

You Better You Bet

dinkleberry

As I sit here in a beach chair enjoying the sun in St. Croix writing I couldn't help but look up and enjoy watching my love frolic in the calm surf. We're enjoying a vacation from the bitter wind and the cold of the Midwest where I work as an engineer. It is fun to watch her play and she is still so beautiful even at our ages. Now retired she still has a youthful vivaciousness to her, perhaps from always taking care of her appearance.

Even now I know she is slathered in SPF 1,000 to protect her milk white skin and as I watch her enjoyment I can see that she still has that smooth porcelain skin that contrasts sharply with the two piece black bikini she's wearing. I smile proudly that my love can wear a bikini and still turn heads. As I watch, I notice light reflecting off her navel and note that she must have a beaded jewel attached to her belly ring. I love that her stomach is still taut and that she has the confidence to deny convention and continue to wear a belly ring at her age.

She dunks her head under the clear water and rises up shaking her hair and droplets of water go flying from her ink black hair that's now in a fashionably short, choppy pixie style. For

so many years I've enjoyed her long flowing locks of hair that it's still sometimes odd to see her with short hair. But as she jogs out of the water and towards me she runs her hands through her hair and it spikes up and Boom! it's in place. With her porcelain skin and black hair, her vivid blue eyes shine with pop.

I laugh out loud and seeing me laugh, still wet, she jumps onto my lap straddling me. She asks, "What are you laughing at old man?"

"You," I laugh amused at being called 'old man'. Yes I do have more grey hairs than her and do not cheat hiding them by dyeing them, however she is 16 years my senior!

She laughs her charming and merry laugh I love so much. She kisses me pressing her wet, slightly salty lips to mine. As my wife of so many years we are in tune and our motions our synchronized. As she grips the side of my head our mouths open and our tongues meet in the middle. I quickly rise to the occasion.

"Wow, someone's happy to see me," she chuckles and I am proud of the fact that although I am now closer to fifty than forty I have no problem stepping up to the plate without any performance enhancing drugs – i.e. the little blue diamonds with a V on them.

"But of course," I confirm as I grab her still tight little butt. Her bikini bottom is small enough that the bottom halves of my hands hold bare, wet yet warm flesh. She presses up against me, grinding on me, giving me a private lap dance. While the beach is mostly empty it is not deserted but she seems not to care so why should I?

"Oh god, that feels good," I whimper between kisses. Her whole body is sliding, gliding rubbing upon mine and I'm in ecstasy. Her tongue is in my mouth; her hands, pulling my hair, holds my head firmly; and my hands squeeze her ass tighter. With her dancing upon on my lap I tell her, "I love you,"

"You better," she sings in perfect time and tune.

"You BET-da," I sing in an imitation of Roger Daltry.

"You BET!" We both shout from the classic The Who song, 'You Better You Bet'. We laugh as we've done this routine for over 25 years. My darling keeps grinding on me and I'm in heaven.

"Oh yes, oh yes," I moan as she sorta dry humps me. Is it dry humping if we are both clothed but her body is wet? I don't care. I'm simply loving the pleasure she is giving me. Although my wife is still frisky it's been a while since we've done something like this in public. We are now both humping against each other, even the chair has gotten with the groove rocking along to our motions, squeaking away.

"Oh god, oh god," I'm able to get out before I do what I was trying to warn. I cum. I shoot my load right into my swim trunks. As I'm cumming my love doesn't stop but keeps dancing upon my cock insuring every drop comes out. And it

does as I feel my cum shoot outta my cock only to get smeared upon my groin and swim trunks.

Finally I'm done and left in a puddle of my own goo. My love is laughing at the effect she still has upon me. My wife kisses me with love and passion. She then looks down at my stain and wryly quips, "Looks like more grandkids lost."

You see my love, my wife is also my mother.

Well, I guess enough time has passed that I can now share this story with you. However with it having happened over 25 years ago certain details have become fuzzy with age. I hope you'll forgive me, but I promise you the vital facts are still etched onto my brain. So here goes...

The 80's were great weren't they? The music was head-bangin' hair bands, the clothes were tight, the make-up was plentiful

and the hair was big. And 1986 was the best year of them all. I would've thought 1984 (Van Halen's seminal album) would be the best since I'm class of '84; or 1987 would be as I'd turn 21, achieving the legal drinking age and would finally be allowed into strip clubs. But no it was 1986...

However to tell this tale right I gotta go back two decades. In 1965 my parents were two happy love-struck teenage sweethearts living in Middletown, Ohio. Unfortunately these were not happy times they lived in. After graduating from Middletown High School my father was drafted into the United States Army. Four days after arriving in the Republic of Vietnam his parents received a visit from an Army Captain, a medic and an Army chaplain with a folded flag and a letter from his Commanding Officer informing them of how their son Thomas died bravely.

It would be a few weeks later that his grieving widowed girlfriend would confirm she was carrying his baby. Moreover, she was getting ready to enter 10th grade. To consummate their love before my father went off to war my mother had given him her maidenhood – and whoever

believes that you will get pregnant your first time?! With this being 1965, the only redeeming thing was that my mother's parents knew and liked Tommy. So they were understanding and sympathized with their distraught daughter who was now a social outcast as a pregnant high-schooler. In April 1966, I would be born or as my grandfather quipped, 'Another mouth to feed.'

In her senior year my mother would again discover that she was pregnant – because do kids ever really learn? This time it shouldn't be as surprising; as a social outcast and pariah the people she was now friends with weren't of the best repute shall we say. Knowing the realities, my mother successfully hid this pregnancy from her parents and everyone else until graduating from school.

After graduating she confessed this secret to her mother, including the fact that she wasn't exactly sure who the father was. To my grandmother's credit she handled it the best way a woman in the Ohio of 1968 could handle it. She sent her daughter and grandson to go live with a third cousin in

Commack, Long Island, N.Y. with orders to, 'never contact them again.'

Arriving on Long Island (which is correctly pronounced LongIsland, one single word and not LonGUYland) my mother gave birth to her daughter in November of 1968. Now the parent of two children she knew that, "playtime is over." Even before my sister was born, my Mom had enrolled at the Long Island Beauty School. Soon after Jacqueline was born Mom graduated and set out, determined to become a sought after hair dresser.

As but an infant I only have the vaguest of memories yet I remember, or have since learned, that we moved from apartment to apartment as she worked diligently and was able to progress from ho-hum hair salons willing to hire an inexperienced 18 year old girl to better more upscale establishments.

I do remember when I was five years old moving out of that dark apartment that was upstairs from an old thrift store to

move back into Uncle Warren and Aunt Zoe's house. (Although Aunt Zoe was more of my Mom's aunt that's what my sister and I called them.) We moved in because Mom would spend the next year at the Vidal Sassoon Academy. While today that doesn't sound like much, in 1971 Vidal Sassoon was It and to get accepted into one of his schools was a huge accomplishment.

In 1973, she bought her own house in Huntington and started working in spas on Long Island's Gold Coast. I was seven years old and starting 1st grade while my sister at four was still in Pre-K/Day Care. After school ended my mother would pick me up and we'd drive back to her place of work, (my sister would stay at day care) until her workday was over usually around 6PM.

As the years past, this pattern would remain somewhat unchanged for a few reasons. When my sister started regular school she would go over to Aunt Zoe's house after school. This was because as a girl and a bookworm she was quieter and easier deal with for my aging Aunt and Uncle. Also as a poindexter and brainic she naturally took to excelling in

school, even skipping 2nd grade and didn't have be lorded over as I did.

From the beginning I hated school. I found it boring. I found it tedious. I found it too confining. However, the one thing Mom would stress over everything else was for my sister and I to succeed in school. As she would constantly say, "You do not want to make the same mistakes I made."

Yes, Mom was upfront with her mistakes and explained why we lived in the situation we lived in. Remember in the early 70's most kids were still growing up with both a Mom and Dad and all that, so she had to explain to us why we were different.

So I'd spend every afternoon at the spa Mom was working at in Cold Spring Harbor and she would ensure I did my schoolwork to my fullest abilities. Now you may not think a Gold Coast spa would be where a young boy would wanna be and you couldn't be more wrong! I knew of no place that had a better collection of hot females. I've joked that it was my growing up there that guaranteed my heterosexuality. [As a

side-note, at these establishments all of the hair-dressers regardless of their age are referred to as 'girls' without it being a derogatory comment.]

