

THE SCULPTRESS by Willie Jackson

Originally published in The Essayist Online Magazine in 2020, THE SCULPTRESS is an authenticated Willie Jackson creative masterpiece. ENJOY!

THE SCULPTRESS

Chapter 1

Posted: 3/9/2020, 7:17:52 AM

Hi, I'm Ben. This is the story about my mother and me. It begins with the familiar return from college and a difficult re-insertion into the home life that I had left four years earlier and had not been part of except for Christmas holidays and the summer after my first year. Each summer after that I had worked a dream job as part of the crew for a company chartering sailboats in the Caribbean. I did that for the first two months after graduation but, due to the sagging economy, the company was forced to let me go. So there I was, on my parents' doorstep, degree in hand and a few hundred bucks in my pocket, and no job prospects whatsoever. So much for my degree.

I guess Mom and I were both a little surprised by each other. I hadn't been back to the west coast since the past summer so it had been more than a year since we'd seen each other. The deep tan caught Mom by surprise, probably because each time she'd seen me at Christmas it had had four months to wear off from the previous summer. Also, I was wearing summer garb — shorts and a t-shirt with the sleeves torn off — so my lean, twenty-two year old frame clearly showed the healthy lifestyle I had been living.

Looking at Mom, I could see that she had been making changes of her own. The Simon and Garfunkel tune, *The Boxer*, wafted out of the living room. Mom was wearing some kind of loose, hippy, tie-dyed long shirt over a pair of almost shredded jeans, an outfit straight from the seventies. Her hair, normally just brushing her shoulders, had been allowed a few more inches of freedom. In addition to the extra length, it was much bushier, its wavy blonde and reddish strands creating a tawny look befitting a younger woman ready for fun. Other than that, Mom looked much the same: a slender woman not much more than five feet tall with a nice figure despite her aversion to strenuous exercise.

We both laughed in pleasant surprise.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming so I could pick you up?" Mom admonished me as the taxi pulled away.

"I wanted to surprise you," I said.

Actually, I didn't want to be a bother. I was kind of bummed out showing up at home almost broke. Truth be known, if I could have found a job, I wouldn't have come home.

"Well, you did that." Mom suddenly jumped up and kissed me again. "I'm so happy to see you!"

Mom turned around and led the way into the house.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Starving," I said. I wasn't really but I knew Mom would want me to eat something and it would take the pressure off conversation if she was busy doing something and my mouth was full.

"Take your bags up to your room while I make you something to eat," she said. "It's just the way you left it, and come down right away to tell me what you've been doing. You can unpack later."

As I turned to go up the stairs, I cast a last glance at Mom's retreating figure. What had happened to my insurance-rep Mom? Where were the conservative business suits and crisp skirts and blouses? A tie-dyed shirt, faded denims and old tennis shoes? What had happened on the home front in the last year?

My apprehensions at coming home were over-ridden by my curiosity. I did just what Mom said; I tossed my suitcases into my old room and rushed downstairs. I had to find out what had caused this change in my mother.

Tomato sandwiches and a large glass of milk were already waiting for me on the kitchen table and Mom was just setting a teapot down with a tall, slim mug decorated with some kind of pseudo-medieval design in pastel colors.

Mom asked me what I'd been up to right away but when I started eating she slipped into telling me all about what she'd been doing. Evidently, she had had a life changing experience that led her to quit the insurance business to take up sculpting full time. Dad wasn't too happy about the loss of income but she had put her foot down and refused to change her mind. She was going to become a sculptor, a professional one, whether he liked it or not. However, she admitted that she felt under pressure to sell some of her works now that it had been almost a year since she'd quit her job.

I finished the first sandwich and Mom insisted I tell her what I'd been doing, interrupting me as soon as I started to apologize for not being able to come to my graduation because they just couldn't afford to fly across the country.

"I really feel guilty about that," she said, stretching her hands out to hold mine, the one not holding a sandwich.

It didn't take long for me to tell her about the sailing charters, something I'd already told her and Dad about before, and how the economic downturn had resulted in the failure of the company. I had the impression Mom just wanted to hear my voice.

"So, here I am, broke and without a job," I laughed, picking up the other half of the second sandwich.

"Oh, dear," Mom said.

Before I took a bite, I asked Mom what had happened to make her quit her job. I was curious but also wanted to change the subject from my situation. I had already dwelled on it enough by myself. Mom launched into a story about not feeling well for a long time, always feeling tired, and a list of other symptoms. I listened half-heartedly until she said the dreadful word.

"Cancer?" I blurted, my mouth full of half-chewed bread and tomatoes.

Mom nodded.

"Cancer?" I repeated.

"Yes, breast cancer."

My eyes dropped to Mom's breasts, a rather insensitive thing to do right after a woman has just told you she has breast cancer.

"I still have them," Mom laughed, seeing the direction of my gaze.

I blushed profusely and looked down at the sandwich in my hand.

Mom laughed out loud. "Don't feel bad. Every single man that hears about it does that. All my friends' husbands, even the ones who heard about it through their wives, as soon as they see me, they look at my chest. We all get quite a kick out of it. Jenny said, 'Now we know what the girls at Hooters feel like'."

I didn't recognize Jenny as one of Mom's regular friends. "Who's Jenny?"

"Oh, just a girl I met at the clinic. She's about your age, very pretty but a little different."

"She had cancer?" I asked.

Mom ignored the question. "Come on," she said, reaching out to grab my sandwich-free hand. "Look."

As soon as I looked up, Mom retrieved her hand and used both to heft her breasts.

"See ... healthy as a horse."

"What about the cancer?" I asked, my eyes staying on Mom's breasts, nicely show-cased by the curved brackets of her hands.

"False alarm," Mom said as if it was a little thing but I noted a trace of relief that belied her light-hearted dismissal. Mom had obviously been scared silly, the little twitch in her cheek betraying her true feelings. She must have been afraid for her life.

"So you're ok?" I persisted.

"Absolutely," Mom banged her hand flat on the table for emphasis. "But your Dad ... now, I'm not sure he's alright."

"Why?"

"Well, all these changes have upset him, especially me wanting to be a sculptor."

"Sculptress," I corrected her. I have no idea why I said that.

"Sculptress. I like the sound of that. Anyway, changes happened and your Dad is having a hard time dealing with it. He thinks things should have gone back to the way they were as soon as we heard the good news. He just doesn't realize what a life-changing experience it is to hear that awful word. It changes everything. Nothing is the same and there's no going back."

Mom reached out to grasp my hand again, this time holding it between both of hers. She looked me seriously in the eye.

"You understand, don't you."

I nodded, pausing with the last bit of sandwich inches from my mouth. "Of course," I said. "Everything's different."

Mom released my hand. "It's amazing, actually. I feel so alive now. I feel like I know what's important and what's not but Ken just doesn't get it."

"He'll come around, Mom."

I popped the last of the sandwich into my mouth and watched Mom slowly shake her head.

"I don't know," she said. "I just don't know."

I cast my eyes down to Mom's medium-sized breasts and noticed something else that was different. Mom was wearing a regular t-shirt under the tie-dyed shirt but that was all. For the first time in my life, I really saw my new mother, the braless one.

"You won't find anything around here to make a career out of," Dad said the same thing for the third time using different words.

"I know, Dad. I get it. I'm just going to get my shit together for a couple of months and then get my name out there."

"Get your shit together? That's just great. Your mother's finding herself and you're 'getting your shit together'. Perfect. Just perfect."

"Dad, I need a stable address and somewhere I can get steady access to the internet. And, frankly, a bit of a rest. I'll find something, probably in LA. Until then, I'm going to help Mom."

"Doing what? Stirring mud so she can make statues out of it?"

"No, I'm going to build a website so she can display her stuff and sell it. You should see it. Some of it's pretty good and will probably sell in the city."

"I have seen it and she has tried to sell it at every fair and market around here for almost a year. She hasn't made a hundred bucks."

"She said she's sold about a thousand."

"Well, a thousand then, but she's spent five grand on that studio out back and all that crap for making figurines."

"Statues," I corrected my father. "They're miniature garden statues."

"Whatever."

"Dad, she's had a big shock."

"We've all had a shock but it's time to move on, get back into the swing of things." Dad stopped walking and ran his right hand through his hair, then released a long sigh. "I know, Ben. I know. It's just that ... well ... I thought she would be getting back to normal but it doesn't look like she's going to, or even wants so. I don't know what to do," Dad lamented, his exasperation evident.

"Just give her some room," I suggested.

"Room? Room? I given her all the room in the world and all she's done is go further off track."

"Maybe she really needs to go in a different direction, Dad. It happened to her. The cancer happened to her, not to us."

"Yeah, well it affects all of us. I don't know how much more of this I can take." Dad ran his hand through his hair again. "All our friends are talking about it. She's doing nude statues, you know. Have you seen them? And that's not the half of it."

I ignored his question. In fact, I hadn't seen them but suspected they were underneath the tarp in the far corner of Mom's studio.

"How about you give her a while longer, maybe another two or three months?"

"Two or three more months?" Dad looked at me, stunned.

"Yeah, a couple of months or so. I'll get a website up and send some emails off and we'll see what happens. I think people will be interested in her sculptures and if they're not, well maybe Mom will realize sculpting has to be a hobby and she'll go back to work."

I felt guilty stringing Dad along. I didn't think Mom was ever going to return to work, not as an insurance agent anyway, but the carrot worked—the one about sales rather than returning to work as I thought.

"You really think people in the city might buy that stuff."

"There's the possibility. Yeah, I think so."

I wasn't convinced but I needed Dad to think there was a chance so he'd give Mom a breather. She needed it.

"Ok, son. Two months then."

"Three, Dad. Three."

"Ok, three."

Dad walked away with a spring in his step.

"Ben, you're making me self-conscious," Mom complained.

She was washing a few dishes by hand while I finished my cereal. As she scrubbed the dishes, my eyes were drawn to the green tank top she was wearing or, more to the point, the tantalizing movement underneath that made the material so interesting to watch. I just couldn't believe my mom didn't wear a bra. This was my third day at home and Mom hadn't worn one yet. She wore t-shirts, loose blouses, and tank tops but never a bra.

Misinterpreting the reason for my attention, Mom added, "They're fine. I only have the one lump and it hasn't grown and there aren't any new ones."

My face reddened. Whenever that happens to me, trying to stop it makes it worse. I tried to hide it by looking down and scooping Honey Nut Cheerios into my mouth. "Whatever you say, Mom."

It was definitely better that she believed I was worried about her health than the truth, that is, that I was ogling my own mother's tits. I slurped down the last of the cereal and put the bowl on the counter, then returned to finish my coffee.

"You should quit drinking that stuff," Mom said. "You'll end up like your father, all antsy and uptight."

I laughed. She had Dad pegged alright. Mom cleaned my bowl and pulled the plug out of the drain. Immediately, she picked up a dish towel, dried her hands and then started on the dishes in the rack. My eyes followed her as she turned to put a glass away in the far cupboard. I barely managed to look away before she turned back to get another glass but kept my eyes suitably averted while she dried it. When she turned to put it away, my gaze locked onto her buns again. Mom had a great bottom, nicely lifted and outlined by the jeans. They may be old and faded, but they were designer none the less and made to highlight a woman's best feature, at least, the best for some women.

And Mom was one of those women. Her butt sloped gradually away from her waist to end in two beautiful lumps that looked like someone had filled a couple of longish balloons with water, held them over an edge, and covered them with denim. The bulk of the weight swelled out at the bottom end. As she walked, her ass swayed and the jeans tightened alternately over each cheek. Mom had remarked that her ass was getting fat, critically eyeing the way it jutted out more than it had a few years ago, but to me it was fulfilling its destiny, assuming a near-perfect form, the pinnacle of female assery. But Mom was the sculptor and that's why all her statues, which were all of women, sat in various poses. Not one was standing. It was a shame because I knew there were cretins out there like me that would gladly buy a statue adorned with a butt like Mom's.

Yeah, Mom used herself as a model for her sculptures. She had a large mirror set up in her studio and she looked at herself, striking a particular pose, as she created each new work. She must have put hours and hours into it to have made all the statues sitting around the studio. I hadn't seen the ones under the tarp, which I suspected were the nudes that Dad had referred to. I hoped that one day Mom would show them to me since I knew they had to be mirror images of her.

