

Will & Mom's Excellent Adventure

Author's Note

Greetings, all you awesome dudes and dudettes, to my incestuous, time-travelling send-up to all things 80s! Although I never really got to experience that decade for myself, it's always held a special place in my heart, thanks to all the 80s entertainment and culture I've devoured over the years.

So, I took all that, threw in a few of my own naughty notions, and shook everything around in my head until well-blended. What emerged from this chaotic and profane fusion is the work that now lies before you, the first part anyway. And I have to say that even though I enjoy all my writing, I had an extraordinary amount of fun with this story.

That being said, please be advised that if you're not a fan of time travel, magic, sex stories that have some story to them (and thus may be a bit longer than others), or graphic scenes of incest, then you may want to find something more suitable to your tastes. And, as might be expected, there are multiple references to 80s culture, though I have endeavored to write in a way that readers don't have to have knowledge of each and every one to enjoy the tale.

Thanks, and on with the story!

Part 1

June 24 th, 2006

Bakersfield 80s Museum

"Isn't this place like, totally awesome?!" Mom asked giddily, taking a sip of the Blue Lagoon that a bartender dressed as Billy Idol had just handed her.

"Yeah, it's great," I murmured with considerably less enthusiasm as I leaned against a nearby wall next to a replica of the phone booth used in Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, idly texting on my phone with a friend, wondering for the thousandth time who in their right mind would buy an abandoned art museum and convert it into, of all things, a glorified homage to the 80s, a decade way behind us.

And not only that, but have a huge festival to commemorate its grand opening, which I was now reluctantly attending with my mom, an aficionado of all things related to her favourite decade.

"Aw, don't be so lame," she said, nudging me playfully with her elbow. "You gotta admit, they really went all out, didn't they?" she said, looking around. We were on the expansive top level of a former art gallery with its high ceiling and large windows, converted into retro party central with pastel streamers and balloons strewn about the room, intermingled with garlands of old cassette tapes.

Meanwhile, a large flat screen tv in the far wall flashed 80s music videos in large, living color, the sound projected through the rather spacious room by sophisticated sound equipment as other partygoers danced the night away, most clad in 80s attire

or notable characters from the decade, just as mom had insisted we do as well. They swayed and strutted to the music, currently The Power Station's "Some Like It Hot", as vivid strobe lights flashed over them.

"And put that away," she chided, slapping the hand I was texting with playfully. "There were no such fancy contraptions in the 80s, and is a blatant violation of our deal. Or should I go back into pouting mode?" she asked, pushing out her lower lip.

I winced before hastily putting my only link to reality away in the face of her threat. For the 'deal' she spoke of came about due to a whim of mine, wherein I had applied to a college that I really wanted to attend, but had next to no chance of getting into. But to my shock I got an acceptance letter, congratulating me on my admission. Mom, while elated for me, was devastated that it was nearly a thousand miles away from home.

You see, mom and I had always been close, especially since for the most part it'd just been us two since I was a kid. She was what my friends called a 'cool mom', very relaxed and easygoing in her parenting style to the point I came to see her more as a chill older sister than a parent. I mean, how many moms played video games with their kids on a frequent basis and actually enjoyed it, went out with them on Halloween to TP neighbors' houses, and let them have a beer with dinner every weekend once they turned sixteen?

That's why she'd been pleased when I'd made plans to attend a nearby state school, which would allow for home visits on weekends and holidays. But then this long-shot offer had unexpectedly come through, shattering her expectations of continued together time. I expected her to be a little bummed of course, but she went far beyond that, plunging into a deep depression. It wasn't so much what she said, which continued to be positive and supportive of my success, but she definitely lost her usual pep and zest for life, like she'd lost her best friend.

And I suppose in a way, I came to realize, she was, and so was I. For without even really noticing it, over the years I'd become her best friend, and sad or not, she'd become mine.

I couldn't admit that to her, and yet unable to stand seeing her like that, I went to her and worked out an arrangement, which went something like this - for the whole summer, between graduation and the time I left for college in August, I'd devote all my time to going anywhere and doing anything she wanted, no questions asked and no whining. Needless to say, she'd perked up immediately.

And why not, since it allowed her to unleash every whim and fantasy she'd been bouncing around in her head all these years, but had never carried out. I won't bore you with the details of all the crazy retro museums, outings, and reunion concerts mom dragged to me over the course of the last few months, which would be a story in itself.

Suffice it to say, it was the reason mom had whooped and bounced around in delight when the flyer for this particular event in our neighboring town of Bakersfield arrived in the mail. It's also why I was now right smack dab in the middle of a roaring 80s bash, closing out the day's festivities at this grand homage to the decade, all while doing my utmost to look happy about it.

Don't get me wrong, it's not that I hated that time in history, since it'd been the decade I'd been born in (November '87, meaning I didn't remember much of it). But it's a constant I'd lived with for the past two decades through extended blast-from-the-past movie nights, games, and other related paraphernalia, mom even insisting on keeping most of our interior décor in line with that era's trends.

Sure, I'd done my share of eye-rolling and griping about it over the years, especially at the prospect of watching a marathon of 80s sitcoms for the umpteenth time. But mom had a way of making almost everything fun, and most of them were pretty entertaining, so I'd never put up any serious resistance to her preferences.

Until now. But after being here all day, after a summer crammed with so much retro it now haunted my dreams, walking around in an outfit completely inappropriate for summer, I was growing a bit weary keeping up with mom and her insistence on trying everything this place had to offer. I desperately needed a reality check, followed by a good night's sleep. And if I'm being honest, part of me was actually looking forward to getting a break from all this in the fall.

"Come on, mom," I said, trying not to sound whiny, "surely even you've had enough of this 80s wonderland by now, after that Thriller dance-off, the Pogo Ball races, and screaming your lungs out as that Def Leppard cover band belted out every rock anthem of the decade. So, what do you say we call it a night, and head home?" I pleaded, poking at the ribbon she'd won at the dance contest.

She looked at me as if I'd just said the 80s were the worst era that had ever been or ever would be. "Are you kidding me?" she asked, eyes and voice still filled with that same impossible frenetic energy she'd managed to maintain all day as she continued.

"We haven't even checked out half the stuff in here, like the gaming and arcade room. Oh, and don't forget the Re-Creation room, where they've put together scenes from 80s movies and shows with wax figurines, many of them complete with requisite vehicles! And besides, they haven't announced the winners of the costume contest yet! Don't you want to know if we won?"

"No, not really," I muttered, actually hoping we hadn't. This festival had encouraged attendees to attend dressed as their favorite 80s characters by offering a competition. And thanks to the terms of our arrangement, mom and I were now dressed as Joel and Lana, the two lead characters from Risky Business, her favorite movie as a teen.

I had to admit, I felt a certain level of coolness donned in my gray Donegal tweed sport jacket with black T-shirt and stylish jeans, with my short brown hair combed and parted down the middle, just like Joel in the movie when he'd tried his hand at playing pimp. And then there was what I considered the most important touch of all - my Ray-Ban Wayfarers, an awesome set of shades that mom had gifted me for the occasion. However, no matter how suave I may have looked (but nowhere near as smooth as Tom Cruise did), it still wasn't enough to overcome my unease over the whole thing.

Mom cocked an eyebrow at me. "For real? I've never heard of anyone, especially you, not wanting to win something."

It's true, I did have a highly competitive nature when it came to something I wanted, but not in this case. "Well, for one thing, we're up against some seriously stiff competition, so I'm not getting my hopes up," I began, eyeing a family at the snack table (full of 80s treats, of course) in full ThunderCats array, complete with colorful tights, full make-up, and bright wigs. If I didn't know better, I'd swear they'd just stepped out of the cartoon and into the real world. "And besides that, I'm making an exception to my competitive streak this time, just due to the absolute weirdness of it all."

"What weirdness?" she asked innocently as if she had no idea what I was talking about, taking a look at herself. "What, do you think I'm too old or out of shape to play this part? I'll admit, my looks may not be on par with Rebecca de Mornay's, but I think even at my age I make a passable Lana."

"More than passable," I murmured taking in mom's slender yet curvy figure that had barely changed from the old photos I'd seen of her, thanks mostly to the 80s workout videos she used with almost religious fervor. At the moment the figure in question was pleasantly contained in a close-fitting white blouse, like her character in the closing scene of the movie, a black bowtie dangling playfully to the side of her neck, as was the style back then. All this rested right below a cute oval face crowned

with luxuriant blonde hair, styled straight and silky just like Lana's, complete with adorable widow's peak bangs covering her forehead.

She was a bit taller, her hips a tad wider, and her chest a little bigger (I know, not something a son should be noticing about his mother, but in that outfit it was hard not to), but other than that, she could've been the actress' long-lost twin, or at least her slightly more mature stunt double for the movie.

"But that's not the point, and you know it," I continued even as she beamed at my compliment. The issue that niggled at me is that in the movie *Risky Business*, Lana was a call girl that Joel, my character, who just happened to be about my age, had become intimately involved with.

Needless to say, I thought it was odd for a mother and son to play these roles and had said so at the time, but to no avail. But I also knew it was futile to rehash an argument I'd already lost, so I didn't. "I just think it would have been better to go with my choice, that's all."

Mom giggled, remembering. "What, you mean as Elyse and Alex Keaton from *Family Ties*? Booooring."

"Well, at least it'd been, you know, appropriate," I countered, "since it would've been a normal mother-son thing, instead of posing as a pair of illicit lovers. Do you know how many odd looks I've gotten today from people we know?"

"And just as many compliments from pretty young girls, I couldn't help but notice," she pointed out with a sly grin. "I had no idea my son was such a hit with the ladies." But then, she showed the first signs of seriousness I'd seen today. "But sweetie, the 80s, at least for me, wasn't about normal. It was about being bold, daring, and yes, even outrageous in going for what you want in life, and I daresay that attitude is just as important today. Hence the outfits."

"Maybe, but still, anything can be carried too far," I countered, thinking of how our house looked like a miniaturized version of this place, wondering not for the first time if mom carried her love of a time period I'd only glimpsed through the eyes of an infant way too far.

She smiled wistfully, swirling her glass as she seemed to stare at something beyond me that only she could see. "There was just something about the time, the culture, the vibe, that came together so perfectly in a way I can't put into words, that made it special.

"After all," she continued, her gaze again focusing on me, the smile widening. "It was when I met and married your father, and when you came into my life. Not necessarily in that order, but still, the best things that ever happened to me."

"Yeah," was all I could say, swept up into her nostalgic daydream with her, all my irritation and discomfort slipping away as it always did every time she talked like that. We were both silent a moment, lost in our own thoughts.

"Back to the Future," mom said at last, seemingly out of nowhere.

"Huh?"

She jabbed me in the arm. "If you were going for a Michael J. Fox character, you should've picked Marty McFly from the Back to the Future movie instead of Alex Keaton. Ooohhh....and I could've dyed my hair brown or gotten a wig and played the 50s version of his mom that had the hots for him. Now that would've been interesting," she said with another playful poke.

"Haha," I replied, knowing that she was just trying to have fun with me, since that scenario would have been the only one more awkward than the one we were currently acting out. But instead of letting her get to me again, I decided to play along, if for no other reason to give her self-esteem a boost. "But still, a fella like me could do a lot worse than a lovely creature such as yourself."

"Really?" mom, looking contemplative in that way she did when she was debating whether or not to say something (she usually did anyway, though).

"Since we've broached the subject, sweetie," she continued, shifting back and forth a bit in place, flicking her hair back over her shoulder. She looked a tad uncomfortable, but that couldn't be right. I mean, Halley's Comet came around more often than she ever got uncomfortable about anything.

"There's something I'd like to ask you, and now's a good a time as any," she said at last, flinging her hair over her back, looking around to make sure no one else was close (not that they could have heard us over the music anyway) her face flush with color as she looked at me intently, the humor gone from her voice. "Tell me, if I wasn't your mother, would you consider, you know, being romantically involved with me?"

For a moment I was so taken aback I couldn't even form a coherent thought, fragments of them bouncing around in my head like frantic pinballs. Where the fuck had that come from?! My brain screamed, unable to make sense of her remark, until my eyes fixed on the drink in her hand. Was that her third, or fourth? I wondered with some relief, now seeing her seemingly serious question as an effect of too much alcohol mingled with nostalgia for her glory days. Even so, I considered as my mind came back into focus, it was an interesting question.

After all I, like most red-blooded teen boys, had toyed with sexual fantasies about my mother as my sexuality was budding, exacerbated not only by her natural attractiveness but our unusual closeness, which in turn encouraged an unusual

openness between us. I mean, I just don't think most moms discussed their sex lives as openly as mom would with me as if she were talking with one of her girlfriends, not going into explicit detail of course, but enough to make me blush sometimes.

And then there was the nudity thing. No, she didn't strut naked brazenly around the house or anything, but she wasn't exactly shy about showing off her body either. For instance, when getting dressed or preparing to shower, she'd often remember she'd forgotten something she needed that was located somewhere other than her bedroom or bathroom, and would set off in search of it, regardless of her current state of dress.

And even though she'd cover up her naughty bits and I'd politely look away, the glimpses I'd stolen of her exquisite female form, the most I'd ever seen of a woman's body to this point, provided me with ample fodder for my masturbation fantasies, even now.

But that's all they were, fantasies, right? I asked myself. Nothing could ever happen between mom and I, right? That would be immoral, illegal, and just plain weird in more ways than I could count. No, there were so many arguments against it, that there's no way I could even consider such a thing.

But then why, I considered as I looked into her expectant eyes, apparently waiting for my answer, did I feel such a pleasant tingling in my groin at the mere thought of it? I opened my mouth, fumbling for words, at a complete loss as to how to respond.

Fortunately, I was spared the need to do so as a tall man with broad shoulders holding a glass of red wine broke away from the crowd and approached us. He was dressed as General Zod from Superman II, which basically amounted to what looked like an extremely short black silk bathrobe with leather trim and matching latex pants, his hair pulled back in a knot behind his head. "Crystal? Crystal Thompson?" He asked, using my mom's maiden name, smiling thinly through his carefully trimmed goatee.

For a moment mom just blinked at the new arrival, before her eyes lit up in recognition. "Vinton?" she asked incredulously. "Is that you?"

His smile broadened, and took on a greasy edge. "Ah, you remember. I'm flattered. But it's just Vint, now. And who is this handsome young man?" he asked, turning to me, a hint of anxious curiosity in his voice. "Your boyfriend?"

"Hardly," I said before mom could speak, wanting to cut off any awkward remarks she might be tempted to make in her state. "I'm her son, Will Switcher," I finished, holding out my hand.

He took it, his hand feeling cold and stiff in mine. "Vint Brewster, pleased to meet you. Your mom and I dated once upon a time, back when she was still known as 'Lusty Lana'."

I shot her a look, cocking my eyebrow. "Lusty Lana?" I asked, my curiosity piqued. Mom had led quite a colorful life back in the day, and even the PG versions she related to me made me realize that she'd lived a far more interesting life when she'd been my age than I currently was. And although Sherry, a friend from her teen years, inadvertently let a juicy morsel about mom slip out occasionally, this was the first time I'd heard this one, and was burning to know the details.

But unfortunately, mom didn't seem to be in a sharing mood, her jovial mood disappearing faster than the sun behind storm clouds. It was replaced with a stiff, cold posture and a dark, distasteful expression. "We were only together a very brief time," Mom snapped in a tone as frosty as her demeanor, telling me that perhaps her memories of this guy weren't as glittering as her others of the decade. "And I'd appreciate it, Vint, if you didn't use that particular label around my son."

"My apologies," Vint said, looking a bit irritated at being chastened, although he recovered quickly. "In that case, I'll simply say you look as lovely now as you did then, my dear."

"Thanks," mom said tersely, her cloudy expression not altering a bit at the compliment.

There was a moment of awkward silence before Vint cleared his throat. "So, since you're here with your son, I take it that means you're unattached at the moment?"

"I don't see how that's any business of yours," she shot back defensively, causing me to stare at her. Normally, mom was the sweetest, most laid-back woman in the world, barely even raising her voice even when she was upset. Whatever this guy had done to her, it must've been bad to provoke this reaction.

"Whoa, take it easy," he said, raising his hands in mock surrender. "I meant no offense, all I was suggesting was since we're both available, perhaps you would consider giving me another chance?"

She sneered, another uncommon behavior for her. "And why would I do that?"

He grinned, apparently undaunted by her rising hostility. "I know I made some mistakes, but I've changed. I've been out in the world, made something of myself. Enough at least," he added, "to buy this building and turn it into what you see now."

Both our eyes saucered at that. "You did all this?" she asked, looking around as if seeing it in a new light after this stunning revelation. "Why?"

He shrugged. "Well, like you, I have a particular fondness for the decade of decadence, so I figured why not create something that we could both enjoy? To that end I spared no expense, even acquiring several actual mementos from that time, instead of mere replicas.

"For instance," he said, gesturing to the nearby telephone booth, "That is one of the actual props used in the Bill and Ted movie, as are several of the cars and other objects in the Re-Creation room downstairs. Including the DeLorean from the Back to the Future display."

You've got to be fucking kidding me, I thought as I stood there dumbfounded. All this for mom? I knew she was worth it and all, but still I had to call him on something I knew was bullshit. "There's no way you have the real DeLorean," I protested, "it's on display at Universal Studios Hollywood." I should know, it was one of the places mom had dragged me to over the course of the summer.

Vint chuckled, eyes still fixed on my mom as "Obsession" by Animotion blared in the background. "My boy, you're going to find that when you really want something, no obstacle is insurmountable. Especially when you have as much money as I do," he added with a touch of self-satisfaction.

So this guy had done all this, spent who knows how much money on remodeling and acquiring (or even stealing) various 80s knickknacks all in the hopes of drawing my mother here and wooing her. I couldn't decide if it was the most touching thing I'd ever heard, or the creepiest.

But given the hungry way he was now leering at her, or rather her tits straining against the material of her blouse, I was leaning toward the latter. Put that in with mom's reaction and the way he'd called me boy was all it took for me to take an immediate, effortless dislike for the guy.

I had a feeling that if this had been any other man, mom would've jumped without a second thought at the chance to be with a halfway decent-looking, albeit slightly odd man who obviously shared her passion for the 80s, especially one who had apparently gone to such lengths to impress her. For a moment I could see indecision in her blue eyes, biting her lower lip as she wavered.

But then the indecision was gone, replaced by hard, impenetrable steel. "I'm sorry, Vint," she said at last, no doubt at all in her voice, "it's an overwhelming gesture I have to admit, one that I wasn't expecting. But the answer is still no."

"Are you sure?" he said, his smile slipping a bit but still pressing forward, ignoring or not picking up on the stiff resolution in her voice. "I could give you a private, insider's tour of the place, allow you access to places others aren't permitted. Like inside the Hollywood cars I've acquired, including the DeLorean," he said suggestively, taking out a set of keys and jangling them. "We could sit in it together, reminisce a bit, and get...reacquainted with each other," he finished, wagging his eyebrows as he took a step closer to her, putting a hand on her arm.

From his tone and look there was no doubt as to the lurid intentions he had in mind, and the idea that he thought my mom should throw herself at him just because of his shiny new toys infuriated me. And something else was mingled in with my anger, that shocked me when I identified it. Jealousy? What was that doing there?

But I had no time to consider it, for before I knew what I was doing my own arm shot out almost of its own accord, the flat of my palm pushing into Vint's chest, shoving the startled and unprepared man with enough force to send him tumbling several steps backward, spilling his remaining wine over his outfit. "Hey, no one talks to my mom like that, got it?" I snarled, feeling a bit shocked by what I'd done, never having done anything so physically aggressive like that in my life. But at the same time, strangely exhilarated.

For a brief second confusion and anger chased themselves across Vinton's face, his lips curling into a snarl. For a moment I thought we were about to tangle, followed by our immediate ejection from the event and possible arrest. But I braced myself, not willing to back down, especially when my mom was involved.

But then he seemed to remember where we were, and noticed the startled looks and scattered whispering of the nearby onlookers who'd witnessed the scene. His expression cleared, once more displaying that casual, cool confidence of before, letting out a small chuckle as he cleaned himself with a napkin.

"My...apologies to you both," he said, as if uttering those words were the hardest thing he'd ever done, running his fingers over his slick hair as he looked at the time travelling phone booth, face turning pensive. "I guess my longing for what I lost overrode my good sense. It's a pity we can't really go back, isn't it? To do things differently, to make things better."

