

Who Seduced Whom?

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Chapter One - 2016

"Thursday is Breast Exam day," I announced as I pressed up behind her. She stood at the kitchen sink rinsing her breakfast plate and looked more tasty than any breakfast ever could. Reaching around, under her arms, I cupped her breasts and palmed them.

"What's your diagnosis?" Norah giggled while I squeezed and fondled her breasts. I loved the feel of her still pert, firm tits.

"They feel great but I need to examine further," I declared. I began to hike up the hunter-green USF Bulls shirt she wore. She was wearing one of my T-shirts and on her trim 5'6 frame, it was more of a nightgown. A men's XXL, it hung loosely on her and reached almost to her knees. Best yet, having watched her lithely don it, I knew there was nothing but her beneath.

"Umm, that feels good," she purred. I hoisted my shirt up to her waist and reached underneath to lay my hands on her

unbound tits. I easily palmed her delectable 34B breasts and loved doing so. I squeezed, caressed and kneaded her tender tits and they felt fan-fuckin'-tastic.

"Someone's gettin' excited, huh?" I laughed. I twirled my fingertips over her hard, erect nipples. They were stiff and pebbly, akin to sugared gumdrops. I knew they were as delightfully suckable too!

"God, how do you get me going so easily?" she wondered with good humor. Twisting her head to look back at me, her dark brown eyes pleaded for a kiss. I gladly kissed her once, twice, thrice. Holding my lips to hers, our mouths opened and our tongues met. Palming her tits, I pulled her snug to me and pressed my hardness against her. Holding her firm, I softly dry humped her rump. In response, she rubbed her ass on my stiff cock.

"Oh babe, I wanna," she whimpered. I could smell her scent. I knew she was getting wet. She gave me a couple of kisses then confessed, "...but I'm actually kinda sore."

She softly chuckled guiltily. I joined her humor. We knew why she was sore but still, I was bummed. Norah and I made incredibly passionate love this morning in the shower. Nonetheless, touching her again made me as horny as ever. I felt as randy as a teenager instead of a 28-year old man. Maybe she felt or sensed my emotions because with her cheerful decadence she laid her hands over mine. As we held her tits, she hinted wickedly, "There is something you can probe though."

"Really?" I asked, excited as a kid Christmas morning. Feeling my eager excitement, she simply laughed that lyrical laff of hers. Like many women, when Norah laffs, it is a delightfully flirtatious and seductive feminine chuckle women use to bewitch us. To hear her laff is akin to the musical allure of a sultry Siren's lure.

Raring to go, I reached for the bottle of olive oil next to the stove. As I did, she pulled my shirt over her head to reveal her luscious nude figure.

Opening the bottle of oil, I knelt down behind her to admire her mighty and majestic ass. I love how even at forty-nine she still had a derriere that caused one to drool with admiration. Instead of wide, flat and saggy her hiney was still firm, tight and quite comely. From her years of exercising, her caboose was well-formed; her powerful gluteus maximus muscles were developed and protruded outward underneath a satisfying and softening amount of body-fat, which gave her ass the perfect combination of supple firmness and compact massiveness.

Holding the olive oil above the ridgeline delineating her lower back from her butt, I watched with depraved delight while the golden liquid flowed onto her bare buns. The sweet-scented oil slowly coated her buns with a viscous sheen. I loved to watch the oil naturally funnel between her cheeks.

"Mmmm," she purred. I began to rub her butt-cheeks, coating and smearing the oil over her honey buns until they shined deliciously. They were so delicious I had to taste 'em. I ran my tongue up her cheeks to catch any oil from dripping. Hunger

threatened to consume me. Opening my mouth wide, I bit down hard taking a massive bite of her ass.

"Owwwwwww!!" she lustfully shrieked. She swiped at my head and amusedly yelled at me, "My god, my son is such a nasty savage."

After I released my hold on her ass-cheek, it bore yet another brand that declared she was mine. I pulled her fanny open and buried my face in her cheeks and started motorboating her bum, where you push your face between those lovely cheeks and rock your head side to side very fast while making a vigorous, lip vibrating "brrrrr" sound.

"Oh my god," she scandalously giggled. "Only you would motorboat his Mom's ass."

"That's not all I'm gonna to do it," I maliciously warned. To prove it, I began sliding my middle finger up an' down her ass-crack.

"God that tickles," she hooted as her body danced beneath my touch.

"But you like it, don't ya?"

"God, I shouldn't but I do. I don't know what's wrong with me that I let my son play with my ass."

"How can I let you finger your mother's asshole?" she brazenly wondered. I stuck my middle finger in the bottle of oil. Shaking it, I coated my finger and started to do just what she growled. "Urrrrggggghhhh, gaaaawwwd, my son just stuck his finger up my ass!"

"God, I can't believe how good that fucking feels. Jesus Christ, are you licking your Mom's ass while fingering my asshole? Oh god babe, that feels so freakin' good. How do you do this to me? Why do I let you do this to me?" she lustfully wondered.

"Look at this, my son has his fingers up my ass, finger fucking my asshole, getting ready to cornhole his Mom while I stand at the kitchen sink, looking out the window onto the street," Norah narrated.

"Wouldn't it be funny if the UPS guy came to door? What the fuck is wrong with me, letting you do this to me? What is wrong with you, wanting to shitcan your Mom? What's wrong with us?"

Not waiting for an answer, she grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled me up. Willingly, I stood and kissed her eagerly, immorally, incestuously. She fiendishly growled, "Fuck me good, big boy."

In seconds, I shed my shorts and coated my cock with olive oil. Norah 'assumed the position' by leaning forward. Grasping the edges of the sink, holding tight to the kitchen counter, she cocked her killer keister at me.

"Urrrrrrrrrrrgggggggghhhhhhhh... FaaaaahhhhCK!!" she howled. I lined my cock up to her purty butt. At first, her sphincter resisted my invasion but with slow continuous pressure, her anus finally gave way granting me entrance to my Mom's ass. To see my cock entering her ass was spellbinding. To see her ass swell as it took her son's bulk was hypnotic. To be fucking my Mom in her ass was divine.

"Oh god Norah, your ass feels so good," I praised. I slowly tunneled up her backdoor.

"Oh babe, only you could make me do this; only you make me wanna do this; I've only let you do this," she cooed. I slowly slid back an' forth loosing, lubricating her asshole.

"And why's that?" I laughingly asked. I knew how to play this game.

"Because you're my son and I love you."

"I love you too, Mom," I told her. I again reached the top; my cock fully buried in her ass. I leaned forward and she turned to look back. We kissed like the lovers we are. She ordered, "Then prove it."

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," we cheered in unison. Slowly at first, I worked my cock in an' outta my Mom's ass. Her butt began to loosen and relax. First, it came to accept her son's cock in it, then her ass demanded my presence. In response, my pace quickened. When she and her ass began insisting my incestuous anal invasion, I knew what to do.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she wantonly chanted. I rammed my cock in an' outta her ass. I held her hips tight, holding her as an anchor while I jammed my cock up her tight little asshole only to pull back and do it again, an' again, an' again.

"That's it, you bastard. Fuck my ass, you mutha-fuckin' son of a bitch," she rejoiced and I knew she was loving it. I learned the more Mom curses, the more excited she's getting. The

louder, the worse she swears, the more Mom enjoys getting it from her son.

"Oh god babe, that feels so fuckin' good. Oh god babe, butt-slam my ass. That's it, I fuckin' love it," she hailed. My hips smashed upon her meaty ass-cheeks. Accompanying each collision was a loud swack from my hips crashing upon her oil-slicked buttocks.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's it, Norah. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I commanded after we swapped jobs. I stood erect and she thrust back, ramming her ass onto my cock. Mom was impaling herself so powerfully onto her son's cock I fought to maintain my balance.

"Oh god Norah, you are best Mom ever," I praised. To prove it, she shoved herself onto my cock, burying her ass deep upon my cock.

WHACK!!

"Yes, spank me you mutha-fucka," Mom ordered.

WHACK!!

"Oh god, I love how you make me feel; how great you feel in my ass," she praised her son.

"Yeah, that's it; split me in half, you motherfucker," she shouted. I lifted her right leg and held it atop the kitchen counter.

"Goddamn, you mutha-fucka; holy fuck; Jesus Christ; holy fuck," she swore. I pressed her tight to the counter and pounded my cock up her ass.

"You...

"love...

"the...

"way...

"your son...

"pounds...

"your...

"ass...

"out...

"don't ya?" I grunted with each thrust. Her entire body shook with each thrust and she heaved herself upon the counter. With her body pinned to the counter, she no longer needed to hold on; and so, her right hand was diddling her clit. To see

my mother play with herself as I fucked Norah's ass only made me so much hotter for her; especially since she knew how much I loved seeing her do so.

"You fucking know it. Just like you love how you turned your Mom into a fuckin' ho," she accused with wicked debauchery.

"Oh god, I love how your cock feels up my ass. I love how my son fucks my ass so goddamn good. I love how you fuck your Mom's ass so damn good. You truly are my motherfucking son," she grunted lustfully. Driven, I rocked my cock in an' out of her loving asshole.

"Oh god babe, keep fucking my ass, keep fucking my ass. Oh god babe, I'm gonna cum soon. I'm gonna cum soon. You gonna cum? You gonna cum? Cum with me babe, cum with me.

"I'm gonna cum," I growled.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, uh, uh-huh," she huffed. Already, she was cumming. She was lost in the throes of her orgasm.

"Oh Fuck," I howled. I slammed my cock up her ass a final time. Driving her into the counter, I almost tried to climb atop her so deep in her ass was I. My balls constricted, my cock swelled and my cum fired deep into my Mom's rectum. My first shot fired out hard and thick, followed by a second and third shot. Buried deep in her ass, the finishing avalanche of cum oozed out of my cock.

"Oh god Val, that was insane, that was incredible," she panted beneath me. I rested my exhausted body on hers. After we recovered, I reluctantly peeled my body off hers. Finished probing her, I pronounced to my patient, "I give you a clean bill of health."

"Thank you..."

"...Doctor," she said hugging me tight.

"Thank you," I told her, and we kissed. We enjoyed a shared laugh. We knew without my mother's motivation, never would I have had the dedication necessary to achieve becoming a doctor.

Chapter Two

"Dude! Look at you, a doctor! How da' fuck did that happen?" Kenny marveled.

Kenny was my childhood friend. Growing up together, we spent our first 18 years haunting Astoria, Queens. We had been closer than brothers. We were partners-in-crime, masters of mayhem, Frac an' Fric. No secrets existed between us. However, it's been many years since we saw each other last. For me, much had changed over the last ten years. Becoming a doctor wasn't my grandest accomplishment.

"Yo', can you keep a secret? If I tell you, it's gonna blow your mind," I warned in a low voice as I looked around to see if any could overhear our conversation.

"You mean like, 'how hot your mom is' blow my mind?" Kenny wondered. He didn't answer the first part because we both knew Kenny ain't no snitch.

"Dude, that's just the start of it," I laughingly warned.

We laughed as we realized I was experiencing reversion, the phenomenon of reverting back to how one was when they were younger, usually triggered by seeing someone from that time. Kenny and I spoke as if it was 2005 again, and our high school graduation was just yesterday.

"Then you gotta tell me," Kenny begged.

"Okay, but you gotta answer me this question: Who Seduced Whom?"

Chapter Three

10 years, a decade; how much does life change? Not much, some or completely? Do you remember how your life was ten years ago?

During the summer of 2005, I was like most teenagers. I lived in my own self-absorbed world where I barely noticed anything outside my immediate proximity. This included ignoring my parents and their existence.

At the time we lived in Astoria, Queens; near the, I always found amusing, corner of 23rd street and 23rd avenue. There was my 42-year old father, who worked as a Corrections Officer at Rikers Island; and my 40-year old Mom who also worked at Rikers but as a Corrections Counselor. For reasons I couldn't understand, or cared to bother to understand, this was another source of friction between them. I knew that although they worked at the same correctional facility, they viewed each other as the enemy.

Along with my parents, there were my two older sisters: 24-year old, Lisa and 23-year old, Wendy. Now if you do the math, you'll quickly see my parents were 'responsible' teens. When Lisa was born, my father was an 18-year old high school senior and his girlfriend a sophomore. This was why my father became a C.O. upon graduation. He needed a job now! And in 1981, not too many places were hiring.

A year an' half later, Wendy arrived on the scene and my parents got married. Five years later, in 1988, for Valentine's Day my parents celebrated the birth of their son, christening me Valentino.

In the summer of 2005, I was an underachieving 17-year old New York Goth glumly going through life. This entailed hanging out with my friends, dating one of the neighborhood sluts, preparing for my senior year of high school and working part-time at the Home Depot in Elmhurst. Life was dull, predictable and pointless.

Then one day, life turned upside down and inside out.

