

MANIFESTATION OF MOTHER by Willie Jackson

Originally published by the Essayist Online Magazine under the handle @WhitebreadRedd, and republished under the elder recluse pseudonym Mister Rogers alwayswantedto, this novella is an authenticated piece by creative master Willie Jackson. ENJOY!

Chapter 1

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So I'm lying here with nothing to do but think. I've watched the news over and over and daytime TV sucks hard so I'm bored to tears. Yeah, I'm sick, but feeling better than when I was first admitted and hooked up to a bazillion machines. You'd think if my medical insurance can provide me with a private room and personal, one-on-one care, I'd have some decent movies to watch. Well, what the fuck. I guess I should just be happy I'm still here and thank God my health is edging up on the positive side of the scale for a change.

I was fine until they changed the night nurse. Not that I had anything to complain about with those cute young nurses fussing about. They're just kids but even the pros, the early thirties I'm-Miss-Efficient, Hello-Goodbye types were tolerable. Some were more than tolerable, actually. Very nicely put together, if you know what I mean.

In fact, so was new night nurse, a woman in her early forties with dark hair pulled back in a tight roll under the quaint white hat. A contract nurse, she was allowed to wear her own uniform and chose the old-school type with a real, God forbid, skirt instead of those crappy fatigues the rest of them wore. Nurse Ratched, I liked to call her, but the daytime nurses warned me not to joke about her.

"Don't let her hear you say that," one of the younger ones said.

"You're barking for a cruise through the graveyard, honey. You better behave yourself or you'll be doing a u-turn," one of the older ones warned. "Besides, you're lucky to have her. Most of her patients get better and she's pulled two out of hospice that I know of."

So I wisely took heed of their counsel and for once kept my mouth shut. I pretended to be sicker than I was and watched her whenever she came into my room or passed by. Thing is, she was quite attractive—uniform, severe hairstyle, and stiff mannerisms aside. I liked watching her but it wasn't until the third night, when I was getting back to my old self, that I realized why. It was quite a shock.

Nurse Ratched looked like my mother did when she was that age, and that was about the time that I...

Well, anyway. Nurse Ratched had a nice figure. She was older than the rest but her body was just as good as the thirty-somethings. Sure, she was different, but different in the way that I had always preferred.

I especially liked looking at the backside of her skirt so I pressed the call button more than I needed to. Hell, she checked on me so often I didn't need to press it, to be honest, but she didn't complain. She always appeared to make sure I was okay and checked my readings. She was very professional. And of course, whenever she left, I examined her backside and she never whisked around to catch me I the act like some of the other nurses. Classy lady.

And I'm a dirty old man. She's still almost thirty years younger than me.

I shook my head and chuckled to myself. Life has few pleasures when you're lying in bed recovering from a triple bypass. Nurse Ratched's resemblance to my mother made me remember things I hadn't thought about for almost for a long, long time.

My mother. What a bitch she'd been. Always nagging. Christ, nothing I did made her happy. Yap, yap, yap. And Dad, he never intervened, no matter how bad it got. And why would he when I was keeping her busy and off his back? It was the only rest he got. If she wasn't on me, she'd be on him. I could never figure out why he married her in the first place. Yeah, she was pretty nice looking. Hell, she was one of the best looking women in our shitty little town, but her personality completely wiped that out.

I had been the apple of Mom's eye until I became a teenager and apparently changed from the hard-working boy that did all my mother's bidding to a lay-about, no-good like my father. It was worse this year because the summer holidays had started and I didn't get the job I'd had last summer. Was it my fault the owner's son was old enough to pump gas and had taken my place?

Actually, I watched TV less than my father, who spent most of his time at home watching Have Gun Will Travel, Wagon Train, Dead or Alive, Gunsmoke, The Ed Sullivan Show, Red Skelton, and even Dennis the Menace and The Three Stooges if there wasn't a baseball game or the news on. I generally hid in my room. Not that I would dare to have any skin magazines in there. Oh no. The bitch would get onto that right away. But at least in my room, I had some semblance of peace and quiet and kept out of doing the extra chores she'd find if she saw me.

I was eighteen and nearing my final year in school—yes, I had failed a year—and Mom's tolerance for me was wearing thin. Even my room wasn't a refuge anymore and I wasn't allowed out unless I had completed the list of chores that never ended.

So I 'disappeared'. Sometimes I could hear Mom looking for me, asking Dad where I was, to no avail. She wandered around upstairs calling my name while she tried to track me down. Her persistence should have been a warning to me that she suspected I was somewhere in the house. And she was right. When I wasn't in my room, I was hiding in the old rumpus room in the basement which had long been used as a storage room. I had configured some of the old dressers, bookshelves and boxes to make myself a hideaway at the far end of the room.

I was sitting in there on an old mattress with my back against the wall, reading, when Mom came downstairs. As usual, I became quiet as a mouse. Unfortunately, the book I was reading was really good and by the time I was aware of her presence in the doorway, it was too late to turn out the light.

"Warren? Is that you back there? What the..."

Shit. Mom's head poked around a bookshelf and her body followed through the narrow entrance into the secret room-inside-a-room that had been my sanctuary for almost a year.

"There you are. What are you doing hiding down here? Didn't you hear me calling? I have work for you to do. Is this where you've been all along, slacking off, when there's work to do? I won't have it. I won't have you turn into a lay-about like your father. Get up. Get up, you lazy bum!"

Mom grabbed my arm and wrenched on it. I stood up and started to go past her but she immediately began yapping again. I don't know what was different this time than any other time but I suddenly whirled around and pushed her against the wall. I covered her mouth with my hand, pressed tight so she couldn't move, and glared at her.

I about to shout 'Shut up the fuck up!' but suddenly changed my mind. It wasn't the shock on her face which was transforming to anger before my eyes; it was something else I couldn't quite put a finger on. An uncomfortable feeling created a vacuum in my chest and I stepped back, pulling my hand away from Mom's mouth. She gasped for air, face flushed and chest heaving, and would have been yelling at me if she didn't need to breathe. She was some upset. I don't think I had ever seen such a weird look in her eyes before. Unsettled, I turned and walked briskly away.

"Well, I never!" Mom finally screamed.

I was already at the foot of the basement stairs and heard her scrambling to catch up to me.

"Don't you ever do anything like that again. Ever!"

In my haste to escape I stumbled on the stairs.

"Wait 'til your father gets home. He's going to get an earful and then you'll be in for it. You'll see. Just wait 'til your father gets home."

Thank God for small miracles. Saturday was Dad's bowling night. I ran through the kitchen and up the stairs to my room. The door banged shut behind me. I could hear Mom yelling at me, still talking about what would happen when my father got home, but she wasn't coming upstairs. I threw myself on my bed and covered my ears with my hands.

My hands. I had held Mom so hard I could feel the press of her teeth in my left palm. God, had I hurt her?

My forearm tingled. Christ, how hard had I pushed her against the wall? I replayed the scene in my mind. I had used my arm to push Mom against the wall. Funny, I hadn't registered it then but playing the memory in my mind I noticed how firm and plush her breasts were, substantial, like the ones in the skin magazines Kent kept hidden under his bed—his mother didn't search his room like mine did; he had privacy.

I wondered. If Mom's tits felt like those, did they look that good too? I pictured Mom's heaving chest, tits swelling and deflating as she gasped for air. I had never thought about Mom's tits before. I did check out Kent's mom's set when nobody was looking, and Darrel's mom's, and they were about the same age as Mom, but I had never looked at Mom's before.

I rolled over and pressed my suddenly hard cock into the mattress. Mom's chest swam before my eyes and, magically, the buttons on her blouse burst apart, freeing two creamy white tits with ridiculously large nipples begging to be sucked. I moaned and turned my face into the pillow, sucking an imaginary tit that felt impossibly real.

Jesus. It's strange how you can remember things from long ago as if you were you were still there. That was the first time I got hard thinking about my mother. I didn't wank off but I did hump the bed until I came in my pants and that was a disaster. The way Mom snooped around I had to get rid of the evidence. I dropped my pants and looked for a hiding place before realizing nothing could stay hidden in my room. In the end, I threw my shorts out the window and went to the bathroom where I used a wet facecloth to remove the residue that had seeped through to my pants. I put on another pair and threw the others in the laundry, hoping they would dry by morning.

The next day, I retrieved my shorts and threw them in a city trash bin on the way to school but that night I sat in my room waiting for my Dad to come home, hoping he didn't walk around the side of the house. I searched for excuses for why I had pushed Mom against the wall but came up short. I heard the front door open. Dad was home.

Oh crap, here it comes.

I put my pyjamas on so I could pretend I had gone to bed early and had fallen asleep. I waited for my father to bellow—something he never did but I hadn't done anything like this before—for me to come downstairs but heard nothing. I went to the door and listened, my ear plastered against it. Still nothing. Carefully, I opened it a couple of inches. Nothing.

I inched my way down the hall. The TV was already on. I stretched up and craned my neck to peer over the edge of the stairs. Dad's feet were poking out from behind the wall where his chair was in the corner. I could hear the TV but Mom's wrath was absent. She was probably waiting until his favorite show because he would only half listen to her while it was on.

I inched closer. Mom was sitting on the couch. I couldn't see her face but her legs were visible from the knees down. They shook in a rhythm that told me she was knitting, something she often did when she was stewing about something. I knew she was building up a head of steam that, when the time was right, would blow off in a long diatribe about what I had done.

I wanted to return to the false safety of my room, but couldn't. I was like one of the characters I had seen in a Paladin show, looking out the jailhouse window, mesmerized with the construction of the gallows that would soon end his life, yet was unable to look away.

My legs got stiff craning my neck so I inched closer into a more comfortable position. Despite my impending doom, Mom's ankles and feet caught my attention. They looked nice in their sheer stockings, arches straining over curled toes and wrinkled soles. That observation revived the memory of my forearm pressing across Mom's breasts and the way her face flushed when I removed my hand from her mouth. A trace of something else flickered through my mind but was gone and I was left with the uncomfortable feeling that had overwhelmed me then, sucking the energy from my chest and making it difficult to get away.

The show ended and the commercials played out yet Mom remained silent. The next show started. Dad coughed, the only sound that didn't come from the TV. Mom's legs wiggled as the pace of her knitting increased. Though my ears were tensely receptive to any sound, my gaze remained fixed upon her feet, and my thoughts returned to her breasts. I was hard and cupped myself to contain my burgeoning cock.

When the second show ended I was kneeling very close to the edge of the stairs, staring at Mom's feet. Somehow, my cock had found its way into my hand. Dad stood up to stretch and I rolled onto my back, scrambling into a crouch just in time to see Mom get up. I faded back into the hallway trying to stuff my cock back in my pants as they turned the lamps off and started toward the stairs. I slipped into my room and pulled the door closed but not shut, panting and hoping they wouldn't come into my room when my cock was so hard and obvious. Why hadn't I pulled the door all the way closed?

I knew Mom would tell Dad now, when they were getting ready for bed, when he was close enough to reach my room in anger just a few steps away. She was such a manipulator. They were talking but the voices were too low for me to hear what was being said. Every muscle in my body was rigid and each nerve tingled. I awaited for the inevitable roar from my father and the stomp of his feet toward my room, but nothing materialized other than the low murmur of calm conversation.

I opened the door a couple of inches and peered into the dark hallway but couldn't hear the voices any better. Within a minute the crack of light shining under the door to my parents' room winked off. There were no more muffled words in the darkness that followed, just a rustling or two, and then silence. The house was dead quiet for about fifteen minutes and then my Dad started to snore. I crept back to my bed and eventually fell into a fitful sleep.

I was wary of Mom the next day. I couldn't understand why she hadn't told Dad. She always did when she threatened to do so even though he seldom did anything. I stayed in my room until Dad left but I couldn't avoid Mom completely. Dad had left his newspaper on the kitchen table but the classified section, which Dad didn't read, was lying on top of the news. Several entries under Help Wanted were highlighted with a red marker.

Mom didn't say anything. I still didn't understand why she hadn't squealed on me but wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth so I quietly sat down and started reading. She had been harping on me to get a job forever so I peered intently at the listings trying to look earnest to get in her good books. I didn't even look up when she put a bowl of cereal down in front of me and a glass of juice. A minute later, she added a side plate of buttered toast. I didn't whine for jam like I normally would have done.

I kept my eyes to myself until Mom started doing the dishes but quickly looked away. When I realized she was as intent on avoiding eye contact as me I stole a few more glances. She was wearing a simple, cotton house dress that outlined her body well even though it wasn't tight. The utilitarian shaking of her breasts as she washed the dishes held my attention for the first few glances but for some reason my eyes drifted south, past the pout of the belly pressed into the edge of the counter and down her legs to the feet I had admired for so long the night before while awaiting my fate.

Why was I looking at my mother this way? I couldn't explain it.

Something had happened when I pushed Mom against the wall. That moment of anger had awakened, or infused, something strange inside me. I had been looking at her as a woman ever since and may have at that instant though I couldn't remember doing so. Yet, I was convinced now that her reaction wasn't just about me pushing her against the wall and clamping my hand over her mouth. That would surely have led to anger but at first she had been uncharacteristically speechless.

Had I looked at her the way I was doing now, even for a split second, and if I did, had she seen it in my face? Was that the subconscious reason I had felt so uncomfortable and why her face had flushed so pink? Was it why she hadn't said anything to Dad and why she couldn't look at me now? So many unanswered questions.

I finished my cereal. Mom turned toward me as soon as the scrape of the spoon in the bottom of the bowl broadcast its empty status. She gathered the spoon and bowl and put them in the sink. I watched her wash them, or more accurately, watched the motions of her body responding to the movement of her hands in the sink. Again, the slight shaking of her breasts, her tummy pressing and relaxing, then pressing again into the counter. Mom hooked her left foot behind her right leg and slowly scraped the back of her toes along her calf. I wondered if she was really itchy or aware of my attention and testing to see the direction of my gaze? Could a woman ever be observed without being aware?

I nibbled on my toast while Mom thoroughly cleaned the bowl and spoon. When she put them in the rack to dry I had already returned my attention to the wanted ads and put the last piece of toast in my mouth when Mom took the plate from the table. I turned to watch her return to the sink.

"There's lots of jobs in there. You should be able to get something," she said in the same fucking nagging voice I was used to, causing the weird, erotic sensations that had been welling up inside me to piss out my pores in a flash flood.

"Make sure you make yourself presentable," she barked, "and don't sit there like a bumpkin. Speak up and show them you've learned something in eighteen years. Just because you're no good at school doesn't mean you can't work. God knows, you've got to do something with your life."

And to think there had been a swelling in my pants. I was halfway across the front lawn when the door opened and Mom leaned out.

“Don’t come home before supper unless you get a job.”

I tried three places but got nowhere. I could have tried a couple more but went to the pool hall instead. I was tired of being treated like I was a waste of time. I picked up a few bucks and then wandered home. Mom’s car wasn’t in the driveway so I went inside and down to my hideaway. Its secret was broken but it was more private than my room.

I flipped through a skin mag and scratched at my jeans but threw it aside in disgust when Mom’s face replaced the hot young centerfold and her body gradually matured into one that resembled my mother’s. Fuck! What was the matter with me?

I looked at the wall and remembered Mom pressed against it, arms back and face flushed. My jeans were suddenly unzipped and my cock was in my hand. I started pumping it in my fist and had soon made my face more than flushed.

The front door banged shut.

She was home. Her footsteps clomped through the kitchen to the top of the basement stairs and stopped, probably because she remembered I was out looking for a job.

Don’t come home early, her harping echoed in my mind.

Footsteps started down the stairs rather than up, catching me by surprise.

Shit! I jerked my jeans up and caught my cock in the zipper.

“Oww, shit!”

The footsteps stopped.

“Warren? Is that you down there?”

I bent forward to finish zipping up my jeans, then buckled my belt.

“Yeah,” I yelled.

“What are you doing?”

“Cleaning up the rec room,” I lied.

“You better be. I want to see that fort or whatever you call it gone, do you hear?”

“Yeah, I hear.”

“Don’t ‘yeah’ me.”

“Alright. I’m doing it.”

The footsteps retreated.

I hid my magazine stash, the bottles of beer, and a bottle of wine in the furnace room and put some

of the pillows back in the rumpus room proper, then settled in to wait for Dad to come home. As soon as he did, I went upstairs and through the kitchen. I slipped up the stairs to my room while Mom was at the door greeting Dad.

She harped at me all through dinner. As usual, Dad didn't interfere. I took it, getting madder and madder. Why couldn't she just leave me alone and shut the fuck up? My friends didn't have to put up with this kind of shit.

"Since you didn't get a job today, you can do some work around the house. You can start by doing the dishes tonight and tomorrow you can paint the back fence."

I looked at Dad but he was studying his plate, though it was empty save for one bite. Mom gloated.

"Did you hear me, Warren?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"What?"

"Yes," I said.

She came into the kitchen when I was draining the sink.

"You can dry them, too."

"Can't they dry by themselves?" It was futile but I couldn't help myself.

"Do the job properly or not at all."

Like the last was really an option. "You let them dry on their own," I said.

"Don't talk back to me, Warren. Do you hear?"

"Yeah ... yes."

"And put them away properly."

She walked out of the kitchen, all proud of herself. The bitch.

She came back ten minutes later and opened a cupboard.

"Is that where this goes?" she said, pointing at the cheese grater I had put in with the bowls.

"Where what goes?" I asked, now thoroughly pissed.

"This!"

I walked over to the cupboard and looked at the cheese grater, then at Mom, triumphantly standing in her smart-alec pose.

"Is that where it belongs? How many times..."

I didn't hear her finish. Her voice dwindled off to nothing but her mouth kept yapping. I looked down her body—the breasts shaking with anger, the trembling belly—and felt a tingling glow surge within me, spreading from the middle out to my head and toes. I felt dizzy with a strange sensation of

power and the next thing I knew my hand was on Mom's mouth, clamping it shut. Her eyes widened and I leaned forward, pressing my arm across the top of her breasts and pushing until her back arched over the counter.

