

Angela's Diary

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Chapter 9

And so there it was. For something I had expected for so very long, it still took me by surprise – so much so, in fact, that all I could do for a long moment was gape at David with my jaw open and my wide eyes uncomprehending. He calmly finished his cereal, then looked up at me as though he had said nothing more shocking or controversial than that he'd like hamburgers for dinner. Finally I managed a, "What?"

"This weekend I'm going to make love to you," he said simply, looking into my eyes. "I've waited long enough. This is the time for us."

"David..." He waited for me to finish, but honestly I didn't have anything more to add. I'd said it all before many times and he hadn't listened. Finally he just smiled and stood up, taking his dishes over to the sink. He passed me where I stood in the middle of the floor and I turned to watch him. At last I said, "You're serious about this."

He deposited his dishes in the dishwasher and came to me, his big, strong arms going around me and taking me to him. "Yes, mom. I am perfectly serious. We're going to spend this weekend making love and you're going to adore every second of it, I promise."

"I don't want this, David."

"You will."

"I won't."

"When we get into bed, you'll change your mind."

"David, please, I –" The rest was cut off when he put his mouth on mine and kissed me like a man kisses a woman, firmly, deeply and lovingly. His hands were sure on my back and his tongue moving against mine in my mouth. I didn't kiss him back, but I did let him kiss me, and that was a change from the past few days. I don't think I really thought anything specifically, because my brain felt like it had been smacked with a shovel, but I was aware that the seeds had been laid for yet another panic attack.

He stepped back and looked at me, a hungry smile on his face, and then turned and left for the day. He left me standing alone and bewildered, like Dorothy when the tornado dumped her in Oz. My world had shattered and here he was, ready to pick up the pieces.

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But that wasn't really surprising, was it? David was always one step ahead. He'd known about Tim for months before he said anything; hell, he'd been filming it for months before he even saw me with Charlie that first time. Had he just been waiting for a chance to use it, to trap me and break me and make me his? Or did he plan to blackmail his father with it?

That last thought brought me up short – maybe he WAS blackmailing Tim with it. I wouldn't have been at all surprised. Would David really let a chance like that pass without using it? Had he extracted money from Tim? Had he made Tim tell him all about my likes and dislikes? Was that how he knew how to seduce me? I didn't know, but what was more important was that I realized that I didn't care because honestly it didn't make any difference now. Things were what they were. Tim was lost to me, Laurel would be lost soon enough, and I was about to become my son's woman. What difference did it make how we all got here?

And so I puttered around doing miscellaneous chores, and the little flower of anxiety that was growing around my heart blossomed in due time: at noon, I had the worst panic episode yet. I wound up on the living room floor, curled in the fetal position, gasping for air and feeling like I was suffocating. And yes, part of it was that David had told me what he intended to do to me and this time I knew I had no way out – but only maybe less than half of it was due to that. Most of it was due to the simple fact, which should have been apparent all along but was only now hitting me, that my whole life had been a hollow, meaningless lie. I'd set myself up as the perfect little suburban housewife, the woman who had a great husband and a pair of above-average kids and a dog, a beautiful house and a green yard, a BMW and a perky little butt and wasn't everything just so splendid and gracious and enviable? I'd told everyone that all along, just like I'd told myself, and I believed it just like everyone else did. But none of it had been true. Not a single goddamned bit of it.

But if I wasn't that thing, if I wasn't that Good Housekeeping Betty Crocker Martha Stewart Thomas Kinkade bullshit phantasm, what was I? If the whole life I had constructed for myself was now a shambles, what would grow to replace it? If I didn't have the perfect family and the perfect home, what did I have? What would I have now that I had nothing?

I thought I'd been afraid before, but I didn't know the half of it. You want to know what real fear is? Have your whole world taken away from you and shown to be a sham, and have absolutely no back-up plan whatsoever. It's like standing on the edge of a cliff that's crumbling away from every direction and all you can do is stand there and dread the plunge.

And so I panicked, and I was terrified. Charlie whimpered worriedly and curled up next to me as if to ward off whatever bad things were plaguing me by his sheer presence, and it even worked a little. I love him so much that just having him there did make me feel a little better, enough anyway that I could get up and take a long shower to try to get my wits back. It didn't really work, but I couldn't think of anything else to try.

Sue called at about two – our folks' 45th anniversary was coming up in a couple of weeks and we wanted to do something special for it – and I talked to her. She knew something was wrong because she hinted a bunch of times that something seemed to be on my mind...but what was I going to tell her? So I told her nothing and she probably assumed the worst, or at least what she thought was the worst, which was almost certainly much preferable to reality. It would have been funny if it weren't so tragic.

When I was done talking to her, I went and bought two boxes of condoms. I figured there was no way David would put me through enough to go through 24 Trojans in two days...though I also didn't doubt he'd try. I also called my family doctor, Dr. Hermann, and got him to write a prescription for the pill. Normally I'd have had to go in for a checkup to get prescribed, but I've

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been taking my whole family to see Leo since I had David and he was willing to call the scrip into the pharmacy. I'd start on them as soon as I could, but David was going to be doing me the next day and so the condoms were definitely necessary – right now I was fertile as hell and the last thing I wanted was to get knocked up by my own son.

I know it sounds like I was taking this whole thing very calmly, at least once my panic attack passed, and I guess I was, at least outwardly. I'd had a chance to get used to the idea of being David's sexual partner for a while, and through gradual steps, so it wasn't shocking to me the way it had been when he first told me he wanted me. Then too, there wasn't really any way out of it for me either; there hadn't been from the first, and you can't keep panicking over the same thing no matter how upsetting it is.

But really, it was more than that. My horrible realization that my old dream of a life was gone forever left me with nothing. And now David was offering me something. Yes, it was something I shouldn't have wanted or accepted or allowed. But when you have nothing, when you really, truly have nothing whatsoever in your life and no reason to get up the next morning, then anything, even a wrong thing, seems good. Maybe "good" is too strong a word, because I wasn't looking forward to it at all; on the other hand, I knew I didn't have the strength to fight it.

And really, honestly, why should I? Was David my son anymore? Was Tim my husband? Was I married in any way except some polite legal and social (and economic, don't forget that) fiction? David could give me something I had never in my life had: real, honest, sexual fulfillment and complete and utter acceptance. Why shouldn't I take it? Why shouldn't I have the same basic physical and emotional joy that my husband had been illicitly taking for years, and that he soon enough would give my daughter? What would denying myself get me? Was there even a moral high ground for me to claim?

I took Charlie out for our run, then came home and washed and dried Laurel's track uniform so it would be ready for her to pack for the meet. I was still that much of a mother, I guess, and enough to prepare a decent dinner for my clan. I was in the middle of cutting up some zucchini when Patty called with details of her date the night before. It had gone amazingly well, and Patty was beyond elated. Maria had asked her to go away with her for the weekend to a bed and breakfast down by Red Wing, and Patty had lost no time in accepting. She was getting less and less concerned with what her husband might think, which was fantastic, and she couldn't stop giggling. In all, she was a spring breeze blowing across the barrens of my life, and I actually managed a real and legitimate smile as we talked. The mood didn't last after I hung up.

David came home at his usual time, patting Charlie on the head and then put his arms around me and took me into a kiss. Like before, I didn't kiss him back, but he didn't seem to mind. As his tongue moved against mine in my mouth, something occurred to me, and when he let the kiss go I put my forehead on his chest and sighed. "David," I said softly, "I know you don't believe it now, but some day you're going to want me as a mother. Not as a lover, but as a mother. And when that happens I don't know if I'll be able to be that for you."

"Why not?" he asked me, his voice gentle and soothing. God, did it ever feel good to be in his arms, to be in the arms of a strong, beautiful young man who wanted me for who I was... a man who wanted me, period.

"Because what we're going to do is going to change things between us. It has to, there's no way it can't."

"I know. I want things to change between us. I've always wanted that."

"But when they change, they can't change back."

"I won't want them to, and neither will you. Not once you feel what it's like."

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"I know you say that now, but someday you'll wish we hadn't done it, and then it will be too late."

"I'll never wish we hadn't done it, mom. It's what I've always wanted."

