

TEASER by Willie Jackson

Originally published on EroticaOnline by @WhitebreadRedd and mister rogers' alwayswantedtobangmom, TEASER is an authenticated Willie Jackson masterpiece written for the pleasure of sophisticated perves. ENJOY!

Chapter 1

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"Lynn?" Mom yelled. "Have you seen Tyson?"

She burst through the half-open door just as I sprang to my feet from my sister's bed. Lynn had turned and walked to the window, trying to inconspicuously button her yellow blouse but, unfortunately, the warm summer breeze caused it to billow out from her waist, betraying its insecure state to our mother.

If I wasn't so freaked out, I would have felt sorry for Mom. The look on her face changed from confusion to disbelief to distress in mere seconds. For once, the vocabulary champion of our household was at a loss for words, though she struggled to speak.

"Where's ... I ... oh, you're here," she said, looking at me. Then, "Uh, what are you doing?" she directed at neither of us, and both, at the same time.

Lynn had finished buttoning her blouse. Always quicker than I, she turned around and calmly answered for us both, "Ty was wondering what I was wearing to the beach party tonight, so I was just showing him my new swimsuit."

Lynn breezed past Mom and made a quick exit from her room.

"I have to go. Chad's picking me up," she yelled after she disappeared, feet pounding down the stairs.

Mom and I were left in awkward silence, avoiding each other's eyes, but there was no ignoring the fact that when Lynn rushed past it was obvious she wasn't wearing anything under her yellow cotton blouse. Mom looked back at the door, swivelling away from me, and I looked at the floor.

"I better get dinner on," she mumbled, shuffling out the door, whatever she was calling me for now forgotten.

The beach party was long over and it had been five weeks since Lynn left for college. She and I were the same age and, even though I wasn't as smart as my sister, I had managed to graduate. Nevertheless, there was no college education in store for me. I had applied too late for the electrician program I wanted to do and now couldn't start until January so I was just working my weekend job plus three extra shifts through the week. Mom hadn't said anything more about that day in Lynn's room but I could sense tension whenever her name came up.

Though I didn't expect it to be completely forgotten, I hoped the incident would fade sufficiently that it would never need to be discussed. I did wonder what Mom had made of it. Surely, she had figured out that Lynn had shown me her tits but did she think more had happened? Did she think

Lynn and I were actually doing it?

Sure, Lynn and I had always been close and hung out with a lot of the same friends, but having sex together? Well, alright, I admit I had tried to cajole Lynn into showing me her tits but was hoping to see more, maybe even getting her to bend over so I could look at her awesome ass, but what teenager wouldn't try with a sister that looked like mine? I mean, except for smaller tits and a tighter ass, she was the spitting image of Mom, just a younger version, and Mom was a nice looking woman. When my parents hosted parties, it was obvious from a bystander point of view that most of the men frequently checked Mom out.

A very nice looking woman indeed. My mind roved over my own personal memories of Mom's body. Actually, she wasn't that old looking. Sure, her ass had more padding than Lynn's but it was still nice to look at and when she wore a dress, you could see that she had great legs. Her hair was usually worn in an older-woman style but when she shook it loose like she sometimes did at night with only family at home she looked much younger and, now that I thought about it, kind of sexy.

I dropped out of my daydream and looked down at my hand which had slipped from resting on my knee to inside my leg. Well, on my crotch, actually, cupping my balls. I shook my head hard and jumped up.

Jesus fucking Christ, Ty. Get a fucking grip.

"Tyson. Dinner," Mom yelled from the bottom of the stairs.

I started for my bedroom door but stopped to check that my prick, which while sending happy signals to my brain, wasn't swollen enough to cause embarrassment. It was noticeable but nothing that couldn't be addressed by the visions of hammers and anvils I flushed through my brain as I descended the stairs.

After dinner, Mom did her crossword puzzles, as usual, while Dad alternated between reading and glancing at the news channel. A perfectly normal night at our house. I finished the magazine I was reading and shifted closer to look over Mom's shoulder. I didn't have anything else to read downstairs and was too lazy to go up to my room to get something.

Mom was almost finished a large puzzle. Only the bottom right corner remained. I leaned closer, brushing up against her side, and she turned the book toward me a little so I could read the clues, as if I would have half a clue what the answers would be. I was hopeless at crosswords and Lynn wasn't much better. Mom was an expert and tried to get us to do them to expand our vocabulary but her message fell on deaf ears with me and Lynn only filled in the easiest words in Mom's puzzles which bugged Mom but she didn't say anything because she didn't want to discourage her.

I started throwing out goofy suggestions as I usually did when I pitched in to help Mom when she was stuck. There was no chance of me getting the right word but sometimes my inane offerings triggered something in her mind and helped her finish.

Tonight wasn't any different. At first, Mom openly laughed at my ideas but then they started making her think and she ignored my further contributions as she turned the earlier ones over in her mind. The hand holding the pencil waved me off but I leaned closer as if proximity would improve the uptake of my ideas.

My thigh brushed the side of Mom's as I moved closer and, thinking I needed room, she leaned toward the corner of the couch but I followed, hanging my head over her shoulder. As I did, my leg pressed more firmly into the underside of Mom's thigh since her leg had lifted from the couch as she leaned away from me. In fact, I was pressing against Mom's hip near the edge of her ass. Believe me, I hadn't intended to do so, it just happened.

"Aha," she cried, filling in one of the longer empty spaces. Quickly, the remaining holdouts were swept away as Mom's mind, now renewed, sped through them as if a dam had burst.

"There," she said with a flourish. "We did it."

Mom dropped the puzzle book into her lap and reached across with her left hand to pick up her cold cup of tea. For a brief moment a gap opened between the back of her thigh and mine. Again, through no conscious intention, I naturally moved closer and, in fact, slid part way under Mom. The gap disappeared when Mom set the cup back onto the saucer and sank back onto me.

"There," she reiterated.

The puzzle book was retrieved and the page was turned, Mom's face already showing that she was ready for the next challenge but it soon turned to puzzlement and mine to horror.

The next page revealed a puzzle that had already been partially completed but not by the careful hand of my mother. This script was messy, its letters often violating the line constraints quite unlike my mother's fastidious completions. That wasn't the main problem, however. The real issue smacked me in the face far before it penetrated Mom's awareness with gentler probes, for there, in plain sight embedded within the larger scrawls were three entries that I recognized. There were four letters across and five down in the middle of the puzzle and another six written across the center of the bottom : "tits", "pussy", and "showme".

Mom stared at the puzzle. The muscles in her thigh pressing upon mine became tense and my body became as rigid as hers. My mind reeled and sensations flitted throughout my body, urging it to flee, but I couldn't move though I so desperately wanted to run.

Slowly, hesitantly, Mom's fingers pulled the empty right page over to cover the left, exposing a new set of virgin puzzles. We both stared at the blank page. Finally, Mom dropped the book on her leg and reached across to pick up her empty tea cup, hand shaking as she brought it to her lips. She savoured the nonexistent brew for a long moment before setting it carefully down. I could have escaped then but I didn't. I simply watched Mom take her extended, make-belief sip though I could clearly see from my vantage point that the cup was empty, but I didn't move. In fact, my body even rolled toward Mom so when she sank back, my thigh was even further ensconced underneath hers and the fleshy part of her buttock now pressed into my groin.

Mom started filling in the puzzle on the right side of the page, uncharacteristically leaving the left one undone. Her fingers squiggled, moving the pencil rapidly up and down the rows and columns as she completed the easier clues so well known to her. My eyes lifted from the page and gazed blankly toward my father who, at this particular moment, was watching the TV, a book held open on his leg in his left hand. Would Mom show him what she had found and explain its significance in light of her discovery a few weeks ago?

I returned to watch Mom's fingers drive the pencil across the page and suddenly became uncomfortably conscious of the warmth of her thigh and the soft press of her buttock. Somehow the thought of that pleasant feeling escaped my skull and dropped like a stone to the source of the sensations, causing it to expand. With pure and utter horror, my mind registered the tactile sensation of my burgeoning cock. It wasn't swelling sufficiently to be noticed, at least not yet or so I hoped, but it was growing none the less. What had triggered this new feeling, at this awkward moment of all times? Well, the memory of my sister's tits, as they had accidentally been presented to me on that day, bracketed by the open yellow blouse, had suddenly surged into my consciousness.

STOP, my mind screamed. Stay still!

But it didn't. I gritted my teeth and pictured a ring of large sweaty men in leather harnesses laughing as they swung enormous hammers onto my swollen balls, stretched over a large anvil next to a roaring fire. WHAM, WHAM, WHAM. Nothing, no effect whatsoever. Instead, my cock shifted as it stiffened, seeking growing space like the little tyrant it was.

Mom's fingers stopped, frozen with the pencil in the middle of forming a "G" at the begging of a word. Another uncontrolled flinch in response to a tingling sensation I couldn't ignore prompted Mom's fingers into motion, grasping the near edge of the page and pulling it over to the right, returning the book to the previous, unfinished, messy puzzle. Staring at those words again – tits, pussy, showme – caused another uninhibited flinch. My leg muscles tightened, already in receipt of the automatic commands from my brain before my conscious mind was aware, preparing to flee. Reacting to my own muscles before me, Mom's hand slipped off the book and fell onto my tensed leg, its grip silently commanding me to stay. Only when my muscles relaxed did Mom's hand release my leg and return to its former activity.

I stared helplessly at the words: tits, pussy, showme. The warmth of Mom's body, the fear of what was to come, the threatening presence of my father, even though I couldn't tear my eyes away to see if he had noticed the tension on the couch – all these things impinged on my senses but none could stop another forbidden flinch.

The pencil moved to a position under "showme". It scribbled: "leave her alone."

For the first time since I had started helping Mom with the puzzles, she turned to look at me. I nodded, slowly, in solemn affirmation. Mom nodded in return and turned back to the puzzle. I started to get up but Mom stopped me with a brief grip on my leg and the tension in my muscles abated. The page was turned and Mom began filling in the crossword again.

I alternated between watching Mom and looking at Dad but mostly I focused on Mom. I didn't just watch her fingers scribble over the puzzle; I noticed how slender and feminine they were. I admired the crook of her neck where it wasn't covered by the hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. Her throat pulsed gently with her breathing and my eyes descended until they registered the valley between the slight swells that yielded the first hints of the fruit filling the blouse below. My eyes explored further, past the first unsecured button and then the next where the bursting fullness confirmed that here sat a mature woman and not a mere girl.

Mom made a mistake, a rare event. She reversed the pencil and rubbed the tip across the page. It was a long word. Mom pressed the book tightly against her leg as she scrubbed the errant letters away, shaking the book and her leg, and mine below. Her bottom, by the laws of physics, wriggled, shooting blazing stars through my groin. I stifled a groan as my cock stiffened into full hardness, stretching into the remaining space in my jeans and bending outward when that was filled.

I knew my swollen member was pressing into the black material of Mom's stretchy pants but there was nothing I could do. The letters were gone but Mom continued scrubbing. Finally, she stopped and, after a brief pause, pencilled in a new word and sighed in satisfaction as it meshed with several others crossing its path.

Mom continued with the puzzle. I had hoped my erection would subside but it didn't. It was as rigid as ever but Mom paid it no notice that I could detect even though she must have felt its presence. She didn't lift her soft buttock or acknowledge its impudent presence in any way.

Twice more, Mom made mistakes. This was unprecedented. Mom never made mistakes and she had made three on this puzzle alone, all on longer words. The prolonged scrubbing to remove the offending marks didn't help my mental attempts to quell my swollen cock. Quite the opposite. I was now beyond worrying about its growth, or the rude announcement of its presence. There was

nothing more it could do to attract additional attention except rub itself into Mom's bum but that ability was beyond its control. That could only happen if I allowed it.

Despite myself, I did shift my weight a couple of times. They were small, involuntary movements but they increased the tingling sensations in my cock almost beyond control. Mom still didn't react but a short time after the second one, she finished the puzzle and pulled the page back to reveal the previous one again. She stared at the offensive words for half a minute before writing below her own words, "leave her alone", adding "PROMISE" in capital letters in an empty seven-letter slot. She turned to look at me and I nodded immediately. The puzzle was covered again.

"Well," Mom said, drawing Dad's attention. "Your sister will be home in a few weeks. We'll have to plan a proper reception for her."

"She's just left," Dad said, seemingly annoyed at the interruption. "What brought that on?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was just thinking about her and hoping everything is going well. I just want everything to be perfect for her when she comes home. It must be so stressful going to college and I want her time at home to be as relaxing as it can be."

The last phrase was stated with added emphasis. Mom turned and fixed me with a steady, firm gaze. I nodded, feeling uncomfortable and seeking relief from her attention.