"No," I hissed. "It isn't where it's supposed to be. Is it?" I demanded.

Mom's eyes flickered uncertainly and she looked scared. She glanced toward the living room where my father was watching Josh Randall relieve the West of another bad guy. I shrugged and Mom tried to twist away but I held her firm. Only her face managed to turn away. I pressed my palm more firmly against her chin and pulled her face back toward me.

Mom's expression changed again, no longer fearful but not angry either. It was something else and I recognized it as the look I had remembered so fleetingly from our rumpus room hideaway confrontation. I must be doing something the same as I'd done then but I wasn't looking at her like I had in the kitchen, I was just angry.

I was breathing hard and I had her pressed back with my hand clamped over her mouth. That was all the same but there must be something else. I took a deep breath and my hand started to slip from Mom's face. While getting a better grip my middle finger slipped inside her mouth and her lips had automatically closed around it.

That was it! Both the memory and the current act stunned me. Mom's weird expression hadn't been in response to the way I had looked at her and it wasn't quite the accidental slippage of my finger into her mouth either, it was her reaction to it that mattered. I didn't understand that until now and I still didn't know what to make of it.

Not wanting my confusion to look like weakness, I looked into her eyes, and warned, "Don't push me."

I was buying time to think. I wasn't upset about her yapping anymore and I think she knew that. I also think she knew I knew what I hadn't known then but I sensed she didn't want to acknowledge what was really happening any more than I did.

Mom looked afraid but I didn't believe she was actually scared. Still, to play along, I leaned forward menacingly but her eyes changed again, from feigned fear to something else. I was in the middle of trying to figure out what the new look meant when I felt myself pressing into her soft belly. It was my turn to look confused. I was hard, really, really hard.

I eased back and let my arm drop away from Mom's chest. My finger slipped out of her mouth but paused with the tip on her lower lip, then dragged it down her chin, leaving a glistening trail of saliva in its wake.

I stared at Mom's flushed face and pouty lips and she looked back at me just as intently. Our eyes flicked back and forth and both of us breathed unevenly. My cock still pressed upon the flat triangle below the pout of her belly. Abruptly, I jerked myself away and walked briskly out of the kitchen and half ran up the stairs to my room.

I paused at the top of the stairs but only briefly. Assured by the silence downstairs, I beat a hasty retreat to my room, refusing to touch my inflamed cock, and trying to will it into submission. It wouldn't comply and I soon became nervous worrying it would incriminate me if Mom sent Dad up to my room.

I crept back to the top of the stairs and lurked there, listening to see if Mom was informing on me. When she didn't complain about my behavior within five minutes, I returned to my room where I tried to read a Western novel.

I couldn't concentrate so I changed into pyjamas and quietly made my way to the top-of-the-stairs perch. I knew this time I wasn't there to make sure Mom hadn't said anything to Dad. In reality it was the thought of her feet and ankles that drew me.

They weren't wiggling in anger this time. They were still except for the occasional bounce but the sight of them fascinated me and I was soon palming the bulge filling the front of my pyjamas.

A magazine dropped on the floor in front of Mom and glanced off the side of her leg. She bent forward to pick it up and I froze as her head suddenly appeared. Fear struck through me when her face turned toward the stairs. I was in plain sight but she seemed to look right through me thanks to the darkness of the hallway. She withdrew from sight with the magazine in her hand.

I breathed a sigh of relief and prepared to retreat but then Mom's left leg stretched straight out, pointing, and the toes of the right foot scratched along the entire underside of the left calf. I watched for a while after Mom eased her left leg back to its former position but the sexy scratch was only repeated once more. I wondered if she had done it on purpose because she knew I had been watching when she'd done it in the kitchen.

I didn't return to my room until Dad got up to turn off the TV. Like the previous night, Mom followed Dad to their room. I listened to the brief, intermittent bits of their muffled conversation but heard nothing alarming and had to question my motive for spying. Was I really trying to see if Mom was going to say anything to Dad or was I listening so I could attach a sexual implication to any sound I heard? Did I want to hear him do it to her?

After they had both visited the bathroom, the light went out and the house fell silent. Right on time, about ten minutes later, Dad began to snore.

I had almost fallen asleep myself when the light flicked on in the hallway. Silently, I got out of bed, made my way to the door, and peeked through the crack. Mom was standing in the hallway in her nightgown. She was just standing there. I blinked in the unaccustomed brightness and peered closer, trying to figure out what she was doing. She seemed to be listening, cocking her ear toward the stairs. When she took a step or two that way, coming nearer the light, her body became starkly outlined underneath the nightgown.

Holy shit! Of course, she was nude under the nightgown. Mom approached the stairs and as she passed under the light her backside lit up sufficiently for me to see the press of her cheeks against the silky material and the dark crack that divided them.

Mom turned sideways and paused to listen at the top of the stairs. My heart leapt into my throat because, in profile, her tits jutted outward and I could see not only the prick of her nipples in the nightgown but also the curved underside of her breasts as they swept up and away from her stomach.

Mom shook her head and started walking back. It was too late for me to move except to draw my head back into the darkness of my room so my eyes weren't filling the crack in the doorway. I was thankful for that when I saw the full frontal press of her tits jostling against the low cut front of the nightgown. How could such a cranky old bitch be so fucking hot?

Mom stopped right under the light and that brought her protruding nipples into focus and added colour to the glistening inner swells of her breasts. They shone as if they had recently been treated to a coat of lotion.

The next time you harp at me will provide the excuse to touch those, I promised but then my conscience stepped in. The hell you are. An accidental press of an arm and slip of a finger is one

thing but copping a obvious feel is quite another.

As Mom moved forward and the light fell behind the darkness swallowed the details of her lush body and turned it back into an intriguing silhouette. Stopping just before the open doorway of her room, she put her hand on the switch for the hall light and paused, as if changing her mind about turning it out. For a moment, I was sure she could see my eye through the crack in the doorway, but as fear tightened my chest, the hallway suddenly went dark.

Mom had thrown the switch.

I stayed absolutely still, holding my breath, listening for the click of her door so I knew it was safe to close mine. Seconds passed. Surely, she must have gone by now?

Carefully, I exhaled and quietly drew in fresh air. I hadn't heard the door, footsteps, the creak of her bed, or a break in the rhythm of Dad's snoring. I breathed in again and leaned closer to the doorway, trying to penetrate the mystery of the dark hallway. My cock, which had been tenting the front of my pyjamas, slipped through the pee hole, and the shock of fresh air on my helmet forced another, less controlled inhalation. Compounding the error, I quickly exhaled, then listened, nerves on edge.

Nothing. The house was dead quiet. Relieved, I started to close my door and that's when I thought I heard it.

A low, throaty laugh.

Or, was it my imagination?

I left the door open.

My eyes snapped open. I felt panic but a soothing voice and a hand on my forehead calmed me. It was Nurse Ratched.

"It's alright. You were having a nightmare, that's all. Everything's okay now."

The voice was soothing with what I can only describe as professional compassion. The hand withdrew from my forehead and a thermometer was inserted in my mouth. Nurse Ratched cranked my bed down and returned to the side, then half sat on the edge in a less professional pose.

"You were talking in your sleep," she said.

I raised my eyes but didn't speak. I couldn't do anything but mumble anyway with the thermometer in my mouth.

"By the way, my name is Carver, not Ratched."

I started to laugh but stopped when my teeth clanked on the glass thermometer. Nurse Carver pulled it out of my mouth, gave it a shake, and lifted it toward the light.

"You were talking about your mother," she remarked casually, inspecting the thermometer.

"My mother? Really?"

"Yes," she replied. "Really." She engaged my eyes and I looked away.

"Huh. That's weird."

"If you say so."

"I haven't thought about my mother for years," I said, unhappy with the defensive tone I had adopted.

"Well, you were certainly thinking about her tonight," Nurse Carver laughed.

I wanted to ask her what I had said but was afraid she might tell me. There was a long pause.

"You were very close to your mother?"

She posed it as a question but it was more of an assertion.

"I suppose," I answered.

"That's nice," she said. "I wish my son spoke so nicely about me."

"You have a son?" I asked, wanting to shift the conversation to a safer topic.

"Yes. He's eighteen."

"That's about the age I remember my mother the most." Why the hell had I said that?

"When she was eighteen?"

"No," I laughed. "She was in her early forties when I was eighteen. You remind me of her."

"That's flattering."

"I mean, when she was that age, she looked a lot like you. She was quite a beautiful woman, but..."

"Ah, now you're falling for your nurse. What a cliché."

I laughed. "Or maybe I just have a mother complex." Now, why the hell had I said that?

"Oh. Do you?"

I blushed. "No."

Nurse Carver smiled and lifted herself off the bed. "Well, you seem fine now. Try to get some sleep."

"Yes, doctor."

"I'm a nurse," she snapped, then smiled. "The old kind of nurse."

"Thank God for that."

"Sweet dreams," she said, already walking away.

I watched her and thought, oh yeah, she certainly reminds me of Mom.

Mom started in on me at breakfast first thing the next morning. Dad was reading the morning paper while he absentmindedly nibbled at his toast and sipped his coffee. Mom was dressed in a checkered red and white blouse and jeans that ended above her ankles. The blouse had been tied

in a knot below her breasts, leaving her midriff bare. Above her hips, the gap between the waistband of the jeans and her skin emphasized how narrow her waist was. Thankfully, neither Mom nor Dad saw me take that in as I walked behind her to the table. As soon as I sat down, she began.

"The back fence sure looks bad in the sun," she said.

"Oh?" Dad said, not looking up.

"I'd sure like to get it painted."

Dad nodded. "Uh huh."

Here we go, I thought.

"Warren hasn't got anything to do. It's not like he's working, or looking for a job."

"Uh huh."

"So maybe he could start painting it today."

"Uh huh."

"Right after breakfast."

"Uh huh."

"I've got an interview this morning," I lied.

"Where?" Mom demanded.

"One of the gas stations I applied at."

"Which one?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember?" She turned to Dad, an exasperated expression on her face. "Father, did you hear that? He's got an interview for a job and he can't even remember where it's at."

"It's the Texaco station," I replied, lying through my teeth again.

"The Texaco station?" From her tone, I knew Mom wasn't buying it.

"Yeah."

"When?"

"Quarter after nine."

"Quarter after nine. Well, that leaves you plenty of time to get back here and start painting before lunch."

"What if they want me to start right away?"

"Then I'll come home by myself and you can start painting another day."

"Come home by yourself?"

"Yes. I'm going to give you a ride to the Texaco station."

I was caught.

"You don't have to. It's not far."

"It's no problem. Now, eat your breakfast or we'll be late."

So Mom drove me to the Texaco station. Of course, they weren't expecting me; I hadn't even applied. Thankfully, Mom stayed in the car, saying it might help if she bought some gas, but she did see them give me an application so it was obvious I wasn't being interviewed. Back in the car, her voice dripped with sarcasm.

"What happened to your interview?"

"They lost my application."

"Uh huh, they lost your application," Mom repeated.

She drove out to the street, threw a cursory glance over her shoulder to see if anything was coming, and raced down the road.

"Don't think you pulled the wool over my eyes, Warren. I wasn't born yesterday."

I stared out the window. I felt like clamping a hand over her mouth for real but she was driving and I had a feeling I wouldn't get away with it this time. Despite my anger I really wanted to look at her bare belly and the wide, deep navel floating upon it but thought it best to avoid eye contact and let her anger subside.

So I guess I'm painting the fucking fence.

Mom stopped at the hardware store to pick up paint and brushes. At home, in the back yard, I stared at the fence. It didn't look like it needed painting at all.

"You know, I can't believe you lied to me like that," Mom said, her voice adopting a conciliatory tone that rang false in my ears. "I think we need to try something a little different and maybe painting the fence is the right way to start."

I couldn't see how me painting the fucking fence was going to change things. It seemed like more of the same to me.

"Start on this side and work your way around," she said. "And don't rush it; do a good job. I'll call you when lunch is ready."

I watched Mom walk away, admiring the sway of her hips, which looked wider than usual because of her bare midriff. They didn't look bitchy like her. I had to admit, when Mom wasn't talking she looked pretty damn good. While looking at her ass, I realized I had been checking out older women the past few days, even some of my teachers, and hadn't paid any attention to the chicks at school. Weird.

Mom didn't call me for lunch at noon but I didn't go in because I knew she'd start harping at me. I

was absolutely starving and about to give in when she appeared with a blanket which she spread on the lawn, disappeared back into the house and returned with a pile of sandwiches on a plate. The real surprise was the two bottles of beer.

“Don’t tell your Dad,” she said, eyes twinkling as she cracked one open and handed it to me.

Amazing. She could be such a bitch and now this? Mom actually talked to me like I was a real human being. I was cautious at first because I suspected a trap but she soon had me yapping as if I was talking to my buddies. She even teased me playfully a couple of times like the girls at school sometimes did. She did say she hoped I would buckle down at school the next year because grade twelve was really important but she said it without her usual nagging voice. She actually said she was going try not to nag me about school anymore and she just hoped I would do the best I could. Mom didn’t finish her beer. In fact, she barely started it before handing it to me.

“Can you finish that for me?”

I was already halfway through mine and gladly took it. Mom stretched out on the blanket and covered her eyes from the sun by crooking an elbow over her face. She wriggled around until her feet stretched off the blanket, dug her heels in the grass, and arched her back.

“God, it’s beautiful out. It’s about time summer arrived.”

It may be hard to believe but I didn’t notice until then that Mom wasn’t wearing a bra, or if she was, it wasn’t the heavily padded types that were common back then. Her nipples didn’t stick out like they did in the nightgown but they were definitely noticeable. With her eyes safely covered, I took it all in.

Thankfully, Mom seemed content to lie quietly in the sun while I sipped beer and ogled her body. It took a few minutes before I had my fill of the red and white checked boobs and moved down to her bare midriff. Lying on her back like that made Mom’s belly basically flat except for the small pout surrounding the wide oval of her very sexy navel.

I watched her tummy pulse with her breathing but it was several minutes before I noticed that the gap between Mom’s jeans and her stomach narrowed and widened with each breath. I ducked my head and turned it sideways, trying to peek down the front each time her jeans gapped wider but couldn’t see much further. I did manage to see the top of her panties stretching across her stomach with a hollow on either side as the material reached for her hip bones. That her panties were cut low like hipsters made my cock stiffen and I imagined what they would look like if Mom wasn’t wearing any jeans at all—they would be like the tiniest bikini. Shit! They would barely cover her ass or that special part in front, her pussy!

I jumped when Mom spoke, snapping my head up so fast my neck hurt. Did she know I had been peeking down the front of her jeans?

“You should finish your beer so we can get some more done on the fence before your father gets home.”

Mom twisted, as if something was sticking into her back, then rested her hand on her tummy just above the waistband of her jeans, blocking my view. I started to look away but her fingers curled up and she started to lazily scratch her tummy. I took a big swig of beer, tipping my head back, but kept my eyes riveted on Mom’s belly and her hand.

She tickled around the edge of her navel with the tips of her fingernails. I sucked my breath in slowly as if I was watching a bird that I didn’t want to startle into flight. Mom’s pelvis twitched as she reacted to the light caress and that drew my attention lower to the zipper area of her jeans

which pouted much like the area around her navel. I took another swig but kept my eyes on the waistband of Mom's jeans, or rather, the skin beneath it.

I drained Mom's bottle over the next two minutes while her belly twitched even though she had withdrawn her hand and laid it on the blanket. When I finally emptied the beer and tossed it on the grass, Mom sat up.

"Time to get painting."

I was surprised when Mom followed me to the fence. I had expected her to return to the house.

"I'll use the little brush to do the edges," she said.

"I can do it Mom."

"No, I want to help. It's too nice to stay inside anyway."

So Mom helped me paint the fence. The best part was that she squatted to paint the edges of the boards which meant I was often looking down at her beside me. The waist of her jeans had been dragged lower by her folded legs which exposed the crack of her ass. Looking back, it seemed ridiculous that such a small thing would have excited me so much but I still remember to this day how worked up I was over Mom squatting beside me. We had done maybe another ten feet of fence when Mom got paint on her knee.

"Oh shit!"

She leaned back and straightened up, then bent over to brush the paint away but only managed to smear it and make a bigger mess.

"Damn. Well, they're ruined now. I'll never get this out," she said.

I couldn't help myself. "I guess you should have put some old clothes on."

Mom's head snapped up, eyes glinting.

Oh, oh. I'm going to get it now.

But her eyes softened and her face relaxed into a smile. Her hand reached out and two fingers stretched vertically across my lips.

"No nagging in this household," she said. "Not any more. We've turned over a new leaf, remember?"

I nodded in agreement and Mom withdrew her hand. So that's what she meant by taking a different road. No nagging? I couldn't see how she'd be able to keep it up.

"I don't want to get any on my blouse. It's new."

"I can finish myself."

"No, I'll do my share."

Mom looked around at the neighbour's houses.

"I guess nobody can see me when I'm kneeling, can they?"

"No," I answered, wondering why that mattered.

"Hold this," Mom said, shoving her paintbrush at me.

I took it but almost dropped it when Mom knelt down and loosened the knot holding her blouse together under her breasts. My mouth dropped open.

Her hands trembled as she worked the outer knot undone but the second knot came apart more easily. I was very surprised, and a little relieved to tell the truth, to see that Mom was indeed wearing a bra underneath the blouse. It was made of a thin, flesh-coloured material embossed with red flowers. I stared while Mom worked her arms out of the sleeves and peeled the blouse off.

"Give me the brush."

Mom was holding her hand out. I hadn't seen it and she must have noted why. Embarrassed, I put the brush in her hand and looked away.

"It looks like I'm wearing a halter top, doesn't it?" glancing at the neighbour's house.

"Yeah," I said, hoping she believed it, or at least thought I believed it, and quickly looked away before my eyes irretrievably latched onto her boobs.

I could hardly believe this woman that had emerged from the house at lunch time was real. She seemed completely unconcerned that I knew she was only wearing a bra, and one that left little to the imagination, at that. The material was so thin that Mom's dark nipples looked like they were straining to poke through.