"Wanting what you can't have and wanting what you do have are two different things. One's easy, the other isn't always."

"You'll always be my mom. No matter what happens between us, no matter what we do, you will always, always be my mom."

"I'll always be the one who gave birth to you. That doesn't mean I'll be your mother."

"Why not? What will change? Will you stop loving me?"

I sighed. "No, I'll never stop loving you, no matter...well, no matter, I'll never stop loving you. But the way I think about you is going to change, and what I can give you is going to change. You won't have that part of me anymore. You won't be my little boy. You'll be my man. They're two different things."

"Say that again." He sounded pleased.

"You won't be my little boy anymore."

He put a finger beneath my chin and tilted my head up so I was looking him in the eye. God, he was so handsome, so sure of himself, so...perfect. So goddamned perfect. Quietly, smiling, he said, "Say what I will be."

I swallowed. There was no way out now, so there was no point in beating around the bush. "You'll be my man."

He beamed and snuggled me a little closer. "And you'll be my woman."

"Yes, I will." There was no denying it. I was going to be my son's woman. And once I did that, once I crossed that line, there could never be any going back.

Not that I had anything to go back to.

He kissed me again, his tongue slipping past my lips and finding mine. I didn't respond at first, but after a moment I let myself relax and kiss him back. There didn't seem to be any reason not to...

And suddenly there was a little spark of warmth. I had felt so cold, so miserable, and without warning I suddenly...didn't. My son's tongue on mine made a friction that felt good. It felt welcome.

And now that I wasn't fighting it anymore, it felt right.

That evening passed in a daze. I was going to have sex with my son on Saturday. I had known it was coming, of course, but now that it was staring me in the face I felt...well, what did I feel? I'm not even sure I can explain it. I was frightened and nauseated and curious and relieved – yes, relieved. I had been so tense about it for weeks, trying to wiggle out of it and wondering what it would be like when I couldn't, and now it was here and the doubt was gone. All I had to do was go through with it, and it would be what it would be. But that didn't mean I could get my mind around it.

Laurel was excited about the trip, and I knew that the great majority of the excitement was because of what she and Tim would be doing. I didn't know for sure how far they'd be going, of course, but I guess I just assumed they'd be doing most of the same things David and I would...

And that was when it truly struck me how monstrous my family was.

That night I went to sleep next to my husband while wondering how we had gone so wrong and I woke up at 2:23 AM in a cold sweat – literally, a cold sweat, which is one of the most disgusting things I've ever felt – with the absolute, utter conviction that Tim would make pillow talk with Laurel about what an utter disaster I was as a human being, a wife, a lover, a mother, a

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homemaker, everything. I sat bolt upright and gasped aloud, and Tim stirred beside me. For a terrible moment I thought he would wake up and if he did I didn't know what I would say because I was so close to panic –

But he didn't. After a moment's grunting, he subsided back into sleep, leaving me staring into the darkness and feeling my heart hammer in my chest. I tried to catch my breath, and do it quietly enough that I wouldn't wake Tim up, and after a few minutes I managed it, but I still wasn't calm and I knew immediately that it would be a long time before I got to sleep. I tried staying in bed with my eyes closed, but there's nothing in the world less likely to succeed than *trying* to go to sleep, and so after fifteen minutes or so I slipped out of bed. Charlie followed instantly, of course, and I was just reaching for the door knob when I heard Tim mumble, his voice thick with sleep, "Baby? You OK?"

"I'm fine, honey," I lied softly. "I'm just taking Charlie outside."

"He didn't mess the bed, did he?" One of Tim's recurrent fears is Charlie peeing on our bed.

"No, he just needs to go outside."

"K. Love you."

I paused, then said, "Love you too, babe."

I wondered how true it was as I walked down the stairs into the darkened lower floor of the house.

It was a nice night, with a clear sky, a cool breeze, and lots of stars. I sat outside while Charlie sniffed the yard, feeling the air cool me under my nightgown and rehearsing in my mind, over and over, the image of Tim and Laurel making love. I know it's odd that, with what David was going to be doing to me so pressing, I'd be thinking of my husband and daughter, but there it is. I know the evidence of my own eyes, in the shape of David's little movies, told me that Laurel was a perfectly willing participant, and even the instigator who wanted more, but I still found myself hoping that he wasn't forcing my little girl into anything she didn't want to do, or coercing her, or hurting her. Yes I knew he loved her more than anything else in the world, but I still had the mother's hopes for her daughter – that she wouldn't grow up too fast, and that when she finally gave away her virginity, if she hadn't already, that she would do it because she wanted to, because it felt right and she was with someone she loved and respected and felt safe with. I hoped she felt that way with Tim, and that she would still feel that way when he had taken away the last vestiges of her girlhood and left in their place a woman.

And yes, I had resigned myself to what they would do, in the same way that I had resigned myself to what David and I would be doing. Neither of the situations were under my control anymore, if they ever were. All I could do was accept them as they were and hope for the best.

I guess I sat there for an hour or more because the east was getting pretty well light by the time I headed back up to bed. I laid back down next to Tim and was asleep by the time he woke up.

May 31

"I think Laurel and I are leaving this afternoon."

I paused in mid-pancake flip, but only for a moment. I had counted on them not leaving until tomorrow, Saturday. Laurel's meet wasn't until late morning and I had it in my head that they'd leave at the crack of dawn...and give me one more night to get myself mentally prepared. But if Tim and my daughter would be gone tonight...

I flipped the pancake. "OK, that sounds good."

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I sounded a little weird and I guess Tim picked up on it because he asked, "I figured I'd pick her up from school and we'd swing by, grab our bags, and head straight out, maybe get something to eat on the road. Is that all right?"

"Of course," I replied, studiously flipping another cake and trying not to let my hand shake. "You guys are going to have a blast. Just make sure you get her back early Sunday afternoon."

"Well we don't have to get back toooo early," Laurel said from the table.

I had a momentary flashing image of turning around, striding across the kitchen like an avenging angel in an apron, and slamming my spatula down on her head, but I shook my head and it went away. "You have finals next week and you need some sleep. You're always so excited when you get back from a trip."

Especially this one.

"Well I know but..."

"But nothing," Tim said firmly. "What your mother says goes. We'll be back by three on Sunday, that will give her plenty of time to get ready for school and do last minute studying."

"But I don't need to study, I'll ace the tests..."

"Honey, no arguing," Tim said warningly. A part of me was amazed that he was reprimanding Laurel for talking back to me, even as mildly as she was. Given everything, given what they had done and everything the both knew they would do, he was still insisting he was her father and I was her mother. And just as amazing, she accepted it without a murmur, told me she was sorry, and went back to her breakfast without a trace of hard feelings.

A few minutes later David came down. Tim was just leaving and they passed an amiable enough, "Have a good day." Laurel finished her breakfast, put her dishes away and ran off to catch her bus. I was alone with my son.

He filled a bowl with Wheaties and began to eat. I brought him a piece of toast, and he said thanks and ate that too. I didn't say anything. I turned my back and fussed in the cupboard, pretending to be busy and trying to decide what, if anything to say.

I heard him drinking the milk from the bottom of the bowl.

He brought his dishes over and put them into the dishwasher.

He kissed me on the lips, briefly, told me to have a good day, and headed out of the room.

"They're leaving this afternoon," I blurted as he reached the doorway.

He stopped and turned, slowly. It was a strange and surreal moment. Time seemed to slow down, almost to stop, and it seemed to take him a year to turn. It took so long that I thought he might never actually finish it. His face came into view, a delighted smile spreading over it, transforming him from merely handsome to godlike. He locked eyes with me and I held the look for as long as I could bear, which seemed to be an incredibly long time, then dropped my gaze to the floor. Time resumed its normal course. I knew I was blushing.

"Mom," he said, his voice warm and full of a soft, gentle sort of joy. "Tonight."

I nodded, still not meeting his eyes.

"Unless...I stay home from school today..."

"N-no," I stammered, still unwilling to look up. "No, I...I need today. Please."

"All right," he answered smoothly, giving in so easily that I knew immediately he hadn't really been thinking of staying home at all. "Are you OK?"