"If you're going to make a website, you'd better get a closer look at my stuff," Mom said, folding the towel and hanging it over the oven door handle. "Should I put them out on the lawn so you can take pictures, or would the patio be better?"

"Either way. It doesn't matter."

My eyes betrayed my dirty mind, dropping to Mom's chest even though I was strongly willing them to remain focused on her face.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Ben. Here."

Mom took two quick strides toward me and, standing in front of my chair, grabbed my hand and pulled it up to the side of her breast. I was shocked as the soft yet firm flesh filled my hand. Mom pushed my hand underneath, guiding my finger to a small, hard spot part way but not quite in the middle of the underside of her breast.

"See? It's quite small and it's benign. It's nothing to worry about."

I was stunned. I was sitting there, looking up at Mom's breast, resting in my hand and hers, reveling in the sensation of its warmth and weight, and the perfect curvature of its globular form. Despite my mental effort, there was a stirring in my loins.

"Come on, stand up."

Mom pulled me up with her free hand, then used it to guide my other mit to her left breast.

"See? Nothing there."

Mom rubbed my hand in a small semi-circle under her other breast.

“Nada. All clear. Nothing to worry about.”

Mom dropped her hands and, reluctantly, I let mine fall away too.

“It doesn’t hurt to check,” I mumbled.

“That’s true, and I check all the time. Now, let’s get down to business.”

Mom swept out the patio door and headed for her studio at the far end of the yard. A few seconds later, I jolted into action, following her, my eyes firmly on the tick-tock, tick-tock action of her jeans. I had to rearrange myself before we got to the studio. I don’t know what was the matter with me but I couldn’t keep my eyes off Mom’s body.

Moving the statues out ready to take pictures, I discovered something else about Mom’s new life. There were several bottles of wine in the cupboard near where she sat to shape the new statues. She saw me make the discovery and simply remarked, “Sometimes it helps my creative juices get going.”

I shrugged. It wasn’t really any of my business. We hauled all of Mom’s finished pieces out into the yard, all except for the ones under the tarp. I took pictures and then put them in a more orderly fashion at one end of the studio except for the best ones which I placed around the patio. If we managed to get someone to visit, they would be the first ones to be seen.

I stayed up to the wee hours of the morning that night getting a basic website up and running. It was noon before I got up. Mom was working in her studio. I made myself a cup of coffee and wandered out there, standing in the doorway for several minutes before she became aware of me. She paused to review her progress, picking up a glass of wine to sip as she eyed it critically. Putting the glass down, Mom arched her back and held her arms high, then bent her elbows so her hands could stretch her fingers along the back of her neck, her breasts thrust wonderfully tight against her cotton shirt. She turned to face me, smiled and let her arms drop slowly to her sides.

“Oh, good morning sleepyhead.”

The sun shining through the window cast a bright slash across Mom’s face but it couldn’t compete with the sparkle in her eyes. Clearly, she thoroughly enjoyed what she was doing. If sculpting could do that, it was well worth it. I had to find a way for Dad to see how much Mom loved it.

“Hey, I have an excuse. I was up all night working on your website.”

“Really?” Mom’s smile widened and her face brightened even more, if that was possible. “Can I see it?”

“Anytime,” I said, sweeping my arm toward the house in a wide gesture to show the way and spilling my coffee in the process.

Mom giggled. “Go get your breakfast started and I’ll join you in a minute ... for lunch,” she laughed. “Then we’ll see your new creation.”

Mom sat across from me with a plate of fruits and vegetables she had pulled out of the fridge. I was eating Honey Nut Cheerios again and feeling a bit guilty about it. Mom was wearing a pair of black pants smeared with sculpting stuff and a white blouse similarly streaked with clay. That, however, wasn’t where my attention was drawn. The blouse was unbuttoned way down, so far that Mom’s breasts threatened to spill out every time she lifted her hand to put a carrot in her mouth.

She smiled when she saw where I was looking.

"I checked them this morning. They're A-OK," her smile widened.

I was surprised that my face didn't go red. I mumbled, "Ok."

Amazing. I had just stared at my mother's tits without any adverse repercussions. She even seemed to take it as a mark of my love for her that I was so worried rather than a lecherous leer. I made a pact that I would endeavor to be obviously worried at least once a day, if not more.

After lunch, we went upstairs to look at the website. I had created a page listing all her pieces with associated email links identifying the work if someone was interested. I didn't have enough information to create a proper shopping cart but could do that later if this first bit produced any results. I had put the photos in place but needed names and a short description for each piece. Mom proved to be excellent at dreaming up catchy names and artsy bits to say about them. It came naturally and it dawned on me that this was what she was thinking when each piece was created. She was simply recalling how she felt during that process. I marveled at the inspired look on her face while this happened, though I must admit, my eyes strayed downward several times to appreciate the heart she had put into it too. Mom's shirt was open to just below where her breasts swept off her chest and the sides were alternately covered and revealed, sometimes in quick succession but other times mostly covered and then mostly exposed. I even managed to glimpse the side of her right nipple several times.

Mom was ecstatic when we finished and asked when the first sale was likely to happen.

"It will take a while Mom, maybe a week or two before the site even gets noticed. We have to market it first."

Mom responded with a simple, "Oh," but quickly recaptured her enthusiasm. "Well, I should get back to work."

She started to get up, then turned back to face me, twisting her chair toward me a little.

"I know you're still worried about me, sweetheart, but I really am ok."

I started to protest but Mom interrupted. "I saw that you were worried a few times."

I guess staring at Mom's tits was evidence of me being 'worried'.

"Look, honey. Would it make you feel better if I checked myself several times a day? It isn't necessary, but would it make you feel better?"

I nodded as if greatly relieved. I had better act really worried or I would sure as hell be in deep shit.

Mom pulled her shirt apart, almost exposing her right tit in its entirety. She felt underneath, her fingers searching for and finding the little lump. I stared at her exposed nipple which, as Mom's fingers lifted her breast, pushed magically upward. My mouth dried and I found it difficult to breathe. I guess I looked pretty anxious along with sucking in my breath because Mom reacted right away. She sat up straight and smiled encouragingly at me.

"Would it make you feel better to check it yourself, honey?"

I looked into Mom's face, thankful for my slow comprehension and the blank look it provided for my face to wear.

"Check it myself?" I finally managed to say, afraid to believe what I thought I was hearing.

"Yes. Here." Mom grabbed my hand, as she had the day before, and placed it on her breast. "Go ahead, honey."

My fingers tentatively closed around Mom's beautiful globe, capturing the meatiest part, and slid underneath in search of the little lump. I wasn't as adept at finding it as Mom and she had to interrupt my search.

"It's here, honey," she said, guiding my finger to the right spot. "See how little it is? It's even hard to find."

Mom pulled my hand away in hers. A sense of disappointment welled up in me but it was squashed by the sheer joy of handling Mom's tit and the knowledge that this could be a daily event if not more often. I was thrilled. I was in heaven. Could it get any better?

"Here, honey. Check the other one to satisfy yourself it's ok too."

Mom dragged my hand under her shirt to her other breast and held it there. Immediately, I slipped my fingers around its orbit, gently searching for telltale little bits of hardness. I couldn't find any but Mom didn't interrupt me this time, instead letting me check longer to assure myself that she was safe. The feel of her skin made my fingers tingle, a sensation that ran up my arm and made it tremble.

"Well, I guess I'm good to go until tonight," Mom joked as she got up to leave.

"Until tonight," I repeated, not meaning anything.

"Tonight," Mom repeated. "I usually check myself before going to bed."

Belatedly, I turned to watch her go but only managed the briefest glimpse of her shapely bottom. Could women get lumps there, I wondered. I turned to the computer and opened Google.

Mom came downstairs and presented herself to me in the living room that night after she and Dad had gone upstairs to go to bed.

"I almost forgot about my check-up," she explained her reappearance.

She stood expectantly in front of me in her bathrobe, still cinched tight by a bow in the terry cloth belt.

I got up and stood close to her. Mom smiled but didn't make a move to take my hand like she had before, or to offer her breasts for inspection. I glanced up the stairs.

"Your father's in bed," Mom said.

"Oh," I responded. Tentatively, I stretched out my hand and tried to pull the lapels of Mom's robe apart without success.

"You have to undo the belt, silly."

"Oh."

I pulled one end of the belt, expecting it to come completely undone but was left in a knot as often happened when I rushed to get my running shoes off.

"Damn," I muttered.

Mom giggled.

I struggled with the knot while Mom waited. Nervously, I glanced several times up the stairs but Mom didn't say anything, nor did she look impatient.

Finally, I got the bloody thing undone and pulled Mom's robe apart. Underneath, she wore a long nightgown with a long V open to her waist that was held together by three sets of laces, the uppermost already undone. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to check through the thin material or try to get my hand in through the top. I debated for several seconds while Mom continued to wait patiently, then abruptly tugged the end of the second lacy bow. It came apart easily. There was now plenty of room for my hand to slip inside but I moved to the final bow instead, picking up its ends in my trembling fingers, now overly eager upon the realization that Mom was going to let me get inside the nightgown. Could I undo the whole thing? Mom's smile widened but I still chickened out.

I released the last set of laces and moved my hand up. With a final glance upstairs, I slipped my hand under Mom's nightgown onto her right breast. I knew where the lump was now and went directly to it, grunting in satisfaction that it was still small, but then moved on, ostensibly searching with prodding fingers for other lumps. I felt Mom's right breast for as long as I thought I could get away with it before moving to the equally exquisite left and checked it out for just as long, managing to brush my palm over Mom's erect nipple.

When I was done, Mom said, "Thank you, sweetheart," and re-tied the laces, muttering under her breath as she did so, "It's nice to see at least one man in this house concerned about my health." Then, she smiled sweetly, leaned forward to give me a kiss, and said, "Nighty, night," like she used to when I was little. As she climbed the stairs, she cinched her robe up tight.

The next day, I asked about the sculptures hidden under the tarp in the corner. Mom hadn't heard me step into the studio so I was able to watch her preen in front of the mirror, arching her back, pushing her arms up and bending them so she could play with the hair behind her neck, and, best of all, thrusting her breasts upward. She twisted her torso to and fro and glanced often between her reflection and the piece she was sculpting. I startled her when I spoke.

"Can I see them?"

"Oh, Ben. You gave me a start for sure. See what?" Mom's lashes dipped. Had she glanced down at her chest?

"The ones you're hiding from me." I nodded toward the corner.

"Oh, those. I'm not hiding them," she said, defensively.

"Then, I can see them?" I walked toward the tarp.

"No, Ben. Don't."

I stopped. "Why, what's so terrible about them. If they're not up to snuff, we should move them to make room for the stuff you're doing now. It's great."

I started for the corner again.

"They're not duds, they're nudes," Mom explained.

I was astonished. "Nudes?"

"Yes, nudes. Well, bare-breasted, anyway." Mom looked down and blushed.

"You don't want me to see them because they're bare-breasted? Mom, I'm twenty-two." I started to move again.

"Wait. It's just that, it's just ... well, they're of me."

"Mom, they're just statues."

"I know, but still."

"Mom, I you let me check your breasts for lumps last night, the real ones, not replicas."

"I know but that's a medical thing. This is different."

"Ok," I put up my hands, relenting.

Somehow, it didn't seem appropriate now to ask Mom if I could check her breasts which is what I'd come out to the studio hoping to do. I hung out for a bit, then quietly slipped away. I think Mom was relieved to see me go.

I was surprised when Mom slipped downstairs that night to present herself to me again. She wore an enigmatic smile the whole time I loosened and parted her robe and also while I slipped the second lace apart. This time, I quickly moved to the third and last bow and undid it too. Mom gave no indication of whether she approved or disapproved. As soon as it was done, I spread Mom's nightgown apart, peeling it back to her arms. I didn't need to open it that wide but Mom didn't object. My mouth dropped open at the unimpeded beauty of her perfectly shaped breasts jutting with surprising firmness from her chest. I slipped my hands over them, both at the same time, fingers first, followed by sliding palms, a whole hand check-up. My fingers strayed lightly all around Mom's tits before I used my palms to press them against her chest.