Mom started painting and I picked up my brush. After a while, I began sneaking peeks. Mom was preoccupied with doing a good job and was carefully dabbing paint on the edges. Her concentration allowed me to openly admire her body. I looked at her boobs a lot but also took in her bare shoulders and surprisingly slender arms. She wasn't any more exposed than if she was wearing a bathing suit top but the fact that it was a bra made a huge difference, one that was reflected within my pants.

Somehow, Mom splashed green paint on her belly. She started to wipe it off but then, perhaps remembering the mess she had made of her jeans, instructed me to get a rag with some paint thinner on it. She leaned back and stretched her arms back to brace herself on the grass.

"Dab it off for me, honey," she said. She almost had to say it twice.

I dabbed at the paint, almost as rattled by her calling me 'honey' as I was by touching her sexy belly.

"Oohhh, that's cold," Mom cried.

I dabbed again and she took it without complaint though her belly quivered. Each time she sucked in her breath in response to the cold paint thinner the gap between her tummy and the waistband of her jeans opened wider. I couldn't help thinking about what was down there and was painfully aware that I was sporting an enormous boner.

Mom leaned forward and took the rag from my hand.

"Maybe I should finish," she said quietly.

She squeezed droplets of paint thinner from the rag and gave her belly a final swipe, then giggled.

“Oops.”

A trickle of paint thinner ran down her tummy and disappeared under her jeans. Mom held the front of the jeans away from her belly and looked at me expectantly but when I didn't do anything she grabbed the dry rag from my hand and pushed it down her pants to blot up the paint thinner. It looked for all the world like she was rubbing her pussy. My eyes must have been bugging out of my head because I was just realizing that Mom had expected me to use the dry rag to wipe up the paint thinner. I wondered if she would have actually let me do it.

“There,” she said, pulling the rag out. “That’s enough painting for me today.”

“I’ll finish up, Mom.”

“No, just clean the brushes and we’ll both do it tomorrow.”

“Okay, Mom.”

She surprised me then by leaning up on her tippy-toes to give me a peck on the cheek, her bra briefly brushing my chest. I watched her walk all the way to the house, my eyes firmly fixed on her ass, wishing she would wear jeans more often. Mom’s buttocks filled the back of her jeans in two prominent swells that bulged separately atop the back of each thigh. The way they moved, tick-tocking from side to side as she walked was mesmerizing and I couldn’t help picturing my cock slapping against each one in turn as she lay on her tummy raising her ass up for me to play with.

The back door closed, jarring me out of my reverie. Thankfully, Mom hadn’t looked back or she would have seen me drooling over her ass. I started cleaning the brushes but my mind wandered again. I wondered if I would ever see her again in just a bra.

Chapter 2

Posted: 11/15/2020, 6:59:56 PM

Nurse Carver’s face swam into view. I was hot and sweating and my palms were clammy. She was sitting on the side of the bed, leaning forward and pressing a facecloth to my forehead. My right hand was in her left and she smiled reassuringly when she saw that I was able to focus.

“I’m sorry to wake you but you were having a bad one, Warren.”

I wondered if it was a professional trick to use my first name, to calm me with familiarity. This nurse was a cut above any I had met before.

“Are you feeling okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine.” She looked skeptical. “Really,” I assured her.

“I’m going to give you something anyway, to help you sleep.”

“Okay.”

She held out a pill and I tried to take it but my hand passed by hers and fell onto her knee. Unperturbed, Nurse Carver pressed the pill to my lips and waited until I opened my mouth. She deposited it on my tongue and quickly placed the rim of a glass on my lower lip. While I drank I became aware of my right hand which was still lying on Nurse Carver’s knee. I smiled, a weak smile, but enough to make me gurgle. Nurse Carver eased the glass back.

"Too much?" she asked.

I shook my head and immediately felt drowsy. Boy, that was a powerful sedative.

"How's your son?" I asked, speaking to marshal my thoughts in an attempt to stay awake. I didn't want to fall asleep while this sexy woman was here.

"In trouble," she replied. "Drink," she said.

I sipped more, then thought about the warmth of Nurse Carver's knee.

"Trouble, what kind of trouble?"

"Oh, the usual. Gangs."

"Gangs?"

"Gangs," she confirmed. "They're trying to recruit him. I've managed to keep him out so far but I don't know how much longer I can."

I felt woozy and my hand gripped her knee. She noticed but seemed unconcerned.

"I'm worried sick about it because I don't know what else I can do."

"Sure you do," I said.

"What do you mean?"

I was feeling really groggy now.

"What can I do?" she asked, shaking me gently, trying to keep me awake long enough to respond.

"You can ... you can..."

She looked bleary. I was gone.

I didn't want to hide in my room from my 'new' Mom. I showered and changed and went downstairs right away. Mom had changed into a sleeveless orange blouse that blended nicely with her lightly tanned skin and a chocolate brown, pleated skirt. She looked nice, as she should, in one of her better outfits. The blouse wasn't tight but I knew it would be hard for me to keep my eyes off it anyway, knowing what was underneath.

"I hope you like dinner, it's your favorite."

"Steak and kidney pie?" I asked, super pleased.

"Yup. You worked hard today and you deserve a treat."

"Dad won't be happy."

Mom shrugged. She knew Dad hated steak and kidney pie. I thanked her and pooh-poohed the amount of work I had done but was adamant in my mind I was going to change my ways. If this was the way Mom responded when I worked hard then I was going to work my ass off.

Dad arrived home shortly after I came downstairs and the nagging started. I couldn't believe it! In an instant, the fantastic woman I had been with all afternoon changed back to the mother I knew so well, the harping bitch. She told Dad I had lied about the interview, said I made such a mess of painting the fence she had to fix it herself and then got paint on her favorite jeans. It went on and on. I was dumbfounded. Oh yeah. We didn't have steak and kidney pie.

After dinner, Mom told me to clear the table and get the dishes done. Dad beat a hasty retreat to the living room and turned the volume up louder than usual when Mom followed me into the kitchen to supervise, still harping at me. Everything was back to normal.

I finished washing the dishes and started drying them, knowing the bitch wouldn't let me get away with leaving them to drip dry. She followed me from the dish rack to the cupboards, nattering about putting the dishes in the right place.

Finally, I'd had it and pushed her back against the fridge. This time I clamped my left hand over her mouth and used the flat of my right against her belly, with my fingers wrapping onto her hip, to pin her to the fridge. I gritted my teeth and stared angrily into her face.

Mom's eyes twinkled and she tried to smile and mumble something under my hand. I loosened my grip but was ready to clamp it tight if she started to yell, though I doubt Dad would hear over the TV.

"I take it you don't want me to nag you."

I shook my head, confused. "No."

"Are you sure?"

Her eyes twinkled again. What the hell did she mean by that? Of course I didn't want her to nag me. The TV roared into laughter. Dad was watching Red Skelton.

"What?" I repeated, totally confused.

"I thought you like it when I nag you."

What the hell was she talking about?

I stared into Mom's sparkly eyes, trying to understand what was going on behind them, but became even more confused. Then I got angry thinking she was laughing at me. She was really pissing me off!

I closed my hand more firmly over her mouth so she couldn't talk. Mom struggled and twisted her face from side to side so I brought my other hand up to keep her head still but she arched her back and tried to break away from the fridge. My hand got caught in the neckline of her blouse when I tried to stop her from twisting away and a couple of buttons pulled apart.

The orange blouse opened to reveal a chocolate brown bra that matched Mom's skirt. It was skimpier than the one she'd worn in the afternoon and her tits threatened to spill out of it. This time, I knew the fleshy colour I could see through the lacy parts was Mom's skin.

I looked at Mom and for some reason removed the hand covering her mouth. She gulped in air and I realized I might have been choking her but then thought, no, she could still breathe through her nose. So why was she so short of breath?

She looked down at her loosened blouse and then up into my eyes. Her pelvis wiggled, probably

unintentionally, but it drew attention to something else down there that was also at attention.

“Should I call your father so he can see what you’re up to?” she asked, emphasizing one short word near the end.

“HmMMM?” she wiggled.

I felt myself, unfolding, stiffening while my power over the situation started to slip away. If she called Dad into the kitchen now my guilt would be undeniable.

“Well?”

Mom pushed her shoulders against the fridge, forcing her pelvis outward, and my cock bulged against the softness below her belly. I should have called her bluff. I almost did because I wanted more than anything to shove my bulge hard into her mound but at that moment I thought she was crazy enough to do it. Mom’s hips wiggled again, demanding an answer, and I shook my head.

“I think I will anyway,” she said.

That made me mad. She was always pushing me. I closed my hand over her mouth again and was surprised that, rather than expressing anger, Mom looked triumphant which made me even angrier since that meant I had somehow played into her hand again.

I’ll show her who’s boss, I thought.

My free hand slipped inside Mom’s blouse and between her breasts, the back of my knuckles caressing the inner swell of her left tit. I lowered my hand and twisted it around, then moved it up to cup her breast. Mom’s eyes went cold and she started squirming, trying to get away, but I brought my pelvis and legs to bear to keep her pinned against the fridge. She stopped struggling and went limp, her submissive eyes indicating she wanted to speak. I loosened my hand to hear her apology.

“Let me go,” she hissed.

“No.”

“Warren,” her voice was terse and harsh. “No more games. Let me go!”

When I didn’t comply Mom’s eyes softened and she changed tactics. Smiling sweetly, she said, “Do you want a beer with your lunch tomorrow?”

I let her go.

Mom silently buttoned her blouse and smoothed it down with both hands. She stretched up to give me a kiss but when I moved to respond she swished by me and out of the kitchen. I looked at my hand, still warm from her tit, and pushed it into my pants to curl it around my hard cock.

What the fuck was going on?

Mom wore a fancy dress the next morning. Not a going-out-for dinner dress but still one of her better ones. She looked fantastic.

“You can finish the fence this morning,” she informed me when I came down for breakfast. “I’m going shopping and I expect to see it done when I come home. Do you hear me, Warren?”

"Yeah," I answered, disappointed that the old mom was back.

"See that you get it done."

Dad looked up from his paper and gave me a sympathetic glance.

Thanks a lot, Dad.

I grumbled but didn't waste much time getting started on the fence. I was starting to learn that it was better to do what Mom wanted. Why fight her? She always won. The one day in my entire life that I did what she wanted without complaining had really been worth it. Maybe it would happen again. After five feet of painting, I was starting to doubt it. Twenty feet of fence further on, I was still mumbling to myself.

Do what she says; the bitch will get what she wants.

I stopped, holding the brush in mid air.

"She always gets what she wants," I repeated aloud, then louder, "She always gets what she wants."

I started painting again.

So give her what she wants.

What does she want?

You know what she wants.

"Yeah," I said out loud. "You know what she wants."

I stopped painting.

Mom ran all over Dad and did the same to me until that moment in the basement when I pushed her against the wall. She did the same with everyone she knew. That was it. That was the secret. Mom needed someone to stand up to her.

I went into the house and got a beer from the fridge. I didn't know what I was going to do when Mom got home but I knew one thing: I was going to leave the fence the way it was and see what the hell happened.

I waited a long time, feeling constantly on edge, so I had a second beer and was going to have a third but thought better of it. I left the empty bottles beside the sink where Mom would be sure to see them, made myself a couple of sandwiches, and ate them. Where the hell was she?

Mom finally came home just before five. She closed the door and I saw her go straight up to her room, carrying several bags. Several minutes passed before I heard her swear.

"Jesus, God damned Christ!"

I smiled, knowing Mom had looked out her bedroom window to see the fence only half finished. That edgy, apprehensive feeling returned but only for a moment.

Such language for a regular Church-going lady.

Mom clomped down the stairs, already yelling.

"Warren!"

"I'm right here," I said calmly, although I felt anything but. "There's no need to shout."

Mom stopped in the doorway, clearly shocked by my manner.

"Just what the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I'm waiting."

"Waiting? Waiting for what? Why isn't the fence finished?"

"I'm waiting for you, and the fence isn't finished because I didn't feel like painting it."

"You didn't feel like finishing it?" Her jaw dropped as she took two steps into the kitchen.

Mom's face was red with anger but my attention was directed lower than that. Mom looked real good in that dress. She was worked up and breathing so hard her breasts moved nicely under the material. I remembered how good the left one had felt in my hand and pictured it jutting out, its nice, hard nipple pressing into my palm.

A flicker in Mom's face showed she was aware of my glance so I got up from the table and walked over to the counter and let my plate clatter into the sink.

"Yeah, I didn't feel like finishing it," I said, turning around. I leaned against the counter and Mom looked past me to at the two bottles of beer beside the sink.

"You've been drinking," she accused.

"Yeah, so?"

"I see. So you thought you'd have a little rebellion but you needed to drink a couple of beers to face me?"

"I didn't need to, I just felt like it."

Mom approached and stopped in front of me.

"So you want to have it out, is that it?"

I shook my head.

"What's the matter? Two beers isn't enough courage?"

"I don't want to fight with you, Mom."

"That's right, you damn well don't."

The beers might have had an affect on me then, because I openly looked down the front of Mom's dress and said, "I just wanted to hear you nag me."

I wish I could have caught all the expressions that flickered across Mom's face in the next few seconds. In the end, her face went purple and her hand snapped out and slapped me hard across the face. I didn't see it coming, and it hurt.

“You little bastard,” Mom yelled.

She tried to hit me with her other hand but I caught it and then the other when she tried to cream me with it too.

“You dirty, lazy little bastard.”

“Whoa, Mom. Settle down.”

I laughed and that energized her. She was a handful, twisting and turning. She pulled away and tried to kick me so I hugged her to me and turned her around. Obscenities streamed from her mouth. That was new. I lifted her off her feet and she kicked and flailed so hard her shoes flew off.

“Put me down!”

I managed to clamp a hand over Mom’s mouth despite the frantic twisting while my other arm curled around her waist and pulled her tight, really tight. I realized then that I was still holding Mom off her feet because her ass was pressed right on my crotch. Through the thin material of the summer dress, her prominent buttocks folded around my bulge and that sent a zing through me that careened off my ribs and choked the breath in my throat.

My cock immediately hardened into granite despite signals from my brain telling it to cease and desist. I had only meant to cop another ‘accidental’ feel of Mom’s tit—sticking a boner into her butt wasn’t in the plan.

Mom slowly stopped struggling as she sensed what was sticking into the back of her skirt. She mumbled something unintelligible into my hand but I knew she was calling my name, shifting into authoritative mode like she had before, to make me come to my senses. But my cock didn’t want to give up her sensuous ass so I curled my longest finger back from the others clamped over her mouth and poked it through her lips. Mom gasped and choked but still tried to bark my name. I wiggled my finger and she stopped mumbling so I eased her down until her toes could reach the floor, relishing the warmth of her buttocks around my rod.

We stood, both tense, with my finger trembling inside Mom’s mouth. Except for that, and the wobble of her cheeks on my boner, we were still. I felt a hard lump on each side, the bones beneath the softer flesh of her ample cheeks. I hunched upward, slowly to disguise what I was doing as a stretch, and felt them tighten around my cock as it pressed deeper into her ass. I relaxed and stretched again, barely able to restrain myself from openly humping her butt, then again, and again. Instead of biting my finger and spitting it out to yell at me, Mom’s head sank back against my shoulder and her mouth closed. She sucked my finger and I groaned, unable to silence the joy of that simple, feral act.

I lifted Mom off her feet again and rubbed my cock between her cheeks. I stumbled forward and walked her around the kitchen, each step forcing her cheeks to roll around my boner, to maintain the pretence that I wasn’t just humping her butt. I circumnavigated the kitchen twice, my cock rolling wondrously between her cheeks, and might have been able to continue the charade but I went too far. I reached down to press Mom’s ass harder against me but my hand touched her too low in front and that produced a vehement reaction.

“No!”

Mom shoved my hand away so hard I started to lose my grip. Quickly, I repositioned both arms across her belly and clamped a hand on each hip.

"Warren, stop it!"

I wanted to, I should have, but I couldn't. I was too far gone, having lost control to my cock. Churning hips threw Mom off balance. Dangling forward and afraid to fall, her hands flailed about as I lunged into her bottom. A car door slammed outside.

Mom screamed at me.

"Let go! Your father's here!"

Instead, I pulled Mom upright and stumbled forward, pushing us both into the cupboards and mashing my cock into her ass. I was gasping for breath and grunting with the effort to finish while pretending, rather lamely, to push myself off her. My hands skidded ridiculously across the counter as I faked trying to push myself away and I fell hard against her, my head slamming into her back and forcing her to lean over as a short series of obvious humps finished me off, spilling my seed inside my pants. Exhausted, I stumbled back.

"Sorry, Mom. I thought you were going to fall," I gasped. It was a flimsy, laughable excuse, but what else could I say?

Keeping her back to me, Mom stood up straight with great dignity and brushed her hair back with both hands, then smoothed the dress down her sides and over her hips. I stood, scared shitless, and waited to see if my stupid explanation would suffice. Ignoring me, Mom walked over to the fridge where her shoes had been flung and calmly slipped them on. I could hear Dad talking to the neighbour. God, if he hadn't stopped to...

"Go outside and paint the fence," Mom said, her voice restrained, looking at me and glancing outside as she crossed the room.

I hesitated. Mom glared at me and it seemed about to challenge the silly explanation for my outrageous behavior but her eyes flickered downward and she walked past me to the sink instead. Following the direction of her glance I saw a wet stain seeping through the front of my pants. I looked up in surprise but Mom avoided eye contact. She reached for the empty beer bottles and said, "Go!"

The front door opened and I fled, stumbling through the back door in a frantic search for a paint brush, anything to indicate that I was doing something outside. I felt ashamed and then afraid. Not that she would tell Dad. How could she? But would the 'new' Mom ever reappear? A heavy lump formed behind my solar plexus. I had ruined everything.

Chapter 3

Posted: 11/22/2020, 6:59:54 PM

Dinner was an excruciating experience. I kept thinking that I was wrong thinking that Mom wouldn't tell Dad. Any minute now, he would leap across the table and grab me by the throat, yelling, "You little bastard. You tried to fuck my wife, your own mother!"

