

# MANAGING FARM AND MOM by Willie Jackson

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Originally published in the Essayist Online Magazine, this is an authenticated Willie Jackson illicit literary masterpiece. ENJOY!

## MANAGING FARM AND MOM

### Chapter 1

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The prairies suck. At least, that's what I thought when I was coming of age at the end of the depression. My elder half-brother Hank left me behind on the farm when he ran off to fight the fascists in Spain. That caused considerable worry for our parents and hardship since his share of the work, more than a quarter, had to be shouldered by Pa and me. Hank's departure took Pa near the breaking point, the extra work and strain of making ends meet adding to the stress of worrying whether or not he'd ever see his oldest son alive again.

At first, if you listened to Pa, it served Hank right if he got himself killed but that was just talk. Many times out in the field, when he thought he was alone, I saw Pa pull out his handkerchief to wipe his eyes. At supper on those days his words for Hank were especially harsh and he would turn to me to lay down the law.

"Don't you go gittin any dumb idees like yor dumass brother. Now you gots twice the work to do 'cause he done left us for politics, and me with my sore back and all."

Ma would be particularly comforting the next day, putting a little something extra in Pa's lunch and stuff like that, and she'd tell me Pa didn't mean what he said and how much she and Pa really missed Hank.

I missed Hank too but I wasn't worried about him. Pa was way off the mark. Hank didn't give spit about politics, he was off having all the fun he'd always dreamed of. Hank wasn't a plodder like me. He was way too impatient for farming. If it hadn't been for Franco, Hank would have drifted off somewhere else anyway.

Ma was worried about Hank too, maybe even more than Pa, but she didn't talk about it. Ma rarely talked at all 'lessen she had something to say. She wasn't even as old as me when Pa married her after his Hank's real ma died of TB when Hank was only four. The thrill of getting away from home and not having to look after her little brothers and sisters quickly wore off for Ma 'cause she got pregnant right away. She would have had a few more to look after too if something hadn't happened so she couldn't have another baby after me. Yep, Ma didn't have much of a childhood but that wasn't rare in those days.

Pa and I had settled in to the extra work by the time we heard the news. Ma had made a pie, in the middle of the week, so I knew something was up. After we washed up and sat down, I saw the letter sitting on Pa's plate. It hadn't been opened yet and we all sat there staring at it. It was covered in post marks because it had been sent from Spain but had been re-addressed from England to here.

Pa finally picked and opened the letter, with some difficulty because his knarled fingers shook so much, while Ma wept quietly. Pa's hands became rock steady for a moment, then his fingers

started trembling again and the letter dropped from his hands. He got up and walked away from the table to stand in front of the sink, staring out the window somewhere beyond the barn. Ma sobbed.

I picked up the letter and read it out loud so Ma could hear. It was from a friend of Hank's, a fellow adventurer. He was sorry he hadn't written sooner but he had been wounded and only recently got out of the hospital. He went on to say how bravely Hank had died at the hands of the fascists, the detail in which he described their exploits showing what close comrades they had been. He talked about how often Hank spoke about us and how much he had wanted to go back home. I knew that last part was written for my parents' benefit. Hank would never have come back to the farm except maybe to visit, and then he wouldn't have stayed long, but it was nice for his friend to say he wanted to. He must have been a decent fellow.

Pa came back to the table after I finished reading the letter and started dishing out his supper. Ma and I followed suit. It was a quiet dinner. Pa didn't even compliment Ma or thank her for the pie. We all went to bed early.

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After that, Pa steadily lost steam. I had to work harder to make up for him slowing down but the worst part was that Pa didn't seem to care about farming anymore. He gave up on things easily and his thinking suffered. I began making decisions about the farm when he put things off too long. That's when I found out that I really was a farmer, not an adventurer like Hank. I enjoyed it when I got to say how things should get done.

Ma was quite worried when Pa couldn't brush off the depression that had fallen over him. Pies and special cookies couldn't break him out of it, nor could I work hard enough to dispel his conviction that the farm was done for. He was convinced I was going to follow in Hank's footsteps no matter how much I told him I wouldn't.

Then we got the news about the new war in Europe. Hitler had invaded Poland and Britain and France had declared war on Germany. So had Canada, and we didn't live far from the border. Pa was sure Hank had gone to Canada on his way to join the fight against the fascists. Now there were more fascists to fight and this time there was a lot more excitement because Germany was involved. Pa was more animated that day, mumbling 'I knew it' to himself all day long which interfered with how much we got done. Nevertheless, Pa just refused to leave the field until it was too dark to see.

It was late when we got back to the house for supper which was kind of dried out. I was shit tired. After washing up, I ate and went outside to check on the animals. On the way back to the house, I heard Pa ranting about Hank leaving.

"I told you, didn't I?"

I couldn't hear Ma's response, if there was one. Pa railed on, "He would have stayed if'n you tried."

Ma said something but I couldn't make out what it was.

"We got no choice. If Donny goes, where we gonna be? I ain't no spring chicken no more and my back's gittin' worse. We gots to keep him here, no matter what."

Almost to the door, I slowed my pace and started to whistle. When I opened the screen door, Ma and Pa weren't talking anymore. It was another quiet dinner.

"I think I'm going to hit the sack right away. I'm dog tired," I said.

"Don't you want some puddin'?" Ma asked.

"No thanks, Ma. I'm real tired."

"That was a good day's work today, son," Pa said. "Tomorrow, we shouldn't have to work so hard."

"That's ok, Pa. I don't mind," hoping to reassure him that I wasn't going to leave. I walked up the stairs but paused at the top to listen to see if he believed me this time.

"He wants to go," Pa said. "I can see it in his eyes."

"He's young, Harv, but he's not a dreamer like Hank. He'll stay and help."

"We don't know for sure. Maybe Hank woulda stayed if'n..."

"We don't know that and I don't want to hear about it no more," Ma angrily cut him off.

"Well, the way he was..."

"Lord a'mighty, watch your tongue, Harvey Thompson."

"I'm jest sayin, if'n you had..."

"That's enough."

"Well, I guess it ain't like he was your own flesh and blood. Where I grewed up..."

"I said, that's enough! We're done talking about that."

I was stunned. I had never heard Ma so agitated, especially when talking to Pa. He was always the boss in the house and sometimes got grumpy but he usually treated Ma pretty good, and she knew how to get him out of his grumpy moods pretty quick anyway. This was a switch in roles and, clearly, Pa wasn't as good at lightening things up.

What was going on? It sounded like Pa was blaming Ma for Hank leaving but she had nothing to do with it, it was all Hank's doing. Couldn't he see that? Sure, Hank wasn't her flesh and blood but she always treated him like he was even though she wasn't near old enough to be Hank's real ma. Hell, I was barely old enough, Ma being so young and all when she married Pa. Hank was just a dreamer, a born adventurer. I went up to bed, still troubled about what I'd heard.

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I didn't sleep well that night and morning came early. Ma was moody at breakfast which was odd for her. She was usually at her brightest at the start of the day. On the other hand, Pa was quite chipper. Even in the good old days, he was typically downbeat in the morning and didn't cheer up until we got more work done than he had thought we would. Things were changing and I wasn't sure I liked it.

We got all the way out to the back quarter before we found out we didn't have enough barbed wire to fix the fences. I had been sure there was an extra roll in the pickup, our trusty Cornbinder, but seeing was believing. Pa insisted on staying to work on the fence alone with the half roll we had while I went back to get another one despite the fact that I could fix half again as much fence as he could in the same time.

"I can handle this," he said, "and I like doin it. You go back, and have an early lunch at the house."

So I drove back to the house but parked on the far side of the barn to load the wire and a couple of other tools I noticed we were missing. It was too early for lunch and I hadn't worked up an appetite but I headed for the house anyway. As I neared the house, I could hear Ma singing. Figuring on surprising her, I snuck up to side of the house and peered through the side window instead of the one by the sink. What I saw shocked me.

Ma was standing in the tub we used for bathing, soaping her hair. My God. Her arms were lifted up to massage her scalp, causing her bare breasts to jiggle about on her chest. Big nipples stuck out from her tits which, though not big like I'd seen in some dirty pictures, were way bigger than I would have thought. Ma always wore long, drab dresses over top of thick white underdresses and socks. The only skin that ever showed was on her head, neck, and hands and here she was buck naked.

I remembered to breathe.

Her wet skin glistened and seemed littered shiny spots yet flickered with shadows. She stooped down to fill a small pitcher with water, tipped her head back, and doused her hair. The water spilled over her head and shoulders and dripped back into the tub but lots spilled over her face and ran down her chest and breasts, cascading off her nipples. Oh my God. My hand found my cock, which I had learned to enjoy over the last few years, and massaged its hardness as I watched Ma spill several more containers onto her beautiful hair and gorgeous body. I had never seen anything so magnificent.

Ma squeezed the water out of her hair, working her way from the scalp down to the tips. I prepared to duck, not knowing which direction she might step out of the tub but was pleased to see her stoop down, tits dangling, while her hand searched for something in the tub. She came up with a bar of soap, started sliding it up and down her left arm, and began singing again.

After her left arm was done, Ma lifted it high to do her armpit. That was the best part because her tit stretched up and thrust its nipple way out. After doing the same for the other arm, Ma switched the soap back to her right hand and soaped her neck, shoulders and tummy. I was in awe watching her lather up and didn't even notice she had skipped her breasts until her hand began soaping her tits in a delicate, caressing manner.

To my enormous pleasure, Ma spent a lot more time soaping her tits. As she worked, her nipples grew even longer than their already noticeable length and her singing dropped to a murmur. I itched to touch them and wondered what they felt like—incredible, I imagined. Ma twisted her upper body to apply soap to the right half of her behind, an action that thrust the other side closer to me. I had never thought about a woman's bum before but that instant changed me forever. I couldn't believe the sudden strong urge that swelled up inside me to run into the kitchen and press my cock between those mysterious orbs.

Ma transferred the soap and lathered up the left side of her butt. Thankfully, she was looking down or she might have seen my head in the window. I pulled to the side a bit but not so much I couldn't keep watching. Ma twisted back to face frontwards and began soaping her legs, starting at her thighs and working down each leg in turn. Bent over, her bum looked even more fantastic. When she was done, she sat down in the tub. The singing, which had dwindled off considerably, started up again.

I watched for a while longer but Ma didn't stand up again so I carefully backed away from the house and about twenty feet away turned and walked briskly to the other side of the barn. I rolled the Cornbinder about fifty feet down the hill before starting it and drove back to meet Pa.

"What did your Ma make you for lunch," he asked as soon as I got out of the truck. "Did she give you a little something extra for me?"

I shook my head. "I didn't stop for lunch, Pa. Plumb forgot all about it," I said.

Pa was dumbfounded. "Forgot about it? Well, I done ate half of yours," he cried.

"That's ok, Pa. I ain't that hungry. I haven't done any work yet today anyway."

Pa tossed me the sandwich that was left. "Forgot to eat," he shook his head. "What on earth can make a growin' boy ferget to eat." He sauntered away and started pulling on a strand of wire with the wire-puller. "So what took you so long, then?"

"Nothing. I had some trouble with the truck is all," I replied.

"That damned Cornbinder. I shoulda got a Ford."

I missed the staple three times that afternoon, smashing up the thumb and finger on my left hand pretty good. I was having a hard time with the way I had spied on Ma, and then again, I couldn't stop running the little movie of her that was burned into my brainpan.

"Where's yor mind at, boy?" Pa asked each time.

All I could do was shrug and smile inside.

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That night back at the house, Pa and I were sitting at the table and Ma was still putting food from the pots into bowls.

"The boy plumb forgot to come in for lunch, can you believe that?"