"Things turned out just fine," mom said firmly, drawing up beside me and taking my hand. "I have my wonderful son, and you have your obvious money and success, which I have no doubt you'll be able to use to snag some young, pretty, and naïve thing before she has a chance to realize what you're really like."

Damn, mom! I thought to myself as I regarded her, having never seen this side of her before. It was admittedly shocking, but no more than my own behavior. And at the same time it was also slightly arousing, I considered, feeling a familiar tingling in my crotch as the feelings I'd been toying with earlier reemerged. What are you doing, you freak? This is your mom we're you're thinking about! I admonished myself, images of her semi-nude body refusing to leave my mind.

Yeah, but so what? Another smaller but strengthening voice countered. She's a hot babe, and you need relief, desperately. Perhaps if you just...

But before I delve further into that intriguing line of thought, Vint shrugged and let out a small laugh, apparently not bruised at all by my mom's sharp jab against his character and the rejection that accompanied it. "I have no doubt you're right, my dear," he said, his gaze flicking from the phone booth to her, looking unusually cheerful and confident for a man who'd just been turned down flat.

"There are always many ways to obtain what one desires, but it's always best to start with the most obvious. At least, that's what my assistant says." He took out a gold pocket watch (Seriously? Was this the 1800s or something?), checking the time.

"In any case, enjoy the party," he said, putting the anachronism away. "I've got a pressing engagement that I must prepare for. "Goodbye for now, Crystal, perhaps we'll see each other in another time." And with that, he tipped his head and melted back into the crowd, but not before one last lingering look at mom.

I stared after him, pondering on his strange last words, wondering if I'd heard him right. Had he said he'd see mom another time, or in another time? He's just a strange man, I concluded at last, dismissing the issue. Mom had been right to send him packing.

I felt a hand on my arm, turning to see mom smiling at me warmly. "That was incredible, sweetie!" She said giddily.

I blinked rapidly at her, although with my shades on she couldn't see it. "Wait, so you're not mad?"

She shrugged. "I suppose I should be, what with you almost getting into a fight and all, but screw that. You did it for me, and nothing is more touching to a woman than when a man stands up for her honor. So thanks, for reminding what it's like to feel truly special."

"Umm...you're welcome?" I replied, feeling a bit awkward at being praised for only doing what a good son should do. "But all that aside, you were pretty amazing yourself, burning him so bad he's gonna need to put some ice on it."

She giggled, leaning her head against my shoulder. "I guess it's good that even after all this time, we can still surprise each other. I would've thought by now you'd think me boring and predictable."

I scoffed. "You're many things, mom, but boring and predictable aren't even on the list. And allow me to repeat what my friends are always saying - I'm lucky to have you as a mom."

She was quiet a moment, as if considering something again, before suddenly straightening and seizing my hand. "Come on, let's get out of here," she murmured as I let her drag me toward the stairwell. At first I thought that seeing Vint and learning he'd been responsible for this 80s paradise had quashed her rampant enthusiasm for the place, prompting her to want to put as much distance between it and herself as possible.

But in a feeling I knew all too well, I was proven wrong when she failed to stop at the landing of the main floor and instead kept heading down the stairs, toward the basement and what was called the Re-Creation Room. According to the pamphlet we'd gotten on arrival, it was here that 80s memorabilia, including vehicles, had been arranged with wax figurines of the characters they were associated with to create scenes from various 80s tv shows and movies. And apparently, mom was still keen to check it out for some reason.

But it was not meant to be. "Sorry dude, and dudette," a guy around mom's age, dressed as David Lee Roth of the band Van Halen, said as we passed him and a few of his friends heading the opposite way on the stairs, none of them looking very happy. "The weird guy working down there just closed the room off, something

about an electrical malfunction that needs to be fixed or something. Totally sucks, but there it is."

"Gee, that's a shame," mom said, sounding completely undeterred as she continued down the steps past them, pulling me along. "Maybe I could still just sneak a peak through the door windows right quick."

"I have a better idea," 'David' called to her, causing her to stop and look back. "Why not join me for a drink, and we can help each other get over our disappointment? My treat, Lana" he said in a nod to her costume, flashing a winning smile he must've practiced in the mirror and won him a lot of ladies.

But not this one. "I appreciate the offer, but no thanks," mom said without even thinking about it as we resumed walking, listening to the fading voices of David's friends rag on him about being shot down. Vint I could understand, but this current offering had seemed like a nice enough guy.

But she'd turned him down flat, just like she'd done several other times today with flirtatious men that should have been right up her alley, including the Billy Idol bartender who'd tried to hit on her.

It made no sense, I mused. For in light of the fact that I was leaving for school soon, she should have been actively searching for a man in the prime hunting grounds this celebration provided, but she seemed to be doing the exact opposite. Why was that?

The thought was cut off when we reached the basement level, approaching the double doors above which were painted in bright neon letters:

"WELCOME TO THE RADICAL RECREATION ROOM, WHERE YOUR FAVORITE 80S MEMORIES COME TO LIFE!"

This over-the-top greeting, however, was somewhat undercut by the sign hanging from the doors, which read:

BOGUS! THIS ROOM IS CLOSED WHILE WE, LIKE, UNDERTAKE SOME GNARLY REPAIRS TO IMPROVE YOUR EXPERIENCE!

I rolled my eyes. There was cute, but this was just crossing the line into obnoxious. "Oh well, that's that," I muttered, twisting on one of the knobs to find it locked. I peered through the glass window into the room, although I was unable to see much of anything in the darkness. "Might as well head on home", I said, turning around to leave.

But again, I underestimated my mom's determination and resolve to see something through. "What are you doing?" I hissed as she let go of my hand and bent down over the door, fishing something out of her purse before fiddling with the door knob, her angle giving me a full but uncomfortable view of her tight ass through her skirt. "We can't go in there!"

There was a click as the door slid open and she turned around, giving me a mischievous wink. "If they didn't want us in there, they should've secured the door with something better than this joke of a lock. Now come on!" And before I could protest any more, or ask where the hell she'd learned how to pick a lock, she'd slipped inside. Swearing to myself, I followed.

"What are you doing?" I asked in hushed tones as I hurried to catch up with her, jumping slightly as motion-activated security lighting flickered on, and even though it only provided faint illumination, I could see enough to tell we were in what felt like a vast, circular arena populated with iconic scenes from 80s movies and tv shows I'd watched with her over the years. I lifted my shades and resting them on my forehead, not wanting to collide with something priceless and break it.

"You mean, what are we doing?" she corrected, walking casually as if she belonged there, making our way past a Dukes of Hazzard display. Bo and Luke were in the front seat of the General Lee, their cousin Daisy in her eponymous Daisy Dukes (jean shorts) squatting suggestively on the hood. It could just have been a trick of the dim lighting or my lewd imagination, but the Duke boys seem to be checking out their cousin's backside, leering at it. "I couldn't help but notice that you followed me. Which I'm very pleased about, by the way."

"Okay, what are we doing?" I amended as I fell in step beside her, looking around warily. "Besides risking arrest? Again?"

"Oh, don't worry sweetie, we're not getting arrested," she said with an amazing amount of self-assurance, head twisting back and forth as if looking for something. "And as for what we're doing here, we're getting back at that smug son of a bitch Vinton Brewster. Imagine, using my love of...of this," she said angrily, flinging her arms out at our surroundings, "in a lame attempt to get me in the sack! The cocky bastard, we'll show him!"

"Just what exactly did he do to you?" I asked as we passed a display of the tv show Who's the Boss? I estimated it somewhere around the last season, given the maturity of the kids. Again, it may have just been me and my overactive libido, but it seemed the way Sam was hugging her dad Tony was a little more pervy than daughterly, in turn feeding my own thoughts on the subject of incest as I inhaled the flowery scent mom had doused herself in, more so than usual today.

"I'll tell you all about it later," she said, breaking me out of my lust-fueled reverie, gifting me with a small, suggestive smile, looking even more alluring as Lana in the soft, warm light. "Right now, all I want to think about is showing that disgusting man exactly what I think about him."

My brow creased. "Oh, and how do you plan to do that?" I asked as we continued down the seemingly endless aisle we were on. Just how big was this fucking room, anyway?

Another playful wink. "It's a surprise," she said, before turning her attention back to our surroundings, craning her neck and looking past the elaborate recreated scene from the movie *Labyrinth* we were passing. In it a girl named Sarah, who was searching for her baby brother, was confronting Jareth, the goblin king who'd abducted her. Something about it seemed off to me, not remembering this particular scene from the movie. But on the bright side, at least I couldn't detect any suggestion of incest in this one.

"So, what are you looking for?" I murmured as I marveled at the detail of the figure of Jareth, the Goblin King, from the realistic facial features to the big hair that was a hallmark of the decade. And the clothes, everything from the studded leather jacket and frilly shirt to the tight pants that showed off every anatomical detail (explaining in part mom's fascination with the film, and David Bowie in general) looked exactly as it did in the movie, thinking Jareth appeared so realistic, he could jump down off his podium.

And then, he did.

"A very good question!" the Jareth figure boomed out in response to my question, before jumping out of the exhibit and landing directly in our path, startling and freezing us in our tracks. "What are you really looking for, my lovely maiden?"

"What the fuck?!" Mom cried out, instinctively pulling me close as we retreated a few steps back, feeling her heart racing nearly as wildly as mine. "Who the hell are you?"

The man, at least I assumed it was a man, gave a slight but elegant bow. "You may think of me as the custodian, as I am currently tasked with safeguarding all that you see around you."

Fuck, we are so busted, I groaned to myself, seeing my college plans going up in smoke, wondering what the penalty was for breaking and entering in this state. "So, what happens now?" I asked, swallowing.

The man scratched his golden, lavish mullet. "I'm not sure, I guess that depends on what you two are doing here."

As my mind whirred trying to come up with a plausible story that would play on the man's sympathies, mom went with a completely different tactic. Her hold on me became more affectionate than frantic, an eager hand rubbing up and down my back. She pressed her face against mine, her features softening as she spoke.

"We're sorry, we didn't mean to do anything wrong," she said with equal parts contrition and sultriness. "It's just that, it's my companion's first time, if you know what I mean. And since he's a big Back to the Future fan, I thought I'd make him a man in the DeLorean I heard was down here," she explained, unexpectedly planting a soft kiss on my lips. "You know, to make it really special for him."

I shot a look at her, trying to keep my jaw from hitting the floor. What the hell are you doing, mom? I wanted to scream, knowing that now this custodian guy was going to explode before calling the cops and telling them what she'd just said and done, and then we'd really be in deep shit once our identities were established. But just as troubling, how did she know about my...lack of experience? Was it tattooed on my forehead or something?

But instead of getting upset, all Jareth did was look thoughtful, rubbing at his chin. "Well, I don't know. Far be it for me to stand in the way of love, but Master Brewster might not like it..."

"Master Brewster?" mom asked incredulously. "He makes you call him Master Brewster? Man, that guy's an even bigger dipstick than I thought. I don't why he's trying so hard to get pussy, when he's already the biggest one I've ever met."

Instead of taking offense at the insult hurled against his boss, Jareth let out a howling laugh, doubling over and slapping his knees. "My lovely lady, I'm liking you more and more," he said as he straightened and wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes.

"And come to think of it, this might be the best for all concerned," he said, seeming to mull something over before stepping to the side and holding out his hand, gesturing us on. "So be it. The display you're looking for is just ahead, in the exact center of this chamber."

I blinked rapidly. "Wait, you're letting us go? Just like that?" I asked, unable to believe that mom's little ruse had worked.

"Just like that," he said simply. "As I said, it's not my place to stand in the way of something so beautiful, but rather facilitate it. And don't worry, mum's the word," he said, making a zipping motion across his lips. "And since the cameras haven't yet been activated, you'll have total privacy, Mr... I'm sorry, I didn't get your names."

"I'm Lana," mom spoke up before I could stupidly blab out our real names, "and this here's Joel."

"Ah yes," he said with an understanding nod, no doubt now putting our names and outfits together with the movie. "I do hope you're not charging the lad too much for this, Miss Lana."

"Oh don't worry," mom said with a smile as she again took hold of my hand and led me onward past the second eccentric man we'd met this evening. "I'm so impressed with this stud I'm giving him a free ride, maybe even till morning."

I flushed as behind us Jareth's laugh echoed throughout the cavernous room.

I was silent the rest of the trek to our destination, still attempting to process all that had just transpired. Not only the fact that we had narrowly dodged a potentially life-ruining incident for us both, but how it had been accomplished, still rubbing at my mouth where mom's, my mom's lips, had made contact. I idly wondered if she'd done it to sell the act, or maybe...

"And we're here!" mom announced gleefully as the Back to the Future exhibit came into view, snapping me back to reality. For this display Vint had chosen the mall parking lot scene, where Doc and Marty had been testing the DeLorean turned time machine. They were standing behind the vehicle, Marty with the camcorder, Doc Brown with the car's remote control. Along the outer ring I could see other aisles, leading off to other exhibitions.

That man who called himself Jareth was right, it seemed to be situated right in the center of the vast space, as if the crowning achievement of Vint's supposed achievements. The lighting was even more subdued here than elsewhere in the chamber, giving it even more of a parking lot at night feel, but even so I could make out the figure of Doc's dog Einstein in the front seat, the timing device around his neck.

"Great," I said, surreptitiously adjusting my jeans, hoping my semi-erection that mom's little performance had given me wasn't noticeable. "Hey, what's that?" I asked, pointing to a circle of strange symbols that seemed to be carved into the floor's surface, running in a circle around the exhibit. And before you ask, this observation was made was totally out of curiosity, and was not at all an attempt to

draw attention away from the growing bulge in my pants, despite my best efforts to will it into submission.

Mom looked down and studied the odd patterns a moment before scoffing. "Changed man, my ass," she muttered. "Still into that stupid magic shit, I see."

"Huh?" I asked, confused.

She looked at me, letting out a long sigh. "You asked why I don't like Vint? Here's why - back then he was, well, I hate to use this in a negative sense, but he was something of a nerd."

"No shit," I murmured, thinking back on that ridiculous Zod getup he'd been sporting. "And here I thought his choice of costumes tonight was a bold attempt to start a new fashion trend. I mean seriously, if you have that much money, it looks like you could come up with a better costume."

She giggled. "He always did have an inflated sense of his own importance, so I guess in a way it makes sense. In any case, I felt bad for him, always being picked on by everyone, even his older sister. That's why when he out of the blue asked me out one day, I reluctantly agreed. At first I was surprised, finding him to be a sweet and sensitive guy. I kept seeing him, starting to think that he might have real potential. Until it happened."

"It?"

She nodded. "If there was one flaw I noticed in Vint at the time, it was his incessant talk about magic, about how he was going to master it to do great things. Hell, I was so naïve that I actually started buying into it, and even agreed to be in a ritual that he claimed would keep me looking young for decades."

Uh oh, I thought, seeing where this might be going. Turns out I was right.

"In any case," she continued, looking embarrassed, "he made a circle similar to this in his backyard, and had me stand in the center of it, shall we say, not wearing much besides a smile," she said sheepishly. "To tap into the mystic energies of the earth, so he said. So, like an idiot I did, while he stood at the head of the circle and said all kinds of stupid shit in a language I'd never heard.

"Then after about twenty minutes of me freezing my ass off, he declared the spell complete and rushed over, grabbed me and started on kissing me, declaring me to be his forever. That's when I realized he hadn't been trying to keep me young, he'd been attempting to make me his love slave, or some such nonsense.

Needless to say, I was furious both with him and myself for being such a fool, slapping him silly before grabbing my clothes and getting the hell out of there. Obviously, I never spoke to him again, until tonight that is.

"The damned idiot," she continued, shaking her head. "Thinking he needed a goofy spell to win me over, when if he'd only continued to be nice to me chances are I would've banged him anyway. After all, it's not like I had high standards back then."

But I barely heard her, my lewd thoughts forgotten as rage flared in me, my hands balling into fists. "The bastard," I hissed, remembering Vinton's greasy grin. "If I'd known that earlier..."

Mom smiled. "You really would have cleaned his clock, right? I know you would, and I love you for it. But if you had, we would be on our way to jail right now, because I'd have joined you in pummeling him. And then, we wouldn't be in a prime position to execute a little payback," she said, a wicked grin on her face.

"So, what are you planning?" I asked, "you gonna key the DeLorean or something?"

She looked at me as if I'd just suggested setting the entire 80s on fire. "Are you kidding me? Even if this car isn't what Vint claims it is, it's still a beautiful piece of movie history, a remembrance of a time and place that's very special to me," she said, running her fingers along the passenger door, smiling wistfully. "After all, it was the movie your father and I watched the night we made love for the first time, which coincidentally was also the night you were conceived."

"Really?" I asked in surprise, having never heard this intimate bit of information before, wondering why she was sharing it now.

She nodded. "In fact, now that I think about it, the anniversary of when I first met your father is coming up in a few days," she said, smile broadening. "I remember it so clearly - I was nineteen, coming up fast on twenty, saving up money for school by working as a..." Suddenly she trailed off, looking at me as if just remembering who she was talking to, and even with the crappy lights I could see her face going as red as Magnum's Ferrari I'd glimpsed down a nearby aisle.

"Working as a what, mom?" I pressed, eager to hear more now that she seemed in a sharing mood. "C'mon, you can't say something like that and not finish it!"

"Oh, yes I can," she retorted, regaining her composure and blithe attitude. "The point of this story is that yes, I was a little too friendly with a lot of creeps like Vint, but in doing so I figured out what to look for in a man, so when a good one like your dad came into my life, I was able to recognize what a wonderful catch he was."

"But you won't tell me how you met?" I pressed.

"I will someday, I promise," she said, "when the time's right, okay?"

"Alright," I grumbled, having heard that before. "So now what? We just stare at the DeLorean as revenge against Vint? Or maybe report him to the authorities, since if this is one of the original DeLoreans used in the movies, technically he did steal it."

"Actually," mom said as she continued to run her fingers along the car before settling them on the passenger door handle. "Since we're already here, you wanna see what it feels like to sit in a piece of movie history? Vint was so anxious to do this with me, I know it'd steam his beans if he knew I did it with someone else!"

I gave her a wry look. "Come on, mom, what are the chances they actually left it open?"

She tugged on the handle. There was a small clicking noise and then I watched as the door slid open along its rooftop hinges, jutting out from the car like a swan's wing. "Pretty good, I'd say," she said with a devilish grin as she slid into the seat. "Now hurry up stud, you're driving!"

I shook my head as I made my way around the car, opening the driver door. "Sorry Ein," I muttered as I took out the figuring of the dog and set it back beside Doc, before settling down behind the wheel. "Okay, we've sat in a glorious piece of American pop culture. Can we go now?" I asked impatiently, not entirely trusting Jareth's word that we weren't somehow being watched.

"Not so fast," she said, "for the full experience, we need to close the doors," she said, shutting hers as I reluctantly did the same. "So cool," she murmured, eyes lighting up like a child's on Christmas as she ran her fingers gently over the blank time display on the dashboard. "If this isn't the original movie car, someone sold Vint a pretty close duplicate."

"Yeah," I agreed, becoming as caught up in the moment as she was. A lot of the devices and gadgets were damaged or missing, in line with what we'd heard from a guide at Universal Studios about them being pilfered by overeager fans. Still, I had to admit, it was a remarkable feeling.

"And to think, we wouldn't be here without your quick thinking back there with that custodian, Jareth, or whatever his name really is. I can't believe that worked," I murmured, recalling what mom had done, cringing slightly at the memory of how close we'd come to a shitload of trouble.

"I can," mom said, flashing me a reassuring grin. "I've always been quite good at reading men, even though I can't seem to keep one lately," she finished, looking a bit pensive. "And that guy, let's just call him Jareth, was practically radiating amorous vibes, meaning he'd be sympathetic to two lovers just looking for a place to go down on each other."

I swallowed as I recalled her insistent touch on my back, her sexy banter, her soft kiss. I rubbed at my lips where they'd made contact with hers, fighting the twitching I was feeling between my legs as blood rushed there, unbidden and unstoppable. "Well, however you did it, thanks. I thought we were dead, but your great acting pulled us through."