Imagine a collection of attractive and very fashion conscious females competing for clients; rich clients competing with their husband's mistress; and the mistresses competing against themselves. This meant every one of them wanted to look better than the next. They wore the most fashionable clothes. They had their hair and nails done perfectly. Their make-up and perfume was done as if they were ready to attend Studio 54. And best yet, since it was 95% women, the rest either gay men or invisible laborers they slutted it up without shame.

Although I hated school I'm far from stupid and very quickly learned the rules and how things worked. I learned that being quiet and mostly unnoticed paid better dividends than being loud and running wild. I discovered that being polite and cooperative had better rewards than being rude and sulky. And I discovered that doing something right the first time,

especially without having to be told, really earned me gold stars.

What this means is that I swiftly developed the routine of as soon as Mom and I returned back to her spa I'd go in the back room and get right to my homework. Since this was where 'the girls' took their breaks and smoked their cigarettes I was immediately surrounded by hotties – and they loved how well-behaved I was! They loved how my mother would inspect my homework after I was finished and get a high-five from her for a job well-done; and I loved being able to get a smile from them. In time they began helping me by quizzing me on my spelling or testing me on my readings or history lessons.

After finishing my homework instead of being bored and destructive I found ways to be constructive – and adored by the girls even more. I'd sweep. I'd stock the shelves of all the bazillion beauty products they sold at ridiculous prices. I'd take the used towels to the laundry room and come back with fresh ones. I'd do anything I could do and in return I'd get a 'Thank you, sweetie.' I'd get my hair ruffled. I'd get a hug or

I'd get a kiss. And as a kid is there anything better than getting a kiss on the cheek by a gorgeous older woman and the feel of her lipstick residue afterwards?!

In the summer of 1976 it was decided that instead of spending it at Aunt Zoe's and Uncle Warren's house and/or summer camp that I would be allowed to work at Mom's spa. My sister hated being at the spa. For her it was too loud, too crowded, too this, too that, too everything – so she'd be spending the summer at Aunt Zoe's and Uncle Warren's house and two weeks at band camp – way before the movie American Pie made the idea of band camp cool. Conversely, I loved it at the spa.

By this time I was a regular fixture for the afternoon clients and management loved the idea of having a free employee. By now I had shown my aptitude for math and being analytical, and so my skills were being put to use by helping man the front desk. Usually the manager of the hair salon worked the front desk but if I was there it freed her to go do other things. If being at the spa was cool then working the

front desk was the best. From here I was in the center of all the action.

And the summer of '76 was a great time. This was right before the explosion of designer jeans. However these fashion savvy women were ahead of the curve. They were already squeezing themselves into the tightest jeans possible and doing everything they could to help such as to diet and exercise. Soon their daily outfit seemed to become a tight black tee shirt of differing styles, painted on jeans and sky high heels with bold colors.

And from the front desk I got to enjoy it all. I'd watch the girls at work, admiring their backsides and enjoying their fronts in the reflection in the mirror at their stations. I was learning how to playfully banter with them and some of the clients. Although I didn't really grasp it at that time I was learning how to lightheartedly flirt with them. I just knew that they all seemed to love it earning me smiles and 'Oh, you're so cute' remarks.

Since they knew I was working for free, often as they walked their client back to the front desk to schedule the client's next appointment they'd share their tip with me. I loved how as I wrote the client's next appointment in the calendar book they'd stuff a dollar in my back pocket. On a good day I'd earn over \$20 dollars – which is pretty kickass for a 10 year old in 1976!

Once at the front desk I would essentially stay there from then on as the years passed on. When school started again my routine changed in that I no longer would do my homework in the backroom but instead would wait until we got home that night. Mom allowed this change, "as long as my grades didn't slip," and I made sure this didn't happen. I would man my station and would continue to chitchat, joke and tease the girls along with the clients. Since they all seemed to love it I'd do it more and more.

As I watched the girls, I developed an eye for detail. I remember learning how at a glance being able to recognize the differences between Sassoon, Jordache, and Gloria Vanderbilt jeans. I learned the different styles of their shoes

and how 'heels' were basically open-toed whereas 'pumps' are closed toed. I learned to notice the small things like their earrings and compliment them on those things. Basically I was learning how to hustle because I was trying to earn all the smiles, hugs, kisses, and dollars I could get.

In 1981 I was 15 and was finally put on the payroll. By now I had mastered the art of being able to jabber-jaw and many of the clients loved me as much as they did their hairdresser. Of course I was getting only minimum wage which was three and some change back then but I would also stay until the spa closed at 9PM.

Since Mom usually only worked until 5PM (having started at 9AM) I'd get a ride home from one of the girls, which was especially sweet as I got older and more mature. It was on those rides home that I'd get my first real kiss; then I got to second-base. As a high-school senior, I was sorta secretly dating one of the girls as she'd give me a ride home every night and we'd talk and hang-out sometimes for hours. From this I'd get my first blowjob and even eventually get some nookie from that cookie!

The odd thing about the 80's was there was no real term for lusting for older women. The term 'Mrs. Robinson' had become passé and obsolete. MILF hadn't been coined yet; and cougar still referred to the animal or car. Yet on TV you had hotties such as Linda Grey and Victoria Principal on Dallas; Morgan Fairchild on Falcon Crest; and then there was Dynasty with Linda Evans and Joan Collins. With that how could one not grow up lusting for mature women?

As a teenager I was in love with all the hotties that worked at Mom's spa. However there was one girl at the spa whom I had a major crush on. While I would playfully flirt with the all the girls, for various reasons I had to be more circumspect with my crush. Still I would josh with her and drop a double entendre here and an innuendo there. I always got a laugh from her and sometimes a playful warning of, "You better watch it young man."

My crush had an alluring blend between Joan Collins and Joan Jett. She had Joan Collins' smoldering sultriness; her large, expressive eyes; and her magical 1,000 watt smile. She also

had Joan Jett's edgy sexiness. Like Joan Jett she had that jet black hair that she wore long but there was a hint of punk to it no matter what the style; although taller at 5'7 than Joan Jett she had a similar physique being long and lean which she magnified with her outfits; and like Joan Jett she always had a suggestion of rebelliousness no matter what she wore or where she was. This seemed perfect as her own name was Joan.

As the 70's gave way to the 80's, the designer blue jeans gave way to, for a short while, an explosion of colored jeans; then even jeans with pinstripes before settling on black jeans. Nonetheless, jeans gave way to spandex. Many of the girls loved wearing spandex pants, for two main reasons.

The first was that being catty bitches they loved that spandex is unforgiving and reveals any flaws or imperfections. In an odd twist, you need a big set of cahones to wear spandex, especially if you weren't on-stage in front of 20,000 screaming teens. The second reason was that spandex was perfect to wear in a hair salon in that it would not collect hair clippings like cotton or any other material besides leather

would. The girls liked how they could take a damp cloth run it down their legs and bang, they were ready to go. I just simply loved how they looked.

Joan with her tall, trim and toned body really seemed to love spandex and I really enjoyed how she looked in them. She seemed to really like the many different zebra print styles they could create but she'd mostly wear the white ones with black stripes, which complimented her raven hair and milky cream skin. Even at 5'7 Joan always wore heels whether they were attached to short booties, full length boots or shoes. As the Jane Fonda craze infected the country she started wearing many sleeveless tops showing off more of her porcelain skin and toned arms.

Although I had to be more circumspect that didn't stop me from lusting over her. From the front desk I'd watch her every move, even though her station was just behind my right shoulder. If I stood at the right angle she was always in my peripheral vision and I always knew where she was throughout the entire spa. This doesn't mean I was always subtle and didn't leer – yes I leered.

And she was quite aware of my crush. She'd often catch me looking at her and admiring what I was seeing. Instead of being put-off, she curiously did the opposite. When we'd make eye contact she'd smile at me, give me a wink, or wave to me through the mirror. As I grew older and matured she'd even sometimes playfully blow me a kiss or shake her ass for me, and what a nice ass it was. I remember once after we made eye contact she lifted her hands up to her breasts and bounced them as if having to adjust and shift them. After my eyes fell out of my skull and my jaw dropped to the floor she laughed loudly startling those around her as they were completely unaware of her source of mirth.

Still as I entered high school I did begin dating girls my own age. Those romances were never anything serious just your typical high school romances that last a few weeks or months; after they are over there's no hard feelings and we keep going on with our lives without it being awkward around each other.