"What?" Ma looked at Pa, glanced at me, then eyed Pa intently. "What did you say?"

Pa drained his glass and wiped the milk from his lips.

"I said, I sent the boy back to get some wire and he plumb forgot to come in for lunch. Never would have believed it," Pa shook his head and refilled his glass.

Ma turned back to filling the bowls. "This afternoon?" she asked.

"Nope, this morning. We gots all the way out there without 'nuff wire so's I sent him back to git some more right away."

Ma paused, then started dipping the spoon more vigorously into the pot.

"What on earth did you do that for? What a waste of gas. Why didn't you have enough wire? There's always some in the truck."

That was quite a mouthful for Ma but she seemed quite agitated and I knew why. I felt blood rushing to my face and kept my eyes on the table.

"Usually is. I guess we just forgot, is all," Pa answered. "Anyhoo, the boy had trouble with the truck, so he hurried back," Pa said.

"Trouble with the truck?" Ma looked concerned but I knew she was worried about more than the truck.

"Uh, yeah," I piped up. "The battery went dead so I got the spare from the barn and took it back right away?"

Ma jabbed the spoon into the pot.

"So, you didn't even come up to the house?" she asked, then added, "to say hi to your Ma?"

"No," I replied. "Sorry Ma. I thought I should get back to Pa right away."

Ma looked relieved and I imagined the pot was too.

"That's ok. I guess I can wait until supper to see my son."

My face was getting redder so I tried to change the subject. I turned to Pa and said, "I think we should plow that field in the southwest corner tomorrow."

"So soon?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, I think it's ready."

"Well, I don't know," Pa mused, "but you seem to have a knack for farming, so, maybe so, maybe so."

Ma brought two bowls to the table and returned a few seconds later with two more. Pa said grace after that and we ate. Ma seemed edgy rather than quiet like she'd been the past few weeks but Pa was chipper. I was happy to let him ramble on about the vagaries of farming, then how he thought I just might be right about plowing that field, and what a natural born farmer he had raised.

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Two days later, Pa forgot the wire puller and sent me back to get it after lunch. I ran so Ma wouldn't be angry about us wasting gas. I was out of breath for more than running when I finally arrive at the barn and the house beyond it. Laundry fluttered in the light breeze but Ma wasn't anywhere in sight.

I entered the barn and walked through it to the big door nearest the house. The wire puller was leaning against the wall near the door and I wondered why Pa had taken it out of the truck. I picked it up and turned around to return to the truck. I stopped dead in my tracks.

That little movie started playing in my head again. I turned around and stepped toward the barn door, the one nearest the house. Again I stopped and shook my head. I turned back to the truck, took two steps and halted. The wire-cutter fell to the ground. My pants were already tenting as I peeked through the door to survey the yard. The coast was clear.

I hurried up to the house, bending over as I approached the side window and probably looking as suspicious as all get out. Holding my breath, I popped up and looked through the window. The kitchen was empty! No Ma and no tub. My chest deflated. Damn! I had nearly killed myself running all the way from the back quarter. Damn!

Singing. Ma burst through the back door into the kitchen, carrying a bouquet of flowers which she carried over to the sink. Christ almighty, I had almost been caught. Ma had been outside while I was peeking through the window at the side of the house. I started to pull away but stopped. Ma wasn't wearing a dress. She was only wearing the white undergarment she wore underneath except in summertime.

Wow, it hung from straps slung over Ma's shoulders and didn't quite reach her knees, showing bare legs from there down. My cock straightened and the tip slid through the gap in my undies to poke into the rough wool of my pants. As Ma snipped the stems off the flowers and dropped them into a vase on the counter beside the sink, her underdress shook. Something was wiggling under the white material covering her behind—her bum! My hand closed over my cock and squeezed it through the pants. Despite the rough material, it felt good, real good.

While I stared, I rubbed myself as Ma prepared each flower, more than a dozen of them. It was unbelievable how tantalizing the jiggling under that white underdress was. I couldn't take my eyes off it. Eventually, Ma finished the flowers and took the vase over to the table, set it in the middle, and started arranging them. She moved them this way and that, and paused each time to look at them, though they were all yellow daffodils. After a longish appraisal, she leaned way forward to move some of the back ones them around.

That's when I saw something else. When Ma leaned forward, her breasts dropped against the loose underdress, pushing the front out and making their presence well known. I had seen them in their naked glory only two days earlier but that simply made seeing them covered but loose all the more exciting. I opened my fly and fished my cock out. God forgive me, I muttered to myself as I pulled on my prick.

Ma abruptly turned around and, thankfully, walked directly to the sink without looking my way. Returning to the table, she sprinkled something around the base of the vase. I couldn't see what it was and I didn't care because she had to bend way over to do it, leaning down so far her face almost touched the table. That made Ma's ass press hard against the white underdress and, like her tits, her buns couldn't have had anything else covering them, not when the material presented them in such detail. I spewed my sperm against the side of the house.

After that, I trotted over to the barn and reached inside the door to pick up the wire puller, forgetting that I had walked with it and dropped it ten feet into the barn.

"Donny, is that you?" Ma called before I could get into the barn.

I turned around and looked guiltily back at Ma. Thank god the barn had been built so far from the house.

"Yeah, Ma," I yelled back. "I'm just getting the wire puller. Pa forgot it."

"Come here," she yelled.

I ran over to the house, trying not to look sheepish.

"What's up Ma. I should be getting back."

"Come in and have some lunch," she ordered.

Inside, Ma muttered to herself as she made me a ham sandwich with a loaf of bread fresh from the oven. I drank my first glass of milk while I watched her. She was still wearing the underdress and nothing else, something that had never happened before. Holy smokes, she looked good. Something I hadn't noticed looking through the window was that the front of the underdress was held together by cotton ties. The top two were undone and the next two were loosely tied. Ma didn't seem to know the state they were in so I tried hard not to look unless she was looking somewhere else in case she noticed and did them up.

While Ma said a long Grace, I had a real good peek inside and noticed something else. After she sat down, Ma's white underdress had slipped up above her knees. There was something else, too.

Even above the smell of the fresh-baked bread, there was another aroma in the kitchen. It was a new odor to me, something I recognized later as the scent of a woman, rather than a mother, and that made my pant swell up.

Darn! I hadn't done up my fly after emptying myself against the side of the house and now my pecker poked through my pants. I tried to hunch forward but the table was in the way. If Ma looked down, she would be able to see my lap just like I could see hers. I started eating more quickly so I could get out of there. I was finished before I realized that I couldn't get up to leave anyway. My boner had grown despite my attempts to make it go down, and Ma's partly undone underdress and bare knees didn't help. I was sitting there with my bare cock hanging out on my pants.

"Want another one?" Ma asked.

I didn't but nodded enthusiastically.

As soon as Ma got up and turned around, I stuffed my erection into my pants. It was so hard I had trouble getting it in but finally managed to do so, just before Ma came back to the table. I only had time for one glance at her wiggling behind before she turned around and, despite my conscience, let my eyes fall upon the breasts rustling under her clothes as she walked back to the table.

"Oh, my. I must look a sight," Ma said, pulling her underdress together with one hand as she lowered the plate in front of me. "All my dresses are on the line," she said, sheepishly. "I'll go get a housecoat."

I could have kicked myself but rallied in time to put a hand out to stop her. "Not on my account, Ma. I'll be finished and going in a minute."

"You don't mind, then?" Ma smiled.

"No, no," I shook my head, looking down and biting into the sandwich as if her partial state of undress meant nothing.

"Ok, as long as you don't mind."

I shook my head, indicating it was no big deal, and Ma took a bite of her own sandwich. I looked below her chin into the valley between her breasts. Though Ma had pulled the underdress closed, she hadn't snugged up the ties and it had simply opened again. Ma kept her eyes downcast as she chewed and the thought crossed my mind that she knew where I was looking and didn't want to embarrass me by looking up. I should have been considerate and looked away, but I didn't.

Ma took several more bites and so did I, all the time staring at the bare skin on the top of her breasts. The fact was, I couldn't make myself look away even if I'd wanted to and, when I finally did, my eyes dropped to her lap, fixing on the hem of the underdress which had ridden several inches above her knees. Sparks flickered all around my cock. I jerked my eyes away, only to land upon Ma's feet and the back of her well-muscled calves, tucked back beside her chair. Oh, my God, I was going to lose it.

"I better go," I cried, shoving my chair back and standing up. "Thanks for lunch, Ma."

I started away from the table just as Ma looked up at me. Her eyes changed focus, caught by the lump in front of my pants. I was already moving past her but I saw her head quiver in shock before she looked away. "Goodbye," she called, as I burst through the door and ran to the barn.

I forgot to get the wire puller and, a hundred yards down the road, I had to go back for it.



## Chapter 2

Posted: 5/6/2020, 7:00:56 AM

Ma was properly dressed when we came in for supper. I couldn't help examining her torso, wondering how she hid the breasts that had stood out so proudly when she bathed and that moved so enticingly beneath the underdress when she moved. Did she bind them up somehow? When she was peeling potatoes at the sink, Ma's hips wiggled but the intriguing shimmies I had witnessed at the back of the underdress at lunch didn't surface.

After supper, Ma put two huge pots of water on the top of the stove and two kettles full too. I knew she did this when one of us was going to have a bath but it wasn't my day for one and I knew Pa had had one the day before. I was puzzled because I knew Ma took her baths when she was alone during the day.

"Donny, can you drag the tub out for me," she asked.

"Sure, Ma."

Ma turned to Pa, "I'm going to have my baths in the evening from now on so if you two want anything from the kitchen get it now."

I dragged the tub into the middle of the kitchen, feeling guilty because I was sure Ma must have thought I'd seen her that morning. Ma repeated what she'd said to Pa so I grabbed a muffin and a glass of milk and went into the living room. She joined us and we listened to the radio for almost an hour. I dumped the big pots into the tub when Ma asked me to and she shushed me out, pulling the pocket door between the kitchen and living room closed behind me.

I sat in the living room pretending to listen to the radio but my attention was in the kitchen, imagining Ma stripping of her clothes and getting into the tub. Pa was nodding off now and then and I wished he would fall asleep. Then again, I hoped he didn't because I imagined the uproar if he woke up to catch me peeking through the crack left because the pocket door didn't slide completely shut.

The man on the radio was talking about the war in Europe. Apparently, Poland had fallen and nothing else was happening. The man on the radio thought Britain and France would do a deal with Germany like they'd done before and that's why nothing was happening. The news ended and some slow music came on.

To my surprise, Pa snorted, got up, and walked over to the kitchen. I was about to remind him that Ma was taking a bath then stifled myself. If he opened the door, I might be able to see Ma. I shifted over to the other end of the couch, ready to look, but Pa walked past the kitchen and started up the stairs. He walked with careful, tired steps and hardly made a sound. Was he going to bed? He hadn't said goodnight and it was still quite early to go to bed, even for Pa. Probably, he was just going upstairs to get a book. I waited several minutes for him to return but he didn't come.

I turned down the lamp and cautiously walked over to the bottom of the stairs. I listened carefully but couldn't hear anything from upstairs. All I heard was the splash of water and Ma humming. With a final, long glance up the stairs, I bent over and peeked through the crack in the door.

Ma was sitting in the tub with her head back and her eyes closed. I could see the top of her breasts, all shiny and glistening from soapy water. She was humming but was still except for her

right arm which hardly moved. If she was washing herself, it would take her all night at this rate. I wished she would move more so her tits would jiggle but her hand seemed to be scrubbing the same place over and over.

All of a sudden, Ma opened her mouth and arched her back, pushing her nipples out of the water. Wow! Fucking fantastic. A foot lifted up and Ma used her lower leg to cradle it along the edge of the tub. Her toes curled just as her right arm started moving faster. I stared so hard it felt like my eyeball might fall out and drop through the crack in the door. I leaned forward and almost bumped the door with my head. The floor creaked when I jerked back!