"Who said I was acting?" she asked wryly, taking my hand. "I was telling the absolute truth when I said you were a stud back there, and as I insinuated earlier there's no telling what I might do to you if we weren't, you know..." she said, tightening her grip as she surveyed me. "That's why I still can't believe you haven't been with a woman yet."

I winced, feeling my cheeks get even more heated as I remembered her earlier remarks. This wasn't something I was comfortable discussing with anyone, let alone my own mother. But there was no point in denying it. "How'd you figure it out?"

"A mother knows these things," she said simply. "But beyond that, we're tight, right? Able to talk to each other about anything?"

"Of course," I affirmed quickly. I know she was my mom first, but we'd always been chummy in a way that made a lot of my friends envious. As a result, as I aged I didn't go through that adversarial and challenging phase a lot of kids do with their parents. And due to her almost casual approach to parenting, I instead came to see her as I did now.

She smiled gratefully. "So, there's that, and I've always been open to you about sex, being completely cool with you having it as long as you're careful and don't make me a grandma too early."

"Not that you're even close to looking like one," I remarked, and we shared a chuckle.

"But seriously," she said when we'd calmed down, "taking all that into account, I know you'd be comfortable enough to bring any woman you were getting serious with to meet me before you went all the way with her, but you haven't," a touch of concern in her voice. "I don't mean to pry, but it's not anything physical, is it?"

"No," I said without hesitation, knowing that from my all-too-frequent masturbation sessions there was nothing wrong with the equipment, far from it. And I realized she was right - silly and old-fashioned as it sounded, I realized that I couldn't be with a woman if mom didn't approve of her first.

More than that, I'd want them to like each other, for the two most important women in my life to be friends. "And it's not from lack of opportunity, either. I've dated, but none of them felt right, you know? And yes, I realize it's sad to be going on nineteen and still a virgin, but there it is."

"No, it isn't," she insisted firmly. "I think it's a marvelous thing, to be saving yourself for just the right woman. I wish I'd been a bit more prudent in my youth, then maybe I..." she trailed off.

But I knew what she was thinking - that if she had, then maybe she wouldn't have gotten pregnant with me so young, and maybe she wouldn't have had to abandon her college and career plans and instead wind up managing a dinky retro curio shop, I considered bitterly.

Mom seemed to sense what I was thinking. "Look at me," she said softly. Reluctantly, I did so, her limpid blue eyes locking with my own in the dim light. "I meant what I said back there at the party - even if I had the chance, there's not a damn thing about my life I would change, because everything that happened led to you, the best son any mother could ever ask for. I'll admit, at first I was terrified at the thought of becoming a mom so young, that I'd blow it like my parents had."

She patted the back of my hand. "But then you came along, and from the moment I saw you I loved you more than I ever had anything or anyone before or since. And instead of being difficult as I'd feared, you made being a parent easy, fun even, and I wouldn't trade a second of it for all of Vint's money, or his admittedly impressive stash of memorabilia," she said firmly. "And before you ask, no, I'm not just saying that because I'm your mom and I'm trying to make you feel better, I really, truly mean it."

"I know, and thanks," I said, squeezing her hand in mine, pushing aside my self-pity. "Still, there must be something you would change if you could go back," I said, now more curious than regretful.

She plopped back against the headrest. "Nothing comes to mind. Even that experience with Vint, while unpleasant, helped me learn to be more discerning about the men in my life, although I'm still working on perfecting that skill," she said with a chuckle, before she took on a contemplative expression.

"But if you pressed me, I suppose that if I could go back, I'd find a way to take you with me, just so you could experience the 80s for yourself. Movies and such are great, but you can't really get a feel for the extraordinary vibe of the time without immersing yourself in it, to see how truly extraordinary those years were."

I nodded. For although I often griped about her obsession with that era, the truth was her words sparked a curiosity in me, wanting to see for myself what captivated my mom, her friends, and so many others about that time. We sat there for a long moment in silence as I pondered this, until mom broke the silence with a totally unexpected and shocking question.

"So, you wanna make out?" she asked with the nonchalance of inquiring what I wanted for dinner.

At first I was certain that I'd heard her wrong, that the events of the evening had infused my brain with so many thoughts of sex and raging hormones that it'd completely misinterpreted what was surely an innocent and innocuous request. "Huh?" was all the response I could manage, jerking my head toward her.

She tilted her head almost languidly toward me, her expression unreadable. "I said, do you want to make out? It's a simple question."

Fuck, I had heard her right, I thought, swallowing. "I don't understand."

Another giggle. "You don't know what making out is? You're even more innocent than I thought."

"Of course I know what making out is," I said, irritation replacing some of my astonishment. "It's just that we're--"

"No," she interjected softly but firmly, lifting away from the headrest and putting a finger to my lips. "Tonight you're just Joel, and I'm just Lana, a girl who, finding herself among all this awesome stuff and alone with a very handsome young man, discovers to her delight that she is extremely turned on by it all," she cooed, rubbing a hand along my chest.

"You...you've had too much to drink," I sputtered, drawing back a bit, unable to believe what was happening.

"No, I've had just enough," she corrected, "enough to delightfully drown out the what-the-fuck-am-I-doing side of my brain, yet still remaining lucid enough to know this is something I'd really, really like to try out. And judging by some of your reactions this evening both north and south of your equator, I'm pretty certain you do as well. Or just tell me I'm wrong. If so, we'll split, and never speak of this again."

Damn, so she had noticed my battle with my bulge, I thought. This was so fucking weird, but at the same time so fucking amazing. "So, you're really okay with this?"

"More than okay," she assured me with a lurid smile that made me melt. "For not only will I be able to impart some of my skills that you can use to great effect with the other lucky ladies sure to come your way, but I'm offering you an experience that you'll be able to brag about the rest of your life. Minus the real identity of the hot babe you did it with, of course," she amended.

She was right I realized, for how many guys could say they'd made out with a smoking hot milf like her inside a museum, inside an actual piece of movie history, as she'd put it. "But we're just fooling around a bit, right? Nothing more than that?" I asked nervously, not yet sure how far I was willing to take things in this weird new world we were entering.

I thought she might get upset at the insinuation, but she just tittered again. "Just some kissing and some light petting, sweetie. On the first date, anyway," she said added, a mischievous gleam in her eye.

My eyes widened at what I'd just heard. Did she just call this a date? And did she mean that she might be willing to go even further later, or was she just messing with me? Was that even something I was prepared to do, a line I was ready to cross? Not only would it finally mean sex with a woman, but it'd be sex with my...my...oh, hell I might as well just say it - sex with my mom, pure and unadulterated incest. My head was about to explode with the potential implications.

Thankfully mom was there to help bring me back to focus on the present moment. "Now," she said, leaning suggestively toward me, wetting her lips in preparation. "Just how much experience do you have kissing a woman?"

"Um, not much," I admitted, my own lips feeling very dry. "A few times, but it was stiff and weird."

"Well, allow me to rectify that situation," she said, patting my thigh, a little to close for comfort to my crotch. "First thing - when you're heading into a, shall we say, extended kissing session, it never hurts to freshen your breath," she said, popping a mint and offering me one.

"And second, relax," she said, rubbing at my tensed shoulders. "This is supposed to be an enjoyable activity, not a test to pass or fail. Besides, there's no way you could ever fail with me."

I swallowed what was left of the mint, forcing myself to relax, trying to tell myself this was just Lana, a beautiful woman teaching me how to love a woman, and not at all my mom or anything weird like that. My efforts met with mixed results as I watched her adjust herself in her seat, so that she was directly facing me. "Now, show me what you've got," she said.

Fuck this was really happening, wasn't it? I thought, my heart thumping wildly against my ribcage. I took a deep breath as I slowly leaned in towards her, getting closer and closer to her lips when I felt her small hands on the sides of my head, stopping me. "Okay, just a few things, sweetie," she said in a gentle tone. "First of all, you know to tilt your head slightly when you're coming in, so kudos on that.

"Now, let's talk about that tongue," she continued with a small smile, sliding a thumb across my chin, pushing the appendage that I hadn't even realized I'd had out back into my open mouth and closing it. "Yes, tongue play is fun, but only later, after your lips have made contact, and you're really getting into each other.

"But when you're first coming in, you don't want it dangling out like some sort of overeager slobber monster that's gonna lick my face off. Just remember this general tip about pleasing a woman that applies in most circumstances - the slower you go, the more time you take with her, the happier she's gonna be."

"Got it," I said, now understanding some of the odd looks I'd gotten before.

"Anything else for now?"

"Just remember to close your eyes once we've made contact, otherwise it makes things weird. But other than that, just follow my lead, and your own instincts, and you should be fine. So, ready to try again?"

I nodded as we both got into position again and I once again headed in, more slowly this time, keeping my tongue securely within my mouth as I did so. For some reason I was less nervous this second round, bolstered by her tender guidance, knowing that she would never laugh at me or mock me when I made a clumsy mistake, only ever show love, encouragement, and gentle advice.

Throw in her looks and obvious experience, and could one ask for anything more in a first-time lover?

And then it happened, I felt my thin and rather parched lips press against her plump, moist ones for the first time, the feeling so electric I almost pulled back. But I didn't, and soon I felt her press her face ever so slightly forward, so that our lips were now fully mashed together as I closed my eyes. I felt her mouth open slightly, allowing me to catch a whiff of cool mint on her breath.

And then it was there, the tip of her tongue grazing ever so slowly and softly, almost like a feather across my lips. Almost involuntarily I felt my own mouth open just a fraction, allowing it to brush across my front teeth ever so slightly before withdrawing. I then repeated the action over her lips, trying to go as slow as I could, fighting not to let my eagerness overcome me.

No sooner had I withdrawn than her tongue returned to my mouth, more aggressive this time, almost demanding entry. Now was the time, I knew, eagerly opening up to allow her entry bringing up my own tongue to greet hers. I could almost hear the moist impact as they practically slammed into each other, tangling together in a sloppy dance the likes of which I'd never felt before, sending a jolt of erotic energy ripping through my body.

I was suddenly jerked back into reality when mom ripped herself away with a loud gasp, claspng at her chest as she panted for breath. "You...lied to me," she managed to sputter out.

"What?" I asked as I tried to recover myself, blown away by the intensity of the experience, having no idea what she was talking about.

A smirk formed on her adorable face, which I had just become a lot more familiar with. "Oh, come now," she said, her breathing becoming more steady. "Acting like a

sweet, innocent novice completely unschooled in the ways of love, when you're actually a lot more skilled than a lot of the men I've been out with.

"Admit it, you were just playing some sort of cute game with me to have a little fun, weren't you? You can admit it, I promise I'm not mad. On the contrary, I find it quite charming, and a bit arousing."

I shook my head in vigorous denial. "I swear mom, that's the first time I've kissed, or been kissed, like that before. I just did what you said, and followed my instincts and, well, I guess it worked, didn't it?"

She regarded me curiously for a long moment before speaking again. "Damn, you're telling the truth. Could it be that..." she trailed off, shaking her head and smacking her lips. "I don't care why I love it so much, I just know that I do, and I want to do it some more. A lot more."

"Me too."

Before I knew what was happening we were once again locking lips and tongues, more fervently this time now that the initial awkwardness had passed. And now we got our hands involved, feeling hers exploring my back as I ran mine through her silky hair, applying delicate pressure to the back of her head to bring her even closer to me.

I don't know how long we stayed like that, exploring each other's bodies, only knowing that I savored every second of it, my confidence burgeoning as I began seeking out areas I wouldn't have even dreamed of looking at, let alone touching before now, I considered as I rubbed her taut ass, even given it a playful slap. "Mmmmm...you're making me feel so good, better than I have in a long time," she whispered as she briefly broke away to nibble on my ear.

"Same here," I murmured before her mouth once again engulfed mine, my cock throbbing painfully against my jeans, harder and aching with a need I'd never known before. Her words and desire only fed my boldness as I slipped my hands around from her back around to her chest, some voice in me telling me this was too far, but then the primal beast rising within me demanded to explore here as I pressed a hand over each of her breasts, giving them a firm squeeze.

Just then her face jerked away from mine as her body went rigid, a stunned expression in her eyes. For a moment I feared I'd crossed a line I shouldn't have, and was about to receive a harsh scolding, the likes of which I hadn't been subjected to since I broke the bay window in our dining room with an errant baseball.

I braced myself, but the expected blistering reprimand never materialized. Instead, she let out a high-pitched squealing noise and fell back against the door with a soft thud, her entire body jerking and trembling, her eyes rolling back in her head. "Are you okay?" I asked, suddenly frantic, afraid that she might be having a seizure or something.

It was then that an image from a porn movie I'd watched one time rose up in my mind where the woman, getting fucked while her partner used a vibrator on her, had displayed almost the exact same symptoms mom was undergoing at this moment, and then it hit me - she wasn't having a seizure, she was having an orgasm! And an intense one, judging by how her body was still juddering. My worry receded and I simply focused on enjoying the sight of a woman in climax, the first one I'd ever seen in real life and up close, awed at the incredibly beautiful sight.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to fully savor the scene, for through my intoxicating stupor I heard the distinct sound of approaching footsteps, growing louder and louder. Shit, someone was coming! Well, besides mom, I thought wryly as I turned to warn her, finding her still unresponsive as she rode out her wave as whoever it was drew closer.

As gently as I could, I readjusted her back against the seat, sliding her slender frame down in it so that she was hopefully hidden from view as I did the same, praying that whoever it was wouldn't get close enough to see us scooped down in the car, that the dim lighting would help us remain unnoticed.

The footfalls drew nearer until they sounded like they were only a few feet from where we were huddled down in the car, only then coming to a stop. "So, everything's ready?" Vint's deep, menacing voice boomed out. Shit, why was he here, of all places? I wondered, my heart about to burst out of my chest. Didn't he have better things to do, like finding a woman who didn't consider him repulsive?

"It is," Jareth's lighter, more cheerful voice confirmed. "That was a brilliant idea you had, master, creating this place, hosting this today's celebration to gather all that nostalgic energy for the spell. Why, from what I can tell, I think we gathered enough here in the circle to fuel ten castings."

Vinton laughed, but there was no humor in it. "The poor fools, thinking that a few props, costumes and songs would allow them to relive their glory days. Unfortunately for them, all they achieved was giving me what I needed to do so. Now, I'm going to review the words one more time, you check the circle again to make sure everything's as it should be."

Suddenly, beside me mom came back to life with a start and tried to raise herself, obviously dazed and disoriented after her cloud ride, as such having no idea what was happening, or why she was hunched down in a strange vehicle. "Stay down and keep quiet!" I whispered sharply, taking her hand in mine to steady her.

Thankfully she quickly grasped the urgency in my voice, hunkering back down and going still. "What's going on?" she murmured quietly, giving me a strange, dreamy look that I'd never seen before.

"Vint's here with that Jareth guy," I whispered, still trying to decipher her odd expression. "I think he's trying to do something with that spell circle or whatever."

Mom put her hand over her mouth as she stifled a laugh. "Are you kidding me? Now? Damn, I wish I had my camcorder with me so I could record this, and show the world what a complete bozo he is."

"I think we should just count ourselves lucky if we can get through this without being detected. After all, we could still get in big trouble for being in here, and after my antics and your snubbing of his affections, I wouldn't count on Vint's mercy," I replied.

But no sooner than the words were out of my mouth the man dressed as Jareth walked by my window, his eyes meeting mine, my blood turning to ice as I realized we were done for. He may have been lenient with us before, but now his boss was here with him, and there was no way he was gonna let things slide this time.

But to my complete and utter amazement, that's exactly what he did.

Instead of alerting Vinton to our presence, all he did was wink and put a finger to his smiling lips, a silent signal urging us to stay still and quiet before moving onward with his inspection of the circle. "What...the fuck?" I stuttered, unable to believe we'd escaped a second time.

"I gotta do something really nice for that guy once we get out of here," mom said, exhaling the breath she'd been holding in.

"Yeah," I agreed, then wondering what she'd meant by that. "Just how nice are you planning to be?"

I heard her snort softly. "I was thinking along the lines of slipping him a fifty, maybe even a hundred for his exceptional kindness and discretion. Why, what did you think I had in mind?" she asked coyly.

"Uh, nothing."

"Sure," she said with a slight snicker. "You know, I could swear I just heard a hint of jealousy in your voice."

"Well, you didn't," I protested. "After all, what reason would I have to be jealous?"

"What reason indeed?" her whispered voice replied, laced with amusement. "But I have a theory. I think it's because you thought that, to show my gratitude, I was intending to do something very scandalous with him. Something like this."

I had to fight to stifle a yelp when I felt her hand clamp down over my crotch. In all the excitement I'd forgotten I still had a raging boner from that intense make-out session we'd just had, a fact that was brought painfully back to my attention as her fingers squeezed over it through the fabric. "What are you doing?" I rasped out.

"Repaying you for that marvelous treat you gave me earlier," she said in a lilting voice. "You made me feel better than I have in a long time, maybe since your father. And to make it even more impressive you did it without giving me any 'down under' attention, as Crocodile Dundee would say. I didn't even know that was possible before today, but boy did I like it! You sure you're not some secret Don Juan or something, holding out on your unsuspecting mother and then wowing her?"

"Not at all," I replied, starting to lose focus again. So much for just some kissing and light petting. "And don't think I don't appreciate this more than I ever have anything, but are you sure this is the best time for it?"

"Oh, I think this is the absolute perfect time," she purred as she slowly undid my zipper. "Besides the extreme gratitude thing, I'm here stuck in another of Vint's ridiculous spell circles again, albeit with much better company this time, and I need something to occupy my mind. Otherwise, I might just laugh out loud at the absurdity of the whole thing and get us busted.

"Not to mention," she added as she finally somehow got the zipper down around my bulge, reaching inside and riffling through my boxers. "That I find it extremely exciting that the man who's obviously still obsessed with me is right outside playing wizard while I'm right under his nose, giving my attentions to a real man," she concluded as her searching fingers found what they were looking for, grasping my cock and wrangling it out into the open air. "Don't you agree, sweetie?"

"Fuck yes," I sighed, bidding farewell to the last of my reservations. It may have just been her soft, delicate fingers running up and down my length, but I found her reasoning to be flawless. Her only reply was a slight titter as she continued her expert ministrations.

"Everything looks good, master," I heard Jareth's voice call out, sounding very far away through the haze of pleasure blanketing my brain. "The circle is accurate, and brimming with energy."

"Excellent," I heard Vinton say. "Wait a minute," he said after a moment, "wasn't that dog Einstein inside the car? Why is he over there now?"

Huh, so he noticed that, I considered idly, knowing I should probably be feeling more worried but unable to given what was being done to me at the moment. Fuck, I didn't even really care anymore if we got caught, as long as he waited until after mom was finished tickling my pickle.

"Oh, that," Jareth said nonchalantly, "I was making some minor adjustments earlier in preparation for this moment and set the dog figure out, forgetting to put it back inside the car. Would you like me to do so now?"

"Don't bother," Vinton muttered. "It is an insignificant detail, and will have no bearing on what is to come," he said, the tone of his voice suggesting his mind was focused elsewhere. And as it turns out, I was right.

"That little bitch," he muttered after a long, brooding silence. "After everything I did for her, offered to her, she still slaps away my hand. Well, like the whore she was dressed up as tonight, she's about to learn that everything, including her, has its price, and that now I am the only one capable of meeting it."

It didn't take a genius to figure out that he was talking about mom. She quickly came to the same conclusion, her grip on my cock tightening, no doubt imagining it was his neck in her hand. And while I had no doubt that such a throttling on a throat would have been quite unpleasant, it felt incredible on my dick, so I didn't object.

However, from her tense posture I could sense that mom was on the verge of leaping out of the car and showing Vinton exactly what she thought about his spiteful words. Not only could that be bad for us from a legal standpoint, but even worse to my mind at the time was the fear that her excellent hand job would be interrupted. Not wanting either to outcome to happen, I reached out a hand and put it on her shoulder. "It's okay," I soothed. "They're just words from an idiot in a bathrobe, they mean nothing."

She said nothing in reply, but I knew my words had their intended effect when she gifted me with a small smile, eyes brimming with appreciation as she, to my slight disappointment, loosened her chokehold on my cock. But my spirits lifted when she increased her tempo dramatically, her dainty hand practically flying up and down my shaft, aided by the copious amounts of precum she'd coaxed out of the tip, her rapid motions making a slight squishing sound.