"I did a little reading," I explained. "You're supposed to flatten them so the smaller lumps will show."

This was bullshit of course which I suspect Mom knew but I felt I needed to provide an explanation and that was the best I could come up with. Squishing them for a mammary exam was one thing but squashing them with your palms was quite another. Still, Mom let me get away with it. She let me check her out for the longest time yet and when I was finished and stepped back, I thought that Mom's nipples looked more stimulated than when I had started but I couldn't be sure because Mom closed her nightgown quickly.

When she leaned forward to kiss me, she whispered, "I guess I'm ready for your father, now."

Those words reverberated around my skull for hours that night, 'ready for your father now'. Was she teasing me? I pictured her presenting her stiff nipples to my father, nipples I had prepared, the lucky bastard. I strained my ears for the sound of love-making but I didn't hear anything definitive which both pleased and disappointed me. Eventually, I satisfied myself by rubbing my dick until I spilled my seed in my shorts.

The next day, Mom wore the old designer jeans again, topped by a loose shirt. The shirt had been buttoned right up until Dad left for work but when Mom returned from kissing him goodbye at the door, it was half undone. I tried to initiate a check-up but Mom spurned me, saying she had to get to work right away. When I tried again at lunch time, she flatly refused, saying that once a day should be enough. I was crushed. What had I done? She seemed to be okay with my extended

check-up the night before, even pleased, and possibly excited. Was that it? Had I crossed a boundary that betrayed the sexual nature of my 'medical' examination? I hoped not.

Later that afternoon, Mom called me out to the studio. She was in the corner, holding one end of the tarp.

"Help me move these, will you Ben?"

I moved quickly to comply, not questioning her change of heart. A dozen miniature statues were revealed, all of them of a woman in various sitting poses, mostly with an arched back and uplifted arms and breasts, and hair that fell to barely graze an elegant pair of shoulders bracketing a sleek neck. The breasts were well-matched to the woman's slender form and perfectly shaped except for a tiny lump underneath the right breast, almost like a flaw in workmanship, or a signature.

"Mom, these are great. We've got to get them on the website right away."

"Oh, no. These aren't for sale."

"Not for sale? You're kidding?"

"I couldn't. It would be too embarrassing."

"Mom, these will sell. The website isn't getting any traffic and this will attract lots of viewers."

"But that's so ... pornographic."

"Mom, come on. All the great sculptors did nudes. Some of them, nothing but. You have to let me put these up. You need to earn enough to at least partly pay for all this or you'll eventually have to go back to selling insurance."

"Ok, but I don't want see anyone who wants to buy them."

"Don't worry, I'll look after that."

"And the wheeling and dealing."

"And I'll take care of the business too," I agreed.

It was harder getting the names and stories for these new pieces from Mom but I was glad I pushed her. The stories were incredibly touching. This was good stuff. I took great pain to get the pictures just right but I wasn't completely satisfied. As an avid amateur photographer, I wanted the lighting to be just perfect but the conditions weren't right. Still, I managed to get a sufficiently decent interplay of light and shadow for each piece to show well.

Mom noted my disappointment so I took great pains to explain it to her lest she think it reflected her workmanship which was superb. She understood in the end, leaving the discussion with a portentous comment.

"Too bad you can't put the light and shadow right on the statue. Then it wouldn't matter where you took the pictures."

I worked on the website that afternoon adding a bit about the shock of cancer and mentioned the tiny lump lest some mistake it for poor craftsmanship instead of a signature.

That night, Mom was late coming downstairs. Given what had happened that morning and

afternoon, I figured the check-ups were over. I was mildly surprised and greatly relieved when I saw her descending in her robe. I got up to meet her so stopped in the middle of the living room to wait for me with that strange smile on her face.

She spoke as I untangled the belt on her robe, "Your father's fallen asleep already."

The fact that she pointed that out to me made the hair on my arms tingle. Why had she felt it necessary for me to know that? Perhaps because I was thinking so hard about that, I was slower than the night before to get Mom's robe and nightgown undone. When I finally had her breasts exposed and my hands enveloping them, Mom whispered, "If you're only going to do this once a day, you'd best do it carefully."

I nodded but didn't look at her for I was already busy checking her breasts. In the interests of thoroughness, I allowed my fingers to slip up onto the top of Mom's breasts and even let them brush over her nipples, which were indeed stiff. My examination turned into an extended, continuous caress, barely disguisable as anything but. When Mom finally stopped me, at least five minutes later, we were both breathing more rapidly and swaying unsteadily on our feet. Mom pushed my hands away but she didn't step back or force me away.

"Did you know women can get lumps on their bottoms too?" I suddenly blurted out.

That had just popped into my head.

"No, really?" Mom whispered, still swaying on her feet, as was I.

"Yeah, especially if you've had a lump on your breast."

This was pure bullshit and I was sure Mom likely knew it as such but I still said it with conviction.

"Have you checked yours?" I asked, my hands already sliding down her shoulders and then jumping to her waist, inside the robe.

"No, I didn't even know about it," Mom replied.

"I better check, then," I mumbled, my hands slipping around the curve of Mom's waist, sliding easily over the silky material of her nightgown.

Gently, I urged Mom closer to me, pressing my hands into the small of her back. When she was almost touching me her arms lifted until her hands clutched my shoulders. I moved my hands lower, palms flat on Mom's back, sliding down until each was poised at the top of her buttocks. I paused for a moment, scared to continue without permission, then, when it didn't come, proceeded anyway.

Oh, what a gentle, erotic slope my hands traveled, a curve as magnificent as the underside of her breasts and just as perfect. How magically her buns filled my cupped hands, how sensuous they felt, soft yet firm, quivering with a life that couldn't be contained. Oh, if only I could touch them directly, sense their bare skin, I would be in heaven. I reached the bottom and curled my fingers underneath, testing the heft of each slightly sagging swell and, sighing, lowering my head to Mom's shoulder. I squeezed and pulled them closer, bringing Mom into full frontal contact.

"Ben," Mom whispered.

"Ben," she repeated, more firmly.

"Yes," I replied groggily.

"I think, perhaps, we should finish this tomorrow."

Mom's hands were gently urging me away.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow."

I brought my left hand up to Mom's waist, preparing to part, but the right lingered. Slowly, I allowed its fingers to curl completely around Mom's left buttock until the tips were pressed into the base of the divide between her cheeks and then, just as slowly, I deliberately raised my hand, dragging my fingertips up the crevice that stretched above.

"Ok, tomorrow," I whispered.

Thankfully, Mom wasn't angry. She stretched up to kiss me on the neck, then lifted higher to kiss me on my ear, her slightly moist lips leaving a hot trail between.

"Goodnight, baby."

She was gone and I was left with the smell of her hair and her perfume. It filled my nostrils for hours after that as I dreamed of her and eventually squeezed my fluid out into my shorts for a second night.

Chapter 2

Posted: 3/16/2020, 7:00:59 AM

"You're not serious?" Mom was aghast. "You don't really think I'm going to let you smear that mess all over me, do you?"

"But you're the model. You look at yourself in the mirror as you work. It has to be on you."

"Why can't you just paint the statues?"

"Two reasons," I explained. "First, nobody wants a painted statue."

"I guess," Mom concurred. "And second?"

"And second," I continued, "it's what you see that counts. You'll see a different array of light and shadow and that will change what you create. Don't you see?"

"Yes, Mom," replied, her fingertip in her mouth, eyes narrowing as she thought. "I do see."

Mom stood up. "Go ahead, then, paint me," she said, holding her arms out at her sides.

"Not here, and not wearing all those clothes."

"Where, then? You can't put that on me in the house. It will ruin the floor if it spills."

“Right out there then, on the grass.”

“On the grass? I’m not taking my clothes off in the back yard.”

“Just your top, and your jeans.”

“I don’t need to take off my jeans. I only do women sitting.”

“Yes, but the tops of the thighs and the sides of the hips are showing. They need to be painted too.”

“What if someone comes?”

“Who ever comes here during the day?”

Reluctantly, Mom acquiesced. “Alright, but just down to my bra and panties, or maybe I should put on a bathing suit.”

“No, Mom. We don’t have time. We need to be finished before Dad gets home. You can imagine what he’d say if he knew you were painting yourself.”

Mom walked out to the middle of the yard, kicked off her flip flops and loosened her jeans, then pushed them down her legs. She kicked them off, undoing the buttons on her blouse and letting it fall to the ground as she sank to her knees wearing only a brief pair of panties. Not a thong, mind you, but a nice small triangular pair of black panties with narrow ears that rose up and over the swell of her hips. The fleshy part of her ass bulged out a bit under the edge of the black panties.

“What a woman must suffer for her art,” Mom chuckled. “Come on, get it over with.”

As I started rubbing the mix on Mom’s shoulders and back, she barked, “Ugggh. This better work.”

I lathered the ‘paint’ on Mom’s shoulders, arms, back, stomach and thighs, spreading it slowly with my hands and working it into her soft skin. I left the best parts for last: her breasts, the inside of her thighs, and the bits closest to her panties in the back. I did her breasts first because she was used to me touching her there and was less likely to object to my exploring fingers on that part of her body. By the time I finished coloring her breasts, Mom’s nipples were definitely erect. I moved to her legs but as my fingers pushed the paint between her thighs, Mom objected and closed her legs tight.

“Hey, I don’t need this stuff there.”

“If you don’t, you’ll be disconcerted by the line that shows. You should have it right over the tops of your thighs.”

Mom reluctantly loosened her legs to let me apply the paint. I rubbed it up and down the length of her inner thighs but was careful not to get too close to her panties. I sensed that a boundary existed somewhere around there and that my proximity to it was making Mom a little tense. I definitely didn’t want to spook her so I chickened out on my plans to smear the stuff over Mom’s ass, especially those intriguing bulges at the bottom.

“Ok, you’re ready,” I said, standing back to admire my work.

“Well, now we’ll see,” Mom said, standing.

She walked awkwardly to the studio as if she was covered in mud and I supposed that’s what the

stuff felt like as it dried. I stood as quietly as I could, out of Mom's sight, as she worked on the next piece. She worked quickly and rarely stopped to examine her body. When she did, she struck a pose and merely glanced at the mirror rather than twisting and turning, preening, and peering intently as she usually did. Somehow, she was seeing immediately what she needed to see. When she was done, she started on another one right away.

"Ben. Ben!"

I ran to the bathroom.

"Ben! Come here!"

I opened the door, carefully peeking inside, ready to quickly yank my head out.

"Come in. Quickly. And shut the door."

I stepped inside. Mom was in the shower, the sliding door half open, her eyes closed and her hair full of shampoo.

"This stuff isn't coming off and your father will be home soon."

I surveyed at Mom's glistening body. She had the stuff mostly off her front and the backs of her legs but it still clung to the backs of her upper arms and all down her back. My eyes drifted to her pelvis, the swell of her tummy and the tuft of hair below it. If she turned, I would see my mother's pussy.

"Ben. Get in here and scrub my back."

"What?"

"Get in here. You put it on, now you get it off!"

"Oh, ok."

I scrambled to get my pants and shirt off.

"Leave those on," Mom yelled when I pushed my underwear down. "What are you thinking?"

I nodded, acknowledging my silliness. Mom pulled the shower door wide open and I stepped in behind her. She reached behind herself to hand me the soap and a wash cloth. I was staring at Mom's bare ass, the one I had groped the night before and pounded my poor little dick all night over. Naked, it was even sexier than I had imagined it to be, firm but jiggling, the bulgy cheeks clearly separated. I dearly wanted to cup them in my hands.

"My back, Ben. Scrub my back."

I started rubbing the soap all over Mom's back and following it with the washcloth, working it in hard. The paint began to come off. When I got her back done, I searched out bits behind her arms and beside her breasts that she had missed. Mom had calmed down quite a bit when she realized the stuff was coming off and stood with both arms stretched up on the end of the shower wall to brace herself against my rubbing hands. Her head turned when they slid below her back and onto her slippery buttocks.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"Some of the paint dripped down. You've got some here and here," I said, touching the top of her bum just above her crack and the bottom of each cheek, the parts that would have been above and below her panties.