"I suppose so," Dad mumbled, already returning to his book though I think he'd been watching TV when Mom spoke. None of us had been to college so we had no idea what it was like there.

Mom moved to get up and I pulled back to make room. She put her hand on my leg to help herself up. I might have been imagining things but I think she squeezed it more than necessary to lift herself up.

That night in bed I relived Mom's discovery of those incriminating words and the subsequent press of her thighs and bottom against my leg, over and over. I hadn't meant to jack off but the press of my palm along the length of my dick soon made me turn on my side so I could stroke it properly. I also didn't mean to come but couldn't stop as I beat my cock faster and faster, imagining that Mom had pushed her backside onto me on purpose. She couldn't be offering me an alternative to my sister, could she? In the frenzy leading up to my orgasm, I was sure of it but in the cold reality of the aftermath while I was cleaning up my mess, I knew it was too good to be true.

Reality offered the more truthful portent of the world. The next day, Mom's interaction with me was outwardly no different than any other day but I felt a distinct distance between us that wasn't normally there. I was hurt at first but then became angry. When my parents took up their usual respective evening positions, him reading and her doing crosswords, I initially responded in my own typical fashion: I repaired to my room to waste hours on shoot-em-up computer games. However, I couldn't keep focused and kept getting easily killed rather than winning. After less than an hour of play, I wandered downstairs, frustrated and angry, already dressed in my pyjamas and house coat.

Neither parent looked up when I entered the living room. I looked at them for a long moment, then turned into the kitchen where I waited for the kettle to boil. Patiently, I watched the tea pot steep, thinking about nothing in particular but aware that my unconscious mind was planning something. I just couldn't grasp what it was.

Mom looked up when I set a cup of tea down on the end table beside her but Dad didn't even notice his. I returned for my own mug and sat on the couch near Mom but not right beside her. She was wearing a similar outfit to the one she'd worn the day before: black stretchy pants and a white blouse. Looking at her, I realized Mom was kind of chic in a simplistic bohemian way. She had one

foot resting on the coffee table and the opposite leg crossed over the knee of the first, foot dangling and toes tapping to some silent tune. She hadn't even thanked me for the tea.

At some point during my observation, I realized that Mom was aware of my perusal but acting as if she wasn't. How I knew that, I can't explain but more interesting to me was, why? I let my eyes rove over her body, from head to toe, or more to the point, from chest and along her shanks to her knees, and back again. It wasn't the tenseness I sensed in her limbs that signaled her secret discomfort but rather the almost unobservable twitches in her face. Mom was expecting something from me and she was nervous about it.

"How's the crossword going?" I asked, quietly, so as not to rouse Dad's attention.

Mom nodded, as if to say Ok, but didn't speak.

"I thought the tea might help," I said, hoping to make her feel just a little bit obligated to me.

Mom nodded again but curtly as if to say thanks but don't bother me now, I'm busy. I picked up my mug and took a sip. Carefully, I set it down on the coffee table near Mom's foot more than a foot closer to her than I currently sat. I shifted towards her on the couch.

"Is it a hard one?" I asked, peering at the book.

Mom nodded, tensely.

"Really hard," I persisted, moving even closer.

Mom shook her head slightly, grimacing in concentration.

"That hard?" I commented, closing the last few inches between us and bringing my housecoat into contact with Mom's stretchy pants. Her face twitched and the letter she was completing strayed outside its little square.

"Why don't you take a tea break? It might help."

Mom didn't answer but a minute later, she reached over with her left hand to pick up her tea. I experienced a heartfelt appreciation of the fact that Mom was a south paw. Reaching across her right leg with her left hand to pick up her tea lifted the left off the couch, allowing me to snuggle close like I had the day before.

"Tyson. Leave me some room," Mom chided me.

"I'm just trying to see what you're doing," I said.

Mom sipped her tea, then set the cup down and returned to her puzzle. I watched her fill in a few words, then leaned across her to pick up her spare pencil from the end table.

"Tyson," she complained.

"Sorry," I mumbled.

Mom completed two more words, then appeared to be stuck. I moved the tip of my pencil toward the puzzle but she pushed it away. I tried twice more and was rebuffed both times, the last time verbally.

"Stop it," Mom cried.

Dad looked up then and smiled. He seemed to discover his tea for the first time and picked it up, draining it in one long gulp before returning to his book.

I moved the pencil toward the crossword but stopped when Mom's right hand moved up, preparing to block mine. I hovered for a moment, then withdrew. About to move forward again, I suddenly changed my mind and flipped the pencil end for end. The eraser now pointed at the book.

"Don't you dare," Mom warned, obviously thinking I was going to try to erase one of her entries.

"I wouldn't dream of it," I laughed.

Nor would I have ever dreamed that I would do what I did next. I moved the pencil, but sideways instead of forward, until it bumped against the side of Mom's breast.

There was a pregnant pause as both Mom and I reacted to what I'd done. Or, I should say, failed to react. I kept the eraser pressed against the side of Mom's breast, fascinated by the way it actually moved as she breathed, and Mom just sat, rigidly unmoving, her face still. Neither of us knew what to do next.

It could have been an accident. Was she waiting for me to acknowledge it as such, to say ... sorry, or just pull it away?

In defiance of all logic, I moved the pencil, but not away. Instead, I moved it down, along the curve of Mom's breast, stopped, then dragged it up to its original point of contact and even above, still in contact with Mom's mammary. Mom glanced at Dad and I quickly shot a look at him as well. Then, the unimaginable happened. Mom raised the crossword book up so it almost stood on her crossed leg, blocking the line of sight from Dad to the tip of my pencil. Mom's own pencil once again contacted the page and another blank space became a word.

I rubbed the pencil up and down the side of Mom's breast, almost cheekily, like a spoiled kid announcing to his minder that he knew he was doing something wrong and was enjoying it all the more because he was getting away with it. Mom filled in two more words while the eraser fully explored the side of her blouse, at least the part that swelled nicely. After that, she pushed the pencil away.

I picked up my mug, took a swig of tea, and asked, "So, exactly when is Lynn coming home?"

My question hung in the air, orphaned for several long seconds until Mom responded, tersely, "Two weeks from this Saturday."

"Oh," I said. "That soon?"

"Yes," Mom's response was even more curt.

I set my cup down, but this time on the end table beside Mom, leaning over her to do so. When I settled back, I moved the eraser back onto Mom's left breast and allowed it to play along its curvature, even venturing toward the front. I dropped the pencil beneath Mom's breast, pushed it toward her and lifted her breast with it, allowing it to skid outward until the weight of Mom's breast pushed it away and bounced back to her chest. Fantastic.

When Mom tried to push the pencil away, I parried with words.

"I'm looking forward to seeing her."

Mom wrote in the book and jabbed her script. 'NO.'

I pushed my pencil toward the crossword and this time Mom didn't try to stop me.

'Then?' I wrote, in the first available four-letter space.

I returned my pencil to the top of Mom's breast, resting it there, waiting. Mom pointedly avoided looking at me but slowly returned her pencil to the book and wrote in another entry. It was the proper answer to the clue. She was doing the puzzle again.

I let the pencil lightly follow the slope of Mom's breast out until it fell over its edge. I kept it close to her breast, tracing its outline, feeling the excitement in my loins grow as it passed over the point where I knew her nipple must lie underneath the bra. I played that pencil over Mom's breast constantly, up and down, until she finished the puzzle. She started to close the book.

"Do another one, Mom," I suggested, but we both knew it was more than a suggestion.

I was actually surprised when Mom complied. By the time she was two thirds through, my pencil was rubbing all over her right breast too. By then, I had convinced myself that my tightly controlled but excited breath was matched once or twice by Mom's own. Perhaps I strayed too far when I tried, successfully, to push the top button of Mom's blouse through its hole, for the second it popped through, Mom snapped the book shut and stood up.

"That's enough," she cried sharply, then belatedly added, "for one night."

I was exhilarated. It took me hours to get to sleep that night, even after I had emptied my balls. My poor cock was sore, I beat it so much. I fell asleep dreaming of my pencil rubbing up and down Mom's bare tits, flicking her nipples while Mom whispered to me, "Suck them, Ty."

I predicted that Mom wouldn't have a second pencil the next night. I knew she would do her crosswords. Otherwise, Dad would say something, but I knew there wouldn't be a spare pencil. Mom wasn't surprised when I snuggled up close to her and seemed to welcome me. She even thanked me for the tea that I brought.

"Are you going to help me again tonight?" she asked, smiling pleasantly.

"Every night, Mom. I love helping you do your crosswords."

Our banter was lost on Dad. His attention remained fixed on his book.

Mom seemed smugly pleased and I think she could hardly wait for my discovery of the missing pencil but her faint smile disappeared when I produced one of the pencils I had shoved in the pocket of my housecoat before coming downstairs. I immediately moved it onto Mom's breast and, resigned, she raised her book to block my nefarious activity.

I had been rubbing the pencil over her glorious breasts for almost ten minutes before I realized Mom's blouse didn't have buttons I could push undone. She was wearing a thin turtleneck sweater which I didn't notice until I moved the eraser between her upper breasts in search of a button. The faint smile returned to Mom's face.

She seemed almost eager for me to continue rubbing the pencil over her breasts after that, as if to rub it into my face that I may have outsmarted her with my pencil stash but she had bested me with the removal of the 'gates' to her bare breasts. That smile stayed on Mom's face as my anger led me to scrub the pencil over her breasts.

That roughness accidentally led me to my next victory. The eraser, because of how firmly I was scraping it over Mom's tit, dug into the bra underneath her thin sweater, and pushed it a ways down her breast before the pencil snapped over the top of the bra. The importance of that didn't immediately dawn on me but several passes later, I purposely dug the eraser into the bra and pushed, keeping the pencil tight to Mom's tit. The tip dug in, between the bra and Mom's flesh, out to the crest where I pried it outward. At the same time, I found the strap on Mom's shoulder under the sweater and pulled it over as the pencil lifted the bra over Mom's nipple and off her breast.

Mom's smile disappeared and a replacement grew on my face. The bra collapsed underneath Mom's breast which bounced freely under her thin sweater, the nipple now advertising its presence. Quickly, I pushed the pencil across to Mom's other breast and, in concert with my hand behind her shoulders, relieved it of its covering too. The bra now encircled Mom's waist below her breasts, leaving them free except for the inadequate covering of the thin sweater.

The pencil now traced the outline of Mom's breasts more accurately, and lovingly. I was surprised that Mom didn't jump up immediately and walk away but that would draw attention to herself and perhaps require an explanation for the way her breasts jostled loosely under her sweater. When I realized that, I knew that Mom was stuck. I slowed the pencil down and lightened its touch, teaching it to caress rather than probe, to titillate instead of poke.

Mom's pencil returned to the crossword and mine lovingly traced every curve, every nook and every cranny of her breasts. It favoured the left breast because of its proximity but found every part of the right as well. When Mom completed the last entry, I had been teasing her nipples for several minutes and they proudly marked their places beneath the white turtleneck. Mom's hand dropped to her lap, pencil held loosely between her fingers. She sat, listlessly, while I languidly traced the eraser around her nipples. Her eyes closed.

Dad's snore made both of us jump. We stared at him, realizing that we had both dangerously forgotten about his presence. I looked at Mom and she, for the first time, looked steadily back at me. I dropped the pencil and enveloped her left tit in my hand, gently squeezing until my finger and thumb found the outskirts of her nipple, pinched and rolled it, then tugged it off Mom's chest, forcing Mom's mouth open in a silent cry.

I lowered my head as Dad's snoring resumed its rolling lilt. Mom shook her head, her eyes saying 'No' but I ignored both and brought my lips to hers. She let me kiss her but refused to part her lips for my probing tongue. I pulled back and tried to pull Mom's sweater up but it remained tightly tucked in her slacks; it must have been one of those things that wrapped around and snapped under her panties. I grasped her tit again and rolled the nipple between my fingers, tugging it up and letting it fall half a dozen times, like a little kid with his newest toy. I moved my mouth toward Mom again but she turned her face away so I redirected my head and latched onto her extended nipple, sucking it in with a mouthful of sweater. Surprised, Mom groaned quietly. I sucked, and sucked, and sucked, until Mom's hands pried my head away. She pushed me aside and got up. She was passing in front of Dad, loose and jostling tits be damned, when he awoke with a start.

"I'm going to bed," Mom snapped in response to his querying look as she rushed by.

before supper. As soon as he left, Mom accosted me.