"Forgive me, but perhaps you should reconsider your approach," I heard Jareth say. "The lady turned you down tonight, yes, but perhaps with a bit of persistence, patience, and a touch of kindness, then perhaps you could yet win her heart by natural means."

"No," Vinton snapped testily. "I only bothered approaching her tonight at your insistence, and all I got in exchange for my trouble was humiliation yet again. Well, no more. Now, we do things my way." he growled in a tone that suggested it would be very unwise for Jareth to continue arguing.

But he did anyway, meaning it wasn't just a bunch of socks behind that bulge in his groin. "As you wish," Jareth replied coolly, voice betraying no hint of fear or intimidation. "And I only suggest such an alternative because with even the most meticulously planned castings, bolstered with the help of one such as myself, unexpected factors can still intervene. This can lead to drastically different outcomes, and unforeseen consequences."

"I have paid you handsomely for your service, not your worthless counsel," Vint spat. "Consider yourself fortunate I am in too much of a hurry to deal with your impertinence as I'd like. Now, take up your position, I'm ready to begin."

"Very well, master," Jareth replied as I heard him stepping back behind the vehicle, a definite edge to his voice this time. "So, I take it this brings a conclusion to our...business relationship?"

"It's over when I say it's over, and that won't happen until I have what I want," Vinton replied testily. "Once that happens, then I will release you. Until that moment, you will remain in my service, should I require your assistance. Now be quiet, I'm ready to begin."

Jareth fell silent as Vinton began muttering in some strange language, the finer points of which I missed, since thanks to mom's nimble fingers and quickened pace I soon found myself thundering toward the point of no return. "Mom, I'm gonna..." I warned as I slipped closer to the edge.

"It's okay, sweetie," she breathed, her breath almost as ragged as mine. "Just go ahead and let loose, you need to as much as I did."

"But the car..." I moaned softly. I could feel the climax in me was far bigger than any I'd ever had before, and while I wanted nothing more than to let it go, I didn't want to splatter it all over the place.

"It's alright," she said, her muted voice a soothing mix of calm and confidence, and something else, anticipation maybe? It was hard to tell with a mind that had long ago turned to mush. "Mommy's got it all under control. So just go ahead and do what you need to do."

Good ol' mom, she'd always known just what to say and just how to say it to make me feel better, and while this time it was under the most bizarre of circumstances my worry slipped away, and with it the last impediment to my impending urgent eruption. I let out a small grunt, my hips lifting up slightly as I closed my eyes and blasted over the edge.

It was then that I felt mom's hand leave my cock only to be instantly replaced by something warm and wet, the startling new sensation causing me to open my eyes, widening them as I realized that she had somehow repositioned herself so that her head was now over my groin, her mouth completely enveloping my cock.

But before I could react to this startling and unexpected development my cock erupted, spewing my load straight into her waiting mouth. As I'd anticipated it was an incredibly massive load, and as I continued to spurt and spurt into her mouth seemingly without end I feared that the sheer force and amount of it would cause her to choke and give us away.

But to my pleased astonishment, that didn't happen as mom took it all like a pro without so much as a sputter, the only noise the softly erotic sound of her swallowing my spunk with unusual eagerness.

And even when my cock started to flag, its outpouring dwindling, she continued to suckle it with unrelenting fervor until she'd drained it of every last drop, only then releasing it with a satisfying pop and slipping stealthily back over to her seat, flashing me a face-splitting grin as a dribble of cum that'd escaped her mouth slipped off her chin and splashed down onto her sweat-soaked blouse.

We just sat there staring at each other, so overwhelmed by what we'd just done, what we'd just shared, that neither of us could speak. At last I opened my mouth to try to give voice to the intense emotions raging in my head, only to close it when I heard a sudden, sharp noise that sounded like a book being slammed shut, followed by something heavy hitting the floor. "It is done, so let it be done!" Vint bellowed, clapping his hands together loudly.

Without warning all the dials and instruments inside the DeLorean flashed to life, bathing the interior with a myriad of multicolored lights. Fighting an urge to bolt I glanced over at mom, who looked just as startled as I felt, her eyes riveted on the dashboard. I followed her gaze to discover the time display all lit up with figures as it did before the car time jumped in the movie. But it was the numbers in the top panel, which showed the time the vehicle was set to head to that puzzled me. If I was reading it right, it translated as June 24, 1986 at 8:04 PM, precisely twenty years ago. "What--"

But that was all I got out before there was a bright flash, the world going white as my mind went dark.

*

When I came to, I had the biggest, throbbingest headache of my life, matched only by an ache in my lower back, due to my slouched position in a car seat. For an instant my murky mind wondered what the fuck I was doing in this position and where the hell I was, until in a flash it all came back to me - the 80s bash, meeting mom's asshole ex-boyfriend Vint, sneaking in here, Vint showing up, that bright flash of light...

But far more significant than that was what had happened between mom and I - the taste of her lips as we'd kissed, the same lips which had later engulfed my cock and swallowed my cum. Had that really happened, or had it just been the most awesome hallucination I or anyone else had ever had? No, definitely real, I concluded, reaching down to find my zipper still down, my flaccid cock still laying flopped out like a turkey with its neck dangling out its cage.

I didn't even know how to begin even processing what we'd done, how this would affect our relationship, so I decided to push it back for now and instead focus on how to extricate ourselves from our immediate precarious situation. So, after carefully tucking away the captain and fastening up my jeans I slowly raised myself up in the seat, just enough to get a good look around.

Which wasn't easy, considering in the interim between that bright burst and my waking up the world around us had gone completely dark - not only the room, but the displays and instruments in the DeLorean had once again gone dormant after their strange flare-up. In a way I was glad, for with my splitting headache I wasn't sure how much light I could stand at the moment, but also irritated because I couldn't tell if Vint or anyone else was still lurking around out there.

And that's when I remembered that some of the lights in here were motion-activated, meaning that if Jareth and Vint had still been around, at least some of the lights would still be on, I concluded with relief as I pushed myself back all the way up into the seat, the tenseness flowing out of me. I looked over to the motionless figure of mom, who looked to be still asleep.

For a moment I just sat there, listening to the sound of her rhythmic breathing. And even though I couldn't see her I could still picture the image perfectly in my mind - her small oval face so peaceful in sleep, her long flowing hair, her cute little nose. She reminded me of Sleeping Beauty in a play she'd taken me to once, awaiting the kiss of her true love to awaken her.

However, I opted for a more mundane approach, figuring if she was as disoriented as I'd been when I came to, waking up to find her son kissing her might not go over well. "Mom, mom," I said kindly but loudly as I shook her shoulder.

"Mmmm," she murmured pleasantly as if awakening from a happy dream. But that blissful grogginess vanished when she realized she wasn't in her room or even her home, bolting upright in her seat, strands of her hair hitting my face as her head swerved around wildly. "Where am I? What's going on?" she cried, panicking as her hands clutched at the seat.

"It's okay," I said in what I hoped was a reassuring voice, quickly finding her hand and cupping it in mine. "It's me, Will, your son. We're still here in the DeLorean at the 80s museum, remember?"

"Will?" she said uncertainly, calming somewhat and rubbing at her head. "Fuck, have I got a headache," she groaned, leaning back against the seat. Apparently that flash had caused her head to hurt as well, no doubt made far worse by all the drinks she's had earlier. "Are you okay, sweetie?"

"I've got a headache too, but otherwise I'm fine. And it seems like the coast is clear, so maybe it'd be a good time for us to get the heck out of here."

"Okay, just give me a minute," she said. "I'm just feeling a little queasy, like maybe I shouldn't have had that last Blue Lagoon. And please, don't tell me I told you so."

"Wouldn't dream of it," I said sincerely, not wanting to add to her apparent misery. I just hoped she'd be able to recover enough to make it out of here and back to the car, our car. I was bigger and taller than her, but in my state I didn't want to find out if I could carry her or not.

Having a free moment while she composed herself, I fished around in my pocket and pulled out my phone, wanting to check the time to see how long we'd been out.
"Shit!"

"What? What is it?" she asked as I heard her straighten herself in the seat.

"My phone's dead," I grumbled, wondering how that'd happened, since I'd left the house with a full battery this morning and I'd barely used it.

I heard her fumbling around in her purse. "Huh, mine too. Weird."

"Great, for all we know it's the middle of the night, and the museum's closed up tight."

"That shouldn't be a problem. If anything, it should make things easier for us to slip out."

"Assuming we don't set off any alarms or get caught on camera," I pointed out.

She gave a small shrug. "Well, that guy in the Jareth getup said that the cameras on this floor hadn't been activated yet, so chances are good that's true for the rest of the security system as well, right?"

"True," I conceded. "Not that we have any choice but to risk it anyway. How're you feeling?"

"Not as good as I wish I was, but we can't wait any longer," she said, opening her door. "Let's go."

I stepped out and shut my own door as quietly as I could, having the idea of flicking on the car lights to help us see. But, like everything else, they were nonfunctional. "How're you doing?" I asked, a bit concerned since I hadn't heard her door shut.

"Not...that great," she replied weakly, and from the sound and direction of her voice I could tell she hadn't even gotten out of her seat yet. But time was of the essence, and I knew what I had to do.

Using my hands, I felt my way around the car until I reached her. "Here," I said, lifting her gently and putting her arm around my shoulder, clapping my arm around her back to steady her. "I'll help you."

"Thanks, sweetie," she said, kissing me on the cheek. There was no fire or passion in it this time, only the grateful motherly affection I'd received hundreds of times before, like when I gave her a Mother's Day present I'd crafted, or made dinner when she had to work late.

But after tonight we had gone far beyond that normal mother-son bond, to a mysterious new place I was unfamiliar with. I wanted to ask her about it, to seek her comforting guidance in this and a thousand other things, but knew that now wasn't the time.

So for now, I tamped it all down. "No problem," I said with a forced cheerfulness that I wasn't feeling as we began to move slowly in the almost pitch darkness along what I believed was the way out, hoping I didn't trip up and land us both in one of the displays before the lights picked up our movement and came back on.

"Sorry about this," she said, sounding sheepish. "I feel like some feeble old woman that has to be helped around."

I chuckled. "Bite your tongue, mom. Don't you remember how you ran rings around people half your age at that dance-off earlier? You even outlasted me, and I was on the track team!"

She giggled at the memory, feeling her arm tighten around me. "I guess I do still have some life in me, huh?" She was quiet a moment before speaking again. "Thanks for that, and for everything else. I know it hasn't exactly been smooth sailing since your father's been gone, but I just want you to know that these past years have been wonderful, because I had you with me."

Another pause. "I guess that's why I got so upset when you told me you were going to school so far away. You see, I'd gotten so used to you as the only happy constant in my life, I couldn't imagine you not being in it. I'm sorry."

"Mom..." I murmured, not sure what else to say. We'd always been close, and all moms always say their children are the most important thing in their lives. But there was some deeper meaning behind her words, something profound mingled with an aching sadness that made me feel guilty as hell for even thinking about abandoning her.

But why she was choosing now to talk about all this I had no clue, still, I was glad she was doing so, for it provided a window to discuss what had happened tonight. For despite my best efforts, I couldn't banish our intimacy in the DeLorean from my

mind, feeling like I was about to burst, certain that it tied in somehow to what she'd just confessed. "Listen, mom--"

But my impassioned declaration was brought to an abrupt halt when I collided with something cold and hard, followed by a wobbling sound and a sharp crash. "What was that?" mom asked beside me, tensing up as I cursed. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I just bumped into something," I muttered, wondering what I'd broke and how much it cost. I'd been sure that I was heading down the middle of the wide walkway we'd come down earlier, so how the fuck did I hit something? I asked myself, another question coming to mind. "And where are the damn motion-sensitive lights? They should've come on by now!"

"My apologies for that," a familiar voice rang out in the darkness, "but you two seemed to be having such a tender moment that I hated to interrupt." There was a sharp click, and suddenly every light in the room blazed on at once, causing me to blink rapidly against the sudden onslaught of brightness.

As the spots cleared from my vision, I saw a broken marble pedestal lying at my feet, along with the remains of a clay bust among the scattered stone. Even in its ruined state, enough remained of the head for me to recognize it as a bust of one of the town's founders that had been on display when this place had been an art museum.

Inwardly I groaned. Why was it here now? Hadn't they taken it with them when they relocated, or had Vint requested they leave it here for some reason? And if so, then why hadn't I noticed it coming in? Had I gotten turned around in the dark?

But before I could work through this there was a tsking sound ahead of me, and I looked up to see Jareth heading towards us, eyes on the ruined art piece. "A pity about that, but I wouldn't feel too bad about it. The piece was poorly done, and

didn't reflect the subject's true character. I daresay he'd be glad to see it destroyed," he said with unusual confidence, as if he'd known the man and his tastes personally.

"That's hardly the issue," I snapped, not at all surprised to see him, since I'd recognized his voice before the lights came on. "The point is you've obviously been here the whole time, and could have turned on the lights and revealed yourself sooner. If you had, this wouldn't have happened. So why didn't you?"

Jareth didn't look at all perturbed by my outburst, seeming more amused than anything, which only pissed me off more. "Before I get into all that," he said, "I suggest we move where you two can rest, particularly your mother. She's not looking very well."

I glanced at her, and although she was still clinging to me her head was lolling, and didn't respond when I tried speaking to her, showing no reaction to Jareth's sudden reappearance.

"Travelling," Jareth said as if that was supposed to be some sort of explanation as he moved to mom's other side, helping to support her. "It affects everyone at first, some harder than others," he continued.

"Travelling? I repeated, crinkling my brow at him as we carefully deposited mom on a bench near some other sculptures, none of which I'd noticed earlier. But they barely caught my attention, all my focus on mom. "What are you talking about? We've been here since this morning, and I wouldn't call visiting one town over from our own travelling."

Jareth grinned. "Rather than me attempting to refute your point, why not just look around and see for yourself?" he suggested, with a dramatic flourish of his arms.

I did as he asked, my eyes bulging to the point I thought they'd pop out of my head and bounce across the floor. For the room I found myself in bore absolutely no resemblance to the one I'd been in before my blackout, the one that'd been jam packed with 80s memorabilia.

Now, rather than being filled to the brim with all matter of retro knickknacks, the space was a lot more clear and open, the area around us dotted with small pedestals holding stone sculptures and clay busts like the one I'd knocked over. The rest of the room, however, was dedicated to brightly colored geometric pieces, the walls dotted with large paintings slathered with vivid hues. A banner hanging down from the ceiling read:

WELCOME TO THE BAKERSFIELD ART MUSEUM'S MEMPHIS DESIGN AND POP ART EXHIBITION, RUNNING MAY 1ST - DECEMBER 31ST, 1986

"What...what the..." I stammered as I sank down beside mom, feeling the headache that had been fading again come roaring back.

Jareth chuckled again above us. "A lot to take in, I know. While you're doing that, I'm going to run get something to help you two feel better." And just like that, he was gone.

Any other time I might have wondered how he'd disappeared so fast, but right now I had far bigger things on my mind, I considered as I scrutinized the room that was now an art gallery showcasing works from the 80s, the DeLorean looking oddly conspicuous among the pieces.

What was going on here? I asked myself. Was this some sort of elaborate practical joke, or was Vint trying to mess with our minds? And if so, how'd he get everything switched out so quick without waking us up? Or had he just moved the DeLorean somewhere else? But he hadn't even known we were there, had he?

Although mom was still listless beside me I still took her hand, needing some sort of solace as I sought to make sense of things, but all I ended up doing was making my headache worse. Jareth's got some explaining to do when he gets back, I thought, trying not to flip out as I leaned against the backrest.

And then just as quickly as he'd disappeared the mysterious man was back in front of us, bearing a tray with two glasses containing a fizzing greenish-yellow liquid that reminded me of Mountain Dew. "Drink this, it'll help," he said.

I took one of the glasses, sniffing it warily. It didn't smell dangerous, having a slightly sweet and fruity aroma, but that didn't mean anything. Still, I reasoned, if this fellow wanted to hurt us, he could have done so while we were out cold in the car instead of trying to poison us now. "What the hell," I muttered, taking a swig. It even tasted like a citrusy soft drink, but with a much more intense flavor. And delicious, I considered, gulping the rest down.

Almost as soon as I swallowed the last drop my headache vanished almost instantly, and I felt great, like waking up from a good night's rest. Taking mom's glass, I tilted her head her back a bit and opened her mouth, trickling some of the liquid down her throat. To my relief her eyes shot back open and her back straightened almost at once. She took the glass from me, downing the rest of its contents almost as quickly as I had. By the time she'd finished she looked as great as I felt, bright and perky. "What is this stuff?" she asked, smacking her lips. "It's fantastic!"

"My own personal recipe for countering the effects of travelling," Jareth said proudly. "Also works quite well on hangovers, though it does have a few side effects, like giving one an excessively large amount of energy that has to be burned off before one can even think of sleeping. But other than that, quite a lovely concoction, if I do say so myself."

"Travelling?" Mom said as she looked in confusion around our new surroundings.
"What do you mean by that? And where are we?"

"Good questions," I muttered, putting down my glass.

"Not where, when," Jareth corrected nonchalantly, flicking at some lint on his outfit.
"I thought that would have been obvious by now."

"Huh?" Mom and I both said simultaneously.

"You see, my dear friends, you are still in the same place you were when you arrived earlier. Or should I say later? For you see, it is no longer June 24th, 2006. When I said travelling, I was referring to time travelling, which means today is still June 24th, although the year we are now in is 1986, twenty years in your past."

It was said with the mundane casualness of placing a drive-thru order, but that one phrase was enough to turn my world on its head and set it spinning. June 24th 1986, that's what the destination display in the DeLorean had read right before I'd blacked out. No, I told myself, this can't be right. This is real life, not the movies, this has to be some sort of trick.

And apparently, mom was thinking the same thing. "As if!" she exclaimed, setting her glass down next to mine before raising herself to her full height. And even though this man in the Jareth getup was much taller than her, the air of pure hostility emanating from mom at that moment compelled him to retreat a few steps, and he didn't seem the type that scared easily. "This is just another lame scheme of Vint's to win me back, isn't it? And if you're helping him..." she trailed off menacingly, taking a step toward him.

Jareth held up his hands in mock surrender. "I'm afraid you've hit the nail on the head, Miss Switcher, although not in the way you think. But before you take out your justified fury toward Vint on me," he said quickly as she took another step towards him, "You should know that any assistance I've rendered that vile man has been completely involuntary, and I now seek to do all I can to disrupt his insidious plans."

"Let's hear him out," I interjected as I stood up as well, remembering how he hadn't revealed our presence to Vint, and had given us those helpful drinks. And he'd been right about what it did to one's energy levels, feeling mine go through the roof, my body awash with vitality. One area in particular, I thought with some discomfort, my cock hardening just looking at mom and remembering what we'd been up to. Not now, I said silently to my crotch, pushing it down.

"Alright," mom said, not looking convinced but not going for the hapless man's jugular as she'd been poised to do a moment ago. "Go ahead, although I don't see what good it will do. Whatever he's plotting it's not going to work, especially after all those horrible things he said."

"Of that, I have no doubt. At least, it won't work with you as you are now," he amended.

Her eyes narrowed into slivers. "Meaning?"

"Just that you haven't always been as, shall we say, discerning as you are at your current age. Or need I remind you of that Mötley Crüe concert in '85, and those two rather eager fellows you picked up and you took back to the motel with you? Why, one was so taken with the experience, he gave you his jacket that'd been signed by the band."

I frowned, looking at her. "What's he talking about?" I asked, remembering the jacket in question, which she said a friend had given her.

But she didn't respond, didn't seem to have even heard me as her eyes sauced at Jareth, mouth opening and closing but no sound coming out. "How..how do you know about that?" she finally managed to get out, cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "We never exchanged names, so there's no way they knew who I was, no way you could've tracked them down..."

She suddenly looked ill, clutching at her stomach as she stumbled backwards, falling back into her seat as I rushed over to her, asking if she was okay. But again I received no reply as she stared dazedly at Jareth. "My God, you're telling the truth, aren't you?" she murmured. "This really is 1986."

He grinned, looking a bit relieved. "Ah, so at last your mind has opened to the truth."