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I started to shrug, but midway through the gesture it became a sort of spasm, like when a chill runs down your spine or when you're almost asleep and your whole body suddenly jerks. I looked, I'm afraid, like a dying fish. "I guess so."

His arms went around me – I didn't see him cross the room because I'd closed my eyes, but I fell into his embrace willingly enough. It was warm and certain, and very strong. I knew that tonight, when my daughter and my husband were gone, that strength would make me his, and the knowledge made me faint. "Don't worry, mom. You're going to love it. I promise you that, you will love it."

"All right."

He tilted my head up and made me look at him. He looked so confident, so absolutely self-assured that my own doubts seemed silly and small by comparison – but they didn't disappear. "When I get home, we'll have a nice dinner. Don't make anything fancy, nothing that would take you a lot of time, just something simple. All right?"

"All right."

"And when we're done cleaning up, I'm going to take you up to your bed."

"My bed?" That caught me by surprise – my son would be taking me in my marriage bed, the bed I shared with my husband. "I thought..."

He shook his head, his smile not even so much as flickering. "Your bed. And we'll stay there until tomorrow morning."

I knew it was useless to argue. David was going to have his way. "All right."

"And tomorrow we can spend the whole day together."

At that I shook my head. "No...I have to over to grandpa's and help him with the records thing."

"Oh, right. Well you'll hurry back."

"All right." It seemed to be all I could say.

"Mom," he said again, barely above a whisper, and his hug became even tighter and closer. I knew it was the sort of hug that, had a lover given it to me, would make me feel as though nothing could ever hurt me again; but David wasn't my lover yet, and all it made me feel was trapped. "I love you. You won't regret tonight. I promise you."

Once more I said, "All right."

I guess he knew he wasn't going to convince me then and there because he just squeezed my hands, kissed my forehead, and left.

I think it was the longest day of my life. Nothing in particular happened because I couldn't focus on any task long enough to do it or any thought long enough to think it. There's nothing much to say about it except that I felt like I was in a blender and I felt like my world was about to, if not end, then at least transform completely...which, of course, it was. I remember I took Charlie for our normal run. I remember it was a lovely, perfect late May day with temperatures in the low 80s, a little breeze from the southwest that would blow perfectly into my bedroom window if it held out until David took me that afternoon, and a few puffy clouds sailing carelessly across a sky so blue it could break your heart. I'm pretty sure I took at least three showers, maybe four, and I'm pretty sure I didn't eat anything. I think I spent an hour straightening the same three vases on our end table.

I wish I could tell you that I had a lot of profound thoughts about love and change and lust, about deceit and entropy and taboos, but honestly I didn't. Or at least if I did, I can't remember them now. The whole day was a blur. The first thing I really remember well after David left was hearing Tim and Laurel pull up in the driveway. The sound made my heart hurtle

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into the back of my throat like it was trying to get out through my nose, and it was only with difficulty that I fought off the adrenaline surge. Laurel came bursting in from the garage a moment later, kissed me on the cheek, and dashed upstairs to grab the bag I'd packed for her. I was fussing with the vases (again, or still – honestly I'm not sure which it was) when Tim came in and hugged me. I hugged him back and received my customary kiss on the cheek, and I suddenly wanted to tell him to be gentle with our girl, not to force her, not to do anything she didn't want, for God's sake not to hurt her. But I couldn't say any of that and so I didn't, and he went up and grabbed his bag. They came down the stairs together. Laurel looked as eager as a virgin on her wedding night, which was, I thought, and entirely apt metaphor, and Tim looked a bit flushed too...but not so flushed that I couldn't ignore it, which I did.

“Good bye mom,” Laurel said with a huge smile, hugging me tight.

“Good bye, and good luck,” I told her. “Run fast.”

“I will.” And with that my little girl turned and left.

Tim smiled as he hugged me goodbye. It was surprising to me, on several levels, that I didn't feel anything when his arms went around me. Not love, not hate, not anger, not relief, not sadness, not eagerness, not regret or fear or jealousy. I felt as blank inside as an unplugged television. “Have a good trip, honey. Drive safe.”

“OK, you have a good weekend too. I wish you could come.”

“Me too,” I replied, completing the Circle of Lies. “Have fun.”

“We will. See you Sunday afternoon.”

“OK. No later than three.”

“Cross my heart. I'll call when we get to the motel.”

“OK. Love you.”

“Love you.”

He left. I listened to the car doors slam and I listened to the car pull out of the driveway. I sighed. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen –

And I'd forgotten dinner.

Well, David had said simple, so simple was what he was going to get. I thawed some chicken breast, Cajuned them up, and pulled down a boxed dirty rice mix. I added a green salad and some broccoli. I kept expecting David to walk in at any moment, but by the time I was finished with preparing dinner he still wasn't there so I put a nice bottle of White Zinfandel on ice for the meal. I'd had that brand of Zinfandel before and I knew it packed a kick...and I'd need all the booze I could get tonight.

Honestly I didn't know what else to do, so I went upstairs and put on makeup – not too much, but enough that I felt like I was wearing a face. I don't know why it seemed important that I do that, but it did. I fixed my hair too, a nice, simple sweep back from my face. David still wasn't there so I picked out an outfit I figured he'd like from clothes I'd bought at XXXFantasy. I picked a cute little top with black sheer lace sides and a red front and back panel; the cups were padded a bit, which I didn't need, but they also did an amazing job of lifting and displaying my girls so that they looked about ten times better in that top than they would when David got it off of me. Such is life – you don't get to have a 15 year old's tits when you're 35. I matched it with a black leather miniskirt that barely covered my ass down below but came up almost to my navel above, a little red G-string that just about didn't exist, and a pair of black pointed-toe pumps with a 5” heel and leather ankle cuffs with little locks on them; I don't know why I picked those shoes in particular, but I knew that David would go crazy over them. It wasn't that I consciously wanted him to go crazy, but...well, it was going to happen. He might as well enjoy it.

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I was coming back down the stairs when I heard the front door open and Charlie trot happily across the floor. I froze for a second in mid-step as David said, "Hey boy, where's mom? Where's mom, huh? Where is she?" I took a deep breath and started walking again. I had barely set foot on the floor at the bottom of the stairs when I heard David gasp, "My...God. Mom, you're absolutely beautiful."

I turned and there he was, still in his school clothes but carrying an absolutely enormous bouquet of two dozen red roses that were just beginning to bloom. My jaw dropped, because they were gorgeous, and when I looked up at his face he was smiling. "For you," he said simply.

I felt a little overwhelmed as I took the flowers from him. It was a strange thing, but I almost felt like I did when I was a girl and the first boy ever to give me flowers (Dan Rauch, a cute, awkward guy who asked me to his senior prom when I was a sophomore) pinned a corsage on me. I felt special. I felt like someone cared, like someone wanted me to have something pretty because they thought I deserved it. Honestly, I felt a little like it was my first-ever date with a boy. I stammered some thanks and took the roses into the kitchen to get them into some water, and David and Charlie both followed behind.

In the kitchen David busied himself getting the table ready for dinner, setting it with good china and crystal and making an approving noise at the wine I selected. I clipped the ends of the stems, arranged them in the biggest vase I had, and put them right in the middle of the table.

Tim would wonder where they came from.

I had just put the vase down when David took me into his arms. I stiffened a bit but I didn't fight him as he took me to him and put a warm, soft, gentle, coaxing kiss on my lips. He slipped his tongue into my mouth and I kissed him back a little at first – I knew what was going to happen tonight and being taut and rigid wasn't going to make it any better – but almost immediately I started feeling a sick, nervous twitch in my belly and I pulled my mouth from his and put my forehead against his chest. I know he could feel my heart pittering anxiously inside my chest. He just held me, making no attempt to do anything more, and after a moment he asked, "Are you scared, mom?"

"Yes," I admitted. "Of course I am. How could I not be?"

"You don't need to be scared. You're going to love it. I promise you."

"Everything's going to change." And I didn't mean just between me and him. Having sex with my son was going to draw an enormous line in my life, and what came after it might be completely different from what had gone before. I had no idea what was on the other side of that line. All I knew was that there was nothing left on the side I was on.