"That was a stupid thing you did last night with your father right there," she said, eyes flashing her anger. "I know your sister's been showing off her breasts and you want more, to touch them, but I won't have it, any of it!" She paused to take a deep breath, then continued in a softer tone, "I'll let you touch mine instead, but don't you ever do anything stupid like that in front of your father again, understand?"

"Yes, Mom. I won't," I responded immediately, suitably chastised.

She may have been angry but I knew that she had been excited last night. I knew she wanted me to kiss her even though she acted like she didn't want me to. Maybe, if Dad hadn't been there, she would have let me go further but I knew if Dad hadn't been there to mute her reaction, I never would have got as far as I did in the first place.

It was a different supper that night. I couldn't keep my eyes off Mom. She looked sexy even in her conservative work suit. Mom knew I was looking and that I was looking at her not as a mother but as a woman. She also knew I was looking at her breasts, imagining them without the cover of clothes, imagining myself touching them, like I had last night. Did she know I wanted more than that, that I dreamed of fucking her?

That night, I cleaned up after dinner myself. I wouldn't let Mom in the kitchen. When I was finished I went upstairs and returned much later, after relieving myself in more ways than one in the toilet bowl. My late return was according to the plan I'd developed that afternoon, to arrive and let the games begin after Dad had rested for awhile, in the hopes that he would fall asleep again.

Mom was still wearing her business suit. I was disappointed, hoping that after her words with me before supper that she would change into something more accessible. I guess she had meant what she said about not doing anything in front of Dad. I was pissed off.

I sat down near Mom and picked up a magazine, supposedly ignoring her. Dad was reading but I could see he was already beginning to nod off. My resistance waned and I slid over closer to Mom. She smiled.

"Where's your pencil? You can't help me if you don't have a pencil."

Her smile made me suspicious. Had she removed my pencil stash earlier in the day? I reached into the pocket of my housecoat and dragged out the only one there. It wasn't one of the ones I'd put in my stash. It was an unsharpened carpenter's pencil, almost a quarter of an inch thick and half an inch wide. What had happened to the handful I'd put in there yesterday?

"You can't use that on my crosswords," Mom laughed.

She thought she had me and maybe she had. I let the pencil tap against the side of her suit jacket. This wasn't going to be any fun.

"Aren't you hot in that jacket?" I asked in a thinly veiled suggestion to make her breasts more available.

"No," Mom's smile briefly turned up in greater amusement but then returned to its original, nearly straight line.

I let the pencil fall away, resting it on her leg, and watched Mom fill in the crossword. She worked steadily, passing over clues that she couldn't do immediately but returning to them after a few more words had been completed. I tapped her skirt absently.

"Do you have to do that?" Mom asked.

"What? This?" I tapped her leg harder.

"Yes, that," Mom responded, annoyed.

"Yes," I retorted.

Mom quietly harrumphed. I looked at Dad and saw that his head was hanging over and he had slumped back in his chair. I moved the pencil across Mom's skirt, tapping as I went. It made a more hollow drumming sound as I moved onto the material stretched over the gap between her thighs, then softened to a duller thud when I reached the right leg. I tapped my way back again and noticed with perverse pleasure the tightening of Mom's jaw.

The tapping slowed as a thought slowly formed in my mind. Tap, tap, tap, tap ... tap ... tap ... tap ... tap.

Mom was about to speak, presumably to tell me that I was being extremely annoying when I suddenly stopped. Mom smiled and nodded her satisfaction. A few seconds later, I slid the pencil forward onto her bare leg and pushed it slowly along the top of her thigh to her knee, transferred to the other leg and dragged the eraser back along that thigh. Mom sighed, but I could tell she would rather put up with this new nuisance than the annoying drumming on her skirt.

Mom continued to fill in the crossword in grim silence, Dad resumed breathing steadily, and I traced the length of Mom's thighs, up one leg and back the other, sometimes switching direction on each leg. Though it was hardly noticeable, I let the pencil's path fall gradually toward the center of Mom's legs so that I was pushing and dragging the eraser along her inner thighs. Mom seemed ok with this which may be why I became bored with it. I decided to push the envelope a little more.

For the hundredth time I dragged the pencil back to the hem of Mom's skirt but this time I 'accidentally' dropped it between her legs. The eraser end fell to the couch between the more open end of Mom's legs near her knees but the other, as yet unsharpened tip lodged between the meaty part of Mom's thighs, leaving the pencil on an upward angle of about thirty degrees or so. I rooted around between Mom's legs fumbling the pencil as I tried to pick it up. With each 'fumble', Mom's legs gave way a little as my hand twisted about. I finally managed to regain my grip on the pencil but at the eraser end near Mom's knees.

The pencil resumed its exploration but it now ventured under Mom's skirt, sliding up the inside of her legs until it jammed between the fleshy part of her upper thighs. Mom was momentarily startled and so, in fact, was I, by the sheer brazenness of my act. I wasn't sure how this would go over or what to do now that the pencil was stuck in the thickness of Mom's inner thighs.

Mom glanced at Dad. I did too. He wasn't snoring but his he was breathing more heavily and his eyes were still closed. Nevertheless, I was afraid because he could open his eyes at any moment and start reading again. Surprisingly, Mom looked back at her puzzle as if nothing was amiss. I stared at the book and her motionless hands, at a loss of what to do next, my courage failing me.

Dad snorted and his eyes opened. He shook his head and began to read as if he had never been dozing. Mom lifted the crossword book and set it down on her legs in front of my hand, the one holding the pencil. I took this as a sign and pulled the pencil back, away from Mom's knees. It wiggled it between her legs but she trapped it before it got very far and cast a wary eye at Dad. I remembered Mom's warning not to do anything stupid again in front of Dad but kept wiggling the pencil anyway, just to be a nuisance if nothing else; I don't know why. Mom casually filled in another word, ignoring me, as if she was above my annoying behavior.

I felt I had won something and now wiggled the pencil with a vengeance, twisting it this way and that. The unsharpened end was not as soft as the eraser end and Mom's legs momentarily gave way with each new foray. I found that if I held the pencil flat, Mom's legs would yield more to its width and that quickly snapping it vertical to make it thinner would allow it to slide even further between her thighs. After only a dozen such advances the pencil was quite far under Mom's skirt and I had dragged the hem back quite a ways to let my hand keep up with the pencil's advance. It suddenly struck me that the pencil must be almost touching Mom's panties which triggered another realization. Mom's legs hadn't been squeezing very tightly to impede the pencil's progress. I stilled my hand and, in reaction, Mom's legs tensed around the pencil, but then slowly relaxed when it didn't move.

Dad made a sound and both our heads snapped up to look at him.

It was a snore. His head leaned to one side, our side. If he opened his eyes now, he would be looking directly at us.

Together, we watched Dad for at least a minute. We were absolutely still. Then, I moved the pencil the tiniest bit. My breath caught when I realized that Mom's legs didn't try to stop it, not even a single clench. I pushed it a little more and still encountered no resistance. A little more. I looked down at Mom's skirt to see it bunching up behind my hand as I dragged the pencil even further back. Resistance completely disappeared and I realized the pencil must have reached the open triangle at the crux of Mom's thighs, directly in front of her panties. I twisted the pencil so the flat part would face down and pushed. It collided with Mom's panties in a silent thud that reverberated up my arm.

I turned to look at Mom. She was staring at Dad, her mouth open with a strange, strained look on her face. I pushed the pencil back and forth, skidding its flat side over the gusset of Mom's panties, trying to exert a firm pressure. Mom's mouth opened more but though her expression intensified, no sound spilled forth.

Back and forth, back and forth, I rubbed that heavy carpenter's pencil. Mom seemed to be paralyzed, incapable of motion and quite unable to stop me. I could even feel her pushing against the pencil now as I scraped it across her panties. Oh yeah, there was no doubt, she was horny, real horny. I wanted to turn to her, to shove her skirt up and get my fingers inside her panties and into her cunt but I knew I couldn't. If Dad woke up, everything would be ruined. Right now, he might be taken aback by Mom's strange expression, but the crossword book still blocked his view of my hand and the pencil, and my posture sitting beside Mom made it look like I was simply helping her with the crossword puzzle. That would all be changed if I turned toward Mom so no matter how much she looked like she would let me, I couldn't do it.

I stopped moving the pencil and Mom's hand dropped onto mine, as if to urge it back into motion, but it didn't. Her limp fingers felt soft and feminine on the back of mine. I pulled the end of the pencil up, lifting Mom's skirt, and twisted it so the thin edge was toward Mom's panties. Immediately, I felt it nudge into a soft and yielding groove that somehow felt damp though I knew I couldn't really sense that. I wiggled the pencil and Mom's hand left mine to cover her mouth. Abruptly, I jiggled the pencil up and down, working it into her pantied slit, surprising her so completely her hand closed tightly around her mouth to stifle the moan that threatened to rip out of her throat.

Dad snored loudly, caught his breath and snored again, then twisted his head away from us. I could see his eyes open as his head turned and fear made me jerk my hand and the pencil out of Mom's skirt. Mom leapt to her feet and barked that she was going to bed as she hurried on unsteady feet in front of my still not-really-awake father. I grabbed the crossword book and gathered my housecoat about me, pulling my knees up and lowering the book to hide my enormous erection.

"I think I dozed off," Dad said, shaking his head and looking at me. "Has your mother gone to bed?"

"Yeah," I croaked. It was all I could manage. When I did manage to escape, I half ran up the stairs, my cock getting even harder as I realized the tip of the pencil was indeed damp.

Something told me to avoid Mom the next day so after supper, I didn't join her on the couch, even to sit at the far end. Her abrupt departure signaled that I had perhaps transgressed a boundary. If I stayed away and let things settle down maybe I could take up where I had left off. Why, oh why, had I done that fool thing with the pencil? What had come over me? Mom was clearly upset. At breakfast and dinner her whole body tensed up when she had to interact with me, which she kept to a minimum. So I decided to stay away and let it blow over.

I was completely immersed in a game when my mind suddenly filled with dread at the thought of Mom coming up to my room to confront me about my behavior the previous night. Without Dad nearby, Mom wouldn't be restrained and a fight now could ruin everything. I quit the game and got up, searching for a book, anything that I could pretend to read downstairs until Mom went to bed. That's when the message came through. Lynn was Skyping me.

"Hey bro."

Lynn looked fantastic in a man's open-neck t-shirt that clung tightly to her breasts. In the background, I could see her roommate. I couldn't remember her name but in red bra and panties, who could give a shit? Lynn noticed the direction of my gaze.

"I'm right here, bro."

I blushed and looked back at Lynn.

"So what's been happening on the home front?"

"Nothing. Same old, same old."

Lynn was happy with my expected brief response and quickly launched into a recap of her adventures which was probably what she'd called about anyway. My attention wandered to her roommate's body, flitting about in the background, evidently in the process of getting dressed but somehow managing to remain in just bra and panties. Not that I minded. Her body was just as nice as Lynn's. More streamlined, but nice.

When I had sat down, I had closed my housecoat tight but as I listened to Lynn and watched her roommate, I began tenting uncomfortably in my shorts. I shifted the chair closer to the computer to hide what I was doing and pushed the waistband of my underwear down to free my painfully bent cock. I knew the webcam didn't show anything below my chest but I wanted to be certain. As Lynn talked, I absently fiddled with my cock and eventually starting stroking it. The thrust of her tits under the t-shirt and her roommate's body prancing around filled my head with lecherous thoughts that I couldn't ignore. I was feeling pretty smug knowing I was wanking off in front of them and getting away with it. It really added a delicious twist.

"So, I was wondering, Ty."

Here it comes, I thought. The real reason for her call.

"Tessa's coming home with me for the fall break."

Lynn paused to let that sink in, half turning around in a stretching twist that arched her tits hard

enough against the t-shirt to make it obvious she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"You're coming, aren't you Tessa?"

Tessa turned her pretty face briefly toward the computer to nod enthusiastically. The whole movement was designed to call attention to Tessa's body which was at that moment facing away from the computer and bent over, providing a magnificent view of Tessa's ass, or should I say, a view of Tessa's magnificent ass.

"So, you can let me use your car for the week, can't you, to show Tessa around?"

There it was. Slid in with her usual precision at exactly the right moment. My sister, the master manipulator. Lynn had turned back to catch me red-handed, gawking at Tessa's fabulous ass.

"You will, won't you?" Lynn purred.

I was nodding my head already, of course, though my answer hadn't yet fully formed in my mind.

"Of course," I finally managed to squeak.

That's when my door opened and Mom walked in. Lynn quickly moved her shoulders to the left to block the view of Tessa's ass and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"Mom!" she cried, in glee.

