let's hope I get that far, otherwise you're gonna be sore tomorrow."

I sank down onto Bobby, grinding my clit against his wiry hair. "Gonna be sore before I fall asleep, James."

"I love you, Jackie."

I closed my eyes. "I love you too, husband, very much."

"I know."

"Kiss your mother for me."

"I will."

"Night."

I disconnected and tossed the phone aside. "Naughty boy."

"You are so incredibly beautiful."

I twitched a brow even as I rose up, bit my lip as I dropped down onto him. He surprised me, then, rolling us over, making me squeak. I brought my hands up to caress his chest. "Momma's lover?"

He nodded, dipping his head, teasing my lips. I ran my fingers through the hair at the nape of his neck, and held his gaze as he began to thrust into me. "This is where you belong, baby boy," I murmured.

He moaned, nodding, even as he withdrew. Our gazes locked, he hovered over me, his thick knob just holding me open, and then he was easing back into me, slowly but firmly, taking my breath away, taking me to where I so longed to

go with him.

Tomorrow, I'd worry about his father, about how to convince him of my need to keep my baby close. Tonight was just for us. Now, I drew him down atop me, wanting him touching me everywhere. My breath in his ear, I called him to me. "Come to mamma, baby."



**The End**

## *Author's Note*



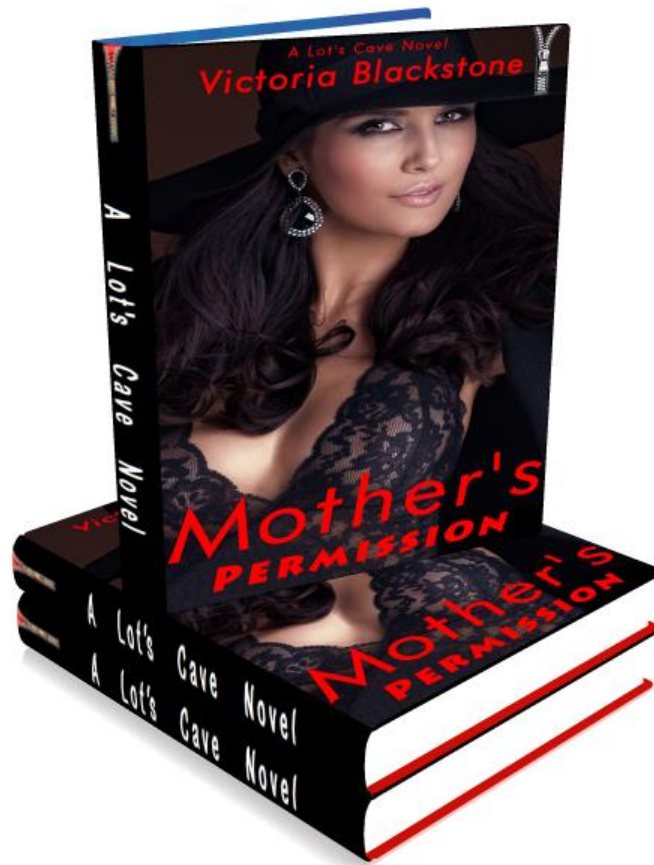
## **Victoria Blackstone**

I enjoy writing believable fiction of the taboo sort. I hope my readers enjoy them as much as I enjoy writing them.

Look for more of my hot and erotic eBooks, available now at [LotsCave.com](http://LotsCave.com), the publisher of controversially taboo erotica.

## *Family Exotica*

If you enjoyed 'Naughty Boy' and like incest themed erotica, then you will also want to read another of Victoria Blackstone's family exotica eBooks titled 'Mother's Permission' which features a daughter whispering, "Share daddy with me," as she drew the backs of her fingers over her mother's nipple...!" 'Mother's Permission' is available at Lot's Cave now.