After work, I came home to discover everything changed while I was gone. Walking into the house, I sensed there was an extra layer of tension on top of the omnipresent anger, resentment and acrimony.

"Val, we need to talk..." my mother started to say. I walked into the living room to discover her sitting on one sofa with a cigarette in one hand and a large glass of red wine in the other. On the other sofa, seeming to lean on each other for support, seated together were my sisters. They looked sullen and morose, and each held large goblets of wine. My father stood across the room from everyone, glowering at them all. He looked more ill-tempered than he usually does.

"Tino," he forcefully interrupted, looking directly at me. Mom took a drag from her cigarette, my sisters drank their wine and the tension in the room ratcheted up two notches. One of my parent's many disagreements was whether to call me Val or Tino. Each called me by their preferred choice. In an odd

truce, they used neither name when the other was present. Instead, they opted to use pronouns, or "the boy." All five of us, instantly grasped the meaning behind Mom addressing me as "Val," and then Dad cutting her off with, "Tino."

"It's been decided your mother and I will be separating," my father stated bluntly and I was surprised. While my parents were the opposite of a loving couple, they seemed to be a constant. They were like oil and vinegar, or like a proton and electron locked in constant battle but always bonded together.

"Your mother feels I can no longer stay here," my father stated. Intuitively, I knew there was more to why this was and looked at my mother for some clarity. However, at that moment, she was studying her wine glass, as were my sisters. He continued, "So, I will be moving out tonight."

"Wendy and Lisa have decided to move into their own apartment... in The Village," he stated, saying The Village with all the contempt he could muster. I knew he referred to Greenwich Village in lower Manhattan; and I knew the fact his

daughters were moving there was equivalent to them moving to Sodom and Gomorrah or San Francisco. I looked at my sisters but they were preoccupied staring at a spot on the floor near their feet.

"Your mother feels she needs to stay with her parents for a bit," he explained and Mom looked at him like she wished for his death.

"I have to get anyway from here. I have to get away from you," she growled at my father. She took a drag from her cigarette. After exhaling, she released a contemptuous laugh. "Or, I can stay here and kill you. Don't think I haven't fantasized about it."

"Whatever," my father said blithely. In my house, this wasn't the first time one of my parents voiced their desire for the other's demise. My father looked directly at me. He informed me, "Anyway, it has been decided you will stay with your Aunt."

As life is, after that monumental day, life quickly returned back to being boring, banal, and monotonous. I moved into my mother's older sister's house in Flushing, Queens; and in some ways that's all that changed in my life. Since I had my driver's license, and a car, it was decided I'd keep going to William Bryant High School for my senior year; and I continued to work at the Home Depot in Elmhurst. So, in some ways the only thing changed was where I slept and ate.

Actually, this wasn't one hundred percent true. Unlike Mom and Dad, Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe seemed to genuinely love each other, and their house was a pleasant place to be. At my parents' house, with its constant specter of doom I avoided being home. While I embraced the nihilistic lifestyle of a Goth, even to me my house was depressing. I preferred to be at a friend's house or out on the streets or anywhere but home. Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe were congenial people and fun to be around; and perhaps, since all their own kids were grown and out of the house they enjoyed having my friends over. Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe's house was a one-eighty from how it was at Mom and Dad's. Instead of judging

me or my eclectic collection of friends, Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe seemed to enjoy our oddness with ease.

Because of this, I really didn't notice the absence of my immediate family. Similar to before, my sisters were doing their own things, living their own lives; because of the age difference and different interests, my sisters and I never developed much of a bond. With disinterest, I was aware my parents got formally divorced and they sold my old house. My father was dating a female C.O. and they shared an apartment, but I didn't know where or even care.

My mother was still in Florida. In fact, she relocated there. Years ago, after my maternal grandfather retired from a lifetime at Con Ed, he and Grandma moved to Florida, as is legally mandated. It is required for all old people to move from New York to Florida, right?

Since my Mom and Aunt Zoe were both Cingular customers, along with the rest of her family, they had unlimited minutes

with each other. Mom and Aunt Zoe talked to each other almost every day. Through Aunt Zoe, I got regular updates.

Supposedly the plan was, after my parents separated, Mom was just going to stay at Grandma and Grandpa's house in Spring Hill, Florida for "a time" until she felt better. However, as the old joke goes, "How do you make God laugh?"

"...Tell him your plans."

While down there, Mom got a job working as a behaviorist at The Harbor, which is the Harbor Behavioral Health Institute in Brooksville, the mental health provider for Hernando and Pasco County. After my parents divorced and sold our house, Mom bought a house down the block from her mother and father. Before this, I always thought the TV show Everybody loves Raymond was sort of contrived. You know, with the parents living across the street and older brother Robert still living at home with his parents. Yet my mother bought a two-bedroom house only six houses away from her parent's

house; a house where her younger sisters, 34-year-old Amy and 33-year-old Kim still lived!

My Mom is the fourth kid of six. In 2005, there was 47-year old NYPD Detective, Johnny; 44-year old Queens politician, Jimmy; 41-year old Zoe; 40-year old Norah, aka Mom; 34-year old Amy and 33-year old Kim. My uncles, Aunt Zoe and Mom were adults with their own lives when Grandma and Grandpa moved. They decided to stay in New York. The younger two were living at home at the time and moved to Florida, where they still lived at home!

With an indifferent shrug, I learned my mother quit smoking and also quit drinking. Another part of her life changes was she joined a gym. She got into what she called, "Body Sculpting." As a 17-year-old teen living 1,100 miles north, I took this all in with a Whatever attitude. When I did think about it I would somewhat chuckle at the thought, I'm glad I'm not there.

If the acrimony between my parents was a constant, two others were my Mom's Parliament cigarettes and her wine. While I wouldn't classify her as an alcoholic, in many ways she reminded me of Kitty Forman from That 70's Show. Like Kitty, a glass of wine helped take the edge off my mother. One of the secret jokes between my sisters and I was if we had to deliver bad news to Mom we first gave her a glass of wine.

When I pictured my mother, it was of her sitting at the kitchen table. While watching Jeopardy or Wheel of Fortune on the little TV on the kitchen counter, she held a Parliament in her left hand. Wendy pointed out Mom only smoked from her left hand. By her right hand is a glass of wine as she worked on yet another crossword puzzle. The thought of my mother not smoking or drinking was hard to fathom, or even impossible to imagine. With her not smoking or drinking, I was glad I wasn't within her wrath and felt sympathy for those who were.

As 2005 turned into 2006, I drudged through my senior year. On Valentine's Day, my friends and I celebrated my eighteenth birthday by going to a Marilyn Manson concert.

I started applying to colleges. Growing up in Astoria, Queens all kids have one goal: Get Out.

The dream is to live in Manhattan but Staten Island or the suburbs of Long Island are acceptable. With my mediocre grades and financial situation, my options were limited. I knew I might be able to get into and afford to go to a SUNY college upstate. I applied to a few of them. My ultimate fall back plan, I'll admit, was to join the Army. Since this was 2005-2006, the idea of joining the Army and going to Iraq or Afghanistan wasn't too appealing.

My uncle Johnny thought the idea of me going into the military was 'the move,' and claimed to have contacts who could help me get into the MP's, military police. My uncle Jimmy felt otherwise, arguing I needed to go to a good college; and offered to use his connections to make it happen. Being indebted to either of these two held no appeal. I love my uncles but Uncle Johnny is a Bronx cop, 'with all that means'; and Uncle Jimmy is a local Queens politician, 'with all that means.'

Guidance counselors advise us to apply to some 'throwaway' colleges, those schools we're not sure we'd get accepted to and not sure we'd go to if accepted. As a lark, I also applied to USF, the University of South Florida in Tampa. I didn't think I had a chance but figured, What the fuck?

It would definitely get me out of Queens. The first year USF would charge me out-of-state tuition but if I stayed enrolled, after my freshman year they'd reclassify me as a Florida resident and credit my first-year's difference to my future classes. I figured I could endure living with my mother for the first year. Then when considered a Florida resident and the tuition rates went down, I could afford to either get an apartment in Tampa or stay on campus.

I began receiving responses to my applications. SUNY, Potsdam; SUNY, Plattsburgh and imagine my surprise, the University of South Florida accepted me. I suspect the odd bit of family ancestry helped here. Although most assumed I was just another white guy or Italian, my father's family was actually from the Spanish Colonies on the northern coast of

Morocco; and so, on forms and applications I could, legitimately, claim to be of North African or Arab descend.

For a bit of geography, Potsdam is next to the St. Lawrence River and about 30 miles south of Canada; Plattsburgh is next to Lake Champlain and about 50 miles south of Canada. Tampa, Florida is about 1,400 miles south of Canada. Guess which college I chose?

The idea of getting out of Queens was so great I never thought through the fact I never visited USF before accepting their admission. Only once before had I been to Florida. When I was four years old, along with my family, we visited Orlando. We met Grandma and Grandpa there. I think I remember images of visiting Disney or maybe imagine them from the stories and pictures. I don't know; all I knew was I committed to USF and was set to move to Florida after my graduation.

On Monday, June 19, 2006, I found myself on the Grand Central Parkway driving to LaGuardia Airport to pick up my arriving mother.

Chapter Four

Tomorrow morning was my high school graduation and then on Wednesday, she and I would drive down to Florida to start my new life. As I listened to my hero Peter Steele from Type O Negative sing about how "Life is Killing Me," I realized I was nervous to see my mother. A year passed since I saw her last and we hadn't spoken much. I got my updates via Aunt Zoe. When I knew Aunt Zoe was on the phone with her sister, I'd say, "Tell Mom, I say Hi."

Is this a reunion or what? I wondered. It was weird to realize my mother felt like a stranger to me.

After fighting with the traffic on Grand Central Parkway, I arrived at LaGuardia; another half hour spent trying to find a parking space. Finally finding the terminal where her flight was scheduled to arrive, I couldn't shake a feeling of bizarre strangeness. While I watched her plane land and taxi to the terminal, I was startled to realize how much anxiety I felt at

seeing her again. The feeling grew with each passing minute. Watching the passengers disembark I wondered, Where the hell is she? All while noticing a very attractive woman who seemed to be looking directly at me and walking my way. Looking over and around her, I again wondered, Where the hell is my mother?

"Val," the alluring older woman called out. I guesstimated she was about 32 and assumed she must be calling to her daughter or someone else standing behind me.

"Val," she repeated. Now only 10 feet away from me I knew she addressed me.

"Mom?" I wondered. The lady who stood before me wasn't anyone I ever met before. She looked to be in her early thirties, not 40 going on ancient. She seemed to be taller than my mother should be and drastically built differently. I remembered my mother being somewhat short, roundish, dumpy and drab. The woman standing before me wasn't any of these things.

I noted how this lady was about 5-foot-6. She had short, very dark auburn hair, which was well coiffed; whereas my mother had washed out, dull, light chestnut hair, which she wore long and lifeless. Instead of my mother's flushed, fleshy face, this lady's hair framed a face that was lively, alert and defined. Her facial features, while very attractive, seemed chiseled from stone instead of molded from Play-Doh. Her cheeks were the feature you noticed first. Her cheekbones were strong and very prominent; they seemed to hide her deep set, smoldering dark brown eyes.

When she smiled at me the lines, angles and edges of her face become more pronounced. Yet I saw my Mom's dimples and recognized her smile, even if I didn't recognize the strong square chin attached to her smooth, shapely jaw; which was firmly separated from her neck.

Even as I grasped this was in fact my Mom, I also noted her body had also morphed. Formerly my mother seemed like the typical Queens mom, maybe hot back in her day but life hadn't been kind and they surrendered the fight against age,

gravity and expansion. Seeing her for a first time, she seemed reenergized. I guessed she shed at least 20 pounds and redistributed the remaining. No longer too wide in the middle and a bit frumpy, she was now shapely: thick in her legs and lean up top.

Her clothing reflected this change.

She wore a pair of sporty white Reebok sneakers with ankle socks. From there, she displayed her bared ankles and toned shapely calves. She wore a pair of dark cranberry yoga pants that fit her legs amazingly snug. Her leggings ended mid-calf.

In fact, I was stunned by how powerful, full, and muscular her legs were. Unlike some women who wear stretch leggings to contain their flesh, holding everything tight like sausage wrapping; with my Mom, you could tell the Lycra was forced to stretch to conform to her. Instead of squeezing her tight, to mold and form around her thick legs the Lycra was forced to fit to them. Imagine Saran Wrap clinging to a bowl.

I had trouble believing the fact I was appreciating how curvaceous her thighs were. It felt surrealistic to know I liked seeing the amazing sweep my mother's thighs created as they flowed into her well-defined hips. Even as I took in how pleasingly her inner thighs led up to the Y that was her crotch, I wondered to myself, Dude, What the Fuck?