Ma's eyes flew open, her foot fell back in the tub, and she stared at the door. I froze. Oh shit, shit, shit. Ma's left arm came up across her breasts and the hand covered her right tit. She stared at the door. The song finished on the radio and another, more lively tune started up. Ma turned her head and strained it toward the door to listen. Thankfully, a few seconds later, her shoulders relaxed and she leaned back again. I breathed a silent sigh of relief. Ma's eyes closed and the arm fell away from her tits, bending the nipple on the right one down and causing it to spring back. Only then did I notice how stiff it was. Ma started to gently scrub herself again. Holy moly, she was touching herself down there!

Ma's foot reappeared along the edge of the tub. This time, the right foot lined up on the other edge too and both of Ma's arms disappeared below the water, angled so as to meet between her legs. They began twitching and Ma's head tipped back, mouth open. Within a minute, her upper arms were quivering with effort and the muscles in Ma's legs bunched up in time with her curling toes and her breathing became audible. Holy fuck! I wished I could see what I knew she was doing, rubbing it, maybe even pushing her fingers into it. Mother of God, Ma was whacking off, woman style.

I pulled my cock out of my pants and started wanking it. Ma's feet and legs were really twitching now. She was definitely getting off. There! Ma pulled her head forward, her opening wide as if to scream but no sound came out. Her head shuddered, once, twice, several more times, then she relaxed and eased her head back to the edge of the tub, expelling a long sigh. Ma's feet tumbled back into the tub. She looked at peace with the world.

I had stopped wanking, afraid Ma might hear me. After a minute or so, Ma tipped her head up, a relaxed smile gracing her face, fished around for the soap, and started scrubbing it up and down the outside of her left arm. Soon, she was soaping her breasts and then she stood up. Water cascaded off her gorgeous body and her bouncing tits.

I was looking right at Ma's crotch, a rough patch of dark hair forming a triangle at the juncture of her legs. I stared as Ma soaped her tummy in wide ovals, then started on her legs, bending over to do below her knees. She dropped the soap and cupped water in her hands, bringing it up and spilling it over her body to rinse away the lather that covered her breasts and stomach. She repeated this many times. My hand was working my cock again. I hadn't realized I had started jacking it again. I worried about making noise but kept pulling on it.

Ma soaped her back and then lathered her behind. I wished I could see her hands rubbing her spongy cheeks and even thought about running around to the back of the house to peek in the window. Her hands dropped as she bent to do behind her legs. Suddenly, she sat down and wiggled herself deep into the tub. Damn, she was done.

But Ma stood up and turned around, presenting me with her bare ass. I had only seen it from a distance from the side window but now it was right there in front of me, less than ten feet away, full on. My tongue slipped through my lips and I pulled harder on my cock. Ma started soaping her bum, doing just the right buttock. She did it slowly as if this part of her body required special attention. Ma lifted her left foot and planted it on the higher back edge of the tub, forcing her

buttock into sharper definition. She started rubbing soap all over it again, then cupped her palm under the middle and started sliding it back and forth underneath.

I was surprised at how long Ma washed her bum. She dropped her foot and put the other one on the back of the tub, then started soaping up her left buttock, taking just as much time to do it as she did the right. She dropped her foot back into the tub and stood there for a few seconds with her fully lathered ass staring me in the face.

Then Ma did something that totally caught me off guard. She bent forward and placed both hands on the back edge of the tub. The soap slowly drizzled off her buttocks, glistening in the flickering light of the kitchen lamps. Ma shifted her feet apart the full width of the tub. Her right hand dropped from the back edge and its fingers reappeared between her legs. She started to rub herself, fingers alternately appearing and disappearing. Motherfucker, she was getting herself off again right in front of my eyes!

My hand stopped moving. All I could do was stare. Ma's hips abruptly dropped until she was kneeling in the tub, leaving the upper part of her ass visible but nothing more. Ma swished water onto her thighs and flipped it up onto her ass. I heard a creak upstairs. Pa was coming. Quickly, I scrambled across to the couch, generating a few creaks of my own, and sat down just as Pa started down the stairs.

"Why's it so dark in here? Is the lamp out of oil?" he asked.

I leaned over and turned up the lamp as Pa sat down in his chair. "No, the wick just burnt down, is all."

In the brighter light, I could see a huge lump in my pants. Thankfully, Pa sat down and opened up the book he'd brought downstairs without looking at me. I pushed the lump down but that was a big mistake. As soon as I touched myself, I started to come, legs shaking and stomach heaving. Pa was oblivious. I had just finished when the door slid back and Ma appeared.

"Donny," she called. "Can you empty the tub for me?"

I looked at Ma. The kitchen lamps outlined her body perfectly through her thin robe. I gulped and nodded.

"Now, please," Ma said.

I got up and lumbered over to the door, hoping my wet spunk wasn't seeping through my pants. Ma watched me approach and only stepped aside when I was at the door. She took a couple of steps up the stairs, then turned around.

"If you put the kettle on, I'll make us some cocoa." She smiled and waited for my response, which, due to nervousness and something else, I was slow to make.

"That would be great, Ma," I finally managed to get out.

I was also slow to respond because I was distracted. Although Ma was facing me, only her upper body had twisted around and that made her tit stand out sharply from her chest, and her bum, well, it must have been still wet because the thin robe was pasted on it like a second layer of skin. There was no way I could have hidden my appreciation but Ma didn't seem to see, or at least, she acted like she hadn't.

"Ok, then. I'll be down in a minute."

I watched Ma all the way up the stairs. She wasn't in any hurry which let my senses savor every detail of her backside as it flexed and bulged on each step.

I forgot all about Pa sitting there.

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I had bailed enough water from the tub to drag it outside and dump it but changed my mind when Ma returned to make hot cocoa. She was still wearing the thin robe she had put on after her bath but she now also had some kind of nightdress underneath. Nonetheless, Ma's figure was still more discernable than when it was covered by her normal underdress and dress so I stayed to watch while she prepared the cocoa and warmed up some buns. Each time I bent down to fill the small pot with water I ogled Ma's ass and when I dumped it in the sink, I tried to look over her shoulder and down the loose lapels of her robe. Thankfully, Ma seemed as oblivious to my reckless attention as she had on the stairs.

Eventually, the tub was empty and I put it away. Ma had taken the cocoa and muffins into the living room. She was sitting on the end of the couch near Pa's chair so I sat on the other end. Both of my parents were listening to the radio while I read one of Hank's old, dog-eared comics, or, at least, I pretended to.

Ma's robe kept slipping off her knees, exposing the bare skin of her thighs. Each time Ma took a drink from her mug, the robe would slide off her knee and she would quickly pull it back up to cover her legs. That was okay because the memory of her bare leg had been seared into my brain and lasted much longer than the few seconds her leg was exposed. The news came on and, of course, they soon started speaking about the war in Europe. Pa got antsy and looked like he was going to turn the radio off.

"Damn nonsense," he grunted.

"Leave it alone," Ma said. "We won't get into it this time. The President won't send our boys off to die over there again."

"That's for sure," Pa growled, picking up an old paper and rattling it in front of his face.

"Our boys know they should stay home and mind what's theirs, lessen they don't make it back or it's gone by the time they do."

"That's right," Pa grunted, rattling his paper.

The robe slipped off Ma's leg but farther up this time. I stared at her bare thigh, pleased by the line dividing the lean upper part from the softer underside. I had lots of time to look as Ma took a long drink from her mug instead of pulling the robe back up to cover her leg. As she lifted her arm, more of the robe fell off, exposing almost all of her thigh. The nightgown I had seen under the lapels of her robe must have been really short because there was no evidence of it lower down. Ma pulled the mug away from her lips but forgot to recover her leg. She looked at the radio, listening closely to what the announcer was saying. I stared at her leg just as intently, trying to curve my eyes over the top and into the crease between her legs, especially near the top.

"Would you like some more, Donny?"

Ma was looking at me with soft eyes. I jerked my head up.

"Uh yeah, Ma. That would be great."

"Well, give me your mug, then," she smiled.

I turned around and grabbed my mug, then held it out to her, feeling myself starting to blush furiously at being caught looking at her legs.

"You still have half a mug left. Did you forget it was there?" Ma's eyes twinkled.

I pulled the mug up to my mouth and drained it, then handed it to Ma. She laughed and took it into the kitchen, returning five minutes later with two fresh mugs.

"Careful, it's hot," she said, leaning down to hand me one of the mugs.

I gingerly took the mug, but slowly. I was looking inside Ma's robe which had gapped open as she leaned forward. I could see the outline of her breasts in the shadows as they swung out from her chest, the nightgown doing little to constrain them. Ma held onto the mug, extending the time I had to look down the front of her robe.

"Have you got it?" she asked.

"Not quite," I replied, pretending to have difficulty getting hold of the mug. When I felt I couldn't delay any longer, I said, "There, got it." I had won ten more long seconds of ogling Ma's swaying tits.

Ma sat down and turned to look at the radio which was now playing a gentle instrumental, some kind of classical music. The robe now covered her legs, held in place by her left hand which was lying on her lap. Ma took a sip of her cocoa. It was obviously too hot but she kept the mug near her face and lifted her left hand up to help steady it. To my disappointment, the robe remained in place. However, a few seconds later, Ma lifted her leg and crossed it over her right knee. The robe fell off her leg, way off!

My cock hardened in my spunk-filled pants. An elongated S defined the underside of Ma's thigh from the bottom of her knee until it disappeared under the robe, near the start of her behind. It was a marvel how this hard-working woman could look so sexy in a simple, demure pose. I imagined sliding next to her and pushing her onto her side so I could shove my hard cock between her legs. I groaned, then held my breath. Ma's ear flickered but she didn't look my way.

Ma sipped her mug slowly and never once looked at me, leaving me to revel in the glory of her exposed thigh and the thought of pushing her over and easing myself between the press of her soft legs. Somehow, I managed to keep silent. When Ma tipped her mug way up, I knew her cocoa was almost gone and sensed the show, if that's what it was, would soon be over. Ma set the mug down on the table beside her and pulled the robe up to cover her leg. She called out to Pa, who I guess had drifted off.

"Harv, you'd best go up to bed now. Harv...Harv."

"Huh," Pa shook his head. "What..."

"You'd best go up to bed now," Ma repeated.

Pa snorted and got up. Still shaking the sleep out of his head, he stumbled over to the stairs and starting climbing up to his bedroom. Ma watched him go and as she did, the robe slipped off her leg again. Ma spoke without looking at me.

"Your Pa is getting old fast, Donny."

"Yeah, I guess so," I answered, my eyes remaining on Ma's bare thigh rather than following my

retreating father.

“Losing Hank has been hard on him.”

“Yeah, I reckon so.”

“He’s a lot older than me, you know.”

“Yeah. I know, Ma.”

She started to say something, bit her lip, then started again.

“He hasn’t been a real husband... I mean, he hasn’t been his whole self for quite a while now.”

“Uh, I don’t... I, um...”

Ma sighed and turned to look at me, her legs still bare.

“Never mind,” she said. “I’m guess I’m getting to be an old woman myself, yattering too much and saying nonsense. Don’t you pay no attention.”

I didn’t know what to say but sensed an opportunity of sorts had been briefly presented and then quickly swept away. A profound sense of loss came over me. Ma smiled, almost as if she understood the feeling spreading through me. She reached over and patted my knee, her robe falling off to the side of each thigh. I looked down as Ma consoled me for a few seconds but all too soon she got up and stood in front of me, the robe dropping down to cover her legs.

“You won’t go off and leave us old folks alone now, will you?”