And then I calmed down. As if my Dad would ever swear. I could imagine him killing me but not using profanity. Then the cycle of fear would start again.

Mom acted like the picture-perfect June Cleaver housewife and mother, and I was the ideal son, speaking only when spoken to and then politely. Was Dad blind? Couldn't he see her for the asshole teasing bitch she was and me the disgusting, unworthy son? The more the charade went on the

more I wanted to be sick.

As soon as I could, I went upstairs to my room. Mom didn't make me do the dishes and when Dad seemed surprised she explained, "Warren's been painting all day, Harold. I think he might be a little tired tonight." I guess she wanted to be rid of me as much as I wanted to escape the shitty pretence of a perfectly normal family.

I locked my room. I didn't think Mom would come up but if she did I didn't want to face her. How could I have done that to my own mother? She must despise me despite the charade for my father's benefit. Maybe she would continue acting like nothing had happened and if I did the same we could start over with a clean slate. No more stupid games. Starting tomorrow, I would find a job. That would help get things on the right track.

The next morning I got up and was out of the house before anyone else was up. I made the rounds of all the gas stations, tried grocery stores and even a shoe store in the new mall. I searched all day but had no luck. That changed when I stopped at the corner store on the way home for a pop.

"Saturdays and Sundays," the old man said.

Well, it was something. I hurried home, feeling better but waited until we were sitting down for dinner before springing my news. Actually, it wasn't until Mom brought in dessert that I unloaded the big surprise.

"I got a job today."

Dad looked up, truly surprised. Mom glanced at me but quickly looked away, concentrating on slicing up the apple pie.

"Really? That's great son," Dad said. "Isn't that great, mother?"

We both looked at Mom who was trying to shake a scoop of ice cream onto a piece of pie. The scoop was the old fashioned metal kind with a spring loaded band that was supposed to swing around to dislodge the ice cream when the thumb piece was squeezed but it didn't work very well. Mom didn't answer.

Dad looked back at me. "Where? Doing what?"

"At the corner store, running the cash register and stocking the shelves, I guess."

"It's a good start."

"It's just for Saturday and Sundays."

"That's great, isn't it Mother?"

Mom nodded curtly, then handed Dad the first plate of pie and ice cream. She didn't look happy even though she smiled. Yes, the perfect mother and wife, the great act. I smiled back and thanked Mom for making a great dessert. Such an appreciative son.

"Thanks, Mom. Apple pie and ice cream is my favorite."

So I played my role in the perfect family. I ate my dessert and, without being asked, cleared the table and started doing the dishes. I watched TV with Mom and Dad for an hour after that and then went to bed.

The next day, I told Mom and Dad at breakfast I was going out to look for a second job for during the week.

"You don't need to do two jobs," Mom said.

"But I want to Mom."

However, I didn't have any more luck than I did the day before. The next day was Saturday and my first day of work at the corner store. Mom complained that I didn't get a couple of dishes clean so I apologized and did them over without whining. I went to bed early.

The job went okay but was real boring. The corner store hardly had any customers. The old man said he'd lost most of them when the mall was built and he only stayed open for the few elderly customers he had left. Mostly for the conversation, he said.

I went to a movie that night with Kent. Afterward, he gave me a couple of issues of Penthouse Forum he'd stolen from his father's stash. Kent liked looking at the pictures in Penthouse and Hustler but I liked reading better. I stuffed them in my shirt but Mom and Dad weren't home so I was able to conceal them in the hideaway downstairs which I had rebuilt with a different entrance.

Sunday I went to work but the old man let me go home early because there weren't any customers after lunch. I wondered why he had hired me because he had stayed with me both days. On Saturday I thought it was to train me but when he stayed Sunday I think it was because he didn't have anywhere else to go. I felt sorry for him and offered to stay the rest of the day to 'train' without pay but he insisted on letting me go early and paid me for the whole day. I had been hoping to look after the store alone because there was a whole bunch of skin mags behind the counter. I guess the old guy had noticed me looking at them and let me pick one out and take it home. He said I could take a new one every Sunday but should try not to crinkle them so they would still sell.

Dad was watching the news when I got home and I guess Mom was upstairs so I went down to the hideaway to look at the new skin mag. When Mom called for dinner, I slipped out a basement window and climbed up to the one in my room—my usual ruse to maintain the integrity of the hideaway. It had worked for years but Mom looked surprised and then suspicious when she saw me coming down the stairs. She must have known I wasn't in my room.

Mom was stand-offish during dinner, losing the June Cleaver act, but at least she didn't bug me, even when I put away the dishes. It was both relieving and disconcerting that she stayed out of the kitchen and didn't harass me. She did give me another suspicious look when I went upstairs after watching only a half hour of TV.

"Are you not feeling well, Warren?" she queried when I started up the stairs.

"No, I'm okay. I just want to read. I got a good book from the store today."

"Oh. What is it?"

I scrambled for something to say, having trapped myself, but my mind went blank.

"Uh, I can't remember the title."

"You can't remember the title?" Mom repeated, her expression becoming more dubious.

"Nah, but it's by that guy that wrote, uh ... what was it? ... I can't remember that one either."

"What's the author's name?"

“Uh, Jacobs. Yeah, that’s it. Jacobs.”

I turned and beat a hasty retreat, cursing myself for such a lame performance, it’s lack of credibility confirmed by the knowing nod that accompanied Mom’s response, “Uh huh.”

I hung out in my room for half an hour in case Mom came up to check on me. I meant to stay for an hour but was too eager to get back to the new skin mag from the store and to check out the stories in the Penthouse Forum and the old magazines I had found in my grandfather’s old beside table.

The table was next to my Dad’s old Lazy-boy in the rumpus room. I hadn’t used either of these pieces to build my fake wall because Dad was super touchy about them. When I was first building the hideaway I sat down in it to take a break but quickly became bored with the old TV in the corner because it only got the basic channels and opened the small drawer in the top of my grandfather’s table.

It was an odd table, sitting atop two foot high legs that bowed out and then curved in to end only a foot apart from each other on the floor. There was a solid block on top which contained the small two-inch high drawer. Thinking there might be a secret compartment in the area below the drawer I pulled it out to look but it was completely closed in within a mahogany casing. I lifted the table to confirm my memory that it was heavy despite its small size, part of the reason I had suspected a hidden compartment. Evidently, the drawer was cut into a solid block of mahogany.

Disappointed, I had started to slide the drawer back in but noticed an old magazine covering its bottom. It was tattered, and too thin for a proper binding, being kept together by a couple of sturdy staples through the folded middle. The cover was plain except for some small writing across the bottom and a plain title in large font, ‘Strange Family Tales’. I didn’t find it particularly interesting and tried to replace the drawer. That proved difficult and while fiddling with it I noticed the bottom of the inner casing was loose. Reaching inside, I managed to pull the quarter inch thick bottom out and lo and behold, the inside block was indeed hollow and filled with more magazines.

They proved to be issues of the same magazine. I flipped through several of them and found stories about guys trying to get it on with their sisters. Weird, but kind of exciting. I would have read more but on that day I had been in a hurry to the hideaway before Mom got home. I put most of the magazines back in the table, replaced the false bottom, and returned the issue that had been in the drawer. The rest I hid in the hideaway for later enjoyment.

So now, days later, I was safely ensconced in the hideaway and reading a Penthouse Forum story while sitting on the mattress with my back against the wall. I glanced occasionally at the pics in the new skin magazine spread out beside me while I lazily stroked the underside of my hardon through my undershorts. My fingers were pushed through the open zipper of my pants to achieve a more pleasing contact along the underside of my blood-engorged cock and my eyes were closed so I could better imagine myself in the Penthouse Forum story.

A rustle from beyond the hideout’s improvised wall forced my eyes open and my hand froze inside my shorts. Since Mom’s discovery of the hideout, I had completely closed it in so the only easy access was through the basement window.

Careful not to make any noise, I listened intently. Fortunately I had covered the inside of the barrier with blankets to block stray light from the lamp plugged into the wall next to me. It was the light, I knew, which had betrayed the hidden room’s presence in the first place. Excited but confident that I wouldn’t be discovered, I managed to control my heightened breathing. I was even cocky enough to rub myself, experiencing an additional thrill from the nearby presence of my mother. I tilted the magazine up and imagined her in the same pose as the younger model.

My confidence was shattered by the scraping of the narrow bookshelf at the far end of the hideaway as it twisted sideways, leaving little more than a foot-wide improvised doorway. Mom poked her head inside.

"There you are. I was wondering where you'd got to."

Mom stepped inside but quickly turned to twist the bookshelf-doorway closed. Thankful for the opportunity, I lowered the open skin mag to cover my unzipped jeans, hoping it wouldn't betray the lump in my shorts. I glanced down to check that I was adequately covered but quickly looked up at Mom when she turned to face me. She took a step or two toward me and stood at the end of the bare mattress I was lying on.

"Is that the book by Jacobs?"

"Uh, yeah, er, no. I mean, that was his name but it isn't the book."

That was patently obvious as testified by the naked woman sprawled across the front of the magazine spread over my lap. There wasn't a single book in sight. I looked helplessly at the rest of the skin mags strewn around the mattress within easy hand-reach. Why hadn't I left them stashed under the mattress and just taken them out one at a time?

Mom followed my gaze, looking at the dozen or so magazines, then returned to the one covering, and hopefully, concealing my open jeans.

"Is it good?"

I avoided Mom's face while I attempted to provide an even-toned response but was thrown off my thoughts when my eyes fixated on the yellow blouse she was wearing. She had changed her clothes since supper. She was now wearing a dark bra underneath the almost see-through yellow blouse and I wondered if it was the same chocolate brown one I had seen earlier. My eyes dropped to the pleated brown skirt and my confidence rose that it was indeed the chocolate brown bra. That wasn't the only thing that rose. I gave my head a mental shake but managed to keep it steady as I responded.

"Um, yeah. It's okay."

Mom didn't wait for my response. She got down onto her knees on the mattress and picked up one of the magazines. I waited for the blast of outrage I knew was coming.

A simple 'Oh' was the unexpected response.

Mom flipped through a few pages and, as she did so, turned around and used her spare hand to position two pillows against the wall, then settled in beside me, separated only by a few magazines.

"Mom..."

"Ssst."

I took a deep breath and resigned myself to my fate. I knew I was going to get it. She was only extending the expectation for punishment, knowing my dread would make it even worse. She was quite accomplished at this sort of psychological torture. I knew things would soon be taken to the next level with the insertion of threats of my father's intervention which did make it worse even though it had never happened.

Mom threw the magazine aside.

Here it comes.

Surprisingly, she picked up another one.

Uh, she's going to prolong it. She must really be enjoying this.

"Mom..."

"Sssst," she raised a finger to emphasize the command for silence.

The second magazine was flipped open to the centerfold.

"I don't know why some of these girls are even in here," she mused. "I know several women that are just as attractive, if not more." She paused, then added, "Even I have nicer legs than some of these girls."

Mom shifted the magazine she was looking at sideways and looked at her legs, which were partly drawn up so her knees could form a table for the magazine. I followed her gaze down her legs which looked very fine in the sheer nylons she was wearing. I had only seen Mom in these nylons when Dad was taking her out to a fancy dinner for some special occasion. It seemed a bit late for Dad to be taking her out.

"Don't you think?" she asked after a long pause. "Warren?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah."

"You don't sound very convinced," Mom complained, lifting her left foot up and extending her leg, twisting it slightly and rolling her ankle while she examined it.

Was this a trap, to bring up the incident in the kitchen?

"Well?"

"It's very nice, I mean, compared to, ah..."

Mom ignored my floundering, dropped her foot back to the mattress, and resumed flipping through the magazine. The pain of expectancy was excruciating. Nevertheless, perhaps due to the detachment of the condemned, I took the opportunity to enjoy Mom's legs, enhanced by the glimmer of the sheer nylons. I followed their lines from her feet past her knees and down the six inches or so of thigh to the hem of the pleated, brown skirt. I followed its edge to the underside and noticed how Mom's leg thickened just a few inches above her knee as it transformed into her thigh, following an elongated 'S' curve that contrasted with the straight line on top. I knew the same curve would define the underside of the other thigh and that prompted me to think about what lay between. Again, I gave my head a mental shake.

"I'll read down here with you for a while if you don't mind."

What could I say? I couldn't very well ask her what this was all about but I suspected she was trying to lull me into an uncertain state before lowering the boom. I responded as casually as I could, "Go ahead," but my nerves were on a razor's edge.

As if I had a choice. I actually started to pick up the magazine I had been looking at before she came but realized that would uncover my unzipped jeans. Was that it? When my open shorts and

the boner, which was still there I noted with despair, were uncovered the boom would come crashing down and the tantrum would begin. And that was probably why she had made a show of looking at her legs, to set me up. To make it worse, I noticed how her breasts formed nice, prominent lumps even when lying half-way onto her back.

My hand slipped sideways and picked up another magazine. I opened it to a page without pictures and pretended to read. Mom continued to browse through the magazine she was holding, then tossed it aside and picked up another one. That one was quickly discarded and she leaned toward the middle of the mattress to pick up another. When she resettled, I noticed that the skirt had slid farther up her thighs and now exposed eight or nine inches. The heavier part of Mom's thighs were more in evidence and the wide, thickened tops of her nylons were partly exposed.

What the hell was she doing? She was making me horny, for sure, but did she really think I'd fall for such an obvious trap? I looked at her thighs again. What if she wasn't trying to trick me. My cock throbbed.

Don't be stupid!

I tore my eyes away and concentrated on my own magazine. Except for a few small advertisements, the pages were full of text. I was in the middle of a story and my eyes focused on a paragraph in the middle of the left hand page.

Mom dropped her hand to the side of her leg and scratched, pulling the dress even higher up her thigh.

Oh my God. I had grabbed one of the magazines from my grandfather's table and they were obviously not just about guys wanting to get it on with their sisters. This was too much. My cock lurched and I raised the right edge of the magazine to make it harder for Mom to see what I was reading if she bothered to look. I cast my eyes around for another magazine but there weren't anymore between us. I would have to reach across Mom to get another and I couldn't discard this one in case she picked it up. I looked back at the magazine.

[Mom leaned over to pick up her drink from the table at the end of the couch, using her right hand instead of her left, which forced her to twist more and lifted her thigh off the cushion. She took a long sip which let me bask in the underside of her left thigh, now bare right up to the panties plastered on her firm cheek. I noticed the bulbous outline of her pussy lips and groaned audibly.]

I sucked in my breath and Mom looked at me.

"Good one?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No."

"Hmmp. They're not very realistic, are they?"

Before I could answer, Mom discarded her magazine over the edge of the mattress and leaned over to pick up another from the floor. Just like in the story I was reading, the underside of her thighs were immediately exposed. I could see above the tops of the sheer nylons and was surprised at the surge in my balls upon seeing the tender skin situated there. I couldn't see Mom's panties but then she suddenly lunged to reach something further away on the floor and the skirt skidded higher up her legs. For a few tantalizing seconds, as Mom retrieved the object of her search, a pair of dark brown, lacy panties burst into view. They were sumptuously triangular in shape and the bottom of Mom's buttocks bulged beyond their restrictive border.

Mom bounced back and settled lower into the pillows. The skirt, I was both overjoyed and

frightened to see, had slid way up to expose the tops of the nylons, along with at least two inches of bare upper thigh. Mom's knees, previously locked tightly together, were now parted a few inches, which made her legs seem more like individuals than members of a pair. I noticed that she had a small mole on the inside of the right thigh above the stocking and wondered if others would be encountered before her legs joined. I thought about kissing it, then groaned inwardly and imagined the damp and primordial meeting place of her thighs.

You're losing it, asshole!

Oh Jeez. My rock hard cock throbbed beneath the arch of the magazine covering it. I jerked my eyes away from the space between Mom's open legs and desperately returned to the story, landing a few paragraphs further on.

[Mom leaned over to take another drink and I let my hand drop to the cushion and slid it toward her. I glanced the other way to ensure that my aunt, sitting beside me, was still watching the TV. Bingo! She was snoozing. Beyond Mom, in the dining room, my father and uncle were playing crib. Mom put the drink on the table and settled into the couch, giving me a brief look but not saying anything. She glanced at my aunt and then looked at the dining room. I didn't do anything for a full minute after she started watching the TV again. Then, I wriggled my fingers.]

Shit that was hot! I had never read anything like it and reading it while sitting next to my mother made me nervous and horny at the same time. Mom was flipping through yet another magazine, browsing more slowly because there no pictures in this one. I looked her over which was easier now because sinking into the pillows left her head below mine. The rise of her breasts, pressured by her more supine posture, swelled against the confines of the yellow blouse and the dark bra underneath. I was pleased that the blouse had parted sufficiently for Mom's ample breasts to spill part way out of the chocolate brown bra.

Surely the blouse hadn't been unbuttoned when Mom first arrived. I would have noticed that. The swells seemed to be trembling, or was that my imagination? I watched their rise and fall as I contemplated the surreal situation. Mom had discovered my hideaway and quietly joined me, reading the skin mags I was too afraid to squirrel away in my room in case she found them, and seemed to be leading me on. How bizarre was that?

So here I was, reading an incest story about a guy copping a feel from his mother while sitting next to my own mom. The top button or two of her blouse had mysteriously loosened and her skirt had ridden so high on her legs that her thighs were exposed well above the tops of her sheer stockings. And my poor defenceless cock was so hard it was threatening to pop above the waistband of my shorts and there was nothing I could do about it. I certainly couldn't reach under the magazine covering my lap to zip up my jeans.

And that was strange too. Why hadn't Mom mentioned the incriminating presence of the magazine covering my crotch? Why was I no longer afraid that the hammer of her wrath would come down on my head? Instead, I felt strangely confident that Mom wasn't going to give me shit, though I had no idea what was going to happen next, or how I could make it occur. And, what the fuck did I want to happen anyway? I had wanted to apologize for what I'd done in the kitchen but I was no longer sorry for that.