She wore a simple white tank-top/camisole, which both hung loose and snug yet still showed how much her waist tapered in from her hips. Underneath her camisole, she was wearing a sports bra that matched her yoga pants and the dark cranberry stood out in stark contrast. Her bared shoulders and arms were toned, without being too muscular.

I was bewildered at myself for noting while my mother's bust size had decreased, her breasts looked better. Before she had 'mom boobs,' saggy tits you feared looked like socks filled with sand when not in a bra. With this 'new mom,' her breasts seemed firm and perky, where you suspected not much would change when freed from their container.

With a burning sense of shame, I realized my Mom is a MILF.

"Mom?" I asked again, in stunned disbelief.

"Of course silly," she laffed. It was a sound I never heard from her previously. It was a gaily, wholly feminine chuckle women have that instantly seduces a man, bending us to their whim. With playful whimsy, she looked around and laffed, "Unless, you're here to pick someone else up."

"Umm, umm, umm," I muttered. She hugged me and I awkwardly returned her hug. It was awkward because while my mind was confused, my little head wasn't. He was pointing due North. When she pressed up tighter to me, I worried she could feel me protruding even as I inhaled her scent. She smelt like lavender and strawberries.

"God, did you grow another two inches? And look how beefy you are?" she giggled as she grabbed my arms and squeezed my biceps. Since Peter Steele was my idol and role model, I mimicked him by hitting the gym and working-out. This also

helped foster the dark, brooding, hulking, menacing image I sought to portray.

Stiffly, I uncomfortably endured this because 1: my family doesn't do the physical bonding thing and 2: parts of my body and mind were yelling at me, Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her, fuck her...

"You ready to get out of here?" I asked after she released me and took her travel garment bag from her; you know, that bag where you hang clothes inside it and then fold it in half. Leaving, she hooked her arm into mine and seemed to be merrily bouncing along next to me. I wondered to myself, Who is this woman and what did they do to my Mom?

"Sweetie, you know I love you and all, and I understand you have this Prince of Darkness thing going," she cheerily said as we left LaGuardia and pulled onto Grand Central. I was in my typical attire: black motorcycle boots, black jeans and a black T-shirt. To go along with this, I dyed my hair Black No. 1 and wore it long. I would often paint my fingernails black. I would

add black eyeliner, mascara and sometimes black lipstick; although today, I had foregone the lipstick.

None of this was too out of the ordinary within the Goth scene; and I been dressing this way for so many years everyone, including my father, just took it for granted. I think, for him, as long as I dated sluts and went to the gym it offset me wearing makeup.

Even dealing with the fucked up traffic and screwed up access routes outta LaGuardia, I still looked over at her surprised. She just said, "I love you," to me for the first time in eighteen years and said it in a casual, toss away manner!

"...But are you going to dress this way for your graduation tomorrow?" she asked in a tone that wasn't condescending or insulting. Instead, she said it in a soft, concerned voice.

"I know it's kind of ridiculous for me to go all 'Mom' on you right now after not being here for you for so long. I just want you to think about your graduation pictures. Those are

forever. Think about how you'll look at them twenty years from now or show them to your kids," she faded off. I knew she spoke about the fact she never shows her graduation pictures because she was seven months pregnant with Wendy.

"You're probably right," I mumbled, even as I knew she was and would heed her advice.

Chapter Five

Graduation day is supposed to be one of most exciting days of your life, I thought to myself. Yet sitting on the stage at St. John's University listening to my high school principal and others drone on I couldn't help but wonder when the excitement would start.

I looked out into the audience and spotted my Aunt Zoe and Uncle Warren. I noted they seemed to be acting as buffers. Sitting next to Aunt Zoe was the woman who was supposedly her sister, my mother. Next to Uncle Warren was my father's girlfriend, who seemed to resemble a blend between Michelle

Rodriguez and Rachel Ticotin, the girl from the original Total Recall movie. She had that butchish, yet sexy Spanish look. Next to her was my father looking as stoic as ever. Bookending the group were my two sisters, Lisa next to Mom; Wendy next to Dad. I wondered what it meant, those two separated by five people and each next to a different parent. Then I thought, I must really be fucking bored if I'm pondering these things.

Finally, my name called, I walked across the stage to accept my diploma; and since my last name begins with a W, I knew this ordeal was almost finally over. And then, we were released, freed. The ceremony was finished. Exiting the stage, I approached the horde that was my family. The first to note my approach was Uncle Warren, who was a bear of a man yet somehow not imposing.

"Congratulations," he boomed with genuine joy. He engulfed me in a bear hug, and I warmly accepted his embrace. As if choreographed he easily passed me off into Aunt Zoe's embrace.

"Congratulations, I'm proud of you," my father announced while he shook my hand after I was freed from Aunt Zoe. "To be honest, there were times where I wondered whether I'd see this or see you at Rikers," he said with a tinge of surprisingly sardonic humor. "I'm glad to see it was this."

"Thank you, sir. I'm glad it was this one, too," I joked back at his surprising humor. While we shook hands, I couldn't help but notice how my father's girlfriend and my mother were eyeing each other like two stalking cats getting ready to attack each other. I also noted, with surprise, my Mom was the better looking of the two.

For my graduation, Mom wore a dress, which was a first, and she looked phenomenal in it. A snug, body-hugging, dark blue sheath, it had a crisscrossing crumpled front leading up to gentle shoulder straps. Because of this X, my Mom's bust was on stunning display. Her breasts pushed up an' in created a pleasing display of cleavage. Although less busty than her previous incarnation, she now seemed confident with how much chest she showed.

From there, the X accentuated, or even exaggerated how narrow her waist had become before her dress descended down and flared outwards to mold to her hips and thighs. Again, I could not believe how full, thick and magnificent her hips and thighs were. To finish the look and display her shapely calves, she wore a pair of gold sandals with a tall cork heel and crisscrossing straps, which had a vague Egyptian look as they climbed up her legs.

I think even my father was subtly checking her out; all while my two sisters stood apart from each other, and us, eyeing the whole bizarre scene.

"Dude!!" my life-long friend Kenny announced as he showed up, leaning upon my shoulder. The word 'dude' can have many meanings depending on its use and tone; and Kenny said multiple things with the one word. By his playful hug and tone, he was congratulating our graduating. By his inflection, he was announcing his presence. And by his lecherous leer he was asking, Who is the muffin in the dress?

"Kenny," my Mom and father said as they shook his hand. I realized my pal gave me an out, a way to escape this uncomfortable gathering. While Kenny shook hands with my father and was about to be pawned off onto Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe, I grabbed Mom's hand and led her away.

She and I mingled amongst the other graduates and their parents, exchanging congratulations. I realized it was I who felt proud; proud to introduce the woman with me as my mother. Only a few of my friends knew her previously, and a few parents from the neighborhood knew her yet all were surprised by the transformation. I smirked with pride as I noticed more than a few of my classmates and their fathers checked her out. I inwardly laughed at the fact today she was the hottest mom in the room and many of the other moms were hating this fact. From the way she strolled and posed, I think Mom knew this, too.

Graduation night I partied like an eighteen year old celebrating graduating high school, and the fact tomorrow I would be leaving to start a new phase in my life. I partied to oblivion.

Chapter Six

The next morning found me loading my 1998 Mitsubishi Eclipse. I mention this detail for two reasons. First, it's a bit depressing when you can fit all your worldly possessions in a tiny car like my Eclipse. However, when eighteen and you don't own any furniture, your possessions are mostly clothes and a collection of small stuff. Still, it was a bummer to see my life stuffed into the back of an Eclipse.

Second, this morning Mom and I were getting ready to set out on the 1,100 mile, approximately 18 to 20 hour drive to Spring Hill, Florida. I was excited because while my car was tiny on the outside, for two people it was actually quite comfortable inside. A bonus was it was a major blast to drive. Nevertheless, being trapped in a car with my mother for twenty hours worried me a bit. We planned to drive non-stop by alternating the driving and stopping to eat along the way.

As I, and Uncle Warren, finished loading the last of my stuff into my car Mom emerged from the front door. She surprised me with her look and how dark she was. I was dressed in my usual black and for her own unsaid reason so was she. While I watched her vibrantly bound down the driveway, followed by Aunt Zoe, I enjoyed the sight of her in knee-high black leather boots sporting a silver spike for a heel. Diving into her boots was a pair of distressed black jeans that would've been called 'skinny jeans,' except her legs were anything but skinny. Above, she wore a simple black camisole, barely covered by a tiny, cropped black denim jacket ending at her ribs.

"You ready?" she spiritedly solicited over the hood of my car while she opened the passenger side door. Seeing her playful enthusiasm I again wondered, Who is this woman and what did they do with my mother?

"Let's roll," she playfully ordered after we finished getting hugs and kisses from Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe. She climbed into my car and I followed suit.

In the car, she adjusted her passenger seat. While watching her, I started to recognize this new woman was my mother. She set up her crossword-puzzle command post. She had her well-used Roget's Thesaurus, which she used as portable tabletop; between her feet, she set up a familiar collection of references: her old dog-eared paperback dictionary, a crossword dictionary and an almanac. I knew inside her purse lived her plastic pencil sharpener that reminded me of the robot's head from Lost in Space.

I fiddled around with my CD player arranging a collection of the Goth queens to play: Within Temptation with female singer Sharon den Adel; Theatre of Tragedy with Liv Kristine; and my favorite, Nightwish with the incredible Tarja Turunen. If I was driving, I wanted my music but also knew I needed something that wouldn't annoy my mother. This meant no Tool, Marilyn Manson or Nine Inch Nails.

"So you really quit smoking and drinking?" I asked after we exited the George Washington Bridge and merged onto the New Jersey Turnpike. She had settled into her seat by assuming the position many women do, they're slunked down

into the passenger seat with their left knee against the dashboard and their right leg somehow is hooked over the dashboard so their foot rested against the glass.

"Yup," she answered nonchalantly while she continued working on today's New York Times crossword puzzle. This was what prompted me to ask my question. Glancing over and seeing her doing what was somewhat a familiar sight, I wondered where the cigarette was. Her holding a glass of wine in the car would be ridiculous but her smoking in the car was commonplace. To me, it seemed something was amiss but to her, I guess, not smoking was now second nature.

"So, what does a behaviorist do?" I asked as we passed Trenton, New Jersey and I thought, I'll never miss seeing that shithole again.

"I don't fuckin' know," my Mom laffed. Seeing my surprised expression she laffed even harder and I realized I was getting addicted to her chuckle. It was the soft, seductive giggle not of

a girl but a woman. It was coy and innocent yet also sly and guilty.

"What I do is work with the FACT team and my title is that of behaviorist because I need a title," she explained. While she continued to work on her crossword puzzle, she explained how the FACT team stood for Florida Assertive Community Treatment and what she does is work directly with adults who have severe psychiatric disabilities function in the community.

"We work to help them stay on their meds and try to prevent them from having to return back to the hospitals and CSU's. It's designed to promote independent living, supportive relationships, and enhance the quality of life. My thing is working directly with the clients to improve their functioning in social activities and help with securing employment, which is important. Getting them out of the house and doing things or working really helps improve relationships with family members and make friends," she continued. I listened with interest because I realized, unlike in the past, Mom seemed sincerely invested in her job. We stopped just outside Philly

to allow her to pick up the Philadelphia newspapers for the sole purpose of their crossword puzzles.

Back on the road, she continued to talk about her job; without giving their names, about certain clients she works with and continued doing her crossword puzzles. Then she asked, "Is this what you normally listen to?"

"Yeah, why?" I asked both surprised and a bit defensively.

"No, I like it. I'm just surprised, that's all," she replied and I relaxed. She continued by saying, "I never paid attention before, but I always thought everything you listened to was doom and gloom. These girls have incredible voices. Who is this one?"

"This one is kind of a new band from the Netherlands called Epica and this is their new CD The Phantom Agony," I answered. "You're thinking more of the American styled Black Metal. Gothic music has more of a European origin where there's a soft female lead vocalist, sometimes

complimented by a growling male singer. It is very dramatic, incorporates keyboards and symphonic music. Because of the powerful dramatic aspects, it was compared to the Gothic architecture of Europe and where the term somewhat comes from."

"Oh. It's interesting and this girl has an amazing voice," Mom said in a surprised voice. "She sounds like she could be an opera singer or even gospel."

"The singer is a girl named Simone Simons," I told her and I agreed with her assessment, thinking Simone Simons is better than all of the mainstream pop singers.

"Like I said, I just thought..." she wondered.

"Thought what?" I scoffed. "Goth is not about suicide, pain and death. It is about alienation, nihilism, and angst. While there are many dark themes present, Goth is in many ways about finding beauty, romance, and pleasure in dark or unexpected places."

We continued to talk as I drove. I realized our time apart seemed to have changed the dynamics of our relationship. Previously my relationship with my mother could've been described as confrontational.