I, of course was frozen in my chair, except that my head had automatically moved to the right in an obvious effort to see past Lynn for a last glimpse of Tessa's finely sculptured posterior. Tessa, bless her soul, wasn't much faster than I.

"Hi darling. How are you?" Then, impatiently to me, "Tyson, why didn't you call me?"

Mom was pulling my extra chair over from the wall which thankfully gave me time to realize my cock was sticking up through my housecoat. As she pushed the chair against mine, I managed to cover myself in the motion of rising to move my own chair to make room for hers. The housecoat pulled tightly around myself, I was nevertheless acutely conscious of the fact that my cock was still sticking out of my shorts. Shit!

Mom and Lynn launched into an animated exchange quite unlike their normal interactions at home. I guess they really did miss each other. I kept still, relieved that I was able to cover myself but painfully aware that under the housecoat, my cock still protruded from my underwear. I couldn't very well slip my hand inside my robe to fix it and it simply wouldn't soften up. Maybe it was because I got off on the fear of discovery – after all, my housecoat could fall open if I wasn't vigilant – or maybe it was because, with Mom and Lynn yakking excitedly, I was free to watch Tessa who still cavorted about in the background. Whatever the reason, I had a very hard cock under my robe.

"Yeah, so Ty's going to let me use his car to show Tessa around," Lynn announced.

"Really?" Mom responded, glancing at lanky Tessa who was once again bending over to get something out of a drawer. She looked back at Lynn. "So I guess you won't be around the house much, then?"

"Well, I really want to show Tessa around," Lynn said, apologetically, "and we're going to sleep over at Laura's a couple of nights so she can meet the rest of the girls."

Tessa's butt was wiggling around in the red panties as she searched for something in the drawer, the muscles in her legs straining with the effort. I gawked when her cheeks alternately tensed as her butt swayed about. Lynn was oblivious but Mom noticed and I think she also noticed something else: my robe had slipped off my legs, leaving my shorts exposed, with my cock sticking up past the waistband. My immediate urge was to recover the robe to cover myself but I didn't want to make a sudden move in case I was wrong about Mom noticing. I slid my hands down to grasp the edges of my robe but Mom stopped me by setting her hand squarely on me, her palm covering the part of me that extended out of my shorts. She kept her eyes fixed on Lynn.

"Well," Mom said, "I guess Tyson and I will have to amuse ourselves, then."

I felt a light downward pressure on my dick.

"I'm sorry, Mom. We'll try to be home as much as we can."

"No, no. That's alright. You girls have your fun. I know you need to let off some steam. Tyson can keep me company. God knows your father won't."

There was a definite squeeze and it felt like my cock grew a whole inch out of my shorts.

"How is Dad?" Lynn asked.

"Oh, you know your father."

Mom told Lynn about some of the things Dad had recently done to annoy her. As she talked, Mom massaged my cock with gentle squeezes. She did it offhandedly without compromising her expression and without any hesitation in her speech. At one point, the conversation became more animated and Mom's fingers curled around my shaft and began stroking it. Her fingers stretched inside my shorts but her palm continued massaging the underside of my tip, mashing the helmet against my stomach. Unlike Mom, I struggled to maintain my composure.

"Is something wrong, Ty?" Lynn asked.

"What?" I asked, startled, certain my face wore a guilty look. "No, I'm fine."

"You don't look very well."

"I'm fine. My stomach's a little upset, that's all."

"You can go. I don't mind," Lynn said.

Mom turned and, for the first time, looked down at me. She lifted her hand and patted my stomach.

"I think he's alright," she said, then turned back to Lynn, resuming their conversation where it had left off.

Mom's hand dropped onto my cock again and reached far enough into my shorts that her fingers could grasp my balls which she started squeezing with steadily increasing, pulsing pressure.

"Ty, you really don't look well," Lynn cried.

Mom's grip was getting painful but she released me when Lynn spoke.

"Yeah, I think I'd better go," I mumbled, turning and almost falling off my chair so I didn't expose myself as I stood up. I stumbled to the door and exited the room, my cock waving about over the

waistband of my shorts which was stretched underneath my balls. I ran awkwardly for the bathroom, my hand already starting to stroke my cock. My aching balls need release, fast!

I was cleaning myself up when Mom paused by the partially open bathroom door that in my haste I had forgotten to close.

“Two can play hardball, you know.”

She was gone before I could speak.

What the fuck had happened? Mom had just calmly jacked me off in front of my sister. Her comment made it sound like it was punishment for the night before but she had still taken my cock in her hand. I just wanted to look at and feel her tits and she was willing to hold my cock? I realized now that I'd been playing a game with Mom and I had no idea how big the playing field was. I could hardly wait to get home from my stupid job the next day. I desperately needed to be with Mom, without Dad around.

I waited until later in the evening before going downstairs. I sat away from Mom, leafing disinterestedly through a magazine. She glanced at me a couple of times but I remained aloof until she patted the couch beside her and invited me to help her with her crossword. I declined.

“Suit yourself,” she said nonchalantly but sounding a little miffed.

Quite a while later, Mom spoke quietly to Dad, “Gary, why don't you go up to bed. You're falling asleep.”

Dad shook his head and looked bleary-eyed at Mom. “Am I?”

“Yes,” Mom said.

“I suppose I should hit the sack, then.” Dad got up and looked at Mom. “Are you coming?”

“After I finish this crossword,” Mom replied.

Dad stumbled over to Mom, leaned over, and gave her a kiss. “I'll wait up for you,” he said.

“Alright, dear.”

Mom continued her crossword after Dad left and I kept pretending to read my magazine. It was kind of ridiculous, really. Finally, Mom looked at me.

“Come over here. You know you want to.”

I declined again.

“I'll let you see them if you like.”

“No, it's ok.”

“I know you lent your car to Lynn so she would be out of the house, removing temptation, so to speak. I appreciate that. If you come over here, I'll let you touch them.”

I remained silent. After that offer, I have no idea why.

“Suit yourself,” Mom said in a minor huff and returned to her puzzle.

I put my magazine down. If we were going to play games, I was going to go for it. I wasn't going to settle for just touching up her tits. I opened my robe. I was naked underneath and my cock sprang to attention. I held it loosely with my fingers at the base, keeping it straight upright. It took Mom a moment to notice.

"Good God, Tyson," she cried. "Put it away."

I shook my head and smiled arrogantly.

"You don't really think just because I touched it I can't do without it, do you?"

"No," I stammered, shocked by the accuracy of her assessment.

"Women don't go gaga just because they touched a man's cock. At least, not outside porn movies," Mom laughed.

The only good part about the direction this was taking was Mom referring to my dick as a man's cock. Still, I didn't know what to do now. I felt kind of silly but I couldn't just stuff it back under my robe like a dog with my tail between my legs.

"Honestly, Tyson. Put it away."

I stubbornly refused.

Mom started doing her puzzle again and I continued waving my pole around. The silly feeling intensified but I kept waving it around. I didn't know what else to do. I had almost decided to put it away and ask if she'd like some tea to get back in her good books when Mom cast a long sideways glance at my hard dick. I pretended not to notice but tried to make my cock stand up higher, tightening my groin to make it even prouder. Mom glanced at it again. I strained upwards several times and stroked it lightly with my left hand.

"Oh, for God's sake Tyson." Exasperated, Mom put her book down and looked up the stairs where the light from her bedroom was shining into the hallway. Dad had left the light on for her. She looked at me, down at my cock, then back at my face. She whispered, "Do you want me to touch it again? Is that what you want, for me to touch it for you?"

I nodded, holding her gaze steadily, surprised that I had the balls to do it.

"Alright, but just this once. Come over here then," Mom patted the couch beside her.

I shook my head, slowly stroking my now huge erection. Mom stared at it, and for the life of me, I thought I saw a speck of moisture glinting at the corner of her mouth.

"Brat," she said and shifted toward me on the couch. She leaned over on one elbow and reached with her other hand, encircling my shaft with her soft fingers, then moved them up to displace my hand. "There," she cooed. "Does that feel better? Is that what you want?"

I nodded. I could neither speak nor breathe. It felt absolutely wonderful.

"A woman's hand feels so much better, doesn't it," Mom purred, stroking my cock steadily, pausing to rub her palm around the head, pinching as her fingers slid down the shaft and circled around the base for an extra squeeze before rising back to the tip. I was already breathing hard.

"Do you like the way Mommy's hand feels," Mom teased, stroking me faster. "Do you like Mommy's

hand on your cock?"

Her throaty voice almost made me come on its own. I nodded vigorously, my head jerking up and down, thrilled and irritated at the same time by the reference to herself as 'Mommy'.

"Do you want me to show you my tits tomorrow, like I promised?"

I jerked my head again. Mom's strokes were catching up to the speed of my neck. I was ecstatic. She had said before she would show me her tits and maybe even let me touch them but she had never promised.

"I can't now, because your Daddy's upstairs waiting for me," she panted.

My head snapped up to stare at the top of the stairs.

"That's right," Mom rasped, jacking me hard now. "Think how angry your Daddy would be if he knew what you were making me do."

I had been about to come but the thought of my father standing at the top of the stairs, glaring down at us, then coming to get me made my cum, already starting to surge forth, freeze in my nuts. That's when Mom lowered her head and took my head into her mouth. My hips lurched up, trying to shove the rest of my cock inside but she pulled back, not allowing another inch inside. I kept lunging, trying to fuck her face but Mom withdrew and licked my tip, her tongue swirling all around the helmet. I started to come and tried to hold Mom's head in place but she jerked it back and slammed my cock against my stomach, holding it tight while I spurted all over my heaving abdomen. Mom waited until I was fully spent before speaking.

"This was a one-time thing, Tyson. It was your doing, so don't get hung about it, and don't expect it to happen ever again."

She closed my robe over my chest and wiped her hand clean on the outside. Then, she leaned close and kissed me gently on my lips. She spoke in a very throaty voice, "You were a lovely boy and you've become quite a man but you have to know that I won't let you fuck me."

The way she said 'fuck' had a sound all its own and despite the negative statement the tone was full of promise. Mom kissed me quickly again, smiled sweetly, and was gone. I watched her body swaying as she climbed the stairs, still stunned by her graphic language, and thought, I want to fuck you so badly.

Chapter 3

Posted: 4/6/2020, 7:00:54 AM

I had to work the next morning at nine. Dad had just finished his breakfast when I came downstairs. He pushed his plate away and pulled his coffee closer before sticking his nose in the morning paper. Mom was already drinking her coffee and reading the arts section. Dad was dressed for work and Mom was wearing her everyday housecoat. As I made my breakfast, I wondered what she was wearing underneath the robe and whether or not she would honor her promise to show me her tits or if she had just said that to work me up, knowing she was doing it for only one time. I figured that if I rushed, I would have at least half an hour home alone with Mom before Dad got there. Maybe she'd show me then.

I watched Mom as I ate my breakfast. As with dinner so many nights ago, I knew Mom was aware of my observation even though she gave no outward indication that she was. Though there was no suggestive gap in her robe I let my eyes linger on her breasts, then let them travel slowly down her torso to her lap and along her thighs. I followed her bare leg from the point where the robe parted just above her knee down to her bare foot which dangled above the slipper that had fallen to the floor under the table. Mom had nice legs and I hoped I would have a chance to touch them again. I could hardly wait until my shift was over and it hadn't even started yet. I looked at the clock. Maybe if I started a little early, I could get off sooner.

"I better get going," I said, gobbling an entire half piece of toast.

"Slow down and eat your breakfast properly, Tyson," Mom admonished me. "I thought you didn't start until nine today?"

I was surprised that Mom knew my shifts. "That's right," I said.

"Well, then, eat properly." Mom turned to Dad. "Gary, you should get going dear or you're going to be late."

"Oh," Dad said, looking at the clock. "Yes, I'd better get going."

He got up, drained his coffee and walked to the hall closet. Mom accompanied him and helped him with his coat, then picked his briefcase up and handed it to him, holding her face toward him for a quick peck before he turned and walked out to his car. Mom closed the door and walked back to the kitchen.

"Eat slowly, Tyson. It isn't healthy to gulp your food."

I looked at the clock. It was almost eight-thirty. If I ate properly, I wouldn't be able to get home early. Mom was clearing away her dishes and putting them in the sink. As she returned to get Dad's dishes, I resigned myself that I would get at most half an hour with Mom after work before Dad got home; not much time to see and sample her wares. I put another piece of toast into my mouth and my jaw stopped.