"Things will change," he admitted, his hands resting on my lower back. "You'll have a man who loves you without reservation. A man who can and will satisfy you. A man who wants you to be happy, wants it even more than you want it for yourself. I'll do anything for you, mom. Anything at all. And by the time Sunday rolls around you're not going to be able to imagine being without me, just like I won't be able to imagine being without you. Isn't that what you've always wanted in a man?"

It was. I said nothing.

"Well," he said after the silence had gotten a tad uncomfortable, "let's eat. It smells great and I'm starving. Come on, let's dish up."

The nervousness didn't go away as we ate. David tried several times to make light, pleasant conversation, and always about topics other than what we were about to do, but honestly I was too edgy to concentrate on it and it always fizzled after a few seconds of me staring at my

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plate, afraid to meet his eyes. After a little while he just reached across and took my hand, holding it in silence while we both ate.

I know it seems like a minor thing, but that gesture is one of the things that most sticks with me about that evening and the days that followed. It was simple and impulsive, but it felt like he threw me a life preserver. I was so nervous, so completely on edge, but when I felt my hand go into his it seemed like so much of my fear simply drained away – or rather that he took it from me. And he didn't take it by harsh words or demands, but by the single fact of holding my hand. It's hard to explain, and I know he never understood the impact it had on me, but by doing that he did something I didn't even know if I dared hope for: he recognized my fears, and by doing so told me that he understood that my fears were justified and mattered to him. It told me that he knew I was a person, that I had a real heart and real wants and needs, and that those things made a difference. I guess I had expected, at least on some level, that he would simply take me, that it would be little different from a rape. I know that this wasn't realistic, but I couldn't shake the image – until he held my hand, and then the image simply went away. After a few seconds I looked up at him and smiled. I know it was a shy smile, the smile of a girl on the night she loses her cherry, but the way David beamed back at me made my heart thud in my chest and even caused the slightest little twinge between my legs...

My son has a beautiful smile.

Even the food tasted better when he held my hand. Before that I was only eating because I hadn't eaten anything all day and I knew I had to or get sick, but I had no hunger and even the wine tasted like cardboard. With David touching me, though, I suddenly found that the chicken was spicy, the rice was hearty, the salad was fresh and the wine kicked like a very angry mule – and I was hungry for all of it. I attacked my plate with such gusto that David actually laughed, and I laughed with him. And oh my, did it feel good to laugh. We split the extra chicken breast I'd made (I don't usually eat that much at dinner but my tummy was pretty empty) and held each other's hand. We barely talked, but that was all right. I don't think talk was necessary at that point.

We didn't linger when our plates were empty; David was too eager for what was coming. And even if I wasn't, well, I knew that it wouldn't get any better putting it off. And besides, there was that little twinge between my legs...

He helped me put the dishes into the dishwasher, and I washed the pots and pans while he dried them and put them away. Charlie got a few leftovers (something we don't normally do, but it was a night for breaking rules). When I was washing the last pan, David slipped his hand up under my tight little leather miniskirt and put his fingers on my ass; it felt good, and I simply moved my legs a little farther apart.

"A thong," he said, moving his fingers underneath me to stroke my perineum and the beginning of my pussy. "I like that. I can't wait to see it."

"It's a G-string," I said softly, and after a moment added, "And if you don't want to wait...then don't."

David smiled enormously and took this as the invitation it was. His nimble fingers found the zipper and tugged it down, and in a moment he was sliding my skirt down over my hips, leaving me bare from the waist down except for the suggestion of red underwear and the fuck-me shoes I had locked around my ankles. He slipped behind me, hands on my ass and his body against mine, and before I knew it I was leaning back against him. He felt strong and solid and virile, and I just closed my eyes and let him caress my bottom, just like I let him caress my front

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side when he moved his hands up to my breasts, squeezing and caressing them through my top as he kissed my neck. I couldn't help it, it felt nice.

"Mom," he whispered into my ear, "I want you."

"I know, baby," I whispered back.

His hands drifted down below my waist, squeezing my mound through my panties. "And do you want me?"

My pussy twitched again. You know my son has talented hands, and lips, and... everything, and he was making me want it. Yes, he was. But I wasn't there quite yet, and so after a moment I simply shook my head a bit and whispered, "I don't know, baby."

"You don't?"

"I really don't..."

"Well then, I guess it's time you find out," he told me, and before I realized it I was caught up in strong arms and swept up off my feet. I squeaked in surprise and dropped the pan in the sink with a splash, but David didn't hesitate. He turned, carrying me like Rhett Butler carried Scarlett O'Hara, and swept out of the kitchen toward the stairs...toward my bedroom.

I looked at him with wide eyes, but he didn't even think about hesitating. He just smiled at me as we mounted the stairs, Charlie following along behind with a wagging tail. "Don't be scared, mom," David told me in a tone of quiet certainty. "I'm going to make this wonderful for you. I promise."

My eyes were on his and I could see the honesty there, and I knew that he did want to make it as good for me as he could...as good for me as I would let him. But how good could that be? How much could I relax and allow myself to enjoy what was going to happen? As he carried me into my room and laid me down on the bed I shared so fruitlessly with my husband, I honestly didn't know the answer. I felt the light summer blanket soft beneath my legs and my arms and my bare ass, and there were a million and one emotions roaring through me as he stood up, stepped back, and began to unbutton his shirt.

This was it. There was no more room for evasion, no more room for doubt. It was going to happen, here, in a very few minutes. My son was going to take me, to make me his lover, his woman, and I would be changed forever in the process. It was...I felt like I was standing in the doorway of a room I had never seen before, but where I would spend the rest of my life, and the lights were out. I was staring into utter blackness, not knowing what awaited me. I was frightened and nervous...but as I watched the second button of David's shirt open, then the third, then the fourth, each new opening revealing another expanse of broad, strong chest and flat, trim tummy, I realized that I was excited too. Not very excited, not yet, but there was a kernel there, a small flame of wanting to know what my future held, of needing to find a place to land and hoping against all reasonable hope that David was giving me that place, that I could land in my son's strong arms and begin there to figure out what I really was and what I would become.

He slipped his shirt back, over his shoulder, and it dropped to the floor. My new man stood before me bare from the waist up, and the gentle sunlight of an early summer evening made his lightly tanned skin glow like honey warming on a flame. I watched him, my eyes playing across patterns of light and shadow formed by planes of hard muscle and smooth skin. He was beautiful, my son, my lover, my man. And all I needed to do was allow myself to take him and he would be mine, and he would give me what I had passed my life craving. That was all I needed to do, and it was something I didn't know if I could do at all.

He smiled, watching me watch him, and then climbed atop the bed with me. It shifted with his weight as he straddled me, one leg on either side of my tightly clenched thighs, one hand

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on either side of my shoulders. He was above me, in a lover's position, his body pressed lightly to mine. I could feel his cock through his pants, semi-hard, and I could picture it with perfect clarity from where it burned in my memory. It was an ideal cock, the penis I had dreamed of since I was old enough to know what I wanted, and it was between my son's legs...and soon, it would be between mine, inside me, moving, making me its own.

I felt my nipples harden inside my top, pressing firmly against soft fabric, wanting to be touched by my son, wanting to be pinched and stroked and licked and sucked.

David smiled down at me, the gentle smile of a delivering angel come to take me from the nothingness of my past into the soft and adored future we would make together. "I love you, mom," he told me, his voice like a breeze. "I want to make you feel so wonderful. I want to give you everything you always needed. I want to be your man, tonight and forever."

I looked into his eyes and tried to find an answer to that, but all I could come up with was, "I love you, baby."

It wasn't much, but I guess it was enough. His smile didn't waver as he lowered his lips to mine, and his kiss was gentle, firm, and sweet. At first it was only his lips moving slowly against mine, but when his tongue flicked across them I opened to let it in. It wasn't the harsh kiss of a man cruelly taking from an unwilling victim. It wasn't the lustful but uncaring kiss of a casual partner who intended to fuck and run. It was the kiss of a lover, a kiss of adoration, respect...love. It was a kiss that could have melted the coldest heart, a kiss that couldn't have left the most indifferent woman unmoved. It was a kiss I could do nothing but return, and so I did return it. My tongue moved on his, a little at first but then more as he let the kiss linger, touching me in no way but the light pressure of his body above me. I moved the tip of my tongue on the tip of his, gently, slowly, and then more, lifting my mouth to his, my lips on his more firmly. And before I even knew it my hands were resting on his bare back, feeling the hardness of his shoulders and the muscles that corded over them...so powerful, so strong, so very much mine if I would allow myself to take it. I held him, feeling his warmth and his solidity, and the thought crossed my mind that this weekend with my son would see me having more sex than I had had with Tim since Laurel was born...