While my parents may not have gotten along, they did operate well as a team when it came to parenting. My mother was the front-line defense. She was the cop, she was the one my sisters and I avoided getting caught by. My father was what we called, "the jailor." It was her job to catch us and issue the punishment. It was then Dad's job to enforce it. This was because she would soften on her edict. She'd announce one of us was grounded for a week but within two days she'd be willing to commute our sentence. My father, on the other hand, issued no goodtime regardless of whether it was Lisa, Wendy or me.

"So what are you planning on studying?" she asked with curiosity.

"I don't know," I admitted and she laughed as if this was one of the funniest things ever said. I knew I was hooked, I was addicted to her lively laughter and would do whatever necessary to hear it.

"That's a good major," she giggled and I smiled at her mirth. This woman who sat in the passenger seat of my car wasn't the dour and sour woman I grew-up under. Even as I continued to appreciate her presence, inwardly I wondered: Who is this woman and what did they do with my mother?

"No, but seriously that's fine," and she tried to get serious. "You don't have to declare a major right away. If you're going for a Bachelor's, your first two years will be mostly your core classes anyway, no matter what you study. You'll have to take your English Comp classes, your math and science classes no matter what you study. So bang them out early and then save your electives until you decide what your major will be.

"Can I give you a piece of advice?" she asked. I was surprised my mother was asking instead of simply telling me.

"Sure," I answered. I realized I was enjoying talking with this lady, whom I still had trouble believing was my Mom. We were two adults having a discussion. Unlike in the past, I wasn't being spoken TO or AT, as parents are wont to do.

"You're going to have a few classes that will be gimme'es, bullshit classes that are required but are easy A's to earn, such as Student Success and probably all your Humanities classes. Figure out which ones are gimme'es and then don't take them all early. Save them and spread them out so during your last couple of semesters you aren't taking three or four killer courses. It's nice when you have three brutal classes on your courseload to have one easy class that requires no effort beyond showing up for the class."

After passing Washington, D.C.'s beltway, we stopped off for lunch in Alexandria, Va. After lunch, she got behind the wheel. With this morning's drive and last night's party, I was asleep within minutes.

"Hey Snoring Thunder, wake up," someone yelled as I was jabbed in the ribs.

"Huh, what?" I awoke. Befuddled, I realized we were in the parking lot of a Wendy's. Since every Wendy's parking lot looks the same as the others, I wondered, "Where are we?"

"We just crossed the border into South Carolina. I'm tired. Get something to eat and then you can drive."

"Was I really snoring?" I asked. After eating and hitting a Starbucks for coffee, I was back driving on I-95.

"Some but it wasn't bad. It just made me realize how my little boy isn't that little or a boy anymore. My son has grown into quite the man," and she ended with a giggle. I looked at her and she giggled some more while blushing, leaving me confused what she found funny.

And as the sun set, she fell asleep.

While driving the never-ending miles of South Carolina and Georgia, I became seriously bored of only seeing darkness beyond my headlights. I often glanced at the sleeping form next to me and I couldn't help but think, Damn, that looks tasty.

Even as I cursed myself for checking out my Mom, I was doing just that. Her head lolled back and her mouth was slightly open. I looked at her lips as they shined in reflection from oncoming car's headlights and I wondered how they would taste if I kissed them; and then I'd yell myself, Dude! What the Fuck?

Wearing her black camisole, in the night's darkness her bared upper chest stood out in contrast, almost glowing with its paleness. I always thought of myself as a boob guy and 'bigger was better.' Yet I was enjoying the soft small mounds my mother sported. I even found myself trying to guess her bra size. Assessing her chest, I would've guessed she was a B-cup; it looked as if she was hiding two tangerines under her shirt. With her newfound slimness, I speculated she might be a 32

or maybe a 34 considering her toneness and bit of muscular development.

I was astonished at myself by the burning urge to reach over and palm one of her breasts. Part of my mind tried to rationalize it by arguing it would help me assess her bust size, but my cock throbbed at the thought of how nice, yummy and delectable her tit would feel as I palmed her, feeling, squeezing and caressing it. Another part of my mind cursed at myself saying, Dude, what the fuck is wrong with you?

I have some mighty paws, can palm a basketball and previously mauled some of my neighborhood's sluts' mighty jugs. I even dated one named Alicia simply because of her huge tits and the fact she loved to fuck. She was annoying as hell, was barely pretty, and wouldn't suck dick; but boy she loved letting me play with her tits and we fucked constantly. Yet I couldn't stop looking at my Mom's mini mounds!

Pulling my eyes away from her chest, I gazed down at her waist, hips and legs in the darkness. I found it amusing how

her bare feet seemed to float in the blackness beneath the dashboard and her black jeans. From the grey dots, I knew her toenails were painted but couldn't discern their color until I finally pulled into a Chock Full o'Nuts drive-thru for a reloading of coffee. Mom slept through as I ordered my coffee and noted her toenails were light blue, the same as my high school's colors.

Back on the road, I appreciated the faint outline and differing shades of black her legs created against the darkness and blackness of my car's seats. Even as I questioned my morality and sanity, I was able to discern the delicious Y created by a woman's upper thighs, her hips and the nirvana found at the top. I noted with pleasure how her Y bowed and curved from her thickness. When in her sleep, she tucked her hands between her legs I found myself wishing those hands were my own.

Since these were new thoughts to me, they were both extremely arousing and equally distressing. I felt guilty for noticing how tasty my own mother looked yet it felt good feeling guilty. It made for a very confusing drive as we crossed

Georgia and into Florida. Reaching Jacksonville, I turned off I-95 and onto monotonous pine-tree lined I-10. Inwardly, I struggled with these new thoughts and feelings towards my mother until finally the ceaseless pine trees parted and I turned onto I-75. As the sun started to rise, Mom awoke with a yawn and stretched.

"How 'bout stopping at a Denny's for breakfast," she sunnily offered.

"What's a Denny's?" I asked.

"Oh, you got a lot to learn," she laffed. To some, not knowing what a Denny's is may seem ridiculous but having grown-up in the sheltered world of New York City, I never heard of Denny's, Waffle House, or Cracker Barrel.

After more hours of driving, we reached Brooksville, Fl. There, we turned off I-75 and onto SR 50 or at least my MapQuest directions said it was. The road signs said it was 50, 50A, 98, 700 and Cortez Blvd!

"Okay sweetie, the roads here get kinda stupid. You're gonna wanna stay on Cortez but it gets kinda squirrely along the way. Just turn when I say, alright?"

I was glad Mom was guiding me. On my own, I would've missed a turn when 50 and 50A separated. I planned to continue going straight thinking I would be staying on the same road.

"See what I mean?" she asked. We waited at the light to turn left onto a different street that was somehow still Cortez Blvd. A few miles later, this happened again. I would have stayed straight and ended up on Cobb Rd. instead of turning left onto a street I was already on! So I turned left from Cortez Blvd onto Jefferson St, which also happened to be Cortez. You can't make this shit up!

Finally, Cortez Blvd. led into Spring Hill, Florida. In the morning light, with its pine trees, I thought it somewhat looked like the suburbs of Suffolk County, Long Island.

Waiting at the light to turn left onto Mariner Blvd, with confidence I was going the right way, I noted some recognizable landmarks. There was a Bank of America on the corner, along with a CVS and a Sears set back in the shopping center. There was Ruby Tuesday and I noted with relief a Starbucks.

At last, I pulled into the driveway of 4330 Goldcoast Avenue and parked next to Mom's cranberry red PT Cruiser.

Home Sweet Home.

Chapter Seven

Within a week, I started to regret moving to Florida. Florida sucked. Florida fucking sucked. Florida sucked dick. Florida fucking sucked dick.

Perhaps it was naivety. Sometimes I thought I been bamboozled by a street named Goldcoast, after Long Island's

famed Gold Coast. Whatever the case, I quickly discovered I was living in a whole new place; one which had no relation to life in New York. I was a Stranger in a Strange Land. As the saying goes: "Toto, we aren't in Kansas anymore."

Although Spring Hill was only an hour north of Tampa it seemed truer that it was in-between Nowhere and Nothing. Spring Hill seemed to originate from some schmo was walking, got tired and built a house; then another schmo built a house next to the first. Then another and another until a town of sch'morons was created.

The first thing to hit to me, almost literally, was the heat. By seven o'clock in the morning, it was already 85 degrees and the sun was a blazing fireball from Hell. As the day wore on, it only got hotter, more humid and the sun burned with ever more evil intent. Everyone hid inside, with the blinds and curtains pulled tight. Why have windows when everyone has them covered up? Even at night, it was still sweltering hot. At two in the morning, it would still be over 80 degrees.

But this didn't appear to matter. The state of Florida seemed to start shutting down once the sun set. It was as if everyone, even the young people went to bed once night fell. Seriously, who ever heard of restaurants closing at 9 o'clock? Or bars and clubs not even opening on weekdays? As a night crawler, I was at a loss to what to do.

The only thing open late was the Wal-Mart on 50, which was open 24 hours. And this was another surprise. In New York City, we don't have Wal-Marts and the ones on Long Island and New Jersey are dirty, nasty places that sell cheap shit. They are the lowest-grade department stores, worse than Sears. Everyone looks at them with distain, even the people who shop at them.

I was stunned to discover Floridians' attitudes towards Wal-Mart were a one-eighty. The stores are big, bright, and clean with an actual selection of stuff you would want to buy. Inside the Wal-Marts, as if mini-malls, they had a McDonalds and other stores within it. And so, people would actually hang-out at Wal-Mart. Instead of being embarrassed going there, they would say, "Hey, I'll meet you at Wal-Mart."

Another surprise was the difference in stores and supermarkets. Gone were the familiar Waldbaums and Pathmark. In a way, Publix was its replacement to Waldbaums but the other grocery stores were from a carnival show. Across the street from the Publix on Mariner Blvd was Cash 'N Carry, which I discovered did accept credit cards. There was a Piggly Wiggly, which I refused to shop at simply because of how stupid the name was.

And then there was the misleadingly named Sav-A-Lot. They sell a lot of generic or non-name brand products that might be twenty or thirty cents cheaper than the name brand at Publix but was really horrible stuff. However, the name brand items at Sav-A-Lot were actually more expensive than at Publix. No-name corn flakes at Sav-A-Lot were cheap and inedible but Kellogg's Corn Flakes cost more. I did discover their milk, eggs and bread were cheaper but didn't offset the mile-long lines at the checkout, being charged for bags, (what?); depositing a quarter for a shopping cart or the general dinginess of the place. Call me weird but I don't like buying groceries in a store that is dirty.

For work, I transferred from my Home Depot in Elmhurst to the one on 19; which was directly across the street from Spring Hill's only Lowes. I found it amusing these stores, the only hardware stores in town, would be located directly across the street from each other.

One day as I was leaving work, Mom called me. "Sweetie, can you stop at Publix an' pick-up a box of Bubba's Burgers and New York Style potato salad; bring them over to Mom an' Dad's."

"What's New York Style potato salad?" I asked totally baffled. I had been afraid to ask what Bubba's Burgers were.

"You'll see," she laffed and hung-up.

I discovered New York Style potato salad was normal potato salad; unlike Homestyle; Southern style; or the other recognizable different varieties Publix sells. This would be the

first of my noticing what to me was normal they labeled New York Style. There was New York Style pizza, a New York Style diner and even a Chinese food joint that advertised themselves as New York Style. Seriously, what the fuck is New York Style Chinese food?

I heard all the jokes about how horrible Florida drivers are and within a few days, I discovered they are even worse. Still, I'm forgiving and believe part of the blame falls on the state of Florida as much as its drivers. However, their greatest offense is not knowing what the little stick on the left-hand side of the steering column does. Taxi drivers in New York may drive like maniacs but at least they announce they are about to cut you off by flashing their blinker - if only seconds before cutting you off.

For a moment, I wondered if vehicles sold in Florida do not come equipped with turn signals. Curious, I inspected my Mom's PT Cruiser and my grandparent's cars. They were there. Even my aunts' cars were equipped with them although those two sch'morons didn't know what their purpose was.

Those two dum-dums only knew it made loud clacking noises when you pushed it up or down.

This along with the fact Florida roads lack a shoulder often made driving unnecessarily adventurous. You would be driving on a two-lane street or in the right-hand lane of a multi-lane street. Suddenly, unannounced, the car in front of you would unexpectedly brake for no apparent reason, slowing WAY down or even coming to a complete stop before turning right into a side street or parking lot - all without the use of a turn signal. No wonder they maintained a distance of 100 feet or more from the car in front of them. They don't know what that driver might do!

Or, they do the opposite. They drive mile after mile unaware their blinker is on. How does someone not notice the damn thing for over ten miles? And I'm not talking about 900-year old geriatrics doing this but the average sch'moron! Besides wanting to shoot them, what do you do when you're driving behind a sch'moron whose blinker is signaling they are going to turn left for miles and only shuts off because they turned right?