Mom also dated throughout the years. She had a few basic rules such as she would not date anyone that had anything

remotely to do with her job. She also wouldn't date too far out of her social strata, so the young playboys would get politely shot down. Beyond that she seemed to keep things pretty casual. She dated a plumber for a few years; my sister and I wondered if it would ever get serious. It never did as one day it was over and we never asked why. She dated our high school principal twice and when that stopped both my sister and I were relieved. We never saw or heard anything inappropriate with any of her boyfriends so I guess she confined that behavior to only at his place.

1984 finally arrived and I graduated from Huntington High School. With Mom watching I graduated with a New York State Regents Diploma with Honors and also a member of the Honor Society. Having lived my whole life on Long Island and basically in the same house in Huntington I was intent on getting off Long Island and going to college somewhere else.

Not being super rich going to school out of state was out of the question. That was fine with me as I had been accepted into Cortland State's Engineering program, one of the SUNY colleges. I'd learn it is located on the frozen tundra of western

New York in between Syracuse and Binghamton. Between financial aid, a scholarship from earning a NYS Regent Diploma and another because my father was a Vietnam casualty I was able to scratch enough pennies together to attend.

And this finally brings us to June 1986.

My sophomore semester was over and I was glad to be home. Two years ago I was in a rush to leave home but now I missed it so much. Although I enjoyed Cortland State, the county of Cortland, New York was so fucking boring that if I shot myself in the head the sound would echo throughout the entire county because there's nothing there! To make things worse I was in a bit of slump, if ya know what I mean and so I was hoping being back on Long Island would help.

Mom seemed to be glad that I was around also. We quickly seemed to develop a morning routine of having coffee every morning and share laughs about how our nights went or too often for me didn't. We also sometimes spent those nights

together doing stuff. With it being 1986 the New York Mets didn't suck. We went to Shea Stadium to enjoy watching Daryl Strawberry, Keith Hernandez, Gary Carter and co. battle the hated Philadelphia Phillies during a three game home stand. We invited my sister and she actually snarled at the idea. Her loss. Mom and I would have a blast screaming with 40,000 other fans. Game 1 we lost in a nail-biter 3-2; but we made up for it winning Games 2 and 3.

We'd have a ball watching the games. We'd laugh, cheer, yell, do the Wave. Every time a Met knocked a dinger and the Big Apple would raise outta the top hat Mom would hug me and jump up an' down – and I'd rise to the occasion too! Instead of being put off or pretending not notice Mom seemed to find this quite amusing. She would quip, "Someone's got their own big bat." or something similar. Could you blame me? She was looking dynamite in her Keith Hernandez jersey [her favorite player] and spandex pants.

Sporting the Miami Vice look of dark stubble and tall for my age at 6'2, I was surprisingly allowed to buy us \$5.00 beers, although still only 20. (In 1985, New York State raised the

drinking age from 19 to 21.) So we'd enjoy a few brews and dogs while at the game.

One day we all went to Jones Beach my sister, Mom and I. At the beach Mom and I had fun playing volleyball and Nerf football with all the others. Remember that while I was now 20, Mom was still young at only 36. I, of course, loved getting the opportunities to tackle her in her black bikini. My sister sat under an umbrella all day reading a book and when Mom asked her to rub sunscreen lotion on her, Jackie whined, "Maaaawhhmm."

She handed me the bottle and, I guess knowing she didn't have to ask, laid out on her beach towel. I gladly straddled her and started rubbing lotion on her back. I was surprised when she reached behind herself and untied the straps to her top – but wasn't gonna comment. Working my way down her back she purred, "God that feels so good."

I kept going further and further down without anyone saying anything. My sister seemed to be completely ignoring us even

as I shifted Mom's bikini bottom to the point that the tip of her ass crack was showing. Feeling I'd gone as far as I dared I started at the other end working my way up. Starting at her ankles I started rubbing lotion and massaging her legs. As I reached her calves she reached over to grab her own book. After resettling she now had her legs spread open for me and just simply started reading.

'Ok,' I thought and resumed working my way up her magnificent silky legs. From my years at the spa I knew Mom must have just gotten her legs waxed very recently. I kept going up further an' further and also reaching deeper an' deeper into her soft, velvet smooth inner thighs. No one said anything. I kept going. I was now all the way at the top of her thighs and the only place left was her butt. I poured some lotion on my hands and started rubbing her butt and she said nothing. I kept rubbing her ass and she said nothing. I kept rubbing her hiney and she was quiet. Then my hands were actually underneath her bikini bottom caressing her cheeks and she was silent.

I couldn't fuckin' believe it! Here I was rubbing, massaging my Mom's ass with my sister a few feet away and a few thousand people on the beach surrounding us. Yet no one seemed to be paying any attention at all. If I moved my finger a fraction of an inch I would've been rubbing her pussy! Finally I couldn't take it anymore.

Announcing, "Okay, done!" I went to find a sand dune to hide behind so I could beat my dick like the sex depraved, crazed manic I was. Within minutes, I was coating a sand dune with my own pearls – because honestly there was no way in hell I was gonna go in the men's bathroom at Jones Beach to spank the monkey!

Thankfully, there are outdoor showers so I washed up and then went in search of some food. I was hungry and needed some time alone to regain composure before I could lie next to my Mom. I mean I couldn't lie next to her after just jerking off to her five minutes ago.

That night we all went to see Joan Jett and the Blackhearts at the Jones Beach Theater. I used to love this place. Back then, it was mid-sized with about 8,000 seats and the stage was actually separated by a small moat! Still it had great acoustics and at night the view was awesome since the ocean was visible from behind the bandshell. Mom and I rocked out having a party while my sister sat in her chair seeming to sulk. When they played Crimson and Clover Mom got up on my shoulders so she could scream and sing along, which she really did as they finished with I Love Rock 'n' Roll, Bad Reputation and closing with Cherry Bomb.

Finally the night of my sister's senior prom was upon us. I don't know how it happened but somehow I got stuck having to drive my sister and her childhood friend – and this wasn't like Eric Foreman taking Donna Pinciotti. No this was more like Lisa Simpson asking Milhouse Van Houten to take her to her prom. My sister's childhood friend was Steven something-or-the-other and like her was a band-fag nerd. However Steven living near Aunt Zoe and Uncle Warren attended Commack High School. Although my sister was 17 years old and Steven 18, meaning both had driver's licenses, I

somehow got shanghaied into having to drive them. (I really need to pay attention when someone is talking instead of simply nodding my head.)

That night my mother and sister fussed about everything. Mom wanted to do up my sister, do her hair, do her make-up and my sister was a fuss-pot about the whole deal. I wisely avoided getting involved and instead focused on memorizing the directions I needed. For whatever reason Jackie's senior class choose some place in Massapequa – which happens to be on the south shore of Nassau County. Finally they were ready and Mom announced, "Ok, let's go."

I was surprised to discover that she would be accompanying us also. The surprises continued as I discovered that although Mom was going with us I was still going to be driving because we'd be taking my car. I mention this as Mom had a 1985 Black Mercury Cougar that was really sharp. Instead we'd be taking 'The Bird' as my friends all called my car. It was a 1978 Ford Thunderbird that I still miss. The 1978 Ford Thunderbird was the size of a small boat while as sleek and powerful as one. The Bird was midnight metallic blue with a light chamois

vinyl top wrapping around that distinctive three window set with T-tops. Thankfully back then gas was only in the \$1.50 range as its 400 cu in Cleveland big block V8 engine drank faster than an alkie. Still The Bird was as comfortable as all get up an' day, plus it was fun to drive.

After picking up Steven and delivering my sister and him at her prom Mom and I had a few hours to kill. I asked, "So what c'ha wanna do?"

"I don't know. Drive around and let's see if we can find anything." So that's what we did. The only thing I knew about Massapequa was that the Sunrise Mall was somewhere nearby but I wanted to avoid that. The idea of killing time in a mall was not appealing and the Sunrise Mall sucked balls. Within a few minutes we passed by a dumpy looking movie theater. I suggested, "How 'bout a movie?"

"Let's keep looking and we can come back," Mom remarked. And so we did. Not really finding anything we started getting

close to the less than savory Wantagh. Mom sighed saying, "Well I guess it's the movies."