"Really? How on earth did that happen?" Mom asked, craning her neck to see but unable to.

"I don't know," I replied, scratching at the area just above her crack, my scraping fingertip managing to slip into her delightful crevice. "Should I get it?"

"Hurry then," Mom said. "Dad will be home soon."

I moved down to scratch at the fleshy bottom of Mom's cheeks. I was in my glory, rubbing away at Mom's fantastic butt, my head lowered to see what I was doing. There was, of course, no paint there. Employing both hands in the interest of getting the job done faster, I managed to pull Mom's cheeks apart to observe her crinkly bottom hole. Of course, the pulpy lips below divided by her furry slit didn't escape my attention either. It wasn't long before Mom had had enough because she pushed herself away from the wall and abruptly shut off the shower.

Stepping out, she said, "I'll get the rest later. Your father will be here any minute now."

"I managed to get it all," I said, in case she examined herself in her bedroom and found no paint on her butt.

"Good, good," Mom replied, toweling herself hurriedly. "You better get to your room." She glanced at me as she rubbed herself and I noticed that her eyes were drawn to my soaking wet underwear and the swollen cock they contained. "Maybe you should just get back in the shower," she grinned, and left.

I did as Mom suggested. Of course, I couldn't leave my cock alone. It was empty when I was done five minutes later and pictures of Mom's wet cheeks were still floating in front of my closed eyes.

Mom didn't come down that night. I waited for hours but finally went to bed but I couldn't sleep. I checked the computer and found several emails requesting more information about the nude statues and their prices which I hadn't put in because I didn't know what was appropriate. I was about to answer when one email in particular caught my eye, offering five thousand dollars in the subject line for a commissioned work. The message body promised more to follow if they liked the first one.

Naturally, I read that email with great interest. They – it appeared to be from a man and a woman – had read the bio of Mom that I had put up in an 'About the Sculptress' page, noting her recent cancer scare. They wanted to know if Mom would do a commissioned work with the woman lying down rather than sitting. I responded to the email saying that we were open to the idea. A response came back within minutes when I was in the middle of responding to a price request. I left that message to read the response.

Are you the Sculptress?

No. I'm her son.

The response was immediate.

Her son. How very nice to meet you. Will your mother do the piece we've requested and would she be interested in further requests? We're willing to pay more.

I'm sure she will. She is very much the artist and is interested in the piece more than the money.

That's why she lets me look after the business part. My I ask how much more?

If we like the first, then we're thinking \$10,000 per piece. Does that sound reasonable to you?

What kind of pieces did you have in mind?

I was so excited I could hardly type. I was relieved this exchange wasn't taking place face to face. I couldn't have kept my cool if it was.

Several in the prone position and perhaps a few more sitting or lying with a young man son nearby.

The latter would be much more work.

We're willing to offer more for those.

If my mother is willing, will you put down a deposit?

We'll pay up front for the first piece. Please send us the details so we can wire the money to your account.

I couldn't believe it. I replied that I would send the details ASAP and then responded to the other requests saying that the prices would be posted soon. I wanted to get Mom to see this right away but it was after midnight. I had a heck of a time getting to sleep. I was so worked up, I didn't even beat off.

I was up early the next day. Dad and Mom were still finishing their breakfast. Mom could see that I was excited but Dad was oblivious. I didn't say anything because I wanted to let Mom know first and let her decide what to say to my father. I could hardly wait for him to leave and Mom noticed my agitated state.

Finally, Mom accompanied Dad to the door, dressed in a white blouse and a black, pleated skirt. She kissed him goodbye, stood at the door until he got in his car, then waved as he backed out of the driveway. Closing the door, Mom turned and walked back toward the kitchen, already unbuttoning her blouse as she came.

"What's up mister? Why are you so antsy?" she smiled as she entered the kitchen, the buttons already undone almost to the waist of her skirt. Mom was pulling the blouse up, untucking it from the skirt but stopped, peering at my face. "What? What is it?"

"You won't believe it, Mom. Some couple wants to commission a statue ... for five grand!"

"What? You're joking?"

"Nope, I kid you not."

I got up and went to Mom. Instead of hugging her, I brushed her stilled hands aside and grasped her blouse, pulling it up out of her skirt to finish the job for her.

"You're really serious, aren't you?"

"I am," I laughed. "I'm really, really serious."

I struggled and failed to keep a straight face. What I didn't fail at was undoing the remaining buttons on Mom's blouse. She didn't seem to even notice what I was doing, even when I pulled her blouse apart to reveal her naked breasts and started pushing it off her shoulders.

“What do they want?” Mom asked, automatically holding her arms out from her sides to make it easier for me to strip off the long-sleeved blouse.

I got it off one hand but it hung up on the other. I ignored it and grasped her breasts in both hands.

“I told you these, I mean they, would sell.”

Mom was oblivious to my caressing hands.

“When do they need it?”

“When you’re done. It’s at your discretion.”

“I can’t believe it.”

“You’re a Sculptress, Mom. You’ve really done it.”

“With you’re help. You’re the one that made it happen.”

Mom threw her hands around my neck and hugged me hard, almost dislodging my hands but I managed to retain my grip.

“You wonderful, wonderful boy. You’ve given me a new career.”

Mom kissed me, full on the mouth.

I was stunned. So stunned, I forgot her tits and actually let them go. Mom was giddy with laughter. I slipped my hands around her shoulders and kissed her back. We broke apart and laughed together. My arms slid down to the small of her back and I kissed her again. The laugh between was short-lived. Mom’s arms tightened around my neck and we kissed again. This time, Mom really kissed me, her lips mashing against mine for several long seconds before her tongue slipped into my mouth. I moved my hands around to her front to reclaim her tits, sucking her tongue deeper into my mouth. Mine dueled with hers and finally pushed it back until it retreated to its home, closely chased my mine invading her own mouth. We were gasping for air when we finished. Mom’s hands slid from my shoulders and she stepped back.

“Whew,” Mom sighed. “I guess we got a little carried away.”

“We had a good excuse,” I panted.

“I suppose. I guess artists sometimes let their emotions get the better of themselves,” Mom responded, turning away, pulling the blouse off her wrist and tossing it onto a chair. “We’d better finish our breakfast, we’ve got painting and sculpting to do.”

As we finished breakfast, I filled Mom in on the email exchange. I could see her mind drifting off to plan the new sculptures as I spoke. As I suspected, the money, fantastic as it was, was secondary to the fact that someone wanted her work. As her mind toiled, I could have slapped myself to see if I was really awake and not dreaming. I mean, I was sitting at the breakfast table with my sexy mother, dressed in a skirt with her breasts nonchalantly on full display without a hint of discomfort on her part.

We walked together into the yard but Mom stopped in the middle of the grass.

“I guess you better paint me,” she said, indicating with her flapping hand that I should fetch the

paint.

I returned quickly to find Mom still standing where I had left her. When she saw me, she smiled and reached down and slid the zipper down the side of her hip, then kinked it up and back, letting the skirt fall of its own accord. Mom kicked it away several feet, then turned around and kneeled on the grass wearing only her panties. I went to her and sank to my knees behind her.

"I guess you'd better paint all of me," she instructed in a rather throaty voice.

I splashed the paint on Mom's back and spread it around, covering her arms and shoulders and even the back of her thighs and her calves. When I reached around to do her front, and Mom didn't object, I concentrated on her breasts, kneading and stroking them for long minutes, massaging and flicking her nipples, once even tugging them up until they dropped from the weight of their fleshy substrate.

The two pieces Mom had done the day before were really superb and I really thought it was due to the paint making the contours of her body more apparent to her as she worked. After all, she had worked quickly with the briefest of glances at her body in the mirror, but I had now changed my mind. I now believed the superior work was due to Mom's state of arousal and I was going to make sure she was aroused for this first commissioned piece of work. I think Mom was aware of it too, at least at some level, when I thought about the strength of her conviction that it was me that had made it happen. I had thought she was referring to the website but now I think she was voicing her own conviction and she, more than anyone, should know what was driving her.

I dipped my hand in the paint bucket and, with my left lightly stroking Mom's throat, I splashed the right on her belly, moving the paint slowly around in an ever widening circle. Again, I dipped my hand and spread the paint everywhere, even onto Mom's panties. Dipping my hand in again, I dropped it onto Mom's thighs which parted to give me access to the inside of her legs. My lips dropped onto Mom's neck and I nibbled the crook as my hand languidly pushed the paint deep between her legs, scraping her panties on each upstroke.

I looked at Mom's eyes and was pleased to see they were shut, a wanton expression covering her face. Dipping my hand again, I surprised her by rubbing it onto her bottom, covering her cheeks and the panties. She slumped back against me so I curled my left arm around her torso beneath her breasts to pull her up on her knees. I dipped my hand again and applied a liberal quantity of paint to Mom's bottom again, this time working it between her legs from behind. I wasn't shy about rubbing my hand up her center, letting my fingers push into the crevice dividing her cheeks. The next handful went directly on the front of Mom's panties and my mouth covered her ear, the tip of my tongue swirling slowly around its rim, then tasting the center. When the first low moan escaped Mom's lips, I pushed her forward onto the grass.

Mom lay still where she had landed. My eyes drinking in her painted body. It was a surreal, extremely erotic sight. I leaned forward and pushed the back of her right knee, moving it up until her leg was bent at almost ninety degrees. Observing her position critically, I moved her left leg up too but not as much. After a brief pause, I pulled on Mom's right shoulder until her upper body was almost perpendicular to the grass. Gently, I pried her face up so it looked like she was trying to look back, waiting expectantly for someone behind her, except her eyes were closed. Almost satisfied, but not quite. I adjusted Mom's hips so they tilted forward slightly but her ass pushed up and back. For the final touch, I moved Mom's knees together and aligned her lower legs so they matched, one on the other, with one foot curling over the other.

Perfect. A woman waiting expectantly for her lover. Apprehensive, yet offering him everything, from behind.

I laid down behind Mom, snuggling up to her and fitting myself around her body, the lump in my

shorts just barely touching the triangle below her painted panties. As I leaned over to whisper in her ear, my bulge pressed into that sacred spot.

"You've got work to do," I whispered thickly into her wet ear.

I stood and dragged Mom to her feet.

I kept my distance, quietly watching Mom as she worked feverishly for the next few hours. She worked right through lunch, though I set a plate of fresh fruits and vegetables nearby. She finished the first statue, lying on its side, twisting up to look at the sky, the pert upper breast leaping from its chest as if it wanted to launch itself up to meet the target of its gaze. The second was finished in the middle of the afternoon. It, too, was lying on its side, though turned down toward the earth, its prominent, naked bottom pushing up as if unashamed of the heathen triangle it blatantly offered.

When she was done, Mom looked vacantly about, almost immediately noticing the food. She devoured it ravenously, the speed with which she ate forcing juice from the oranges and tomatoes spilling over her chin. She didn't drink until the food was gone and then she gulped it down in one go. Then, she slumped in her seat before getting up and tottering like an old woman. I stepped quickly forward and grabbed her, fearing that she was about to fall. I carried her in my arms, upstairs, to the bathroom and the shower. There, I pulled the panties down and, God help me, kissed each bare cheek as I pushed the panties down her legs and off her feet.

As she stood in the shower, leaning against the wall, letting the water run over her back, I undressed ... completely. Mom was watching me with listless eyes but they still tracked my underwear being dragged down to my feet and off ... then rose to follow the spring of my cock. I stepped into the shower behind her, soap in one hand and a washcloth in the other. I set to work, wiping away the paint and the stress.

I cleaned her well and massaged her body as I went, interested more in relaxing than caressing. Yes, I took liberty in touching every part of her body but I didn't try to rub my hard cock on her though my tip did accidentally bump into her bum several times. I don't know how but I resisted the urge to push it between her legs. She was susceptible and I didn't want to take advantage. I let her know that I loved her in the tender way I touched her, that I was fascinated with her beauty in body and soul, but most of all, just that I loved her.

We didn't say a word to my father about the emails or the new sculptures.