Mom was picking up Dad's fork, very slowly. Her robe was undone to the belt cinching it at her waist and the top had fallen open, putting her tits on full display because she wasn't wearing a bra or a nightie. Mom took the fork, all by itself, to the sink and returned slowly. I watched her all the way, fascinated by the jostling of her breasts as she moved. Mom put one hand on the table and bent over, very slowly, to pick up Dad's knife, breasts swinging out from her chest. The robe was looser now, allowing more to be seen. Straightening up, she walked leisurely to the sink and returned just as slowly. The belt had loosened substantially and as Mom bent to pick up Dad's cup, leaving the saucer behind, it came completely loose. Mom deposited the cup in the sink and returned at a snail's pace to the table. The robe was gapping apart its full length and I could now see that Mom was completely naked. She wasn't even wearing panties!

Surprisingly, Mom's pendulous breasts lost my attention. Even those magnificent orbs couldn't compete with the slash of hair now visible, now gone, then there again as the robe flapped across Mom's front. She picked up Dad's glass and very, very slowly held it up to look at it in the kitchen light on the ceiling behind my head, the light that wasn't even on. The robe fell completely open as Mom stretched her arm up and I was treated to a full-on frontal view of Mom's breasts, belly, and pussy. Her tits were divine, slinging down and jutting out with nipples just the right size atop nicely rounded swells of flesh. Her belly pouted out around a large, recessed navel poised just an inch or two above a narrow band of hair that dropped like a brown waterfall spilling on either side of the slit so plainly portrayed in front of me. I licked my lips ... actually licked my lips.

Mom looked down and smiled at me. She walked to the sink, deposited the glass, and regarded me with an even larger smile. I looked at Dad's plate and saucer on the table and then swung back to her, waiting for the leisurely walk to begin. Mom didn't move. She looked up at the clock.

"You'd better hurry if you want to touch them. You only have a few minutes."

I leapt to my feet, almost falling over my chair in my hurry to get to her. Mom's laughter tinkled through the room. I rushed up to her and then stopped, hands hovering over her tits. Slowly, with respect, I lowered them, looking in her eyes for confirmation that I was indeed allowed. Mom's eyes sparkled, whether with amusement or excitement I didn't know, nor did I care. I let my palms and fingers fold around her breasts, cupping their weight and squeezing gently.

"They're magnificent," I cried.

"Do you really like them?" Mom asked, arching her back and thrusting her nipples into my palms. "They've been around for a long time and they're not nearly so nice as they used to be."

"They're perfect," I gushed, swirling my hands around her orbs, trying to maximize tactile contact in the short time I had left. "Just perfect," I repeated.

Mom giggled. "I'm so glad you approve, sir," she laughed. Her hands curled around my neck and I dipped my head so I could watch her gorgeous tits moving in my hands. I tweaked her nipples, flicked them gently back and forth, circled them in my fingers and pinched and tugged them. I was thrilled when they stiffened and doubled in size and length in response to my manipulations. She may have been doing this for a purpose but I could see with my own eyes that Mom liked what I was doing and I could tell from her breathing that she was excited. When she stopped me, Mom was panting just as much as I was.

"It's five to, sweetie. You have to go."

I groaned and gripped her tits harder.

"No, it's time sweetie. Away you go."

Mom pushed me away. I straightened up, took one last, long look and turned away.

"Hey," Mom yelled before I reached the kitchen door. "Aren't you going to kiss them goodbye?"

She leaned back against the counter and laughed as I frantically made my way back to her. She cupped her left breast and held it up to me, feeding her stiff nipple into my mouth.

"That's it, baby," Mom cooed. "Suck it. Yeah, it likes to be sucked. Hard ... suck it long, that's it. Ohhhhhh."

I let my hands slip down to encircle Mom's waist, steering it around in a small circle, or maybe I was just holding on while she churned her pelvis around. She pushed toward me and pulled away, arching her back to thrust herself into my mouth, her hands roving through my hair, guiding my head into the angle she wanted. She let me suck her breasts for all of three minutes. It felt like an eternity and at the same time, just an instant. Finally, she pushed my head away hard, as if convincing herself that it was time to quit.

"Go to work, baby," she croaked.

Mom's eyes were wild. With her hair so disheveled, she looked ... well, horny, really horny. My eyes

left her tits, soaked with my saliva, and traveled down her belly to her pussy which sported a sheen of its own.

“Don’t,” Mom objected. “There’s nothing for you down there. Now, go to work, you’re late.”

Despite her words, Mom didn’t cover herself. Reluctantly, I turned away, thinking, Then why show it to me?

It was Thursday evening. Lynn would be home on Saturday; two more days. If I was going to get further with Mom, it had to be done before then, although I have to say, I had my doubts that my newly found but limited access to her charms was simply offered to dissuade me from seeking the same from my sister. That may have been the way it started but there were now three incidents in which I suspected the driving force had been illicit sexual titillation based upon the fear of potential discovery: Twice on the couch in front of Dad and once in my room in front of Lynn. The morning’s episode was due to raw, unsubdued lust, despite the lack of a potential audience. I wasn’t sure Mom could contain herself but I didn’t want to risk what I felt could be mine just in case she could. I had the feeling that anything was possible until Saturday, despite her denial, but after that the door could slam shut.

I rushed home and nearly got into an accident when I ran a red light. I didn’t even see it. All I could see was Mom waiting for me in the kitchen with a sexy smile on her face, still dressed in her unbelted robe with her tits and pussy fully exposed, one still sporting my saliva and the other shining from its own intimate dew. It was blind luck that I didn’t T-bone the one car in sight. Only the young mother’s shocked face – there was a baby seat behind her – pulled me out of my reverie. Thankfully, Dad wasn’t home yet. Shaking from my recent close call, and in anticipation of what I would find waiting for me, I hurried to the door.

Mom was on her cell, fully dressed in a conservative white blouse and medium-length black skirt with low heeled shoes. She was talking to Dad. She smiled at me and turned away, stopping when her profile offered the best view of the breasts pushing out her blouse. She was wearing a bra.

“No, I don’t need anything, dear. Just come straight home.”

Mom pulled the phone away from her ear, pushed a button to end the call and let the phone slide from her hand onto the table.

“You’re home early, sweetie. I thought you might have to work a little later to make up for this morning.”

Why was she reminding me about this morning if she wasn’t going to let me do anything else? That was just plain mean.

“But that’s perfect. I’d like to get dinner over early tonight so I can go out with the girls. Help me set the table.”

That was shoving in the knife and giving it a little twist. Not only did I not get to do anything this afternoon, but tonight was off limits too, and to serve it all up, I was reminded of the morning’s teasing by handling knives and forks, glasses and plates. Just swell!

Dinner was over quickly just as Mom wanted. She suggested I clean up by myself. Helen was picking her up, she explained, and she had just enough time to get ready. When Mom came downstairs, she had changed into a mostly black and dark brown blouse with swirls of orange and darts of yellow that highlighted her bosom which seemed much more evident and available ensconced within the silkier material. The new blouse dipped between her breasts far enough to provide a glimpse of the half-bra containing her not-so-motherly-looking assets. Mom pulled a

lipstick from her purse and applied it in exaggerated fashion to her pouting lips in the entranceway mirror. When she was done, she grabbed a coat from the closet and walked into the kitchen where I was standing near the doorway. It seemed to me that Mom held her upper arms close to her sides which pushed her breasts forward but that may have been an illusion on my part.

“Wish me a good evening, Ty” she whispered for no apparent reason, holding her face up to one side for a kiss on her cheek. “It’s ladies’ night.”

I leaned down to kiss her cheek but she turned at the last moment and my mouth landed on her moist, pouting lips. Mom kept her lips closed but let the kiss linger for several long seconds.

“Muuahh,” she said, pulling away with a smack.

Mom handed me her coat and turned around. I dutifully helped her get it on and she walked into the living room to say goodnight to Dad. I followed and leaned against the jamb in the kitchen doorway. I heard a car pull into our driveway.

“Helen’s here,” I announced.

Mom stepped to the door. “Don’t wait up, Gary. I’ll probably be a little late.”

“Ok, dear. Have fun and say hi to Helen.”

Mom opened the closet, kicked off her low-heeled pumps and slipped a pair of high-heels on, holding onto the closet door to steady herself while she lifted each foot in turn. She smiled at me and winked as if including me in her conspiracy. She opened the door and looked back at me before closing it, her lips moving silently.

“See you later.”

I played video games all night and tried without total success to keep my hand off my cock. Visions of Mom, however, would not allow total abstinence. About ten, I sauntered downstairs and put the kettle on to make tea. I didn’t know what Mom meant by getting home ‘late’ because she didn’t go out very often without Dad. I just knew I wanted to be there when she got home with a pot of hot tea ready and waiting for her.

Dad was alternating between watching the news, reading a book, and nodding off. He was dozing when the tea was ready so I didn’t bother asking him if he wanted any. I sat down with a tall, narrow mug – the kind I favoured because I liked my tea plain and piping hot – and tried to finish some of Mom’s partially completed crosswords. I didn’t have much success. Like I said, I wasn’t very good at these and Mom did the hard ones. What I did manage to accomplish was a full size boner while reviewing the comments written into the puzzles that had started everything rolling between us. I played each incident that happened in the past two weeks over and over in my mind. I was stunned that so much had happened in two short weeks, weeks that had changed my life.

Dad was snoring. I wondered whether it would be better to have him sitting there snoring when Mom came home or upstairs out of the way. If he was there, would she sit down or wake him and go upstairs with him? She seemed to get off on the danger of his or Lynn’s presence so if he wasn’t there, would she just go up to bed? After all, she hadn’t been dressed in an encouraging way when I got home. Then again, the way she had mouthed her departing words at me after ‘secretly’ slipping into high-heels was definitely seductively played. I decided to take my chances with Mom alone. I didn’t want to furtively feel her up, I wanted another sexual experience like she had granted in my bedroom and the kitchen. In fact, I wanted even more. I’d get rid of Dad and make sure she knew I had hot tea ready for her – and biscuits, those European ones she loved. Where the hell were they?

"Dad." I shook his shoulder. "Dad." Several more shakes. "You've been sleeping for almost an hour. You should go to bed."

"Is your mother home?"

"Not yet."

Dad closed his eyes and slumped further into his chair. I roused him again.

"Dad. Mom said not to wait up for her. She'll be mad if you sleep in tomorrow."

Dad's eyes opened. "Right," he said, struggling to get up. I held out my hand and he pulled himself up. "Are you waiting up for her?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Good boy," he said and shuffled up the stairs.

I rushed into the kitchen in a mad search for those biscuits. Mom could be here any minute. I returned to the living room and sat in Mom's spot. I ignored the crossword book and watched TV instead.

I made three more pots of tea though I only drank the one mug. Each one got cold and the last one had also become decidedly warm when lights flashed on the windows from a car pulling into our driveway. A door shut and I heard Mom and Helen exchanging goodbyes. It was after midnight, almost twelve-thirty. I got up to meet Mom at the door but it opened before I could get there and she slipped inside, closing the door and leaning back against it.

"Whew," she exclaimed. "That was fun. Is your father still up?"

I shook my head. Mom held her purse out to me which I took and held while she unbuttoned her coat. She shrugged it off her shoulders and handed it to me to hold as well. With one hand on the closet door, Mom leaned over to slip a high-heel off her raised foot. It appeared to be even more of a struggle than it had been to put it on. One would have thought the opposite would be the case. Half bent over toward me the way she was, I noticed that her blouse had slipped a button or two since she had left. Immediately, my cock began to tingle and swell.

"We danced and danced. We had so much fun," Mom gushed.

She looked up at me and I blushed because she caught me looking straight down her blouse at her loosely hanging breasts. She was almost spilling out of the little black half-bra she was wearing. Mom smiled and switched feet, holding her hand out for me to steady so she could use the other one to remove her remaining shoe. Her tits jiggled and the blouse seemed to become even more revealing.

"I couldn't believe how many young men wanted to dance with me," Mom giggled. "I think Helen was a bit annoyed with me but she's the one who asked me to go so she wouldn't be alone."

Helen had been divorced for almost a year and was actively looking around. From what I could gather about Mom's comments, she was more interested in sex than finding romance. Her husband had left her for a younger woman and she seemed to be out to prove that her performance in the sack wasn't the reason. She had even flirted with Dad when she was tipsy at the last barbecue to which Mom reacted with hilarity rather than anger. She can have that part of him, she had said to me the next morning, to my embarrassment.

“Mom, any guy would rather dance with you than Helen, especially wearing that blouse.”

Mom dropped her remaining heel and stood up. “Oh, do you like this blouse?” She pushed her heels up from the floor and straightened her back, thrusting her chest forward. Her hands pressed palm-in to her sides and she twisted slightly to and fro. “It’s pretty isn’t it?”

I gulped and nodded. It certainly was. Mom’s smile grew, acknowledging my appreciation, and so did something else.