David broke the kiss to lift his head and smile at me, and this time I actually found myself smiling back. It was a shy smile, hesitant and uncertain, but it was real, and when he saw it his own smile got huge. He propped himself up on one hand and with the other stroked my face, using only the backs of his fingertips. His touch was light and deft, and it sent a small, wonderful chill coursing through me so that I shivered. His eyes twinkled when I did, and he asked, "Are you cold?"

"No," I whispered, my hands moving across his back. "I'm warm, baby. You're making me warmer."

His expression was like I had just given him a gift, and he lowered himself to me and kissed me once again. This time his body was on mine a little more and I could begin to feel his weight, the lover's weight of a man on top of you, owning you and controlling you, the weight that I'd so loved when I'd had the chance to feel it before. And this time I met his mouth with my mouth open and willing, and the kiss wasn't hesitant or tentative in the least. My tongue rose to greet his and wrapped itself against it. For a wonderful span of heartbeats we let our tongues move one on another, twining, rubbing, and then I began to suck it, closing my lips around it like I had closed them around his cock twice before and would do again this weekend I had no idea how many times. He let me take the lead for the moment, staying as he was while I sucked him

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that way, fellating his tongue, bobbing my head up and down against him, feeling him and tasting him, giving us both sensation and touch and warmth...

I felt his hands on my waist and then moving up, taking my top in his fingers and pulling it up. I lifted my back from the bed but kept the kiss for as long as I could lips on his tongue and sucking it, until the instant I had to pull away to let him pass the top over my head. I felt my breasts spill free, bare, nipples hard and eager. The passage of the top messed up my carefully done hair, but at that point I didn't even notice. What would come was going to mess it up far worse, and I was still so uncertain and nervous that I couldn't focus on something so trivial. David's seduction was easing those worries, yes, but they wouldn't go away completely until I knew what I was to become, and I couldn't know that until David had made love to me, and maybe beyond that. The instant my top was off and tossed to the side our lips met again, and this time my bare skin was on his, his strong hard chest against my soft, yielding breasts, my nipples poking into his skin and sending more shivers down my spine. When I felt his weight on me again it was against my body that was almost bare, with nothing but a skimpy G-string and a pair of fuck me shoes to keep me from complete nakedness. Against my bare skin I could feel his skin, so warm, so *David*, and it made me feel sudden resentment of the pants and underwear that was keeping us from being naked together, body on body, the way lovers were supposed to be.

Our kiss was harder now, almost fierce. Our lips were pressed together as tightly as we could manage and our tongues were almost fighting each other. I was breathing his breath and he was breathing mine, each of us taking the other's air warmed by the heat of bodies that were getting hotter with each passing second. My hands were moving on his back – I'm not even sure when they started because they seemed to have developed a mind of their own – and they caressed little circles on his skin, drifting lower with each circle, lower, until I felt David's firm buttocks come into my palms. I squeezed them through his pants and pulled him closer so I could feel his stiffening cock inside his pants pressing against my thigh; as much as I was still uncertain about this whole thing, it felt *wonderful*.

David's hands moved too, caressing my arms and then up onto my chest. He took my breasts into his hands, one in each, and squeezed them gently. I sighed into his mouth and kissed him harder, and he took that for what it was and found my nipples. This time I moaned unashamedly – as I've said, my beautiful son knew what to do with, and to, a woman's body. He took both nipples between thumb and forefinger and squeezed, a gentle pressure that sent sinfully perfect ripples through my body and straight into my pussy. He was undermining my reluctance with every twist, every tug, and my body loved it...

My mind...that was another story. I was kissing him hard, squeezing his ass, moaning and shivering at his attentions to my breasts because I had to, because he was too skilled a lover for my body to remain unmoved and unaroused by what he did. But inside my head there was still a storm, still conflict, and every time I thought I was tipping over the edge to a place where I could simply accept and relish what was happening, some thought – David being my son, or Tim and Laurel, or the fact that every second that passed saw me move a second away from the old life I used to have and a second into the new life I knew nothing about – would hit me and pull me back. Right now I was there and not making my body stop responding to what he was doing, but more than that I couldn't promise.

I knew, though, that when David finally got around to peeling my little panties off my body, he would find my pussy wet and eager. I knew I was already wet because my pussy knew it was going to get fucked, and well, by a perfect cock attached to a wonderfully skilled young man who would have stamina and the ability and determination to make it feel wonderful – and,

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as I think I've already established, my pussy has a mind of its own. I knew that whenever he put himself between my legs, I would not have the strength of will to keep my legs closed to him. I knew that he would put himself inside of me and find that my body was alive and singing sweetly for him, because my body needed a man. I even knew he would almost certainly make me come, regardless of whatever objections my brain raised.

But what my body did wasn't the issue. I knew I couldn't trust my body. What needed to happen was that my mind and my spirit and...well, my *soul* needed to cross over some invisible boundary that I knew I could never cross on my own. I needed to pass into that darkened room of my future and find out what was there and make it my own....or perhaps let it make me its own. I needed to be carried across the threshold like a bride, like David had carried me to my bedroom – but more than that, I had to let myself be carried, and I didn't know if I could do that.

However many of my conflicting thoughts David knew or sensed, I do not know. I just know that when his mouth left mine and kissed along my jaw and cheek to my ear, he showed no hesitation or uncertainty. He knew what he was doing and he did it, and when his lips closed around my earlobe and tugged, I whimpered because it felt good. It felt intimate and right and wonderful, being in the arms of a man who loved me so and wanted me to feel pleasure. How could my body not respond?

One ear, then the other, then the first again. By the time he started kissing down my neck I found that my ass was wiggling a bit on the sheets from the heat between my legs. My breath was coming harder, interspersed with shallow moans and gasps that got louder when he slowly, slowly moved his mouth up onto my right breast and took my nipple into his mouth. Obviously this wasn't the first time he'd done it, but I hadn't let him do it for a while now and a lot had happened since then: I had forgotten how wonderful it felt, and how good he was at it. Swollen bud between lips, tongue caressing, licking, stroking, hard teeth nibbling with amazing gentleness – almost immediately I realized I was moaning, “David...David, baby yes...suck my nipples sweetie, please...make me feel good...” The voice was mine but the words were coming from my lustful body...

And yet, not completely. When he moved from the right nipple to the left, it was my conscious mind that made me arch my back into him to make it easier for him, and my conscious mind that made my fingers move through his short dark hair because I wanted to feel something of him, the boy who was becoming my lover and my man.

He was in no hurry. He took his sweet time, did David, lavishing attention on my breasts, making my whole body quiver with pleasure. One then the other, and when I thought he was getting ready to move his mouth down, or to do something else, he would just switch breasts. I confess it was driving me crazy, because my body wanted more – and my mind was starting to agree. The thought occurred to me that I could take my hands from his back and put them on his shoulders to gently urge him lower, to coax his mouth down over my belly and toward the pussy that was getting wetter and hungrier with every second. It was a small thing at first, this idea, but as he kept moving from one nipple to the other, building me up with no sign of doing anything to give me release, it got bigger and bigger and harder to ignore. My brain was fighting my body, my head not wanting to give in to my pussy and admit defeat – well, that's no true, my head *wanted* to, but I couldn't make it do so, not yet. David was making me need an orgasm, and need an orgasm from *him*, but I wasn't at the point yet where I could bring myself to demand it –

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And then, blessedly, he kissed the spot directly between my nipples and began to move down. I heaved a tremendous sigh of relief when I felt those magnificent lips drift lower, across my sternum and down, onto my stomach. He was still kissing, still licking, and the sensations were still wonderful, but now that I knew he was going to put his mouth somewhere else I felt a surge of anticipation that made me spread my legs a bit wider. I inhaled sharply as his lips closed over my navel and his tongue entered it, French kissing it like it was my mouth or my steaming cunt. I lifted my hips, certain that his hands would move down and pull away the panties that I no longer wanted or needed on my body –

And then his mouth lifted from my belly button and an instant later fastened around my nipple once more. My ass dropped to the bed with a thump and I covered my mouth with my hand to stifle the groan of pure frustration that welled from me. He was driving me crazy! Didn't he know what he was doing to me? Didn't he realize how desperate he was making me?