Pulling into the parking lot of the small three screens theater there was maybe 10 cars there on a weekday night. At the ticket window we discovered that we had just missed the start of Top Gun by 20 minutes, meaning if we hadn't driven around aimlessly we would've walked in during the opening credits. We laughed at our luck. Now our choices were Short Circuit and Cobra. I begged, "Dear god, not Short Circuit."

Mom laughed as she probably had even less inclination towards watching that than I did and so we got two tickets for Sylvester Stallone's Cobra. The snack bar was manned by a pimply faced teen that was scratching his ass as we walked into the grimy lobby. Unaware of us, he began really digging in there and Mom started laughing so hard she crashed into me and had to lean against me not to fall down. Without saying anything we just kept going. Entering our theater we were 10 minutes early but the lights were already $\frac{3}{4}$ quarters dark probably to hide anything as the floor was bathed in darkness.

Taking our seats I think we had the theater to ourselves except for maybe some kids all the way up in the dark corner. The only reason I think this is I thought I saw the tip of a joint getting passed back an' forth. If so Mom ignored it as she continued laughing about pimply, "Do you think he found any dinkleberries hiding up in there?"

"Wow," I laughed and with her still looking at me I realized she wanted an answer. "God, I hope not."

"Wanna bet he smells his hand after he's done?" she joked and I was surprised how nasty she was being.

"Oh without a doubt he will. I bet he'll ask his pal in the ticket booth to take a hit off of that," I responded.

"Eeewww," Mom loudly laughed. Finally the previews started and we settled down to watch as the movie opened. There's a crazy supermarket scene and Sly arrives in a bad-ass classic

hot rod that unfortunately would get beat to shit and not survive to the end of the movie. About ten minutes into the movie Mom and I started wrestling for the arm-rest between us and started jabbing each other in the ribs. I'm not sure how it happened but we silently called a truce by instead holding hands as we watched Marion Cobretti, nicknamed "Cobra" meet Ingrid Knudsen, the then smoking hot Bridgette Nelson.

At some point Mom and I looked at each other. I don't remember what prompted it. Perhaps it was the scene where Cobra makes out with Ingrid (Nelson) for the first time, yet I seem to think it was earlier in the movie than that. Without saying anything we both leaned in and kissed. It was a quick, almost chaste kiss, similar to the first one you'd give on a first date. We both leaned back for a moment with maybe four inches between us. Realizing that kissing each other wasn't icky, it was on.

We kissed with unbridled lust and passion. Yes it happened that quickly. One moment we were watching the movie the next we were wrapped in each other's arms going at it like a

couple of young teenagers making out at the movies instead of my 36 year old Mom and her 20 year old son.

I couldn't friggin' believe it! I'd been dreaming of this moment at least half my life and now it was happening in some shabby movie theater but I cared not. Instead I focused on how great her lips felt on mine. They seemed perfect, not too small – as with some past girlfriends; or too much lipstick – as when I'd secretly steal kisses from her co-workers.

We both shifted in our seats, turning so that we were facing each other and hugging. As my arms wrapped around her I felt her lips open and her tongue touched my lips. I was so damn hard already I almost creamed. Thankfully, I instead opened my mouth to hers and our tongues met.

With our tongues wrestling upon themselves I felt her slightly shift and my left hand as if knowing wandered around to her frontside. I felt her actually giggle as I palmed her breast. Not especially busty, I knew she was a small 32B – basically more a tangerine than an orange; yet for her they were perfectly

sized giving her soft small bumps on her long, lean body. And at that moment her tit felt beyond perfect beneath my palm.

She leaned in against me – her lips, her tongue, her breast. Our kiss ended and we smiled at each other. I pledged, "I love you."

"You better," she softly purred without missing a beat.

"You bet," I told her picking up the beat and my love for her soared for I've loved this classic The Who song yet she was the first woman I've ever known who knew this riff. In the past I'd joke with a girlfriend when she said, 'I love you,' I'd reply 'You better.' If I was lucky they'd just go 'Huh?' Often they'd get upset and I'd be forced to explain it.

We both enjoyed a laugh and I leaned in for another long, loving kiss. As we Frenched my hand explored over and around her top. She took my hand and pushed it under her top. 'Holy Shit!' my mind screamed as I rubbed her burning flesh. I still remember how hot she felt that night and was

astounded. I felt her delicate, dainty bra and somehow I was able to peel a cup down and free her left breast.

"Oh, oh, oh..." she breathlessly whimpered as I squeezed her bare breast. All I could think of at that moment was that I wanted to taste her, I wanted to suck her tits. Not realizing, or not caring, that we were in a movie theater I leaned in to do so.

Her right hand reached out and stopped me; yet her left hand took hold of my wrist that was under her shirt and guided it down and inside her pants. I felt her body shift, her hips slid forward as she turned forwards granting me greater access. Suddenly my fingers were inside her panties and I felt her dewy-soft pubic hair. I was staggered as I grasped that she, my mother, had only a thin trimmed landing strip! Only my middle finger touched fur as the others felt her smooth slick flesh. And then I was touching her pussy!

"Ooooh," she gasped and held my hand firmly – for which I was thankful because I probably would've pulled back. After

that momentary hesitancy, I knew what to do next. I allowed her to shift some more as I also turned so that my right arm was draped over her shoulders pulling her upper body to me and granting me even greater access below.

"Oh god, oh, oh, oh," she breathlessly whispered as I petted her pussy. In my mind I thanked every past girlfriend that gave me the experience for this moment that I had been training for. I gently, yet confidently, petted her pussy by dragging my hand up while curling my fingers into my palm. Then like rowing a boat where you lift the oars out of the water on the back-stroke, I'd lift my hand on the down-stroke before repeating the process.

With her heavy breathing and panting we were now just watching each other and watching as I strummed my fingers upon her pussy. Although this was the first time we'd done any of this it felt so natural, so right that no words were needed. Neither of us felt awkward, hesitant, or embarrassed. I could feel how wet she was, I could feel how steaming hot her pussy was and knew she was ready.

My middle finger blissfully slipped inside her pussy and with her arm wrapped around my back she held me tight as she loudly sucked in air through her teeth. She released a beautiful sigh of, "Aaaaaa..."

"Oh god, oh, oh, oh god, oh," she whispered as I fingered her pussy; and in an odd sense we returned to somewhat watching the movie. Still as I half watched the movie and half watched her I was astonished how aroused she was. Never had I ever seen someone become so aroused in person and only in the few porno tapes I had seen. I had once seen a tape of young Christy Canyon getting fingered and writhing an' moaning in delight. 'Til that moment I thought Christy Canyon must've been faking it as no one else behaved that way until tonight. I was fingering my mother's pussy and she held tight to my wrist with one hand, the other clutched my back. She seemed to fluctuating between looking at the screen and the pitch black ceiling, but I wondered if she was really seeing anything.

"Ah, ah, ah, oh, oh, oh," she tried to breathe and I somehow realized that she was about to cum. I was watching as my mother was getting ready to truly have an orgasm as I

fingered her. Her grasp on my wrist tightened and her hips swiveled as if unconnected to anything.

"Oh god Scott, oh god Scott, oh god Scott," she was able to get out and then her head rocked back and she silently screamed at the heavens. With my finger in her pussy I felt my Mom cum. Simultaneously her body became stiff and turned to Jell-O; she hardened and became putty; she throbbed and was motionless. And then it was over. I had just made my Mom cum!

Between heavy, deep breathes she whispered, "Oh my god... oh my god... oh my god."

"Come here," she ordered as we withdrew my hand and we picked up our kissing before she took my hand and lifted it to her mouth and sucked on my finger as if it was the greatest pacifier ever. Pulling it from her mouth she boldly stated, "Ok, now it's your turn."

Twenty years and even what had just happened hadn't prepared me for that. Perhaps it was my stupefied look but Mom took the lead saying, "Lean back and pretend you're watching the movie."

And pretend was all I did because even when my eyes fell on the screen I wasn't comprehending anything that was happening up there. After turning to face forward I slouched down in my seat and Mom also turned to more face forward also. With us both looking at the screen, her left hand reached over and she started running her hand over and around my crotch. She gently gave me a squeeze and my eyes almost popped out my head at the fact that my Mom was sizing me up.