I shook my head.

“I don’t think your Pa could take it.” Ma reached out and tousled my hair. “I know I couldn’t.”

“I won’t leave, Ma.”

Ma took my face into both her hands. “You’re such a good boy.” As she leaned down and kissed me on the forehead, her robe gapped open, wide enough for me to see her breasts hanging down against the thin nightdress so firmly I could make out her nipples. “You’ll be happy here, Donny. I promise,” Ma said in a husky whisper, then kissed me lightly right on my lips.

She stood up abruptly and walked away, slowly, despite her sudden departure. I enjoyed the sensual sway of her body and push of her hips, emphasized by the firm planting of each foot as she walked away. It reminded me strangely of the smell I had sensed in the kitchen; this was a woman’s body, not a mother’s. When she was out of sight, I looked down and noticed the huge tent in my pants. It was glaringly obvious and Ma couldn’t have stood in front of me and not seen it.

I got up and walked into the kitchen. What was that all about? Did she know I had watched her take a bath? I didn’t see how, but then, why had she decided to bath at night? Would she have done so if she knew Pa might leave me downstairs all alone so I could peek through the door? And what about the robe and exposing her legs? Surely, that must have been an accident if she didn’t want to bath during the day when I might happen to come in from the fields. She must not have realized it had fallen off. But then, what about that kiss? Ma must have meant to kiss me on the cheek like she usually did. She just missed and didn’t make a big deal about it, that’s all. All in all, a bunch of little mistakes.

Still, I couldn't lose the hopeful thought that nothing had been mistaken or unnoticed and I became convinced that Ma had let me see her legs, even put them on display for me. I went outside and wacked off, spraying my spunk all over the back yard.

### Chapter 3

Posted: 5/13/2020, 7:00:55 AM

"I'm goin' to town for supplies. Leaving in five minutes so y'all best get ready," Pa announced after breakfast.

"Not me, I've got baking to do," Ma said.

"Well, we can't miss that, that's for sure," Pa laughed.

"Boy, how 'bout you? Want to see those purty town girls?" Pa asked, laughing harder.

"Nope. I'm going to fix that harrow."

"What? No one wants to go to town."

Ma and I both shook our heads.

"Farmers," Pa laughed. "Well, make me a list. If there's money left over, I'll get it."

Ma started making a list for Pa and I went out to the barn to work on the harrow. I heard him drive off about twenty minutes later but stayed focused on the task at hand because we really did need the harrow fixed. It was hours later that I stood up and stretched to ease the crick in my back. Hungry and thinking it must be near lunch time, I walked over to the house. I wasn't prepared for what I found.

The counters were covered in flour and bread dough. Some loaves had already been baked and were cooling on the counter, others were formed and ready to put into the oven. Ma was rolling dough out on the wooden kitchen table where we usually ate our meals, her back to me. She was wearing a white apron that covered her from her neck to her knees but underneath she was only wearing what must have been the nightdress she'd worn under her robe last night. I could see the dress she'd worn this morning neatly draped over the back of one of the chairs and the white underdress on top of it. Ma wasn't wearing any shoes, she was barefoot.

Ma was rolling the dough back and forth. I could see almost all of her legs and her luscious bottom wiggled and tensed with each push and pull. I stood quietly, knowing I should back out but not quite being able to force myself to do so. Standing slightly to one side as I was, I could see her breasts filling the apron each time she leaned forward to roll out the dough. She must have forgotten I had stayed home to fix the harrow.

In the midst of my quandary, Ma turned her head. She saw me but instead of screaming and grabbing her dress to cover herself, she simply smiled and turned back to her task. I couldn't believe it.

I watched her for a moment longer, my cock hardening and making a tent on the front of my pants. I walked up behind her for a closer look. Ma paid me no mind and just kept rolling out the dough. She must have been making pies because she was rolling it out real thin, leaning far over the table

to stretch it out. I could almost see the bottom of her ass, the nightgown was so short. She must know what I could see, so why was she doing this?

Ma's words from the night before sprang back into my mind, the ones she had struggled with. — Your Pa hasn't been a full partner... he hasn't been his whole self —.

I looked down at Ma's back and her flexing behind. I dropped my hands and delicately pinched the material of nightgown between my fingers. Lifting it up, I flipped it up onto Ma's back, both horrified and thrilled by my action.

Ma didn't miss a stroke. She kept rolling the dough, back and forth, back and forth. I stared at her bare ass and remembered my dream of pressing my cock against it. I fished it out of my pants. I wasn't sure what I was going to do. Wack off on her bum? I pointed my cock at Ma's ass and pressed it against her flesh. Ma kept rocking back and forth, as if I wasn't even there. I pressed a hand onto her back, slowing her to a halt, then guided my cock to her fleshy pubes, rubbing it between her lips.

Ma let go of the rolling pin and pushed it away. It rolled over the dough and clunked against the wall. Ma grabbed the sides of the table and waited. I pushed my cock into her and she groaned out loud. She was tight, like a girl, I guess. I had never been inside a woman but I had heard from other boys at school that older women were supposed to be loose. I knew then that Ma had spoken the truth about Pa. He hadn't been doing his duty, probably not for a long time.

I was all the way in. I ground it around in a half circle, then pulled it out and, slowly, shoved it back in. It was a little easier this time and I realized that Ma was lubricating. That excited me a lot. I was making her wet! I pushed it around in two full circles when I was all the way in and Ma groaned. I liked the sound of that. I pulled out and pushed back in three more times, then pulled out. I paused with the head of my cock barely inside her cunt, then slammed in hard. Ma cried out and her head flopped forward. I pulled out and lunged into her several more times. Each time pulling a reluctant grunt from Ma.

I pushed her down onto the table, pressing on her back to crush her tits into the dough, and started a raucous, rollicking fuck. Each time, the table banged into the wall. Harder and harder, faster and faster. She felt so fucking awesome, it was indescribable. Ma was still hanging onto the table. I grabbed her hands and pulled them back, holding onto them as I lurched into her, again and again and again.

After a while, I dropped her hands, leaned onto her back and, hunched over her like that, started humping against her butt furiously, my legs slapping loudly into the back of her thighs. I squeezed my hands under her and grabbed her tits, gripping them tightly as I frantically banged her, knowing I was close, ready, ready... "Ahhhhhhhhhh," I cried, spewing my spunk into my mother, crushing her beneath me as my legs grew suddenly weak and failed to support me. My body contracted as my juices jerked out of my cock. Gasping and not quite finished, still spewing sticky white cum, I pulled out and watched my slimy, snake-like cock pull out of Ma's cunt with a wet plop.

Ma was panting, struggling to breathe. Her eyes were closed and I was glad she stayed on the table and didn't turn around to look at me. I didn't know if I could handle her looking at me after what I'd done. I put my cock away and hitched up my pants, then walked out of the kitchen like nothing had happened.

An hour later, Ma called me in for lunch. She was wearing her dress.

The table had been washed and was set out with two bowls of soup, two glasses of milk, and a big plate of sandwiches in the middle. We sat down and ate. Nothing was said about what had happened. Ma asked me how I was coming with the harrow and I complimented her on her bread. I



felt like we were eating lunch in dream.

When we finished, I was about to go back to the barn when the news came on the radio. Evidently, things were starting to happen. The Germans had launched a surprise attack and had caught the British and French off guard. The enemy had charged through a forest and were swinging around behind. The Germans were racing for the coast, potentially trapping the Allies in Belgium, and they were also heading for Paris. Things looked dire.

Out of the blue, Ma said, "Why don't you leave the harrow for now. I don't think your father will be back for a couple of hours yet."

She walked out of the kitchen into the living room. She looked strangely more shapely even though she was wearing one of the same old dresses she always wore. Was that because I knew what her body felt like now? The thought of her lying on this very table, pounding her cunt with my cock, made it get hard again. Suddenly, Ma's underdress flared into my vision. It was still draped over the back of the chair but I hadn't seen it until now. Ma hadn't put it back on.

I got up and followed Ma into the living room. She was kneeling on Pa's overstuffed chair, facing the wall. I walked over to the chair and stood behind her. Ma leaned forward and braced her hands on the back of the chair. I got my cock out of my pants and lifted her dress. She was naked under the dress and her ass was bare.

I kneeled onto the chair and guided my cock to her pussy. She was already wet. I slid in easily and started banging her hard right away. Ma fell against the back of the chair and I followed her in, my hips bucking so hard I lifted her up the back of the chair with each thrust.

Ma started to moan and I went wild, pushing her head over the edge of the chair, then pulling it back by her hair. I ground my cock into her. I don't know why I was so rough with her. In my mind, it was her fault I was a farmer. I wouldn't have left. I was no adventurer, I was a real farmer. She didn't even need to do this but she didn't know so it was her fault I was fucking her, fucking my own mother. It was her fault!

I growled in her ear. Fucking faster than a jack rabbit now, my grunts intermingled with her moans and the creaky springs in the old chair. Pa's chair. I was fucking Ma in Pa's chair. Faster. Hard, really hard. I wanted to bang her so hard, so very hard.

"Ahhhhhhhh, fuck, shit, ahhhh fuck," I cried, walloping against Ma's ass. "So fucking good, so good," I murmured. I snuggled into Ma's shoulder, brushing my lips against her neck. I whispered in her ear, "I won't leave, Ma, if I can do this."

I felt like a cad afterward and berated myself while I finished fixing the harrow, but by dinner time, I was horny again. I wanted to have Ma whenever I wanted her and if pretending I wanted to leave was what it took then I was ready to do it. I walked to the house, ready for another go.

Pa was home.

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I wasn't able to get to Ma that night or the next day. I just couldn't get away from Pa during the day and the next night I couldn't separate the two of them. The following day was the same. For a while, I thought Ma was avoiding me but she continued wearing her dresses without underdresses and I could tell she was naked underneath. If she didn't want me to do things to her, why was she dressing like that?

After supper, I tuned the radio to a Canadian station, knowing when the news came on they would

talk about the war in Europe. Ma became agitated and left the living room. I followed her into the kitchen a minute later. She was making sandwiches for our lunch the next day. I approached her from behind.

"Those French women must be really scared with the Germans invading," I spoke quietly so Pa wouldn't hear me.

"They have lots of French soldiers to protect them," Ma said, slicing the bread.

"Yeah, I guess so," I said. "There's lots of British and Canadians there too."

"I suppose so," Ma said.

"Even some Americans," I added, insensitively.

Ma was quiet.

"I hear those French women, they really appreciate the help," I continued, pushing it.

Ma didn't say anything but I could tell she didn't want me to talk about it.

"Kenny Johnson told me he heard his Uncle talking to his Pa once and he said that the French women did special things for the doughboys in the Great War."

Ma started buttering the bread. "Nonsense," she said.

"No, it's true," I persisted, stepping close behind Ma. "Kenny's uncle said they were so happy to see us Americans they would do anything to show their gratitude."

"Big talk from a no account slacker," Ma replied.

I didn't argue. Kenny's uncle was indeed a no account, but that didn't matter. I stepped closer so my pants were brushing against Ma's dress. She definitely wasn't wearing anything underneath it. Ma moved forward but her retreat was blocked by the counter. I followed and put my hands on her waist. I didn't say anything. I just stood there, my hands resting on her hips and my pants pressing lightly against her bottom, watching her butter the bread.

"What kind of things?" Ma asked.

"I'm not real sure," I answered, pausing for effect, then leaning closer, allowing my erection to press between Ma's semi-soft buns, and whispered as if I was divulging a secret, "Kenny's uncle said they did things with their mouths."

I pushed my hardon further into Ma's crack. Ma stopped buttering the bread, dropped the knife, and put her palms flat on the counter.

"Horsebucky," she rasped.