"Well, mine hasn't," I retorted, glaring at the odd man. "And how dare you take advantage of a woman who isn't feeling well by filling her head with nonsense for who knows what reason? Why I oughta--"

Jareth tutted, interrupting my rant. "Now, now, there's no need for such threats, especially since I know from recent events your inclination is to be a lover rather than a fighter. After all, what you did on August 5th, 2002 from 8:58 PM until 10:01 PM proves that beyond all doubt." This time, his grin showed off his teeth. "Is the date and time enough, or shall I go into the specifics of your activities during that period?"

This time, it was my turn to flush as mom looked at me in confusion. "I don't understand," she murmured. "That was when we were on a trip to the beach, if I remember right. What does that have to do with anything?"

"Nothing," I growled through gritted teeth, shock and fury fighting for control of my mind, wondering how in the hell he knew about...that. "And I don't have to stay here and listen to this crap," I said, turning to go.

I was stopped by a firm grip on my arm, turning to see mom looking at me pleadingly, shaking her head. "No, please," she begged. "I know it sounds crazy, but I think we really have gone back in time," she said, looking around at the room again. "So, as a favor to me, let's just listen to what he has to say. What can it hurt?"

"What indeed?" Jareth said, seeming not at all offended by my outburst, still wearing that maddingly bemused expression. "Just hear me out for a few moments without interrupting, and then I promise I'll send you on your merry way in style.

"If I'm insane or lying, then you'll have an amusing story to laugh about over breakfast tomorrow. But if I'm telling the truth," he added, a note of seriousness creeping into his tone and expression, "then you just might just be doing yourselves the biggest favor imaginable. Agreed?"

"Well, okay," I relented grudgingly, after mom had worn me down with that pleading look of hers. "Five minutes, after which we're gone whether you've finished or not. And start with how the hell you know things about us that no one should."

"Fair enough," he said. "Five uninterrupted minutes. So right to it then - without getting bogged down in detail, let's just say that my job is to watch over the time continuum, making sure everything runs smoothly and that no kinks develop. Unfortunately, one major bump popped up when the one you know as Vint got extremely lucky with his inane and reckless dabbling in the magical arts, not only managing to draw me to him, but binding me to his will as well."

I forced back a scoff. "Don't tell me you actually are the Goblin King."

"Oh heavens no," he assured me, "if I had that kind of power, I'd never have allowed myself to be ensnared by one such as Vint. I just happen to find this look very appealing," he explained, patting his extravagant mullet.

"Vint captured you? One of his spells actually worked?" Mom asked incredulously, her tone indicating that she wasn't doubting Jareth's claims, just the fact that her loser ex-boyfriend could pull off such a feat.

Jareth shrugged helplessly. "What can I say, but that even a stopped clock like Vint can be correct twice a day, and it is our collective misfortune that this was what he happened to get right."

"Don't you mean your misfortune?" Mom corrected, although there was an undercurrent of concern in her voice. "I still don't see how this concerns my son and I."

"Alas, if only that were true, I would bear it gladly," Jareth lamented with an overly dramatic sigh. "But while I have been compelled to help him with his wicked schemes, even up to helping him acquire his ill-begotten wealth, I'm afraid it is you, my dear, who is his true target. For you see, his sole purpose in engineering all this is to win over your younger self, to make you his forever. I trust I don't have to explain the consequences should he succeed, do I?"

Her head shot toward me, a look of utter horror on her face. "I'd never get together with Matt, my husband," she whispered, swallowing heavily. "Will, my son, would never be born."

Jareth nodded grimly, all traces of humor gone. "So now you understand what's at stake, what danger you both face."

"This is all bullshit," I muttered derisively, even as internally I was freaking out at what this could mean, if there was even a chance it was true. "Besides, mom would never do that," I protested, "after what he did to her, there's no way even her younger self would consider it, right mom? Right?" I repeated when she didn't answer.

"Well..." she began, biting her lip.

"What Madame Switcher is trying to say," Jareth cut in, "is that, as I implied before, her younger self in this time is not as astute as she is now, and with the considerable resources Vint now has at his disposal, it is all too possible that the Crystal of this time, beautiful but as yet unpolished, will succumb to his charms. Am I wrong?" he asked, looking to her.

"I wish I could definitely say you are, but I can't," she admitted ruefully. "Sorry to say, I was quite superficial in my younger years, before I got together with your father, Will."

"Then what are we just waiting around here for?" I asked as I tore my gaze away from my hands that I'd been staring at, swearing they were already starting to fade like Marty's in *Back to the Future* when his continuing existence was in question. "Let's go find that son of a bitch and stop him!"

"Settle down," Jareth said in a commanding yet firm voice, and once again I wondered how in the world he was serving Vint, when all indications suggested it should have been the other way around. "The situation may be urgent, but there is no need for rash action that will get us nowhere."

"After all, Vint was quite drained from his efforts, and it will take him some time to recover, especially since it conveniently slipped my mind to inform him of my

rejuvenating concoction," he said with a mischievous grin. "I may have to obey his will, but that doesn't mean I have to offer him unsolicited assistance."

I flashed him a grin of my own, liking him more and more. "Awesome! That means we have some time, and with your abilities this should be easy."

He shook his head. "Alas, his continuing hold on me prevents me from interfering directly with his plans. Besides, it took everything in me just to conceal your presence from him, and bring you along. So, it's gonna take a while for me to recharge my batteries, as you put it in this dimension. I can offer you some limited support, but when it comes right down to it, you two are the only ones who can stop Vint and assure the future you want for yourselves.

"It will not be easy, for Vint has considerable resources at his disposal, even in this time." His grin returned. "However, he does not yet know you two are here, working against him. That's a considerable advantage in our favor."

"Alright," mom said, rubbing at her head as she looked at me. "So, all we have to do is stop my teenage, stupid self from falling for Vint's wiles and make sure I hook up with Will's father."

"If that's the way you want it," Jareth said cryptically.

She looked back at Jareth, blinking rapidly. "Wait a minute, what date did you say it was?"

"June 24th, 1986."

"Shit!" she swore loudly. "Shit! Shit! Shit! We're only a few days away from when I'm supposed to meet him, your dad, at the um, place where I was working at the time. That bastard Vint, he's planning to mess up my encounter with Matt, isn't he? But how?"

"I'm afraid he didn't share the details of his plan with me," Jareth said, running a finger along the breast of his studded jacket. "But if I had to guess, I'd say he somehow intends to disrupt your initial encounter with your future husband. If you'd like some advice, I'd suggest finding and sticking close to your younger self, maybe even ingratiate yourselves with her, so you'll be ready to quickly counter whatever moves Vint intends to make."

"What?" I asked, flabbergasted. "Besides the massive shock, wouldn't seeing a, um, more sophisticated version of herself (I picked my words very carefully, lest I regret them later) cause some sort of time-space anomaly that would warp us and the universe out of existence, or something like that?"

Jareth let out a hearty laugh. "Nothing so dramatic. But you do have a point, there could be some unintended, albeit less cataclysmic repercussions if that happened," He acknowledged. "But have no fear, I've arranged it so that no one will recognize you, Madame Switcher, not even the you of this time.

"Well," he continued, clapping his hands together and rubbing them, "I believe that should be enough to get you started, so why don't I show you two out so you can get going? No time like the present, so to speak."

"But how?" I asked, something just occurring to me. "If this really is the past, I doubt our car made the trip with us. How are we supposed to get around without it?"

Jareth grinned. "Leave that to me."

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"Ohmigod!" mom screamed as we approached the parking lot, breaking into a mad dash toward the only vehicle remaining there, letting out another delighting shriek before flinging herself over the hood like it was a long-lost child.

"I can't believe it," she breathed as we approached, actually kissing the car. "It's a Porsche 928, just like in my favorite movie!" she said, once again kissing the vehicle's gold finish, rubbing at the car suggestively, like she was about to make love to it.

"Actually, mom, the Porsche in Risky Business was a '79, this looks more like a '85 or '86 model," I noted as I looked over the vehicle, calling upon my extensive knowledge on the subject gleaned from years of reading car magazines. Not that mom seemed to care about such details, continuing to caress the Porsche in a way that almost made me envious. Almost. "It must've cost a fortune to restore it to this condition."

"Good eye, Will," Jareth said with an approving nod. "Only it's brand new, not restored. One of the perks of my position, you might say," he said, tossing mom the keys.

She flipped around as she snatched the keys, so that she was now laying sideways on the hood, like one of those bikini models in those car calendars. She was leaning on her elbow, her left leg bent suggestively, a hungry look in her eyes I hadn't seen since the DeLorean. "Do you know what I'd have done to own one of these back in my teen years, hell, to even just take a ride in one?"

"That's what bothers me," Jareth muttered too low for her to hear, but I did, and I didn't like the implications.

But before I could respond mom suddenly hopped off the car, a troubled look on her face. "Wait a minute," she murmured as something seemed to occur to her, "this car isn't part of Vint's plan to win me back, is it? And maybe you've just been lying about all this time travel stuff, to get me to drop my guard?"

"Because if so, then I can't take it," she declared as she held the keys out to Jareth, and from the pain in her expression and the reluctant slowness of her movements I knew how hard it must've been to say that, probably the most difficult thing she'd ever done. "Despite what he thinks I can't and won't be bought, not for any price."

Jareth grinned exceptionally broadly, as if she'd just passed some sort of test. "Glad to hear it, but have no fear. The car is from me, and only me, Vint has nothing to do with it."

"Oh," mom said, pulling back her arm and the keys with it. "Then I suppose I can accept it then."

"Unless," I added, not liking the way she was again looking at him, "Mr. 'Jareth' here is expecting some sort of generous favor in return for such a lavish gift, which no doubt costed far more than a DVD/VCR combo," I noted, remembering the prize she'd won for the dance-off.

"Good point," mom said, folding her arms over her chest. "So, is there a catch I should know about?"

He shrugged. "Well, my lady, since you bring it up, I must confess that there is an ulterior motive for the aid I am rendering--"

"Ha!" I declared in triumph, thinking I'd caught on to his game.

"But I can assure you that it is nothing of a sexual or otherwise underhanded nature, but rather of mutual benefit to all of us," he continued without missing a beat or even seeming to acknowledge my outburst, glancing at me to emphasize I was included in his statement.

"You see, despite his assurances, I fear Vint has no intention of ever releasing me, for his greed is truly insatiable. However, in the course of stopping him, if you could somehow obtain the gold pocket watch he carries, I would be most appreciative. It is the heart of my power, and having it back will allow me to break his hold over me."

"And then you'll send us home?" I asked.

He gave me a curious look, his eyes twinkling strangely. "You have my word, young Will, if that is your desire. Are we agreed?"

I looked at mom, and we both shrugged. "Sounds reasonable," mom said, turning back to him, hand tightening around the keys. "As long as we get to keep the car," she stipulated.

"I pity the poor fool who would dare try to take it from you," he said with a chuckle. "But yes, it is yours."

"Then I suppose it's the least we can do, not only for the car or even to save our futures, but for your kindness all evening. Even if you are something of an oddball," she added with a wry smile.

"Madame, in this stiff-necked universe, I consider that a compliment of the highest order," he said with a graceful bow before turning and walking back toward the building. "Have a marvelous evening, I'll be in touch soon," he called back, "and by

the way, I included a few extra items you might find useful in the glove compartment."

A jingling sound drew my attention away from the retreating figure. "Ready to take a ride?" Mom asked, waving the keys in front of my face, her former exuberance having returned.

I nodded, even though I knew it wouldn't be as nearly much fun as the one in the DeLorean had been. "You sure you're okay to drive?" I asked, brushing those thoughts aside. "I mean, you could barely walk twenty minutes ago."

She dismissed my concerns with a wave of her hand. "I feel great, sweetie, better than I ever have in my life, and more...ohhh..." she trailed off. The light wasn't great, but I could've sworn she rubbed her thighs together subtly. "Well, nevermind that for now," she said, heading to the driver's door. "Now let's hit the road!"

"I hope our SUV's okay, wherever it is," I muttered as I settled in my seat and shut the door.

Mom pffted as she started the car. "I don't know where it is, but as far as I'm concerned it can stay there," she said as she revved the engine. "We didn't have anything of great importance in it, and that clunker was about ready to konk out anyway. Ohmigod, will you listen to this bad baby purr, like a tiger in heat!"

"I know," I admitted, still thinking about our old vehicle. "But we did have a lot of good memories tied up in it."

Mom looked at me, looking happier than I'd ever seen her. Not only that, but she looked bolder, more daring, more like she must have been during some of her youthful escapades she'd regaled me with. "Well, hold on hot stuff, because we're

about to make a whole lotta new ones in this sweet ride," she declared as she shifted gears, pushed her foot down on the accelerator, and tore off through the deserted parking lot.

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"Will you relax?" Mom urged for what must've been the fifth time as we drove down the highway through the open, mostly farm and forest land that separated the museum, on the outskirts of Bakersfield, from our hometown.

Or perhaps to be more accurate, we tore through it like a bat fleeing a particularly unpleasant hell. For mom, obviously eager to test the limits of her new car, was racing down the road so fast you'd think she was trying to qualify for a NASCAR position.

Fortunately, the road was relatively straight and, at this time of night, blissfully deserted. I was praying it stayed that way as I clung to my seat, holding on for dear life. "I will as soon as you slow down!" I shouted over the blaring radio and wind pouring in through the rolled down windows, whipping through her long hair as well as my own, my carefully styled Tom Cruise cut now flailing around in all directions. Again, I wondered what was with her, for she was acting like an irrational teenager, which up to today had been my job.

"Aw, come on, don't be such a spoilsport," she said, as she banged her head to Van Halen's "Jump" blaring on the radio, "you gotta admit this is just a little exciting, being in this bitchin' car!"

"Of course it is," I admitted, "which is why I'd like to live long enough to enjoy it for awhile!" I said, putting a little extra pleading in my voice. "And can we turn down the radio a bit?" I added.

"You're no fun," she pouted as she lowered the volume and deaccelerated a bit, although we were still twenty miles over the speed limit. "You gotta understand, sweetie, this isn't a car just for getting from point A to B, this is a car to really and truly drive, ya know? Being behind the wheel of a machine like this, riding like the wind, damn if it's not the best feeling in the world! Well, besides some amazingly hot and sweaty sex, that is," she amended with a wink. "Wanna give it a try?"

"Wait, what?" I asked, straightening in my seat. Was she suggesting what I thought she was?

She let out a small laugh. "The car, I was wondering if you'd like to drive the car," she clarified. "After all, it's just as much yours as mine."

"Oh," I said. Of course that's what she meant, dummy, I chastised myself, slumping back in my seat and berating myself for thinking it was anything more than that. Mom had made no mention of the DeLorean incident (as I had dubbed it) since waking up, and I had a feeling that now that we were back out in the world it would never be mentioned again, except perhaps as a thrilling, albeit crazy memory.

Maybe that was for the best, I thought. Sure, it'd been mind-blowing, and part of me wanted to delve deeper into what we'd started. But legal and societal considerations aside, it was insane to think that anything meaningful or lasting like a romantic relationship could develop between mom and I.

Right?

"Maybe later," I replied, deciding to let her enjoy herself and her new toy for now. I leaned forward and opened the glove compartment, anxious to get my mind on anything other than the forbidden territory it seemed to enjoy wallowing in far too much lately. "That Jareth dude said there was some other stuff in here, as if this car wasn't enough," I muttered, rummaging around, retrieving a rather large and bulging leather pouch, closed with a zipper.

"Oohh...looks promising," mom said, glancing over at the overstuffed bag I was examining. "Well, what are you waiting for? Open it!"

I did as I was bidden, opening the pouch and pulling out some papers that on a cursory glance under the glove compartment's light appeared to be the car's registration and title, laying them aside. As I did so, what looked to be two credit cards fell out from among the sheets and fell onto my lap. I picked them up and held them close to the glove compartment's light, studying them before falling back against the back of my seat, shaking my head in disbelief. "Crazy bastard."

"What?" Mom asked, eyeing me.

"You're not gonna believe this," I said, "But that dude went so far as to have fake 80s driver's licenses made up for us. Care to guess what names he picked for us?"

"I give up," she said, sounding pleased that I seemed to be letting go of my earlier anxiety.

"Joel and Lana Goodson."

"You're kidding?" she asked, risking taking her eyes off the road for a moment to give me an incredulous but delighted stare. "Isn't that sweet? It's like the characters from the movie we dressed up as got married, just as I always imagined they did. I love it!"

"Yeah, neat I guess, but also a bit bizarre."

"How so?"

"I don't know," I said as I scratched at my scalp. "It just seems troubling that Jareth guy would go to all this bother. You know, rearranging the museum somehow, giving us this car, and now these fake ids. I mean, it's like he's trying to actually convince us that we actually are back in the 80s," I finished, not hiding the dubiousness from my voice.

"So, wait, you're back to not believing him?" she asked.

"Now that I'm back out in the real world and breathing fresh air, quite a lot of it I might add, yeah I am," I replied, actually feeling kind of stupid for giving that wild yarn of Jareth's any credence to begin with, for allowing myself to get so worked up over an obvious delusion. "I mean, that whole bit about time travel and changing history? Come on, either he's touched in the head, or all of it, including this car, is just some elaborate ploy of Vint's to win you back."

She was quiet for a bit, looking pensive. "I'm not so sure," she said at last. "But even if it is, at least we got this car out of the deal, right? And there's no way in hell I'm giving it back, even if I have to turn him out on his ass again." We both laughed at that, which was followed by another moment of silence. "So, what else is it?"

"Huh?"

"Come on," she urged, "there's something else about this bothering you, isn't there? Is it the fact that those licenses make it sound like you and I are married?"

Damn, sometimes she could read my mind so clearly it was scary. "Well, now that you mention it," I said, not bothering to deny it even as I squirmed a bit.

"There you go, taking things too seriously again," she chided me good-naturedly. "That Jareth or whoever he really is obviously just did it because we're dressed as those characters. I think it was a nice touch, and in any case, it's not like anyone's ever going to see them besides us, right?"

I grunted, tacitly acceding her the point, turning my attention back to the pouch to see what else it contained when she unexpectedly spoke again. "And I don't know about getting married, but I for one think we'd make an incredibly interesting couple, don't ya think? Especially after that bit of fun back in the DeLorean that you seemed to enjoy as much as I did."

And just like that, we were back smack dab in the middle of Strangeville. Good, I thought, because now we could clear up some things. "I'm glad you brought that up, because it's--"

But I never had the chance to finish as mom screeched on the brakes, bringing us to a sudden, jerking halt. "What's going on?" I asked, glad I'd worn my seatbelt even as I rubbed where it'd dug into my shoulder.

But she didn't answer as she flipped the car into reverse, backing up a bit before veering off into the driveway of a small business I knew to be Myra's, a diner just outside of town we always stopped at when we came this way, the bright sign flashing out of the corner of my vision.

"What? What is it?" I asked as she killed the engine, even in the faint light seeing how ashen her face had gone.

"I think Jareth was telling the truth," she uttered in a subdued tone, looking at me like she'd just seen a phantom from another dimension.

"Huh? What makes you say that?"

She didn't respond, merely pointing towards out the windshield at the bright sign looming over us. I looked to where she was pointing, unable to understand why a giant smiling hamburger with pigtails, Myra's logo, had upset her so much, especially since she'd seen it so many times before.

But now it was my turn to be startled, for the sign depicting the happy hamburger was gone, replaced by one with a grinning woman in a pirate's hat clad in a skimpy bikini barely holding in her huge bazongas jumping out of a chest of gold and jewels.

"The Treasure Chest?" she asked disbelievingly, as the red neon XXX moniker under the image flashed on and off, lighting up her stupefied face. "This place closed back in '91, a few years after I quit. When did it get back?"

"Fuck if I know," I muttered, dropping the bag to the floor, feeling my wits which had just begun to recover from earlier scatter apart again like a broken vase. "But are we sure this is Myra's? It's been a long day, maybe this place just reopened nearby in a similar lot, and we haven't made it to Myra's yet."

"I don't think so," she said, seeming to recover somewhat from her shock. "You see that giant gnarled oak tree out back? There's no mistaking that. And what about that tilted fire hydrant over there?"

For a long moment we were both silent, gazes going back and forth between the sign and the brightly illuminated building, her hands locked in a death grip on the steering wheel as if trying to wring answers out of it. "What if Jareth was right?" she said at last in a subdued, awed tone, not looking at me. "What if Vint actually did something tonight, something that sent us back in time?"