Mom didn't come downstairs again that night either. Perhaps the day's events had taken too great a toll.

I was up early again the next day, eager to see her. Mom wore a simple white blouse, braless again, and a dark, navy blue skirt with intricate designs sketched in thin white lines. The thin cotton skirt swirled about her legs as she walked but when she returned from waving goodbye to Dad it was her blouse that attracted my attention. It was fully buttoned and Mom didn't give any indication that she was going to unbutton it as she walked unsmiling toward me and stopped in front of my chair.

I can't describe the thrill that spread through my chest when, once there, a smile appeared and Mom started to undo her blouse. Slowly, very slowly. I didn't say a word as I craned my neck to see and neither did she. The white blouse was dropped carelessly and my eyes followed it to the floor despite the fact that Mom wasn't wearing a bra. Her fingers were already sliding the zipper down on the navy blue skirt and my attention focused there, intent on the bare skin being exposed as Mom slowly lowered it over her hips. The depression between hipbone and tummy was revealed only to be hidden by the unfortunate appearance of panties but, as the skirt continued its fall, Mom's flesh, in the form of soft, white thighs, reappeared. The skirt passed her knees and Mom

stepped carefully out of it before dropping it onto the blouse. Two pieces of clothing. Only white panties were left. Mom leaned over me to brace her hands against the wall behind my head.

"I don't want to get paint on these. I had to throw the black ones out yesterday."

Mom waited, still smiling, but didn't say anything more. Her words sank in and I reached out with both hands to tug the panties down her hips. They caught briefly on the jutting swells of her behind, then snapped down to the base of her ass and the thickness of her thighs. Her pussy was bare, a neatly trimmed slot barely covering the puffy lips. I savored its musky aroma. Slowly, I tugged the panties further, in no hurry, leaning closer to Mom the farther I pushed them down her legs. When they were near her feet, my face was so close I could have stuck out my tongue and tasted her. Mom stepped out of the panties and I dropped them where they were on the floor.

"Come," Mom whispered. "We've got work to do."

She pulled me up by my hand and turned to lead me outside. I stumbled trying not to step on her panties. What would Dad think if he came home to find Mom's clothes strewn around the kitchen, especially her panties? Halfway across the yard, just as she had the day before, Mom stopped and pulled me even with her, then pushed on my back to urge me ahead.

"Go get the paint," she said.

I turned back to Mom and folded my arms around her naked body.

"We don't need the paint."

I leaned down to plant a kiss in the crook of her neck.

"No," she whispered.

I stiffened, then pulled back and looked into her eyes.

"I guess you're right, we don't," she said and stretched up to kiss me on my mouth.

I pulled her to me and mashed my lips on hers, slowly slipping my tongue into her mouth. My hands roamed down Mom's back and onto her gently sloping buttocks, curling around her bottom and squeezing her delicious buns. The kiss was intense and when we stopped twisting our faces to catch our breath, I had pulled Mom hard against the fullness of my swollen private parts. I realized what I had done and was about to pull away when Mom's mouth sought mine again, her tongue pushing thickly into me. I responded to its demand, kissing her hard and wrapping my arms tightly around her. Her pelvis thrust against mine and I ground my cock into its yielding flesh, forcing it into a rotational movement that continued until we parted again to breathe.

"No," Mom said. "We certainly don't need the paint." She stepped back, out of breath, but didn't turn away. My eyes moved down from her flushed face to her heaving chest and quivering nipples, then below to her pubic hair which was pulsing with excitement. I noticed that the front of my shorts were bursting with my own excitement and dropped my hands in front as I quickly looked up to see if Mom had seen. She had. I caught her just as she averted her eyes.

"Don't interrupt me today," she said, her breathing barely allowing the words to get out. "I want to know you're waiting, and that I can't see you until I'm done."

It was one of the most difficult things I ever did, watching Mom walk naked away from me. She worked for hours and hours. It was late afternoon when she finished. I stepped hesitantly up to the door just as she was covering her new work with the tarp. Her look kept me from entering so I

waited, patiently, until she joined me at the door.

"Your father will be here any minute. It's a good thing we didn't use the paint," she said.

"Yes, good thing," I agreed, though I didn't really agree at all. I had been waiting all day to have our shower and it hadn't dawned on me once that it needn't happen if we didn't use the paint.

That night, I prepared a comforting environment for Mom after she and Dad retired for the night, just in case she did come downstairs unlike the previous two nights. After sitting alone for over two hours, I was about to give up and go to bed when I heard the soft click of a door being carefully closed upstairs. I craned my neck, turning my ear toward the stairs but I saw her before I detected the soft fall of her footsteps. She descended the stairs slowly, dressed like she had been every other night in a tightly cinched robe. Her eyes said it all as she stepped into the living room.

"Hi sweetheart. I couldn't sleep ... Oh Ben, this is so lovely. Thank you so much."

Mom's eyes danced with the reflection of the candles I had placed all over the living room, on the window sill, the tables, and even on the floor. Her nostrils flared as she breathed in deep, inhaling the aroma of their scented oils.

"Gosh, it's a bit overwhelming ... almost too much."

Her steps faltered and I leapt to my feet, crossing the floor to steady her.

"Sit here," I guided Mom to the couch, first sitting down myself against the pillows piled up at one end, one leg stretched across the cushions, then pulled her down with her back toward me. Mom wiggled her back, nestling comfortably against my chest.

"I couldn't sleep," she continued where she had left off. "I didn't want to wake Dad so I got up."

"Mmhmmmm," I nodded, though she couldn't see my head behind her.

"I keep thinking about their request," Mom referred to the couple whose commission pieces she had worked so hard to do the past couple of days. "I hope they like them."

"I'm sure they will," I said, confidently, kissing Mom's hair.

"I don't know. Their instructions leave so much latitude: statues of a woman lying down and of a man sitting, watching her; statues of the two of them lying down together; and to make the woman older than the man, much older."

"I know, it's strange."

"Yes. Usually it's the man with a wife much too young for him but a woman with a much younger man but I'm sure it happens. They sound like they're wealthy." Mom paused, then added, "It's probably her money."

"Yes, probably," I murmured, kissing Mom's neck inside the collar of her robe.

"It's just that I can't decide what to do next. That's why I can't sleep."

"Relax. You'll think of something."

By the sound of Mom's sigh, she wasn't as sure as I about that. My fingers found the belt securing her robe and began toying with it in a lackadaisical fashion, tugging its ends and slowly pulling the

knot undone. Mom shifted left to bring her right leg up onto the couch too. I continued playing until the knot pulled free. Mom seemed to be deep in thought and unaware of my activity. Slowly, not because I was afraid she would stop me but rather because I didn't want to disturb her, I pulled Mom's robe apart until I had an unobstructed view down the front of her body, covered by the nightgown until just below her knees. Her feet were bare; she had kicked off her slippers.

As Mom pondered what to do the next day, I untangled the laces connecting her nightgown with discretion similar to that I had applied to dismantling the robe. After quite a few minutes, I had succeeded in unfettering Mom's breasts and taken them gently into my hands. For the next half an hour, I nuzzled Mom's neck and massaged her breasts, occasionally letting my hands stray down her belly inside the nightgown to stroke her soft skin. I was surprised when I encountered the upper traces of her pubic hair but I didn't venture into it.

I didn't want to disturb Mom's thoughts as I was sure she was well into the creative process. Nevertheless, I could not stop my cock from swelling more at the thought of Mom's bare pelvis. Had she purposely removed her panties before coming downstairs or was it just a coincidence? Her pussy was bare just inches below my trembling fingers. I hoped my hard cock, now pressing into the small of her back, didn't intrude rudely into her thoughts but there was little I could do about that. Hoping to alleviate the situation, I returned my hands to Mom's breasts. Mere seconds later my fingers surrounded her nipples, gently tugging and tweaking them into full extension. I would have stopped when I became aware of what I was doing were it not for Mom's contented sigh and the feel of her body relaxing against mine. What I was doing must be helping her generate creative thoughts.

Several minutes later, Mom pulled up her knees, pushing her back more forcefully into my erection. Incredible as it sounds, my hands tired of manipulating Mom's breasts. Again, they descended her body but this time stayed on top of her nightgown, stopping on her hips. My fingers stretched out and retracted, pulling the nightgown back. I repeated this several times until the hem was dragged up and over Mom's raised knees. A few more clenches and the hem started an inexorable descent down the top of Mom's thighs until it was bunched up on her belly. As soon as that happened, Mom lowered her legs until they were once again stretched out straight on the couch.

I returned my hands to her breasts but after several minutes reviving her stiff nipples let them stray down to Mom's waist. There, my fingers began kneading her sides and, as a side-effect, rolling the nightgown up under Mom's breasts. She was very quiet but I could feel her breath shortening and knew she was excited by either her thoughts or what I was doing. So was I! My boner was so ragingly hard I worried that I might damage her spine if I moved suddenly. I moved my head, stretching it up slightly so I could get a better view past Mom's breasts. I was pleasantly surprised when she adjusted her head to accommodate me, or was that just accidental?

The last of the nightgown was now sliding up over Mom's pouting tummy, revealing the tuft of pubic hair covering her mound, a slash of white to either side where the sun never reached when she tanned in the back yard. When the nightgown was completely rolled up, Mom pulled her legs up again, her rising knees held tightly together. Was she feeling self-conscious? Was she going to cover up?

Mom turned her head sideways toward the back of the couch. Maybe she was embarrassed that she'd let me expose her this way. Her head rubbed into the hollow under my left shoulder as if scratching an itch in her ear, then was still. A few seconds later, Mom's knees parted, then stopped when the gap was only two inches wide. Haltingly, her knees continued to give way, stopping and starting, again and again, until they were more than two feet apart. I raised my hand to press Mom's hair against the back of her head to clear the line of sight between my eyes and her bare pussy, now pulled slightly apart.

I could see a slight furrow through the slot of pubic hair. She was trembling down there. Why? Was

she ashamed? If so, why didn't she close her legs? Or maybe she was quivering in anticipation, or from the feel of my eyes' caress?

I didn't know. What I did know was that I wanted to be closer to that tantalizing tuft of hair. I returned my hand to Mom's hip and moved both of them closer to the center, stopping in the shallow groove just inside her hipbones. Stretching my fingers toward each other, I set them down on Mom's soft pelvic flesh just short of that wondrous strip of hair, pressed in, and pulled.

What a fantastic revelation! The furrow widened and a moist, pink slit appeared at the bottom of the trench. I had seen Mom's pussy this morning when she let me pull her panties down but this, this was my first ever view of her cunt. My cock throbbed into her back. Oh God, don't come, don't come. I groaned out loud with the effort, willing my cock to stop.

The moment passed and I sighed with relief. I rubbed my fingers up and down at the sides of Mom's pussy, then pushed them together and pulled them apart.

"Ohhhhhh," Mom released a quiet sigh.

I kept manipulating the flesh at the sides of Mom's pussy, alternately hiding and revealing that pink slit and causing Mom to sigh again and again, more frequently as the pinkness moistened. When her sighs were almost constant, I moved my hands closer together. Now, when they reached toward each other, they met on top of that beckoning furrow and descended together into the pinkness, prying it apart, tenderly, lovingly. Up and down, my fingertips stroked as Mom's sighs were converted into soft moans.

When the moans became groans, I began openly thrusting my hardness into Mom's back, at first slowly but then with more and more vigor. In my passion, I forgot to be tender and felt the fingers of my right hand push inside Mom, between her pussy lips, inserting themselves in her cunt, which immediately shoved itself more firmly upward until my digits were completely ensconced. My left hand moved instinctively to the top of Mom's pussy and was hotly welcomed there. I was bucking frantically against her back now, no longer afraid of a messy release. In fact, needing it desperately. When it came, filling my shorts with hot, sticky goo, Mom's hands covered mine, pressing them tight as she shuddered to her own release.

We were still. The candlelight flickered in the night as we became once more aware of our surroundings. I pushed Mom's nightgown down over her belly until it was piled up, covering her. Mom's hands took over, pushing it up and over her knees which were now closed demurely together. Her legs lowered and Mom sat up, twisting to put her feet on the floor. She gathered her robe about her and tugged it in to her waist, threading the belt into a bow and pulling it tight into a knot. She found her slippers and slipped her feet into them, then turned and looked down at me.