I gripped Ma's waist and slipped my hands around to fit underneath her breasts.

"No, it's true, Ma. That's what Kenny's uncle said."

Ma was quiet but tense with restrained anger. She took a deep breath and expelled it in one long huff letting her breasts sag heavily over my hands.

"Is that what you want, Donny? You want me to be like those French women for you?"

This was it. I knew what I was doing was wrong but my need to have Ma was so great I had to press on. Now, here's the silly part. Kenny had told me what his uncle had said but I didn't actually know what it meant and I hadn't asked because I didn't want to get teased about my ignorance. So, I knew I was pushing Ma into something bad, maybe even shameful, but I didn't really know what. I did know I wanted it, whatever it was, especially because Ma seemed to know what it was. Her knowledge, apprehension, and reluctance intrigued me but, most of all, the thought that she might comply compelled me to pursue.

"Yes," I hissed in her ear, hugging her to me and grinding my hard cock into her ass.

Ma stood, silently letting me push her against the counter. Her head fell forward.

"Alright, if that's what you want. Tomorrow, you find a way to get away from Pa and come back to the house."

"I can't wait until tomorrow," I rasped, rubbing my bulge roughly on Ma's ass so she could sense my urgency.

"You have to," Ma insisted.

I yanked Ma's skirt up the back of her legs, pulled my cock out of my pants, and pushed it between her legs.

"No, Donny," Ma whispered intensely. "Don't."

"I just want to rub it for a bit," I replied with equal intensity.

"No, you can't. Not here! Not now!"

Despite her vehemence, Ma didn't move to stop me and I could sense excitement in her voice. Her hands remained planted flat on the counter while I rubbed my cock under her ass, painting it with her musky dew. Ma had said no, not here, not now, but she was already damp under there. It dawned on me that Ma's sexuality had been in hibernation for a long time and I might have awakened a real bear. I pushed my tip between her lips and was rewarded with a slick coating that confirmed my theory. I shoved my helmet into her hole and held it there with just the head inside. Ma's head sagged and her hair spilled forward.

"You want it too," I growled.

When Ma didn't answer I pushed my shaft slowly into her cunt, shoving up until Ma had to get up on her tippy toes, and pulled out with equal caution. Then I treated ourselves to the same, slow deliberate thrust five or six more times.

"I need you Ma," I panted. "I can't stay without this now. If you don't let me, I'll have to leave."

Ma whimpered and I grabbed her tits through the dress. As quietly as I could, I humped her a dozen more times and came inside her. I meant to pull out but she just felt too good. Fixing myself, I returned to the living room. Pa was snoozing. I turned the radio back to our local station and sat down. A few minutes later, Pa woke up and a little after that Ma came in with some tea. As we all sat there, sipping and listening to the radio, I couldn't stop thinking about Ma sitting there with my spunk inside her and coating her inner thighs. The thought made me so horny I wanted to grab her by the hips and fuck her again. The urge was so strong I actually reached out for her once.

It was a long, lonely night.

#### Chapter 4

Posted: 5/20/2020, 7:00:53 AM

The next morning Pa was in a good mood. It was a nice, sunny day and he was eager to get out and start working. I was pleased to see Pa lift out of his depression and get back to his usual self. Before going in for breakfast, I went into the living room to tune the radio to the Canadian station because I thought it wouldn't hurt to have a bit of news as a reminder to Ma about how appreciative those French women were and the things they did. I was startled to find a screw set right into the radio blocking the tuning dial from reaching the far left side where the Canadian station was.

"Hey, what happened to the radio?" I yelled. There was no answer. "What happened to the radio?" I repeated, stomping into the kitchen.

"Your Ma fixed it," Pa replied cheerily.

"Fixed it? It's broken," I said.

"It's nothing to do with me," Pa waved me off, filling his mouth with toast.

I glared at Ma.

"We don't need to hear any more about that awful war, now do we?" Ma said.

I strengthened my glare but Ma didn't blink.

"No, I guess not," I conceded.

"I'd like to talk to you a bit about that. Do you think you can spare the boy for an hour or two around lunchtime, Harv?"

"Sure," Pa said. "He can bring the truck back."

It was a long morning because I kept thinking about how soft Ma's tone was when she asked Pa if he could spare me. All matter of things French woman could do for a guy filled my head. Once out of Pa's sight, I drove the truck hard over the field roads, tossing stuff all over the box. Skidding to a stop, I jumped out of the truck and hurried through the barn. Ma appeared at the back door just as I rushed through the barn door and turned around to go back into the house. As she walked into the kitchen, her fingers reached behind her back and started undoing the buttons on her dress. I broke into a run.

I burst through the doorway and almost tripped over the wash tub full of soapy water which was sitting just a few feet inside the door. The radio was playing strange foreign music. The woman was singing in French, I think.

"Get undressed and get in the tub," Ma ordered.

She was standing in the middle of the kitchen with her back to me. The back of her dress was undone and I could see skin from her shoulders down to the middle of her back where a white

underslip started. It wasn't like the white underdress at all, being made of a more delicate, shiny kind of material rather than heavy cotton.

"Get in," Ma repeated. "You're wasting time."

I scrambled to get my boots and shirt off, then shucked my pants. Pulling off my socks and underwear, I stepped into the tub. It was hot, very hot.

"Sit down," Ma ordered.

I tried to but it was too hot. Ma started to push the dress off her shoulder but stopped when she saw I wasn't all the way down. I forced myself lower, wincing as the scalding water enveloped my balls. Gritting my teeth, I sank to the bottom, expelling a loud groan.

"Soap yourself," Ma said.

I picked up the soap and began scrubbing my chest and arms. Ma flicked the dress off her right shoulder, then turned her head to watch it fall off her other shoulder and catch halfway down her upper arm. Ma dropped her arms and shrugged, letting the dress shake down her back onto her hips. With a kink and twist of her hips, the dress fell to the floor. My scrubbing slowed almost to a stop as I became mesmerized with the vision in front of me.

The shiny white slip under Ma's dress covered her from her shoulder blades to just below her bum with a healthy dip into the middle of her back. There was a six inch flash of bare thighs before her legs were covered by white stockings. I had never seen a woman in stockings before, not a real live one anyway, only in pictures. My throat went dry.

Ma waved her bottom at me, moving it in a wide oval. Holy smokes, I wanted to stand up right then and fill her from behind like I had the night before against the counter. Ma pulled the slip up. She was bare underneath, exposing her bum and a glimpse of pussy hair underneath. She bent over farther and a pink slit appeared. My cock stood up out of the water like a badass stump. Ma sidled backward, her pussy waving an intoxicating greeting.

"Do you want it?" she cooed.

"Yes," I rasped, hardly able to speak.

"I don't just mean now. Do you want it enough to stay home?" Ma demanded.

"Yeah, definitely. I told you already."

My hand started stroking my cock. I had to do something because it was aching to be touched. Ma turned around. She pulled the slip up her body and peeled it over her head and arms, then tossed it onto the floor, shocking me with a never-seen-before disrespect for good clothes. Ma twisted her body before me like some kind of African voodoo dancer, accentuating the thrust of her breasts and the jut of her nipples. She pushed her hair up the sides of her head and let it drop. With a saucy pout, she asked, "What if I won't do any of those French things with my mouth?"

"I don't care," I answered truthfully.

"Is my body good enough for you then?"

"Yes, Ma. Absolutely."

Ma walked right over the tub, her feet straddling either side. She wiggled her pussy in front of my

face.

“Do you really want me to be a hussy?”

I shook my head. “No,” I said, and I meant it.

“I will if you want,” Ma purred. “It might be kinda fun.”

I didn't know what to say so I just kept staring at her pussy and her tits hanging above me. Ma stepped into the tub and bent down until her knees were beside my chest.

“Maybe you can show me some of those things you want me to do with my mouth,” she said.

“What?”

Ma grabbed my head and pulled me forward, then moved one foot out of the tub and behind me.

“I hear French men kiss their women in special ways. Show me,” she said, lifting the other foot out of the tub and lowering herself until the back of her knees rested on my shoulder. Ma was almost sitting on me with her legs spread in front of my face.

“They kiss it,” she croaked

“What?” I cried, confused and alarmed.

“Those filthy French women kiss your cock.” Ma squirmed closer, until she was almost touching my face. “Kiss me there and then I'll do things with my mouth.”

“Ma...”

“Kiss it,” Ma ordered, lunging forward and mashing her pussy on my mouth. Her hands grabbed my head and pulled it into her. She groaned, and rasped in my ear, “Use your tongue like those filthy French women do. Kiss it with your tongue.”

Ma was squirming all over my face, mashing her pussy all over my mouth and nose.

“Tongue it,” she hissed.

I didn't know what to do so I pushed my tongue out the side of my mouth into her leg.

“No...inside me... put it inside me.”

I mumbled through a mouthful of hairy pussy, trying to say ‘how’.

“Stick it in my cunt,” Ma cried, bucking it against my face.

I pushed my tongue out straight and hard, making it into a stiff little mini-cock.

“Ohhhhhhh, yeah,” Ma cried, shoving her mound on my little make-believe cock. “God, ohhh yessss, like that,” she mewled, fucking my face.

I hung on, using my hands to brace myself against the sides of the tub. Ma was frantic, yanking my head up between her squeezing, throbbing legs. She threw her head back and cried out, then slowed down and pulled away, looking down at me.

“Lick it,” she said.

I couldn't tell if it was a request or a command but I started licking anyway, as if I was eating an ice cream cone that would soon melt.

“Yes, yes. Good boy,” Ma said. “Keep doing it,” she cried when I slowed down. I had no choice. I licked and licked and licked. “Stick it way in,” she yelled a few minutes later. Another wild bucking session followed and I wondered what had happened to my normally quiet and reserved mother? This time, when she relented, a syrupy liquid squirted all over my face.

Ma stood up, got out of the tub and walked over to the kitchen table while I washed my face. I stood up in the tub and noticed that the table had been covered with a thick blanket. Ma bent over the table and gripped the sides. She was still wearing the white stockings which emphasized the swelling lobes of her ass and the pussy underneath. Ma twitched her ass and pushed herself up on her toes. I stared at her beckoning cunt.

“Hurry,” she cried.

I leapt to my feet and left a wet trail up to Ma's slightly spread legs. Placing my hands on her back, I nudged her swollen lips apart with my aching tip, throwing my head back as it garnered its first taste of her sweet nectar. I pushed in as slowly as I could. She had had her way with me and I wanted to tease her good. By the way her clutching cunt grabbed my shaft in a series of rapid, pulsating caresses, I sensed Ma was ready for another climax. I was aware, young as I was, that a man could last longer if he had already come but a woman might just be getting warmed up. Teasing Ma would be an uphill battle.

So I slid in and out of Ma as slowly and thickly as I could. I worked my cock around in a small oval on the way in and out, trying to pressure her sensitive lips as much as possible while digging into every bit of throbbing inner wall that I could. I pushed and massaged her back to move her nipples about on the scratchy blanket, hoping the chafing would further excite her. I wanted Ma to be get really horny. I wanted her legs to be so weak she couldn't stand. I wanted her so hot she'd become my own, home-grown, French slut.

I pulled all the way out of Ma and paused as if ready to shove my meat back in but instead stepped back to a disappointed groan. I grabbed Ma's hips and walked her ass around to the side of the table, using a handful of her hair to drag her upper body until it lay across the table instead of along it. I moved up to Ma's ass and pushed her head down so it hung over the edge as I nudged my cock between her legs. Ma moaned and lifted herself up on her toes again, ready for more.