I sputtered out a raspberry. "Would you listen to yourself? First off, that guy's not really Jareth the Goblin King or some sort of magic time custodian or whatever, he's just an eccentric who got way too carried away with his character.

"And second, you of all people know how full of shit Vint is. Even if magic was real, which it absolutely isn't by the way, there's no way a doofus like him would be able to pull off something this incredible."

She turned to me, the trepidation still there, but also something else I couldn't quite put my finger on - exhilaration perhaps? "I know all that, but how do you explain that old art museum looking like it did twenty years ago, with the exact same exhibit I remember visiting back then? Or the fact that there's a strip club that closed years ago where Myra's was earlier today when we stopped for breakfast?"

"I don't know," I conceded, "but I'm certain there's a logical explanation for all of it, like this is all part of Vint's ploy somehow to mess with us, or more specifically you. A difficult but not impossible task, if he's as loaded as he claims."

"But sweetie--"

"Look," I said testily, rubbing at my temples, feeling the rumblings of another headache approaching. I didn't like cutting her off like that, but my overtaxed brain had had enough. "I'm sorry to be so snarky about all this, but like you said it's been a long, intensely weird day, so why don't we just head home, get some rest, and try to figure this out in the morning?"

"Maybe you're right," she said after a moment's reflection, sounding thoughtful. "Perhaps going home will help settle things."

So she restarted the car and we headed westward down the street that cut through the center of town, toward our house on the other side. I didn't know how Vint had pulled off all that we'd seen so far, but even bazillionaires couldn't change the whole world on a whim, I said assuringly to the discomfiture roiling in my stomach, confident that it would disappear once I confirmed that the rest of the world was indeed as I remembered it.

However, instead of dissipating, my unease only increased as we headed closer to town, quickly discovering it wasn't just Myra's that had changed, seeing fields where there used to be houses or apartment complexes, shops and stores I'd seen a hundred times gone or replaced with others I knew had closed down ages ago.

And once we got into town itself, things only got worse.

The basic layout remained the same, but everything was different. The clothing stores no longer carried modern fashions, but rather were loaded down with bright tops for women stuffed with shoulder pads, denim jackets, acid wash jeans and other similar fare I'd seen for sale back in vendor booths at the festival.

The movie theater looked newer, its sign lit up with showtimes for Ferris Bueller's Day Off, Back to School, and The Karate Kid Part 2, while nearby in what had been a Starbucks was Bob's Electronics, showcasing rows of big box TVs and large stereo sets in the windows.

But what was most jarring of all were the people out and about, most of which were clad in the retro and often outlandish styles displayed in the stores. Hell, I could even swear I saw a younger version of Mr. Bridges, an attorney mom had dated, walking down the sidewalk sporting a leather jacket and bright green mohawk!

This isn't happening, this isn't happening, I repeated to myself, rocking back and forth, clawing my hands through my hair. A growing voice in my brain was trying to

convince me that neither Vint nor anyone else on earth could've done all this in so short a time, but I refused to listen. I'm just tired, I kept telling myself, so tired and frazzled from what mom and I did earlier that I'm hallucinating.

Speaking of which, through my mounting dismay I noticed mom glancing at me a few times, but thankfully she didn't say anything, no doubt as overwhelmed as I was. But while I was fast approaching something resembling outright hysteria, she was more on the exuberant side, amazed but fascinated by what we were seeing.

In the end, I had to settle back against the seat and close my eyes, forcing myself to relax. Once you get home and rest, everything will be fine, everything will be back to normal, I promised myself.

Ironically, it was only on arriving at our house that it became painstakingly and undeniably clear that we were nowhere near home.

"Fuck me," I muttered as I stood in my room, or rather, where my room should've been. It wasn't there, nor was the hallway, living room, or any part of the house, only an old abandoned cow field in the dark, the tall grass brushing against my legs in the slight breeze.

Mom was a few yards behind, leaning against the car's hood, watching me. I knew it was the right place since I could identify it by familiar landmarks like mom had Myra's, or the Treasure Chest Strip Club as it now was. But all the bright headlights of the car illuminated was a whole lot of wilderness.

"I'm sorry, sweetie," she said quietly as I heard her take a few steps toward me. "I thought this is what we'd find, since the house we live in now wasn't built until '89. But I figured you needed to see it for yourself, to really believe what's going on. Hell, I think I did too, to be honest."

I shook my head as I turned toward her. "I'm the one who should apologize. You realized the truth a long time ago, I was just too pigheaded to believe it. No, it's not that I didn't believe it, I just didn't want to accept it, what it meant. It's just that...it's all gone, you know? Our house, my friends, my whole life, my whole future, everything," I said, falling to my knees under the enormous weight of the realization. "It's all gone."

She rushed over and knelt down in front of me, pulling me close to her. "Not everything," she whispered assuringly as she stroked the back of my head. "I'm still here, and I promise I'm not going anywhere."

I know they were just words from someone just as confused as I was, and the hug was just like a thousand standard others I'd gotten over the years, but damn if I didn't feel like a huge sack of cement blocks had been lifted off my shoulders. "Thanks mom," I said, putting more meaning into those words than I ever had, certain that as long as I had her with me, I'd be alright. "I just don't understand how this happened," I said.

"I don't either, but I promise we'll figure it out," she said, breaking apart enough to look me in the eye, and allow me to see the determined glint in hers.

I started as something else hit me. "That means Vint really is here, trying to alter the future." I swallowed heavily. "Into one where I don't exist."

"That will not happen," she said, a surprising fierceness in her voice, thankful it wasn't directed at me. "Whatever else happens, I promise you that I will not allow that bastard to destroy the best thing that ever happened to me, alright? Even if I have to beat the shit out of him myself, and drag him back to where he belongs."

I chuckled at the image of my diminutive but ferocious mom wailing on a hapless Vint, the last of my tension melting away. "And even though I think you could do it quite well on your own, I'll be more than happy to help."

She smiled at that. "I know you will, sweetie, because that's how we've made it this far, by sticking with each other no matter what."

"Damn right," I affirmed, raising myself and bringing her with me, feeling a lot better about things. "So now what?"

She shrugged. "Maybe do like Jareth suggested, and go find my younger self and keep an eye on her, or me. Fuck, did that sound just as weird hearing that as it was listening to myself say it?"

"More so," I said, running my hands through my hair, letting out a long breath, knowing the weirdness was just getting started. "Alright, let's get this over with."

*

The ride to her former residence was a quiet one (besides the radio, which continued to belt out 80s hits), as we both continued to process where we were and what we were doing. We're really here, we're really back in 1986, I told myself as we headed back the way we'd come, this time taking a turn at the theater toward the not-so-well-off part of town.

I'd never been to mom's childhood home, which had been torn down when I was a toddler to make room for a new development. All I knew was that her family life hadn't been in the *Growing Pains* or *Cosby Show* vein, her father having split a few years after she'd been born. Her mother, who'd taken up alcohol after the breakup,

left for parts unknown almost the minute her daughter had turned eighteen, leaving mom on her own until she'd met and married dad.

Even though I'd known all this for years, it was only in that moment that I began to put two and two together - that maybe the reason mom loved the glitz and glamor of the 80s so much, clinging to it still, was because it'd been a refuge, an escape from an unpleasant reality.

After all, why focus on all the glum in her life when she could immerse herself in a world of outrageous fashion, loud music, and wholesome family sitcoms that always had a happy ending? In a fucked-up world, it may have been her only way of staying sane.

And here I was about to abandon her as well, just like the rest of her family had.

"I'm sorry," I said suddenly.

"Sorry?" she repeated, giving me a weird look, having no idea of the epiphany I'd just had. "For what?"

"For always ragging on you about liking the 80s so much. I suppose I never really realized how much it all meant to you, until now," I replied, suddenly feeling guilty as hell at being so anxious to leave her, and her retro fixation, to go away to school. Funny, but now the very notion of being separated from her, for even a day, was becoming more and more unbearable.

"Oh, sweetie," she said, equal parts gratitude and sympathy in the smile she gave me. "You have nothing to be sorry about. I know it was all in fun, and even if it wasn't, it never stopped you from indulging your mom's weirdness over the years. Besides, even I can admit I go a little overboard sometimes. But now that we're

actually here, actually back, I can show you just what all that fuss was about! It's going to be so totally awesome, you'll see!"

"Of course," I agreed, "but let's not lose sight of the main reason we're here."

"Never," mom swore, pressing her hand briefly over her heart. "But that doesn't mean we can't have a little fun along the way, right?"

"Sounds good," I replied, a bit curious to explore myself. "So, now all we have to do is convince your younger self to let two perfect strangers, who are really her from twenty years in the future and her son, to stick to her like glue and become her new best friends, all without her discovering who we really are. No way anything could go wrong with that," I remarked drily. "Except everything."

"Just gotta take it one step at a time," mom said airily, the very picture of confidence, tapping her fingers on the wheel to Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger". "Starting with getting our foot in the door, which is going to be a whole lot easier than you think."

My brow furrowed. "And just what do you mean by that?"

She just gave me a knowing wink in reply before going back to singing along with the music, looking like a woman in her element who had absolute mastery of her situation, her self-assurance bolstering my own spirits as I settled back in my seat. Nothing to do but have faith in her, I decided.

Not long after, we pulled off into the driveway of a simple two-story house at the end of a dead-end street dotted with similar cookie-cutter designs, all of them looking a bit run-down. Her old residence sat a good distance back from the road,

ringed by woods all around it. "So, this is where it all started, huh?" I asked, making an attempt to fix my wind-swept hair.

"Yeah," she said, letting out a wistful sigh. "I know I've painted a rather bleak picture about my early years, but there were some great times here," she said as she headed toward a closed garage adjacent to the house, her eyes on the house but seeming to be looking far beyond it.

"But enough about the past, or whatever," she said, regaining her buoyancy as, to my surprise, she didn't stop in front of the garage, but rather angled around it, not stopping the car until it was fully concealed behind the rear of the structure.

"What are you doing?" I asked as she switched off the lights, confused at this maneuver.

She gave me a wry smirk. "If you think I've been a little reckless with this car, then trust me, you don't want my younger self anywhere near it, or even knowing it exists yet." I had to admit, she had a point, although she'd at least slowed down going through town.

"Now then," mom said as she readjusted her own hair with the help of the rear-view mirror. "We have to stop me from making the stupidest mistake of my life."

A few minutes later we got out and made our way up the broken and uneven walkway toward the front door, listening to the steady buzzing of cicadas in the trees around us. As we did, all I could think about was how this wasn't going to work. "Even if younger you is here she's gonna give us the boot, maybe even call the cops on us. That's what I'd do if a couple of random oddballs showed up at my door so late. What are we gonna tell her to convince her to open the door, let alone let us in?"

"Leave that to me," mom said, retaining that slick poise of hers as we made our way to the entrance. "Just stay cool and let me do all the talking, alright? Oh, and put your shades back on."

"Why?" I asked as we came to a stop in front of the door. I couldn't help but notice the outside light wasn't on, nor was there a welcome doormat, sending a clear signal in my mind that visitors weren't wanted. Even so, I did as she asked.

"Just trust me," she said as she rang the doorbell. "Oh, and by the way," she added as almost an afterthought, "you may hear and see some things that may shock you, but don't freak out, alright? I'll explain later."

I wanted to ask what the fuck she was talking about, but there was no time as I heard the sound of footsteps inside drawing closer. "Who's there?" a very familiar but slightly more musical voice called out from behind the door. "I've got all the religion I need thank you very much, and I'm not buying anything."

"Nothing so totally lame," mom shouted back, suddenly sounding like a valley girl from California, "We're just, like, a couple of lonely lost travelers looking for a little low-key lodging. Sherry said you could help us with that."

I shot her a look, wondering what she was up to saying something odd like that, thinking that there was no way that door was opening now. But to my surprise I heard clicking as locks and deadbolts were undone and the door opened a sliver, enough to allow me to detect a shadowed face in the dark room beyond, peering out, sizing us up. "Smurfs love picking smurfberries," the figure said cautiously.

"But only if Gargamel isn't around," mom replied.

And then I understood the seemingly inane exchange. What mom had said earlier must've been some sort of password, and now they were continuing the process with sign and countersign, I concluded, wondering how long this was going to go on, and just exactly what was going on.

And Sherry, that was the name of one of mom's closest friends in the present, or future, or whatever. Did mom and her pals used to run some sort of secret bordello in her house, or something? Just how far had she taken her love of Risky Business?

Fortunately, before I could think about that topic too much, they seemed to have wrapped up their code talk, for the door opened further. "I guess Sherry really did send you, and she wouldn't have if you weren't chill. Come in, then," the voice said, the speak still concealing herself behind the door.

Mom and I stepped into the dark house, still not convinced this was a good idea. Once we were fully in the door slammed shut behind us, followed by a flicking sound as the lights blazed on, bathing the area in light. We were in what appeared to be a living room, the furniture and trappings giving off an older vibe. I whirled around to see the woman mom had been speaking to pressed against the door, her hand resting on a light switch as she scrutinized us. But it wasn't just any woman.

Now I knew why mom had wanted me to put on my shades, even as I felt my eyes saucering at what I was seeing. I'd known despite the fact that I'd seen many pictures of her in her youth that I'd be taken aback when I came face to face with mom's younger self, just by the nature of the experience, and had mentally braced myself for whatever might await me, expecting puffy hair and who knew what manner of funky clothing. I was prepared for anything.

Except for what I was seeing, for mom's younger self was almost an exact mirror image of her current appearance.

And I'm not just talking about her face, which while a little more youthful, hadn't changed a whole lot over the years, and the same could be said about her figure. But what really threw me for a loop was that her hair, her clothing, even her freakin' lipstick were exactly the same as what mom was sporting now, at this very moment, down to the white pullover blouse and the bowtie dangling off the side of her neck.

The only thing really setting them apart was the pair of sheer white hose and extra-high heels her younger self was sporting, instead of the more comfortable white sneakers mom had opted to wear for the festival. If I didn't know better, I'd think I was in the company of identical twins, I considered dazedly, my gaze flitting back and forth between them.

"You know," younger mom said with a smirk as she noted my dangling jaw, which my shades couldn't hide, "if you two are trying to get on my good side by playing on my cinematic preferences...you're doing a fantastic job!" she said, taking a step closer to us. "I was about to split and wasn't going to answer the door, but after seeing your getups, I'm glad I did! Damn, if you don't look just Lana. The mature version, that is," she said, looking mom up and down.

I saw mom stiffen a bit at the off-hand remark, having always been sensitive to remarks about her age. But knowing how important this was, she bit back the biting retort I knew she wanted to unleash and went with something more civil. "Thanks, I do try."

For a moment they continued to stare at each other, and despite Jareth's assurances I feared that even with her somewhat superficial nature younger mom was going to recognize this more 'mature' Lana as herself down the road, and who knows what hell would break loose then.

But fortunately, that didn't happen, for younger mom soon turned her attention to me, a smile on her face. "And you," she said, stepping close, running a finger down my chest, "could pass for Joel in a heartbeat." She giggled. "It's funny, with your

mouth hanging open like that, you remind me of that scene in the movie, with his famous chortle. Would you mind doing the line for me?"

"Line?" I asked stupidly, still trying to pick up the pieces of my scattered brain.

Again with the giggling. "You know, right after Joel bombs, or thinks he bombs, his interview with the Princeton rep and just says fuck it. "Pretty please? It'll be a great inspiration for my performance tonight."

"Oh yeah," I said, recalling the scene, but wondering what she meant by her performance. I decided to set the matter aside for now as I cleared my throat. "Looks like it's the University of Illinois!" I exclaimed, giving my best Tom Cruise impersonation.

She clasped her hands together, squealing in delight as she bounced up and down. "That was amazing, cutie! You're really making me regret that I have to go to work tonight!" she said, stroking my arm. "Oh, by the way, you can call me Kry's. It's short for Crystal, but with a K and without the -tal." She tittered, her hand working its way up to my shoulder. "Tal, that's a funny word, isn't it, kinda sounds like tail. Speaking of tails, would you like to see my--"

There was an irritated cough from behind her, causing her hand to withdraw. "Oopsie, I almost forgot you were spoken for. Too bad," she said with a sad sigh, turning back to her older self. "Well, you're already in, so I may as well hear you out," motioning for us to follow as she led the way into the living room.

"So what's the story?" Kry's asked as she settled herself in an overstuffed easy chair, while Mom and I sat together on the sofa across from her. It was on the older side, and a slight musty smell spoke of disuse, but it was pretty comfortable. In fact, the whole room seemed to give off that neglected vibe, as if it wasn't really lived in much.

"Why did you come here? From the looks of things, money isn't an issue for you, so why not a motel or something?" Kry's asked, crossing her legs slowly and giving me a full view up her skirt Basic Instinct style, even as I did my level best to ignore the gesture. Damn, mom hadn't been kidding about her promiscuity in her younger days, I thought, attempting to look anywhere but at her.

"Ours is a...sensitive situation," mom said, either ignoring or disregarding the actions of her teen self. "You see, due to the unorthodox nature of our relationship, we can't risk his parents finding out...or my husband. However, he is eighteen, if you're wondering, so I'm not robbing the cradle or anything. But motels and such have too many people around that might blab, ya know? Anyway, Sherry said you were as discrete as they come, so here we are."

"Damn," Kry's said, arching an eyebrow. "You sure like to live dangerously. The sex must be fantastic to take a risk like this."

"You have no idea," mom said as she put her arm around me, pulling me tight against her. "He makes me feel like I'm your age again, maybe even better. Isn't that right, darling?" she whispered, licking at my earlobe.

"Uhhhhh..." was all I could get out as memories of earlier resurfaced, my groin stealing all the blood from my brain.

Kry's again regarded me curiously, almost looking envious. "Wow, you two really got it," she murmured before the look disappeared, and she was back to business, both her feet now planted firmly on the floor as she leaned forward. "So, tell me, how do you know Sherry? I don't recall her ever mentioning having any older friends."

Mom shrugged. "It's a long story, but we trust each other, and she said you'd understand."

"I see," her younger self muttered, suspicion suddenly clouding her features. "Sherry, who just happens to be out of town at the moment, how convenient. Still, most of what I get is just high school kids looking for a little privacy from prying family and friends, not a bored, hungry cougar after some young and very attractive meat to bolster her self-esteem," she said, snickering. "And while I have to admit you two put on a great act, how do I know you aren't with the cops or something trying to bust me for the generous service I'm providing?"

And that's when it all came together - mom's confidence that we'd get in, all that password stuff at the door, that wild cover story she'd spun about us. She must've loaned out her house to kids looking to get lucky, although that barely registered with me at the moment.

Of more importance was the crude accusation Krys had leveled against mom, saying she was basically just using me as a boy toy. And even if this woman just happened to be her younger self, no one talked to my mom, the one I had grown up with and loved, like that. "Now see here--"

"What will it take to prove we're on the level?" mom interrupted, no doubt seeing the look on my face and cutting me off before I blew everything.

Krys bit her lip as she thought for a moment, before a broad grin burst out of her face as her eyes once again found mine. "Only one way I can think of, cutie, and that's by proving that you're a real couple."

"And how do we do that?" I asked testily, still a little irritated with her. "You want us to kiss or something?" Actually, that sounds like fun, I thought, remembering earlier.

Krys snorted. "Anyone can fake a kiss, I should know. No, for me to be convinced, you're gonna have to go down on your lovely Lana here."

"Huh?" both mom and I said simultaneously.

Teen mom rolled her eyes. "Sheesh, do I have to spell it out? I want to see you eat her pussy and make her cum like only a committed lover could do. If you're really into each other as much as you claim, it shouldn't be a problem, right?"

Even mom seemed taken aback by this crazy demand. "Look, there must be something else we can--"

"Nope," Krys said, folding her arms across her chest as she tapped her foot. "It's either this or you both hit the road and take your chances in a motel or something. Well, what's it gonna be? I'm on a tight schedule here."

Mom and I shared a look. "If you're uncomfortable with this, you don't have to do it," she whispered. "We'll find another way."

But we both knew if we got kicked out now, Krys would most likely want nothing more to do with us, making our job of stopping Vint a lot harder. And with my very existence on the line, could I really take a chance like that? Besides, I did owe her something for the servicing she'd given me at the museum.