“Thanks for waiting up for me, sweetie. Did you make me some tea?”

She brushed past me and sauntered into the kitchen, giving me plenty of time to fill my eyes with her sassy figure. Mom had legs that would never need nylons. Funny I hadn’t noticed them much before. They looked so quintessentially feminine, just the right amount of soft flesh, not too thick and not too slender ... just perfect. I especially liked the way her skirt didn’t hug her butt too tightly yet let its ample presence be known.

Yep, Mom knew how to dress classy, but then, she had once had professional help in designing her appearance. Mom had been a local TV newswoman, slated for the anchor’s job until she married Dad. She had always been good looking but professional enhancement made her a target for every self-described Don Juan around. She quickly tired of them and that’s how she hooked up with Dad, a mild-mannered accountant type who couldn’t quite understand how he managed to end up with such a beautiful woman. Mom married Dad and then quit her career when she became pregnant with Lynn and me. She hadn’t returned to full-time work after Lynn and I entered school which became a bone of contention between her and Dad but Mom got her way.

The dyed blonde hair was long gone. It was now its original dark brown but she still wore it shoulder length, down to the middle of her shoulder blades. And why shouldn’t she? It was thick and full-bodied, kind of voluptuous, like the rest of her. I realized that I didn’t just love my mom, or simply desire her, I adored her. I ran up behind her and hugged her from behind.

“You go sit down and I’ll bring it in to you,” I whispered in her ear.

Mom held my wrists, pressing them in to the top of her chest, above her breasts, in answer to my hug. After she left, I poured a mug of tea for each of us and put them in the microwave for thirty seconds. When I set them down on the end table beside Mom, she asked me how long the tea had been steeping.

“I poured it just before you came in,” I lied. I didn’t want to wait for another kettle to boil. I was eager to sit beside Mom and hear more about her evening. You believe that, don’t you?

“Fibber,” Mom accused. I blushed and she smiled. “Are these for me?” she asked, delighted, seeming to discover the European biscuits at that moment. Now who was fibbing?

“I don’t know. They’re for a special lady. Are you a special lady?” I flirted.

“I hope so.”

I sat beside Mom.

“Oh no, honey,” Mom said. Disappointment crashed through my head and began swirling down through my neck into my body as if traveling through a fast-action drain. “Your father’s light is still on.” Mom nodded toward the top of the stairs. I turned around and confirmed that there was indeed light spilling into the upstairs hallway. My heart sank. I slumped into the middle of the couch. Mom reached her hand out and patted mine.

"Maybe you could sneak up and turn it off?"

I was elated. I jumped up and quickly moved to the bottom of the stairs.

"Quietly," Mom urged. "And shut the door," she whispered.

I crept up to Dad's bedroom door as quiet as a mouse, pulled the switch down so slowly it didn't even click, waited for thirty seconds to make sure the sudden darkness hadn't bothered him, then started to pull the door closed without even disturbing the air. Halfway closed, I changed my mind and left it ajar. Quickly, but with silent feet, I descended the stairs to join my mother who was waiting for me with an amused smile surrounding her chewing mouth, mug of tea in one hand and biscuit in the other. I sat down beside her and this time there was no complaint. I was about to lean across her to pick up my own mug when she spoke.

"Before you do that, can you loosen my blouse for me? It's so warm in here and my hands are full."

I loved her smile and the dual explanation. The tea was forgotten as my hands sought the buttons on Mom's blouse. I had to dig between her breasts to find them because the first two were already undone. I quickly relieved the rest of their job.

"There's one more," Mom said. "but you'll have to pull the blouse out of my skirt to get at it."

I tugged the blouse up and relieved the last button of its duty. The blouse now rested on Mom's breasts, rising and falling with each breath, only its grip on each swell keeping it together.

"I think it would be fair if I stood in for Lynn until she gets home, even though I fulfilled my promise to you. That is, if you promise to leave her alone forever. Do you?" Mom turned to regard me with a steady, serious look.

"Of course, Mom. I already said I would."

"Good boy," her beautiful smile reappeared.

"I'm not a boy, Mom."

"No, you're certainly not." She glanced at my lap and that triggered a flurry of sensations down there.

Mom made a face that effectively said, 'Well?' and that prompted me to move. I grasped the blouse and gently peeled it away from her chest, revealing the sexy black half-bra. Mom reached up to dim the light on the end table while I sought a way to open the bra. After a minute, I simply pushed the cups down, freeing her breasts in a bouncy release. Her nipples were already ripe and ready.

"I want to suck them," I gasped.

Far from resisting, Mom arched her back and my mouth accepted the nipple on Mom's left tit that she was pushing up. I flicked my tongue rapidly all around it for a full minute to stimulate it before sucking it in hard, jolting a satisfying hiss from Mom. I fondled her other breast and pinched and tugged its nipple while I sucked on the left. Mom's fingers pushed through my hair and her hand steered my head to her other tit.

"Do them both," she panted.

I dropped my hand and slid it back toward her knees, then quietly tried to slip it up her skirt

unnoticed.

Mom kissed my temple and whispered, "I hope you don't have a pencil."

I shook my head, laughing with her nipple pinched between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. Mom released a quiet moan and I pushed my hand deep into her skirt as her thighs parted before my probing fingers. How I had dearly wanted to exchange places with that pencil and now she was letting me without any fuss. I had meant to tease her inner thighs, to scratch and stroke that oh so tender skin just below her pussy in the hopes of gaining access higher but its proximity made me too eager and I thrust my hand right onto Mom's panties, fingers on her mound and thumb stretching underneath.

"No Ty. Not there."

"Please Mom," I begged, knowing it was the wrong thing to do.

"No. That's off limits."

Mom wasn't pushing my hand away but her order was firm.

"Just for one kiss," I bargained.

Mom relented. "Ok, one kiss, but just one."

"A long one," I husked, bringing my lips close to hers.

Mom didn't answer but her eyes acknowledged my request. I kissed her for as long as I could. I mastered her lips, hoping that she would want to kiss me again if it was the best one she'd ever had and all the while I massaged her mound with my fingers and rubbed her groove with my thumb. Mom was hesitant at first but then responded better than I had hoped, even pushing her pussy around to complement the movements of my feverish hand. I knew she loved what I was doing, knew she wanted more of it, but I also sensed that she would stop me as soon as the kiss ended. Mom was milking the kiss too, getting all she could while it lasted, and then she would deny me and herself too.

The kiss ended. We panted together, lips an inch apart, my fingers still on her panties and my thumb still embedded in her damp groove, now worked in between her lower lips, but unmoving, as if the decision was still pending.

"That's it," Mom panted. "Take your hand out of my skirt." Mom tousled my hair to make her command seem less harsh, as if she was telling her little boy he couldn't play with his favorite toy because he had to go for a nap.

"Come on now, leave Mommy's pussy alone."

"I left the door open," I hissed.

"What?" Mom's fingers went rigid in my hair.

"I said, I left Dad's door open." I lifted my thumb away from Mom's groove.

"What?" Mom's body went rigid. "You mean, you forgot to close it?"

"No. " I tapped Mom's groove with my thumb, lightly, just once. She didn't react.

“No? Didn’t you hear me? I told you to close the door.”

“I know. I left it open on purpose.” I tapped Mom’s groove twice.

“But he might have heard us if he woke up,” Mom said.

“I know,” I agreed, tapping Mom’s damp groove three times, feeling pleased when she twitched on the last tap.

“And we wouldn’t hear the door open if he got up.” Her ragged breath sent the same signal as the twitch.

“I know,” I whispered, landing my thumb firmly in her groove and giving it a long rub up and down.

Mom moaned softly. “Why did you do that?” Her pelvis tilted up, pushing herself against my rubbing thumb.

I lowered my mouth onto Mom’s and kissed her. Seconds later, my thumb slid to the side of her panties and deftly slipped inside, seeking and finding her wet pussy, diving between her lips and pushing into her inner hole, her cunt. The long muffled groan Mom emitted was the sweetest sound I had ever heard. Her hips lunged up, impaling my whole thumb. I twisted my hand around so my fingers stretched down inside her panties toward her ass and tickled the inner bottom of her cheeks. Mom’s arms circled my neck and squeezed me hard. I started pushing my thumb in and out, finger fucking, no, thumb fucking my mother with firm, definite force. She loved it, bucking her hips to meet every thrust. The tip of my longest finger found Mom’s little rosebud and tapped it on each forward thrust, dipped inside when I felt it wink, and finally, lodged inside when I bent my finger at the first knuckle. I had learned a few things from watching hours of Internet porn. In fact, I was experienced far beyond my own reality.

The second kiss ended, then the third, and the fourth. Only then did Mom begin to say no.

“Tyson, I can’t,” she gasped.

“You can,” I panted.

“No baby, we can’t.”

“We can. Cover your mouth.”

I ducked my head under Mom’s skirt and used my free hand to tug her panties down far enough to get my mouth on her mound. I found her slit and followed it up, searching for her clit, teasing it with my tongue and sucking it as my fingers jammed her two holes. Mom’s cries became muffled and I knew she had done as she was told. Now I would make her come, harder than she had for years, maybe even better than she ever had. I set to it with a fervor previously unknown in anything I did. Mom’s raised, shaking thighs and her hands on my head, one in my hair and the other pulling on my neck, informed me that I had given it a good go if nothing else.

After Mom had gasped her last gasp and twitched her last twitch, we cuddled together. I kept planting little kisses on her face, her nose, cheeks, eyes, and neck. Wherever I could.

“That was unbelievable,” she said. “I don’t think I’ve come so hard since...”

“Since... ?” I echoed.

“Ever,” Mom said. The sincerity in her tone made me feel more manly than winning any game, lifting

any weight, or scoring any goal.

"Really?" I said, wanting to hear it again.

Mom looked at me, held my face in her hand and said, "Really."

I believed her.

"What were you doing back there?" she asked.

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, but..."

"But what?"

"It's dirty."

"What does it matter if you liked it?"

"Nothing, I guess."

"And you liked it?"

"Yes. I said I did."

Mom scrutinized my face, I guess to figure out why I was persisting with this line of questioning. I did my best to reflect the look she had given me that had started everything rolling tonight: 'Well?'

"Oh," Mom sighed. "I see. I guess it is your turn."

I pulled away and scooted back to the far end of the couch, pushing my pyjamas down as I went. Mom turned to follow me, crawling along the couch until she hovered over my hard, wavering cock. One hand circled its root and the other grasped my shaft but I pulled them both away. Mom glanced at me, unsure of what I wanted, then looked up the stairs and into the dark hallway above. I reached out to grasp her head, turned it back toward my cock, and pushed it lower. I loved the sight of Mom opening her wide, journalist mouth, almost as much as I loved watching my cock disappear within it.

Halfway down, I stopped and held Mom's head still. She tried to push lower but I held her head rigid. She tried to pull up but I stopped that too. I held her firmly until she quit trying to move. This was going to be my show and I wanted her to know it. We stayed still for a long moment, then I slowly thrust my hips up until my cock was three quarters embedded in Mom's mouth. I withdrew and slowly slid back into her mouth. Then again, and again, and again. I wasn't going to let Mom blow me. I had paid my dues and now I was going to fuck her face.

On each stroke, I pulled almost all the way out and then pushed almost all the way back in, each time nudging the back of her mouth, pressing on the gateway to her throat. Soon, Mom was drooling copious amounts of saliva all over my cock. My stomach and balls were completely drenched and a squishy, squelching sound filled the living room. I was moving faster now and moaning, it felt so good. I couldn't believe she was letting me do this.

Mom suddenly put her hands on my hips and held me down, putting her full weight into it. Catching me off guard like that, she managed to stop me in my tracks. I was about to thrust harder, to overcome her resistance, when she abruptly hunched her hips up. Oh, she's changing the angle of

her neck so I can get into her mouth easier. I relaxed, waiting for her to get settled, but Mom's mouth suddenly descended. No, I want to be in control. I tried to stop her head but she already had my cock in to the back of her mouth, bumping against her throat.

Mom didn't pull her head away. Instead, she twisted it slowly around, grinding my cock gently into the back of her mouth. Then, it happened. Mom's throat opened and sucked my tip inside, then more, and more, the full head ... she swallowed and I plunged inside until my root smacked against Mom's lips. She was deepthroating me!

Mom's head rose up, up, completely off my cock ... tongue swirling around my head, then back on ... sliding down, down to the back of her mouth, then teasing me at the doorway and finally that oh so delicious swallow and then, nirvana, I was in her throat again.