Another problem is Florida drivers never learn what traffic flow is. For this, I blame the state of Florida and how their traffic lights are set. Instead of being used to promote traffic, they are used to inhibit it. In NYC, there may be 8 traffic lights in a row every block or two; however as you wait at a red light, once that one turns green so do all the others. As such, you learn to drive within a pack, making sure you catch the lights because if so you can zip across town quickly; but get out of sequence and you're fucked.

In Florida, I would be sitting at a red light with my blood boiling because I could see the light 1,000 feet or more away; it would be green. However, when the light I waited at changed, the one down the road would be switching to yellow guaranteeing, unless you travel at supersonic speeds, you only go as far as the next light. This means you are forced to travel from station to station in a stop an' go fashion.

A great example of this is on SR 50, aka Cortez Blvd., at the overpass for the Suncoast Parkway. On both sides of the overpass, where the access ramps intersect, there are traffic

lights. Although separated by less than 600 feet, the traffic lights are out of sequence to each other. Don't believe me? Look at Google maps' street view.

On the western side of 50, heading east the light is yellow turning to red. Zoom in to the far light. Guess what color the light on the other side of the overpass is? Green. Better yet, when the far light is red, the near one is green. When there is traffic, the 600-foot section of road that passes under the Suncoast Parkway fills up with vehicles and those before the first light can't go anywhere. Then when the far light changes to green, the near one turns red, which means only the vehicles trapped in the underpass section can advance. As if planned, a traffic-jam is created in a town of 20,000 sch'morons.

So it's no wonder Floridians never learn how to recognize traffic flow and patterns, their roads are designed so there is none!

Their last offense is the problem that over half of them do not use headlights until the sun has completely set. There's something to be said when you abruptly encounter a grey, silver, pewter or metallic car without their headlights on at dusk; and it's not good. I tried to figure out the why of this and can only fathom they somehow believe it saves gas. Or, maybe it's the fact most of them aren't used to being still awake as the sun sets.

An oddity I also noticed was the seeming randomness of numbering locations. The first house on a street could start with 2458; or buildings would go from 848 to 1251 while abutting each other; yes, changing from even to odd! An annoying feature could be a street has a North and South and the numbers ascend both ways. So there's both an 800 North Orange Ave and also an 800 South Orange Ave. What do you do when the listed address is 800 Orange Avenue? A wonderful example: our neighbor's house was 4322 while we were 4330 even though the properties abutted and there was maybe 20 feet between the houses. Where'd the other three houses go? Did they disappear into that place the Poltergeist house got sucked into?

I've hinted at the slow realization I was in the South but this point was driven home one day.

"What was the War for State's Rights?" I asked a group of co-workers. The day before, I saw a monument honoring those fallen during the War for State's Rights. I thought I knew my history but never heard of this war before. I wondered if this referred to the Revolutionary War, but Florida was still a Spanish colony.

"That was when the North invaded the South," someone answered somewhat defensively and belligerently.

"Do you mean the Civil War?" I questioned.

"Oh, I see you're from the North. And I bet you believe they was fighting over slavery and not a state's right to decide for itself." A state's right to decide if owning human beings is OK? I wondered but kept to myself.

Seeing that this wisdom came from one of the store's managers and others seemed to be nodding their heads in agreement with him, I decided to just shut-up. I also chose to refrain asking, Why someone would have a Confederate flag license plate on a Toyota truck?

Even better, or worse depending on how you looked at it, was the fact all my contemporaries were so fuckin' stupid. I understand and accept I'm not everyone's cup of tea. I'm well aware I'm a bit off the beaten path but I just couldn't believe how backwards and behind the times these numb nuts were. And it seemed like everyone was a pillhead, abusing pain meds, including my two aunts.

On my third day in Florida, Mom and I were again at "Mom an' Dad's," as she referred to my grandparent's house. I was beginning to realize this was going to be regular occurrence, which I didn't mind since I thought my Grandpa, or John as he instructed me to call him, seemed pretty cool. Everyone in the house smoked cigarettes, while none of them smoked in the house. As a result, they all hung out on the patio in the

back. There, a screened cage enclosed a shaded porch with a table and chairs along with an overhead fan and an in-ground swimming pool. I guess the pool was about 20'x40'. Growing up in Queens, I was never much of a swimmer yet the pool at my grandparent's house would call to me.

On my third day in Florida, I was inside the house just wandering around when Aunt Amy accosted me in the hallway.

"Hey big boy, how 'bout we go in my room and party," she offered. While Amy is six years younger than my Mom, she isn't half as pretty. She is stick-thin, dyes her hair a yellow straw blond and has a few crooked teeth. For me, teeth are very important and her busted chicklets was just nasty. She and her 3-year old son were back living at home because her husband, Ross, was in jail - again! She spent her days working at a 7-Eleven and visiting him at the county jail. Then at night, she was fucking other dudes.

"Should I smash your head like a grape now or later," I growled. She quickly scurried away.

The idea of hanging out in her room snorting crushed OxyContin or Vicodin just about sickened me. The fact she invited me to her room with what was supposed to be an alluring tone hinting there may be more available creeped me out. Yes, I was struggling with these new feelings I was having towards my Mom, but Aunt Amy? No fuckin' way!

"What 'da Fuck Did You Say to My Sister?" Mom screamed at me later that night when we returned home and were alone. I explained exactly what happened including the fact I thought her sister might have been coming on to me. This seemed to mollify her a bit.

"Mom, I've been here three days and can see that her and Aunt Kim are zeros who are addicted to pills. You see that, right? Doesn't Grandma and Grandpa see it?" I asked confused. While my mother may have drank in the past and me an' my old friends partied a bit, I never been around complete

addicts yet that's what Amy and Kim were. Seeing them in action for a little bit in three days I knew they only thought, Pills, pills, pills, pills, pills, pills, pills...

"I know they are both a mess but they are my sisters and so I have to love them," she said and I thought, Huh? I guess I sorta-kinda love my sisters but I didn't feel obligated to.

"As to Mom an' Dad, I think they know but pretend not to because it makes it easier.

"Listen, they are all fucking crazy over there. Val, let me give you some advice. Mom an' Dad may hide it but they are just as crazy as Kim and Amy. All of them are always fighting. I see you getting chummy with Grandpa. Be careful, he'll feed you to them to save himself in a heartbeat. He's my dad and all but understand, he's not your friend and not in your corner. They are all vipers; and over there, it's every man to himself."

In time, I became glad I heeded Mom's advice. She was right. In many ways, I felt like an outsider watching them. I realized they were all fucking nuts - all five of them, Mom included. There was always drama and conflict. Yet the pairs were never the same; the alliances were always temporary, sometimes lasting only a few hours or even minutes.

The bizarrest thing of all was none of their quarrels lasted long. Kim and Grandpa could be feuding, and Mom sided with Grandpa so Kim was a total bitch, loser, whore. Then later if Kim was fighting with Amy, Mom might be on Kim's side. Grandma might show up at our house beefing about the other four and Mom sided with her only to later be arguing with Grandma herself and the others sided with Grandma. It was madness! Yet we were over there almost every day or one, or more, of them was at our house.

One thing I noticed was all three of their daughters - Mom, Kim and Amy - not only called their parents, "Mom" and "Dad," but also referred to them as such, even to me. It was so conditioned that if I referred to my grandparents as "Grandma" or "Grandpa," it took their daughters a second to

realize to whom I was referring to. Another thing was the other four - Grandpa, Grandma, Kim and Amy - would refer to my mom as Norah as much as "your Mom" or "your mother." They'd say to me, "Find out what Norah wants for dinner;" or my grandfather might warn, "Norah and Mom are mad at each other and I don't even know what it's about."

In time, I simply adapted by dropping the aunt when speaking to or about Kim and Amy, and started calling my grandparents "Mom" and "Dad." A habit, or trait, I developed was when one of them referred to my mother as Norah, I would use her first name but if they called her, "your Mom" then I would call her Mom. After a while, I even began calling my mother "Norah" directly to her, which she seemed to find very amusing. When I did, she would giggle and sometimes blush. In a way, it's humorous to realize I could ask my mother, "Mom, why are Mom and Kim fighting and Dad has Kim's side?" or "Hey Norah, why is Dad mad at you and Mom?"

With all their craziness and Florida sucking balls, the one thing I was grateful for was Norah.

Chapter Eight

Since Mom was already a member, I decided to join the Gold's Gym on Pinehurst Dr. It certainly wasn't close to home but was somewhat convenient to work. However, its best feature was it was a real hardcore gym. People went there to workout, train and do their thing. It wasn't a place to look pretty, so it was my kinda joint.

Through Norah, I met and teamed up with two guys who were into the Mike Mentzer Heavy Duty training style I favored. Outside the gym, I would never have hung with them. They had that Good Ole Boy country thing going but in the gym, we clicked and trained like animals. As is common amongst training partners, to encourage each other we'd hurl all kinds of insults. I took to calling them Bubba and BillyBob. In return, they called me Joey, from that crappy TV show Friends; and we all asked each other, "How U Doin?"

Beyond Bubba and BillyBob, my mother was fast becoming my best friend and possibly the only person I liked in Florida. Back in New York I would've said, I liked'ed'ed'ed'ed . In Florida none of the sch'morons would've known what I was t'awkin' about.

At my mother's house, the living room - or great room - was the center of the house, with an open kitchen in the front. On the far side of the living was the master bedroom with the master bath. On the other side, across the hall from the two-car garage was a full bathroom and the second bedroom. After moving into her house, I discovered Mom's nightly routine.

She usually kept her bedroom door open all the time, except when dressing. At night, she'd set up her crossword command post on her bed, where she'd watch TV until conking out for the night. If home, which I almost always was, I usually ended up watching some crap on the TV in the living room before heading off to bed in my own bedroom. From the living room, with her bedroom door open I knew when Mom went to sleep. The TV and small lamp on her nightstand off, her door became a dark shadow.

One night, I was in the living room getting ready to watch *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* on HBO, when Mom came out of her bedroom and headed towards the kitchen. I enjoyed watching her walk by. She was dressed in her usual nighttime attire: a lightweight, slightly oversized tee shirt and a pair of ladies' running shorts; you know, those loose shorts, usually a single color with white piping that ends just barely below a woman's hips. Since everything is purportedly covered they are supposedly decent, still they showed a spellbinding amount of leg reaching all the way up to the barest hint of buttocks. I enjoyed the sight of her sexy legs and bare feet.

From the kitchen, I heard microwave popcorn popping. A few minutes later, she reemerged in the living room carrying a bowl of popcorn. Pausing, she looked at the TV screen. I guess to see what I was watching.

"Oh, I see you're watching the same movie as I am. Why don't you come join me and we'll watch it together," she offered. Without waiting for an answer, she bopped off to her room;

and I enjoyed watching her ass bounce along. Alone again in the living room I debated and then decided to join her. Since the TV in the living room was a bigger, brighter TV than the one in her bedroom, I must admit the deciding factor was the smell of the popcorn.

"Hey, doll. Come sit next to me," she smiled joyfully at me when I entered her bedroom with uncertainty. This would be the first time I was in her room. A few times, I spoke to her while she was on her bed but I always remained standing in the doorway.

As kids, we didn't enter my parent's bedroom, their door always closed. My older sisters used to dare me to go in there while Mom was in the kitchen and Dad was in the living room. One time, I caved to their pressure and Dad caught me leaving their bedroom. After a punch to the head knocked me down, he demanded, "What were you doing in there?"

"They dared me," I snitched. Looking around, I saw my sisters disappeared from the scene of the crime. Like a rat, I

squealed, "Wendy and Lisa dared me to do it." They lost TV privileges for two days, while I was grounded three days for being a snitch. To paraphrase Danny Vermin from Johnny Dangerously, I entered my parent's bedroom once. Once!

With trepidation, I entered her bedroom. Mom sat on top of the covers on her usual right-hand side of the bed, if facing it. After shutting off the small lamp on her nightstand, she started clearing on a space for me on the bed by putting all her crossword stuff on her nightstand. The light from the TV was enough to see it was obvious she wanted me to get on her bed with her. As I climbed onto her bed, I was extremely self-conscious of this. It was the first time I was on my parents' bed in at least fifteen years when I was three or four years old.

I probably would've just sat on the bottom edge but from her actions, Mom wanted me by her. At the head of the bed, I ended up sitting upright almost exactly in the center of her bed with my back against the wall. I stretched out my legs and she deposited the bowl of popcorn on my lap before curling up against me. Where I was initially hesitant and stiff, she was the opposite. Mom, casually, simply curled up against my left

side, slipping her right arm behind me. Resting her head on my hip, she draped her left arm over my thighs. From this position, she started munching away on her popcorn and watched the movie.