Of course he realizes, my mind immediately told me. That was the point. He was making me wild, making me lose control. He was making me want him enough that I would take the lead in asking. He was making my body crave him inside me so much that I would tell him what I wanted. I fought the need, as he suckled my breasts, but my mind lost. My need was too strong. And so it wasn't long at all before I put my hands on his shoulders and urged him lower, whispering, "Please, baby...please...please do it..."

"Please do what?" he asked softly with a mouth full of his mother's nipple.

Frustration formed another whimper on my lips, and I said in a voice that was very close to pleading, "Put your mouth on me...on my pussy. Please baby, I need it so bad! Don't make me beg, baby...please..."

That was what I had to say, and now that I said it, he was only too happy to oblige. I lifted my hips again and his hands were on my panties, pulling them down. He went up on his knees as I raised my legs against his bare chest, and he deftly pulled the underwear off and away, leaving me in nothing but my ever so slutty 5" locked pumps. My pussy was so wet that the warm air of the summer afternoon felt cool against it as he spread my legs, one hand on each knee, and lowered himself between them. "You know, I've been wanting this since the last time," he whispered. "But this time we don't have an audience. It's just you and me, mom..."

I glanced over at Charlie, who was on the floor, watching with his hands on his paws. He knew what the scent of my arousal had meant in the past and undoubtedly he was hoping it would mean the same now, but he was destined to be disappointed...this time, at least...

"It was just a week ago," I marveled, remembering the way he had put me up on little wall in public and gone under my dress to suck me, and how I had not only let him but loved it. "It seems like so much longer..."

"It's been a hell of a week," he admitted, lowering his body to lie between my legs, his own legs hanging off the edge of the bed. Softly, he placed his lips on the tenderest part of my left thigh and kissed, his lips and his tongue making my whole body quake and raising a moan from my lips. "You've been through so much..."

"It doesn't matter now," I whispered, closing my eyes so I could focus on what was coming.

"No, it doesn't," he agreed, kissing my right thigh in the same way. "That's all behind you, and your future is just beginning."

He was right. I knew he was right. The future, whatever it was to be, was beginning right here and right now, in this bed, with my son. There was no point in trying to delay it. I would become what I would become. What David would make of me.

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He put his lips on my pussy, a sweet little kiss that made me suck a sharp breath, and then back to my thighs to kiss and lick and nibble. He knew what he was doing, and the only reply I could make was to lie there and take what he would give me. I wanted his mouth on me so desperately, his tongue probing inside, his lips around my clit, the feel of his teeth pressing against me as he pushed his face as far into me as it would go, but I knew it would do no good to tell him so. He knew – I'd already begged him. He knew and he was taking his time to drive me as crazy as he could make me. So I just shut up and let him do his thing.

And what he did was wonderful. He seemed to find every single nerve ending between my knees and my pussy and tease it to delicious life. When he kissed the backs of my knees I almost swooned, and when he nipped the skin next to my pussy my whole body felt it, a ripple of sheer pleasure echoing through me the way a rock makes echoes of its passage into a pond. My hands found my nipples and I squeezed, tugged, softly adding my own voice to the chorus of sensation my son was giving. Kiss, lick, tease, nibble, I was gasping for air and already feeling as though I was going to orgasm –

And then his mouth touched my pussy again, but this time I could tell from the feel that it was no passing touch. No, this was a firm, deliberate motion that put his lips against mine and pushed them apart, and a fraction of a heartbeat later I felt his tongue finally, perfectly inside me. I arched my back and moaned, "Oh God, David...yesss...thank you so much lover...thank you..."

He liked that. I could tell by the way he stabbed his tongue deep into my cunt and twirled it, smoothly caressing sensitive nerves and making my fingers pinch my nipples of their own accord. There wasn't a division between mind and body anymore – my mind had lost, as it always seemed to when it fought with my pussy. I could still hear a voice urging caution, but it was so soft and so distant that it didn't even feel like my own voice anymore. I was here, making love to my son, and I needed to love it. I needed to embrace it, just like I needed to embrace David, because he was my guide in this strange new landscape where everything was so unfamiliar and dangerous. Without him, I would be lost; with him, I would find what I needed to be – or at least what he wanted me to be, and I wasn't sure anymore that there was a difference.

"David, baby, I love the way you lick my pussy," I moaned. "Nobody's ever licked me like you do."

"I'll lick you whenever you want," he told me, his words half muffled in my cunt flesh. "All you ever have to do is ask."

And how I would keep myself from asking all the time, I didn't know. My son's tongue was simply the best human tongue I've ever felt, then or since. When it was inside me it seemed that somehow it was touching every single nerve at once, no matter how deep or how far apart. It was like a thing of magic, something not even real, something from a beautiful dream. And when it was licking along my slit it seemed to make everything else in the world disappear and my whole body, the whole universe, narrow down to the few square inches of my sex he was licking at that very instant. And when he moved one to the other and then back again, it was so wondrous and perfect that I didn't have the right words for it at the time and I don't now. My son was one of a kind.

His tongue was moving like a wind, first one place and then another, licking, caressing, now stroking in and out like a cock and making my tunnel clench around it, now licking up and down my slit from bottom all the way until I could feel his breath on my clit. Everything he did felt wonderful, and everything he did made me gasp and moan and twitch with pleasure. Long,

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slow licks all the way along my pussy, pushing my lips apart with his cheeks and tongue-fucking me, kissing and caressing and stroking –

It was when he put his mouth on my ass that I came. I wasn't expecting either one, honestly, because he had his tongue deep inside my pussy and I was just riding wonderful waves of pleasure, getting higher and higher; I knew there was an orgasm in my near future but it didn't feel like it was pressing. But then his tongue flicked lightning-fast down my perineum and found my puckered little back opening, and my body just spasmed. I may have screamed, I'm not sure, but I know I was loud. And then an instant later his lips were around my asshole, his tongue pushing and probing against it, and I *was* screaming: "Fuck baby FUCK lick my ass lick it lick it LICK IT FUCK! FUCK! You're gonna make me come gonna come OH JESUS CHRIST I'M GONNA FUCKING COME keep licking my ass that's it that's it that's it OOOHHHHHHH FFFFUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!"

My orgasm ripped through me like a whirlwind. I'd have sworn the whole bed, the whole room was spinning, but it was just me, just my beautiful son making me come with his tongue in my ass. My entire body clenched, pulled in on itself, and then there was nothing but my pussy and my clit and the sensation of climbing, an ascent sheer and hard and wild, fast, an undraft carrying me like a leaf, like fireworks rising on a thin stream of smoke and losing all connection with the Earth below – and then EXPLOSION, a detonation of sensation that seemed to take me apart down to the smallest atom and put me back together again in just a few quick seconds.

I've learned since then that I can orgasm just from having my ass licked or fucked; sometimes I need a hand on my pussy but often it's enough just to have those rear nerves stimulated. And when I do come that way, it's not like the orgasms I have when my pussy's being fucked or my clit's being played with. There isn't a sharp rise and a hard drop, like a roller coaster or an orgasm I get from having my cunt filled. It's more of a smooth, rolling thing, a series of waves that come one after another, each breaking a little higher, as though it was a tide coming in and I was the beach. Rise and fall, each time rising farther and falling not as far, until the whole world seems to be made of orgasm and I'm lost in it, just a speck an a universal climax. That's the best I can do describing it and it doesn't do it justice at all. It makes me loud – louder even than I normally am, and sometimes a clitoral orgasm makes me VERY loud. It makes me thrash. Sometimes it goes so long and takes me so high that it can make me hurt, but it's a magnificent sort of hurt that adds to the pleasure. I wish I could explain it...it's just *different*. And different can be very, very good.