Mom flipped the page and became engrossed the words. I ducked my head sideways and tried to see which one she was reading. Was it some kind of romance, a true story kind of thing? I couldn't remember anything like that but I hadn't read all the mags I had gotten from Kent. I bent lower to take a look.

Holy shit! Mom was reading one of the issues from the bedside table: Strange Family Tales.

I lowered my head further until I could make out a few words. The word 'Mom' leapt off the page. JeSUS, it was a mom/son tale.

"Mom..."

"Ssst."

Mom lifted her left hand and reached up to put her extended index finger against my lips. I stopped trying to say anything but Mom kept her finger pressed against my lips in case I did. So I sat next to Mom with her finger pressed against my lips while she read a story about a son seducing his mother, or vice versa. My lips trembled and Mom must have thought I was about to speak again because she pressed her finger harder against my mouth, bending at the first knuckle sufficiently for the tip to slip between my lips. How ironic that it was now Mom implicitly telling me to 'shut the fuck up'.

The thought made me chuckle and the movement pushed my lips against Mom's finger which inserted far enough into my mouth for the tip to scrape past my teeth and onto the tip of my tongue. I closed my lips and gently sucked her finger. Captivated by the story she was reading, Mom didn't notice so I nibbled, cautiously working her finger deeper into my mouth. When she reached the end of the page she deftly used the fingers of her right hand to change it and that was the only acknowledgement that her left was committed to another task.

Encouraged that Mom had either tacitly accepted or was oblivious to what was happening I turned slightly toward her and let the finger slip all the way into my mouth. Afraid she would suddenly realize, if she wasn't aware, where her finger actually was and then pull it out, I held very still. When nothing happened, I sucked gently, sliding my tongue along its entire length.

Taking a page out of the story I had been reading, I shifted my right hand along the mattress until it contacted Mom's hip. At first she didn't react but then leaned forward, evidently thinking I wanted to put my arm around her. Unfortunately, Mom's finger slipped out of my mouth when I put my arm around her shoulder and she shifted toward me until we were sitting right next to each other. I pulled the pillows over and Mom settled back, her eyes never having left the story she was reading.

I was content for a bit to maintain the status quo but the nearness of my hand, draped across Mom's shoulder and hovering over her breasts, was too tempting. I brushed my own fingertips against the side of Mom's neck and then let it dangle over her breasts. I watched, fascinated, as my fingertips skimmed a fraction of an inch over the open lapel of Mom's blouse, almost touching the upper swells of her breasts. I remembered the brief grip I had once had on the left one and dipped my hand towards it.

Mom caught my hand just as my fingertips made contact with her flesh. She twisted it up and pushed it away, bringing my fingers back into contact with her neck. Properly chastised, I rubbed her neck and jaw for a minute but wasn't satisfied to leave it at that. Slowly, I edged my fingers toward the corner of Mom's mouth, worked it into the crease, and finally popped it through until the first knuckle was embedded just as Mom's had been in mine a few minutes earlier.

Mom didn't object to my finger's presence, perhaps because it was safer to let it explore her mouth than delve into her bodice. I think I had pegged it right that she wanted to continue reading the story and was therefore open to allowing me a little playful leeway, though probably not as much as I'd taken in the kitchen. She even nibbled my finger and used her tongue to play with the tip.

Tiring of watching Mom read, I turned my attention to her legs. Her knees were still drawn up but the magazine obscured my view of her upper legs. The skirt, I noted, had fallen almost to her lap which made the obstructing magazine all the more annoying.

I turned more toward Mom to make it easier to look at her. The magazine I had been reading fell off my stomach. I tried to retrieve it with my left hand but instead let it drop to the mattress beside Mom's thigh. I let it lie there for a moment and then, as in the story, pushed until it was underneath Mom's leg. I waited until she turned to a new page and became re-engrossed in the story before lifting up until my fingers touched the underside of her thigh. I held still, waiting for a negative response. Her eyes seemed to narrow but couldn't be sure, it happened so fast. Other than that, there was no reaction except her mouth clamped firmly around my finger. Though I didn't move I maintained contact with Mom's thigh.

It was several minutes before I traced my finger in a line up the underside of her thigh. When Mom didn't protest, or even react, I wiggled my finger inside her mouth. Thrilled by the lack of any rebuke, I moved my fingertips more freely up and down the underside of Mom's thigh and even slipped it over to the other one.

It was too hard to believe that Mom wasn't aware of my touch so she had to be allowing it. Confident that I had permission, I moved freely back and forth from one thigh to the other and even dipped my fingers low enough to tickle across the fleshy part of her legs only an inch from the bottom of her panties.

I hunched closer and that prompted her to put her hand on my arm just below the elbow and pinched it which I took as signal not to go any further. I held still until her fingers relaxed and was amazed she didn't pull my hand away because it had stopped, fortuitously and not by plan, with my fingertips resting on her panties.

"You're right, Mom," I whispered. "None of the women in those pictures have legs as nice as yours."

Mom's fingers tightened on my arm.

"Or anything else, for that matter."

Mom pinched my arm tighter, as if sensing that I was trying to soften her up before resuming my inappropriate caress and warning me not to try. That's when I went for broke, gambling that Mom was caught up in something she couldn't control, just as I had been in the kitchen, and as I was now. I hoped she was near enough to the cusp to slide over to the downhill side.

"But only your son should know that."

Nothing happened right away but, gradually, the pressure in Mom's clenched fingers relaxed and her hand eventually fell off my arm. Tentatively, I resumed the tickling caress over the bottom of her thighs and, holding my breath, even let my fingertips brush fleetingly across her panties. After a tense moment, Mom flipped the page as if nothing untoward was happening.

I slipped my finger from Mom's mouth and crooked my arm further around her neck, giving my right hand enough leeway to reach into the divide between her breasts. My fingers pushed her blouse apart and moved between the inner swells, much as the fingers of my left hand were moving from thigh to thigh. I wanted to reach further so I could completely grasp one of her tits so I leaned toward her and kissed the side of her head, my lips brushing her ear. At that precise moment, I let my dangling fingers press against Mom's panties.

I stayed rigidly still, hypersensitive to the tension in Mom's limbs. Although we were both intensely aware of what I had done, neither of us moved. I couldn't see her eyes but, with my lips pressed against her head, I could feel her thinking. Time passed and still nothing happened. Slowly, very slowly, the tension in our bodies dissipated and we started to breathe again, quietly but with an undercurrent of excitement evident in our breath. I didn't move my fingers, fearful that the recently gained precious territory would be lost. The heat emanating from Mom's panties onto my fingers

made me want to wiggle them but I kept them glued in place. Her panties were warm, soft, and kind of dampish, and something beneath quivered under my fingers.

My cock hardened to the breaking point and popped through the waistband of my shorts. The magazine covering the open state of my jeans had fallen off. I looked down to confirm my exposure and noted that my cock was indeed protruding through my shorts and nothing was covering it. All Mom had to do was lift her eyes from her story to see what she had done to my cock.

Mom's hand was lying limply on the mattress between us, very near the tip of my cock. As I watched, it moved, fingers trembling, but moving, slowly, inexorably, toward my manhood. Mesmerized, I followed its excruciatingly slow advance until it passed in front of my cock, a fraction of an inch away, but not touching, just as my left hand had earlier approached the juncture between Mom's legs but hadn't touched her skin.

I waited to see if she would make the final leap as I had done but she moved on. Disappointment constricted my stomach but then I lurched forward as the soft palm of Mom's hand suddenly closed the distance and rubbed across the bottom of my cock. I sucked my breath in hard as her fingers, still moist with my saliva, closed around my tip and groaned my pleasure. As soon as the sound escaped my lips Mom's hand jerked away. She sat up straight, pulled herself away from my fingers and pushed my hand right out of her blouse.

"The oven. I forgot the oven," she cried.

She got up on her knees and, with her back to me, buttoned her blouse. Then, she stood, started to walk away but stopped. Turning, she leaned down to pick up the magazine she had been reading.

"Don't stay too long," she said. "Your father will be going to bed soon and you should be in your room before then."

With that, Mom walked briskly to the end of the room and passed through the narrow exit. She took the time to push the bookshelf back into place and I was left alone in the hideaway. My hand found my aching cock and I started relieving myself.

Mom had held my cock!

And tonight, probably in her bed beside Dad, she would read the magazine about a son seducing and fucking his mother.

"Nurse Carver?"

I was sweating, tried to get up but fell back into the pillow. Muffled footsteps hurried toward my room.

"Nurse Carver?"

"I'm here," she called, voice hushed but sounding urgent to let me know she would arrive soon. She burst through the almost closed door, sat on the edge of the bed, and took my hand. Immediately, relief swept over me.

"You've been dreaming a lot tonight," she said. "I almost woke you but sometimes it's best to let people get through these things."

"Kind of like an exorcism?"

She laughed. "Kinda."

"Do you think I've banished all my demons now?"

I was surprised when she didn't laugh.

"I think you miss someone very much."

"Yes. Evidently, my mother."

"Yes, your mother. You had a special relationship?"

"We were close."

"You said some things, Warren."

She tilted her head toward the door as if to explain why it had been almost shut but I was more intrigued that she had called me by my first name for a second time.

"Did I, Sharon?"

She was surprised. "You think that's my first name?"

"It's a reasonable guess. Sharon would be a good name for a nurse."

She laughed. "Actually, the 'S' stands for Susan."

Her eyes became serious and she changed the subject.

"The other night you said I knew what to do with my son. What did you mean by that?"

"Nothing. Sometimes I talk too much."

"Please, it's important to me."

"Really. It was just the sedative."

"Warren, my son means the world to me, as I'm sure you meant a lot to your mother."

She raised her eyebrows and spoke with such intensity that I drew back into the pillows.

"You've said things while you were dreaming. I didn't mean to pry," she explained, "but I did stay by your side for a while because you were so restless. You spoke about ... well, let's just say I know your relationship with your mother was ... different."

I nodded but didn't say anything. She obviously knew about my mother now and I was intrigued that she wasn't looking at me with disgust. Susan grasped my right hand and held it between hers.

"I need to do something to save my son from those gangs, Warren."

With that, Susan pulled my hand forward, straightening my arm, until it rested on the white stocking covering her knee. When she leaned forward to touch my left cheek, my hand slid off to the side and my fingers closed lightly around her upper calf behind the knee.

"Tell me more about you and your mother," she demanded. "How did it happen, and why? Were you

in trouble too?"

I don't know why I told her. Maybe it was to achieve the catharsis I had been seeking since Mom had passed away; maybe I just couldn't hold it inside any longer; or maybe it was Susan's desperate need to know if there was something in my story that could help her son. Whatever it was, I spilled my guts, cautiously at first, but then it was like a dam had burst and it all came rushing out. Well, most of it. I held some bits back.

"My mother was a beautiful woman," I started, "but not very nice. She had several friends but nobody close. You're a lot like her, I think. Anyway, it all started when I couldn't take her nagging anymore."

It took me several nights to get Susan caught up, mostly because she was called away to care for other patients. Every time she sat on the side of my bed and held my hand in her lap she would soon lean forward to listen, allowing my hand to slip onto her calf. Her eyes barely flickered when I stroked her leg.

On the third night, my hand fell between Susan's knees so I stroked the inside of her leg instead of the outside. When she shifted closer to hear me better—I have to admit I purposely lowered my voice to a barely audible whisper when I related the juicy bits—my hand pushed inside her skirt. Susan seemed unaware but I was acutely conscious that my fingers were embedded between her thighs. When I moved them, barely a wiggle at first, they slipped past the top of the stocking and onto her leg. I hadn't felt such intense emotion since my first tentative, fearful caresses of my mother's flesh.

Susan wanted to hear the tiniest details of the interplay between Mom and me and I struggled to retrieve them from my memory—I would have said anything to prolong the joy of tickling the inner thigh of this gorgeous woman who looked so much like my mother but most of it was true. In fact, the more I looked at her, the easier it was to remember and soon it was like I was replaying entire scenes in my head as if they were happening right then and not decades earlier. I became so engrossed, I almost forgot that my hand was deep inside Nurse Carver's skirt, caressing the inside of her thigh, now well past the top of her stocking.

For the rest of the week I watched Mom closely for any sign that she was either upset or pleased about what had happened but she was neither mean nor nice. She basically ignored me and I was afraid to approach her when I had no idea how she felt. She acted like she wanted to pretend nothing had happened, so I pretended too.

The weekend came and went with no change and nothing happened the following week either. We had reverted to our former life except that Mom didn't nag me anymore. I missed it and thought about doing something to instigate her wrath but in the end decided that our current relationship was better than it had been before and I didn't want to ruin it.

During that second week, I heard Mom and Dad arguing. They weren't yelling at each other, at least Dad wasn't. My father rarely raised his voice. They didn't mention the 'fight' and I didn't ask about it but the next day my father moved his dresser and all his clothes into the guest room across the hall.

The following Saturday, after mowing the lawn, I ate a quiet lunch with my parents in the kitchen. I couldn't help watching Mom whenever I thought she, or Dad, weren't looking. She moved with a feminine grace that was impossible to ignore and I wasn't surprised to feel my cock swelling to fill my pants. Though Mom didn't catch me looking, I sensed she was aware of my observation and it excited me that she didn't refrain from stretching to get things from the cupboard above the fridge or bending over to put something away in a lower drawer. When she sat down at the table to read a magazine, she crossed her legs and the loose skirt she was wearing slipped back to expose a large

expanse of thigh. I made a point of saying I was going to hang out with some friends for the afternoon and left right after lunch.

"Would you like a ride?" Mom asked. "I'm going shopping."

"No. I'm only going to Kent's place."

Mom smiled and turned her attention back to her magazine, recrossed her legs and tugged the skirt back into place but as soon as her hand moved away it somehow managed to slip farther back to expose more thigh than before. I loved the soft fleshy part that bulged out near her ass.

Of course, I wasn't going to Kent's place. As soon as I went out the front door I circled around to the back yard and slipped through the basement window into the hideaway.

I was downstairs leafing through the magazines and lazily stroking my cock through my unzipped jeans when I heard Mom come down the stairs. I didn't bother hiding the magazines because I knew by the sound of the shoes that it was Mom and she already knew they were in here anyway. She could have thrown the magazines in the garbage when I wasn't home, but she hadn't. In fact, I had noticed they weren't in the same order as I had left them and the special ones from the bedside table were on top of the pile.

Mom swung the tall skinny bookshelf open and came in, then carefully closed it. I ignored her presence and kept reading. I didn't even zip up my jeans, although I did stop stroking my cock and pulled my hand away. It did excite me to leave my jeans unzipped in Mom's presence and I tried to see if she looked without looking at her. I couldn't tell if she did or not.

Mom crawled onto the bed and I moved aside to make room for her, but not much. She picked up a magazine from the top of the stack and started reading. I noticed, without looking directly, that she had opened it to a specific page.

"Finished shopping already?" I asked, keeping my eyes on my magazine.

"Yes."

Mom didn't look up from her magazine.

"I didn't hear you come back."

"I parked down the street."

That was strange but I didn't query her about it.

"Is Dad home?"

"I think he's upstairs in his room."

"Oh."

I was silent after that and let Mom read in peace. She seemed engrossed and so was I when she drew her feet up close to her bum and planted them wide apart. The loose skirt slid part way down her legs giving me about the same view that I'd had at the kitchen table. I wondered how I could get my arm around her to put my finger in her mouth. She seemed to like that.

When I turned to a new page with pictures, I twisted the magazine this way and that, turned slightly toward Mom, and lined it up with her body. It was obvious that I was making a comparison. Mom

smiled but didn't look up or say anything. I continued the comparison for another minute or so before reaching out to pull her skirt an inch higher. I made a big show of examining the picture and her leg, back and forth several times, and even dragged the skirt higher, then grunted in satisfaction.

"Who won?" Mom asked.

"You did. Hands down."

The smile widened.

I played it cool for a while, not wanting to ruin what seemed to be going well, then played the same routine but this time comparing a picture to her chest. I gently pushed the magazine she was reading toward her face and brazenly flicked the top button of her blouse apart. Again, I grunted my satisfaction.

"Who won?"

"I can't see well enough to tell."

Mom kept reading. After a minute or so, I got up the courage to flick another button apart and breathed deep in relief when Mom didn't say anything. So I did another. Mom sighed in feigned exasperation but didn't levy a rebuke so I set about undoing a fourth button.

"Boys are curious, aren't they?"

"Like cats," I laughed, thankful for the chance to ease the tension.

I fell silent when the button popped out of the blouse. My breathing quickened. Apparently, Mom wasn't wearing a bra!

"Well?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't move.

"Well?" Mom repeated.

Gathering my courage, I reached over and loosened a fifth button and, when she still didn't respond, the last one visible above her skirt. I pushed the blouse apart and stared. The lapels had fallen just wide enough to bare Mom's nipples. The one closest to me was partially hidden but I could see the other one completely. They were magnificent, standing up like little thumbs from her not huge but meaty breasts.

"Well?" Mom sighed.

I scrambled to hold up the picture and pretended to make a detailed comparison. In fact, the picture was simply a blur to me. I was about to announce my decision, in Mom's favor of course, then hummed and hawed instead. I placed a finger under Mom's closest tit, lifted it slightly, then let it fall. I repeated that several times and Mom smiled each time.

I put my fingertip in my mouth, as if in deep thought, then returned it to her tit. Instead of lifting her breast, I dragged it around the outside of her breast and, following a narrowing concentric path, traced a line that ended up circling the areolae and finally rubbing against the nipple, which by this time was quite stiff. I pulled my finger away and stared at the wet path my finger had left around her nipple.

"You win. It isn't even close," I whispered.

Mom held her magazine up and resumed reading but it was now very close to her face and didn't obscure her tits at all. I leaned toward her, as if re-examining her breasts to confirm my judgment. She didn't flinch when my lips encircled her nipple for a brief kiss.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "I, uh ... did you breast feed me when I was a baby?"

"No." There was a long pause and then Mom said, "But I wish I had."