After maybe a half-hour or so, I began to relax, loosen up and feel a little more at ease. My left arm was hooked behind her neck with my hand resting on her head. It just felt natural I should start stroking her head and hair. When I did, she started purring almost as if a contented kitten. At first, I paid almost as much attention to stroking her head as I did the movie. Moving my hand around I found similar to petting a cat, stroking her head she also had 'happy spots'; you know, those spots you can pet forever, according to them. On my Mom, it was on the bottom, backside edges of her skull. Working my fingers beneath her hair, I stroked scratched and rubbed her scalp. She purred with pleased merriment.

In some ways, it was almost hypnotic rubbing her head. I became enthralled by the sensations coming off my fingertips. I was entranced how while rubbing her head I would experience tingles throughout my entire body. There

were times I would feel an electric buzz race down my spine and then pop when they reached my fingers and toes. Yet as intoxicating as it was petting Mom's head it was also mind numbing; not in a bad way, it's just I sorta switched into an autopilot mode. My body petted her as my mind watched the movie. As the movie's bizarreness began making sense, I got sucked into the plot as it built towards its climax.

At the end of the movie, I was somewhat amazed to discover Mom zonked out. Yet she was still firmly attached to me. Her right arm remained behind my back with her right hand hooked onto my right hip. Having finished the popcorn, the bowl was on her nightstand and her left arm loosely clutched my thighs. Fortunately, without waking her, I was able to lean over and grab the remote. Flipping through the channels, I found some South Park repeats to watch and some other crap. By one in the morning, I was still trapped on her bed, still in her clutches. Turning off the TV, Mom's bedroom was dark yet she didn't stir. Luckily, I was able to slip down and lay down myself without waking her. After a bit, I finally fell asleep.

In the morning, I woke up to the sound of the shower running. As I sat up, I realized we spent the night together - and I slept great. After a few minutes, I heard the shower shut off and Mom came out the door from the master bath. Wrapped in her robe, she smelled and looked fresh and delectable.

"Oh good, you're up. Now get out. I gotta get dressed and get to work," she said with her charming, enchanting laff. After I made my way to edge of the right side of the bed and my feet hit the floor, she came. Mom gave me a kiss on the cheek and purred, "I'll see you tonight."

As I ate breakfast, I realized my mother had bequeathed me with a kiss for the first time in I don't know when.

Chapter Nine

This very quickly became our daily routine. Whether we returned home late after being at Mom an' Dad's, my grandparent's house, or she and I spent the night at home by

the end I was in Mom's bed. I would be on Mom's bed rubbing her head until she fell asleep. In the morning, she gave me a kiss and kicked me out.

One afternoon I came home. Since it was usually just Mom and I in the house, I didn't feel the need to announce my presence. Opening my bedroom door, I discovered Aunt Kim in my room, asleep in my bed. Assuming she was in a narcotic coma, I let her sleep while finding out what the deal was from her sister. "Mom, why is Kim in my room?"

"Are you ready for some Jerry Springer shit?" she asked in a humored voice. I nodded my head both curious and also felt a sense of trepidation.

"Okay, so Kim is now dating Ross' (Aunt Amy's husband) co-defendant's brother. While those two are in jail, the only reason he isn't is because he's testifying against them." Perhaps seeing my eyes widen, she continued with a sarcastic laugh, "Yeah, fuckin' snitch is testifying against his own

brother and Ross. Good dude," she said with a snort of derision.

"And this is the guy Kim now wants to fuck," she shook her head in bemused bafflement. "So anyway, last night she tried to sneak him into the house when Dad caught them and he flipped. They all got into a fight and now she's gonna stay here. I hope that's alright." From her tone, I could tell she wanted me to say it was. After experiencing her family's craziness, I knew Kim would probably only last a few days. I gave her a Whatever shrug and smirk. She smiled, "Thanks."

That night, Mom and I were watching TV in her bedroom. However, tonight she was lying on her frontside with her feet on the pillows. At the foot of the bed, her head faced the TV; her chin propped atop her crossed arms. This was because I was straddling her legs, massaging them. Yesterday she worked-out at the gym doing a leg routine, which I thoroughly enjoyed checking out. I had been seriously impressed by how she was able to squat 135 pounds with excellent form. One-thirty-five is the weight of the bar, 45-

pounds, and those large 45-pound plates on each side. She repped up an' down with impressive ease.

Enjoying myself, I rubbed, squeezed and kneaded Mom's hamstrings; while glad the dim light from the TV helped hide the massive boner I sported. Unannounced, Aunt Kim walked into Mom's dark bedroom. She nonchalantly sat on the corner of the bed, next to Mom's head. Then, as if ignoring my existence, Norah and her sister started yammering away about I couldn't care what. At first, Kim was kvetching about her new boyfriend and about Amy and blah, blah, blah... I just tuned them both out.

Instead, I focused on the TV; along with how succulent my Mom's legs were. After a while, Mom asked/ordered me to grab the bottle of Olay body lotion she kept on her nightstand and to start rubbing it on her legs. I started at her ankles and worked my way up an' up an' up. I couldn't believe how she opened her legs and silently encouraged me to go up further and reach deeper an' deeper into her inner thighs - all while her sister sat right next to us!

At 11:30 PM, after the local yokel news on Channel 12 was over Mom announced, "Okay, I'm going to sleep. Get out."

Kim ruffled Mom's short hair and left. I started to climb off the bed, planning to head off to the living room.

"Not you," she laughingly corrected. I paused in my tracks.

"Come here and lay down on me and keep me safe," she requested/instructed. While she reached over and grabbing the remote shut off the TV, I tried to process this development. In the darkness, I was a bit baffled. She hadn't moved from her spot. She continued to lie in the middle of the bed, on her frontside with her feet on the pillows and head by the foot of the bed. Still confused, I thought, Umm... alright.

Leaving her bedroom door open, I climbed back onto the bed. Laying my chest upon her back, I rested my body atop hers covering her - all while extremely self-conscious of the woodie I sported and how it pressed against her ass.

Eventually settled, I was atop her with my weight fully on her and she sighed contently. She turned her head back and I somehow sensed she wanted a kiss. I gave her a quick peck on the lips. She smiled and murmured, "Good night."

In the morning, I got another quick kiss on the lips and was kicked out.

Three days later Aunt Kim and Mom got into a fight over something or the other. Kim stormed out of the house in a huff, back to living at Mom an' Dad's house.

Norah and I had our house back to ourselves.

Chapter Ten

As the days turned to weeks, Mom became very casual and comfortable around me but also remained prim and proper. We slept together every night, often with her asking me to lay on her until she fell asleep. We exchanged our nightly

lightening quick kiss goodnight. In the morning, I got another quick peck and then kicked out before she would get dressed.

In fact, she would never undress or dress with me present and she always seemed to make sure she was always fully clothed. This meant she would wear her tiny shorts and a shirt. However, one change was instead of wearing her own tee shirts she took to wearing my T-shirts. Since I wear a men's XXL, on her the sleeves reached her elbows and the bottom hung to about her mid-thigh, deliciously hiding the fact she was wearing shorts underneath.

At Grandma and Grandpa's house, things were strangely unique. Mom was still comfortably casual with me yet open about everything, as if what was happening was nothing or no big deal.

With my stoic brooding and natural standoffishness, and heeding Mom's advice, I maintained a comfortable distance from what I sorta thought of as 'her family' and their madness.

Watching those four, plus Mom, dance their dance I knew I was not equipped to get into their mosh pit.

With it being summer, whenever we went over there I often escaped from them by jumping into the pool and Norah would often join me.

And here was one of society's ironies.

At home, Mom was fully dressed and always made sure I didn't see her in a bra or panties. Yet at Mom an' Dad's, Norah would gladly change into a 2-piece bikini that would make my eyes bulge, make me drool, and cause me to 'rise to the occasion.'

Perhaps because of her newfound self-confidence from her sculpted physique, she'd wear a simple top, which pleasantly complimented her small bust; usually two small triangles that covered and cupped her breasts. The rest of her delicious upper body would be on display. From her Body Sculpting, all of her was developed, and by not being too lean, her

shoulders and arms were nicely toned and rounded. Her stomach was mostly flat without being too much. You could see the hints of her ab muscles from the thousands of crunches she did but the slight amount of surface body-fat kept everything soft and feminine. I also discovered she pierced her navel and would often sport some type of hanging jewelry.

From there, though, the bikini bottom Mom would wear was usually a T-back or thong that displayed the fact her ass was thunderously bangin'. Norah would hang out at Mom an' Dad's with her ass fully on display as if completely oblivious of this fact - and what an ass my Mom now sported. While big and round, it wasn't horrifyingly wide. Instead, it delectably curved outward, flaring back as much as to the sides before swooping in, curving to merge with her well-toned, shapely hamstrings. While you couldn't rest a beer on her caboose, you could easily rest a shot glass.

If I was in the pool, she usually jumped in and joined me. The others sat at the table smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, beer wine coolers or whatever, along with the usual bickering.

Ignoring them, Norah and I frolicked in the water, splashing each other or sometimes some playful roughhousing. I'd dunk her under the water or she would climb on my back and try to drown me. While I could easily overpower her I'd let her muscle me around, until I doused her.

I also noticed how, in some ways, Mom seemed to use me as a buffer or a barrier when we were over there. Whether we were sitting outside on the patio, or everyone was hanging out in the kitchen, I usually tried to maintain a certain amount of physical distance and separation from the crazies. At the outside rectangular-shaped patio table, there was a bit of a standard seating pattern. Mom an' Dad, aka my grandparents, would always sit alongside each other with their backs to the house, even when not talking to each other! I suspect this was because the always-in-use ashtray was centered in between them. From there it was a haphazard mix, depending on who was present be it Amy, Kim, a stray boyfriend, or neighbor.

I developed a routine of sitting somewhat at the front right corner of the table, which placed me upwind of the blue haze of cigarette smoke, and slightly apart from them. Mom would

joyfully sit on my lap, resting her wonderfully bare buns on my thighs as if this was totally normal - and no one else even blinked. With her there, I loved how it hid me from whatever inane conversation was occurring. I think her family viewed me almost like the dangerous guard dog you didn't wanna piss off. While the vipers would lash out at each other, they were more cautious and courteous towards Norah while my mother was under my guard.

Be that as it may, I also loved the feel of her body on mine. I savored her scent. I delighted when she snuggled up tight on my lap. She'd lean her soft hard-body on my chest, almost snuggling up to me - at her parents', my grandparents' house! To, thankfully, keep me excluded from the conversation she often handed me her hairbrush and I would merrily brush her hair while I went off into my own mind-trip.

As an added treat, whenever we arrived separately, which was common, she would greet me with her quick kiss on the lips. I often received a text from her saying, met u at M n' D's. If I got there after working at Home Depot, Mom would jump up from her seat, greet me with a peck on the lips. She'd wait for

me to sit and then would sit on my lap in front of everyone as if this was perfectly normal.

By her openness with all that was happening between us and no one else seemingly bothered by it or even taking notice of it, I tried to process and digest it all. I tried to convince myself this was normal behavior. While intellectually, I tried to reason my mother's behavior wasn't unusual or enticing, my body didn't always see it this way. More often than not, I was at least sporting a partial chubbie if not a full hard-on. There was no way Mom didn't discern this fact. Usually she pretended not to notice me standing at attention but not always.

"You wanna move That so it's not jabbing me in the thigh," Norah more than once whispered in my ear with that impish laff of hers.

Chapter Eleven

While I struggled to interpret her behavior and these new feelings I was having towards my Mom, I was startled to realize how prevalent incest humor was on TV. Previously, I must never have noticed before. The most obvious example was on Family Guy. I watched this show with relish since its beginning. Now watching it, I realized Peter frequently comments on the level of attraction he feels towards his daughter, Meg. There was an episode where it's revealed the son, Chris has a massive cock and his mom, Lois is shown going back to get a second peek. There's an episode where Peter is married to Meg and Stewie to Lois. They even show Peter and Meg in bed together! Then there's the fact Carter Pewterschmidt, Lois' father often tries to accost her, even begging to touch her. In one episode, Peter and Lois do it on top of her father pinned beneath them.

To go along with Family Guy, there's American Dad. In one episode, Hayley Smith dates her father's body double, who is an exact copy of him except the personality. There were also the innuendos about momma's boy, Steve Smith and his mother Francine. On the innocuous The Simpsons, did you know that neighboring and rival city Shelbyville was founded

for those who believe that people should be allowed to marry their cousins? I shit you not! I was surprised to learn there's an entire backstory to this fact, and multiple episodes about it. Ironically, or not, Shelbyville is depicted as the better city with better sports teams, better schools and better health care, as Grandpa Abe Simpson says, "I'm going to a better place, Shelbyville Hospital!"

Some other shows, I noticed would play the implied, innuendo game. On Scrubs, they would show the hospital lawyer talking with someone on the phone only to reveal it was his Mom, accompanied by the whoops trombone music. They also joked about how Dr. Turk would cuddle with his mom. Once when his mother visited them Carla, Turk's wife, had to sleep on the living room sofa because his mom slept in the bed with her son.

