

Whispers in the Night

AndIDidIt

Chapter 1

I'm no different than just about all young men. I was obsessed with my mother.

Once I graduated from high school, started attending the local college, got laid, and became a man, I thought it would pass. It didn't. I dated college women who had something about them that reminded me of Mom, and every time I got lucky, I imagined it was her. When I masturbated, it was Mom's face I saw. As I said, I was obsessed.

But you know, there's something about wanting to fuck your Mom. It's kind of like wanting to be a major league baseball player. Sure, you know the basics. You might even be pretty good. The odds of making it to The Bigs are slim to none. There are some dreams that, no matter how much you want it, you know it just can't happen. Won't happen. Dream all you want, you're not going to make it to the Bigs. Dream all you want, you're not likely to get in your Mom's pussy. That sure didn't stop my fantasies, though.

Mom and Dad had decided that even though I was attending college close by, I should live in the dorm to enjoy the full college experience. I was glad of that, and took full advantage of it. There were sometimes when I would go a full month without going home. But when I went home, it

was always the same. I would see Mom, and those feelings, those desires, would bubble up again. Bubble up? Hell, they spurted up like a gusher.

She would always meet me at the back door in the mud room, and she always gave me a big hug. I was self-conscious of the raging boner she caused and would lean forward to hug her so she couldn't feel it. As far as I knew, she was not aware of the effect she had on me. And why would she be? Mom, in my eyes, was still beautiful as ever, but she was a little older. She had me when she was 30, and now she was 51. She had streaks of gray in her hair and was a little more plump than she had been in my youth. For me, that was just right - plump was, to me, a sexy word, for it described perfectly what I liked in a woman. Young hard bodies just didn't do it for me, but give me a plump woman with a substantial ass and a big handful of tits, and I was in heaven.

One autumn Saturday when the football game was away, Mom called. "Feel up to a spaghetti dinner?"

She knew that was my weakness. "Hell, yeah. Meatballs?"

"If that's what it takes to get you to visit me, sure," she said, and laughed. "You want big balls?"

I spewed the coffee I was drinking. Was this a tease from my Mother? She had laughed, so maybe she had no idea what she was saying. Should I just ignore it? Or should I tease her back? I thought that if I did tease her, I could always say it was just a harmless joke if she didn't like it, so I went in. "Sure. I like 'em big. Do you like big balls? Big meat balls?"

To my relief, she laughed. "I don't remember," she said, "but I think I do. Come to dinner and we'll see if they're big enough for us."

At that we both laughed, and I said I'd be over in the afternoon so Dad and I could watch the game. When we hung up, I just sat there, bewildered. What had just gone on? Was my Mom flirting with me? Teasing me? When I turned 18 and thought I was a man, I went through a phase that we all go through, I guess. I wanted more than anything to fuck my Mom, but of course I had no idea of how to make it happen. So I did what we all do. I rubbed against her at every opportunity and, being a young jerk, got to the point of impetuosity where I would rub her butt when no one was watching.

She never said a word about it, until one fateful evening when we were doing dishes after dinner. She was at the sink and I was drying, standing beside her, and I just placed my hand right on her butt and gave a squeeze. She jumped like she had touched a live wire. "Young man," she growled.

"You keep your hands to yourself. I hope you don't treat the girls at school like that. Show some respect."

And that was it. My butt-fondling days with Mom ended right there. And that explains why I hugged her like I did. If she reacted that way to a hand on her ass, she would absolutely freak if she felt my hard cock on her belly. But did that cool my desire for her? Hell, no. If anything, it made it even hotter. But I did take her lesson to heart, and became very respectful around women. I can say, I think, that it made me a better lover, because I never rushed anything. I would always respectfully ask if I could kiss them, and, if things progressed well, I never took the initiative. I found that it was pretty damned exciting to have a woman so hot she would beg me to fuck her. "Oh, fuck me, Steve, please. Give it to me." Yep, those were hot words to hear.

But back to the now. Was Mom teasing me? Was it harmless joking, which I assumed it was, or was it something more. After I jacked off thinking about her, I decided it was harmless and meant nothing. Now that I was no longer a boy, maybe she thought she could make adult jokes with me. Yep. That was it.

So when I showed up at the house that afternoon, that was on my mind and I was standing tall. Hard as a rock. As usual, Mom met me at the back door and hugged me. This time, though, I wasn't really thinking and I hugged her tight to me,

pressing my dick against her. She held the hug a bit longer than usual and then leaned back, my cock still pushing against her stomach. She looked in my eyes and then leaned forward to gently kiss my cheek. "Go on," she whispered, "Your Dad is in the den waiting for you. We'll have dinner after the game."

I got a couple of beers and went into the den and Dad and I watched our team take a complete drubbing. It was painful. After it was finally over, I wandered into the kitchen and lifted the lid of the sauce pan to check it out. Mom came over and, taking the ladle, lifted one of the meatballs up for me to see. "Is this big enough for you?"

I laughed. "Is it big enough for you? That's the question. I think you like them big," I said as I laughed. She swatted my bottom and laughed with me.

"That will be enough of that. Some secrets have to stay hidden, you know." She then walked away to finish setting the table. I'll swear she gave her butt a little extra sway when she walked. She had to have known I was watching. Was that for me? What was going on?

After dinner - and the meatballs were delicious - we all went into the den to watch another game. This one was a much better game, and Dad and I were really into it. I noticed Mom

went out and when she returned she had on her night time clothes, which consisted of yoga pants and a tee shirt. That was not unusual, but what was different was that her nipples were poking out quite prominently.

Now look. I'm still relatively young, but I've been around the block. I know what hard, erect nipples mean. The room wasn't cold so it couldn't be that, and that left only one alternative as far as I knew. Mom was excited about something. "There's food for thought," I said to myself and, because I was having this internal conversation, I didn't realize my eyes were fixated on her breasts until she waved her hand in front of her to get my attention. I looked up at her face and she gave me the Mom Grimace and signaled with her eyes that I should turn my attention to the game.

That evening when I was leaving, as usual she walked me to the back door to say goodbye. We hugged again, and this time I let my dick push against her like before. She didn't react to it, but whispered in my ear. "You want to make a date for next weekend? I'll fix anything you want."

"Sure. Anything you give me is good, and the best I'll ever have," I said. I meant it as a double entendre, but I don't know if she took it that way. This was uncharted territory.

"Oh, that's pressure," she whispered. "I'll have to make sure it's good for you, then."

And that was it. I drove back to the dorm with my thoughts racing. If it were anyone else, any other woman, I would think that I was in. It was going to happen, sooner or later. But this was Mom, and those whispered comments probably didn't mean the same thing. It was damned exciting, though, and the thoughts of her words kept me awake many nights that week.

The next weekend was a home game, and normally I would be in the stadium with my buds. The thought of Mom and those whispered words, probably meant in an innocent, unknowing way, changed everything, though. There was nothing I wanted more than to be with her again, to flirt and tease if the opportunity arose, and so that Saturday afternoon I was home again.

She met me at the back door. "I wasn't sure you'd come," she said. "It is a home game, isn't it?"

I held my arms out and she came to me. I pulled her against me, knowing she would have to be nerve dead from the neck down to not know that was a hard dick pushing against her. I whispered, "Which do you think I want more? To see a football game, or have a hug like this from you?"

"Oh, Honey," she whispered in my ear. "What are you doing to me?"

Whoa. There could be several answers to that, but the very question was full of meaning. What could I say? Maybe it was a rhetorical question, not wanting an answer, but it was a question.

"I'm innocently hugging you."

"I'm rubbing my hard cock on your belly."

"I'm trying to fuck you, like I always wanted."

There were those possible answers, and probably many more, but I was stymied. What could I say? So I said the truth, kind of. "Loving you." Of all the possible answers I could have given, that was probably the best one. She hugged me tighter and buried her head against my chest. I kissed the top of her head and then, like a fool rushing in, I slid my hands down from her waist to just the top of her luscious butt. We stood like that for a bit, and I noticed she was breathing hard, like she had just run a 10K, or something.

She pushed me away and said, "He's in there waiting for you. Go on." She smiled. That beautiful smile I had always loved. Then she did what I never expected. She came to me and kissed me on the lips. I watched her face as she came in, and her lips were pursed and slightly open. I may not be many things, but what I am, is a good kisser, so I responded in kind. We kissed for a moment, then she pulled back. "Go on," she whispered huskily.