I felt him move and settle down next to me, hand on my tummy, and when I opened my eyes he was there smiling at me. I lifted up my lips to his and kissed him unhesitatingly, tasting my own flavor on his lips. It was a lover's act, to want to taste how you taste to your lover, to want to have his savor and your own on your tongue at once. And David was my lover now, and maybe always would be. I didn't know what the future would hold (and it held a lot, let me tell you) but I knew that what we were doing here and now was forging a bond between us that could never be broken, come what may. Born mother and son, we were becoming husband and wife too, because as much as I loved Tim (and still do) I knew that my own child understood and accepted me more than Tim did, my own child could bring me pleasure and satisfaction that Tim couldn't even if he wanted to try, and it was David, not Tim, that was here at the birth of the new me. If that didn't make David my husband in every real sense of the word, then no words from a preacher or paper from a justice of the peace could do the trick.

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And so I kissed him, my beautiful baby boy, my man, my lover, and he kissed me in return. Even when he lay there next to me, hand on my shoulder and his body quiet against mine, I could feel his strength and his power. He could, I knew, have used his strength to simply take me this day – I couldn't have stopped him and he knew I wouldn't have told. But he didn't – instead he used his power to overcome my fears and make me want him as much as he wanted me. And I did want him – there was no use denying that now. I wanted him to make me his woman, his love; had he simply taken me, then none of that would be true. He had made me his, and made himself mine, and that was all there was to it.

And so it was that when my hand found his hip, it rested there only for a moment before moving down and coming to rest against his groin. I could feel him inside his pants, half hard but still thick and strong and undeniably masculine, and suddenly I knew I had to have him out of his pants, naked, as bare before me as I was before him, unable to hide, honest, open. My mouth was still locked with his when I began to undo his belt; I fumbled at it for a bit, but it was awkward in that position, on our sides and me only able to use one hand. David knew without being told the best thing to do, of course, and so after a few moments he moved, carefully keeping our lips and tongues together as he lifted a leg and straddled my stomach. In that position, with me on my back, I had his pants undone in an instant. There was no hesitation on either of our parts now because we both knew we both wanted it desperately, and so he pushed his underwear down with his pants and kicked them both away. My hands, both of them, found his cock even as it bounced free and wrapped themselves around it, just touching it, feeling the power that was in it even before it was all the way erect. I stroked, pulling the soft skin over the hardening insides, feeling his veins pulsing, feeling his heart beating for me, feeling it grow in my touch. This cock, this perfect male cock attached to the male who, though by no means perfect, was perfect for me in this perfect moment.

He broke the kiss and lifted himself, walking on his knees up my body. He said something, I know, but I don't even know if I heard it. I knew what he wanted and I wanted it too – he wanted my mouth on him. My eyes were fixed on his shaft as he walked it closer, the head already glistening with a drop of precum, pulsing and twitching and lengthening even as I watched, and my lips parted to accept it. One of his big, strong, sure hands tucked under my head as he brought his cock to my face. My tongue was on it in an instant, licking it from the place where it met his balls all the way up the underside, feeling that huge vein pulse and throb, to the head. I paused there, swirling my tongue around the knob and tasting that little dollop of his precious juice there, and as I did I lifted my eyes to his face.

He was looking down at me with a smile. It wasn't a triumphant smile, or mean, or taunting. There was nothing evil or wicked in it. It was a smile of pure, complete and utter joy, joy that I had accepted, at long last, what he had known from the first was my destiny. I had given myself to him finally and completely and now there was no need for coercion, no need for threat or violence, no need for anything but the adoring love he felt for me and the adoring love I was coming to feel for him. That was all there was between us at that moment, love, and I had never before felt so completed and made whole.

I wrapped my lips around the head and wrapped my tongue around the shaft as I took it into my mouth, inch by inch, swallowing it, hollowing my cheeks, caressing it with tongue and lips and loving the flavor and the feel and the fact of it. I was in the wrong position to take him all down my throat but I got as much of him as I could, perhaps six or so inches, and then slowly pulled back until only the head was inside me. And then down again, swallowing, stroking it with my tongue and reveling in the throaty gasp I made him give. I was bringing him pleasure!

Angela's Diary

At that moment, that was all I wanted to do, all I cared about: his pleasure and my own and the fact that the pleasure we gave each other and shared was taking two souls and making a single soul from them.

I had sucked his cock before, twice in fact, but this was wholly and completely different. Those times I had put my mouth on him with the intention of giving him a blow job – and nothing more. I had sucked him to make him come, to make him put his seed in my throat so I could swallow it. And that was all – when I had used my mouth on him before, that was all I did for him. But this was different in every way. I wasn't sucking him to make him come, to make him arch his back and shove his cock down my throat and empty his big, beautiful balls into my stomach. I was sucking him to make him hard and wet so that he could fuck me for the first time. I was sucking him because I wanted him rigid and perfect when he slid into my body and united us once and for all. This wasn't the act, this was the prelude and nothing more. I was preparing the tool he would use to forge me into the woman he wanted me to be.

And so I sucked him for several wonderful minutes, delighting in the way he felt against my tongue but knowing that this was a small delight compared to those that would come. I watched his face as I readied him, my eyes wide and warm as I saw the effects of my ministrations on him, and he held my head up and made me comfortable while I did, and it was perfect...

And then he took his cock from my mouth and looked at me with his lovely smile.

It was time.

Wordlessly I rolled over and opened the drawer of my night table. I had already opened one of the boxes of condoms and had a handful loose, so it took me only a second to retrieve one. I handed it to him with an apologetic smile, saying, "I'm sorry baby, I went on the pill yesterday but it isn't effective yet and I'm ovulating today, probably, and –"

"Shhhh," he said gently, laying his fingers across my lips. "You don't need to explain, mom. We'll use these until the pill kicks in...but you're the one who'll put it on, not me."

I smiled gratefully and tore open the packet – a lot of guys hate wearing rubbers (and honestly I don't care for them either because feeling and knowing a man's seed is in me is one of my favorite parts of sex) and I wasn't sure David would be willing, or at least willing to do it gracefully. I didn't think about it at the time, but there was a significance to me putting the condom on and not him, and he knew it very well. But at the moment I was far too preoccupied with what was to come, and I simply – and hurriedly – pulled the condom out of the foil, placed it on the tip of the lovely cock that would shortly be inside me, and rolled it along his shaft until it snugged against his body and he could fuck me, and come inside me, without getting me pregnant. When it was done, I looked up at him with wide eyes and asked, softly, "How do you want me the first time, baby?"

"Missionary," he told me, his hand stroking the side of my face. "That's always how I've dreamed of having you the first time, on your back, your legs up against my chest, looking into your face so I can watch you."

My eyes lighted up and I simply did as I was told, lying back slowly and spreading my legs. It didn't strike me as odd that I should ask him how he wanted to do it rather than suggesting a position myself; he was, after all, my guide in this, and it was through him that I was here at all. It seemed natural for me to take his lead. There was more to it than that, of course, much more, but I didn't realize it at the time. Instead I simply smiled at him and said, "I'm ready, baby."

Angela's Diary

I was watching his face when I said it, and an expression came over him that has become as familiar to me as breathing in the time since, but at that moment it was a wonder to me. His eyes became hard; not cruel or uncaring, but strong and powerful and commanding. His eyebrows arched just a bit, and his mouth quirked into something between a smile and a sneer – though that makes it sound much worse than it was. It was a lovely expression, one I adored then and adored now, but it wasn't the expression of a man looking at an equal; no, it was the look of a man who finally had the woman of his dreams where he had always wanted her and was not planning to let her go. It was the look of a man who was in control and knew it, a man who could and would take me however and whenever he chose, a man who would satisfy himself first and in that way satisfy me as well. It made me shiver, a chill running down my spine, but it wasn't a bad chill. I don't know how to explain it except to say that I had been wanting to see that look my entire life and now here it was on the face of my son, and I was helpless before it. I hadn't *known* I'd wanted it, but that didn't matter. I knew it now.