Victoria Blackstone's **MOTHER'S PERMISSION**  
[Available at Lot's Cave](#)

### **(Description)**

Corinne's hormones are raging, and her focus is squarely on daddy, who's only too happy to oblige her... if she can get her mother's permission. The task at first seems daunting, but with daddy's guidance, she turns on the charm, and turns an already warm relationship with her mother into a simmering delicacy. Our sweet, little charmer is quick to learn that, although daddy fills a certain void, mommy's love is what she really craves.

## (Excerpt)

I removed my shorts and took a deep breath before easing my panties over my hips. They fell to the floor in a silent puddle.

“Perfect,” she whispered. She reached out to draw a fingertip down the center of my chest. “I made you,” she breathed. “You’re a part of me.”

“Daddy says I taste like you,” I said, my voice barely reaching my own ears.

Her gaze came up, her head shaking. “He tasted you?” I couldn’t stop the smile. Her brows drew. “Did he go down on you?”

“No, Momma.”

She looked confused. “Then... how?”

I smiled, my brow twitching as I moved, slipping my hand between my legs, holding my breath, my gaze on her face, hers on my sex as I slipped my fingers between my lips, coating them. I brought them up to her, touching them to her lips, moaning when she opened for me. She stared into my eyes as she cleaned them off, her tongue swirling around and between them. She grabbed my wrist, pulling my fingers free. “Lay down, baby girl.”

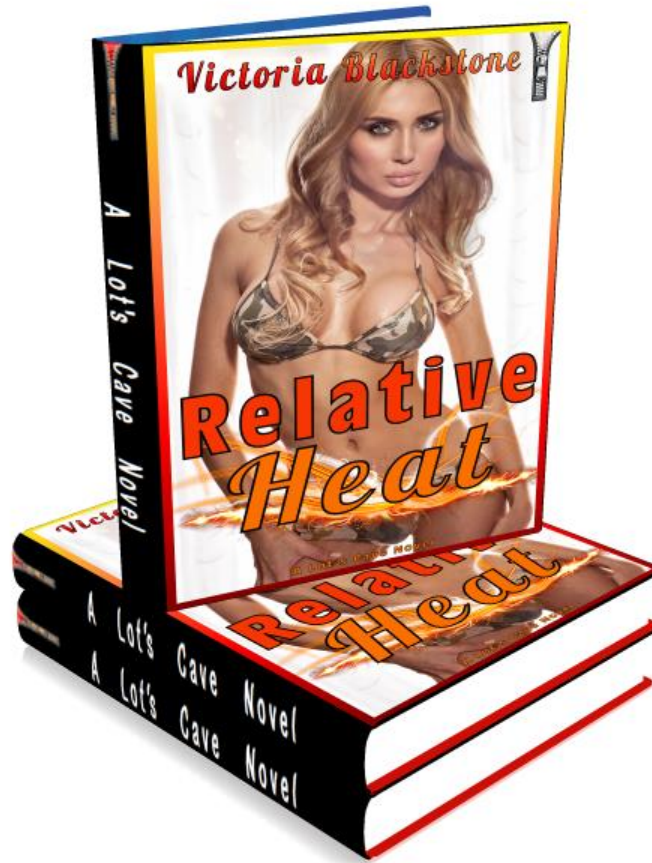
My stomach fluttered at the tone of her voice, and I moved, slipping past her, backing up until my legs hit the mattress. I sat, laid back, and wiggled toward the center of the bed. I watched her face as I spread my knees, her gaze dropping to my sex, her head shaking. “So beautiful.”

I held a hand out to her and wiggled my fingers. She moved slowly, laying down, her breasts pushing up, spilling out the top of her dress, her gaze on my open sex, and though I wanted her tongue in me in the worst way, she had other ideas. She moved closer, turning her head, nipping at my knee, at the spot daddy said drives her wild. And now I understood why. I moaned, shivering, reaching out to her, my fingers curling in her hair. “Momma...”