"One more," I said, and pulled her back to me. This time, I gently probed with my tongue and damn! She responded. Here I was, standing at the back door, and tongue kissing my Mother. I slid my hands down to her ass again, and this time made no secret of it. I cupped her butt in my hands, pulled her against my dick, and humped it against her as we kissed. The kiss was getting more heated by the moment.

She pushed away again. "Jesus," she breathed. "Get in there before he comes looking for you." She turned to walk away, and there it was again - she swayed her ass invitingly. She turned her head back to catch me with my eyes glued to her ass. "And don't ever let anyone see you doing that," she said in a parting shot.

I honestly cannot even remember the game that afternoon. I can't remember what we had for dinner. I can't remember anything, except that moment between Mom and me. It was not all perfect - she had not walked me to the back door when

I left, but simply called out from the kitchen, "I love you. See you next weekend?"

"If you'll have me," I called back. "I love you, too."

The week passed in a blur. I had, after all, a lot to think about. What we had done. The passionate hugging and kissing. I guess because I had always wanted her so much and knew it was wrong, over the years I had pulled away and become somewhat distant. Mom and I never kissed, except a perfunctory buss on the cheek, and I rarely said, "I love you." The most I could get out was usually, "Uh, huh, you too," or something like that when she'd say she loved me. And now, suddenly, where were we? I was kissing her like a lover, holding her ass, and rubbing my hard dick against her.

I realized that maybe I had not said it all those years, but I did love her. I was glad I had told her that, and hoped she had noticed.

Where do you think I was the next weekend?

Mom didn't meet me at the back door when I came in. "Hello," I called. "Anybody home?"

"In the kitchen," she answered. I walked in and immediately noticed she had shorts and a tee shirt. As she turned to face me, I couldn't help but notice that her nipples were standing out like little pebbles.

"Dad's gone to the store to get me some curry spice. He'll be right back."

She stood there, so I made the first move. I walked to her, and we feverishly embraced. This time there was no pretense. I kissed her deeply, she kissed me just as passionately, and I cupped that perfect ass. "Careful," she whispered. "I mean it. He's been gone awhile, and he'll be right back." As far as I was concerned, that was a major victory. She acknowledged that we were involved in something that Dad should never know about and she was telling me that my ultimate goal just might be possible, after all.

By this time, I was in the mode. My Mother or not, this was a hot woman I was kissing so I responded as I would with any hot woman. "Then we'd better hurry." I kissed her again. We were grinding like two teenagers, and I moved my left hand from her ass, sliding it up her right side, and gently cupped her breast. I could feel her hard little nipple in the palm of my hand. I moved my hand to her waist so I could get under her tee shirt and had just moved it up to hold her bare breast when we heard the garage door start to open.

Both of us jumped like we had heard a nuclear bomb go off. "Go!" she said. "Go in the den and turn the tv on." She scurried over to the sink and started puttering with something. I knew why she did that. She didn't want him to see her hard little nipples when he came in.

We had steaks that night, and Dad grilled them outside. When I heard the patio door slide open, I went into the kitchen and stood by Mom at the sink so we could both watch him outside, his back to us. I put my arm around her and slid my hand down to her ass. She snuggled against me, turning slightly so her breasts were pressing against the side of my chest. "I mean it," she whispered. "Don't you ever let him see you doing this."

I don't know what I said. I guess I said something like, "Oh, I won't," but her words burned in my brain. Where before she had said, "You keep your hands to yourself," this time she said, "Don't you ever let him see you doing this." That was a quantum leap - a sea change - and I hoped I knew what it meant. It didn't mean, "Don't do that," but meant, "You can do it as long as no one knows."

After dinner we all retired to the den to watch a game. Dad sat in his usual chair and I sat on the couch, kind of behind him and to the right. Mom usually sat in her chair, positioned to the front and right of the couch, but this time

she joined me. I was at the left end of the couch and she sat in the right corner. After Dad got into the game, she patted the cushion beside her. "Move over here and you can see better," she said. I scooted over to the center of the couch. I didn't want to be too obvious and get too close to her, those words still ringing in my ears, "Don't you ever let him see you doing this." She turned toward me and lifted her legs up, sitting sideways, and put her feet in my lap. "This okay?" she asked. "My legs are tired."

"Yeah," I said, afraid to say anything more.

"Come a little closer. This hurts my knees," she said, and I scooted closer so her thighs were resting across my lap. We sat like that for awhile, with Dad getting more engrossed in the game, and I laid my hand on her thigh. She had to be able to feel my hard cock against the backs of her legs, and I hunched up against them.

"What do you have the thermostat set on?," she asked Dad. "It's freezing in here."

He turned his head to answer. "Then why are you wearing shorts? Get a blanket," and he turned back to the game.

"Clueless," I thought. "Here I am, feeling up his wife, and he's clueless."

Mom leaned forward to pull the throw off the back of the couch and as she did, pushed her legs down on my dick. She giggled a little as she spread it over her legs and my lap.

"That better?," she asked.

I said nothing, but put my hand back on the top of her leg, under the blanket. I squeezed her leg and she put her hand under, too, on top of my hand.

We sat like that for the rest of the game. I'll admit, I tried moving my hand up her leg to her pussy, but she squeezed my hand in admonition and kept me from doing it. My mind racing a thousand miles and hour, I took that not as, "Don't ever do that," but "Not here, you idiot," and accepted it.

The game ran a little late. When it was over, Dad stood up, stretched and yawned, and said, "That's it for me. I'm going up. See you next weekend?"

"Wild horses couldn't keep me away," I said, maybe a little too enthusiastically, and laughed. Mom jumped up and pulled my hand to make me get up.

"You'd better go, too, Steve. It's late and I'm old." She folded the blanket and put it on the back of the couch while we watched Dad head up the stairs. When he had gone, she took my hand and led me to the mud room at the back door. She didn't say a word, but fell into my arms, kissing me passionately.

Where my hand had been when Dad got back from the store was burned into my brain, and I wasted no time. I ran my hand under her tee shirt, cupping her breast. Her nipple was as hard as I had ever felt a nipple, and I gently squeezed it. She moaned in my mouth, and doubled the passion of her kiss. She had her arms around my neck, holding my face to her, and I felt her left hand leave my neck. She reached down and put her hand between us, holding my dick. She squeezed it, rubbing her thumb along the head of it.

"I'm standing here, my Mom's tit in my hand, and she's holding my dick." My thoughts were racing. I thought, "What now? Do I fuck her right here?" She pulled back and pushed me away."

"Too fast," she whispered. "I'm scared. You'd better scoot yourself back to your dorm before I lose my head."

What did that mean? She had let me get my hands on her ass and had held my dick, and now she was telling me I was

moving too fast? Hell, I wasn't moving nearly as fast as I wanted. But my rule was, make them ask for it. If slow was what she wanted, that was fine with me - as long as it got us where I wanted to be. Besides, she wasn't a girl who teased and teased. No, she was a mature woman. She was my Mother, and I was asking her to do something she had maybe never even considered.

I protested, of course, but she wouldn't have it. She pushed me toward the door. "Maybe you could work us into your schedule again next weekend?"

"Oh, yeah," I said, and leaned forward to gently kiss her lips again. "I love you. I really do."

"Oh, I know," she said. "I know."

Chapter 2

To say my brain was in a whirl that week would have been the understatement of the century. I could not quit thinking about having my Mom's breast in my hand. I could not stop thinking about her reaching down to my cock. Jeez! What was I doing? What was she doing? She had to know the effect on me. She had to know what I wanted with her. What were we doing? Where was this going?

I decided that the best course of action was to do nothing. If I stopped my advances, she wouldn't take up the lead, so it would stop there. No harm, no foul. I knew she and Dad had had some rocky moments in their marriage, and I knew that sex between them was a rare thing, indeed. I mean, their bedroom, my sister Sandra's bedroom, and mine were all clustered on the second floor of the house - of course Sandra and I listened for things that go bump in the night. But all that said, Mom and Dad seemed to get along great now. Maybe they lived more like business partners than husband and wife, but at least they got along. I couldn't risk harming the harmony of the family.

But I couldn't let it go. She did, after all, have her hand on my dick. If that's not a signal, then I don't know what is, so I was torn between taking the bait in my teeth and going for it, and just chalking it up to a hot experience that went nowhere.