Without looking she deftly unbuttoned the five buttons to my black button-fly Levi's. She then simply, boldly freed my cock from my briefs; and Pow! my cock was out in the open of a movie theater being held by my mother. I did notice that she now did turn to look at what she was holding. Making eye contact she smiled mischievously at me. I watched as she brought her hand to her mouth and in the most erotic, the

most licentious way she licked her palm. If I wasn't hard already seeing that would've done it, instead it just made my cock throb.

"Lean back and enjoy," she purred and turning to look at the screen she took me back in her moist hand. I had gotten hand jobs before but no one's hand ever felt more right on my cock. She held my cock with the perfect amount of tension and my cock seemed to fit her hand as if designed to be. My mind swirled as she gently, slowly, fully ran her hand up an' down my cock. Unlike some women who hold you too tight so that the only real movement is your skin upon the stiffness below, my Mom's hand actually glided up an' down my joint.

"Oh Jesus," escaped from me as my eyes were becoming blurry from the pleasure she was giving me. Looking down I could see the milk white skin of her hand holding the darker pinkness of my cock and still had trouble believing my mother was jerking me off. Perhaps it was this disbelief that preventing me from exploding almost immediately.

"Oh god Joan," I whispered and even with both of us looking forward I saw her look of 'What the fuck?' The next time I had to mumble something I groaned, "Jesus Christ, Mom."

"Oh god Mom," I moaned and she continued to stroke my cock. Beyond the fact that it was my mother doing it, it felt almost as good as when I do it myself! Time continued to pass. After ten minutes, maybe fifteen she started increasing her pace and my breathing quickened to her motions. The faster she stroked me, the shorter my breaths became and she'd go faster and my breaths would shorten even more as if we were in a race – and the Finish line was fast approaching. Under my breath I hissed, "Oh god Mom, I'm gonna cum."

"I wanna see," she hissed back and I figured Fuck It! and stopped holding back. When my first shot was ready I let it fly without reservation. With her holding me at about a 75 degree angle, we both watched as my first shot was a fat, thick glob that flew high easily clearing the row of seats in front of us. My second shot ripped out of my cock and followed the first arcing over the seats to disappear. My third quickly followed flying at a slightly lower trajectory. There was a pause then

missile number four launched and we watched it shoot higher than the others before arcing down to probably land on the edge of the flipped up seats. Numbers five, six and seven fired quickly to slap against the back of the row in front of us. Even in the dark I could clearly see my spunk as it oozed down the back of those seats and then my final lava flow poured out of my cock to coat Mom's hand.

"Wow," she simply stated. Finished, I was panting for breath. She laughed as she flicked her hand hard sending my spunk flying to spackle the rest of the empty seats. With her right hand she reached into her purse pulling out one of the travel packets of Kleenex. Grabbing a bunch I cleaned myself as she wiped her hand. Finished we dropped them on the floor to join the rest of the hidden mess down there. Giving me a kiss she said, "I'm gonna go clean-up."

I enjoyed watching her backside as she left and after she was gone I myself went to the men's room to wash up too. Being a guy I, of course, beat her back. When she returned she give me a kiss and I hooked my arm over her shoulders. She

snuggled up against me and we watched the rest of the movie as two sated lovers.

After Sly saved the world by killing all the bad guys, Cobra and Ingrid climb on a cop bike to ride off into the sunset to live happily ever after. As the lights rose to a dim glow we got up and holding hands walked out of the theater and into the still grimy lobby. There the pimply faced butt-scratcher was scowling at us as he hung out by the door to the ticket booth. I felt Mom start giggling and worried she was going to say something.

"I hope you washed your hands when you were done, young man," she laughed and I pulled her out before she could say more and we headed out to The Bird.

"Hungry?" I asked after waking The Bird from her sleep. With some time still to kill we went through the local McDonalds' drive-thru. While I got some real food, a Big Mac and large fries, Mom only got a plain cheeseburger and small fries. We, of course, also got a pair of McDonalds' extraordinary hot

apple pies. Pulling into the parking lot of the prom hall we parked amongst a slew of limos, obviously rented exotic cars and surprisingly other parents to wait for Jackie and Steven.

Since it was a warm night we had the windows open. While eating our Mickey D's we rocked out to WBAB. We sang along to then popular songs like The Firm's Radioactive (a favorite of mine); the then not ultra-corny Tears for Fears' Everybody Wants To Rule The World; Great White's Shake Me; Whitesnakes' Slide It In; and one of my mother's favorite bands Heart's These Dreams. Although I'd heard my mother sing my whole life it wasn't until when she serenaded me with that song did I grasp what a great voice she has.

As we ate she started laughing and I wondered aloud, "What?"

"For someone who thinks they are so slick, I've been wondering when you'd finally make your move." She giggled and then laughed harder at my look of incredulous.

"I thought you might've done it on that day at the beach where you felt me up." Laughing more she continued, "What? Do you think I didn't realize what was happening?"

I must've looked dumbstuck and she laughed more, "I would've done you after that Joan Jett concert. What do you think of that Slick?"

I was saved by the opening riffs to The Who's 'I Can See for Miles'. I missed the opening verse 'I know you've deceived me, now here's a surprise,'

"I know that you have 'cause there's magic in my eyes," I jumped in as Roger Daltry sang. From there Roger and I sang to her as she laughed and laughed until at the end we both sang at the top of our lungs:

I can see for miles and miles

I can see for miles and miles

I can see for miles and miles and miles and miles and miles
and miles and miles and miles

We cared not a whim that others may have been looking at us as the senior prom was over and everyone was leaving. When Jackie and Steven showed up, they had to wait for us to finish singing Behind Blue Eyes especially as Keith Moon and Pete Townsend kicked into gear and Roger, Mom and I sang those great closing verses. Jackie and Steven looked at us like we had lost minds but we cared not.

After dropping Steven off, I made a direct beeline home. Our house was a Levitt built three-bedroom ranch. Down the hallway towards the bedrooms, the first door on the right is my bedroom with the bathroom across the hall. At the end of the hallway on the right is my sister's bedroom while on the left is the master, or Mom's bedroom.

Mom followed Jackie into her bedroom, I guess, to help her out of her prom dress. Closing the door behind themselves, I

thought I'd show Mom how slick I can be. I went into her bedroom. On her side of her bed I sat down and stretched out my legs to wait for her.

"Oh good, you're here," she said walking into her bedroom as if expecting me to be waiting for her. Without closing her door, she simply walked over next to me.

"Ready?" she asked, climbing onto her bed. With her hand to my forehead, she pushed me down to lay atop of me. Wrapping my arms around her, she felt like an angel. Her lips on mine felt divine. Her body gliding, writhing, sliding atop mine was heaven.

Her tongue invaded my mouth as my hands slipped down her back to cup her tight lil ass. Squeezing her butt I pulled her tighter to me. She reached up and grabbed fistfuls of my hair. As she grinded on me, my lust was an all-consuming fire. I started pulling her blouse up and she lightly giggled.

"What?" I wondered as she pulled back from me.

"Get up and get undressed," she ordered climbing off me and the bed. By my confused look she explained, "Undressing while making out only works in choreographed romantic movies and Penthouse Forum. In real life it just ends up being a mess."

'Who am I to argue?' I thought as I did as told. Twenty years of following her commands, I wasn't about to disobey this one. I climbed off the bed and started undressing. I, of course, focused my attention on her.

Stepping out of her pink pumps, she peeled off her pink and white with random black zebra strips spandex pants. Although I've seen my Mom in bikinis many times, this was the first time I'd ever seen her in panties and I told myself that I had to make sure tonight wasn't the last time. Her solid black nylon panties molded perfectly to her hips and seemed minimalist in their simple beauty. They hugged tightly to her hips as they didn't rise much higher than that.

Next I watched her pull her blouse up. Unlike her pants, her black with white dots blouse was a loose fitting top that had billowy short sleeves that floated on the built-in shoulder pads. Her lack of dramatic flair only made it more so. Pulling her blouse over her head, she shook free her long mane of black hair and you'd swear it was happening in a slow motion MTV video, as her hair swung from side to side.

My mother stood there in only bra an' panties and was completely unashamed to be in her unmentionables before her son. My cock throbbed with longing and produced a noticeable bulge to my briefs that I had stripped down to. Although Mom had held my crank openly a couple hours ago I was somewhat embarrassed to strip down further. Mom held no such reservation as she brought her hands up the front of her matching black bra. I could now see why I had been able to so easily free her boobs earlier.