**If your wife confessed to a serious fantasy of wanting to watch you make it with your beautiful daughter, do you think...? Read ‘*Mother’s Permission*’, available at [Lot’s Cave](#) now!**

# *Incest Erotica*

If you enjoyed 'Naughty Boy' and would like to read about fathers and daughters who broke the incest taboo, then don't miss Victoria Blackstone's six tales of Daddies and Daughters in 'Relative Heat', available now at Lot's Cave, your family exotica eBook source. One story features a daughter who "slowly she opened her legs, watching daddy's face as she did...!"



*Victoria Blackstone's* **RELATIVE HEAT**  
**Daddies and Daughters**  
[Available at Lot's Cave](#)

## **(Description)**

Forbidden desires always seem to lead to hotter more satisfying sex—even if it's with family! This quality six story collection features that boundary pushing bond between devoted fathers and their loving daughters. The incestuous sex is tender and sweet, even if the relationship is taboo. When a father and daughter decide to give into temptation, what satisfaction will they discover possible?

## (Excerpt)

Like every time I was close enough for her to touch, she did, reaching out to drawing the backs of her fingers over my cheek. “What’s up, little one?”

I spent a few moments ordering my thoughts. “Daddy says he would never hurt me, that I mean everything to him.”

She nodded. “He wouldn’t, and you do. You’re very important to both of us.”

My brows drew. “But you said... I should be afraid of him.”

She shook her head. “No, baby, I didn’t. I said you have no idea what you’re doing. Young girls have no business teasing their fathers.”

“I wasn’t teasing him,” I said, not really believing the words myself.

“Yes, you were,” she said, tracing my lips, making them tingle. “Only naughty girls run around their daddies without underwear on.”

Her words warmed my cheeks and I couldn’t help the shy smile. She laughed softly, caressing my cheek. “Only naughty girls allow their daddies to watch them masturbate.”

I closed my eyes, wishing I could crawl under a rock. He’d told her?

She tapped the tip of my nose, getting my attention. I opened my eyes to find her smiling. “Will I be pretty like you when I’m older?”

I heard her breath catch. “Such an angel,” she whispered. “Come up here.”

I stretched out against her, facing her, shivering when she traced my lower lip.

“Why are you teasing him?”

I smiled, shy, shrugging.

“Talk to me.”

I bit my lip, wondering if she’d spank my bottom if she knew what I wanted from him.

“You can talk to me, baby. You’ll always be safe with me.”

I studied her eyes a moment before testing the waters. “He kissed me,” I whispered.

She touched a finger to my lips for a brief moment. “Like that?” Then she touched them again, this time lingering, teasing my skin. “Or like that?”

I nodded.

She shook her head, her neutral expression allowing me to relax some. She teased her fingertip between my lips, her gentle touch forcing my mouth open. “Did he touch his tongue to yours?”

I nodded, closing my lips around her fingertip. She released the quietest moan then pulled her gaze up to mine. “Only naughty girls let their daddies kiss them that way, baby.”

Her tone made me warm.

“Do you know what can happen if you keep teasing him?”

I had a pretty clear idea by now, and I nodded.

“Tell me.”

I grinned, shaking my head.

“Tell me what you want from him, baby,” she said, her tone letting me know I was safe.

I squeezed my thighs together as a wave of warmth washed over me. I had the words on the tip of my tongue but they wouldn’t come out.

“You’re safe with me, baby, I promise.”

I closed my eyes for a moment, summoning up my courage, then I met her gaze. “I want to feel his thing inside of me.” I bit my lip, waiting.

She shook her head. “It’s not a thing, honey, it’s a penis. Try again.”

“I want his penis inside of me,” I whispered.

“Naughty little thing,” she murmured, her eyes flashing with excitement. “Keep teasing him and you may just get your wish.”

**If your beautiful, young virgin daughter began hitting on you, and there was no chance of getting caught, would you...? Read *‘Relative Heat’*, available now at [Lot’s Cave](#)**

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