I put my hand under the magazine near Mom's face and stretched my index finger out to touch her chin, then slowly slipped it up to rub across her lower lip before pushing it into her mouth. Leaning forward, I recaptured her nipple in my mouth and flicked it with my tongue.

For several minutes, I licked and sucked Mom's tit and fondled the far one. I settled into a pattern of sliding my finger in and out of her mouth in time with flicks of my tongue and mini sucks on her nipple. It wasn't, however, until I reached down to insert my hand inside her skirt, that Mom's hand caressed the back of my head and her fingers pushed through my hair.

"The mother in this story has a naughty son," she whispered.

I lifted my head. "Don't mother's like their sons to be a little bit naughty?"

"Sometimes," Mom answered, pushing my head forward and back onto her nipple. "But this one is very naughty."

I pulled my hand from her breast and reached around her hip to stroke the inside of her thigh. Gradually, I worked my way closer and closer to her panties, while Mom kneaded my hair and my mouth worked her nipple. When I reached her panties and rubbed the puffiness there, Mom started to suck my finger.

I pulled my hand from between Mom's legs, grabbed her hand and drew it away from the back of my head. Holding her by the wrist, I dragged her hand down to the waistband of my pants and returned, grazing her panties repeatedly with my knuckles.

Mom deftly released the snap at the top of my pants and as soon as it popped free her fingers reached inside to grasp the tip of my cock, fingers and palm molding over the head and upper shaft. She moved the skin up and down over the helmet and I helped her by hunching my hips. I flipped the narrow strip of panties covering her pussy aside and strummed my fingers across her slit, sucking harder on her nipple at the same time. Mom let the magazine fall away and I moved up to kiss her. As soon as our tongues entwined, I pushed first one and then a second finger into her wet cunt.

Mom really liked being kissed. Her free hand curled around my head and pulled it more firmly onto her face. I used my knee to spread her legs and she willingly complied and even moaned when I subsequently got my fingers deeper into her cunt. When I pushed a third finger inside and flicked my thumb sideways across her clit she mewled her appreciation and drew her legs back even farther. However, that changed when I moved on top of her and tried to get my cock onto her pussy.

"No, baby. Not that."

"Mom, please," I gasped. "I need to."

She chuckled. "You mean you want to."

"I want to," I agreed. I wasn't about to argue.

"Well, you can't."

I dropped my head beside hers and groaned my disappointment, then lifted my head and looked her straight in the eye. Pulling my fingers from her cunt, I slowly moved them toward her mouth. Mom watched like she wanted to stop me but couldn't. She didn't even try to stop me when I pushed them into her mouth. I worked my fingers in and out, then pulled them away and kissed her again.

Slipping my fingers back in Mom's cunt, I moaned into her mouth and she responded in kind. I pushed my fingers into her mouth again and kissed her deeply while returning all my fingers to her pussy. Three plunged into her cunt, my thumb strummed her clit, and the pinky stretched down to diddle her other hole. I did the finger thing in her mouth twice more and then poked my pinky into her asshole. Mom returned my kiss so feverishly that when I pushed my fingers into her mouth again I just had to try to get my cock onto her pussy again.

"No, baby!"

I groaned.

"We can play, but we can't fuck."

"But Mom..."

"Doesn't it feel nice?"

"Yes, but..."

And that's when we heard someone enter the rumpus room. Quickly, I reached past Mom's head and turned out the light. She was looking toward the rumpus room and didn't notice that my cock was now rubbing on her pussy, directly because the thin strip of panty was still pushed aside.

Whoever was there sat down in the Lazy-boy chair. It had to be Dad. I pulled the blanket back a bit and leaned over to look into the room through the tall narrow slit I had left between two bookshelves for this purpose. Mom looked too despite the greater pressure my cock applied to her pussy.

Dad had turned on the TV and the VHS. We could see the right side of his face and body. The TV showed the still picture of a woman in her late thirties or so in old fashioned clothes. She looked strangely familiar but I couldn't put a name to her. I expected a movie since it was a VHS but the screen changed to another still picture and then another. Evidently, Dad had put a bunch of pictures on a VHS tape so he didn't have to operate a slide show.

The pictures of the woman kept changing. She was playing around, posing and teasing whoever was taking the pictures. Then she began opening her dress which was buttoned all the way down the front. Dad's hand started to move. He was jacking off!

I couldn't believe my eyes. My father was jacking off to old-fashioned pictures of a woman unbuttoning her dress. How pathetic!

I looked down at Mom for a mirthful exchange but she was staring at the pictures. I looked back at them, past Dad's now faster-moving hand, and received a shock. An expression flitted across the

woman's face that I recognized from pictures I had seen of an older version: my grandmother.

Holy shit! Dad was pumping his cock while watching pictures of his mother undressing for an unknown photographer. Who? Grandpa? I couldn't picture it. I looked back at Mom. Did she know it was Grandma?

I could tell by her face that she did. Grandma had taken her dress off and was now wearing a full length set of white, cotton underwear that ended about half way between her knee and ankle. The underwear was tied down the front just like the dress and she was undoing it like she had the dress, only more slowly. Dad's hand beat faster.

The top of Grandma's underwear was now completely undone and she was kneeling in front of her photographer. A hand appeared in the next picture, pushing the underwear off her right shoulder.

I hazarded a rub of my cock on Mom's pussy. She didn't bat an eye, she was so engrossed by the pictures and Dad's now rapidly moving hand. I rubbed again, and again. Mom didn't react so I kept sliding my cock along her slit.

In the next picture the underwear had been pushed off Grandma's left shoulder as well and her tits were bare. They were smaller than Mom's but sported long, stiff nipples. Grandma smiled up at the camera. She had a different expression on her face in the next picture. A slender hand was cupping her right tit and in the next its fingers were pinching the right nipple and had pulled her breast out from her chest. Dad's hand beat faster.

I slid my cock repeatedly over Mom's wet slit, confident that she wasn't going to stop me. If I couldn't fuck her, at least I could come on her pussy. I put my finger near her mouth and she moved her head forward to suck it in. I flexed my hips and rubbed my cock sideways as well as back and forth and was pleased when Mom pushed back. She didn't show any sign of being aware but I was happy nonetheless.

That's right, Mom. The magazine stories might make you horny but watching your husband jack off to pictures of his Mom having sex will push you over the edge. At least, I hope they do.

I looked back at the pictures and was surprised to see Grandma kneeling before her photographer, mouth now plugged by a big baby soother. The handle was wide enough for an adult's hand to grasp. Several pictures followed of Grandma sucking on the soother and then there was one showing the top of her head. Holy shit. Grandma was sucking her photographer's dick. The soother had been discarded on the floor behind her.

A whole rash of pictures followed, coming faster, showing the top of Grandma's head in slightly different positions, clearly bobbing up and down on her photographer's lap. A hand appeared in the pictures, the same slender hand that pushed the underwear from her shoulders, cupped her tit, and tugged on her nipple. It stayed in all the subsequent pictures, steering Grandma's head around and holding it on his cock.

Mom was sucking my finger harder and pushing up to rub against my cock more urgently. She was definitely getting closer to the edge. Her knees pulled back further and I adjusted my position to maintain a firm pressure on her slippery cunt lips. I looked at the TV.

That hand. I looked closer. No. Yes, it was there. The long, white line of a scar, looking newer than I remembered but in the same place as the one that ran across the back of my father's hand.

Holy fuck! It was my father's hand holding Grandma's head, and it was his cock in her mouth. I looked at Mom and knew instantly that she had known as soon as the hand first appeared and that was the moment she had let me rub my cock on her pussy.

I pushed my pants down to my knees, grasped Mom's left tit, and squeezed it hard. She didn't even blink let alone turn her head to look at me. She was lost in the scene playing out before her eyes. I pressed the tip of my cock on her pussy but instead of sliding over her slit I pushed until the head popped inside. I held still, waiting for a reaction from Mom but there was none except that her hips became still. Slowly, I shoved my entire shaft into her cunt.

I had never felt anything like it before. It was way beyond what I had ever imagined, so slick and tight, grabbing me over my whole length, trying to squeeze me out yet sucking me in at the same time. And the heat, the incredible warmth, almost pulled the jism out of my balls.

I pulled back about an inch but couldn't bring myself to leave that heavenly place and shoved my cock back in with a quick, hard thrust. Mom grunted so I covered her mouth with my left hand, pulled out farther and slammed back in. I meant to slide in slowly, not to be gentle, but to minimize the chance Mom would suddenly realize what was happening and push me away. But I just couldn't help myself. Again, I slammed into her cunt, loving the muffled groan. I tried to turn her head so I could look in her eyes, as dangerous as that could be, but Mom struggled to keep watching Dad jacking off to pictures of himself fucking Grandma's mouth. I kissed Mom's ear and whispered, "I love you," while treating her to another hard thrust. I turned to watch my father and laid my ear beside Mom's.

The rapid display of still pictures had given way to a dated, black and white film that looked for all the world like a vintage porn movie. Grandma looked older and so did my father. He was squatting over her haunches, her legs spread wide and stretched back so far her toes were hooked into the metal headboard of the bed they were lying on. Dad's hips flexed as he ground his cock deep within his mother.

I pushed myself up, grabbed Mom's legs behind the knees, and pushed them apart and back. There was no headboard to hook her feet into so I kept them pressed against the wall and straddled the back of her thighs, sinking my cock in slow and deep. With my hands grasping her calves and my legs bent into a crouching position, I flexed my hips the way the younger version of my father was doing in the film. God, my cock sank so deep!

Mom groaned so I hunched her up and lowered myself onto her thighs until I could reach her mouth and pushed my fingers into it. I checked to see if Dad had heard but he was engrossed in his film. I fucked Mom, being careful to maintain close contact so my thighs wouldn't slap on hers.

After a couple of minutes I pulled out, stretched Mom's legs out, and re-entered her. I covered her entire body with mine and placed my mouth next to her ear, whispering how much I loved her as I strained against her. Our fuck was slower but more intense and I whispered my love in her ear until my cum spilled inside her cunt but Mom didn't take her eyes off Grandma for a single second.

I stayed on Mom until my breath came back. When I lifted my face away from her neck and looked to see what my father was doing, he was gone. Sometime while after I came he had finished and left. Mom moved me gently to the side and I rolled off her.

She sat up, fixed her blouse, and got up to a kneeling position, then straightened her skirt. She didn't turn around when she spoke.

"We won't talk about this. Ever! Do you understand?"

I nodded, incapable of speech, not knowing whether she meant about Grandma, us fucking, or both. She stood and walked to the secret entrance, then disappeared through it without a single glance back. She had carried herself as stiff and proper as I had ever seen her, yet her cunt was full of my cum and it was probably leaking onto her thighs.

Chapter 4

Posted: 11/29/2020, 6:59:51 PM

I worked the next day at the store. The old man insisted I take a skin mag but I wasn't interested. I picked the first one on the shelf and left, in a hurry to get home, but was disappointed not to see Mom's car in the driveway.

"Hey Dad," I said when I got in the house. He was in his chair watching a baseball game. "Is Mom home?"

"Nope."

"Is she going to be home soon?"

"She went to visit Jane. She just left so you'll have to make your own lunch."

"Oh, okay."

I made a quick sandwich, grabbed a coke out of the fridge, and sat down to watch the game while I ate it. However, I felt uncomfortable sitting near Dad knowing he had been wacking off to pictures of him getting blown by his mother, and fucking her. It was nothing I wouldn't do but it bothered me anyway so I took the rest of my sandwich and coke and went upstairs.

I finished the sandwich in my room and was polishing off the coke when I remembered the big soother Dad had put in Grandma's mouth. I wondered if he still had it. I mean, how could he throw away a memento like that?

Sneaking down the hallway, I listened to make sure Dad was still watching the game. Carefully, I opened his bedroom door and slipped inside, going directly to his bedside table. There wasn't anything in it of interest. I looked around. In the closet, I searched for an old shoe box that might hold old stuff but there wasn't anything like that. Wandering back into the room, I looked around until my eyes settled on the dresser.

Dad had a tall chest of drawers and the uppermost layer was split into three half-height drawers. The soother was in the back of the middle one. I turned it over in my hands, surprised that the plastic wasn't brittle and cracked from age. It was slick as if it had been recently oiled, like a gun barrel. Someone had taken great care to preserve this ancient artifact.

I stuffed the soother into my jacket pocket, carefully pushed the middle drawer closed, and left Dad's room. I went downstairs and told Dad I was going out.

"Will you be back in time for dinner?"

"Yeah, of course."

"What time should I tell her you'll be home?"

The question caught me off guard. It wasn't something Dad usually worried about.

"In case there's anything she wants you to do," Dad added by way of explanation.

"Uh, well, I have to work at the store this afternoon so it'll probably be late."

“Okay, son.”

I hadn't meant to lie to Dad but I didn't want him to expect me home soon. I wasn't going anywhere but downstairs to the hideaway and I didn't want to be bothered. Walking around the side of the house, it struck me that the reason Dad gave for wanting to know when I'd be home didn't ring true. If he thought Mom had something she wanted me to do he would have told me to be there. It seemed more like he wanted to know for himself when I would be home, or more specifically, when I wouldn't be.

I shrugged and pushed the half-height basement window open, then shimmied through it backwards and dropped on the mattress in the hideaway. I reached up to pull the window closed.

“Holy shit! ... Mom! You scared the shit out of me.”

“Shhhh. You'll wake the dead.”

“I thought you went to Jane's.”

“That's what I told your father. Do you have more of these?”

Mom held out one of the plain incest story magazines.

“Uh, yeah.”

Mom smiled sweetly. “Well, can you get me one?”

“You've read all the ones here,” I pointed at the pile beside the mattress.

She just smiled and kept holding out the magazine so I took it, bent down to pick up the rest, and exited through the narrow bookshelf into the rumpus room. I don't know why but I didn't want to let Mom see where the magazines were stashed but there wasn't any way around it. I pulled the little drawer out of the table beside Dad's chair, removed the fake floor and pulled out a half dozen magazines, then replaced the used ones and the drawer.

Mom eagerly took the pile of magazines and immediately started reading the first one. I laid down beside her. I didn't feel like reading so I just watched her read. She ignored me. Quite a few minutes passed before I worked up the courage to put my hand on her. It was silly after what had happened but there it was. I only put my hand on her hip but as soon as I did she flipped over onto her side and my hand slipped off.

She was intent on the magazine so I put my hand back on her hip and slowly patted her hip, then slipped my hand down to pat her waist. Mom totally ignored what I was doing so I returned to her hip and ran my hand down the outside of her thigh and then back up, making sure to drag her dress up her leg. I kept this up for several minutes until Mom's dress had been pulled right up onto her hip.

I was now stroking her bare thigh, at least down to the tops of her thigh-high stockings. I dipped the tip of my fingers under the edge of the thigh-high and used that as an excuse to slip around the inside of her thigh. When I traced a path back up her leg, but this time on the inside of her thigh, Mom didn't even flinch. I cuddled closer to her, pleased with the tacit permission to fondle her leg. I soon moved onto her ass.

I hadn't been able to play with Mom's ass before. I had grabbed it only in the passion of fucking her but now I was able to play with it to my heart's content, caressing her thighs and then each cheek,

slipping my fingers into the crack between and slowly urging the panties lower and lower on her buttocks.

I worked my free hand under Mom's neck and curled my finger around to slip between her lips. That's when we heard footsteps coming down the stairs.

"It's Dad," I whispered.

Using my left hand, I leaned over Mom to pull the blanket back so we could peek through the bookshelves. When Dad came in, I returned my hand to Mom's ass and pushed her panties all the way off her buttocks, then began massaging her cheeks.

Dad put a tape into the video player, settled into the lazy boy chair, and pushed it back to lift the footrest. Mom was still reading but when the video came on she let the magazine dangle and her gaze shifted to the screen. I ducked my thumb into my palm and pushed the edge of my hand between her cheeks and scraped it through her crack, rubbing the bump beside my index finger along her dark hole.

Grandma wandered into her bedroom which I recognized now as Mom's except the furniture was really old fashioned and the carpet was replaced by a hardwood floor. She seemed oblivious to the fact that she was being filmed. Calmly, she walked to her dresser and removed her earrings, then kicked off her slippers and unzipped the back of her dress. With a shrug, it slipped off her shoulders and fell to her waist, revealing a white, cotton under garment. Grandma pushed the dress over her hips and down her legs, looked at her reflection with some dissatisfaction, and starting undoing the severe bun constraining her hair.

Grandma shook her head and tossed her long hair around in a semicircle. Her hands lifted it up the sides of her head and threw it backwards. She arched her back and thrust her small breasts against the cotton under garment. Clearly, she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

I leaned against Mom's hip and pushed. She twisted forward, lifting her upper leg. My hand now slipped easily between her legs, inside her panties, and my fingers stretched upward, sliding on either side of her slit. Mom leaned right over onto her tummy. I was so excited I could hardly breathe.

My hands slid back to fondle the twin apples of her butt, which were round and firm, then down between her legs to probe her slit. I watched for any sign I had gone too far but Mom was watching Dad, or rather, the movie of Grandma.

Grandma was removing the cotton underwear now, far more slowly than she had doffed the dress. One shoulder was already bare and as I watched she pushed it off the other. I waited for it to fall, eagerly awaiting the appearance of her small tits, but the cotton sheath caught on Grandma's nipples and hung there. It was an amazing picture. It was hard to reconcile the awesomely sexy woman on the screen with the old woman I had known as a child.

The sound of creaking vinyl grew louder as Dad also became more excited by the film of his mother. Mom was breathing faster and I was torn between watching her and watching my grandmother. Mom won but when she suddenly sucked in her breath I looked back at the screen.

Dad had appeared behind Grandma. He reached around and flicked the under garment off her nipples. It slipped easily over the smooth skin of her tummy, past her hips and down her legs, leaving her stark naked. She was a gorgeous woman with a big head of hair, her slender body embossed with perky tits capped by substantial nipples.

Dad reached around and Mom sucked in her breath again, as did I, expecting him to cup those

beautiful tits and tweak the nipples but he didn't. Instead his hand covered Grandma's mouth and pushed his long middle finger inside.