She wore a petite black bra that strongly contrasted with her pale flesh. Her bra was as simple and minimalist as her panties were. Perfectly sized for her physique her boobs don't require a bundle of material and so the shoulder straps were barely

half an' inch wide that led down to solid unadorned black cups that provided the absolute least amount of coverage needed to do their job. In a way it was stunning how tiny the cups were. And in the middle was the closure.

With that same captivating lack of flair she unhooked the front of her bra and revealed herself to me. Trembles raced through me. I was so aroused my teeth ached. Her breasts seemed to just simply flow out of her chest, gentle slopes that where it was impossible to truly define with her chest ended and her breast began. Upon the creaminess of her breasts sat centered her small dark more brown than pink nipples. Although erect there was still a dimple of invertedness to their tips.

Looking at me, she saw me admiring her beauty and winked at me with a smirk. I told her, "You are so beautiful."

"Don't be stupid," she laughed. Nodding towards my tightie-whiteies, she continued, "Now get those off."

And so I finally shucked my briefs off and in that nonchalant erotic manner of hers she peeled off her panties. While I had discovered this fact earlier, I now had visual confirmation. My mother had a shaved, trimmed pussy! The only women I had ever seen this with before were those in girlie mags, yet there stood my Mom with only a thin landing strip of short black pubic hair. The edges were sharp and smooth; and I wondered if she had one of the girls at work wax her. The images of a woman waxing my Mom's pussy danced in my mind and I felt as if the world was coming off its axis.

Ignoring my stunned stupidity, she sat on the bed and grabbing my hand pulled me atop of her. (Please allow me to add a quick aside here. Although we don't realize it bed, mattress and box spring technology has vastly improved since 1986.)

Lying atop of her nude form I could feel her hotness, her smoothness and how her body fit perfectly beneath me. Our ridges and hills, our sharp edges and rounded borders seemed to align perfectly as if we were two jigsaw puzzle pieces made to connect together. She wrapped her arms around me

hugging me to her and I grabbed the sides of her head. Pressing my lips firmly to hers we kissed with an unbridled lust, with uninhibited passion, with a raging hunger.

As we kissed, a stray thought passed through my skull. Aloud I questioned, "Should I go get a condom?"

"You let me take care of that," she laughed and grabbing the back of my head mashed her lips to mine.

When her lips opened and our tongues meet I began to start humping my naked body against her jabbing her with my aching it was so hard cock. After a few more pokes she lovingly said, "Hold up."

"You ready to fuck me finally?" she asked as she reached between us.

"You ready to fuck me good?" she wondered as she guided me to her pussy.

"You ready to fuck your mother?" she teased as the tip of my cock touched her pussy lips. My answer was to slam my cock into her with gusto. While I'd love to claim to be a masterful swordsman, the truth was that back then I more resembled the guys from *The Last American Virgin* when they hook up with the sexy, much older than them, blonde Carmella in that infamous scene.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah," Mom grunted as I thrust away atop of her.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she panted as I slammed my cock in an' out of her pussy. I had no true style and only one speed, Full-speed Ahead.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she grunted as my hips slammed down upon her, as my cock thrust into in her loving pussy. I was so excited to finally be with the woman I had dreamed about since forever that finesse seemed a foreign concept.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she growled as I drove down slamming her into her bed. The softness of the mattress meant we'd sink in a few inches before it would attempt to spring back. However, our motions were out of sequence. Mom and I were racing ahead speeding along like a 78RPM record while her bed was wobbling along at 33RPM.

"Oh, oh, fff, oh, oh, fff," she moaned from beneath me. The result of our actions was that now the bed was shaking and rocking as if made of Jell-O. The mattress and boxspring were thumping against the wall out of tune with themselves and us. The metal bedframe supporting us was squeaking away as if complaining about our abuse.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," Mom called out, as she shifted her head to be beside mine instead of beneath. Still the rest of her loving body was beneath mine, connected to mine. We held tight to each other as we made love; we fought against her bed as it attempted to toss us off it.

"Oh Faaah, oh, oh Faaah," Mom cheered as she grabbed hold of my back; gripping tight her talons bit into flesh. Having only seen but never experienced that I was always wondered how that would feel. I discovered it felt fan-fuckin-tastic. It felt as if my mother was digging her spurs into me encouraging me – which it did!

"Oh god Scott, oh god Scott, that's it, that's it, oh god babe," she hailed as her legs wrapped around my waist. To feel my Mom's long luscious legs wrapped around me holding us tighter was breathtaking. Squeezing me tight, Mom made sure her stallion didn't start flagging along the backstretch. Oh no, that wasn't gonna happen!

"Faaah, faaah, faaah," Mom roared as I kept slamming down upon her, ramming my cock into her with merciless might. The bed was tossing us about but we cared not. In one of the odd moments where you notice the weird, I noted that the bedding beneath us was shifting and working its way off the bed from beneath us.

"Oh god Scott, oh god, oh god, yes, yes, yes" Mom sang and now I could actually watch the sheets drift downwards as our bodies would sink into the bed before for a moment we were floating above it all.

"Oh Faaah, oh, oh Fuck," she shouted and her nails bit deeper into my flesh, her legs held tighter to me. Like a sprinter, I was mostly focused on the race I was running but stray observations would invade my skull. While I had read and heard of the smell of sex I never understood what that meant. Then at that moment I realized with each deep breath I was inhaling the scents of her sweat, my sweat, the sweetness of my Mom's pussy and my own musky odors.

"Oh god, oh god Scott, that's it babe, that's it, that's it," she encouraged as if I had found something right yet I hadn't changed anything at all. I was still thrusting away at a full gallop. I was slamming into her with all my might with every thrust. I was just pistonning away withdrawing from her pussy only to immediately ram my cock back into my Mom's welcoming pussy.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh YES," she yelled into my ear. As if cracking open a smelling salt I was awakened to all the sounds we were creating and never realized how loud sex can be. Our bodies, naked and slick with sweat where slapping together with a loud pop every time we were united. The mattress beneath us was making a series of noises as it absorbed the pounding we were giving it. The box spring was making a high-pitched creaking as if complaining about what was happening over it. There was a grinding sound as the bed rocked atop the bed frame.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," Mom shouted and there were the sounds we were creating. Mom was loudly, shamelessly calling out as if not caring who may hear her as her son fucked her. I realized I was loudly grunting; a deep heavy grunt that accompanied each of my forwards thrusts matched by a sharp intake of air. I was basically rutting like a wild boar.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh god Scott," she continued to cheer and I was dripping in sweat as if I was outside in the hot, humid mid-June heat instead of the coolness of indoors. Sweat was darn near pouring off of me. Shaking my head I send droplets

flying yet it was still getting into my eyes – but I cared not. I was focused on just one thing and that was fucking my Mom.

"Oh, ooh, ooh, ooooh," she panted as I continued at the maniacal pace I was forcing my body to maintain. My lungs burned, my lower back ached, my hamstrings were throbbing yet I couldn't, wouldn't allow myself to slow. I was attempting to run a marathon by sprinting the whole way.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, fuck, fuck," Mom urged and somehow I noticed the digital alarm clock on her nightstand. My vision was blurry, my eyes stung from sweat and I thought the thing said only 15 minutes had passed. Proud that I had lasted longer than ever before, I was also staggered at how people could claim to have sex for hours; or how the guys in porn could go on, and on for a full 45 minute video. (Of course, I didn't realize they varied their pace, changed motions and with magic of video editing even took break in between.)

"Ah, aah, Urgch, Urgch, ahrch," Mom garbled beneath me and I realized she was now just barely trying to hold on to her

crazed berserker. I realized she no longer had her death grip on me. Her nails were no longer digging in my flesh but was instead anchoring her to me. She was now trying to hold on to me as much, if not more than get tossed from the bucking bronco her bed had transformed itself into. My throat burning and refusing to work anymore, it denied oxygen to pass down in my lungs. I tried to keep going but my body collapsed beneath me and I fell winded and exhausted atop my mother's loving body.

"Oh... my... god... Scott," she attempted to articulate. I could feel her chest expand as she fought for breath. "God Scott... that... that... you... you... you are..."

"God, Scott... you are a... fucking animal," she laughed.

"No wonder you can't keep a girlfriend..." she chuckled between breathes, "...if you fuck them into next week."