My best friend, Colin, noticed something was wrong with me. "What's going on, Stevie Boy?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied as I got up to get more coffee at the Student Union. I thought maybe Colin would drop it.

He didn't. "You've been moping around for weeks," he said, as he stirred sugar in. "Girl problems? That redhead in American History? What? Did she look at you or something?"

Colin was a chick magnet. He was everything I was not, but mostly he was confident, and that came from his many experiences with women. If there was anyone who might be able to give me advice, it was Colin, but of course I would have to couch any questions carefully. I couldn't say, "Colin, should I fuck my Mother?"

So, I put it another way. "Well, there is this woman who's giving me signals, I think. I just don't know where to go with it."

"Ah, ha! I knew it. I can always tell. Who is she? Do I know her? What signals?"

"Uh, yeah. I don't know. Well, she's older, and I've never tried something with a mature woman. I don't know how to do it."

"Older woman?" Colin pursed his lips and blew out. "Man, they're the best. They don't expect a lot from you, and the sex is great. Have an older woman, and you'll never want these college chicks again. How old?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe 50?"

"Fifty?" Colin spewed his coffee. "Holy shit. When you go older, you go older. I was thinking maybe 25 or so. What? You making a move on your Mom?" He laughed and then got quiet when he saw how red my face must have looked.

"Oh," he said quietly as he looked around to make sure the tables near us were empty. "Oh."

I stammered, "No, no. Nothing like that. No way."

Colin looked at me. We'd been buds for a long time, even before high school, and he knew me as well as anyone. "Dude," he whispered as he looked down at his coffee. "Dude. It happens. You're thinking you're the only one in the world who's in this situation, right?"

"Uh, huh." Damn. Colin could always get the better of me, and he had just gotten me to admit that I wanted to fuck Mom. Damn.

He was silent for a very long time, and I thought, "Well, there's a friend gone. Who'd want to be friends with a perv who's trying to fuck his Mother?"

Then he spoke quietly. "Maybe you're misreading it. Sure, you want to fuck her. Who wouldn't?" He threw his hands up at my sharp glance. "No, no, Dude. Don't get all worked up. You do know, though, that our Moms were always the choice MILFs in the group? For us, anyway."

I calmed down. I guess my emotions were in high gear.

"So? Are you misreading it?"

"I don't think so. I just don't know, Man. I don't know if I should drop it, or go for it."

Colin got an even more serious look on his face. "I'm going to tell you something, and I'm telling you only because I trust you and because you need to trust me and tell me everything. Right? We clear on that? What I tell you, you can tell no one."

I nodded. I didn't know where this was going, but I sure wanted to hear it.

"OK." He paused. The words "dramatic effect" really meant something to me at that moment, and I leaned in to hear him

better. He continued. "You ever wonder why I seem to get so much pussy?"

I laughed. Hell, yes, I wondered that, but figured it was just because he was, well, Colin.

"I get so much pussy because I'm confident. That's all it takes. And you know why I'm so confident?"

I shook my head.

"I'm so confident because I've jumped the highest hurdle. There's nothing I can't do, because I've done what I thought was impossible. I made the impossible, possible."

He let that sink in and it seemed he was waiting for me to say something. "You mean...?"

He grinned. "You're my best friend, and I trust you above all others. You'd better not fuck me over on this. You'd better carry this to your grave. But, yeah."

"Wait," I stammered a little. "You mean you..." I just couldn't say it, so he looked around to check again that no one could hear us.

"Yep," he whispered. "I'm fucking Mom."

I don't think my jaw could have dropped any lower. My brain spun at a thousand miles an hour. I pictured his Mom, Cara. She was the perfect soccer Mom. She brooked no nonsense from any of us, but she was a lot of fun. She and Mom were friends. She was pretty, not beautiful, but damn. Fucking her?

"No way," I said, reaching down to the essence of my eloquence. "No way."

"Yep. Way."

"Good God. I had no idea. Are you just spoofing me? Tell me everything."

"No, I'm not shitting you. The reason you never suspected was because we have rules, and Rule Number One is that no one can ever know."

"But you just told me."

He shook his head. "I know. You can never let on to Mom. Don't ever even hint at it. But you need help, and you're my Bud. You think I wasn't right where you are? I was terrified once I thought it could happen. I don't want you to go through what I did."

I thought back. Yep, Colin had a hard patch about a year ago. He was despondent and nothing I could do would cheer him up. I thought he was having trouble academically. Then, it seemed like overnight he was the old Colin again. I reckoned he must have aced a test or something. "About a year ago?"

"Yep. Exactly. Now tell me, what's going on? Why do you think you have a shot at this?"

I wanted to hear everything about him and Cara, but that could come later. I told him everything. Everything.

Colin whistled lowly when I finished. If this was all a ruse to get me to confess what a pervert I was, it had worked. I didn't think Colin would do that to me, though.

"Wow," he said, then he got up to get more coffee for us. This was definitely going to be a multi-cup day.

When he got back to the table, he picked up where he had left off. "Wow. I've been there. Almost exactly there. I was more assertive than you, but I've been there. Look, Stevie. Forgive me, but I just can't get the picture out of my head of Kim's hand on your cock, but then I think of Mom's hand on mine. It's mind-blowing, isn't it?"

"Oh, yeah," I agreed. "It is that, isn't it?"

He thought a minute, then continued. "Once I had Mom's hand on my dick, I knew I was in. It wasn't quite like you and Kim, but almost. I was kissing her and she was kissing me back, and I took her hand and put it on my cock. I figured that was worth a thousand words, and it was. Oh, it didn't go as smoothly as I wanted, I'll tell you that. But from that point on it was not a question of if we would do it, but when we would do it. Now I'm sure you've got all sorts of questions, so fire away."

I didn't know where to begin, so I asked the most burning question that was bothering me. "Are we freaks? Are we perverts?"

Colin laughed. "If we are, then a lot of other people are, too."

"What? You mean...."

"Hell, yes," he interrupted me. "You think you're a pervert because you're making a move on your Mom. I'll tell you, just on numbers alone, that does not make you a pervert." He chuckled a little. "Now you might be a pervert. I've always thought you were, you perv, but it's not because of that."

"You mean other guys are doing it with their Moms?"

Colin looked around the Student Union. "How many guys are in here right now? A hundred?"

I looked around, too. "Yeah, maybe." It was the height of breakfast/coffee time. I looked at the guy who was nearest to us, a couple of tables away, and laughed. He was a typical nerd.

Colin followed my gaze and laughed, too. "Yeah, even him. Maybe especially him. You just never know." He continued. "With a hundred guys in here, that means there are anywhere from five to 20 guys right now that are fucking their Moms or have gotten pretty far along the way. Statistically, I mean."

I shook my head. "I had no idea."

"Of course you didn't. Mom and I have talked about it a lot. She said that every Mother has wondered what it would be like to fuck her son. You and I know that every son wants to fuck his Mom. Put the two together, and it's bound to happen more often than you can imagine."

"Every Mother thinks about fucking her son?"

"Sure," Colin said. He leaned forward. "Mom told me that our sexuality was a common topic of discussion among the Moms' group. They used to try to guess who was getting laid, and who wasn't. If they're talking about that, it's a short throw to thinking about doing it themselves. So put your mind to ease, Brother. You're no pervert - you're just normal. Now what's bothering you?"

"I don't want to screw up their marriage. I don't want to screw up the family."

"Then be very, very careful. From what you've told me, it's going to happen. You just have to make sure that no one ever gets the right idea. You remember John Baker and his Mom?"

My eyes went wide. Of course I remembered, but John's Mom was, well, kind of a stick in the mud. I nodded, and then asked, "John was fucking her? How do you know?"

"Oh, I don't, believe me." He giggled. "But once you're a player, you can spot a player. You remember how she always spoiled him? You remember how they always were so huggy with each other when we couldn't stand to be in the same room with our parents? You didn't think that was a little odd?"

"Yeah, but I just thought they were closer than we were with our Moms."

"You remember how when he would ask for something she'd always say, 'I can never tell you no, John. Whatever you want.' You remember that?"

I nodded.

"Put yourself in his shoes. You want to fuck her, and she's always told you that she can never say no to you. Where do you think it went?"

Wow. Mind blown. Now I played back every memory of when we were around John and his Mom - I couldn't even remember her name. But they were always "huggy." Holding hands. Arms around each other's waist. Kissing on the mouth when she'd drop him off at school our senior year. I

just thought John was weird and didn't want to drive like the rest of us after we turned 18.