"Alright," I said at last in a loud voice so the younger girl could hear, swallowing the lump in my throat. "But I've never done this before, so I can't make any promises about my performance."

Krys flashed me a lewd grin. "I find that hard to believe, stud, but no matter. In my experience, eagerness and enthusiasm can more than make up for lack of skill. Well? The clock's ticking, so get to it Joel!"

There was nothing more to be said, so I got up and knelt down in front of her on the carpet, looking up at her. Mom looked just as nervous as I felt, which was surprising given her boldness on all things sexual, like back at the museum. But in a way it was encouraging, and helped bolster my resolve for what I was about to do. "You sure you're okay with this?" I murmured.

She nodded. "In a strange way, but yes, very much so," she said quietly, regaining a bit of her composure as she leaned forward a bit. "I'm sorry, I forgot how petulant and demanding I could be in my younger days."

That got a chuckle out of me. "Well, any last-minute requests or advice before we get started?"

"Start slow and be gentle, and use your mouth more than your fingers. Don't worry, I'll let you know how you're doing as you go. I trust you're familiar with the basic layout down there?"

I nodded, at least knowing that much.

"One more thing," she added quickly. "Just an fyi so you're not shocked by it, but I'm not wearing any underwear at the moment."

"Really?" I asked, arching an eyebrow. "Is this a normal occurrence for you?"

It was her turn to chuckle. This was good that we could still laugh and kid even a moment like this, and made me more determined than ever to please her as much as possible. "Not lately, but after that ride back in the DeLorean they got so wet I just shucked them off."

The image of her peeling off her underwear, a deed I'd been too distracted at the time to notice, set my heart pounding faster than a caffeinated racehorse. "Does it make me a pervert that I'm actually starting to look forward to this a bit?" I asked, rubbing at her knee. After all, we'd already crossed so many lines tonight that mothers and sons should never cross, so what was one more?

"Then count me in as one too," she said, rubbing her thighs together. "And don't worry about giving a stellar showing down there, I'm so turned on I'm likely to get off as soon as you make contact. So, the only question is, what are you going to do now?" she whispered as she spread her legs and leaned back against the sofa.

"Make you the happiest woman alive," I muttered as I grabbed the edges of her skirt and flipped it back over her stomach, granting me a full, unobstructed view of her bare pussy.

I gulped, not only because I was seeing the forbidden sight of my mom's most intimate treasure, the place where I'd sprang from, but it was also the first time I'd ever seen a pussy up close and in person. I'd seen a range of them in my porn viewing, ranging from completely shaven to matted down with thickets of hair, like an untamed lawn that no mower could master.

This one fell somewhere in the middle, covered with a healthy golden pelt of hair that nevertheless allowed the pink lips of her labia to poke through, more engorged and puffy than any I'd ever seen in the videos.

The hair was dewy and glistening, emitting a musky and highly intoxicating scent. Mom hadn't been lying, she was rarin' to go. So, even though I was a little overwhelmed by the experience, I also reveled in the fact that I had aroused a woman and made her wet, someone as sexually seasoned as her no less. And I have to tell you, there was something very empowering about that.

"No panties? Fuck yeah! You might be old enough to be my mom, but I totally dig your bitchin' style!" Krya hollered from the sidelines. I'd gotten so caught up in what I was doing I'd momentarily forgotten about her presence. But now that I'd been reminded of it I couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious, causing me to momentarily freeze up.

"It's okay," I heard a soothing voice say, right before I felt a soft hand on my cheek. I looked back to mom to see she'd leaned forward a bit, giving me one of the most beautiful smiles and reassuring smiles I'd ever seen. "Forget about her, and just focus on me, okay? I love you."

I don't know if it was what she said or the way she said it, but all my insecurities slipped away, and the animal side of me once again took over. I placed my hands over her thighs, gently pressing my fingertips into her pale flesh as I slowly lowered my head down between her legs, desperately trying to remember not only her advice but also what I'd learned about oral from all the illicit stories and films I'd taken in over the years.

And then before I knew it my face was less than an inch from her pussy. The smell of her arousal was really strong here, overpowering and wonderful, and I inhaled deeply. There was no time left to think, no time left to reconsider, all that was left was to go for it.

Without even thinking about it, I darted my tongue out quickly between her folds, then quickly drew it back again. The whole thing had lasted less than a second, but it apparently was more than enough to cause her to let out a sharp yelp. It also allowed me to collect a sampling of her fluids on my tongue, rolling it around in my mouth like one would do a fine wine, savoring the flavor. It was slightly tart, yet also fresh and clean. And also quite addicting, I considering, suddenly craving more.

My desire making me bolder, I pressed my lips against her cleft, kissing it, in a way reminding me of when we'd made out earlier, finding her nether lips just as delectable as her other pair, if not even more so, deciding to take a similar approach here. I forced myself to slow down a bit, taking my time to titillate her entrance with my mouth, enjoying the feel of its slick surface against my mouth and chin.

The effect on mom was immediate and gratifying as she began to moan softly and constantly, her body writhing under me. "Oh baby, that feels so nice," she cooed, sinking back against the sofa and closing her eyes. "Keep going, I need more, much more."

Her words were all the encouragement I needed to pick up the pace as I again began thrusting my tongue in and out of her slit, this time establishing a rhythm to it and keeping my tongue in for longer, even experimenting with wiggling it around a bit inside her, not very deep but still producing an oddly surreal sensation for me. And apparently, a thrilling one for mom, for she started bucking her hips as her hands roamed down to run her fingers through my hair. "Damn, where did you learn...oh!" She cried out as a minor climax shook through her.

"Okay, well, that's proof enough for me," I heard Krys say from somewhere, her voice sounding odd, although I was much too occupied to identify the emotion behind it. "You two can give it a rest now."

"No please," mom begged, not opening her eyes as she pushed down gently on my head, her pussy even wetter now than when I'd started. "Feels so good...please, ugh, keep going...I promise I'll do anything you want, sweetie, just please, for heaven's sake don't fucking stop!"

"You got it," I managed to get out before delving back in, enjoying myself so much I didn't want to stop either, now finding it hot that someone was watching me pleasure her. And even though she'd already cum like Krys had wanted, I sensed like she must have that there was an even bigger orgasm surging inside her, my efforts yanking it closer and closer to the surface, and I was determined that I would be the

one that drew it out of her. But to bring on the big bang, I knew I'd have to expand my efforts.

For the final time I drew my tongue out of her snatch and pressed its wide rough surface fully against her soaking golden mound, slowly licking my way over the hairy surface upward to her small but swollen clit, the hood of it withdrawn fully. As I was admiring it, I suddenly recalled something a friend of mind had told me, about how he'd delicately traced out the letters of the alphabet with his tongue over and around his girlfriend's bud, driving her wild. Why not? I decided as I got to work.

"Oh my...FUCK!" she screamed out as she gripped my hair tighter, thrashing about in a frenzy as I finished my 'B' and began my C, at the same time working my index finger gently into her by now sopping snatch even as I continued my oral maneuvers on her pink pearl. "Yes, yes! You're making mommy feel so damned good!"

I hadn't heard any more out of Krys since she'd given us the go-ahead to stop, figuring that she must not have a problem with our extended session. Not that I really cared one way or another, for at that moment everything in me was focused on giving my mom the best gift a son, or any man, could give her.

And then, just when I'd finished swirling my 'O' around her nub, it happened. Her hands released my hair, arms flinging out along the sofa as her body seized up and her back arched. A glass-shattering howl ripped through the air as her thighs clamped around my head, locking me in place as her whole body quivered and the dam broke, releasing her volcanic orgasm.

And my dam analogy turned out to be more literal than I thought, for as all this was happening, I suddenly felt a soft splashing against my cheeks, at first confused as to where it was coming from, before realizing that in addition to all the other physical reactions, she was also squirting out her release. I'd heard about this before and had seen it in videos a time or two, but to actually be experiencing it splashing against my skin, my face, was an experience beyond description.

This fresh dousing of her juices drove me into an even greater frenzy as I continued to lick and slurp at the gushing ambrosia, not only prolonging her intense peak but I think even tacking on a few smaller ones, mom continuing to wail and thrash as I continued my eager tongue work, never wanting to stop, drunk on her delicious cream.

Some time later, I again registered the touch of her fingers against my temples as her thighs loosened their hold, gently lifting my head away from her privates until I found myself looking in her star-filled eyes. "That's...enough...for now, sweetie," she managed to pant out, her chest heaving with each attempt to take in air. "I need to...rest, and...catch my breath...whew."

"So, I did okay, then?" I asked, already knowing the answer but wanting to hear it from her.

"Oh honey," she said with a satisfied smile, "you passed 'okay' about five seconds in. Seriously, I can't remember the last time I came so hard. This more than makes up for the hard labor you put me through."

We both laughed. "And sorry about all that," she said, gesturing to my face which was still coated with her glistening outpouring. "It happens sometimes when I get off really big, but that hasn't happened in so long I forgot to warn you about it."

"No worries," I said, licking away some of her cream from around my mouth, then smacking my lips. "I'm getting quite addicted to it, and it makes me quite proud that I'm able to bring out the best in you."

She didn't answer, simply staring at me with a smoldering, hungry look. "Oh dear, it seems that I've messed up your nice shades as well," she said, leaning forward and

taking them off my face, only now noticing that some of her effusive fluids had managed to splash over them. "Here, let me clean them for you."

What happened next, despite all that I'd already experienced over the past several hours, took my breath away as she, using slow, suggestive brushes of her tongue, proceeded to remove every trace of her essence from my sunglasses, using the tip to get into the nooks and crannies.

I looked on in silence, enraptured at the sight as if it were a holy vision, imagining that in place of my shades she was attending to my cock, which I had no doubt she was imagining as well. "There you go, all nice and clean," she declared happily, rubbing them dry on her blouse before putting them back over my eyes.

"Freakin' fucking hell!" we heard Krys' voice exclaim out, again reminding us of her presence. I turned to find the younger version of mom collapsed nearly horizontal in her overstuffed chair, hand jammed down her skirt. And this time, it was her mouth that hanging open.

"That was the hottest damn thing I've ever seen in my whole damn life," she muttered as she withdrew her hand from her nethers, the look of jealousy on her face even stronger now as she took us in. "You are one seriously lucky woman; I hope you know that."

"Do I ever," mom said, flipping down her own skirt and straightening as I stood. "So, I guess that means we passed?"

"With flying colors," Krys said as she stood. "You two have some heavy-duty love going on, and far be it for me to deny it. And I really dig that whole mommy-son roleplay you got going on, which just makes the whole thing even spicier, ya know?"

"Oh yeah, roleplay," mom said as she raised herself up on still-shaky legs, using the arm of the couch and me for support, and I suddenly recalled some of the incestuous comments that'd been made in the heat of the moment, relieved that our host had just taken them as some sort of erotic fantasy. "What can I say? We both like to ride in the kinky lane," mom said, giving my ass a playful spank. "Isn't that right, son?"

A few hours ago I would have been shocked at her behavior, but now all I did was enjoy it. "You betcha, mother," returning the favor and eliciting a delighted squeal from her.

"Yep, you're definitely my kind of people," Kryz replied with a wide grin. "Now before I motor, let me show you where you can make yourselves even more comfortable."

After mom had recovered enough to walk, Kryz walked us past the staircase, down a short hallway into a very nice kitchen, and down another set of stairs in the corner, all the time babbling about what a fantabulous couple we were, and how furious she was with herself for not finding me first.

I have to admit, the thought that both versions of my mom might have the hots for me weirded me out a bit, before I dismissed it. After all, we'd just be here long enough to thwart Vint's plans, and then Kryz would get on with her life as it should be, forgetting about any minor crush she may have on me. Besides, the increasingly evolving and surreal relationship I had with the mom I knew was already more than I could handle.

"And here we are," younger mom announced as we reached the bottom of the steps, flicking on another light to reveal a fully finished basement, fashioned into a rather large and spacious bedroom. No, not a bedroom, more like a shrine to the decade we now found ourselves in, I decided, lifting up my shades to better take it in.

The tops of the walls were painted a bright pink that gradually transitioned to purple and then finally to yellow at the bottom, the fusion of colors reminding me of a tropical 80s sunset. Posters of pretty much every rock band the era boasted were plastered along the walls, I observed as my shoes sank into the plush teal carpeting. The paradisaical effect was enhanced by scattered standing lamps in the shape of palm trees, which together with strands of neon lights snaking along the walls provided illumination, as well as a befitting retro ambiance to the space.

As I looked around, I realized why the rest of the house had a neglected feel. It seemed that Kry's, no doubt associating everything upstairs with her dysfunctional and now absent family, had set up this as her primary living space. For not only was there a bed, dresser, and other items you'd expect to find in a teen girl's bedroom, but also a mini fridge, a microwave, and even an entertainment system in the nearby corner.

This last feature came complete with tv and large VHS collection, a rather bulky stereo system, even Nintendo and Atari game systems. To top it all off there was a crack door beside the steps, and judging from the soapy smell coming from it, I suspected it was a bathroom.

"Impressive," I muttered as I took in a veritable army of colorful Care Bears sitting along a shelf over her bed, their feet dangling off the edge. Mom had told me about her old room before, but she hadn't done it justice. "I can tell you put a lot of love and effort into this room."

"Thanks," both versions of mom said at once, prompting them to look at each other. "What I mean," my 'mature' mom added with a sheepish grin, "Is that it's the kind of room I would've like to have at your age, as well."

Kry's nodded. "I appreciate that, for real. Most people who see it just think I'm weird or trippin'. But I love it, and besides, I figure I'll have to get old, get married and grow out of all this eventually, so I might as well enjoy it while I can." Remembering the

current state of our house, still brimming with 80s paraphernalia, I had to work very hard to stifle a laugh.

She grinned at mom. "Ya know, for having a few extra years, you're a pretty bodacious Betty. Well, make yourselves at home," she said airily, making her way over to the large bed in the corner with a Wham! bedspread and patted it.

"Now, usually I normally charge thirty bucks for use of the facilities, especially if you want to use my room," the bubbly girl continued as she grabbed a purse off the nearby dresser. "But because you two have given me so much to work with tonight, not to mention I really dig you both, this one's on the house.

"Also, feel free to help yourselves to any food or alcoholic refreshments up in the kitchen. And if you want some of the really good stuff, then check out--"

"The secret compartment, behind Sunshine," mature mom chimed in as she pointed eagerly to the yellow stuffed bear near the middle of the shelf. "Because that's what makes him so happy all the time!"

Krys put her hands on her hips. "Okay, and just how did you know that?"

Shit, I thought, thinking that in her excitement to be back in her old digs mom had just blown our cover. But again, I underestimated mom's fast-thinking brain.

"Oh, well, Sherry told me," she explained coolly, running her hand through her hair. "We were talking about our favorite drinks, and it just came up, ya know?"

Krys rolled her eyes. "Sherry blabs that big mouth of hers way too much. But I suppose I'll forgive her in this instance, since it brought such fresh new friends to my

pad," she said, heading back past us toward the stairs. "Well, time for me to split. I probably won't be home until tomorrow afternoon sometime, if things go the way I hope, so take your time and enjoy yourselves tonight."

"Uh, thanks," I said, scratching at my head. We must have really made an impression on Krys to get this level of generosity on a version of mom that I had all but written off as something of a pompous airhead. "Anything else we should know?"

The young woman stopped and turned around, chewing on her lower lip, looking awkward and uncertain for the first time since we'd met. "Yes, actually, there is. Normally I prefer for my, um, 'guests' to be gone by the time I get back, but if you two don't have any pressing plans, I'd like for you guys to hang around for a few days. If that's cool with you, that is. I mean, I know we just met, hell, I don't even know your names. But I feel this connection with you guys, that we could really have a blast together."

"We'd love to," mom replied, sounding as astonished as I felt. This would make things enormously easier being right here in the house, looking out for Vint's shenanigans, whatever form they might take. "I'm sure both of us can come up with plausible excuses to explain our absence for a few days, and the more alone time I get to spend with my man, the better," she added, mussing my hair. "And as for names, just call us Lana and Joel."

"Ha! I totally love it!" she squealed. "I'll fix up a room upstairs for y'all later. But for now, enjoy this pad as your own," she said, running over and switching on the stereo, which began playing some sappy love ballad I didn't recognize, before dashing back over to the steps.

"By the way, stud muffin," she added, turning around and shooting me one last wink. "I know you're trying to keep on the down low, but if you're feeling bold, feel free to come down to the club where I work. It's called The Treasure Chest, out on the outskirts heading toward Bakersfield."

"There you can call me Lusty Lana, my stage name, to differentiate me from the schoolmarm version you got there," she said, gesturing to mom. "Ask for a private session with me, and I promise I'll make it worth the risk." Then without another word, she turned and raced up the stairs, and soon after I heard the front door open and close.

"Lusty Lana?" I repeated, turning back to mom, remembering Vint had called her the same thing back at the party. And the Treasure Chest, the mention of that place brought a memory back to mind, something she'd said in the parking lot there that I'd discarded in the midst of the craziness we'd found ourselves in - This place closed back in '91, a few years after I quit. And then, the pieces came together. "You were... a stripper?"

She opened her mouth as if she was going to deny it, but then closed it and slumped against one of the basement's metal support poles, also painted colorfully. "I was," she admitted. "And now you see why I didn't tell you earlier, because now you're ashamed of me."

"I'm not ashamed of you," I insisted as I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "It's just a lot to take in, you know? I mean, I knew you weren't the typical American daughter, but finding out you were a stripper and running a bordello out of your house in the same day is a bit overwhelming."

"Hey," she said, crossing her arms across her chest. "I was not running a bordello, more like a discrete and much nicer no-tell motel for lovers in need, while also earning myself a little extra dough. And speaking of money, yes, I was a stripper, which paid a lot more than any other job I was qualified for at that time. But while the cash was a motivating factor, that isn't the whole story."

"I'm listening," I said, curiosity replacing the shock.

"Beyond the money, I enjoyed the thrill of it, the look of lust I'd see in men's eyes as they ogled me on stage, knowing I was the one eliciting that reaction, that passion, in them. It was exhilarating and empowering like you can't believe, a high no drug could compete with. I'm not going to claim it was my finest hour, but I made good money, and had a load of fun in the process."

She let out a long, resigned sigh when she finished, her shoulders slumping slightly. "But I know what's coming now, so let's get it over with."

I frowned. "Get what over with?"

She sucked her teeth. "Every time someone finds out these little details about my past, I get the 'how could you?' or 'you should've known better', or some such lecture, so let's have yours and be done with it."

"Well, prepare to be disappointed, because I don't have one," I said. "I mean, sure it's surprising to find out about your secret life, but I'm not going to judge or berate you for something that obviously made you happy. In fact, I think it's rather hot myself, discovering more about my mom's wild and kinky side. Knowing all this helps me understand you better, and feel closer to you, which is always a great thing in my book."

In reply she walked over and put her hands on my shoulders, planting a soft kiss on my lips. "Just when I think I can't love you any more than I do, you go and say something incredibly sweet like that. Thank you, truly."

I shrugged. "It's the truth. So, from the looks of things you didn't have to go to all the trouble for your outfit today as I had to for mine," I commented with a slight chuckle, recalling how her younger self was wearing her exact same getup.

She giggled, looking down at herself. "Guilty as charged. And I gotta say, it's held up remarkably well for being packed away in the closet all these years. Your father wanted me to get rid of it along with my other stuff, but I couldn't bear to."

I furrowed my brow. "Get rid of it? Why?"

She shrugged. "He didn't like to think about that part of my life, even though it is how we met, or will meet," she corrected herself. "Even when I offered to put it on and give him a private show at home, he'd have none of it."

"What an idiot," I said without thinking. "Since I for one would give anything to see Lusty Lana in action."

She arched her eyebrow at me. "Is that a fact? Well, why don't we just head on over to the Treasure Chest and catch Krys' next show? Sounds rather interesting, now that I think of it. And we should keep an eye on her, anyway."

I shook my head. "No, you misunderstand. When I say I want to see Lusty Lana in action, I don't mean the '86 edition. I mean the fun, spontaneous, and fascinating woman you are now, who is damned sexy to me whatever day or decade it happens to be."