"Oh sweetie," she softly purred, perhaps seeing the wounded look on my face and pushed the sweat soaked hair that was

sticking to my face out of way. Pulling my head down, she kissed me deeply. She kissed me lovingly. She kissed me rejuvenizingly.

"Mmmm," she purred and I realized that not only were we still attached but that I was gently rocking atop of her. I'm not sure I was even pulling out, withdrawing from her lovingly fantastic pussy but that only our sweat slicked bodies were just sliding along of each other.

"Mmmm," she continued to gently purr and I realized that all of our motion was being created by my right foot. I was pushing off from the ball of my foot, my big toe and the second toe. I also realized that unlike in my frantic berserker mode I was able to think. I was able to take in all the wonderful things that were happening.

"Oh Scott," she whispered after I kissed her.

"Mmmm, god babe this is nice," she complimented. I could feel the urge to pick up speed and start thumping away – but

I also knew I would again lose control. No, I had to do something different. Thoughts and images raced through my mind. I grabbed at one. Kissing her again, I arched my back and rose up above her, "I wanna take you from behind."

"Really?" she asked surprised.

"With how long I've been checking you out, watching you, how could I not?"

"Ok, but hold up," she joyfully laughed in understanding and agreement. I could feel her trying to get up. I reluctantly withdrew and detached myself from her warm, welcoming pussy, then climbed off of her.

She got off the bed and walked over to her dresser – which happens to be about six feet long and three feet high with 3 drawers on each side and a series of small ones in the middle; also running the full-length is a mirror that extends four feet up. Standing before it, she said to me, "Let's do this right then."

She then offered herself to me. Standing about three feet away from her dresser, she leaned forward bracing her hands on the edge. She spread her feet into an inverted V and I had never seen a more beautiful sight. In the mirror, I could see her looking at me and her shoulders and the start of her upper back. From behind, I could see the majesty of her ass. Unlike today's obsession with big butts, my Mom has a small tight lean ass that seems perfectly sculpted to blend from her hips to her legs without any excess. Her ass flowed exquisitely into her trim firm thighs. My Mom has always had great gams and tonight they were proudly on display to me.

I eagerly get up from her bed and came up behind her. Taking hold of her hips as anchors I began pressing myself upon her, basically hot dogging her as my cock slid up an' down between her buns. We both started breathing heavily.

Even after all that had happened tonight, it seemed unreal at the fact I was watching myself in the mirror standing naked behind my nude mother. Yet if I turned my head to the right, I was looking out the window into the backyard. Turning to

the left I was looking out her open bedroom door, across the hall and at my sister's closed bedroom door. Yes, I was actually home, in my mother's bedroom.

"Oh god Scott, I need you inside me," Mom said breaking me from my mind tripping. Watching in the mirror, I saw her reach between us. Then I felt her take hold of my cock and guide me inside her and she sighed, "Oh god yes."

"Oh god baby, oh yeah, yeah, yes," she cheered as I began rocking our bodies together. As much as I was thrusting forward, I was pulling her back to me. Still the whole time we maintained eye contact in the mirror.

"Oh god Scott you feel so good inside of me. I've waited so long for this. I've wanted you for so long. Why did you make me wait so long?" I didn't answer her.

"Oh babe, Mmmm, Mmmm, Mmmm," she purred and I felt her pushing back against me.

"Oh god Scott, oh god. Oh god, fuck me good," she softly cheered. Perhaps it was from being already exhausted, perhaps it was from standing I had to concentrate on maintaining my balance, perhaps it was because the berserker in me was sated but whatever it was I was enabled to think with my big head instead of the little one.

"Oh babe, that feels so good. Oh god Scott, you feel so good inside of me," she praised and I knew it was true. Now gliding in and out of her Velvet Pocket I was able to appreciate how magical my mother's pussy is. Her pussy feels like such a perfect match to my cock that I've wondered if I was born only to be back inside it.

"Oh Wow. Oh Wow. Wow, wow, wow, yes, yes, yes," she cheered. I had slowed my thrust and this enabled me to reach around with my right hand and start rubbing her pussy. I wasn't sure what I was exactly doing but I'd seen this move in porn. Curious I wanted to try it and discovered great results. I rubbed my Mom's pussy and then felt her nub. I focused my attention there.

"Oh babe, that's it. Oh yes, that's it, that's it, oh god Scott," she sang as she bucked beneath my touch. I was amazed how excited she was getting. Mom's hips were swinging in an almost circular motion as she was rising up onto to her tippee-toes.

"Oh god Scott, you're gonna make me cum. Make me cum, make me cum, make me cum baby," she begged looking directly at me in the mirror.

"Oh god Scott, make your Mom cum. Make Mom cum, Make Mom cum, Make Mom cum, Make Mom cum," she chanted and I certainly wanted her to. I was so aroused watching her writhe beneath me.

"Oh god, oh gaaaahhh," she moaned and for the second time tonight I got to watch my Mom cum as I touched her – this time my cock was inside her pussy which only multiplied the greatness. And now, I was ready to cum myself.

"I'm gonna cum," I warned trying to hold off. I was surprised as Mom pushed off from her dresser and stood up. Her standing up caused us to uncouple, for me to withdraw from her pussy but I guess that's what she meant. She quickly turned around and gave me a quick peck on my half open lips. She stated, "I love you."

She then knelt down before me and without reservation took my cock into her mouth. Looking down, her face was hidden behind her hair. Reaching down, I swept some back and her beautiful blue eyes were looking up at me. I could tell that even with her lips wrapped around my cock she was smiling.

"I love you too," I told her and meant it completely.

"You better," she laughed as she pulled off my cock with a loud 'Pop'. She then quickly bobbed down on my knob. I could feel my Mom's lips eagerly milking my cock and was surprisingly startled when she took my sac into her hand. I told her, "You Bet."

Black dots danced before my eyes as my Mom sucked my cock, her hand tickling my balls, my hand loosely resting on her head for balance. And then I was there. I came.

"Oh god Mom," I groaned as I came in my mother's mouth. I knew she wanted me to so I shot off without trying to hold back. She had just my helmet in her mouth with her lips wrapped tight just beneath my cap. Her hand slide up and began stroking my shaft. My first shot fired out, thick and heavy. My second fired out and with her lips on me, her tugging on my cock I fired numbers three and four without pause. Then my final avalanche of cum rolled outta my cock and into Mom's eager mouth.

"Wow," I stunningly mumbled. Mom popped my cock from her mouth and licked me clean. I watched in a daze as she licked the last few drops, drips of cum from the tip of my cock. In a bit of overly dramatic playfulness she wiped her mouth with her forearm and smiled proudly.

"Ok, I gonna get ready for bed," she simply stated after she stood as if what had just happened was an everyday occurrence. She gave me a quick kiss on my cheek. I watched her merrily bop off towards her bathroom. When the door closed, the spell was broken. Blinking my eyes, I shook my head. I realized I was famished and headed off to kitchen in need of food not caring a bit that I was butt-naked.

In the kitchen, I ate like a carnivore. Standing before the fridge, it's light the only light in the kitchen, I devoured a pepperoni stick by ripping bites off with my teeth and alternated with demolishing a chunk of cheese. Amusingly I finished my meal by eating the remaining three strawberries that happened to catch my eye. I washed it all down with some Hi-C.

Finished I headed back towards the bedrooms. There I discovered Mom sitting atop her bed brushing her hair. She was wearing one of her cotton nightshirts, this one greenish-blue with a faded Wiley E. Coyote. It was obvious she had just gotten out of the shower.

"Go take a shower so we can get ready for bed," she simply stated as if she had been telling me this for twenty years. I did as ordered taking a shower in the hallway bathroom as I always did. In my bedroom, I put on a pair pajama bottoms and then headed back towards Mom's room.

"Shut the door, please," she asked as I entered and she reached over to shut off the light on her nightstand. Operating in the dim darkness somehow, maybe on instinct, I went around to the other side of her bed and pulling the readjusted sheets I got into her bed as comfortably as if it was my own. Sliding over towards the middle, I discovered Mom there waiting for me. We kissed like the pleased lovers we are.

"Good night, sweetheart," she said after our last kiss. We seemed to mutually know to shift and roll onto our sides and she snuggled upon against me, her back against my chest. It may have our first night sleeping together but it felt so natural, so right that it felt as if we always slept together. Sleep came quickly, peacefully.