"You've got a point," I told Colin. "I know what I would have done with it. I just never put two and two together.

"And that's what makes it perfect for you and Kim to have an affair. Who would suspect? Everyone will just see a Mom and her son, and think nothing of it. If you don't do something stupid that will cause someone to suspect, then it's the perfect cover. Now, where are you on this? You going for it or not?"

"One minute I'm for it, and one minute I'm not. Before we started talking, I had decided to just drop everything and act like it never happened."

Colin shook his head. "That would be a bad thing, Dude."

"Why?"

"Think about it. Right now your Mom is going through the same agony you are. She wants it, but she doesn't want it. She doesn't want you to lose respect for her. That's number one. She doesn't want to scar you for life, which she's afraid might happen. So, if you drop it and don't make any more

moves on her, you're as much as telling her that you think it's wrong and that you think less of her. You're essentially telling her that she was just a plaything to you. You want that?"

"Hell, no," I answered, shaking my head emphatically.

"Do you love her?"

"Of course I love her," I said. Of course I loved her. She was Mom. I might not have told her as much as I should have, but I did love her.

"Have you called her every couple of days since all this went down?"

"No. I'm afraid to. I'm afraid she'll read me the Riot Act. I've seen her on the weekends, though."

"That's a mistake. What would happen with one of your girlfriends if you had gotten to second base and then you didn't call her? Hmmm?"

He was right. That was a basic rule - always call the next day if you don't see her. Even if you do see her, call anyway. It

was basic. "If I didn't call, then I guess I would have just blown it, right?"

"Yep. But this is your Mom. You can't blow it with her, you can just make it a little more difficult to get back where you were. You going home this weekend?"

"I'd planned on it."

"I can tell you, if you go home and try to pick up where you left off, you're going to get shut down. You've made it look to her like it's just a passing fancy for you. This has been going on for weeks, and you haven't called her? You've hurt her feelings."

"So what can I do?"

"I'd say you'd better call her. I've got to get to class now," he said as he picked up his books. "We'll talk again later. But call her."

So I did. As soon as he left, I grabbed my cellphone and called.

"Steve? What's going on?," she asked when she answered.

"Nothing. I just wanted to check in. How you doing?"

"I'm okay," she said, and I could sense a little coolness. "I was just heading out to the grocery. You okay?"

"Yeah," I said. "I've just been thinking about a lot. I love you, Mom."

I could see her face in my mind. "Oh, Stevie. I've been thinking a lot, too. We've been getting pretty carried away, didn't we?" She laughed, so I knew she wasn't mad.

"Yeah, I guess, but I loved every second. I can't stop thinking about it."

"Oh, Honey, me, too. But we really can't do that, can we? We really can't lose control like that again."

"I can't help it, Mom." A 22-year-old man, and I was on the verge of crying. "I can't help it. I want you so much I can't stand it."

"I know, Baby. I've known it for a long time. But you know there are some things we want that we just can't have."

I did know that, but I wasn't going to give up so easily. "But there are some things we want that we can have, if we want them enough and we're careful about it."

She sighed. "Stevie, I can't tell you I don't want the same thing, but look at all the people we'll hurt. Your Father. Your Sister. Father McConnell."

I laughed out loud. Father McConnell was our old priest, and I don't think he even knew what year it was half the time. "Well," I said, still laughing, "We'll just have to make sure Father McConnell never finds out. Or anyone else, either." I adopted a stern tone in my voice. "No midnight confessions for you, young lady."

That made her laugh, too. "Oh, my! Can you imagine Father McConnell if someone told him that in the Confessional? Oh, my. You've got me there - I was just going to tell him." She continued laughing.

That was a good thing. I had her laughing. "That's Rule Number One, Mom," I said to her. "No one, and I mean no one, can ever know. Our little secret."

"You mean you won't even tell Colin?" she asked, still laughing.

Damn. That hit close to home. "Not even Colin," I said, "Although I suspect he's love the same thing with Cara." If they had been talking about us, Mom and Cara and their gang, let's see how she handled that.

She giggled a little. "I'm not so sure Cara hasn't thought about it," she whispered, "but don't ever tell Colin."

"I won't," I replied seriously, while thinking that Mom had no idea of how much Cara had thought about it and I couldn't wait to tell him. "So you do want the same thing? Do you?" I was practically frantic and I'm sure that was in my voice.

"Honey, we can't talk about this now. Maybe this weekend we'll have a chance to talk about it, but I'm telling you, don't get your hopes up, Big Boy. You have no idea how scared I am right now. I wanted to call you, but I was afraid. I thought I'd messed up forever. I just got carried away. Thank you for calling me. I was afraid you were thinking the worst, and would never talk to me again."

"I love you, Mom. We can talk all you want, but you know what I want to do, and it ain't talking."

She laughed. "Don't say ain't, and we'll try to talk this weekend."

"Is Dad going fishing?"

"You'll have to come and see, won't you? See you then."

Colin and I got together that evening in his dorm room and I told him about calling Mom. He made me repeat everything, as best I could remember it.

"You're in, Laddie," he said in an exaggerated Scottish accent. "Don't you know? Talking about it is almost as good as doing it. You're in."

I grinned. I hoped so.

"But," he said with a serious look on his face. "There are some things you need to be clear on."

"Like what? Use a condom?"

"Maybe, if you've been with anyone else lately, but that's not what I mean. You love your Mom, right?"

"We've been through this. Yes," I said with a little exasperation in my voice.

"Then never hurt her. She's not a college gal you can jump on one night at a party and never call again. Think about it. You can't break up with your Mom. Another thing she's going to be worried about, if she hasn't thought about it already, is that she doesn't want to screw up your life. She wants you to meet someone and get married. I know, I know..." he said when he saw the look on my face. "I know, that's the last thought in your mind right now, but it's near the top in hers. Just promise me. Take it slow and easy. Don't rush things. Make sure that when you do it, it's the right decision for both of you and there will be no regrets. This is going to be the biggest thing in your life for both of you, so make sure you do it right."

The next day was Friday and then it was Saturday, and I called home early in the afternoon. Mom answered.

"Hi, Mom. I was thinking about supper. You up for a guest?"

"No," she said seriously, "but I'm up for my son. You coming over?"

"With bells on," I said, and then ran for my car.

When I got home, I rushed in and Mom met me at the back door. I took her in my arms and squeezed her tight, my cock pushing against her. She had to know. She leaned back, looked me in the eyes, and then kissed me deeply. "Score!," I thought. "He shoots. He scores. I'm in."

I kissed her back, sliding my hands down to her ass. She pushed against me, ran her hands down to my butt, and moaned in my mouth.

"Oh," she said when she pulled away. "My vow to cool things off didn't last very long, did it?" She giggled.

I looked in her eyes and lightly ran my hand across her breast. She shivered, and pushed me away. "Go on," she said. "The football god awaits."

If this sounds like a replay of our previous encounters, it's because it was. I thought I was trapped in a time loop, like Groundhog Day. After dinner we ended up on the couch again, snuggled together under the blanket. My hands were on her thigh, rubbing gently, and she was purring like a

kitten. "You like that?," I whispered, rubbing my right hand up her leg a little.

"Umm," she whispered back, "but that's as far as it's going. Dial it back a little, please."

"Dial it back?" I thought. After she's had her hand on my cock?

She looked at Dad to make sure he was engrossed in the game. He was. She put her mouth close to my ear. "What you want probably isn't going to happen, but it's sure not if you let your Father see you acting like that around me. Now, cool it. Just sit here and be good to your Mother."

I pouted a little, but within a minute or so I was right back at it. She sighed in exasperation. "I forgot what college guys were like," she whispered. "Just try, okay? Be good, and I may have a surprise for you next weekend. Or maybe not."

I was dying to know what she was talking about, but waited until we were at the back door, alone, as I was leaving at the end of the night. "What surprise? What were you talking about?"

"Gary asked me if I thought your Dad would like to go fishing next weekend. I think they asked him to go, but he

hasn't told me yet because he knows I want him to clean up the back yard. But we'll see. So, maybe if you want dinner again next weekend?

Chapter 3

Friday afternoon I threw a few things in my gym bag and ran out of the dorm to my car. "A few things" included a couple of changes of clothing, my toiletries, and oh, condoms and lubricant. To say I was rock hard and ready would be a massive understatement. I thought I was a shoo-in to fuck Mom that weekend and I wanted to be ready for any eventuality, as long as it included tons of fucking.