Working back up. Mom did it over and over. I lay flat on my back, arching up, trying to get in further, taking all she would give, and more if I could get it. But she was in control. Thank God, she was in control. Nothing could feel better than this, nothing, not ever. Well, until now, as I felt the thrill of my hot cum gushing into Mom's throat, the sensation of her neck vibrating around my cock, swallowing everything I had. Buckets, it felt like I was pouring buckets down Mom's throat. I had never come so much in my life.

Afterwards, with Mom sprawled on top of me, kissing my face, my nose, cheeks, eyes and neck, she whispered, "Did you like that, the way your Mommy sucked you?"

"Yes," I gasped. "It was the best ever, the best I'll ever get." I said it with conviction and I could see in her eyes that she believed me.

"I reckon so," Mom laughed. "You weren't exactly what I'd call dusty."

Chapter 4

Posted: 4/12/2020, 7:00:52 AM

It was Friday. The last day before Lynn came home with her friend Tessa. I guess I had gotten more than I had ever hoped for but I am a man and I now wanted more. But hey, another finger and deepthroat was fine by me if I could get Mom to oblige.

Breakfast was deadly. I couldn't wait for Dad to leave so I could get Mom to show me her tits and maybe get in a feel and suck before going to work. Once he rattled the paper as if to fold it to open the next page but looked back to read another story. I could have killed him. I had been awake since six with a huge boner. I needed to be alone with Mom. Finally, he put the damn paper down and picked his coffee up.

That's right, drain it and get the fuck out of here already.

But no. Oh no. He just took a sip and looked at Mom and she, for Christ's sake, started a new, full-fledged conversation! Couldn't they tell I was shuffling my feet for a reason? Mom knew. She had frowned at me more than once. I know she knew. She was torturing me. Ten to nine. I had to go.

Oh, now he's leaving, when it's too late to do anything. Look at him. Oh yeah, I've got to go to work. Ya think? Well, I have to be out of here too. I half-stomped to the door and bent down to put on my shoes as Dad opened the door and told Mom to have a nice day.

"You too, son." Dad left, leaving the door open for me.

Too late. You've already ruined it. I tied my shoes and got up, starting out the door without saying goodbye to Mom. I was angry at her too for starting up that last conversation with Dad.

"Ty? Come say goodbye."

"I'm late Mom. I've got to go," I barked.

"You have time to give your mother a kiss," she called.

"Ok but hurry." I actually stood in the doorway tapping my feet. She didn't come.

"Mom, come on. I've got to go."

"Come in here. My hands are full," she called.

I muttered under my breath, "Jesus H. Christ," and stomped into the kitchen in my boots. To hell with her floors.

I rounded the counter by the doorway and stopped dead in my tracks. Mom was standing in the middle of the kitchen, blouse undone and bare tits resting in the cupped palms of her upturned hands.

"They want a kiss goodbye because it's the last day you can," she cooed.

I put my lunch on the counter and took the two steps to reach those beautiful girls.

"I'm going to be really late," I said, interrupting myself with a mouthful of morning tit.

"It won't matter. Your boss won't miss you." Mom's hands were already rotating my head around her nipple.

I pulled off her tit. "Yeah right! He'll be pissed. He really reamed me out for being late yesterday." I sucked Mom's other nipple into my mouth. It looked so forlorn on its own.

"Well, he won't miss you today," Mom said.

I ignored her and kept sucking her tits, moving from one to the other. I was already in shit so I may as well get something out of it.

"I could call him and tell him you need to stay home to look after your mother today."

I stood up and put my arms around Mom. I wanted to kiss her properly before I left. "Sure Mom, like that would work." I lowered my mouth to hers but she spoke as I tried to cover her lips with mine.

"It seemed to," she said.

I pulled back and stared at Mom. "It seemed to?" I repeated.

"Yes, it seemed to," she reiterated.

"What seemed to?"

"Well, I thought since this will be the last time we can ever do ... anything, that you'd like to stay home and spend the day with me. So I called Mr. Thompson earlier this morning and told him I really needed you to stay home and take care of me, so to speak."

"You're kidding?"

"I kid you not," Mom said, a huge smile on her face. "And remember, I will not let you 'kid' me." She laughed out loud at her own joke.

"You mean, he was okay with that, and I get to stay home to ... to, I mean..."

"Yes. You can stay home to ... do ... whatever, within reason." I loved the series of expressions that played over Mom's face as she struggled to get that sentence out.

"Mom, that's fantastic. I can't believe it. I don't know what to say."

"Well, I bet you can think of something to do," she laughed. "But not here. Pick me up and take me upstairs."

I did as I was told. I picked her up and carried her to her bedroom. She wasn't a big woman but I was breathing heavily when I put her down on her feet beside the bed.

"You can watch me undress if you like," she said in a husky, low voice that set a new mood for the room.

"I like," I said.

I sat on the edge of Mom's bed while she slowly removed her clothes. She didn't make it look like a striptease, she simply removed her clothes as I imagined she normally would, only more slowly. All too soon, she was completely naked and I immediately noted a change: Mom had shaved her pussy. My half-bent cock stiffened into a full-on boner and I grimaced as it straightened in my jeans.

"Something wrong, Ty?" Mom laughed.

"No," I replied, standing up and pulling on my jeans to relieve the pressure on my dick.

Mom crawled up on the bed and sprawled across it on top of the covers. She spread her legs and lifted her tummy to tuck her hand underneath. A second later, her fingers appeared reaching up along her bald pussy lips, the longest one stretching up to nudge between her cheeks. Mom lifted her ass up from the bed.

"Why don't you get undressed and do that dirty thing you did the other night?"

I didn't have to be told twice. I shed my rags in record time and was beside her on the bed in a flash. I cradled Mom's ass in my palms and pushed my thumbs between her cheeks but she turned onto her side.

"Kiss me for a while first."

We kissed for more than a while. Mom let me play with her buns and fondle her tits but as soon as I tried to get my fingers into her, in front or in back, she shoved my hands away. She wasn't shy about fondling my balls, though, or stroking my cock but I certainly wasn't going to push her away. Our bodies pushed and pulled, exercising the old rub and grind, until we were panting heavily from the strain and stimulation. My tongue was even sore, I had kissed Mom for so long.

Mom twisted around and reached in the little drawer of the bedside table behind her. She handed me a tube and said, "I suppose you know what to do with this." Then, she lifted one knee up, propped it up high with her foot braced on the inside of her other knee, and directed my head down to her wide open pussy. As soon as I was level, her fingers tightened in my hair and pulled my face onto her moist pubes.

"Ahhhh, yeah. Lick me, Ty. Lick Mommy."

All I had to do was hold my head still and move my tongue. Mom's hips and her guiding hands did the rest leaving mine free to handle the lube. I reached between Mom's legs, pushed my oily fingers between her cheeks, and found her little hole on the first try. I pressed the goo against that already excited little asterisk and was surprised when my finger easily slipped inside to the first knuckle.

"Fuck, that feels good," Mom moaned. "I never imagined it would feel so fantastic."

I pulled my finger out to replenish the lube and Mom moaned her displeasure but when I re-inserted my finger, this time sinking deeper, her hips thrust hard onto my face, then just as vehemently lurched back on my finger, plunging it deep into her ass.

"Oh, god, Ty. Oh, god. It's so dirty. Make me be dirty," Mom groaned.

I pulled out, doused my fingers liberally, and plunged my finger back into Mom's ass. I finger fucked her ass, plunging deep, twisting my finger around, pulling out and pushing in. I refused to go fast though she urged me to with her moans and bucking hips. It seemed as if she couldn't decide what she liked better, my tongue or my finger, but when I inserted a second finger in her ass and pushed the base of my hand firmly against her pucker, the decision was made. Mom tried to impale herself on my hand.

I fingered Mom's ass until she came on my face, literally squirting her juice all over me. I didn't know a woman could flood like that or make such noises. Her wails permeated the house. I had never heard Mom make sounds like that. Come to think of it, I don't think I'd heard my parents having sex for years. It made me proud to think that I had made my mother come so hard. For the last five minutes, she had barely sounded human, resembling a grunting mass of flesh jerking out of control between my hand and my mouth than a grown woman.

When she was done, gasping and sobbing on the bed, I turned her flat on her stomach, pried her cheeks apart, and filled her ass with lube. In her weakened state, I started to really work on her ass with three fingers and, when she could stand to be touched again, inserted two fingers from my other hand in her pussy. I didn't rush, I wasn't harsh, but I was relentless.

When Mom's ass lifted off the bed to reach for my retreating fingers, I knew she was almost ready. I waited until her buns were regularly following my fingers, pulling them back a little farther than necessary to tease her up, then hooked my fingers in her hole and lifted her up onto her knees. Quickly, I got behind her, lined my cock up and exchanged it for my fingers. My full helmet was inside Mom's butt before she realized what had happened.

"No, Ty. No, you can't," she groaned.

"I can, Mother. I'm already inside you."

"Please don't. I can't let you fuck me."

"I'm not," I cried, sinking my full length into Mom's slippery ass. "I'm just in your butt."

"No, no," Mom wailed.

"It's not fucking if I'm not in your pussy," I rasped.

I managed half a dozen pumps in silence.

"It's not?"

"No," I gasped. She felt incredible. "I'm just making you play dirty," I said, trying to capitalize on the word Mom seemed to get off on.

"You're making me be dirty?" she husked.

"Yeah," I confirmed, then added for good measure, "So I don't have to make Lynn do it."

Mom groaned loudly. I humped her butt harder, resting my hands on her back to steady myself, straddled precariously above her. Mom's neck bent against the mattress with our to-and-fro movements. She bore me in silence for awhile and then began to emit little grunts with every thrust in her butt. I changed my routine, pumping fast for a few strokes, then slowly, then hard one-timers held plugged all the way in for a few seconds before withdrawing to jam it in again. Mom seemed to really like that.

Tiring of squatting over her ass, I pushed Mom flat on the mattress and nudged her legs together with my heels. Straddling her thighs, I began a regular fucking rhythm. Despite what I said and what she believed, I was fucking her for sure, fucking her in the ass. I gripped her shoulders and reverted to the slam and grind. I really liked the feel of that and Mom seemed to like it too despite how rough it seemed. In less than a minute, we were both grunting like animals. When I came, I released a primeval wail that I couldn't believe came from my own throat and collapsed on Mom's back, shuddering like a man who had just been pulled from the freezing ocean.

You won't believe what we spent most of the day doing. Baking. That's right, baking. Mom wanted me to help her bake a whole pile of stuff for Lynn and her friend Tessa. I told her they would hardly be around but she insisted. After what she had done for me that morning, I would have filled a Wal-Mart with bread baked in a toaster oven if that's what she wanted.

As the day wore on I started getting frantic that I wouldn't be able to have another crack at Mom. I mean, I was in my undershorts and Mom was wearing an apron and nothing else. It was the kind with a bib in front but that loose bit covering her tits just made them sexier. I was hard the whole time we were in the kitchen except for the first twenty minutes when I felt like my worn out cock would never get hard again. When the final tray was pulled out of the oven and set on the stove to cool, my cock was ready to break.

"I guess I better take care of you one last time before your father gets home," Mom said.

I grinned like a Cheshire cat. "Really?"

As Mom led me upstairs, I made a suggestion, "We could do something tomorrow morning too, while Dad's picking Lynn up from the airport."

"No, we'll all go to the airport together to welcome your sister home. This is the last time, Tyson. That's my last word on it and I expect you to keep your promise about Lynn."

"I will Mother," I sulked.

She wouldn't get on her tummy or let me touch her ass.

"I'm a little sore there. I don't know if I'll be able to sit down for a week," she laughed. "Don't worry, I'll fix you up. I think you'll like what I've got in mind."

Mom retrieved a vibrator from the same drawer she had got the lube from. No wonder she had lube. The vibrator told me bucket loads about Mom and Dad's sex life, probably nonexistent and the likely reason she was so tight for a woman her age. Mom got on the bed, lying sideways, and pulled her knees, held together, part way up. She inserted the vibrator between her legs and settled in for a nice rub-a-dub after adjusting her head for comfort on the pillow which she had puffed up. I watched her, perplexed, wondering why I was supposed to like this so much. I could spoon her, but she said her ass was sore, so that wasn't it. What the hell? I was supposed to just watch her get off?

Mom looked amused. She kept toying with her pubes, rubbing the vibrator all over the outside of her pussy. Finally, she patted the bed in front of her face. I guess I really was supposed to just sit and watch her. I crawled over and kneeled in front of her. I put my hand on her knee and ran my fingers up the side of her leg to her hip, caressing her outer thigh, then moved to take control of the vibrator. Mom shook her head so I sat back and watched, confused and more than a little bit pissed.