Instead, I stepped back and walked around to the other side of the table. I waited for Ma to look up to see what I was up to. As soon as she did, I bludgeoned the tip of my cock into her mouth, forcing myself an inch or so past her lips. Ma gulped in surprise, and that felt good on several levels. Gently, I pulled back and pushed forward again, suppressing a grimace as her teeth scraped over my tingling cock.

“Use your lips, Frenchie,” I gasped, bending my knees and fucking upwards with tiny thrusts into Ma's mouth.

Ma was a trooper. She did her best to accommodate my erection, which felt like it was getting bigger every second, though it couldn't be. Her head felt so fucking good. I moved a little faster and deeper and Ma took me without complaint except for a watery cough or two.

“Make me stay home, Frenchie,” I panted, humping her mouth. This felt so hot I felt the need to remind her why she was doing it so she wouldn't quit. I might be pretending about the possibly of leaving but I didn't feel like a cad about it anymore, not right then anyway.

Ma gagged and pulled her head back so I grasped her head and held it still. As soon as she cleared her throat, I started pumping her face again. Man, oh man, this was so... fuck, she was gagging again, slow down and take it easy, fuckhead, yeah, so hot and slick, her mouth was so slimy, and the sound... that gurgling, sucking, gagging sound... man, no wonder guys went off to war. Is this what Hank found over there? Were Spanish women as dirty as French women? Had Ma offered this to Hank? No way, she couldn't have. Who in their right mind would ever leave home if they could have this?

I was moving steadily in and out of Ma's face now. I had only meant to get a feel of what it was like and to tease her by leaving her pussy, but this was so good I couldn't stop. I wanted to come in her mouth. It would be gross, she would probably be mad, but I needed to do it, to leave my spend on her face. I couldn't stop now, I had to come. Faster, faster, sorry Ma... I know you're gagging but... I can't... stop... "Ahhhhhhhh, fuck, fuck, awwggggaahhhhh."

I hunched over Ma, squirting, convulsing, my cock falling out of her mouth but still shooting, so much, so good, banging against her cheeks and nose and into her eye, then down and in her mouth again, oh yeah, so great to be back in that hot slick mouth between her wildly flicking tongue and her soft, squishy throat. Fuck, fuck, fuck, "Unnngghhh, unngghhh, unnngghhh."

I stumbled back and almost fell. Ma pulled herself up and braced herself on her hands, leaning over the table. Her face, what had happened... oh shit, it was covered in my spunk, all over, on her forehead, dripping from one eye, some in her hair. Oh Christ, I was going to get it!

Ma laughed, gulped in a big lungful of air, then expelled it in another burst of laughter while milky white bubbles frothed at the corner of her mouth. I stepped forward and held out my hand. Ma took it and stood up, reaching across to retain our hold as I walked her over to the wash tub. She knelt down, leaned way forward, and dipped her face into the soapy water. It was too much. I squatted over the tub, pushed my cock down, and entered her from behind.

Several rounds of gurgling, wet laughter later I pulled Ma up to her feet and, in a half stumbling crouch, we waddled into the living room, never breaking apart and never missing a thrust. Awkward and ungainly as it may have looked, I maneuvered Ma onto Pa's overstuffed chair and, once her knees were on the cushion, pressed her into the back of the chair and really went to town on her.

My theory was right. I lasted much longer in Ma that second time. I hunched and strained over her for so long, I almost forgot to go back to get Pa.

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There was no holding back after that. Every opportunity I had I got together with Ma and the beauty of it was, she often found time the extra time for us herself. I reveled in getting Ma to do slutty stuff for a while but it wasn't really that long before the novelty wore off. After a few months, our sex became more tame and could better be described as making love. We still did lots of oral, both ways, but it became less messy. Doggy, as it later came to be known, was our preferred style. Ma associated the Christian way with Pa so she never let me do it to her like that, at least lying down. We did do it face-to-face but only with me holding her up in a semi-sitting position in Pa's chair, once against the kitchen wall after Pa went to bed, and one time against the fridge before Pa came down for breakfast.

Yeah, I said fridge. That's something else that happened. Once we entered the war, things really picked up for the farm. Farmers were needed to feed America and its allies and we were appreciated again. Things went well. We hired some older hands and put a lot more acreage to seed. We had the money and I made the time to make things easier for Ma, like electricity and running water in the house instead of a hand pump. I even built a bathroom with a bathtub—no



more outhouse—and I bought a wringer washing machine so it didn't take Ma all day to do the laundry.

Pa was better for a year or so but after the war ended he lost steam for good, sliding downhill until he passed away in early '46, just long enough to see Little Hank born. People gave me a lot of credit for staying on to raise my little 'brother' but after a while wondered why I didn't take a wife of my own. To stop the gossip I married Marylou, a town girl from the wrong side of the tracks. She wasn't much older than Ma would have been when she had me and, like Ma, was just on the right side of nice to look at but with great figure. We had a little boy right away and a little girl two years later.

I built a new house for my family and left the old house for Ma. I wanted to build a big house for all of us but Ma wouldn't hear of it. "You and Marylou need a house of your own," she said, so that's the way it was. Ma and Little Hank stayed in the old house.

After I got married, Ma and I stopped having sex. It wasn't my idea. About five months later, when Marylou was noticeably pregnant, I was fixing the sink in Ma's house and she was watching me from where she sat at the kitchen table. While I was on my back, Ma got up and walked over to stand by the sink. My head was in the cupboards, tipped up so I could see the pipes, when Ma lifted her left foot and stepped over me. Straddling me like that, I could see up her skirt until her legs got lost in the darkness but Ma soon hitched her dress up, purportedly to scratch the side of her knee, which let me see all the way to a strip of white panties covering the pussy I had once known so well.

"I have something I want to show you after," Ma said.

"Yeah," I answered. "What's that?"

"It's in my room," she replied.

"Can't you bring it down here," I said. "I'm almost finished."

"No, it will be better if you see it up there."

"Ma, I got a lot to do today."

"It's important," Ma replied.

"Can't it wait?" My response was kind of testy. Ma's legs were distracting and looking at her panties reminded me of how much I wanted her and how much more exciting she was in bed than my young wife. I had tried to renew our sex life after only one month but Ma had shut me down, hard, so I didn't believe for one second that her straddling stance was anything but an accident. I just wanted to fix the pipe and get going, maybe stopping to relieve myself in the barn. I made my last turn and started shifting around to get out of the cupboard. Ma shuffled back and I half sat up, bracing myself on my elbows, and twisted around to retrieve the plumber's putty. "Ok, what's so all-fired important."

"Never mind," Ma said. "It doesn't matter."

She turned around and walked away.

"Ma," I called after her retreating back. She turned and walked up the stairs.

"Ma," I called again but there was no answer, just the sound of her measured, quiet steps. Ma was never a stomper, even when she was really mad.

Shit! I got up and put the wrench and putty on the counter. Exasperated, I followed Ma up the stairs. She was lying on her bed when I reached her room. Her whole body was shaking. She was crying.

"Ma," I said in a soothing voice. "Ma," I repeated, sitting on the edge of the bed. I put my hand on her back and rubbed it gently. "What's the matter?"

Ma shook her head. I grasped her right shoulder and pulled it up, toward me. Ma rolled over easily and quickly, surprising me but the bigger shock was my loss of sight.

"Pbbtttt," I blew out, then scrabbled at the cloth covering my eyes. Ma was laughing hard. I yanked the cloth away from my face, angry yet relieved that she wasn't crying and already starting to laugh with her. "What the hell?"

"Watch your language," Ma rebuked me.

"What's going on," I said, properly admonished.

Ma's eyes were sparkling with amusement. Her eyes lowered to the cloth I held in my hand. I followed her gaze. It was her panties! I jerked my head back to look at Ma.

"Do you have time to see what I want to show you now, or are you too busy?"

She seemed quite amused by the question. My mouth went dry.

"Show me," I rasped.

Ma started dragging her dress up her legs. She stopped at the knees.

"Are you sure you have time?"

"I have time," I answered, nodding impatiently for her to continue.

Ma smiled and continued pulling up her dress. Halfway across her thighs, she paused again. I jerked my head and tried to tell her to keep going but the words stuck on my dehydrated tongue. Ma laughed, a smug, satisfied chortle.

The dress moved higher, almost there. It would be bare in a second or two. Ma plunged the dress down between her legs, raising her knees up about six inches and widening the gap between her thighs.

"I don't know if you're ready for this," she breathed.

"I am. I'm ready," I insisted. Ma's expression was questioning, unbelieving. "Ready for what?" I asked when Ma's sparkling eyes regarded me but her hands remained clenched between her legs.

"Something I read about in a dirty magazine."

"A dirty magazine. Where did you get..."

Ma cut me off. "It was a story magazine, and in one of them, there was this French woman, and she..." Ma's voice trailed off.

I nodded my head impatiently. "Yeah, yeah... she, what?"

"She... cut herself, down there."

"Cut herself?" My face wore the horror I felt.

"Just her hair, with scissors." Ma laughed out loud. "You look so worried. I mean she trimmed herself."

Ma flipped her dress up onto her stomach and opened her legs. I was staring at a patch of short hair, neatly trimmed in the form of a rabbit's foot, perfectly placed to cover Ma's slit except her legs, spread open like they were, forced a pink gash to appear in the middle.

"Do you like it?" Ma purred, closing her legs and making the gash disappear. She giggled and opened her legs again, magically making the pink gash reappear. Her legs closed again. "What do you think?"

I knew Ma was peering at me intently but my eyes were focused on her pussy, gorgeous beyond description because I hadn't seen it for five months but all the more so due to way its presence was enhanced by the novel coiffure. Tentatively, I stretched out my hand, index and middle fingers straining toward the hairy little Mohawk. I was afraid that Ma would snap her legs shut to remind me that such pleasures were now a thing of the past but instead she lifted her hips and urged the little beauty upward.

"I shouldn't ask you this, Marylou being pregnant and all, but...do you want to touch it, Donny?"

"Yes," I replied thickly.

Ma lowered her hips. "Or do you want to wait until I shave it all off?" she tittered.

"Shave it?" I cried, aghast.

"Yes, shave it completely bare. French women get licked a lot and they say it's because they shave their pussies." Ma lifted her hips again. "Do you want to lick me, Donny, like you used to?"

"Yes," I mumbled, lowering my head.

My tongue reached the top of the gash just as my finger began splitting it further apart from below. Ma moaned and thrust the strip of hair against my lips. I sunk my finger inside her and flicked my tongue up through her slit.

"Oh, Donny. It's been so long. Ohhhhhh, yes. That feels so good."

I had no patience. I pushed a second finger into Ma and started lapping liked a dog. She revealed her own eagerness when her hips started bucking on my thick, farmer's fingers and her hand clamped down on the back of my head.

"This is so wrong but I can't help it. I need you too much," Ma cried.

I nodded my head and mumbled my agreement with everything she said but my words were muffled in her pussy and my tongue couldn't properly form the words anyway because it was busy lapping the inner walls of her mushy cunt. I slid a hand under her ass and lifted it up so I could lick her better and began jamming my fingers quickly in and out.

"I'm going to fuck you," I yelled into her cunt but no one heard it but me.

Except maybe Ma, for she cried, "Oh yes, fuck me, Donny, fuck me. I love being bad with you."

I lifted myself up onto my knees, pulled my hands back and struggled to get my pants off. Ma lifted her shoulders and hunched forward, grabbed my pants and helped drag them down my thighs.

"Hurry," she panted, and instantly the image of her saying the same thing to me as she was lying across the kitchen table popped into my head.

Furiously, I shoved my pants down, scratching the sides of my legs, and pushed forward, my cock waving around trying to find her cunt. I remembered, then, how Ma never let me inside her in this position. Frantically, I tried to turn her over but she resisted.

"No...like this."