"Thanks," she said, patting my chest. She didn't look down at my still bulging shorts or the spreading wetness there. "I think I know what I'm going to do now."

Mom got up and quietly walked away.

Mom was already out in the studio working when I got up the next morning. Dad was gone. After breakfast, I returned to my room instead of disturbing her, deciding instead to work on the website and check for emails. There were several queries which I answered. I made a lunch and took it out to the studio. Mom had just finished a piece and covered it up so we ate together. I glanced curiously several times at the tarp, wondering what was underneath. Mom noticed.

"Be patient," she said. "I'll show you when I'm ready."

"Do you need some support before you go back to work?"

“Support?” she asked. My eagerness for her response must have answered her query because she smiled softly as if trying to let me down gently, “No, I know exactly what I want to do.”

I must have looked devastated because Mom immediately added, “But I’m not sure what to do for tomorrow. Perhaps we can do a little more mentoring tonight?”

“Yeah, Mom. Whatever you want. I’m happy to help out any way I can.”

“You’re a bigger help than you know.”

Mom turned back to work and, as she did, her eyes flitted across my shorts. I looked down to see a huge boner that, until then, I had been completely unaware of. I blushed and looked at Mom, ready to say something, to apologize or whatever, but she was already working. Quietly, I slipped outside and disappeared into the house.

It was late, much later than the night before, when Mom appeared on the stairs. She was standing still, as if she was waiting for me to notice her before she made her descent. She was dressed in the same robe. Her eyes sparkled as she neared the candlelight. I thought it odd that I could notice her eyes at the same time I registered the way her body pressed against the robe as she walked and noticed how silently her bare feet carried her across the carpet.

Her steps didn’t falter tonight. She strode confidently toward me, motioning for me to lie back against the pillows. When she was next to me, she pulled two of them out and pressed me back until I was almost prone. Then she undid the belt on her robe but held it together with one hand as she lifted one knee over me and set it down between my leg and the back of the couch. As she lay down on top of me, her robe fell open and her breasts dangled down. Mom was naked!

Mom wriggled on top of me, getting comfortable. When she was finally still, her head was on my shoulder and her face was buried in my neck.

“Will you tickle me while I think?” she asked.

“Tickle you?” I asked.

“Yes. You know what I mean. Start with my back.”

I placed my hands on Mom’s back and started stroking it.

“Underneath,” she murmured. “On my skin.”

“Oh,” I said.

I pulled at Mom’s robe but had trouble baring more than a few inches below her neck. Pulling it up from her front, squeezed between us, I peeled it away from her shoulders until her back was bare and the robe was piled on top of her buttocks. I started from there, in the small of her back, using long strokes up her sides and down her spine.

“Mmmmmmm, like that,” Mom purred.

I stroked and caressed Mom forever, my fingertips dancing lightly with the barest of touch at times and then rubbing firmly with the sole of my knuckles and even pressing in with my palms. I scraped along the side of her breasts but I didn’t try to reach underneath to hold them. I was familiar with them now and didn’t want to relieve the pressure of her body along mine, it felt so good. At some point, I pulled the rest of the robe up from Mom’s sides and pushed it off her bottom until it fell on

the floor. Now, my strokes traced the length of her back and more, tasting the full range of her buttocks.

I gravitated more and more onto Mom's ass, plying it with my eager fingers, exploring every curve, every cranny, and the full extent of her jutting cheeks. When my fingers tracked near her hidden valley, Mom's pelvis pressed down more firmly against my own. Soon, my fingers were plying that forbidden canyon, pulling her cheeks apart to make the entrance wider. My right hand stretched in search of the moist crevice I had explored the night before but I couldn't quite reach it. Mom shifted on top of me, moving up until her head flopped over my shoulder and my straining fingers found her delicious slit.

So inviting, so wet! My fingertips slid easily inside.

"Ohhhhhhh," Mom moaned in my ear, her lips pressing against the side of my head and encircling the edge of my ear just as her tongue pressed inside.

I pushed my fingers in deep. Mom scrunched hard into my cock and moaned in my ear, then lifted her ass back to shove my fingers deeper inside her. I started fingering her and running my other hand up and down her ass. Mom's hip began to rotate, dry humping my cock and fucking my fingers. The fingertips of my left hand found and pressed on her anus. Mom's tongue shoved hard into my ear, swirling wetly, then broke away. Her head lifted up and the next thing I knew her mouth was covering mine and her tongue was reaching for my throat. I slipped my fingertip into her asshole.

Immediately, Mom started bucking on my cock and her hands shoved under my back, grabbing my shorts and pushing them down. She was like a woman possessed, desperate to get at me, desperate to find relief. I strained to lift us both. The effort was worth it when my shorts suddenly shot down over my hips and ass, scraping over my cock until the waistband was caught by my balls. One hard jerk later, and my balls were pressing against Mom's moist pussy.

Feverishly, Mom's hand found my cock. She didn't hesitate for an instant. She rose up until her head was hanging above mine and, looking down, she guided my cock to her entrance, slowed to carefully insert its tip, then just as slowly sank down my rigid shaft, mewling a strange animal-like sound until her mound found my root. The fucking started right away. Mom leaned over me, huffing and puffing while her cunt gripped my cock, chewing up and down its length like a starving cow deprived of its cud. All I could do was lay underneath and groan my pleasure. Each time I thrust up, I was immediately smashed down. Mom was fucking my ass off and all I could do was grab her hips and hang on.

I came hard but was dwarfed by Mom's silent yet thundering explosion which drenched my balls. She didn't stop right away. Rather, she continued fucking my cock, though ever slower and slower, until finally, she collapsed on my chest, hands running through my hair and kissing my forehead. After a long time, Mom pulled away and stood beside the couch. She let me look at her heaving breasts and trembling, wet pussy, only slowly pulling her robe closed and belting it up. She touched her fingers to her lips and then pressed it to my forehead. About to turn away, she repeated the touch to her lips and then touched the tip of my worn out cock, now flopped over my stomach. She giggled, a mischievous glint in her eye, and turned away.

The next morning, while Dad drank his coffee and I ate my breakfast, Mom washed some apples in the sink. Dad's nose was poked into the morning newspaper which was fortunate given the outrageous act Mom performed. She reached under her skirt and pulled her panties down to her knees, then continued scrubbing the apples as if everything was normal. She wiggled her legs until the panties had fallen to her ankles, then kicked the flip flops off her feet and stepped out of them. Bending over to pick them up, she smiled at me and calmly opened the cupboard under the sink and deposited them in the garbage. Mom returned to scrubbing the apples as if nothing had

happened.

When Mom returned from waving goodbye to Dad, she didn't stop in front of me as I had expected. Instead, she walked right past me and out into the yard. By the time I got up and to the door, she was already stopped in the middle. She dropped to her knees and then flopped forward. Turning onto her side, she twisted her pelvis forward and drew her legs up until her legs were bent, striking the pose I had placed her in the last time I had painted her.

I strode toward Mom and stopped, looking down at her. She turned away without looking at me and stretched her hands out on the grass. As quietly as I could, I opened my jeans and pushed them down my legs. As I stepped out of them, I hoped Dad hadn't forgotten anything. On my knees, I crawled up behind Mom and flipped her skirt up over her ass. Quickly, I ducked down, holding my hard boner to guide it into her magic triangle. The tip bumped against her soft flesh and followed the moistness to her entrance. I slipped easily inside, grasped Mom's hip, and slid home with a relieved grunt.

Immediately, I started fucking her with a steady, vigorous pace. I couldn't hold back, I needed to do her. I straddled her thighs and she pushed her ass up to help my cock find its easiest path. I held Mom by the waist and stepped up the pace, lunging harder and harder without any finesse, just a long hard, fast fuck. I was grunting and wheezing and almost yelling obscenities when I unloaded my balls. Gasping, I fell on Mom's back. Eventually, I managed to speak.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I couldn't stop. I meant to leave you ... tense, so you could work."

"Shhhhh," Mom twisted around and I pushed myself up to let her turn. "I need serenity for the next piece and this is just what I need, at least for a start."

Mom reached down to grasp my sticky, softening cock, immediately arresting its decline.

"Now, make love to me, and take your time."

As Mom held my cock, I rained kisses upon her. She directed my mouth and my hands for a while, then quit, evidently satisfied with where I put them and what I did. It was a long session but I'm proud to say that I managed to bring Mom to an intense orgasm. After a minute or two of rest, Mom got up and walked to the studio. I flopped onto my back and watched her go. I lay on the grass for a long time, listening to her work before eventually getting up and going into the house.

Chapter 3

Posted: 3/23/2020, 7:00:56 AM

They were here, at the door; the couple that commissioned all the work. The man was in his early forties and the woman was at least twenty years older, maybe more. They were elegantly dressed and a long, black limo was parked in the driveway, the driver standing respectfully by the rear door. The man spoke.

"Hello, I'm Nick and this his Gwen. We've come to see the pieces, if they're ready."

"Oh. I'm ... uh ... I'm not sure they are. I wish you'd let me know you were coming. I'll uh, have to check with my mother."

"Ben," Mom's voice came from behind me. "Please let them in."

Mom greeted the couple, assuring them that their surprise visit was welcome and they could see the pieces any time. Would they like some tea first? I was shocked, given Mom's earlier expressed aversion at meeting potential patrons, yet she was clearly keen to meet this couple and already seemed to be comfortable with them. They declined the tea and expressed their eagerness to see Mom's work as soon as possible.

"Well then, right this way, Nick," I said, my arm indicating the way through the kitchen and out the glass doors into the back yard. "I'm sure you and your wife will be very pleased. Mom has worked very hard and has completed several large sculptures."

There was an awkward silence. Even Mom was looking at me as if I'd made a huge faux pas.

"Actually, Gwen is my mother."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," I stammered.

"That's ok," Nick said. "How could you know?"

Gwen spoke for the first time, looking at Mom. "But, of course, you knew, didn't you?"

Mom nodded, holding Gwen's gaze.

To make a long story short, Gwen and Nick were thrilled. They bought all the pieces, leaving us with a hundred thousand dollars in cash with a promise to make arrangement to have the sculptures picked up. The real shocker was when Gwen turned around to speak to Mom at the front door as they were leaving.

"I would truly appreciate it if you could find it in your heart to do at least one more piece to complete the set," she said.

"Of course," Mom said. "You have been more than generous."

"Not as generous as you've been with your talent and your passion," Gwen replied. "Please allow us to reward you for the magnificent gift you have bestowed upon us."

"If you insist, but it isn't necessary," Mom said.

"Mom..."

Gwen interrupted her son. "Shhh, Nick. This is a matter for mothers." She turned to Mom. "I would be truly grateful if you would accept the same amount for the final piece."

"It would be a honor to do it for you."

After they had gone, I asked Mom about the final pieces.

"What is it she wants? She didn't say anything about it."

"She didn't need to," Mom said. "I already know."

"What is it?"

"I'll let you know when the time comes."

Mom worked for several days without any assistance from me. I was cut off. The first day and evening, I tried everything I could to bring my plight to Mom's attention but she ignored every hint, no matter how plain. On noon of the fourth day, however, things changed. Unfortunately, it was a Saturday and there was no way I could take advantage of Mom's renewed attention.

I thought it cruel of Mom to tease me the way she did. She flitted around near me sending signals that made my dormant cock sore. She wasn't brazen. Dad's presence prevented that, but she managed to let me know she was interested in seeking my moral support again. A smile here, a flash of her eyes there, an unnecessary twist of her torso to emphasize the jut of her breast, the fall of her skirt from her knee baring the underside of a curved thigh and, late in the afternoon, the incessant tap of her bare foot as it dangled her flip flop from a painted toe. Oh, I got the message all right, or at least I thought I did.

After dinner, Mom pulled me aside as I headed for the living room.

"I don't want you lighting candles anymore. Your father asked this morning why the house reeks of incense."

I had been burning the candles every night waiting in vain for Mom to show. I was immediately depressed. I guess I had misread the signals. Mom was ending our affair and her way of letting me know was to tell me so stop burning the candles. Perhaps she had no further need of my particular brand of inspiration.