On the drive home, I reflected on where we were, Mom and I, and how we had gotten there. I wasn't sure which of us had taken the initiative. I guess I may have taken the first step, but then maybe she had, so I concluded it must have been a mutual endeavor. That's often the case in seduction, but especially so when Mother and Son are involved. How many women in your life have you wanted to fuck, but just couldn't bring yourself to make the first move? How many women do you think have wanted to fuck you, but couldn't bring themselves to send the first concrete signal? I'm guessing it's a lot, because that's life.

Add your Mother into the mix. I suspect every Mother has thought of her Son in a sexual way at one time or another, and it probably came when it was obvious he was having sex with a girlfriend. Then Mom has had to think, "I wonder if he's a good lover?" That leads her to imagine him in the saddle. It just seems natural.

We all know that every Son has thought (obsessed) over fucking his Mother. That's a given. The old joke is, 99% of men admit they have, in their lives, wanted to fuck their Mothers. The remaining 1% are liars.

So between and Mother and Son, the fire is laid, the tender is ready, and all that's left is for there to be a spark. Making that first move, though, is fraught with perceived danger, which causes paralysis and is the reason only about ten to 15 percent of men have successfully gotten where we all have wanted to be. Simply put, all the fire needs is a spark, and all that's required for the spark is for someone to make the first move. But we're all afraid to send the first strong signal.

The perceived danger that both parties feel, I tell you, lies in your heads and not in reality. Think about it. If the Son makes the first move, Mom is not going to narc him out to Dad. She is not going to throw him out of the house. She knows that is part of a man's development, she has always protected her Son, and she's going to react accordingly. Likely, she'll rebuff the first overt advance. But if the Son

persists, showing her that he really loves her and wants her for the right reasons, that she is not just a convenient plaything, then the result can be different.

On the other hand, women in general and Mothers especially, are much more subtle in their signals. Maybe her hugs are a little longer and tighter. Maybe her kisses are a little more passionate. Maybe her looks are a little more lingering. Is she indicating she might be receptive to an advance? Well, you won't know if you don't try. If you're going to try once, you have to be prepared for a long campaign. Mom won't jump into the sack with you the first time you ask, but I guarantee after you ask the first time, she's thinking about it.

All that ran through my head as I drove and the conclusion was that I didn't care how we had gotten there. I was going to fuck the shit out of Mom this weekend.

When I pulled into the driveway, Dad was already loading his gear into the back of his SUV and was clearly excited to be going for the weekend. I didn't remember if he was going fishing or going hunting, but I was more excited than he was. That I know. After talking with him for as short a time as I could get away with, I turned to rush in the house. He stopped me.

"Thanks for spending the weekend with your Mom while I'm gone. She's excited about it, and has a surprise for you."

I thought, "I don't know what surprise she told you about, but the real surprise would be if you knew what we're going to be doing as soon as you pull out of the driveway." But, of course, I didn't say that.

My hard dick and I found Mom standing at the kitchen counter when we went in. I went up behind her, hugged her tightly, and pushed my dick against her butt. She whispered, "I have a surprise for you," and then, just as I was getting ready to whisper in her ear what I thought the surprise would be, the world came crashing down.

"Hi, Squirt," I heard from the door to the family room.

I let go of Mom and turned around. There she was, my older Sister by two years, Debbie. She was a younger version of Mom and had been the subject of many of my teen-aged yearnings, just as Mom had been, but at that point I didn't care.

Cock. Blocked. What the holy pluperfect fuck?

"Debbie. What are you doing here?" She had graduated from college already and had her first job as a product engineer, living about four or five hours away. She was so busy with her job and her social life, I guess, that we had not seen her for almost half a year.

"It's my home too, you know," she laughed as she walked in to give me a big hug and then kissed me on the cheek. Her breasts were bigger than average, and I felt them squeezed between us. I hugged her back. My diamond-hard cock, of course, had deflated when I heard her speak. She continued. "I was talking to Mom and she said Dad was going away for the weekend and you might be coming to stay, so I thought it would be fun to have a weekend at home. Just the three of us. Don't you think that will be fun?"

"Oh, yeah," I said as we pulled away from our hug. "Sure. It'll be a blast. I'm glad you came." What I was really thinking was, "Are you fucking shitting me? I was going to fuck Mom and now you've screwed up everything. Not the first time you've cock-blocked me."

Dad came in about that time to tell us all goodbye. "I'm sorry I won't be home, Debbie. Maybe you can come back soon when I'm here, OK? Promise?"

She gave him a big hug and kiss. "Sure, Dad. I'm sorry it worked out this way. I'll come back real soon and we can have some special bonding time. I promise."

"Special bonding time?" What the hell did that mean? I had never considered that Debbie might have the same feelings for Dad that I had for Mom. Could that be? But since the scales had been lifted from my eyes with the progress I had made, I thought, with Mom, maybe.... Anyway, what the fuck?

We ordered pizza and settled in for a movie night. I kept trying to get Mom alone so I could ask her what was going on but, as usual, my Sister was in the way. Mom ended up sitting on the couch and Debbie and I were sitting on the floor, eating our pizza and drinking beer. After a few beers, I got up to go and pee and, when I got back, I sat on the floor at Mom's feet and leaned my head back against her knees. Mom reached down to scratch my head, and I couldn't help it, I moaned.

"Our little Stevie feeling a little neglected?" Debbie said as she got up to go and relieve some beers, too. "Those college girls aren't as horny and easy as you had hoped?"

When she left, I jumped up and kissed Mom, and she responded as I had wanted.

"What, Mom? Why'd you invite Debbie?"

"Oh, Honey. I didn't. I told her you were coming, and it was her idea. I'm glad she came, though. I've been missing her, and we can have a good weekend together." Her voice got softer. "Besides, Stevie. Don't you think we have gotten a little out of hand? I just don't think I can do what you want, My Love. I've never done anything to hurt your Father, and I can't start now - especially with you."

I looked in her face and I know the surprise and hurt showed. She hugged me. "Oh, Steve. I love you so much. I just don't want to hurt you, or anybody. Don't hate me. I've had a lot on my mind. We'll talk more later, but let's just go on as we are, but no more. Okay?"

"I love you, Mom. I don't want to hurt you, either. Whatever you want."

We heard Debbie as she entered the room. Guiltily, I guess, Mom and I kind of jumped apart and I sat back down on the floor. Then it was Mom's turn to go. I studiously avoided looking at Debbie while I focused on the TV screensaver, then she elbowed me so I would look at her. She didn't say anything, but gave me her trademarked one-eyebrow-raised

look. I know I must have blushed bright red - my face was burning - and then Mom came back.

After the movie, Debbie said she was tired from the drive and we all went to our bedrooms. A couple of hours later I was asleep and I heard my cellphone vibrate with an incoming call. It was Mom.

"Are you okay, Honey?" she whispered. "You mad with me?"

"Of course not," I whispered back. "I just want you so much I think I'm going to explode."

"I know, I know. Believe me, I know what you're feeling. You think women don't have the same feelings? It's like I told you, though. We would be taking too much of a risk, and good Mothers don't put their Sons at risk. I can't do that to you."

I was exasperated. This was not at all how I had envisioned things going. I guess my exasperation showed in my voice. "Remember Rule Number One, Mom. 'No one can ever know.' We'll be careful. You know what you do to me, don't you? What you've always done to me?"

"I know. We'll talk about it when we can. Just be patient. That's all I ask. Patience is a virtue, you know."

I was getting ready to say something, when I heard Debbie in our shared bathroom. "Debbie's in the bathroom," I whispered. "Gotta go."

Debbie opened my door and peeked in. "Who you whispering to? Got a hot one on the hook?" She walked over and pushed me into the center of the bed so she could get in. "Anyone I should know about?"

Debbie and I had done that regularly as we were growing up - sharing each other's beds for snuggle time - but it had ended when we both got older. I had managed to cop a few good feels over the years, but those days had passed.

"Nobody special," I said. I'm sure it was unconvincing. I mean, it must have been somebody special for us to be talking on the cellphone at two in the morning.

Debbie shifted the conversation. "Say. What's going on with you and Mom? You guys were sure acting strange tonight."

"Mom?" I blurted. "Why Mom? Nothing. No. Nothing's going on." I was always sharp with the repartee, right?