I was stunned. Dad had just done to Grandma what I had accidentally done to Mom to start the amazing series of events that had occurred over the past few weeks. I was about to slip my finger into Mom's mouth but Dad's next move stopped me in my tracks. His other arm reached over Grandma's shoulder, his fingers slipped out of her mouth, and he pushed something inside to fill the vacated orifice.

Dad slipped his hands over Grandma's shoulders and down her back, caressed the upper swells of her buttocks and slipped around her waist to the front, then up to cup her tits like I had first expected him to. His thumbs flicked Grandma's nipples as he hung his head over her shoulder to nestle against the side of her face to watch. Then they both looked in the mirror and stared at the big handle of the soother hanging out of Grandma's mouth.

It may seem silly but that picture was tremendously exciting. Dad fiddled with Grandma's nipples, squeezed her tits, and rubbed himself against her ass while she sucked on the soother. Several times, he released a tit and used the handle to steer the soother around in Grandma's mouth. When he did, she pushed her ass back and appeared to grind against his cock with the same motion that he was imposing on the soother.

As Dad became noisier in the Lazy-boy, I became more aggressive. I slipped the fingers of one hand inside Mom's pussy and the other into her mouth. I tried to move them in unison with the soother and Grandma's ass on the screen.

I pulled my fingers out of Mom's pussy and dragged them up the crack of her ass. I was going to push her cheeks apart to rub them with her juices but the tip of my index finger got caught in her little hole. She started for a moment, pulling away, but then pushed back. I pushed the finger in her mouth deeper and at the same time poked my index finger back into her little hole. She moaned around the finger in her mouth so I pushed a second in to help block the sound. Thank God for the squeaking Lazy-boy.

For a minute or two, I was too focused on coordinating the movement of my fingers, and thrilling to the small backwards movements of Mom's ass, to pay any attention to what was happening on the screen. Then, Mom's concentration drew me back.

They had moved to the bed. Grandma's torso was lying across it but her feet were still on the floor. I couldn't understand how they could still be on film ninety degrees from the action at the dresser. Had they taken time to reposition the camera—not so easy I'm sure with ancient film equipment—or had there been two cameras filming in the first place and this was a spliced film?

I was leaning toward the latter explanation and at the same time wondering why I should care when I realized that my father had entered his mother from behind and was still manipulating the soother in her mouth with one hand while the other gripped her shoulder.

Dad pulled his hand away from Grandma's shoulder and slid it slowly down her back, scratching along her spine. There wasn't much of a reaction until the hand reached her buttocks and then, after a brief pause, she arched her back and lifted her head. I wished the film had sound because I'm sure there would have been a loud groan, a groan of pure, raw pleasure judging from Grandma's body language. The Lazy-boy rocked and Mom moaned. She was so ready.

I stripped off my jacket and then my shirt, struggled to undo my pants and hurriedly pushed them down, suddenly afraid that Mom would come before I could get into her. Leaning above her ass, I started to line my cock up with her pussy but changed my mind. I wanted to be completely naked on top of her and wanted her to be the same way. Stark naked, lying together, fucking, just feet

away from my father.

I rolled onto my back, lifted my knees and pulled my pants and undershorts down my legs and off my feet, then peeled my socks off. I felt a lump pressing into my back. I was lying on my discarded jacket and in the pocket, I realized, was the giant soother, probably the same one plugging Grandma's mouth in the film.

I pulled my jacket out and got the soother then straddled Mom's thighs. She was still intent on the film and I could see why. While slowly fucking her from behind, Dad was working something into Grandma's butt, by the looks of it, his thumb. I had intended on putting the soother into Mom's mouth stopped mid-reach, captivated by the sight of Dad working his thumb in Grandma's ass. Suddenly, his hand rose to Grandma's mouth, yanked the soother out, and disappeared with it behind her back while he filled her mouth with two fingers from his other hand.

My own arm dropped slowly until my hand rested on Mom's back, between her shoulder blades. It slid down to the middle of her back. I looked down, feeling kind of stunned, and watched my hand pull up the rise of Mom's buttocks and slide along the crack of her ass, dragging the soother with it. Still feeling disconnected, I twisted the soother until it's rubbery tip was pointing straight down between Mom's cheeks, then pushed.

It bent and flopped around but after several attempts it found the notch I was seeking, the entrance to my mother's most secret of places. I pushed but the resistance was too great. I pushed again and wiggled the soother while keeping up a steady pressure. The resistance was still too great to overcome but then suddenly, the soother plunged forward. I thought it had bent and slipped from between Mom's cheeks but then realized Mom's head had lifted and was slowly lowering back to the mattress. The soother had plugged itself into Mom's butt!

My hand fell off the handle and I stared at the soother, wiggling as Mom's cheeks clenched and relaxed, then tightened again and released. I leaned forward and found the zipper at the top of Mom's dress and dragged it down slowly to minimize the chance of being heard. Mom wasn't wearing a bra which was strange because, to my knowledge, she always did. Carefully, I peeled the dress off her shoulders and slid her arms through the sleeves, then pulled the dress over her hips, down her legs and off. We were now both quite nude.

I retook possession of the soother's handle and started manipulating it in Mom's ass. Taking a cue from the film, I reached forward and slid two fingers into Mom's mouth, then synchronized the movements of both hands. Wiggling forward, I managed to get my cock between Mom's legs and nudged it against her very wet pussy. Without really meaning to yet, it easily slipped inside so I shoved it all the way in.

I sat astride Mom, fingering her mouth and wiggling the soother, while I fucked her from behind. I didn't look again at the film though Mom watched it intently, sucking on my fingers and pushing her ass up in response to the constant motion of the soother. I especially loved the squeezes from her cunt because it made me feel good to know she appreciated my cock.

I fucked and fucked, as quietly as I could, and in no hurry. I wanted to enjoy this for as long as I could. Mom came at least once and possibly a second time, turning her head into the pillow and forcing my fingers out of her mouth. I didn't replace them but satisfied myself with stroking her back, mostly along her spine, but also across her shoulders. Once, I dragged her head back but it didn't look comfortable for her so I eased it back onto the pillow.

This time I was aware of Dad finishing. I stopped moving inside Mom. Well, not completely, but almost. I listened to him shutting the TV off and removing the tape. Shortly after that, he left and I started moving more forcefully inside Mom's pussy and twisting the soother around more vigorously which she seemed to like. Twice more I got carried away and dragged her head up but

caught myself and let it fall forward, though she didn't seem to mind.

I was gearing up for a massive unload of cum when another idea struck me. I pulled the soother out of Mom's ass and she gasped loudly, mourned its loss. I spread her cheeks and spit on her pucker, pulled my cock out, and positioned its tip in the now nickel-sized hole. I applied pressure but was ready to cease and desist upon Mom's objection. However, there was no protest from that quarter so I pushed steadily until my helmet popped into Mom's dark hole.

"Ummphhh."

She was unexpectedly tight, especially after being worked for so long with the soother. Still, her ass slowly gave way and my cock sunk deeper and deeper until my balls were tight against her cheeks. I was fully plugged into my mother's ass.

I began moving in and out, very gently. Mom took it without reaction for the first minute or so but then started pushing back like she had when I had first started fingering her butthole. Occasionally, I shoved my cock in deep and held it there, squeezing my thighs together to bulge my cock into greater thickness. Mom groaned loudly when I did that so I made it a regular pattern. Soon, we had fallen into a rhythm of steady fucking followed by two or three sudden, deep, bulging thrusts.

I grasped Mom's hair and gently pulled her head up but this time I didn't release it. I leaned forward so I could whisper in her ear and told her how much I loved her. Gradually, as I fucked her ass faster and faster, my whispers became hoarser and hoarser. I was sweating profusely now and felt my body sliding on Mom's back and ass, made slick by our sweat.

I was just thinking that I could do this all day when my cock started unloading, spurting its treasure in Mom's ass. I had the presence of mind to pull out and spray the rest on her ass and back but a couple of spurts were dumped into her dark, now not-so-secret cavern.

There was no admonition this time to never speak about what happened. I found and handed Mom her dress and put my own clothes back on. When we were both dressed, and Mom had done what she could with her hair, I helped her up, unable to resist a playful pat, so she could crawl out the window. I followed and we slipped furtively through the neighbour's yard to the street. After that we walked in silence to her car, which was parked down the street and around the corner, and Mom drove us home.

"Hi," she called when we got in the house. "I stopped at the store and picked Warren up from work. Are you hungry?"

"Starving," Dad replied.

I went up to my room, fully expecting things to continue, whether we talked about it or not.

When I finished the latest story for Nurse Carver my fingers were deep inside her skirt, brushing across her panties. She squeezed her legs tight around my arm and shuddered, then quivered again about twenty seconds later. When the pressure of her thighs subsided, I withdrew my arm but kept my hand near her knee, fingers stretching out to affectionately caress the underside of her leg.

"Wow, that's an incredible story. Is it true?"

I returned her gaze as she contemplated my face. I didn't need to reply, she could see in my eyes it was.

"What happened then?"

"Well, Dad watched movies of Grandma once or twice a week if he knew both Mom and I wouldn't be home for a while. Each time, we got together and read magazines until Dad came downstairs. Sometimes we got together on our own. I liked those times because we would just read and touch each other until I got too excited. Then, I had to play with Mom until she signaled she was ready. Sometimes she made me wait a long time which drove me nuts but also made the sex better."

"So, you liked being with your mother alone?"

"Yeah, but she got more excited when we were watching Dad. I wanted to be with her somewhere else where we didn't have to worry about being heard but Dad almost never went out except to go to work."

Susan laughed. "I guess that put a damper in your activities."

"It did at first, but one day I came home from school just as Mom returned from shopping early. Dad's car was in the driveway which was surprising because it was hours before he usually finished work. When we got in the house, we realized he was in the basement..."

Mom took her coat off and I took it for her. She quietly walked into the kitchen while I hung it up. When I joined her she was standing above the heat vent in the corner of the kitchen above the rumpus room, her head tilted sideways, listening.

"He's watching," she whispered.

I stood close behind her and put my arms around her waist. She felt tense and I realized she was excited so I kissed the nape of her neck and pressed myself into her backside.

"I don't think we can get into the hideaway without him hearing us."

"Are you sure?"

I grasped Mom's breast but she pushed my hands down so I dropped them down and lifted her skirt.

"I'm sure," I said.

Mom brushed my hands away.

"We can't do that here. You father could come up any time."

"It sounds like he's busy," I countered, slipping my hands under her dress again.

"Yes. It's too bad we can't get in the hideaway now."

I knew Mom was imagining what was on the screen. I slipped my hand under her skirt, reached around front, and fit my palm over her mound, then nuzzled her neck.

"I wonder what they're doing?"

Mom sucked her breath in sharply as Grandma moaned on the screen downstairs and I pressed my long finger into the groove on the front of her panties.

"We could go upstairs," I suggested.

"No, it's too dangerous," Mom whispered.

"He'll be busy for a while."

"Shhhhhh." Mom reached back and rubbed the front of my pants. "Let me listen," she said.

I unsnapped my jeans and pulled, forcing the zipper apart. Mom's hand slipped inside to rub the outside of my underwear. I slipped my hand inside her panties and massaged her pussy. When I pushed my finger inside her, Mom dragged my cock out and started jacking it. She kneeled down closer to the vent, pulling my cock and me down with her but more to the side to make it easier for her to jack me.

Mom was intent on listening and not paying much attention to jacking me nicely so I put a hand on the back of her head and gently urged her closer and closer to my cock. She didn't realize what I was doing until she was very close but then opened her mouth so I pushed my cock into it. Immediately, I started pumping her face.

"I bet Grandma's letting Dad do this," I huffed, hoping that made it more acceptable to Mom, or at least, convinced her to let me keep doing it. "Grandma liked sucking him."

That seemed to be true, given how much film was devoted to Dad pumping his cock in and out of her mouth. Mom didn't answer but her face twisted more toward me making it easier to get more of my cock inside her mouth instead of poking into her cheek. I grasped the top of her head with my right hand but kept the left on the back to encourage her not to pull away.

"Oh yeah, Mom. That's awesome."

I pumped her face but was careful not to push in too far because I didn't want her to stop. Of course, I inevitably poked in too far and Mom drew away, sputtering.

"Don't be so rough."

"Sorry."

I pressed Mom's head back onto my cock and started pumping, gently at first but eventually going in too far again.

Sputter, sputter.

"Be careful."

"Sorry." Pump, pump. "Grandma could do it." Pump, pump, pump.

Mom sputtered and backed her head off. I waited while she gulped in some air and before she could complain, pushed my cock back in her mouth. Pump, pump, pump.

Sputter, cough, cough.

"Grandma was real good at it."

Back in, oh yeah, fucking her mouth, fucking her face, sliding in, so slick. Oh shit, I pulled out too far and my cock skidded over her cheek. Eagerly, I pulled back and jabbed, missed, pulled back and pushed. Oh yeah, warm, wet, and slick, so slick. Pump, pump, pump.

I pulled out before Mom started to sputter. I was learning. Three gasps for air and I was back

inside, fucking her beautiful mouth, holding her head, fucking it, fucking it.

Suddenly, I hunched over Mom's head and pulled it in tight, forcing my cock way in. Mom tried to pull back, then stopped as my cum blasted into her throat. I could feel her neck pulsing, expanding to take my flow. My stomach convulsed. I tried to pull out because I didn't want to hurt Mom but she wasn't trying to pull away anymore. I relaxed and let my balls unload. Most of it was gone now and I pulled part way out. Mom's hand grasped my shaft and she sucked on the end of my cock, her tongue swirling around the helmet, licking the underside. She pulled all the way off, looked at my cock, and kissed it.

"As good as Grandma was?"

"Better," I gasped.

I pushed forward and Mom let my cock slip inside. She sucked it for a few seconds, then drew away.

"You made me miss it," she complained.

"There'll be more. He'll be down there for another hour at least," I said, looking at my watch.

"You think so?"

"Yeah, but I have something better to listen to."

I got up and tugged on Mom's hand.

"I'm not into watching porn," she said.

"This is different," I said.

She got up, laughed, and said, "I'm not going anywhere with you with that thing waving around. Put it away."

I zipped up my jeans, grasped Mom's hand again, and said, "Come on."

"You're sure he won't..."

"He won't, and you won't want to miss this."

Mom let me lead her upstairs. At the door to her room, I asked her if we could use her TV.

"It's not on the Internet?" she asked.

"No. Turn on your TV and I'll be right there."

Mom went into her room and I pulled her door almost closed, then went into my father's room. Quickly, I pulled the drawer out of his bedside table, removed the bottom plate and reached inside to unlatch the secret cupboard door. The front popped open, revealing eight VHS tapes. They were stacked two deep and one was missing from the front row. I pulled one out, got the one behind it, and carefully replaced the one in front, in line with the others in the front row. I closed the cupboard and latched it from the inside, replaced the bottom plate and inserted the drawer.

The TV was on and Mom was reclining on her bed. I closed her bedroom door.

“So what is it you want me to see so badly?”

“You’ll see.”

I inserted the tape into the tape player and joined Mom on the bed, snuggling in behind her. Mom hit play.

She gasped when Grandma walked into her bedroom, the same room in which we were watching her now. Grandma went to the bed, passing by another camera whose reel was slowly turning. She bent over the bed until her head and shoulders were on the mattress and waited.

“She’s so much older here.”

I hadn’t realized it but now that Mom mentioned it I realized that Grandma was about ten years or so older than she was on the tape we had seen. A quick mental calculation explained the reason for Mom’s shock: she and Dad must have been married when this video was taken.

Dad strode into the room, quickly lifted Grandma’s floor-length skirt and flipped it onto her back. He dropped his pants and, holding his cock, drove it into her from behind. Without wasting an instant, he started banging Grandma hard, skidding her face along the comforter and then pulling her back by the hips.

The room was filled with grunts and moans. The pace, which had started at the upper end of vigorous, climbed to a furious pace. When it seemed impossible to become more frenetic, Dad shoved Grandma forward and she climbed onto the bed. Quickly, my father clambered up behind her and forced her flat on the mattress, straddled her thighs and re-inserted his cock. The slam-fuck continued until he came which was the only time he slowed down, lunging forward in great rocking movements that urged Grandma toward the other side of the bed. When he was finished, her upper body had flopped completely over the side.

There was still no sound so we couldn’t hear what they were saying but Grandma was clearly not angry. Dad pulled her back onto the bed and she laid back, cuddling his head on her chest. After a while, he started undoing her fancy blouse.

“I remember that blouse,” Mom whispered.

It wasn’t until she spoke that I realized that I hadn’t even touched her. Like her, my attention had been riveted on the screen but now I started undoing her blouse. Quickly, I caught up to Dad on the screen and peeled Mom’s blouse apart at the same time that he opened Grandma’s. They were both wearing a simple chemise underneath which was odd for Mom but normal for Grandma’s times. I leaned down, in concert with Dad, and latched my mouth onto Mom’s nipple through the thin material of the chemise. When Dad’s hand slipped under Grandma’s skirt, mine explored the inside of Mom’s.

Mom clearly liked watching her husband touching his mother the same way she was getting fondled by her own son but most of all I think she loved seeing Grandma get fucked. I sensed Mom was horny and getting hornier every second Grandma was on the screen.

I pushed three fingers inside her and she didn’t try to push my hand away or say anything about Dad being just downstairs, she just opened her legs to provide better access. She was so wet in less than a minute most of my hand was inside her cunt and twisting back and forth. I didn’t realize it at first, because I was concentrating on what I was doing, but when I looked at the screen Dad was doing the same thing to Grandma.

He turned and smiled at the camera which jolted me so much my hand stop moving. Mom

moaned, lifted her ass and pushed back, scrunching down and completely enveloping my hand. I didn't react because I hadn't yet digested the fact that Dad was smiling at the camera and not me. Mom scrunched on my hand again and moaned louder.

I had read about this whole hand thing ... fisting I think it was called. Yeah, fisting. Mom rolled her cunt on my hand and moaned again.