I sat in the dark that night, waiting. Finally, at two in the morning, I got up and carefully made my way through the dark to the stairs. Mom startled me. She was sitting on the steps half way up.

"What the..."

"Shhhhhhh."

"Mom?" I whispered.

"Be quiet," she snapped.

"How long have you..."

"Shhhhh."

Mom stood and started down the steps, grasping my hand as she passed by me. I turned to follow. We threaded our way easily through the kitchen, the light of the moon shining through the glass doors. Mom pulled the door open, taking great care to make as little sound as possible. It was only then that I realized she was naked. She turned around to face me.

"Take your clothes off," she whispered.

When I didn't react, Mom waved her hands impatiently. I yanked my t-shirt over my head and threw it on a kitchen chair, then quickly pushed my shorts down and off my bare feet. The moonlight glinted off my hardening rod as I moved toward Mom but she put her hands up to stop me.

"Be still."

I did as Mom said. The only part of me that moved was my stiff cock bouncing in the moonlight. I didn't have any idea what was going on but I knew it wasn't going to be bad.

“What do you think you’re going to do with that?” Mom asked.

She didn’t have to point. I knew what she was talking about.

“Nothing,” I said, like a little kid getting caught with something he wasn’t supposed to have.

“Did you think something was going to happen with your father right upstairs wondering why his house smells like incense every morning?”

This was taking a bad turn.

“No.”

“I should think not. Now, follow me but be very quiet. Your father hasn’t been sleeping very well the past few nights.”

Mom turned and walked out into the yard toward the studio. Was she going to show me what she’d been doing the last few days? Couldn’t she wait until Monday?

I bumped into her back when she suddenly stopped in the middle of the grass. Mom gave me a stern look and glanced up at the dark bedroom window behind me. I turned to look. It was wide open, covered only by the screen.

“Be very quiet, Ben. We’re going to do something very special tonight but you’ll have to control yourself. Are you in?”

I nodded.

“Good. Get down on your knees.”

I knelt before Mom. She came closer, and closer, until her trimmed bush tickled my face. I pressed my nose against her belly and let my tongue slip past my lips, curling up into her furrow to taste hers. Mom’s hands curved around my head and pressed my face against her with gentle pressure. Her hips rotated and she sighed as my tongue entered her pussy. A minute later, Mom was slipping and sliding steadily up and down my face, her fingers gripping my hair tightly. Except for the sound of her breathing there was only the rustle of the trees from the light breeze. I braced my hands on the back of Mom’s thighs but she moved hers down to bat mine away without slowing her churning hips. A new sound entered my ears: Mom’s wet pussy working around my stiff tongue. Abruptly, Mom’s hips went into overdrive.

“Oh ... oh, oh, ohhh ... uh huh, uh huh, uh huh ... oh, yes ... yeah, yeah, yesssss, yesssss, yessssssssss.”

Mom was not losing control. Her words were whispered and the intervening sighs muted.

Slowing, her hips were slowing, she was stepping back, falling to her knees, panting heavily, her hands covering her sex, arms closing in front, squeezing her boobs together, back arching, head falling back, looking at the sky.

“Yesssss, oh yessss.”

Mom flopped forward. I sat back on my heels, cock wavering in front of me, still hard and ready to go. I waited patiently, sure that it would now be my turn. I turned to look back at the bedroom window, suddenly nervous. Mom hadn’t been loud but if Dad was awake, could he have heard her? I

couldn't see any movement or any sign of lightness that would indicate someone standing in the window.

I whipped my head around when Mom's lips covered my cock. She was sucking me, the fingers of one hand now circling my root while the other slipped down the underside of my shaft and onto my balls. I dropped my hands to the side of her head and thrust forward slightly, betraying my eagerness. Mom's mouth pulled off my cock and my hands were smacked roughly away.

Her mouth regained my helmet and slid down my shaft. I kept my hands to myself. Up and down, twisting, sucking, fingers squeezing and stroking, nails scratching, tongue rubbing, flicking my tip, swirling around it, mouth sucking, for so long ... oh, so long. I moved my hands toward Mom's head but caught myself before I ruined everything. God, I wanted to hold her head, to fuck her face. Why was she teasing me so?

I pushed forward, afraid of the response but unable to hold back. No reaction, just Mom's mouth pushed more firmly over my shaft. I pushed forward again, gently, provoking a gargling sound as my cock pushed against the back of Mom's mouth, but still no recrimination. I moved my hips steadily, slowly at first, just a bit ahead and back, but fucking just the same. Fucking Mom's mouth! Fucking her face!

I moved so steadily it was hard to realize I was pushing forward in longer and longer strokes and moving faster and faster. The sucking sounds from Mom's mouth were louder now, as was the wet gargling sound, but I didn't turn around to see if they were being registered by anyone else but us. This was too good not to focus on it completely. Not a single neuron in my brain was willing to direct its attention elsewhere.

How could she take such long strokes in her mouth? Incredible. She was so wet, her mouth and my cock sloppy with saliva, making it so slick. So fucking good. Faster now, it wouldn't be long, my hands resting on the top of my thighs, slipping around underneath to help lift my cock into Mom's face. Oh, god, yeah.

Mom's hands on mine, pulling them away from my legs, toward her, onto her head, clasping them over her ears, letting go, leaving my hands in place, holding her head. I pulled Mom's face onto my cock, thrusting, holding in, pulling out, thrusting in, holding, oh god ... I was coming, coming, coming, leaning over Mom's head, kissing her hair, keeping her mouth on my spurting cock, mumbling, "I love you, love you, love you."

I was still, chest heaving, gasping for air, cock slipping out, over Mom's lips, hands running down Mom's back to her ass, hugging her. Mom was pulling away, her back straightening. I did too. She reached out and took my flaccid cock in her hand and began stroking it. Nothing happened for a minute or too, my manliness failing me, but then it struggled to rise, to once more venture into the breach. Mom leaned over my valiant, half-hard erection and ... drooled saliva all over it! She worked it in with her hands, then bent and drooled on it again, then again. Mom walked on her knees past me. I turned to follow but she stopped, hunched over, knees and calves together. She looked back at me.

"Ben," she whispered.

"Yes," I whispered back.

"You have to do this very quietly, understand?"

"Yes," I replied, though I wasn't sure what she was talking about.

"You'll have to keep me quiet too, understand?"

"Yes." Now I was really in the dark.

Mom turned her face to the ground, reached behind herself with both hands, and pulled her cheeks apart. Ahhhhh, now I understood. Was this what Gwen and Mom had secretly understood? Was there one more statue to make? I crabbed my knees forward, fitting in behind Mom, my cock now rapidly hardening to the consistency of a steel pike.

"Spit on it," Mom's voice instructed, though I couldn't see her face.

I bent over and spit on my cock.

"No, on me."

Oh. I redirected my face and drooled spittle over Mom's ass where I thought her asshole was. I used my finger to spread it around, searching for the little gateway. My finger slipped right into it. Had Mom prepared for this before she came downstairs? I had seen her anus before and it was a tight little pucker, not partly open like this. The thought added tungsten to my rod. Mom, laying in bed beside Dad with something in her ass, preparing it for her son. Oh God, I so wanted to fuck her there.

I brought my cockhead into contact with my left hand and slid it forward through my palm to the index finger, still embedded in Mom's little hole. Pulling it out, I replaced it with the most concentrated bundle of nerves in my body.

It was so tight. My cock bent with effort but was still denied entry.

"Push," Mom's whisper was strained.

I pushed forward but my cock simply bent even more. Using my hand, I kept it straight while I shoved forward again. There. Her ass was giving way. I think. I kept up the pressure. Yes, I was sure it was giving way. I wished it was a full moon so I could see better. Is it? Is it going in? Yes, there it is, but so tight ... my god, shove. Yeah, oh yeah. Mom was groaning. I leaned forward and reached down with my left hand to find her face, slipped my hand under it to cover her mouth. Mom groaned and my palm vibrated with its slick tones.

I pulled my cockhead out and drooled on Mom's hole again. Even in the moonlight, I could see that it was bigger. Encouraged, I pressed my hardness in again. Mom's audible groan split the night. I lunged forward to cover her mouth but not before another groan escaped Mom's lips in response to my sudden move as my cock burst through the gate. I was in! My cock was in Mom's ass!

I let Mom accommodate to my girth before moving gently to and fro, a fraction of an inch in and back, then an inch. I kept doing this until the grunts vibrating my palm abated, replaced with the occasional murmur. I lengthened my strokes and within a few minutes I was fucking Mom's butt just like I would fuck her pussy. Mom's throat was behaving so I pulled my hand back and used both to hold her hips, pulling her ass back as I thrust forward.

Soon, it almost felt like a common experience, so I varied the speed and depth of my strokes, rewarded by Mom's reaction through her breathing, love whimpers, and soft moans. She seemed to like it when I suddenly thrust in hard and held it so I got up on my feet and straddled her ass, gouging my cock in as deep as I could, in long, slow twists. Oh yes, she loved that. And so did I! I humped her in a series of five or six lunges followed by a grinding pause, then repeated it all. This went on and on and on until I finally realized that we were both getting way to loud. I pushed forward and drove Mom flat on the grass, gripped her cheeks and began fucking her ass very hard.

I had to release one cheek to cover Mom's mouth again. I pulled her chin up to point her face toward the bedroom window where Dad was sleeping. Releasing the other cheek, I grasped Mom's hair and started on what I knew would be the final part of this ride, at least for me. I love that final run where you know you couldn't stop if you tried, that you'd come anyway, so you just go with it and the woman you're with knows it too and tries to match you so she can come with you. I could feel Mom doing that. I leaned forward to whisper encouragement in her ear, to tell her how much I loved her ass, and how much more I loved her.

We lay spent on the grass for ages. The first hints of dawn were evident when we finally dragged ourselves to our feet.

"Mom. What are you doing?"

Mom had pulled back my covers and was pulling me by the hand.

"Where's Dad?" I asked, my eyes frantically looking past Mom's nude body.

"He went out to see Eric. Come on. Get up."

I stumbled to my feet, still groggy from sleeping but relieved that Dad wasn't in the house.

"Where are we going?"

"To bed," Mom said. "I haven't made love in the morning for years and years."

"Mom, this is crazy."

However, my mind was already losing the battle to my cock as I followed Mom with faltering footsteps, my eyes running over her body. Did I mention that Mom had wonderful legs?

"Mom, Dad could come home any time."

"Don't worry about that."

I did. I worried about it until Mom flopped on her bed and turned onto her back, legs opening and arms beckoning.

We made love several times that day. All morning and into the middle of the afternoon. Long, tender, unhurried love-making, probably the best sex I have ever had. After one exhausting session, Mom pushed me up and slid down underneath me to take my cock into her mouth. She sucked and tickled my balls until I began thrusting into her mouth, the visions of filling it with my seed already bringing me to the brink of release but before I lost complete control, Mom suddenly shifted up and plunged my turgid pole into her eager cunt. I was startled at how easily it swallowed my cock, which felt larger than it had ever felt before, but my thoughts were soon lost as I arched my back to dig as far into her moist suction as I could get.

Mom was so unworried about Dad's potential return that I stopped worrying about it too, even initiating the last session over Mom's mild objections. We made love like that a lot over the next two months. I would stay in bed until Dad had gone to work. Before his car even pulled out of the driveway, Mom would enter my room, naked, to pull me away to her bed. The hallway would always be littered with her clothes.

Sometimes, Mom sculpted but her interest had waned. We would talk or go for a walk or bike ride instead, that is, when we weren't making love.

I was shocked when she told me the cancer had returned. Well, as it turned out, it had never really left. One day, Mom admitted that she had found out a few weeks earlier. The doctor simply announced that the cancer had spread. Mom didn't want it to ruin the last few months she had on earth, especially with me she said, so she didn't tell me at first. But now, she said, it wouldn't be long before she became quite ill. She she was right. Mom passed not much more than a month later.

Dad started to drink. Nothing I said could persuade him to stop. It was a shame, an enormous waste, but there was simply nothing I could do to stop it. We didn't seem to have any connection at all.