Debbie laughed. "You can tell me when you're ready. I know something's going on. I just don't know what yet. You know you've never been able to keep a secret from me." She laughed, and it was the truth. She always knew. Everything. She knew when I got my first kiss, when I got my first blowjob, and when I got laid first. Damned Debbie.

"Mind your own business," I snapped, and pushed her out of bed. "Now go on and let me sleep."

She laughed as she walked to the door to the bathroom to go back in her room. "When you're ready to talk, you'll tell me."

And that's the way the weekend went. I was a mess. I had a severe case of the blue balls from my constant erections around Mom, and Debbie didn't help a bit. You want confessions? Hell, yes, I had wanted to fuck my Sister when we were in the house together. Who wouldn't? She was a younger version of Mom, as I said, with bigger breasts and an ass that wouldn't stop. She teased me unmercifully after I hit 18 and had my first pussy, and she knew it. She'd pose suggestively at my bedroom door after we had gone to bed and shared the bathroom. "You want this, don't you, Little Brother? Well, you can't have it. You'll just have to settle for your pathetic girlfriends."

The truth was that the first real kiss I ever had was Debbie. The first breast I had ever felt was Debbie. The thing was, we never got beyond that, and it was her fault. Finally, I stopped trying.

Bitch.

Dad came home Sunday afternoon and was full of stories. I'm glad he had a good time. I wished I had had a better time. Oh, I had fun - it was like old times back together - but it sure wasn't what I had wanted. It sure wasn't what I had thought I was going to get. Debbie left first and I carried her bag out to the car. She hugged me tightly before she got in and slipped her hands down to my ass. "You still want this?" She laughed when I stammered. "Well, you still can't have it, but you might get what you really want if you play your cards right."

"Huh?" I was still quick with a response. "Huh? What are you talking about?" She had gotten in her car by this time and I was standing at her driver's window. She ogled the tent in my pants caused by an ever ready erection.

"You guys. You always think you're so cool, and you're always so transparent. Call me sometime and we'll talk," and then she drove away.

When I was ready to go, Mom walked me out to the mudroom while Dad was upstairs, showering.

"You okay?" She looked down at the floor, then shyly looked into my eyes. "Oh, come here and hug me," she said as she took me in her arms. I hugged her tight, slid my hands down to her lovely ass, and then kissed her deeply.

"Now I'm okay. I've wanted that all weekend. Damned Debbie." I slid my left hand from her butt and cupped her right breast between us. I moaned in her mouth as we kissed.

"We'll be okay," she said. "We'll get through this, one way or another." Damn, she was a good kisser. I wondered if it was genetic. Debbie was a good kisser, too.

Monday morning, Colin and I got together in the Union for our usual coffee chat.

"Well? How did it go?" I had told him I was going to spend the weekend at home, and he was obviously dying to know what had happened.

"Nothing," I said. "Absolutely nothing. I don't want to talk about it, now or ever. Just drop it." I had compromised myself with Colin once, regretted it, and was not going to do

it again. Rule Number One would be the prime directive, dammit.

He laughed at me. "I understand, Buddy. I won't pry. Either you did, or you didn't, but it's none of my business. If you ever do want to talk, I'm here."

The next couple of nights, my thoughts were racing so that I had trouble getting to sleep. I have never had a kiss more delicious than those kisses from Mom. They spoke volumes. They said, "What is impossible, may just be possible after all." You know, I didn't even care, really, what was possible. I had kissed Mom, just like kissing any hot woman, and it was beyond my wildest dreams. I had my hands all over her ass. I held her breast. She put her hand on my hard dick. What could be better? Could anything ever be better?

About Wednesday night, I think it was, I woke to the sound of my cellphone humming on the nightstand by my bed. My eyes bleary, I saw that it was Mom and it was two in the morning.

"Mom? Everything okay? Dad okay?" He was older than her and we always worried about his heart, so immediately I feared the worst.

"He's okay. I couldn't sleep and wanted to hear your voice," she whispered. "Whisper so you don't wake him."

Wow. That made me think. She was laying in bed, right next to Dad, and she was whispering with me. That was hot - the hottest thing I could imagine. Whether she knew it or not, and I think she did, that was hot.

"Okay," I whispered back. "I couldn't sleep either."

There was silence between us as I could hear her breathe. "Baby, we can't do this," she said. "It's so wrong."

I didn't answer right away. I had had time to think. I wasn't going to push her into anything. She was my Mom. If she wanted it, I was all in. If she didn't, I was okay with it. Damn. Just the hot makeout sessions with her were more than I had ever dreamed. If that's all we ever did, it was good enough for me.

If she were anyone else, I'd have been trying to come up with an answer to get her to fuck me, anyway, despite her cold feet. I had enough experience to know there was almost always hesitancy on a woman's part, but that she would usually fuck me eventually. She just had to convince herself to do it. She had to make me think she wasn't easy. But this was my Mom. Screw this up and I could destroy the whole

family, so I hesitated and then spoke from my heart. "Mom, I love you. I have always wanted you, and how you've responded to me is something I'll cherish forever. But it's your call. You decide, and either way, I love you. You know that."

"I love you, Stevie. I just don't want to hurt you or your Dad, or screw you up somehow. Maybe we should cool it, like I said. You're still my little boy, you know."

Again I paused. "Whatever you want, Mom, but I have to tell you, I'm a man now. I'm not your little Stevie anymore."

She giggled breathlessly. "Oh, I could feel you're not a little boy anymore. Now go to sleep, like I'm tucking you in. I hope it's okay I called. I just wanted to hear you, to know you're okay."

"I'm more than okay, Mom. I'm on top of the world. We'll talk later, okay?"

"Good night, Lover," she said and then clicked off.

"Good night Lover?" Okay, so she tells me on one hand that we should cool it, and then she calls me her "Lover"? Mixed messages, Mom.

I had an exam the next day, so I tried to go to sleep quickly, but it was slow coming. I was worn out the next morning, but I'm a college student so I'm used to getting by on little sleep. I think I aced my exam, but if I didn't, it was pretty close. That evening I was pumped. After supper I was studying, but couldn't keep my thoughts focused. I wonder why? I finally gave up, and picked up my cellphone.

Mom answered. "Hi, Honey. Everything okay? Dad's right here."

I figured she told me that to keep me from saying something compromising. Wouldn't want to say, "Mom, you have great tits," while the phone's on speaker, would you?

"I had a test today in calculus, and I think I aced it," I said. I was a math major, but the advanced calculus I had to take for my degree still kicked my ass. I think it kicked everyone's ass.

"Oh, that's great, Steve," Dad said.

"Yep, better than great," Mom added. "You must have been inspired."

"Oh, I was inspired, alright," I laughed, and Mom laughed, too.

"Whatever inspired you, keep it up," Dad said. "You're doing great."

"Yep," Mom said. "Keep it up. You can do that, can't you, Steve?"

"I don't think I'll have any problem keeping it up, Mom. I've got it right where I want it now."

"Yes, maybe you do," she said. Hell, just sending those coded messages with Mom was hotter than anything I had ever done.

We chatted for a bit more, then we started saying goodbye and I promised to be home again for the weekend.

"You going to move back in?," Dad joked. "You've been spending a lot of time here."

I laughed back. "Maybe I'll spend the whole weekend again. I don't want you renting my room out, you know."

Mom jumped in. "That would be great, Honey. Bring your stuff and we'll make another weekend of it. I'll fix your favorite breakfast." Did she know that my favorite breakfast was watching her ass as she moved around the kitchen in her jammies? Probably not.

Sleep came faster that night because I was so tired. I was not so tired, though, that the vibrating of my cellphone didn't wake me. I looked before I answered. Two in the morning and it was Mom.

"Hello?" I answered in a whisper.

"Hi, Baby, I just wanted to hear your voice. That was nice you called us tonight."

"I was just thinking about you, and wanted to tell you about my exam."

We sat in silence for a bit, then she whispered, "Oh, Steve. What are you doing to me?"

She had asked me that before and I had told her, "Loving you." At the time, I think that was the right answer. She had been teasing me since then, though, and I was seeing a side of my Mother I never thought I'd see. She was, I realized, a

passionate woman. She had teased me that very night with her comments. We had had a hidden conversation within the open conversation, and both of us knew what we were saying. Maybe it was time to turn the heat up a bit. Maybe it was time to turn the heat up a lot. Either way, I was thinking, it was time to push a little and see what her reaction would be. If she shut me down, then so be it, but at least I'd had my hand on her perky little tits, so I had that going for me. But, at the end of the day, she had called me.