On How I Met Your Mother, I became conscious the show constantly plays on the fact all three guys are very aware their mother is attractive and they imply the boys are all a little too close to their mother, mostly especially Marshall. There was even an episode where all five characters discover they are all

subconsciously dating their parents. On an episode of Two and Half Men, Charlie discovers he's dating a younger copy of his mother. When his pseudo-mom invites him upstairs for sex, he debates with himself before saying, "Screw it. I'm going to hell anyway."

On an episode of That 70's Show, Eric's cousin comes to visit. When he discovers she's hot, he tries to hook-up with her, only to get caught by his father with Eric wearing only his tighty-whities underwear!

While those shows implied and alluded to a certain incestuous nature, on the show The New Adventures of Old Christine with Julia-Louis Dreyfus, they openly played on the sexual tension existing between her character Christine and her brother, Matthew. They showed one of them having a dream of them romantically kissing their sibling. They awoke horrified, yet Matthew continued living at his sister's house and in some odd ways they were each other's closest friend and confidante. They often shared stories and details of their sexual conquests to the other.

One morning as I ate a bowl of Grape-Nuts, I realized/wondered if I was in a sexless marriage with my own mother. We did everything together from hanging out and having fun to grocery shopping, and we slept together every night. This realization wasn't too much of a shock because while I was aware of Norah's faults, in many ways I still viewed my mother as an idealized goddess. While she was now the sole focus of my fantasies, in real life I still had trouble viewing Mom as a sexualized human being.

This changed one day. I don't know what exactly motivated me, perhaps being a lil deviant was the cause, but I went looking through her lingerie dresser draw. I found it quite titillating to be sifting through, touching her bras and panties, which she kept in an unsorted jumbled mess. Then I made a startling discovery. I would have never believed it before but my Mom had some toys of her own!

I was stunned, and aroused like never before, to see my mother owned a pinkish latex dildo and I thought proudly, I'm bigger than that. She also owned the classic silver bullet vibrator, the one that's somewhat shaped like a metallic cigar

holder except instead of a screw-on cap at its base there's a black twist knob. She had a similar one made of warm plastic in the colors of a pink candy cane. Along with those, she owned a white mini vibrator, somewhat the size and shape of a Pez dispenser; and also a purple magic egg. Picking them up, I discovered they all had working batteries except her magic egg.

I wondered when she had the time and opportunities to play with her toys since we were together so much. Suddenly, I grasped why I often found the flexible massaging/pulsating showerhead in the master bathroom hooked on the rail instead of up top in its normal place. Previously, I would get annoyed whenever I found it at waist high and would have to click it back into place before I could shower, usually after having to wait for the hot water to recharge also.

Now those odd requests from her, which sent me off to the Publix supermarket down the street from us started to make a bit more sense. At some odd time, say nine o'clock at night, she would suddenly say to me, "Oh shoot, I need you to do

me a favor. Can you run over to Publix and pick up a can of Scrubbing Bubbles while I remember we need some?"

Being the devoted son I am, I was always willing to take the 10-minute walk down Goldcoast Ave. Cutting through the church parking lot, I'd reach the shopping center. If at night, I often stopped at the McDonalds and got us a couple of their great hot apple pies. With the walk each way and the time there, I would be gone for 30 to 40 minutes. As if a light bulb over my head switched on, I realized this must give her sufficient time to explore herself.

I now grasped, understood and realized a certain truth:

My Mom truly is a woman with wants, needs and desires.

Chapter Twelve

Tuesday, August 8, 2006 was a typical Florida day, hazy, hot and humid. At four o'clock in the afternoon, it was still 9,000

degrees with 400% humidity. Mom and I were at Mom and Dad's playing in the pool. The other four lunatics were gone for the day, spending the day at Buccaneer Bay waterpark in Weeki Wachee.

Norah was snared against the side of the pool, trapped. She tried to deke left and I blocked her. She fainted right and I blocked her. Then with a lascivious grin, Mom defiantly challenged me:

"Okay big boy, make your move."

And I did. Closing the space between us, I pinned her to the side of the pool and mashed my lips to hers. Without surprise, pause or hesitation she kissed me back. I was done waiting and wanting. I wanted her and wasn't going to wait. That she was the forbidden fruit, my mother, would not stop me. I would have her. Right here, Right now!

Pressing her lips to mine, our heads rolled in erotic unison. Reaching up, she hooked her arms around my neck and I

easily lifted her up. Cupping my hands underneath her butt, I held her to me. She wrapped her legs around my waist and our mouths opened to release our desire for the other. Our tongues met and we explored each other's mouths. To feel her tongue in my mouth was beyond description. I wanted her, needed her now!

Reaching up, I easily untied the strings to her bikini bottom and daftly removed it. I was about to shuck my own trunks when Mom boldly asked, "You want our first time to be right here?"

I paused for a second; and realized I didn't care where we were, I just had to have her. However, my pause was enough for her offer, "How 'bout we do it on Mom an' Dad's bed?"

If that's how she wants to play this, then I'm game, I thought. I hoisted her up and outta the pool. Her rump landed on the edge. I ordered my mother to, "Get that fine ass of yours in there."

Since Mom an' Dad's bedroom is at the back of the house, I delightfully watched my bottom-less Mom scamper towards the glass slider leading into it. I hoisted myself out of the pool and met my awaiting lover at the door. Kissing her warm, wet, waiting lips, I pushed us through the threshold, past the vertical blinds and curtains. I forced her to keep backpedaling until she reached the large king-sized bed. I drove Norah onto it with me landing hard atop her.

We didn't pause. We landed on my grandparents', her parents' bed, with a thump, bounce, thump. Our incestuous lust for each other was now unleashed, unrestrained and unstoppable. We kissed at each other with a frantic mania. Our bodies writhed, thrashed and entwined as our forbidden desire for each other threatened to consume us.

"Oh, oh, oh," she panted. My body slipped to her side and my right hand began exploring her. Boldly, confidently, immorally I ran my hand over my mother's pussy. I rubbed, stroked and fondled my Mom's pussy. She writhed beneath my touch with wanton desire.

"Oh, oh, oh god, oh god," she pleaded. I explored her honey pot and easily slipped a finger into her warm, wet pussy. Fingering her pussy felt a thousand times better than the times I fantasized about it.

"Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, oh jeez, yes, yes, yes," Mom cheered. I slipped another finger into her pussy. Her pussy was delightfully snug yet welcoming. Her pussy walls were slick and squishy, yielding yet squeezed upon my fingers.

"You like that. Huh?" I roguishly teased. We both sifted to watch her son finger my Mom's pussy. Propped up on her elbows, she looked down at her bared pussy to see her son's fingers slipping in an' out of her. As I moved my hand in an' out, around 'n around, she kissed me hungrily.

"Oh god baby, that feels so fuckin' good. Oh god, you got me so hot. Oh god, that feels so fuckin' good. Yeah, yeah, yeah, like that, over some, up, yeah right there, yeah like that," she babbled. I worked my fore and middle finger deep into her pussy. I rolled my thumb upon her erect, excited clit.

"Oh baby, oh baby, oh god yes," she squealed. I shook my hand upon, in her pussy. Curling my two fingers, I jackhammered my mother's pussy and she writhed beneath me in erotic ecstasy.

"Whoa!" she shrieked after I slipped to the edge of the bed and forcefully pulled her to me. Her ass hung on the edge and her legs draped over my shoulders. Mom's beautiful pussy was right there in my face. Her pussy was tight and thin, her pussy lips were wet and puffy. There was no stopping us. Neither of us wanted to stop.

"Oh Jesus, yes, yes, yes," she shouted. I buried my face in her muff and vigorously shook my head, smothering my face in her mound.

"Oh god babe, lick my pussy like that. Oh god yes, lick your Mom's cunt like that," she begged. I licked her pussy. Using the broad of my tongue and by craning my neck, I ran my

tongue from her t'aint to the tip of her pussy lips. Over an' over, with long, loving licks, I licked at her liquidly pussy.

"Oh god, that feels so fucking good. Oh god yes. Oh god, lick your Mom's pussy just like that," she mumbled in a lust-filled slur. I savored the juices leaking from her. She tasted salty and sweet.

"Oh god babe, eat me, eat my pussy, eat your Mom's pussy," Norah pleaded. She pressed my face to her quim. Her scent was intoxicating and my mind felt like it was floating in the clouds.

"Oh god, Val. That's it, that's it, that's it. Suck on my clit, suck Mom's clit, suck your Mom's clit while you finger her pussy," she instructed her son. She held fast to the fistful of my hair. She bucked her hips up an' down, mashing her pussy upon my face. Mom smushed her pussy upon me. She mushed her son's face upon her pussy.

"Oh Jesus, keep fingering Mom's pussy while you suck on my clit. Oh Jesus Christ, please lick me clean," she prayed. The more excited she get, the more excited I wanted to make her.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god..." she panted as she gasped for breath. She grasped my head ever tighter.

"Lick Mom's pussy, lick Mom's pussy, lick me, lick me. yes, Yes, YES, YES! YES!!" she howled in shameless bliss. My Mom was cumming and was unrepentant it was her son who was providing her the carnal pleasure. Loving it, Mom howled with incestuous delight from cumming.

"I need to you inside of me," Norah begged/ordered.

Chapter Thirteen

My mother pulled me up from her hot, wet loving pussy. I let her yank me up by my hair until I was over her loving, lovely face. I kissed her fully.

"Are you ready to fuck your mother, you mother-fuckin' big dick son of a bitch?"

"Don't call yourself a bitch," I growled.

"Then make me your bitch," she ordered. Even as aroused as I was by it, I was bewildered by how nasty she was talking. While I heard her curse before, it was very infrequent and never directed at me. Even in my fantasies, I never imagined Norah would call herself "Mom" while we were doing any of this.

I pressed my lips to hers and pressed my body tight to hers. Our bodies writhed with carnal yearning. Without effort, as if we were meant to be together, our bodies aligned. Effortlessly, I entered her, my cock penetrated her pussy. My mind screamed, I'm fucking Mom!

"Oh god, yes! Yes, yes, yes, oh god yes," she cried out when I slid my cock into her, penetrating her. Merging, we became one. Son and mother became Man and Woman. Her and I became Us.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mother-fucka," she scandalously shouted while I eagerly, excitedly, frantically slammed away at her, ramming my cock in an' outta her pussy. Like a greyhound at the Sarasota dog-track, I shot out the gate chasing the hare at full-speed.

"Fuck your mother like you mean it. Fuck your mother like you've been wanting to. Give me the dicking I need.

"Oh god baby, that's it, that's it, that's it.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mutha-fucka," she screamed, she shouted, she screeched. Not only was my Mom unashamed, uninhibited about having sex with me, but Norah was proud to be fucking her son.

Since she was on the edge of the bed, while I was laying on her in her, my body hung half off the bed. My feet were on the floor, which allowed me to thrust forward, driving hard with my thighs. All those years of heavy-duty leg workouts paid their dividends. I pressed onto, into her with all my might. She lifted her legs up, opening herself wide. Grabbing her ankles, she spread herself open even wider.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mutha-fucka," Norah demanded, my mother commanded. I gladly obeyed her orders, loving every second of fucking my cursing Mom.

"Oh god baby, that's it, that's it, that's it," my mother rambled as she held herself open letting her son slam, ram and pound his cock in an' outta her pussy.

"Give it to me, give it to me, give it to me good" Mom ordered as she held her ankles, granting me total access to her body and succulent pussy. I gave in to her incessant demands. My

cock drove deep into her pussy, my body crashed down upon hers and the bed rocked beneath us.

Shifting, I stood up and took hold of her legs. Pulling her further open, she was a high and wide flying V. Looking down, there lay my mother fully on display to me. Wet from sex, slick with sweat, moist from the pool, she looked beautiful to me. She was beautiful. Reaching between us, she guided her son's cock back into her pussy. "Oh god babe, you feel so good."

"Oh god Norah," I called out as I rocked my cock in an' out of her pussy. I watched myself fuck my mother. I been fantasizing about this and now the actual was even better. To see my cock in her pussy was mesmerizing. To see me fucking Mom was triumphant. To see my Mom fucking her son was the ultimate.

"Oh god Mom, that is so hot," I shouted as I watched her. Watching me watch her, she took her right hand and decadently licked her fingers. Shamelessly, immorally my

Mom began rubbing the top of her pussy, her nub, her clit. Invigorated, I continued to thrust in an' out of her.

"You like seeing that?" Mom brazenly asked. She looked directly at me, almost challenging me.

"Keep playing yourself," I commanded.

"You wanna see your Mom play with herself while her son fucks her?"

"Yeah, BITCH," I thundered back at her.