Ma lifted her legs until her knees were bent back as tightly as they could be and then pushed her hips up high. Her hands grasped behind her knees to help keep her legs back. She was wide open before me in the lewdest position I had ever seen a woman adopt.

"Ride me," Ma cried.

I leaned over her and fed my cock into her gaping hole. After six or seven strokes, I wanted to get further inside her but Ma kept her hips raised, using her hands underneath to hold herself up. I crawled up onto my feet, pushed her knees together and straddled her thighs. Grasping Ma's shoulders, I began a hunching attack on her haunches, lifting up high and literally dropping into her soaking wet hole. Slap, slap, slap, slap. I was so fucking deep in her, it felt incredible to feel her hot, slick grasping cunt clutching me from tip to balls.

"Gonna fuck you good," I gasped, letting her have it.

"Fuck me good," she cried, egging me on. "Fuck me hard."

I stopped talking then and concentrated on getting into her as fast and deep and hard as I could. In the back of my mind I worried about hurting her but she kept urging me on. It was the most incredible fuck we had ever had, even compared to the first one on the table.

"Ma, Ma, Ma," I cried, starting to come.

Halfway through, Ma's legs opened wide and fell to my side. I collapsed onto her full length, still coming, my spunk exploding out of my wilting cock. I was crying and hugging her and professing my love. Her arms were locked around my neck, holding me close, whispering, "I know, I know," over and over.

## Chapter 5

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That started us going again. Opportunities for sex, even longer sessions, were easily found. Marylou was busy with the kids and Little Hank worked with me and the men out in the fields. It wasn't hard for me to come back to the house for a session, sometimes even twice a day.

We almost wore out the Christian position which was a novelty for us, although I don't think the Bible meant for anyone to do it the way we did. We often mixed it up with our doggy style but even that got better as Ma learned to lie flat on the bed but raised her rump way up like she did when we

did it face to face. She kept her legs tight together as I straddled her on my feet, humping like crazy, and then, when I was about to come, forcing her down flat and spewing my spunk inside her as her ass and thighs quivered in tune with her own orgasm.

Years passed and, though Ma and I continued our love affair, nobody found out or even became suspicious, at least to our knowledge. Only one position, or I should say destination for my sperm, remained unattainable. Ma always rebuffed any exploration of her rear end, an idea planted in my head through reading a dirty magazine. Granted, I didn't even try until the early sixties, but Ma made it clear she wasn't interested. Still, I persisted with the occasional stray finger scraping over the dark pucker between her cheeks.

By the time Sergeant Pepper's came around, Ma was tolerating extensive rubbing of her buns and the occasional first-knuckle-deep probe at the point of orgasm. I had tried to get into Marylou's butt too and almost succeeded but I was too eager that first time and the pain scared her off. Anyway, it was Ma, with a wonderfully supple butt for her age, that I wanted. It had become an obsession with me for a year but I eventually became resigned to the fact that access was something that would never be granted.

I tried to fool Ma by saying Marylou had let me, hoping she might become jealous and relent, but no such luck. If anything, I was allowed the little orgasmic probes less often. I was thinking about that one day while circling back to the farm instead of going to town for the afternoon as I had announced. I often did this when I couldn't make it through the weekend without having sex with Ma.

She had her back to me when I entered her bedroom, though she would have heard me coming up the stairs. The bed was pushed up against the window that looked down upon the house I had built for Marylou and the kids. Ma liked to look out the window when I was plugging her from behind, I suppose to have advance warning should Marylou decide to come up to the house for a visit. Ma was looking through the spotting scope she had recently asked me to buy for her. I thought it was for looking at birds but it was mounted on its tripod between the bed and the window, and it wasn't pointed at the sky.

"What are you looking at, Ma?" I asked, somewhat amused but more interested in Ma's nakedness than the target of her observation.

Ma was clearly expecting me and was ready for action. I looked between her parted legs, noticing that her bald pussy already glistened with moisture. I quickly shed my clothes. Ma didn't once take her eyes off the scope. Crawling onto the bed, I noticed that Ma's pussy wasn't really wet as much as it was slick, or slimy. Shit, she had coated herself with lubricant!

I felt guilty, knowing that I had been particularly exuberant the last few times we had done it doggy style. I didn't know I had hurt her. Why hadn't she said something?

"Ma, I'm sorry... I didn't know..."

"Shhhhhhh," Ma shushed me, waving one hand back at me, urging me to shut up.

I leaned over Ma's back and started kissing up her spine. I slipped one hand under her belly and moved it up to grasp her left tit. This was one area where Ma's age was definitely showing. The other hand I moved down and over Ma's supple behind, so amazingly taut yet pleasingly spongy despite her years. I swished over and around her buns and cheekily pushed my fingers down between her legs, then dragged my longest finger through her lubed pubes and up between her cheeks, pressing into her crack and rubbing across her anus. To my surprise, Ma didn't object.

I was about to ask Ma what was so damn interesting but instead took advantage of her

concentration to part her cheeks for a more brazen visit to the forbidden dark spot. Ma might let me poke my fingertip into it every once in a while during an intense orgasm but she never tolerated my desire to inspect it. Thus, I was truly shocked when she allowed me to pry her cheeks apart and keep them spread.

I released Ma's tit and brought my left hand around to assist in my anal reverie. Holding Ma's cheeks apart, I tentatively pressed my long finger against the back of her pubes again, soaking up the artificial lubrication there, and dragged it up and over her crinkly asterisk. Again, no rebuke, not even a response except for a minor twitch.

Thrilled, I passed over Ma's rosebud, paused for a meaningful press, then circled my fingertip around its outer rim. Ma released a long sigh that ended sounding almost like a whimper. I was exploring new territory here and the excitement threw my cock into the biggest boner I had sported for years. I spread Ma's cheeks wider and circled around Ma's pucker yet she still didn't voice her displeasure, let alone do anything to stop me. In fact, though her bum flinched at my touch it bounced back in anticipation of the next one.

I was in heaven and several minutes of furtive anal stimulation had passed before I noticed that Ma's now more frequent sighs and moans weren't correlated with my increasingly less tentative caresses. I lifted my head and twisted over to look between her legs to see if she was manipulating her pussy but saw no evidence of it. I looked up to confirm that her hands were indeed still gripping the spotting scope. I looked beyond to the house to see what Ma was looking at so intently and saw the faint outline of naked skin through the window of my bedroom window.

"Ma, what ARE you looking at?"

"Would you like to see?" Ma countered without answering my question.

"Yes," I replied, noting a smug amusement in her voice.

"Are you sure? You might not be ready for this."

"I'm sure."

I leaned against Ma's shoulder to ease her off the scope. She relinquished it easily, implying that she wanted me to see whatever it was. I peered into the scope. My God. Marylou was on all fours on our bed, being rocked steadily from behind—by Little Hank! The muscles in my neck went rigid.

"Little Hank's fucking my wife!" I exclaimed.

"Of course," Ma chuckled. "He's been doing her for awhile."

"What? For how long?"

Ma ignored my question and instead posed another.

"Why do you think it's been so easy to sneak up here without raising any suspicions?"

"You knew about this?"

"Of course," Ma answered. "You really didn't suspect?" she sounded truly surprised. "Donny, a blind man could see how Little Hank looks at Marylou and how could you not see how different she is when he's around? She's always flashing her fanny at him."

"Jesus fucking Christ," I barked.

"Donny, you can't possibly be angry with Marylou, and you, of all people, should understand the temptation she offers for Little Hank. And watch your language."

"But he's been fucking my wife behind my back," I shouted.

"Did you want him to do it in front of you? Because if you did, there he is." Ma's tone softened. "Listen Donny, Marylou is lonely. She knows you never really loved her and here's this boy who is awestruck by her body, and for good reason. She does have a nice one."

I nodded. That was true.

"Yet, you don't seem to care, and she's left alone with Little Hank all the time." Ma paused, then continued, "A lonely, under-appreciated woman in her mid thirties, her prime, alone with a bundle of raging hormones. What the hell did you expect to happen?"

"I don't know, Ma," I muttered.

Ma was right and, though my anger was waning, I was still pissed, yet I couldn't stop watching Little Hank leisurely banging my wife from behind. One hand casually grasped a handful of Marylou's hair and gently tugged it to pull her head up.

"It's fun to watch, isn't it?"

I had to admit that Ma was right but I didn't say so.

"Your timing is excellent," Ma said.

"Why?" I asked, surprised that there was no little anger left in my voice.

"Because I think today is the day she's going to let him."

"Let him what?"

"Do what you wanted to do to her, and me," Ma laughed.

"Do what I've..."

I squinted harder. Little Hank's right hand was stroking up and down Marylou's spine as he lazily stroked in and out. His left hand was still grasping a handful of her hair though it looked like Marylou was lifting her head of her own accord.

"Has he taken hold of her hair yet?"

How did she know?

"Yes," I replied, surprised by the numbness in my lips which made me sound like I'd been to the dentist.

"Watch his right hand," Ma whispered.

I peered through the scope, watching Little Hank's hand slowly stroking up and down Marylou's spine. Suddenly, it drew back further and I could see it stretching onto her ass, thumb extended. A little further... there, a probe. Marylou flinched and her head twitched up, face staring straight ahead. Little Hank plunged his cock home and let his thumb sink in, drew out on the backstroke,

then plunged in again. Marylou's head dipped and pulled up in time with Little Hank's thumb.

"Holy shit, Ma. How did you know?"

"About what? That Marylou didn't let you do that to her like you said, or that she and Little Hank have been doing it, or that she might let Little Hank in her ass?"

"Holy shit, she's going to let him do it," I cried.

"Let me see," Ma cried, lurching up and pushing me off the scope. "Oh," she said, relinquishing the scope. "I've seen him use his thumb before. That's what made me think she's ready to let him. See how she enjoys it?"

I didn't answer.

"If you hadn't been in such a rush, she might have given you her ass cherry."

I still didn't say anything. Sometimes Ma could be mean and it was best not to feed the mood.

Ma's voice softened. "You should have given her more time. It looks like she likes it but can't admit it to herself. Look at the way she lifts her head and arches her bum up when he pushes his thumb into it."

Ma's voice had gone hoarse and I got the notion that what was happening down below might be changing her mind about the enjoyment in anal sex, and that excited the hell out of me. I looked at her own behind, at the way her cheeks were twitching, possibly in time with Little Hank's thumb probes. I forget about what was happening in the scope and put my hands back on Ma's ass. Ma pressed her head against the eyepiece. I found and spread her cheeks.

"Jesus!" Ma exclaimed. "She's really into it today."

Her comment wasn't lost on me and I wondered how long she had been watching Marylou and Little Hank. However, I had something more important to attend to, an opportunity I didn't want to slip by, so I drooled onto Ma's pucker and touched it with my fingertip to spread it around. I unlimbered and stretched my long finger down to probe Ma's pussy from the back. She was very, very wet and moaned when I positioned my thumb over her little hole. I shoved it in and relished the resulting groan.

I couldn't believe Ma let me push my thumb all the way in and then keep it fully plugged into her ass. At first, I just let it stay there, quite still, so as not to call attention to it, as if Ma might not know I had pushed it in. Then I realized how preposterous that notion was and began slowly and gently twisting it around, followed by short retractions and resubmissions. Incredibly, Ma's ass started reacting to the stimulation in more than an oral fashion: she started moving her butt to and fro in concert with my hand and round and round when I twisted it about.

After a minute or two of this, with an occasional drooling replenishment of my natural supply of lubricant, I decided to take a plunge. I popped my thumb out and replaced it with my index finger. Braced for forced removal upon calling attention to what I was doing, I wasn't expecting the reaction I did receive, a disappointed moan. True, Ma's ass churned more vigorously in response to the longer intrusion of my index finger but she sounded less pleased. I was thrilled that she was allowing, even encouraging, me to continue my anal exploration but at the same time I was worried that I was losing her. What could be wrong?