After a while, Mom reached out with her free hand, grasped my cock, and slowly stroked it. This went on for quite some time. I was getting really horny but this slow stroking wasn't going to make me come, not for a while, anyway. I looked longingly at Mom's pretty face, remembering how great it looked to see my cock disappearing into her wide mouth. I wished I could do that again. I wished ... well, why not? I replaced Mom's hand with my own and leaned forward, pushing my cock down towards her face.

"You're the most patient man I think I've ever met," Mom said. "Except for your father. I offered him this once, years ago, but he didn't even catch on."

No way I was going to admit that I hadn't got it until just now. Being a very patient man sounded way better. I tried to fake her out.

"Yeah," I panted, "but my patience goes only so far," I grunted.

I pushed my cock between Mom's lips and shoved it into her mouth. She moaned sexily around my meat. I was slow and gentle for a few strokes but then, remembering how much Mom seemed to like it when I slammed my cock in her ass, I cupped my hand under her jaw and held her head still while I pumped more forcibly into her mouth. I watched carefully for signs of distress but the only change I could see was Mom inserting the vibrator inside her pussy so I kept fucking her face. I did take extra care when I pushed deep, trying to gain entry through the gate to her throat at the back of her mouth. Mom let go of her vibrator for a moment and helped me through.

"Yeah, take it deep, baby. Really deep," I husked, forgetting she was my mother. I had never had any girl — well, either of the two I'd actually had sex with — do this for me and I wanted it badly. Jeez, I wished Mom would consider doing just this for me from now on.

Fuck, the way she pulled me inside with that little swallow. Unbelievable. I couldn't believe I didn't come right away. I started moving my cock, afraid to pull back too far so I didn't have to negotiate the entrance to her throat again. Of course, I didn't control myself very well but discovered that I could easily move in and out with Mom controlling that part. I held Mom's head with one hand and her throat and jaw with the other and concentrated on pumping her face. Fuck, this was so fucking fantastic.

The vibrator had become louder. It must be variable speed, like a drill, and Mom must have turned it

up. Her hips were making fucking movements and she was moaning constantly around my meat. She must be close. Well, so was I. I tried to time myself to where I thought she was but soon gave up. Mom suddenly started bucking her hips faster, more jerkily, and I thought she was going to come first but then she did something with her throat and it triggered a similar uncontrolled reaction in me. For the second time that day, we came loudly together.

I pulled my cock out of Mom's mouth and rubbed it all over her face. Why? Who knows, but it sure felt good and what felt even better was seeing her smile as I did it and putting it back into her mouth to suck me. If that was part of coming, then I came for several more minutes.

Mom and I showered together and enjoyed soaping each other off. It was a real special time. Both sated, we fondled and caressed each other without any intention of reinitiating sex. I had only one regret: Mom hadn't let me actually fuck her and, of course, all of this was now over. Downstairs, when we heard Dad pull into the driveway, Mom let me kiss her hard one last time.

When we pulled apart, she said, "Maybe you can still kiss me like that once in a while."

The door opened. Dad was home.

There were no games that night. The afternoon had truly been our farewell.

The next day, we all went out to pick up Lynn and Tessa in Dad's car. It was cramped but that was the way Mom wanted it. She sat in the back, between Lynn and Tessa, who was even sexier in person. It was endearing to see how happy Mom was to see Lynn and I felt guilty playing on her fears and her instinct to protect her daughter just so I could use her body. As I watched them together, I realized how much I loved them both, especially Mom, and vowed to make it up to her.

I didn't have the heart to admit to her that Lynn had never meant to show me her tits. Not on purpose, anyway. Sure, I had tried to get her to flash me before but she just brushed that off as banter between sister and brother. If she wanted something from me, she wasn't shy about posturing herself to flaunt her assets, tits or ass, but she never offered to actually show me anything, let alone do something overtly sexual.

Nope. That day, I had been fleeing Mom because I knew she wanted me to cut the grass and I had run into Lynn's room thinking she was out and Mom wouldn't look for me there. I caught her right in the middle of changing, well, removing her bra, because she was going out with Chad and she thought she could sneak out of the house without Mom seeing her. Right there in front of me were the tits I had dreamed of seeing for years. They were stunning, absolutely gorgeous.

Lynn glared at me. "Don't you dare say anything to Mom," thinking the most important thing was hiding her bralessness from Mom rather than her tits from me.

"I won't," I stammered as Lynn negotiated her hands through her sleeves, not doing anything to hide her perfect tits. I took the casual way she put her blouse back on as payment for my silence and it would have been well paid too if Mom hadn't burst through the door at that moment. As it turned out, I was eventually paid far more than I could ever have imagined, for doing ... nothing.

I spent the next week trying to be as nice as possible to Mom and Lynn and her friend Tessa. Tessa was a knockout: Tall and lithe with short, very blond hair. She was perky and cute and sexy, and she liked me. After Lynn returned to college, she called to say how much Tessa talked about me. Your brother is so nice, and so good looking ... Lynn made a face and laughed at the latter part of that sentence but wondered why I had been so nice to her when she was home. I'm a changed man, I had responded, and I was in ways she could never know.

Oh, you were wondering if Mom kept her word about the games being over?

Yes, she did.

For just over a week.

We were kissing for the first time since Lynn had come home. I had been kneeling on the couch and pulled her up to kiss her properly, with my hands fondling her ass outside her skirt. On about the sixth kiss, she let me run my hand under her skirt to cup her panties. After the eighth, very long kiss, I turned Mom toward the back of the couch and slipped my other hand up the back of her skirt. Within minutes, I had her panties around her knees and her holes filled with fingers. Mom had opened my robe earlier and pushed my pyjamas down to release my cock, taking it into her hand. As I fringed her, she jacked me slowly with one hand.

When I moved behind her, Mom looked over her shoulder at the light spilling into the hallway from her bedroom. Dad had gone upstairs almost an hour before. Surely, he was asleep by now. I pushed my cock between Mom's legs and slid it up between her thighs under her skirt until the tip nestled between her bare cheeks, already damp with her womanly excretion.

"I can't help it," she explained in response to my discovery. "I've missed you terribly."

"I missed you too, Mom," I croaked.

"Cover my mouth if I forget myself," she whispered.

"Ok."

I rubbed my cockhead up and down between Mom's cheeks, then pushed it underneath and up so I could rub it through her pussy lips.

"Tyson, no."

Mom tried to pull away but was stopped by the back of the couch. I hunched my hips, sawing my cock back and forth and slipped the tip of my thumb into her ass.

"I just need to make it wet because we don't have any lube down here."

I wiggled my thumb to indicate where I really intended to put my cock but I rubbed it back and forth for long enough that Mom began to seriously wet my dick. Her pubes were really swollen and my helmet was digging deep into her slit causing both of us to moan softly. This was not one of my finest moments, for I told an unforgivable lie.

"This feels so great. It was all I could do not to take Lynn up on her offer."

"What?" Mom cried.

"Shhhhhh!" I jerked my head around to look upstairs, more for effect to keep Mom quiet than a real fear that Dad could hear us.

"Lynn wants you to fuck her?"

"Yeah, but I kept my promise. It was hard to do, Mom. I don't know if I can always be so strong, especially when I'm not getting any."

I angled my cock up and gouged my tip through her slit.

"Ohhhhhh, yes, it feels so good but ... well..."

"Well what," I gasped, grasping my shaft and vibrating it in Mom's slit.

"Well ... would you promise to never ... I mean never ... give in to your sister if I..."

"If you what?"

There was no answer. The suspense was intense, waiting for Mom to finish her thought but the look on her face gave me some idea of the struggle she was going through. I kept wiggling my cockhead in her slit to press my case.

"Just promise me you'll never give in to her," Mom barked angrily.

I stopped wiggling my dick. Had I gone too far? She was going to stop, to change her mind about what I hoped she was going to say, I just knew it. I tried desperately to recover lost ground.

"I promise, Mom. I swear. I'll never touch Lynn, ever!" I stated, strongly emphasizing the last word.

"Ok, then," was the quiet response.

Mom bent over the back of the couch and pushed back against me, sending my cockhead skidding beyond her slit. She reached under her skirt and I felt her grasp the end of my cock, push it back and guide it back into her slit. Mom paused with my tip being warmed in her wetness, then suddenly shoved her hips back, forcing my helmet inside her pussy. I grunted in surprise and ecstasy. What a wonderful feeling, so much better than her ass, like being dipped in hot liquid and squeezed by slippery, pulpy muscles. I shoved in deeper, seeking more of this fantastic pleasure, and was rewarded by the slippery grip of Mom's inner walls sliding along the length of my shaft.

"Oh my God," I cried.

"Shhhhhhh!" Mom hissed.

"It's so good. I can't believe it."

"Shhhhh, baby," she shushed me more gently. "Remember your promise."

"I promise, Mom. I promise. I won't touch her. Forever."

I was fucking Mom! I leaned on her back and slipped my hands around to grasp her tits, inside her blouse, holding her torso so it couldn't move away from my cock. I simply loved the feel of her cunt. It was unbelievably active, massaging my whole cock all the way in and all the way out. I had expected her to be looser but she was really tight, like she hadn't been fucked for a long time.

Mom was moaning now. Her hands gripped the upper edge of the couch and she was pushing herself back onto my cock, forcing me to pull back to enjoy the longer, clinging thrusts through her sex.

"Cover my mouth," she gasped.

I put my hand over her mouth in the nick of time, squelching a loud groan. I answered her with a huge lunge into her cunt and then another, and another. I jammed my cock in hard, loving the gasping, vibrating grunt it produced in my palm. I was rocking her so hard now that my hand and her mouth became disconnected so I used my other hand to push her head into it. Slamming now, really slamming. Holy fuck, so good, so very, very good. Mom, oh Mom! I was heaving, blasting my

cum inside her, jerking around like a spastic until I collapsed on Mom's back and we eventually fell to our sides on the couch.

Mom let me enter her a second time before she went to bed, this time face to face. I loved the feel of her legs entwined around mine, loved looking at her face, eyes closed and face strained, as I slowly ground my cock into her. I loved fucking her like this. Hell, I just loved fucking her!

I didn't work the next day. Mom made me fuck her in the ass. I mean it, she wouldn't let me do her pussy again unless I did her ass first. Mom really liked it in the ass and had masturbated for the whole week thinking about my cock in her butt. That's why she'd been so horny, why she had sat on the couch doing crosswords until Dad went to bed. She confessed to me that she had sat on the couch, doing her crosswords without any panties on under her skirt, for the entire week until last night. She had changed into her least sexy panties after supper, sensing that she was too near the edge and that momentary desire could carry her over the precipice into a sexual abyss from which she might not be able to escape.

Mom thought the panties would give her the breathing space to avoid getting carried away so far that she would actually let me fuck her but the threat of Lynn chasing me, and her fear that I couldn't resist my sister, pushed her over the edge. Deep down, I think Mom knew I would keep the promise I had already made about Lynn and she didn't really need to do anything more. I think Mom just needed an excuse to give in to a desire she couldn't deny.

Anyway, everything worked out perfectly for me. I fucked Mom for years. She blew me at least once a day and sometimes twice. She knew I loved doing her mouth and coming on her face. She acted like she didn't like it but I think that was because I seemed to get off more when she did that. If I didn't ask her, she would initiate it and always pulled my cock out to spray on her face if I didn't do it myself. Somehow, that doesn't match up with really disliking it and acting like I was 'making her' do it. In fact, Mom loved to act like I was 'making her' do things.

Sex was more difficult when Lynn was home in the summers but we managed. At first, she wouldn't do it if Lynn was in the house but one night, I swore I'd visit Lynn's room, I was so horny. That led to a really hot fuck on the old couch in the basement. After that, I was guaranteed to get a quickie if Lynn was somewhere in the house.

Dad had a heart attack and passed away a few years ago. I thought that would give me a free hand with Mom but she insisted I start living my life and made me move out. I lived with a girl for three years and almost got married but then Mom got the big C and died a few months ago. I left my girlfriend and moved back home to a house that is empty except for memories. Sometimes, I sit all night in the living room, staring at the end of the couch next to the table with the unfinished book of crosswords.

I haven't worked for months. My life is a shambles and now Lynn is forcing me to leave. She's the executor of Mom's will and is selling the house. I can't afford to buy Lynn's half but she says I can stay with her until the estate is settled. She even jokingly threatened to have me committed if I don't (her husband is a doctor). Lynn says being around her kids would make me feel better and reconnect me with life. I always liked her kids but they're older than my favorite age range of two to five and are both in school now. I guess I'll take Lynn up on her offer. I don't have much choice until the estate is resolved anyway.

TO BE CONTINUED

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

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