"Yeah? Yeah? Yeah! Look at this bitch take this dicking. Look at this bitch take her son's dick. Look at this bitch fucking her son," she wickedly cursed.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mutha-fucka," Norah chanted. Following her wishes, I continued fucking

Mom. Continuously, almost manically, I drove my cock in an' outta her pussy. The sight was magical to behold.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mutha-fucka," she grunted. I held her ankles high and slammed my cock upon her. Every time our bodies merged, there was a cacophony of wet slapping of bodies meeting carnally. Fap, Fap, Fap, Fap

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mutha-fucka make me cum. Make your mother cum while you fuck her. Fuck me 'til I cum you motherfucking son of a bitch," she howled. She didn't have to worry, I had no intention of stopping, ever! I continued ramming, jamming, slamming my cock into her.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god; I'm Cumming!

"Oh GAAAAWWWWWWDDDD," my mother screamed so loud the rest of our family must have heard her all the way in Weeki Wachee. I paused to watch Mom climax and what a sight it was. Her body stiffened and twisted, her eyes stared

forward and her mouth hung open. At her peak, she was blessedly quiet.

"Take me from behind," Norah asked/bade as she panted. Trying to recover from her high-decibel, eardrum-shattering orgasm, she gasped for breath. Pulling back, she gracelessly scooted further back up on her parent's bed and I released her legs. She rolled over onto her frontside and her magnificent ass was on display. Instead of getting on her hands and knees into a doogie-style position, she lay there on the bed and spread her legs open. I knew she wanted me to mount her just like all those nights we lain together. I climbed onto my grandparents' bed, ready to fuck my Mom. This time when I pressed my body upon hers, instead of being self-conscious of my boner, my cock returned home into her warm, welcoming pussy.

"Mmmm, god that's it, that's it," she murmured. At first, I gently rocked my body upon hers.

"That's it fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, you mutha-fucka," she moaned. I picked up the pace. Driving forward, I loved the feel of her glorious ass pressing upon my hips.

But I was getting tired of one thing.

"Now shut up and just take this dicking," I demanded. I reached forward and clasped her throat. Lightly squeezing her neck just enough to shut her up, Mom rammed her body back upon mine.

"That's it huh? You hump the bed while your son fucks ya, huh? Is this what you were thinking about all these times I was lying on you?" I accused. I slammed my body upon hers. As I proudly fucked my mother, she joyfully humped her parents' bed. As I ground my cock into her, she was grinding upon the mattress below.

"You were thinking of this all those times, wishing your son was fucking you, huh?" I denounced and was manic with my furious lust.

"Well now you got your wish. I'm gonna be fucking this pussy from now. I'm gonna be fucking you from now on. I'm gonna be fucking my Mom from now on," I promised. We knew it was a promise I would keep.

"Oh god, oh god, take it, take it, take it," I grunted. We fucked each other silly. We fucked ourselves silly. We fucked and we fucked and we fucked.

I raced, sprinting towards the Finish Line. Like a greyhound chasing the hare, I tried to chase her down. Like the dog can't catch the hare but tries anyhow, I was close to cumming but she was ahead of me.

She was cumming, again! The bitch was enjoying her third time around the track as I charged towards completing my first. Mom was cumming and I was coming for her.

"Are you ready to take my load? Are you ready to feel your son cum in your pussy? Are you ready to feel me cum in my Mom's cunt?" I yelled. She nodded her head with frantic desire. With one last heave, I buried my cock into her. Crossing the Finish Line, I was cumming with the greatest of gusto.

My first shot fired outta my cock so hard, thick and full it felt almost if it was ripping open. Mom grunted. My second fired with bad intent. Norah groaned beneath me. I humped forward and my third and fourth loads of hot cum ejected. Mom sighed with satisfied pleasure, her pussy filling with her son's cum. Another lunge forward got numbers five and six out before the final lava flow of cum oozed out to fill and flood my Mom's pussy. Finished cumming, I felt hollow, empty, spent. I felt how tight her pussy was, filled with my seed.

"Oh god, Val. You are motherfuckin' the best mother-fucker."

We laid there for long minutes. The only sound our raspy, labored inhaled and exhaled as we both struggled to catch our breath. We laid there; me on top of my Mom, Norah lying beneath her son. After a while, I almost started to doze off when I felt my Mom's body begin to jiggle from laughter.

"You know Val, that was better than I ever fantasized," Norah admitted. Instantly, images of my Mom fucking herself on our bed with her toys, while thinking of me, sprang into my mind.

"Good because next time I wanna watch you play," I told her. She looked back at me with a guilty grin. Kissing me, she promised to let son watch his Mom masturbate.

I rested my weary, exhausted body atop her soft, succulent, sweaty bewitchingly sweet body. The scent of our sex was an intoxicating fragrance. As if she cast a sleeping spell upon me, I became drowsy. I sensed more than felt that she wanted me to get up. With our kindred bond, we operated as one.

Together we crawled in her parents', my grandparents' bed, snuggling close to each other.

"What?" I mumbled. I felt her trying to suppress her laffs.

"I was just thinking how USF has a good medical program and how nice it would to have you here for that."

Hours, days, years later I heard the lunatics from the asylum return home. Akin to how we slept at home, soundlessly asleep Mom was curled up around me. I heard Mom an' Dad's bedroom door open and felt a sliver of light on my closed eyelids, followed by my grandmother softly saying, "Oh..."

Hearing my grandparent's chuckle, the door shut. Holding Norah tight, I went back to sleep.

Chapter Fourteen

After Tuesday, August 8, 2006, our lives were forever changed.

With Norah's encouragement and prodding, or maybe I should say my continuous 'prodding of her,' I transformed myself into an attentive student. It was hard work but I became a 4.0 pre-med student. After four years, USF accepted me into their medical school.

Mom and I became constant lovers. While not announcing it we also didn't hide our relationship. Norah was the only woman I needed in my life and I didn't even bother pretending to date. When one of my sisters came to visit I still slept in the Master bedroom with my lover; and my sister would sleep in my unused room. When her sisters invaded our sanctuary, they were banished to my bedroom. I remained in the Master bedroom with Mom. They never said anything about it and if they had any suspicions, they kept it to themselves.

No one seemed to notice or mind that I called my mother "Norah" more often than "Mom" and, like their daughters, I called my grandparents, "Mom" and "Dad." In fact, my sisters found this quite amusing. While they continued to call our mother, Mom, when speaking to me they might say, dripping with sisterly sarcasm, "How are you and Norah doing?" or "When are you and Norah going to come up to New York to visit?" If I spoke to my grandmother I could say, "Mom and Dad went to Publix," and this didn't seem odd.

I did however notice one odd trait. At home, Norah and I often made love, long, passionate sessions of carnal pleasure. But at Mom an' Dad's, my Mom was a freak. We fucked in every room and on every surface there, including the patio table and the pool. Soon I learned to recognize That Look. Everyone could be sitting around the table with her perched upon my lap. She'd give me That Look. She'd get up and excuse herself. I would wait a few minutes then leave myself. I'd find Mom waiting for me somewhere's and we'd fuck like it was the Discovery Channel, fast, frantic, furiously and usually lasting only minutes. Completed, we'd rejoin her family.

We once fucked like frantic primates on the side of her parent's house, right next to the back corner of the house where the patio was. I had her back pinned against the stucco, her legs around my waist. I was slamming in an' out of her; both of us trying not to grunt because her father, my grandfather sat in his chair smoking. He was less than three feet away, on the other side of the corner of the house!

Once, there was this time I was in the kitchen talking to Dad about auto mechanics. Although he was my grandfather, like his daughters I now called him this, too. I retired my Mitsubishi Eclipse for a Honda Accord EX-L sports coupe. When I wasn't busy with school, I enjoyed working on it trying to squeeze every bit of power out it. I sought to trim every tenth of a second off it, turning it into a mighty pocket rocket.

Perhaps from his experience working at Con Ed, my grandfather was fascinated by the electronics in my car and we often discussed ideas and options. While still wary of the

'viper's nest,' I discovered cars were a safe topic. He was interested while it chased off the other loonies.

I stood in the food prep side of the kitchen leaning on the L-portion of the counter facing towards the dining area. Dad sat at the kitchen table, on the other side of the counter. He and I were discussing the possibility of installing a variable adjust valve to the upgraded aftermarket turbo charger we recently installed in my Honda. Surprised, I felt movement below me.

"It would need to be its own separate knob, not connected to the electronics readout console. I don't wanna flip to another screen to adjust the boost, but I don't really see any space on the dash that would be convenient," I explained. Previously we installed a digital electronics readout pod with a flexible gooseneck, which hovered near my gearshift. From there, I could monitor and adjust, on the fly, my ignition and fuel mix, plus a multitude of other stuff.

"What about using the cigarette lighter outlet?" he speculated. And below me, someone reached out from inside the cabinets

and began unzipping my jeans. I didn't have to look to see who it was. I was already hard for her.

"Huh?" I wondered dazedly. She snaked my cock out from the front of my boxers. Mentally, I was flabbergasted. My mother hid herself in the kitchen cabinets and now, as I spoke with her father she was tugging on my exposed cock.

"The cigarette lighter is on the bottom edge of the dash..." Dad proposed as his daughter kissed the tip of my cock, sending shivers through my body.

"Uh-huh," I tried to remain focused; yet Mom was luxuriously licking the underside of my cock. Starting at the base, she ran her tongue all the way up to my helmet. There, she would do a loop around the tip of my 'shroom.

"...right above your right knee," Dad continued explaining as his daughter, five feet in front of him but hidden by particleboard and laminate veneer, took her son's cock into her mouth.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled. She started slipping her warm, moist lips along my shaft. My mind screamed at my brain, Is Mom about to suck my dick while I'm talking to her father?

"So, it's near your hand when you're holding the shifter, or working the pod," he elaborated. Nodding my head, I thought, Actually your daughter, my Mom, is holding my shifter right now. She held the base of my cock and made love to my cockhead by swirling her tongue around an' around.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh," I moaned excitedly. Her head bobbed up an' down on my cock. Her lips rode my hot rod, her tongue dragged along the undercarriage. My body felt as if it was about to float away. Looking at my grandfather, I prayed my eyes didn't show that his daughter was giving me head.

"So what I'm thinking is we replace the socket with an adjustment knob. We could even fashion one that looks like the cigarette lighter itself so it isn't visible; but in the back we

can run the wires up to the turbo charger and control the level of boost. You following my thinking?"

"Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh," I nodded in agreement. My mind was spinning. I was drifting looser than my Honda ever did. Mom was fervently sucking my cock like an out-of-control nympho. My body hummed charged with electricity. I felt the hairs on my arms standing erect as her lips and tongue worked wonders on my hard cock.

"Good. You're getting excited at the possibility too," Dad said and I nodded my head in total agreement. Boy was I getting excited. Boy was I getting stimulated. Boy was I getting some fucking blowjob!

"From there we can easily install a boost gauge in the instrument panel. Your panel is full, so I don't think we can add another, but if I remember doesn't one of your cohorts have a split gauge that shows both boost and temp?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I excitedly cheered. I had no idea if anyone had a split gauge, nor did I care. I could only think of the fact hidden beneath the kitchen counter my Mom was sucking my cock as she tickled my balls with her hand.

"Or here's an idea..." Dad suggested.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh," I cheered. She tugged on my cock with her lips. Each time she pulled back, she held my cock tightly with her lips jerking me off, sucking me off.

"We can add the dual gauge onto the cluster you already have on the steering column..."

"Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh," I agreed. Mom sucked and pulled on my cock as if it was the greatest tasting stick of taffy ever. My body was quivering, pulsing with excitement. I just prayed my grandfather wouldn't notice me sweating. Leaning on the kitchen counter inside his air-conditioned house, Mom had me burning up.

"Then set a probe in the exhaust," he added. I chuckled, thinking of some unformed sexual innuendo about probes and tailpipes.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I agreed readily. Her mouth frantically, manically sucked on my cock urging, demanding that I cum.

"And then you can see what the exhaust temp is and adjust your turbo boost accordingly."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, like that, I like that," I agreed readily. Mom's tongue was swirling over an' over my crown as her hand massaged my sac. She knew I was on the very edge.

"Good, I'm glad you like it too, I'm glad you're enjoying this," Dad said, happy to see my building enthusiasm.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, like that, like that," I quickly spat out, my cum ejecting. Mom wrapped her lips around my helmet and

eagerly, greedily took my cum firing outta her son's cock. I tried to hide the relief, the pleasure as she swallowed my cum.

"You alright?" Dad asked.

"You look like you just creamed yourself," and he laughed at the ridiculous silliness of the possibility. I smirked at the reality of it all.

"By the way, where's your mother? I thought Norah would come, too," he wondered. Thinking about it, I knew while busy sucking my cock, hidden beneath the counter she would be fingering her pussy; diddling her clit while sucking me off; masturbating while giving her son a blowjob.

I answered my grandfather with a sardonic smile, "Oh, I bet she did cum."

THE END