Without warning she clasped at her chest, backing away past the pole and pushing up against the wall over a Loverboy poster, breathing heavily as she stared at the floor. "Are you okay?" I asked, wondering if I'd somehow offended her.

But as it turns out, the complete opposite was true. "I think that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me," she said softly, gifting me with the sunniest smile anyone had ever bestowed on me.

"But you do know what you're asking for, right?" she continued after she'd recovered, a touch more somber now. "You're asking to watch your mother take her clothes off."

Yes, I had, and I didn't care anymore. For after what I'd done upstairs, the heights I'd sent her to, I was riding a new wave of confidence. That questioning, vacillating voice I usually had when I was with women, wondering if I should do this or not say that, was now quiet, as if by its silence telling me I was on the right course, with the right woman.

And here we were, twenty years in the past where no one knew us or could condemn us, alone in this warm room with soft music and a big king-sized bed. It wasn't just my heart or my groin, it was if the entire universe was telling me to go for it. Which, I suppose, is why I did what I did next.

I straightened, running a hand through my hair, pushing up my shades, for the first time actually feeling like the suave ladies' man I was dressed as. "So I did," I replied confidently, not a trace of doubt or remorse in my voice, my hand resting on my hip. "But I don't see what the big deal is, babe. I mean, I did just eat out your pussy, rather well judging by your reaction, so I don't think that seeing you naked is too much of a leap from that, is it?"

For what seemed like an eternity, she just stared at me in a shocked, motherly way, like she'd done when I was six and said a swear word I'd heard at school, unable to believe what I'd just said. For a moment I thought I'd destroyed the magic we'd built up, and that I was in for a severe scolding. But even so, I didn't waver an inch.

But then her expression morphed into something more sensual, sinful fire dancing in her eyes as her palms slapped flat against the wall, as if trying to hold herself up as she spoke.

"Yes, yes you did do a spectacular job of eating me out, my naughty, wonderful boy, better than I ever thought possible," she affirmed. "For that and all the other joy you've given me, you deserve the best damned striptease and lap dance anyone's ever gotten before, complete with my special bowtie trick."

My mind was generating splendid images as to what sort of trick that could be when she continued. "But not right now. You see, you've gotten me so riled up, I'm dying to find out if your so-called 'beginner's luck' in matters of the flesh applies to the main event as well."

"Main event?" I asked, as anticipation welled in my chest. I knew exactly what she meant, but I wanted to hear her say it, to own it.

"Sex, sweetie," she purred. "We've crossed every other line tonight, and now it's time to cross the big one together. It's only fitting after all, for the woman who raised you into such a fine specimen of manhood to be the fortunate lady that has the privilege of making you into a man."

It might've been the hormones talking, but she made a hell of a lot of sense. "You know what this means, don't you?" I whispered, my voice husky with desire as I stepped closer to her. I no longer had any doubts about what I wanted, but I had to be absolutely sure she did as well.

She nodded. "It means I'll finally be able to be with the man I care about more than anyone or anything in this world, in the most intimate way possible, and to hell with what anyone else thinks. We've been granted a gift, not only in being brought to this special time and place, but also in being brought together in this special way, to be with each other in this special way. So, for tonight, let's just let go and enjoy ourselves in this private paradise of ours, because who knows what will happen tomorrow?"

And in that moment, I realized something. This wasn't just about hormones or slaking some forbidden lust for me, but actual, genuine love.

And not just because she was my mother, my best friend, and had spoken just what I needed to hear, like she always seemed to do. No, it was far more than that. For if I'd learned anything from this excellent adventure we'd been on today, it was that there was no other woman who could compare with my mom, for she was the only one who really understood me, the one who had my back no matter what, the one who would never betray me.

There would never be another woman that I would be so happy, so satisfied, and, well, let's just say it - so damned horny with, a bond that pierced through all physical and familial bonds right down to my core, wrapping tightly and permanently around my heart.

And just like that, a burst of euphoria burst in my chest, enveloping me in a cloud of peace, joy, and contentment that I'd never known before this moment. I wanted to take mom in my arms and tell her everything I was feeling, and then go proclaim to the world the wonderful news that I finally knew what love was.

But before I could do anything she suddenly flipped around to face the wall, pressing her hands against it as she bent at a slight angle, jutting her ass out invitingly toward me, shaking it as she looked back at me with a come-hither stare. "Are you ready for me, my sweet baby?" She purred, echoing one of her character's lines. "Because I'm sure as hell ready for you."

And just like that, I understood what she was doing. With her frenzied, lustful state and dominant status in the parent-child relationship, she could have just pushed me back on the bed and rode out her pleasure, and I wouldn't have complained one bit. But in taking this position, she was allowing me to take charge of our first experience, my first experience ever, and for that I was grateful.

"I thought you didn't do anything beyond kissing and light petting on the first date," I teased.

She laughed. "Mmm, that's true, but technically this is our second date, what with us being in a completely different century than before. Now, come, and do as your mother says and pleasure me, or I shall have to do so myself with the toys under the bed," she said playfully. "And believe me, I have quite the selection."

Fuck, this is it, I thought as I slipped my shades back on (I don't know why, it just seemed right) moved up behind her, hastily fumbling with my belt before getting it loose at last, flinging it away before going to work on my pants. I somehow got them undone through my hormone-soaked stupor, shoving them and my boxers down around my ankles in one fell swoop. I then reached out and flicked her skirt up, revealing her tight, bare ass to me.

I grabbed a cheek in each hand, squeezing them as I slid my cock up along her ass crack, squeezing it between her taut buns, reveling in the sensation. "Fuck that feels so fantastic," I breathed out.

"There's...another place where it'll...ugh, feel even better," she promised. "Please sweetie, I'm hornier than I've ever been in my life. You can play with my body however you want...later, but I need your cock...in my pussy right noooow," she pleaded, voice dripping with need.

I don't have to tell you how erotic, and thrilling, it is to hear a woman practically pleading with you to fuck her, but hearing her say it took it to a whole new level. I stopped what I was doing, readjusting my hold on her, repositioning my cock, slipping it down under her ass and between her legs, searching out her mound that I'd become so well-acquainted with earlier.

It wasn't a hard task, given that it was even more engorged than before, and just as delightfully moist, my tip probing outward and slipping between her lubed and puffy lips. Well this is it, I thought, pausing a second to savor the moment. For not only was I losing my virginity, but I was losing it to the most unlikely person imaginable, someone completely off limits until recently, who just happened to be the most special person I'd ever known.

It was a momentous occasion for both of us, and despite my libido screaming at me, I was determined to take it nice and slow, to allow us both to not only savor but also adjust to this dramatic and momentous shift in our relationship.

But apparently, mom had other ideas.

Before I could make another move, I felt mom wiggle her hips slightly, securing my cock's glans snugly in her entrance, then suddenly and forcefully pushing her ass back toward me, sending my cock straight up into her pussy with one slick motion. For a moment I was so surprised that I just stared down to where we were now joined, the labia that had been caressing my crown were now stroking at my balls, my entire shaft buried in her.

"Sorry darling," mom said with a low delighted gasp, not sounding like she was sorry at all. "I know you probably wanted to take things slow, but I just needed you in me so fucking bad, and I couldn't wait. I hope you don't mind, because I know I don't. Damn, you fit me so good," she cooed, squirming a bit. "Just like I knew you would."

"Not at all," I murmured, still trying to process all the new sensations assailing my cock. I was still amazed at the speed at which she'd slipped me in, having expected at least a little resistance. I concluded that she must've been supercharged by all the fun stuff we'd done to each other over the course of the evening, so that now she was primed and ready to go. "You feel so fucking good."

"Mmm...tell me all about it," she said, one hand reaching back to squeeze mine. "Tell me exactly how good my pussy feels."

"I don't know where to begin," I said truthfully, "it's like my cock is being gripped by a soft, squishy, velvety glove. And honestly, I thought only younger girls felt this tight, but damn, do you do Kegels or something?"

She giggled, adjusting her hips a bit and giving my dick a playful squeeze in the process. "Oh that's only one of many enticing mysteries that I have waiting in store for you, my big boy. Now, are you going to get on with it, or are you just gonna enjoy the view?"

"Get on with what?" I asked innocently. For now that the hard part was done and the line was irrevocably crossed, I was feeling exceptionally bold and more than a little mischievous. "Say exactly what you want me, your devoted son, to do to you," I said in a commanding tone, pushing a little deeper into her and making her gasp.

"Oh you naughty boy, you're gonna make me beg for it," she said with feigned dismay, although by her tone I could tell that she was just as aroused by the move as I was. "But just remember you asked for it, so here goes - I want you to fuck me so damn hard that I'll forget who I am, and who you are, and think I'm just a horny teen again in my room, getting pummeled over and over by the best damned cock ever, until we're both screaming and covered in sweat, barely able to breathe as we both cum again and again and again and...Ohhhhshitohmy!"

Mom clawed against the wall, tearing into the poster, as between the feeling of my cock in her, mingled with her own dirty talk, had sent her over the edge again. If I hadn't already cum hard earlier, I'd have spewed my load into her right then and there. Instead, her salacious words propelled me into motion, even before she'd completely come down from her high, my cock sliding in and out of her exquisite pussy.

I attempted to put into practice what I'd learned about sexual techniques over the years, but unlike before when I'd been pleasuring her with my tongue, I wasn't able to (somewhat) detach myself from the situation. Instead, I was fully immersed in it, so to speak, my thrusting only magnifying the indescribable sensations firing through my already overwrought nervous system, causing the rational, thinking part of me, already teetering on the brink, to at last go bye-bye.

In its place rose up a primal beast, whose only concern was siphoning as much of its own pleasure possible from the pussy it had suddenly found itself the master of. As a result, there was no rhythm or finesse to my first fucking, only a driven, savage pistoning, as I pulled most the way out only to push forcefully back in, producing a wet smacking sound as my balls slapped against her skin with each lunge.

Fortunately, mom didn't seem to mind the ferocious pounding I was visiting on her cunt, not only taking it in stride but seeming to enjoy the onslaught immensely, groaning and squealing with delight. "Oh hell yes yes yeeeeees!" she cried out. "Shit, do you know how long it's, ugh, been since I've been fucked this fucking good? Keep going, harder, faster!" she urged, a crazed edge to her voice. Mommy needs it deep....ahhhhhhhh!"

And with that, she came again. I drank in the sight, marveling at the female capacity for multiple orgasms, and mom's in particular. To me, it seemed like she had an endless capacity for them, as if they'd been building up inside her over time. And I supposed they had, for even though she'd had regular dates, there weren't any that she'd slept with recently, I recalled her telling me not too long ago.

And then something struck me - had she not slept with anyone lately because of me, because she'd been thinking about sleeping with me? And if so, just how long had she been thinking about us together? Had that been behind her behavior all through our escapade?

"Good," I growled, suddenly feeling very protective of her, not liking the idea of another man even leering at her now.

Damn, it feels so good to have the ladies out," she sighed, swaying her chest back and forth slightly. "But it'd be even better to feel my new man's hands all over them."

Not needing to be asked twice, I reached around and cupped her luscious tits in my hands, squeezing them, loving the warm, doughy feeling between my fingers, eliciting more happy sounds from her throat as I continued to mash and maul at them.

I sought out her hard nipples, rubbing my thumbs in a counterclockwise motion around their circumference as at the same time I leaned forward over her back until my mouth was resting against her ear. "Do you like that?" I whispered as I nibbled on her lobe, "Do you like having your son's hands all over your tits?"

Apparently, she did, for caught between my dirty talk and insistent manipulations, she shuddered out another peak as I continued to work in and out of her, although relenting just a bit. "Sweetie, please," she gasped out at the end of it, and at first I thought it was just more of her lewd encouragement. But then I noticed her legs quavering a bit before they buckled altogether, and only my quick reflexes prevented her from falling to the floor.

"Are you okay?" I asked as I supported her by wrapping my arms under hers. "Do you want to stop?"

"Fuck no," she said at last, shooting me a sideways glare that suggested I'd just said the stupidest thing in history. "It's just that, whoa, what you're doing to me, I don't think I can stand anymore. On my legs, I mean. The bed, take me to the bed, and

whatever you do don't fucking stop fucking me until I've sucked every last drop of virgin out of you!"

"Yes, ma'am," I said with a wide grin. Linking my arms around her abdomen just beneath her tits, I then, using both my arms and hips, lifted her up off the ground with a surprised yelp. Mashing her back firmly against my torso, my cock still buried in her, I turned and carried her toward the bed.

"Oh fuck!" she squealed as she bounced slightly on my dick as I made my way carefully to the mattress, impaled harder and deeper on my rod like never before, squirming a bit and making me wonder if she was having another climax. "My, my, you really follow instructions to the letter, don't you?"

"I do when it's my gorgeous, incredibly sexy mom giving the orders," I said as I put her down gently on the bed and slipped out of her with a moist sloshing sound, watching as she again assumed a similar position to her prior one. Except this time, her knees and hands were planted firmly on the bed, facing away from me, her head resting against George Michael's on the bedspread.

"You want to try a different position, maybe cowgirl or missionary?" I suggested. While I'd been totally satisfied with things so far, I wanted a viewpoint where I could see her face, and she could see mine, as we gave ourselves to each other.

But to my surprise she just shook her head, not even turning back to look at me as her sweat-matted hair swished back and forth. "Nah, this is good for now. Besides, doggy's one of my favorites, ya know, it just makes me feel so deliciously dirty getting taken like this, like an animal," she said, swaying her ass back and forth invitingly. Now, come finish what you started, big boy."

Now how on earth do you argue with that? You don't, a voice that seemed to come from my crotch answered, once again feeling myself drawn to her. I reassumed my

former position as I entered her, sliding my cock all the way back into the warm, steamy tunnel that was now officially my favorite place ever. "I didn't think it was possible, but that feels even better," she said with a long shuddering sigh, no doubt appreciating being off her feet, but also the slightly new angle in which I was now able to ravish her.

And that's exactly what I did, even as my hands roved all over her naked flesh, lingering in the spots that seemed to elicit a particularly strong response from her, making mental notes for future reference even as I brought her to climax after climax, soon losing count as they seemed to meld into each other as they had earlier. But I no longer cared, the only thing that mattered was seeing her satisfied over and over again as I gently massaged her clit.

Not only that, but both her increasingly powerful bodily and vocal reactions to her bliss were wearing down the iron willpower I'd clad myself in, especially when she started slamming back violently against my cock, gyrating and working it into her in ways I didn't know were possible, feeling my resolve crumbling before what I knew to be the biggest eruption of my life surging and swelling between my legs. "Gonna...cum...soon" I managed to stutter out.

"Not...in me," I heard her slightly muffled voice say weakly as she came back to earth after her latest climax, which had been more earth-shattering than any of her others so far, leaving her upper body flat and breathless against the bed, face down in the covers. "While I'd love you to, I'm not on birth control at the moment, and that could make things rather inconvenient. Just squeeze my ass when you're on the brink, and I'll take care of things. I promise, you'll love what I have in mind."

Through the lust fog blanketing my brain, I realized she had a point. Here we were trapped in the past fighting to save our future lives, and her getting pregnant could throw a serious wrench in the works. Still, I can't describe how arousing the thought was of pumping her full of my seed, impregnating my very own mother with my child...

And with that thought, I felt myself passing the point of no return. Fighting every instinct I had, I forced myself to do the right thing and squeezed her ass hard.

Faster than I would've believed possible, I felt her pull away from me, my cock sliding out of her with a wet slushing sound as she flipped herself over so that she was now laying flat on her back before me, breasts and glistening pussy on full and glorious display, her legs clamped together between mine. "Do it baby, spray me good with your seed and give me the cum shower I've been craving!" she begged.

If cumming hadn't been a certainty for me before, it sure as hell was now. So with one final grunt I felt myself let go as my glans swelled, my cock jerked and began blasting out thick, milky streamers of cum. I watched the first spurts fly out and impact against her tits, and for a moment I thought that's where it would all go.

But then I somehow remembered her request for a cum shower, so I took my still-spurting cock and directed it toward different angles until there were splotches of it over not only her chest but neck, stomach, legs, and arms as well, leaving only her fabulously flushed face, which I couldn't bring myself to mess up, untouched.

By the time the thick ropes had subsided to little more than dribbles it seemed like her entire upper body was covered in my cream. And while that was an incredible vision to behold, it wasn't the best part. With a crooked finger, mom beckoned me closer. I scooted forward on my knees, straddling her torso between my legs, until my flagging member was only inches from her mouth, still oozing milky liquid.

Then, as I watched with rapt attention, she lifted her head and took my cock in her mouth as she had before, suckling the last sticky globules from it, never breaking eye contact until she'd drained me dry, licking off all her excess pussy cream that glazed my shaft.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed as she released me with a loud pop and fell back against the pillows, rubbing my spunk into her mounds, occasionally drizzling a sample into her mouth. I just stood over her and watched her tantalizing post-coital ritual,

completely enraptured by the sight. "Damn, that's hot as hell," I muttered, watching some of my syrupy cum trickle off her bowtie to splash down on her left breast.

"Mmm..." she grunted as she cleaned the latest sample of my seed dangling from her fingers. "What a fine, healthy young man I've raised, to give me so much delicious cum to snack on. And enough left to rub all over, which I've heard does wonders for the skin," she said with a coy smile as I dismounted and collapsed beside her, trying to catch my breath.

"So," she said as she stretched languorously, "on a scale of one to ten, how would you rate your first time at real sex?"

"They don't make a number that high," I said softly as I stroked her hair. "Seriously, no one could ask for a better first time than that. I mean damn, you didn't just take my virginity, you fucked it into oblivion and then swallowed whatever was left. I would say thanks, but that just seems woefully inadequate right now."

She laughed. "I'm the one who should be thanking you. I mean, from the time at the museum to now, I've had more and better orgasms than I've had in ages, if ever. And the way you ate my pussy, that was nothing short of perfection," she breathed, eyes going dreamy at the memory. "In fact, I think we need to make that a part of our morning routine, somewhere between showering and breakfast, or maybe at breakfast," she concluded in that playfully vague tone of hers, the one where I could never tell if she was being serious or not.

But I decided to file that away for later consideration, before I blew my mind at the idea of coming downstairs in the morning not to a bowl of cereal, but mom naked on the table. Instead, I focused on basking in the glow of the praise that she'd just heaped on me, spoken in such a heartfelt way I knew she wasn't just doing it to stroke my ego.

And this may have just been an effect of the afterglow, but in her voice I could swear I heard an echo of what I'd felt earlier, that went far beyond the physical dimension of the relationship we'd discovered. Our hearts, in the white-hot heat of the passion we'd discovered, had melded into one forever, giving me a new outlook on our mission here.

Once I'd accepted the truth of our situation, or rather, been forced to accept it, I'd just been focused on stopping Vint to save myself from nonexistence, a worthwhile if selfish motivation. But now, I was fighting to save what mom and I had discovered together, the happiness we could have together going forward. There's no way I'd let that bastard take that from me, from us, I vowed as I balled my hands into fists. "So, what now?" I asked, scared as hell by this new world but eager to explore it to the fullest.

But mom, in her euphoric and no doubt exhausted state, completely mistook my meaning, taking it in the most immediate and simple terms. "We cuddle, silly," she said as she used her blouse to clean away the last vestiges of my seed from her, before pulling it over her head and chucking it away.

She continued removing articles of her remaining clothing until only the bowtie remained, swinging down over her otherwise bare torso. She was already sexy enough, but this look pushed her over the line into smoldering for me.

"Now, come here and let me hold my freshly-minted man, who's pleased me more than I ever thought possible. If you're not too tired, that is," she said, stretching out her arms.

We'd have to have a serious talk very soon, I resolved, but not right now. Mom had the right idea, I could now see, to just take a moment and savor what had just happened between us, to wallow in the sheer thrill of it instead of getting bogged down with the future.

"Never too tired for you," I said as I stripped as well before sliding into her arms, pressing my bare body into to hers when I realized I was still wearing my sunglasses, just about to take them off when she stopped me.

"No," she said with a wicked grin, sliding them back over my eyes as she leaned in for a kiss. "Leave those on."

I complied with her request, my hands moving away from my shades and toward her hair, stroking it as we embraced. I had no idea what awaited us, but now that mom and I had found our way to each other, I was certain of one thing:

Nothing's gonna stop us now.

END OF PART I