"Good morning Loverboy," Mom said as my eyes opened. It was light outside but I could tell it was early. I was lying on my back and she was laying next, against me tracing lines on my chest with her finger. (In the future, I'd learn that one of her superstitions was that she'd write invisible love letters on me for them to come true.)

I pulled my love to me and got a good morning kiss. Then another and another. I tried to pull her on top of me and started grabbing at her lil hiney that was exposed since her nightshirt had ridden up. She somewhat playfully resisted as we exchanged a series of sugar kisses.

"Oh god Scott, as much as I would like to I'm actually kinda sore down there," she admitted in an embarrassed voice and I could see her cheeks redden. "It's been a while since I've been with anyone and never with someone as powerful and explosive as you are."

"Don't worry. I got something else in mind," I told her. Climbing off the bed, I grabbed her thin ankles and spun her

around to where she was perpendicular to the side of the bed. She let out a gleeful, 'Whoop' as I pulled her to where her butt was hanging on the edge of the bed.

"Do you know what you are doing?" she asked with a tinge of concern to her voice. Before kneeling between her legs I had grabbed the small jar of Vaseline she always kept on her nightstand to rub on her feet to prevent calluses and cracking on her feet. I wasn't about to tell her that this was my first time but that I had read about this a ton. After dreaming a lifetime of tunneling up my mother's ass I used one of the primary rules of being slick: When in doubt, act like you know what you are doing and others will believe it.

"Oooh," she softly purred as I gently tenderly licked her pussy. I was kneeling on the floor getting ready to worship at my mother's holy alter. I had draped her legs atop of my shoulders; with me on my knees, but upright this gave me access to my needed work-space while freeing my hands.

"Mmmm," she purred as I dragged the fat of my tongue over her tasty pussy lips. I could taste how succulent my Mom's pussy was. Still part of my mind was busy working on my other task – popping open the jar of Vaseline and warming loose a smear of grease on the tip of my finger. I'll admit it did take a bit of concentration to lick her pussy in a continual upward motion while spinning my finger in a circle.

"OH!" she squeaked as my greased up finger touched her bumhole but she quickly relaxed as my tongue landed on her clit. Focusing my mouth on her clit, I swirled my tongue over an' around her pearl as my finger tickled her backdoor.

"Oooo," she sighed as my finger continued to dance upon her sphincter and I could feel it getting totally smeared with grease that was loosening and thinning from her body heat.

"Oh, oh, oh, OH, oooh," she moaned. I had reloaded my finger and pressed it upon her ass pushing on, demanding entrance. At first, her ass resisted but as I sucked hard on her clit, her anus granted me entry. I paused after getting my fingertip in.

"Oh wow, Mmmggg," she moaned as my finger began tunneling up in her ass. She sounded surprised to be enjoying her son's finger in her ass but from the way she was shaking her little butt it was obvious Mom was.

"Mmm, that feels good, mmm..." she cheered as I licked her pussy with my tongue and slowly, softly started to slide my finger in an' out of my Mom's butt.

"Oh, wow. That feels good," she uttered as I started fingering her pussy with my left index finger as my right index finger continued tunneling up her rear. At first, I was alternating.

"Oh my god," she muttered as I started fingering her with both fingers at the same time. As I sucked on her clit, fingered her pussy and fingered her ass I could feel her loosen up. I knew it was time to start working a second finger. Pulling my finger out of her Hershey highway I quickly jabbed my index and middle fingers into the Vaseline before pressing them to her bumhole.

"Whorrrgh," she growled as her butt reluctantly granted my two fingers access, but once clearing the initial barrier her ass seemed to suck my fingers in.

"Oh yes, urrgh, urgh yeah," she growled as my two fingers worked at loosening my Mom's ass and she was enjoying it as she was rocking back an' forth upon my fingers as much as I was fingering her asshole.

"Yeah, finger my ass, yeah that's it," she rumbled in a deep throaty voice. "Mmm, yeah, that's it, yeah feel my ass."

"Mmm, god that feels good, god you motherfucker, I can't believe that it feels so good, you fingering my ass," she snarled. I was so damn horny that I couldn't wait any longer I had to have my Mom's ass. As my right hand fingered her ass my left hand was coating my cock with grease.

"You gonna stick that up my ass, huh?" she teasingly asked as I stood up. I had taken hold of her ankles spreading her in a wide flying V. With that, she had reached between us and taken hold of my cock. She tugged on my slicked cock.

"You ready to fuck your Mom up her ass?" she teasingly asked still holding my cock hostage.

"God yes," I pledged.

"Wow, what do you want to do?" she teased. Without needing an answer, she guided my helmet to her butthole.

"Urrrrggghhaaa, gaaaahd," she thundered as my cockhead speared her tight asshole. I watched as the crown of my cock pried open her puckered brown eye. Once my helmet cleared her sphincter, my cock slid up my Mom's warm, welcoming ass.

"Urrrrggghhaaa, gaaaahd," she growled as my cock was now fully up my mother's butt. By standing while she was lying on the bed I was able to see my cock fully impaled in her ass and above that was her beautiful pussy which she was now petting with the hand that had previously been holding my cock.

"Urgh, urgh, aaarrgh, aaahhh," she groaned loudly as I slowly pulled out of her ass and slipped back in. As I fucked my Mom's ass, she played with her pussy.

"Come on, fuck my ass, fuck my ass, come on you motherfucker," she ordered and feeling her ass loosen up I picked up my pace.

"That's it, fuck my ass, fuck my ass, fuck my ass you motherfucker," she barked in the deep guttural voice. I was actually a bit surprised by her coarseness, but twenty years of following her order meant I simply obeyed her wishes.

"That's it, that's it fuck my ass. Do you like fucking your Mom in her ass?" she snarled. I was holding her ankles wide open

and leaning forward. I was driving down as much as thrusting forward. With each thrust, I drove her down into the bed before it would attempt to push back.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's it babe, that it's, god Scott fuck your Mom's ass good," she roared. I was. I was pounding down on to her, slamming my cock up her ass, smashing her down in the bed – and of course, the bed was rocking beneath her throwing her against me.

"Oh god yes, oh god, yes, yes, yes," she cheered as I tunneled in an' out of my Mom's ass. Her hand was busy rubbing her pussy and it was an amazing sight.

"Oh god baby, keep fucking my ass, you're gonna make me cum, keep fucking my ass, keep it up, keep it up," she commanded and I was determined to because I was ready to cum myself.

"You're gonna make me cum, you're gonna make me cum," she praised and I was able to grunt out between my thrusts, "Good, I'm cum too."

"Oh god Scott, cum with me, cum with me, I want you to cum in my ass, oh god, YES!!!" she howled. Her body stiffened and tightened from her orgasm pushing me over the edge. With a final thrust I came. I could feel my cum shoot out my cock to fill my Mom's ass. My first shot fired out hard, then a second and third before the avalanche of cum came rushing out of cock filling her ass so much my cock was getting pushed out.

"Oh my god, Wow! God Scott, that was incredible," she praised as I pulled out of her butt and let her legs drop. With her ass hanging off the edge of the bed I watched as a thick glob of my cum dripped out of my Mom's ass and land on the carpet.

"Give me I hand," she asked holding her hand out to me. Taking it, I pulled her up off the bed. As she stood she hugged

me and raising up on her tippee-toes she gave me a quick peck, "I love you,"

"You better," I told her and with laughter we both sang, "You Bet."

"Ok, I have to get ready for work," she stated after we finished kissing and I watched her wobble off towards her bathroom. After the door closed, I realized I was famished. I headed off towards the kitchen, again not caring that I was naked or that my mother's ass juices were smeared upon my gleaming cock.

In the kitchen was my sister eating a bowl of cereal. She looked at me with a look of pure disgust and hatred. She looked at me as if I was lower than whale shit. That was it. I was done with her haughty bullshit. Proudly I told her, "At least someone got laid on your prom night."

That afternoon she moved out to stay with a friend. Then at the end of June, she enrolled early at the University of Penn

– where she had been accepted, as she was to be Salutatorian of her class.

I moved back home and transferred to SUNY Stony Brook. After getting my Bachelor's degree, I got an internship with an engineering firm in Chicago and enrolled at Northwestern to pursue my Masters. Mom decided to come with me and she became known to others as my wife.

After getting my Masters, I transferred to another city and then another along with a few extended overseas assignments – always with my wife at my side. Today Joan and I are still a happy and loving couple.

THE END