Of course. The base of my thumb was much thicker than my finger, especially when I dug it in deep. I pulled my index finger all the way out, suffered the sound of even deeper disappointment,



clasped my long middle finger close to the pungent explorer, and slid the duo inside.

“Unnnngghhhhh... ohhhhhhahhhhhhh, unnnngghhhhh.”

That was music to my ears. I slid my left hand under Ma’s tummy and down to play with her clit while I slowly worked my fingers in and out, excitedly fucking her ass with my closely clasped pair of digits. I was so thrilled with this new permission that my whole hand was shaking which I’m sure imparted a skilful caress beyond my actual capability. Ma certainly sounded like she liked what I was doing and I know her ass did as it was becoming quite impatient for each new assault. It was no time before I was really reaming Ma’s ass. Becoming afraid I was getting carried away and becoming too exuberant, I slowed down. By the guttural sound of Ma’s groans, she seemed to like this even more.

“Oh God, Little Hank. Fuck her. Put it into her ass. Yeah, yeah, do it to her,” Ma gasped.

It was time for more serious action. I got up onto my knees and peered over Ma’s head. I could see the outline of Marylou’s and Little Hank’s bodies well enough to know that Little Hank was crouching on his feet on the bed, positioning himself for a ducking entry into my wife’s backside. I adopted the same position over Ma and hovered, waiting for the magic moment.

Little Hank’s butt dipped down and I imagined more than saw Marylou brace herself for his nether entry. I dipped down and let the aching tip of my eager cock nudge Ma’s dark hole.

“Push it in,” Ma gasped hoarsely.

I didn’t know if she was speaking to me or urging on Little Hank. I pushed my cock firmly against her partly opened hole, placed my hands on her hips and pulled her cheeks apart with outstretched thumbs to widen it even more, then pushed my tip inside her pucker.

“Oh, yeah. Yesss! Ahhhh, yesss!”

I looked down at the house and saw Little Hank’s butt slowly dipping down and up as he started taking my wife’s ass. I pushed my own cock an inch deeper into Ma’s butt, meeting strong resistance. She was so tight, far tighter than Marylou had been which made me think about her assurance to me on our wedding night that she was a virgin. I knew she had bled and that made me believe her but her butt wasn’t anywhere near as tight as Ma’s was, and yet she had made quite a production about my one and only rear entry whereas Ma was taking it without complaint. Something wasn’t right.

Ma pulled away from the scope and lowered her head into the pillow to align her back with the angle of my sinking cock which seemed to ease my entry. I was all the way in, my inner thighs contacting Ma’s flanks and my balls dangling onto the back of her pussy. I hovered over Ma, not moving, enjoying the feel of her and not wanting to cause her any discomfort.

“Move,” Ma cried.

I started to pull out.

“Not too much,” she whimpered.

I stopped, then sank back in the inch and a half I had pulled out. Pausing only briefly, I pulled out again but only a little, then pushed back in. I repeated this quite a few times, enjoying the gentle knock of my balls against Ma’s pussy. When the tension eased from Ma’s back—it was only then I realized how tense she’d been—I began pulling out farther and farther. Soon, I was moving within her as easily as if I was in her pussy and Ma seemed to like it, gasping each time my balls slapped

her pouting, swollen pussy. She was very intense, moaning and groaning and making other sounds I can't describe that I hadn't heard in all the years I'd been fucking her.

Or, maybe some of those were coming from me. I had imagined doing Ma's butt for so long I was simply beside myself with excitement. The fact was, getting my wife's ass wouldn't have compared to this, though Little Hank might have disagreed with me judging by the enthusiasm he was expressing as he shagged my wife's butt. And Marylou, bless her cheating soul, seemed to be relishing every inch of meat he shoved into her behind.

Who cared? I circled Ma's waist with my hands and concentrated on doing her ass. I slowed my pace and began mixing it up, plugging her slowly, then stopping to ream around, pulling out really slow and plunging back in, yanking it right out and teasing her pucker with the tip, suddenly doing her hard and fast... I did everything I could think of.

Many times, I pulled out just to keep from coming but eventually, I couldn't hold it any longer and pulled out just in time, spraying my seed all over her cheeks, thighs, and back. By that time, I had used my weight to shove Ma flat on the bed and was rasping inane words of love and lust in her ear.

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We used the spotting scope quite a few times after that. Watching Little Hank and Marylou added an exotic twist to our lovemaking which, truth be known, had become too comfortable. Well, it had been many years and complacency does settle over the unwary.

Ma was right, as she was about most things. I was pleased that Little Hank was doing my wife. I liked being with her, knowing what was going on and knowing she didn't know I knew. After observing her and my little "brother" many times through the scope, I learned to do some things differently and relished doing them that way with Marylou myself, barely able to keep my laughter inside as I imagined what was going through her guilty mind.

To my surprise, Ma spoke openly about Hank, something she hadn't before. I had always wondered about Pa's words the day I had overheard them after Hank had left. He had implied that it was Ma's fault Hank had gone, "if only you'd...", an intriguing statement Ma had not allowed him to finish. I didn't understand it then but afterward thought Pa meant that Ma could have kept Hank home, in the same way she had kept me. I was convinced that, if Hank hadn't left, and died, Ma would never had had sex with me. I also thought Pa might have pushed Ma at me by blaming her for Hank's leaving. Then, I would reject my conclusion as the work of too active an imagination and put it out of my mind.

But over the years, I returned to and developed the theory. Ma knew Hank would never stay home but Pa thought he might so he tried to get Ma to offer his son something he was no longer capable of enjoying with his much younger wife. To a farmer, everything has a use so nothing gets thrown away. Pa needed Hank to stay. Aware of the attention his grown son paid to the feminine wares of the only woman he was in constant contact with—much like Little Hank being around Marylou so much—he asked Ma to use it to keep Hank home but she said no. Hank left and ended up dead, so Pa blamed Ma, and that's why she subsequently made herself available to me. As I grew older, I shed my illusions. I believed Ma knew I was there that first time I'd seen her in the washtub and it was no accident she had bathed that day, or when she had worn that shorter underdress a few days later. But I theorized that Ma seduced me, not for the good of the farm, but to ease the pain of losing Hank.

Well, so much for theories. I had finally won Ma's ass as we watched her youngest son fuck his "brother's" wife. Seeing how much she enjoyed the sordidness of it all prompted me to generate a whole new theory. It all came together in a simple comment Ma made several days later while I

was casually fucking her from behind and working my thumb in her well-lubricated ass while she watched Little Hank and Marylou through the scope. Seven little words.

“You know, Little Hank is my son too.”

Little Hank’s my son too. And what was that supposed to mean when she was full of my cock and at the point of twisting her ass up to embed my thumb deeper, the signal that she wanted me to put my meat inside her raunchy little hole?

She wanted Little Hank to fuck her too!

History was suddenly rearranged in my mind, newly juxtapositioned thoughts creating a new theory. Hank hadn’t left because Ma didn’t do anything to keep him. He left because Ma had seduced him and Pa found out but, to Hank’s further dismay, Pa wasn’t even mad. It was alright with him if Hank had sex with Ma as long as that made him stay. This was too weird for Hank to handle so he left and then Pa blamed Ma, “if’n you had only...”, maybe the ending was, “left the boy alone.”

After all, at the time Ma was a young woman and I knew how voracious her sexual appetite was, even at her current age. Pa wasn’t capable of satisfying her and she needed it, regular and often, not once in a while by some passing drifter. So she seduced Hank, and after he left, she had seduced me.

So why hadn’t Pa stopped her? Well, I imagine he couldn’t so when I became old enough and it was my turn, Pa just looked the other way even though he knew I wouldn’t leave. Hank was a dreamer but I was a born farmer, and I would never go, no matter what. So I wasn’t saved by a washtub, I was simply lured in for Ma to put me to good use and, now that I was older, she had her eye on Little Hank.

Well, Marylou was used to sharing and I guess I did owe Little Hank some thanks for Ma’s ass.

“I think Marylou needs some new dresses,” I said, resigned and lining my cock up on Ma’s dark den of thrills. “Maybe, I’ll take her up to the city tomorrow” I pushed my cock into Ma’s tightness. “For the whole day.”

Ma threw me around a lot that afternoon and fucking near wrenched my cock right off. Maybe Little Hank could tame her down a little.

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Marylou didn’t comply with our best-laid plans, however. She didn’t want to go to town.

“We’ve been together nearly fifteen years and you still don’t know I hate shopping,” she complained, disgusted.

“I just thought we’d go into town, that’s all.”

“I’m canning today. I don’t have time to run around in town. You go if you want to but I need lots of apples and pears so leave Little Hank here.”

Ma looked concerned. “Little Hank promised to do his college applications today,” she said. “He doesn’t have time to pick fruit, not if we’re going to keep him out of Vietnam.”

“Alright, alright. It was just a suggestion. I’ll stay and pick the fruit.” I looked at Ma for approval. She looked relieved.

Marylou broke in before Ma could speak. "Send him in with the first load and you get another."

"And then send him up to me... for an early lunch," Ma added through a sly, knowing smile that made me glad Marylou was looking away from us. She looked set to argue but there was no reason for Little Hank to stay and help Marylou with canning.

The kitchen was full of jars and huge, steaming canning pots when I came in after lunch.

"Did Little Hank go up to Ma's for lunch."

"He did," Marylou sounded disappointed.

Thinking of how Ma was helping Little Hank fill out his college applications made my cock tingle. Sitting at the kitchen table, I realized how nice my wife's behind looked. I got up and gave her a hug from behind, expecting her to rebuff me because she was in the middle of things. Instead, Marylou pushed her butt back at me and rubbed it on my obvious erection.

"How do you think Ma and Little Hank's doing with his applications?"

I was surprised by the question and also by the extra push of Marylou's ass against my hardening cock.

"I don't know," I answered lamely.

"I bet they're going pretty good," Marylou said. "I've been thinking about the two of them up there, working on it... probably going at it really hard."

That was an odd way to put it but I didn't say anything.

"You know Don, in the fall, when Little Hank's gone to college, you're going to have to work extra hard to keep your two women happy."

I nodded, thinking that was another odd thing for Marylou to say but remained silent, encircling her in my arms and pushing myself into her soft ass.

"I think we can leave this alone for a while, if you like."

Marylou bumped her behind against me to make her meaning clear.

Upstairs, I undressed. Marylou had quickly doffed her dress and underwear and hopped on the bed. She was facing the window and had dropped onto her elbows but kept up on her knees with her ass high. I started to close the curtain.

"Leave it," Marylou barked sharply.

Startled, I dropped the curtain.

"Hurry," Marylou said. "I've been waiting for hours."

I got in behind Marylou because she obviously wanted it that way. I started to enter her.

"No, not there," she husked. "Do it the way they're doing it."

"What?" I cried.

Marylou wiggled her butt and dropped onto her face, making her ass stick up high.

"Hurry," she urged. "I know they're watching."

I could have pretended I didn't know what she was talking about but there was a fine ass waiting to welcome me and even I knew that Marylou may have been wilfully blind over the years, but she wasn't really blind. She was forgiving me for my sins and offering me one hell of a peace offering. I didn't know what she expected in return but I looked forward to it.

Marylou treated me to a fine ass fuck. Don't ever say that competition does bring its own rewards. During a slow part, I once again reassessed my theory because strangely, while fucking my wife's ass and thinking about my son watching me as he unknowingly fucked his own mother's butt, I remembered something I had forgotten many years ago: overhearing Ma saying to Pa, "Send him in to me for lunch," in a strangely breathy voice.

THE END

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