One day, I managed get myself to enter the studio. There, I found one last statue, one of me taking Mom from behind, my bent cock just entering her ass. I was astonished that Mom had made such an explicit piece. What would Dad have thought if he'd come in here? Or, had he? Is that why he was drinking? No, I was sure he hadn't. He would have said something to me. And for sure, he wouldn't have left the \$200,000 in cash sitting in an open box on one of the tables.

I covered the statue and put it in my car. To anyone else except Dad and I, it was just a younger man fucking an older woman in the butt. It was probably commissioned by Gwen and Nick. I would call them and see if they wanted it.

That's what brought me to Gwen and Nick's estate. It is a beautiful place with a large, old brick mansion surrounded by an inner circle of pleasant lawns and gardens enclosed within acres of rolling hills and forest laced with walking trails. It is a sanctuary for the soul and just what I needed. Over tea, the invitation was casual yet compelling.

"I think you should spend some time with your mother's works. They're all out there," she waved her hand to the grounds to the east side of the estate.

"I'd love to do that, if you wouldn't mind," I replied, surprised at my eagerness to accept the kind invitation or, perhaps more truthfully, to avoid going home for a few more hours.

"Not at all. It's just what you need for a few days at least."

"A few days? Oh no, I couldn't do that. It's very kind of you to offer but..."

"But what?" Gwen cut me off. "What else do you have to do? Go back home to be on your own? Your mother isn't there, she's here in our gardens. No. You stay here and spend some time with her."

And that was that. Gwen wasn't the kind of woman to be argued with. I moved in to a beautiful room upstairs. Meals were provided by servants who seemed to be at my beck and call. They bought clothes for me in the local village and I stayed for a week, sitting amongst Mom's statues which were concentrated in one particular lawn encircled by a flower garden on three sides and the entrance to the forest on the fourth. Along the pathway leading into the forest, I found several more of Mom's creations. At dinner, the only meal that everyone attended together, Gwen pressed me for details about how each piece was conceptualized. I confess, I wasn't very forthcoming and I did feel a little guilty withholding information from such a generous host but I considered it a cherished memory, for Mom and me alone.

I spent a week there before I met Nick and Gwen's daughter. Yes, I did say daughter. The revelation didn't surprise me, nor did her beauty. Nick was quite a handsome man and you could tell that Gwen had once been a patrician beauty. Jenny was a few years older than me and looked very much like the younger pictures of her mother that I had seen throughout the house except for her hair which was worn in the same tawny style that my mother had sported toward the end. Jenny

and I seemed to have a natural affinity for each other without any awkwardness. Jenny knew when I needed to be alone and when I needed company, she was very easy to talk to. I think she understood me and, given her origin, I knew why.

One week turned into two, then three and, before I knew it, I had been Nick and Gwen's guest for two months. Jenny had made a habit of bringing me a light lunch when I was sitting in Mom's garden, often setting it down on the bench in the middle of the lawn and leaving without disturbing me as I sat on this or that bench around the periphery.

There were statues of Mom sitting on the lawn in various places and some of her later ones prone on the grass, usually with a statue of a younger man nearby. The statues were arranged in a progression from a woman sitting, then prone, then the younger man and the older woman together holding hands with their arms around each other, then entwined in an embrace, making love, fucking one behind the other and, second to last, the last one with my bent cock trying to gain entrance to Mom's ass. The latter was less than accurate because Mom was wearing a dress that she had pulled, or the young man had pushed, up and over her buttocks, giving the impression of an impulsive act when, in reality, Mom had been completely naked at the time.

The first statues could have been any woman with a younger man but I recognized intimate details of Mom's body, including the growth below her breast. As the works progressed around the lawn, however, it became unmistakably clear that the woman was Mom and the young man was me. The detailed renditions of our faces left no doubt, especially on the final statue. The other statues were all situated on the grass but the last one was set on its own bed which, upon inspection, looked like the rumpled sheets on a single bed, a hospital bed. The young man was curled up behind the woman, cradling her head in one hand and stroking her stringy, sparse hair with the other. A tear threatened to fall off the cheek of each one. It was incredibly touching and never failed to make me cry.

It had taken three weeks for me to notice the statue of the older man standing in the trees observing this last statue. I don't know how I missed them. A quick survey around the garden revealed other statues, hidden behind larger flowering plants, some peering around the edge of the bushes but three were sitting in chairs. I recognized the chairs first. One was the wicker chair Mom kept in her bedroom, another was one of our dining room chairs, and the third was identical to our kitchen chairs. Only then did I recognize the older man as my father!

Mom had created these works. Was it her fantasy that Dad observed her making love to their son, or reality? I pondered this question for days and days, scouring my memory for any hint that Dad had been watching us, especially the night when Mom had given me her ass. I couldn't find a shred of evidence but then I couldn't refute it either. Dad could have sat in our dining room before that night and observed us in the living room. My eyes had been drawn upstairs but he could have already been in the dining room. It would have been easy to climb out of the upstairs bedroom and enter through the window in the dining room. And the other chairs? How hard would it have been for Dad to come home after leaving for work and sit either in the kitchen or upstairs in his bedroom. I wondered if that's why he drank?

I concluded that Dad knew about Mom and I and that she knew that he knew. What I wasn't so sure of was if Dad had consented to it. Looking back on it, Mom had clearly seduced me. Towards the end, she initiated sex with me often on the weekends when Dad was around and about in the house. She became more and more brazen as if she didn't care about the consequences.

It was this conclusion that led me to Jenny. Long ago, when I had first come home, Mom had mentioned a young woman she had befriended in the clinic, a woman whose beauty she had noted, a woman named Jenny. Were my Jenny and Mom's Jenny the same woman? Her tawny, bushy hairstyle may have been the inspiration for the new look Mom had adopted. Had Jenny confided her story to Mom? Was this the origin of the spontaneous magic moment when Mom first placed

her hand on her breast to show me how small the lump was, and the instigation for the subsequent investigations, or should I say, explorations? I was convinced that the two Jenny's were the same and that she had told Mom a story about the love between a young man and his mother, probably her own parents. Perhaps, dwelling upon the story, Mom began to desire a similar experience for herself in her final days.

Jenny was approaching me now with the usual tray of fruit, snacks and juice. She had been about to set it down on the circular stone table at the center of the garden as she normally did when she changed her mind, straightened up, and brought it to me. Jenny handed me the small tray and sat down on the grass before me. There was no room on the bench beside me because a statue of me was sitting there gazing at the prone figure of Mom on the grass.

I ate in silence, regarding Jenny with a blank expression on my face. She leaned back on her hands and waited for me to finish or to say something. When I was done, I set the tray down on the grass beside me.

"You met my mother at the clinic, didn't you?"

Jenny nodded.

"You told her about Nick and Gwen?"

"Yes."

"She was intrigued?"

"Very."

"Did you suggest she take up sculpting?"

"No. She said it was something she'd always wanted to do and that she was good at in school."

"I see," I nodded, thinking. "You asked Nick to follow up to see if she had done it?"

"No. I came across your website and asked Nick to support her. If I did it myself, she would have considered it charity."

"So, I owe it all to you."

"Yes," was Jenny's brutally frank reply. "Well, the beginning anyway."

"I suppose thanks are in order," I sighed.

"You can pay me back, you know."

With that, Jenny rolled over onto her stomach, her head on the grass canted back so she could look at me. She reached behind herself to grasp the hem of her summer dress and pulled it up until it was stretched across the bottom of her buttocks at the top of her slightly parted legs. A dark patch of pubic hair stretched down between the triangle formed by her legs and the apple-like cheeks of her bottom.

"You owe me," she whispered hoarsely.

Maybe it was because I hadn't had sex for so long, maybe it was because Jenny was so beautiful and we were so fond of each other, or maybe it was because we understood one another so well. I

don't know the why but my erection was instantaneous and I didn't hesitate for a second. I stood up and shoved my shorts down to my ankles. I didn't bother trying to get them off over my running shoes, I simply sank to my knees between Jenny's feet, still wearing my shirt. She raised her butt up and the dress fell over her buttocks, baring her ass. I moved forward to impale her with my hardness but Jenny suddenly twisted around to face me with her widespread legs, welcoming pussy pushed up and forward, ready for action.

"I want a son of my own," she cried in a thick, passionate voice.

I stared down at her already moist pussy. "Alright," I muttered, my cock aching for entry. I leaned down to bring it close, so close I could feel her heat on its tip.

"Wait," Jenny cried. "Look at me first," she demanded.

I did.

"Promise that when the time comes you'll stand back and let him have his turn."

I stared at Jenny, my mouth wide open, as the full reality of her offer exploded in my brain.

"Promise," Jenny yelled. "I'll give you everything you need, but only if you promise."

"I promise," I muttered, then with more force, "I promise!"

I reached under Jenny's thighs and lifted her pelvis from the ground, my cock skidding between her inner thighs, bouncing from one to the other until I found her slit, nudged inside, and slid home with gut wrenching need.

"Ahhhhhh, yeah," I cried, and started fucking my new soul mate with wild abandon.

It was a hard, desperate fuck. You couldn't call it making love, that came later. Jenny responded as if she was in just as much need as I. How long had she waited for the right man to come along, the man that would willingly sire his own cuckold and honor his promise to relinquish his throne. As I pulled on Jenny's straining thighs, I was surprised that I looked forward to the day, even cherished it. I would never do it for any other man, but for my son, that was different.

I think it was right after those thoughts that I first croaked, "Oh, Mom, Mom."

Jenny went wild. Her hips bucked up to meet mine with as much force as mine slammed down to pierce her. I think she really got off on being called 'Mom' and I later wondered if she had always wondered what it would be like to fuck her own son, just like her mother had done. Whatever, the mutual hammering was extremely intense and I wasn't really surprised when we were done to find ourselves in the middle of the lawn under the central stone table, gasping desperately to recapture our breath.

Jenny waited while I pulled up my shorts. Hand in hand we sauntered back to the house. Nick and Gwen were sitting on the large stone patio behind the mansion having their afternoon wine. Gwen was watching the birds in the nearby trees with her small binoculars as she often did. Jenny smiled at them as we climbed the stone steps, her hand stretching back to hold mine, towing me behind her.

"We're going to be married," she announced in the most nonchalant fashion you can imagine. "We'll be upstairs celebrating."

Nick and Gwen smiled and I nodded my agreement as if it was a foregone conclusion. As I entered

the large house, I looked back just as Nick's hand settled on Gwen's knee. As Jenny pulled me into the house, the hand slid up and under Gwen's skirt.

Days later, I discovered something else that might have had something to do with Dad's drinking. The second to last statue depicted Mom prone on her back, her hands on my buttocks urging me forward with the tip of my cock just entering her mouth. Mom had done this on several occasions but she had never let me come there. Instead, when I was ready to unload, Mom would always slide her hands around to the front of my thighs and push hard, forcing me down and arching her hips up to capture my by then already drooling cock between her legs. Mom always wanted me to come inside her. That is, until the end. Then, she let me come in her mouth. Not on her face, mind you, just in her mouth.

So what was so strange about that?

Her tummy, that's what. Mom's stomach in that statue pouted way too much. It looked almost swollen. I had noticed it before but thought it was an expression of her realism. Now, I suspected another reason. Mom was pregnant, and intentionally so! She wanted to have a child with me but that was when she was well, when she thought she was free of cancer. Looking back, Mom had only let me come in her mouth after the first tell-tale signs that the cancer had returned. She carried that secret to her grave but Dad may have found out from the doctor after her death. Maybe. That swollen stomach haunted me.

So why did I think that? Because when Jenny and I spent the afternoon making love, I clambered over her chest just like in the statue with Mom. Jenny let me put my cock into her mouth and lovingly teased it back into something a man could be proud of. She insisted, however, that I put it in her pussy, as she did over the next few days. That recollection, while sitting on the bench regarding the statue of Mom and me, triggered similar memories with Mom. Jenny demanded that I come in her pussy because she wanted a son, and now I believed that's why Mom had insisted on the same thing.

Oh yeah. We did have son. In fact we had two: twins.

THE END

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

' /