"Put your face in the pillow."

"What?"

"Put your face in the pillow. You're getting too loud."

Mom turned her face into the pillow and I got up on to my elbow so I could get better control of my arm and hand and also a better view of Dad fisting Grandma. The next time Dad smiled at the camera I smiled back.

Mom's muffled voice drew me back to reality.

"Is he still doing it to her?"

"Doing what?"

"Using his whole hand. Ohhhhh, God."

I twisted and pushed, spread my fingers and pulled back, closed and scrunched them together, then pushed in with a twist.

"Ohhhh, Jesus, don't stop. Please, don't stop."

Mom twisted her head so she could see the screen. Grandma was up on her hands, arms straight with legs parted and stretched back. Mom copied her position and I fucked her cunt with my hand, not hard but intensely, until the strength left her arms and she collapsed on the bed, moaning like she was gut shot, her whole body trembling violently. The muscles in her thighs tensed to the breaking point and her pelvis jerked wildly making it hard to keep my hand in place. Suddenly a torrent of fluid doused my wrist and arm as Mom's orgasm let loose and probably the contents of her bladder. Her legs drew up and my hand squirted out. Mom quivered all over, whispering, "Oh God, oh God, oh God..."

I thought she probably didn't want to talk or be near anyone so I left. Fortunately, Dad was still downstairs.

Chapter 5

Posted: 12/6/2020, 6:59:48 PM

It was almost my last night in the hospital and Susan didn't come until after midnight. She always made sure the other patients were quiet before coming to see me. She liked my stories and the hand under her skirt.

"I guess this is the last story," she said when she came. You're leaving in a few days and this is my last shift for the week.

"It doesn't have to be."

Susan sat on the side of the bed. "You're getting better, and you have keep it that way."

"Oh, I fully intend on doing that, with your help."

"My help?"

"Yes, I've come up with a solution for your problem, and one that will help me too."

"My problem?"

"Yes. The one with your son. I've been thinking about it a lot and I have a plan that I'm sure will keep him away from the gangs."

Susan raised her eyebrows, indicating her interest level had stepped up several notches.

"I don't think I'll keep getting better without proper care," I began.

"I gave you the name of some good homecare nurses," she interrupted.

"But I'm used to the best," I smiled.

"Warren..."

"Just hear me out. I need live-in professional care and I can afford it." I held up my hand as Susan started to object. "I can offer you a large room of your own, and one for your son too." I dropped my hand. I could see the last part intrigued her but was it enough to overcome her objection to the first?

"A room for my son?"

"Yes. It will only be for six months but that will be long enough to get him away from the gangs and you'll save money on rent, enough to get into a better place when I'm better."

"But..."

"You can store your stuff at my place. I have a large rumpus room, remember, and it's empty now." I smiled.

"Nate will never leave his friends. It will only push him onto them faster."

"He'll come."

"How can you be so sure? Why would he?"

"Because you'll invite him."

"I'll invite him? I don't see how that would work. He'd rather be on his own than with a nagging mother."

Realization dawned on Susan's face and I smiled.

"Oh, no. I'm not ... I can't do that. I'm not judging what happened between you and your mother. I know the two of you had a wonderful relationship but I could never do that."

"I'm not asking you to."

"Then what are you saying?"

"I'm saying, entice him a little. That's all."

"He wouldn't be interested. He's not like you and I'm not your mother."

"You're even more beautiful than my mother, and you'd be surprised what your son might be interested in."

"I'm not, he wouldn't..."

"You're a beautiful woman, Susan, though you do try to hide it, but I'm sure your son can see it if he's given a glimpse."

"He wouldn't be tricked by something so obvious."

"So don't be obvious. Make it fun. The secret to laying a trap is to use bait that's so compelling the prey is blind to the cage surrounding it."

"And you think showing a little leg will make him forget about the friends he's leaving behind?"

"Well, it might take a little more than a leg."

"He'll think I'm a horrible mother."

I laughed. "I meant, tell him there's a car he can use once a week to visit them, an old '67 Corvette."

Susan laughed too. "Oh, I just ... because, you know, your stories..."

"Just let him know what a sexy mother he has. If there's one thing a man likes to be around, it's a sexy woman. He'll follow."

"He'll hate me when nothing happens."

"But you won't be offering him anything, just letting him see and imagine. It's not your fault if his imagination runs wild. He'll blame himself, not you, and by then he'll be away from the gang. I live in a nice neighbourhood. If you stretch it out for a month or two after you move it should be enough to break the link."

Susan looked uncertain.

"You're his mother and whether he acts like it or not, he loves you. It will work."

"Do you really think so?"

I knew I had her then.

"Absolutely. What's the alternative? If you stay there, you know they'll get him eventually. Hell, he's already half way there. What have you got to lose? He's worth it, isn't he?"

"Yes," Susan hissed.

"You can have my mother's old room. It's huge, and Nate can use my old room."

"But where will you stay? I can't move you out of your bedroom."

"I'll stay right where I am, in my father's old room."

"Oh yes, your parents had separate rooms."

"That's right."

Susan was frowning, thinking.

"Well," I started quietly.

"Tell me another story."

She leaned forward and shifted closer to me. My hand slid way between her thighs. Later, in the middle of the story, I learned that this gorgeous, sympathetic woman had a gift for me on what she thought would be our last night together. She wasn't wearing any panties.

That night I couldn't sleep and got up in the middle of the night to take a leak. It was dark in the hallway but I managed to fumble my way to the bathroom. When I finished I noticed a faint luminance emanating from Mom's room so I peeked inside her partly open door. She was sitting up in bed reading one of the incest magazines. I slipped inside the room and waited for her to notice me but after thirty seconds of being ignored I carefully closed the door and walked to her bed. I stood for a moment without acknowledgement before stretching out beside her on the bed as quietly as I could.

Mom continued reading while I thought about the escalation of our activity from accidental fondling through intentional but tentative teasing to outright sexual gratification. The latter, I concluded, had partly come about due to the proximity of my father. I had gambled that I could get away with feeling Mom up when my Dad was near because she wouldn't do anything to draw his attention but I now believed she got off on being fondled, and even fucked, right under his nose. Dad was sleeping across the hall right now. If I was right, all I had to do was wait for Mom to get horny and, judging by the nipples poking into her nightgown, it wouldn't be long.

Mom turned the page and continued to ignore me. For my part, I was content to lay still. After five minutes of doing nothing, I turned my head slightly to make it easier to look at the rise and fall of her breasts. The blankets had been turned down and Mom was covered only by a sheet which I was lying on. I let several more minutes pass before getting up and gently peeling the sheet back to join the other covers. I returned to my former position and continued observing the rise and fall of her chest.

Mom's nightgown was a long affair that covered her legs to mid-calf but the shape of her legs was accentuated rather than hidden by the clinging, silky material. The shape of her body excited me, together with the fact that I was admiring it while my father snored in the next room. My cock swelled inside my pyjamas until it pushed up a pyramid tent in front. I didn't catch Mom looking but felt confident she was aware of the affect she was having on me. I wondered if she was reading about a mother exciting her son at that very moment. The thought stiffened me more and my cock suddenly popped through the opening in the front of my pyjamas and I did nothing to hide its sudden appearance.

Mom continued to read, calmly flipping pages as if nothing was amiss, and I went along, ignoring my hardon and ogling her body but not touching it. I waited. And waited. Mom read and read and my cock grew and grew. It was tingling with sensations so strong that if a mosquito had landed on the tip I would have spray painted the ceiling. Still, I refused to touch my mother.

Her eyes flicked from side to side, down the first column of text and up to the top of the next to scan back and forth again and again, until she reached the end where it read, "... to be continued."

She closed the magazine, held it on her lap for a moment, then tossed it onto the bed. Her eyes closed. I admired her flushed face, still pretty even at her age, and let my eyes wander over her breasts where the nipples were now very prominent, and down to the trembling triangle below. I knew her pussy would be warm and swollen and wondered if it tingled as intensely as my cock. If she didn't want it she would have sent me away but instead she waited. She looked so sexy I wanted to roll over and take her but I waited too. I wanted her to ask for it.

Mom's hand lifted from her tummy and flopped onto my mine. Haltingly, it slid down until her fingertips collided with my shaft about halfway up. My cock lurched and I held my breath, trying to force the urge to come to subside. Mom smiled and her fingers closed lightly around my shaft. They didn't move for a few long seconds but then slithered up to the top, squeezing just enough to pull the skin over the head, and retreated as slowly as they had risen, pulling all the way down until the edge of her hand pressed upon my groin. The next cycle was just as exquisite, fingers so feathery and light, followed by a third that was even better though it was executed with a tight fist. I groaned and Mom's smile broadened.

I didn't touch her breasts, didn't squeeze her lovely tits or pinch those perky, inviting nipples. Instead, I parted her lips with the tip of my index finger and rubbed her lips as slowly as she jacked my cock. We played like this for several minutes, in no hurry. We were enjoying ourselves.

At one point I reached down and pulled Mom's nightgown up to expose her pussy but didn't touch it. I didn't ruffle a single hair even though she parted her legs to welcome a visit. It looked so delicate it was hard to believe that it had taken my whole hand inside and had suffered the assault of my hammering cock.

I returned my fingers to Mom's lips and soon pushed two inside. Her head turned away from me, perhaps feigning disinterest, and I pulled it back to plunge my fingers slowly in and out as if they were a cock fucking her cunt. Mom's arm slipped down between her legs and the back of her hand arched so she could put her own fingers deep into her pussy. She turned her head sideways again and opened her eyes.

I fingered Mom's mouth while she fingered herself, never missing a beat jacking my cock. I watched her face carefully for signs that she was nearing an orgasm and while doing so remembered the way Grandma had lain on this same bed, looking the same way. Was Mom mimicking her mother-in-law? I had noticed before how Grandma had always faced toward her son's room, which was now mine, exactly like Mom was doing now. The thought of it turned me on.

I leaned forward and whispered, "If I could see through walls I'd watch you every night."

My words had an amazing effect. Mom immediately convulsed on her hand and began bucking her hips furiously. Whatever image my words had conjured in her mind sent her into an immediate orgasm. I waited patiently until she was finished. Her soft hand slid off my cock. It wasn't a lack of generosity for she knew I wanted more than her hand.

I swung up and over to straddle Mom's midsection, then shimmied up until my cock was dangling over her face. Her eyes were closed. I parted her swollen lips with my finger but didn't slide my cock in; I just wanted to see if she would submit to me if I did. I lowered my hips until my cock scraped off her nose and onto one cheek. I rubbed it back up and tapped her forehead, then scraped down the other cheek. Mom turned her head sideways, toward my room, and opened her eyes. When I twisted it back, her eyes closed. I depressed her lower lip and fed my cock into her mouth.

Oh, fucking sweet heaven! I took my time, shoving my cock in and out, wiping it, slick with Mom's saliva, over her chin before pushing it back in. I played for a long time, sometimes lifting Mom's head from the pillow to get a better angle for pushing in deep. I did that more frequently as time went on and finally positioned myself higher so I could constantly shove my cock in deep, holding it for a second or two before pulling back.

Mom took it all like a champ. She didn't even put her hands on my arms to urge me back. She just took it. It wasn't until I was getting carried away that her hands reached around my thighs and tickled my balls from behind. I lost it then, spewing down her throat and, by accident, getting some on her face. It was impossible to avoid that even though she was swallowing. I had built up too much sperm to be funnelled in without spillage. As soon as I pulled out, Mom turned her head sideways and opened her eyes, staring with a sultry gaze into the closet separating our two rooms. I apologized for the spillage.

"It's alright," she said. "Just get me a warm facecloth."

I ran water over a white facecloth until it was warm, wrung out most of the water, and returned to clean Mom's face. She was still gazing into the closet and didn't look away while I dabbed at her cheeks and lips. When I started to leave, she called me back.

"Wait," she cried.

When I turned around, she said, "Where's my kiss goodnight?"

This was so out of character for Mom it took me by surprise. I went back, leaned down, and kissed her gently on the lips but she grabbed me and held me for a longer one and then another before letting me go.

Three nights later I was back in Mom's room. We went through the same routine with her reading and ignoring me while I ogled her body and let my erection grow until it popped through my pyjamas. This time, however, Mom touched it earlier than before, but lighter, just enough to tease.

I expected her to start jacking it off but she didn't, she kept reading while drumming her fingers on the underside of my shaft and occasionally stretching her finger up to caress the tip while sliding the pad of her thumb around the rim of the helmet. She didn't even jack me off after finishing the last page. My cock was lurching in her hand, fully expecting her hand to become more purposeful, but she just tossed the magazine on the bed and looked at the closet.

I had long since pulled her nightgown up to look at her bare pussy but hadn't touched it despite how enticing it looked with its newly neatly trimmed presentation. I wanted for her to 'ask' but I refused to do the same, either for a stronger grip or her mouth, though I craved it badly.

I was about to cave when Mom suddenly twisted around and straddled me, hovering her delicate treasure above my cock, then leaned forward to press it toward my belly. Her slick slit rubbed along the underside of my cock and her breasts swayed over my face, barely contained by the low-cut nightdress.

"Do you want to kiss them?" she cooed.

I shook my head and turned my face away. She pulled it back and rubbed her tits across my nose.

"Are you sure?"

I nodded.

"It was very naughty the way you looked at me today. Your father's not the sharpest tool in the shed but he's not blind."

She laughed and looked at the closet.

"He's across the hall now right now," I said, lifting my hips to rub my cock along her slit. "Bad Mommy," I added for effect, having seen that line in one of the stories.

Mom's laugh was low and guttural. She pushed down, increasing the pressure of her slit on my shaft.

"If you don't want your 'Mommy' to be bad, you shouldn't put things in her mouth, especially when your father is home."

In answer, I reached up and put two fingers in Mom's mouth. She twisted her face away, toward my room of course, but didn't try to dislodge them.

"You want to fuck me, don't you?" Mom asked, grinding her pussy on my shaft.

"No," I groaned, belying my answer.

Mom laughed. "Admit it and I might let you."

"No."

Mom slid way up and almost let my tip slide into her wet hole.

"Maybe," I gasped.

"Maybe?"

"I want to," I succumbed.

"Want to what?" Mom teased, twisting her face sideways while biting my fingers so they wouldn't fall out.

"Want to ... fuck you," I gasped, dipping my hips and lunging upward in an attempt to pierce through her lower lips.

"Oh ... you naughty, naughty boy," Mom chided, twisting and easily rolling my pole aside, then rubbing along its length. "But, I suppose if your grandmother let your father do it..."

"He did, I'm sure he did," I groaned, pushing up.

"But not when your grandfather was home," she countered, rubbing her slit very slowly up my shaft.

"I bet they did," I cried, desperately holding my hips off the bed, supporting both our weights, just to keep contact with Mom's spongy wet pussy.

"When he was only in the next room?"

"I don't know, I don't know. Please..."

"Well, maybe they did. Do you think they did, really?"

"Probably. I don't know."

"Think of it, to have the balls to fuck your mother when your father is in the next room." Mom stopped moving her hips and her lips squished over my cock. She frowned. "It must have been her idea."

I stretched my head up and sucked on one of Mom's nipples through the nightgown.

"You want to do that to me, don't you Warren? You want to fuck me while your father's right next door"

"I want to make love to you," I whispered, cranking my hips to make my cock slide through her slit.

"Well, your father is in the next room but he's asleep so maybe that doesn't count."

"It will. Let's do it," I cried, desperately moving my cock faster.

"No, it doesn't ... but we could practice. Would you like to practice?"

"Yeah, yeah, practice." I tried again to pierce Mom's slit but skidded off when she twisted her hips.

"Okay, but you have to stay still because we can't make any noise. If you move, I'll stop. Understand?"

"Yes."

I relaxed back on the bed so Mom would know I understood. She positioned her entrance above my helmet. It was all I could do not to shove myself inside.

"And Warren?"

"Yes?"

"I don't want you to make love to me. I want you to fuck me."

With that, Mom lowered herself onto my cock, enveloping the head and sliding down the shaft, clasping with her rubbery lips all the way down until she squished onto my balls. I arched my back to close the gap sooner, my head tipping back and mouth opening, groaning.

"Not a sound, and don't move," Mom reminded me.

At first it wasn't a problem but the more Mom moved on top of me the harder it was not to respond. Later, I found it difficult to stay quiet until she pushed a few fingers into my mouth. She whispered intimacies to me, designed to wind me up higher, and it worked. Eventually I became too excited to control myself and started moaning again. Mom abruptly pulled off my cock and I was left gasping into her hand which was now clamped firmly over my mouth. Her eyes burned into mine.

I nodded and her pussy immediately found my cock, sliding on easily until I was fully plugged in. I stared into Mom's eyes, shivering with the effort of choking back the ecstasy inflicted by her grasping pussy while her eyes glowed in triumph. I didn't think I could contain the sheer joy of straining against her body from head to toe, cock buried deep within her, but I managed to remain silent. I wasn't worried about Dad hearing us, not when he was dead to the world in the other room, but I was afraid of being left out in the cold again.

The sex was muffled but intense. I didn't think I would have lasted more than thirty seconds let alone a minute but every time my face tipped an impending orgasm Mom glared and her jaw tightened. It was the grip of her cunt, however, that prevented me from spilling my seed and then, to complete the paradox, that same muscle started massaging my cock, milking it, taunting it toward its inevitable release.

When I finally came, I didn't shoot my load, it burst out of me. As the spunk rocketed out my shaft I pictured myself behind Mom, bending her over and driving her around the kitchen, stabbing her with huge lunges while Dad giggled at something Red Skelton was saying in the other room. Oh yes, I wanted to fuck her while Dad was awake in the next room. I could hardly wait to see her reaction when I tried.

It's funny but I didn't remember until later that I had already fucked Mom in the hideaway, so Dad was not only nearby but actually in the same room. Mom didn't mention it and I wasn't about to bring it up. Did she really want me to do it?

TO BE CONTINUED.

By WES. @WhitebreadRedd. mister rogers' freaky tales, alwayswantedtobangmom

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