"What am I doing to you?"

"Yes, Honey. What are you doing? You're driving me crazy."

I laid my cards on the table. "What am I doing? I'm trying to fuck you, Woman."

Did I just do that? Did I just tell Mom I was trying to fuck her. I'd never heard Mom say "fuck" before. Hell, she might not even know the word, as far as I knew.

She gasped, and I thought I had blown it. There was a pause and I was quickly thinking how I could back out of this mess I'd created, when she whispered, "Are you? Do you want to do that with your Mother?"

In my mind I could hear the horserace announcer scream, "Aaaaand, they're off!" I had been a horny teenager and phone sex was a pretty basic component of a sex life that seemed to never include intercourse. Kissing, sucking tits, fingering pussy, getting hand jobs, and phone sex. That was the life of a horny teenager. So, if there's one thing I felt confident in, it was talking dirty to a horny woman.

"Oh, yeah," I whispered. "I want to fuck you so much I can't stand it."

"Ooooh," she moaned in a whisper, and I knew I had her.

Imagine this - she was in bed with my Dad, her husband, and whispering to me in a secret phone call. I was whispering to her. I had told her I wanted to fuck her. Could anything be any hotter?

"You know what else?," I whispered.

"What?"

"I want to suck those perfect breasts. Your nipples were hard for me, weren't they? Your nipples wanted me to suck them, didn't they?"

"Yes," she whispered as she drew out the word. "Yessssss."

"Does your pussy want me to slide my finger in? Is your pussy hot now?"

"Oh, yessss. I want your finger in my pussy." She was whispering so low that I had to strain to hear her. I could hear Dad's snores in the background.

"Does your pussy want me to kiss her?"

"Do you want to?"

"Oh, Baby," I whispered to her. "I want nothing more than to eat your beautiful pussy. Will you like that?"

"Oh," she moaned and it was like a high-pitched squeak. "Yesss. I want you to eat my pussy. It's been a long, long time."

I had an inspiration. I was laying there with my hard dick in my hand, and I'd bet she had her hand on her pussy. So, I asked her. "Are you touching your pussy now?"

This was going pretty fast. Hell, it was going lightspeed fast. She hesitated, and then said in a low, little girl voice, "Yes."

"Do you have your finger in your pussy?"

Again the little girl voice. "Uh, huh."

"Are you wishing it was my finger? Do you wish it was my cock in your pussy?"

"Oh, yeah," she whispered. "I've thought about what it would be like."

"What else have you thought about?"

"What else would you like?," she whispered.

"You know what else I'd like," I answered.

"What?"

I paused this time. I had something going here, and didn't want to push too hard. As far as I knew, this was Mom's first

time with phone sex. But hell, I'd told her I wanted to eat her pussy. Fair is fair, right?

"I want you to suck my cock for me," I whispered slowly, drawing the words out.

"Ohhhh," She moaned.

"I want to see what kind of blowjob you give," I whispered, feeling more confident as she responded to me. "Do you give a good blowjob?"

"I hope so," she whispered. "I think so, but it's been a long time. I hope you won't be disappointed."

Now those words spoke volumes. First, the worst blowjob is pretty great. Who could be disappointed with any blowjob? And a blowjob from your Mother? Damn. How could it not be the best blowjob ever? And did that mean what Debbie and I always suspected? That Mom and Dad didn't get it on much anymore? But more than that, her answer said that it was a done deal. She didn't say, "You might be disappointed." She didn't say, "I won't do that." She said, "I hope you won't be disappointed." She just told me she was going to give me a blowjob.

"Oh, God, Mom. You're killing me. I'm about to explode, I'm so hot."

"Are you, Baby? Are you hot for me? My little Motherfucker?" Damn. Mom was getting into this. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe she had done this before.

"Do you know what I'm doing right now?," I asked her.

"Uh, huh." Again, in the little girl voice.

"I'm stroking my cock, thinking about your lips on me."

"Ohhhh," she whispered. "Do it for me, thinking about me sucking it. Are you thinking about cumming in my mouth?"

Jesus. She was really getting into this.

"Fuuuck," I whispered. "Fuuuucking you."

She whispered back, very low so Dad wouldn't hear, "Fuuuuck me."

We went on that way until we both had a good cum. When she did, it was obvious and she squeaked in a high tone. I reveled in it. I had made Mom cum, and now I knew what kind of sound she made when she did. I couldn't wait to hear that sound in my ear. I knew it. It was going to happen, maybe, after all. No woman could talk like that without finally fucking. She was as hungry for it as I was.

We established a pattern. Every night at about two, she'd call and we'd have phone sex until we fell asleep. I started taking a nap in the afternoon because I was so tired, but I wasn't going to give up those calls.

I couldn't go home that weekend, but the next week, Friday finally came. After my last class, I threw some clothes and toiletries in my bag and headed for home. Well, let's be honest. My hard dick was heading toward home, and I was just tagging along, trying to keep up. This time I didn't pack condoms or lube. I didn't want to jinx things by assuming too much.

I pulled into the driveway to see the garage door open and Dad loading gear again into the back of his SUV.

"What's up, Dad? Whatcha doing?"

"I'm becoming a regular mountain man, I guess. We're going back to the same place and maybe I'll get lucky this time with a big buck. Wouldn't that be great? If I got lucky?"

"Hell, yeah. Bring the meat home," I said. It would be more great than he could ever imagine, if I got lucky, too.

"Go in and say hello to your Mom," he said. "I'm about loaded, and then I'm shoving off. I'm sorry to leave you like this again, but it's a rare opportunity."

"Yep, rare opportunity," I answered. "Can't miss a rare opportunity."

I walked into the house and found Mom in the den. She rushed to me, and fell into my arms."

"Did he tell you?"

"Yep. Going deer hunting again. A rare opportunity." I kissed her deeply, running my hands down to her butt.

"Oh, God, Steve. Take it easy. We'll have all weekend, no matter what happens, so just take it slow and easy."

Chapter 4

When we heard Dad's car pull out of the driveway, I took Mom in my arms and kissed her. Now that there were no secrets about what I wanted, I didn't hesitate to slide my hand inside the waistband of her jeans and onto her beautiful ass. My idea was to carry her right upstairs and fuck the shit out of her, but she had other plans.

"Slow down, Honey. This may not go the way you want it, but either way, I'm not one of your hot coeds, you know."

She appeared nervous, which was understandable. She collected a couple of wineglasses and took my hand, leading me into the family room. She poured glasses of wine for us, and sat beside me on the sofa.

"This is awkward, Honey, you have to admit that." She laughed, and I laughed with her.

"Yep, I guess so." My confidence was pretty much gone, and now I was back in the role as the obedient son. "But Mom, you have to know how much I want you. How much I've always wanted you."

"I know. Things have gotten a little out of hand and it's my fault. I shouldn't have led you on that way. I just don't want you to lose respect for me. I'm your Mother." Those last words were spoken in a plaintive manner and I could see she was almost in tears.

"I love you and I'll always respect you. You know that. But I'm not your little boy anymore. I'm a man, and I want you," I said softly. Then I hardened my tone a little, and said, "And I'm going to have you." I put my wineglass down and leaned over to kiss her. She was a little hesitant at first, but quickly got into it. I put my hand on her breast while we continued to kiss, and squeezed. She moaned in my mouth, and I knew I had her.

"Are you going to let me suck those beauties?" While I said that I was looking in her eyes, and I could see the desire. Without thinking about it, I started to pull her shirt over her head and she raised her arms to help me. She reached back to unsnap her bra and there they were. The objects of my lust for so many years, they were now staring me in the face. Her breasts were full, but not really large, but the nipples were the real stars of the show. They were as hard as pebbles and stood out at least a half inch.

"I'm sorry they're not bigger for you," she whispered.

"Are you kidding?" I laughed. "They're beautiful. They're perfect."

I bent my head down and took a nipple between my lips, teasing it gently with my tongue. I've been with some hot women in my day - I am a college student - but I've never had one react as Mom did when I sucked her boobs. She arched her head back, moaned, and pulled my face to her breast. I think if I had stayed with it I could have made her cum just by sucking her tits.

I didn't get that chance, because she took charge. She pushed me back so that I was laying on the sofa, saying, "Now it's my turn," as she undid the button of my pants, unzipped them, and peeled them down my legs. She threw them on the floor, then pulled my boxer shorts down over my dick. The look on her face was priceless. "Oh, my god," she said, softly. "Did I make that?" She pulled the boxers off me, adding them to the pile of clothing on the floor, and took me in her hand.

"Is it always this hard?"

"You never noticed? It's almost always like that when I'm around you."

That got a laugh out of her. "Oh, yeah. I've noticed. It was hard not to."

Then she did it. She looked in my eyes and slowly bent forward. My Mother's beautiful face, heading for my dick. Holy shit. I reached forward and gently pushed her hair back so I could watch as she kissed the head.

"I've never had an uncircumcised one," she said. "What do I do?"

"Just push the foreskin back, that's all." She licked it and, using her lips and tongue, gently pushed the foreskin off the head of my dick.

"Like that?" She giggled. "I like it. I didn't get you circumcised because I didn't want you to have that pain. Now I'm glad I didn't."

She looked up at me again, then opened her mouth and slowly sucked me in. I held her hair back, cupping the back of her head, and gently urged her on. She held me with her left hand and jacked me while she sucked. Well, that question was answered. Not only did Mom give blowjobs, but she gave great blowjobs. She was clearly not a stranger to sucking a dick. I wish I could tell you that I was a superman and lasted forever while she ministered to my

cock. That would be a lie. Almost immediately, I blew my load. She paused, sucked hard, and swallowed the whole thing - another question answered.

"I don't usually swallow," she said as she licked the cum off her lips. "But for you, I'll make an exception." We both laughed and I pulled her up to kiss her, tasting my cum.

"Now let's see the magic of youth," she laughed. "How long before you're ready again?"

The answer to that was immediate as my dick quickly sprang to life again. "That answer your question?" She took me in her hand again.

She stood up and slowly removed her jeans and underwear, and I saw that bush for the first time. It was not very hairy, but beautiful, and I could see the lips of her vulva through the hair.

"I think you mentioned wanting to do something with that," she said as she laid back on the other end of the sofa.

"Oh, yeah," I whispered. "I've got big plans for that." I knelt on the floor beside her, and gently placed my hand over her most secret spot. "My Mother's pussy," I whispered. "It's

perfect." I slowly slid my finger in, finding it soaking with her juice. I worked her pussy for a while, rubbing her clit as I did, and then pulled my finger out. I held it to my nose and sniffed, looking in her eyes. "Delicious."

She watched me as I bent over, and then scooted so that my face was between her legs. I kissed her pussy, licking it gently, and then took her clit between my lips. I think all men consider themselves the gods of pussy-eating, but dammit, I think I'm pretty good at it. As I got into it, she put her hands on the back of my head, pulling me into her. She bucked against my face and I quickened the pace. I was using my right hand to finger her while I sucked her clit, and I slid my left hand so that I could cup her butt, pulling her pussy to me. I then moved that hand so I could touch her asshole with my finger, and gently swirled it around her little rosebud. She exploded, bucking against my face, and screamed - yes, she screamed - as she climaxed.

She had been leaning forward, but now she collapsed back on the sofa, breathing heavily.

"Oh, my god, Baby. I've never cum like that. Thank you."

I scooted up so that I could kiss her, my face wet with her juices. She kissed me as passionately as I could have

imagined. "I love you," she said. "I hope you know how much I love you."

"I know," I answered. "I didn't need that to know you love me." I reached down and slid my finger back inside her. "That was just the cherry on top."

That got a laugh from her. "It's been a long while since there was a cherry there," she said. "But if I had one, I'd like to give it to you."

She stood up and took my hand, leading me to her bedroom. I had wondered where we would fuck, if we did. If there was any reservation about taking me into her marriage bed - the one she had laid in with my Father, having whispered phone sex with me - she didn't show it. She took me right to the bed, pulled the cover down, and pushed me only my back. She bent down to take me into her mouth again, and then quickly hopped on the bed to straddle me.

"Are you ready for this?" she asked. "Are you sure you really want to be a motherfucker?"

"As long as you're the Mother, hell yes."

"I'm not going to ask if you're a virgin. Anyone who can eat pussy like that cannot still be." She took my dick in her hand and guided it to the lips of her pussy. She slowly eased herself down until I was fully in, and then paused. "I know girls always are expected to tell you it's big, but Baby, that is a load. Let me take my time until I get used to it."

She started rocking back and forth, slowly at first, as she bent down to kiss me. As the rocking increased in intensity, she leaned back and started fucking in earnest. "Let me find my spot," she said, fucking me. I reached up to hold her breasts as she moved against me and then started bucking into her, meeting every thrust of her hips. I could see her face reddening, she increased her speed, and then she started to moan. She kept it going and then the moaning became a loud, squeaking whimper as she started to cum. When she thought she was done she quit fucking me, but I wasn't ready to stop and kept hunching up against her, almost violently. She started cumming again, and there was that scream for the second time.

Her face was sweaty as she laid down beside me, exhausted. "I'm not used to that," she whispered in my ear after kissing me softly on the cheek.

"You'd better get used to it," I said. "I'm going to want a lot more of this."

"Maybe," she said, and my cockiness deflated. "There really do have to be rules. You ready?"

"Sure," I said. "What rules?"

"First, as you know, this has to be an absolute secret. What we've done may be wrong, but it's certainly illegal. Second, I'm still your Mother. When we're alone and can't be caught, you can treat me like this. But when we're around anyone else, I'm your Mother. Third, I love your Father. I'll still make love with him when he wants, and there can be no jealousy on your part. Last, you have to keep dating and find a wife so I'll have grandchildren. I expect there will be sex with them, and I'll try to not be jealous. All I ask is that you wear protection with them and not bring a disease into my bed. There may be other rules, but those are the big ones. Okay?"

"I can do all those, Mom. I love you, and I won't do anything to hurt you."

The rest of the weekend seemed to race by. If we weren't fucking, we were recovering from fucking. I think we did it in almost every room of the house. For me, the hottest was my bedroom. I couldn't count the number of nights I lay in my bed wanting to fuck Mom, and there she was. If there were positions that we didn't try, it's just because we couldn't think of them. I learned that Mom was just pure hot. I've

never known a woman who craved fucking with me the way she did, and I responded just the same way with her.

There are only so many ways to describe how you fucked a woman. Bottom line is, you grease it up and you slip it in, right? Fucking is fucking. I can tell you this, though. Until you have fucked your Mother, you have not really fucked. Everything with her was the best I will ever have - the best kiss, the best blowjob, the sweetest pussy, the nicest breasts, the best fuck. Words, no matter how well written, cannot describe the feeling of making love with your Mom.

We were in the kitchen having a glass of wine when we heard Dad drive in. "Now, be cool," she said. "This is your first test. He'll know something's up if you do anything to let it slip. Just be like you've always been with me."

Dad came in and, like before, was oblivious, full of his hunting stories. Mom and I listened patiently as she finished cooking supper, but I know she was thinking about us. She gave no sign that anything had happened between us, and neither did I.

There was one time, though.

Dad paused in his stories and asked, "What did you guys do to stay busy?"

"Oh, a little of this and a little of that," Mom said, smiling.

"Did you eat anything special?" In our house, everything was about eating.

Mom and I both broke out in laughter when he asked that. "Oh, no," she said. "Well, we had fish one night, and that was pretty special." I looked at her and she smiled, that same angelic Mom smile she always had. "Didn't you think it was special, Steve?"

"It was the best, Mom. I'd want it every day if you'd give it to me."

"You might just get that, then," she laughed and then Dad laughed with us.

"I dunno, Steve. Fish every night would get old, wouldn't it?"

I just shrugged. "Not the way Mom fixes it," I answered and she smiled at me again.

After we cleaned up from dinner, Dad and Mom walked me to the back door and then Mom walked with me out to my car. "Are you sorry this happened?" she asked me hesitantly.

"Not a bit, Mom. I've wanted you forever, and you know it. I just want more of you."

She hugged me. "That's my boy," she said.

I took her hand and pulled her back into the mudroom, making sure Dad had already gone into the family room. We could hear the television. I pulled her to me and kissed her as deeply as I could. "Can I come back next weekend?"

"If you want. Of course, I could always visit you during the week. Maybe it's time we got you an apartment instead of having to share a dorm room."

THE END