Took my ankles, one in each hand, and lifted my long legs so they were against his chest. The view was thrilling, and I adored it when he stopped and looked at my shoes as though noticing them for the first time. A little smile quirked his lips and he said, "Mmmm, locks. I like that."

"Thank you," I whispered. "You can take them off if you want to before..."

"Before what?"

"Before you fuck me." I whispered it, but it seemed loud to me.

He held out his hand. "Give me the key."

It was sitting atop the night stand, and I reached over and handed it to him wordlessly. I expected him to open the locks and remove the shoes, but instead he did something that thrilled me to my core: he slipped off the bed and tucked the key into his pants pocket. As he climbed back onto the bed and lifted my legs again, he told me firmly, "*I say when the locks open. I say when the shoes come off. Do you understand?*"

I think I could have come right then and there. "Yes," I nodded. "I understand."

He put my legs up again. My head was on the pillow, watching through half-lidded eyes as he positioned himself against me, kneeling upright, ready to put his cock into me. My whole body was tense, eager, wanting, and so very ready that I thought I might go crazy if I didn't get it right now. His right hand was wrapped around my left ankle and he kissed me there, softly, gently, lovingly, and with his other hand he held his cock and moved it to my pussy.

I gasped and clutched the sheet in both hands. "Oh God baby..."

He moved his cock against my lips, teasing them open – or more open, because I was so horny I think I was gaping already. I could feel the big, thick head against the membranes of my sex, moving up and down so slowly, touching my clit gently and then moving back down, spreading me, getting my wetness. My cunt clenched hard when he came to my opening, and he paused there, touching me, ready to push forward and fill me up –

And then he moved his cock back up, teasing me almost viciously.

"Noooo, David please..." There was no pretense now, and no pride: I was begging unashamedly. "Please baby, put it inside me!"

"No," he told me simply, that lovely commanding expression still on his face.

I whimpered. I was almost crying from frustration. "David, baby, please! I need it so bad! You've won, David, I'm yours. I'm all yours, just please take me! Please!"

"Do you want me to fuck you?" His voice was low and insinuating.

"Yes! Please fuck me!"

Angela's Diary

“Do you want me to put my cock in you?”

“Yes baby! Please David, put it in me! I want it, I need it so bad baby!” And I did, Lord knew. I have never in my life, before or since, needed a cock like I did then. It felt like I was in the desert half dead from thirst and he was holding a glass of cool water just out of my reach. At that moment, if he'd have told me to run naked down the middle of the street in broad daylight before he'd fuck me, I'd have done it without a second thought.

But he didn't tell me that. Instead he took his hand away from his shaft and said, “No. If you want me inside you, you put me there.”

It's obvious to me now why he wanted me to do that. It was the big step, THE big step, and if I did it I would always have to live with that fact, the fact that I put his cock into me, that I was the one who violated the taboo. In the end, no matter what else he'd done and would do in the future, I was the one who crossed the big line. In the time since, I've had ample time and reason to think about that at length, and sometimes regret it, but at the moment it seemed nothing. Before he was even finished speaking my hand was around his cock, feeling the latex of the condom, and I moved him down to my opening and pulled him into me.

I pulled him into me. My son's cock was inside my cunt.

I was having sex with my own flesh and blood, my boy, the baby I had given birth to and nursed and watched grow, the child I had held when he was frightened or hurt, the youngster I had seen become a young man. I was his lover, and he was mine.

There could be no going back now.

And now that he was inside me, David wasted no time. He leaned over me, my legs still on his chest and tilting my sex so he could stroke deep, bending my body to the position he wanted. I adored that, as I adored everything else about our first time together. I discovered at that moment that I loved being bent, twisted, shaped, formed for a man's use – especially my son's. It was at the same time completely submissive and incredibly powerful, as though my power came from my willingness and desire to be used for his pleasure. It was a shocking thing to me, but David didn't give me time to think about it; my darling boy began to fuck the cunt that gave him birth, and to fuck it superbly.

“Ohhhhh...my...Gooooodddd...” I breathed as he pushed into me, slowly stretching me to fit him. He took his time with that first thrust, feeding my body inch after sweet inch, perfectly in control as he pressed into my depths. It was a wonderful sensation physically, yes, but even more so mentally and emotionally and spiritually. We had, after what seemed so long of having the possibility out there, crossed the final boundary. There could be no turning back, no undoing what we had done. No matter what would come, we would both know forever that I gave myself to my, body and soul, and he took me in the same way. And as he settled into me I could feel the very last shreds of reservation and doubt lurking in the corners of my mind be swept away by a flood of love for him, absolute, pure and unadulterated love like I don't think I could have felt in any other way – because I loved David as a son, as I always had, because I was still his mother, but I loved him as a man, as a beautiful, strong, sensual, sexual man who was my mate, who would be my love and my partner and...well, as I said, my husband, far more than any other man ever had or maybe ever could. And on top of all that I felt, as my body accepted him and my hands came up to rest on his shoulders, with this one act we were sweeping away the old me, the old Angela whose life had been a hoax, and in her place we were discovering the new me – no, that's not right, David was *making* the new me, creating me out of raw clay and shaping me into what he had always wanted me to be, and what I had needed to be all along. My perfect lover. My man.

Angela's Diary

I felt his balls brush against my ass and I knew he was in me all the way, as far as he could go, and I gave a muffled half-sob of pure joy. I was his now, all his, and there would be no more silly pretense between us. This was what we both had craved and required. How could there have been anything wrong in us taking it?

"Mom," he told me as he began to pull out of me just as slowly and exquisitely, "open your eyes. I want you to keep your eyes on mine."

I hadn't even realized I had closed them but I had, no doubt to better savor the sensations. But with his order I opened them up wide and locked them with his, seeing there all the love and the joy I felt myself. "I'm sorry, baby," I whispered, "I didn't mean to..."

"Shhh, it's all right." He was out of me now almost all the way, just the head and another inch or so, and as he eased back in he told me, "Just do what I say and everything will be wonderful."

"I will, baby," I promised in a whisper, watching his face as he took command of me and loving what I saw there.

Once more he pushed into me all the way and I felt his balls against me, and once more he drew back. He was obviously in no hurry – and why should he have been? He'd dreamed his whole life of this moment and now it was real, it was happening, and he was going to relish every second of it. After all, you never have a second chance to fuck your mom for the first time...

"Mom, I love you." He was looking into my eyes as he said it, so open and honest, and I knew it was true. The fact of his love and the feel of his cock and his warm body above me and the knowledge that I had given myself to him completely and without reservation...well, I moaned. In fact, I cried out, a sound of pure rapture ripped straight from my soul and made audible. "Baby! Baby I love you so much!" I answered, my eyes blurring with tears. "I didn't know it would be this way, baby!"

"It's all right."

"I would never have fought if I'd have...oh my God baby, yes, like that...if I'd have known it would be like this I would never have fought you!"

He smiled at me like I was the child and he was the parent imparting a vital lesson...and I suppose he was. "Mom, if you hadn't fought, it wouldn't have been like this."

"I don't understand, baby," I gasped.

"You don't need to, mom. As long as I do."

I didn't know what he meant then, though I figured it out later. Right then I was a little too preoccupied by feeling him push into me all the way and give a little bump at the end, a little extra *oomph* that made my pelvis rock and my pussy spasm. I was amazed to feel my clit vibrating and humming between us, where it rubbed on his cock and took the pressure of his body. I was amazed because I knew what it meant. God, I was going to come again already! He had barely started fucking me, just moving slowly in and out, but with every movement and every heartbeat we shared that warmth was getting hotter, and it was happening fast. I didn't fight it, I just let it happen, because I knew he was going to give me more climaxes than I could count before his father and sister got home. "Love," I whispered, "you're going to make me come again."

"I want to see it," he told me, giving me another *oomph* and picking up his pace ever so slightly. "I want to see you come for me, come with my cock inside you. I've wanted that for so long."

Angela's Diary

He was moving a bit faster now, sliding in and out of me, rubbing my clit and making my whole body buzz from the inside out. I could hear my pussy making the sloppy sucking sounds I love so much, and I could feel how, with every thrust in, he opened me and how, with every time he pulled back, my pussy seemed to chase after him, to try to suck him back in. The way he had formed my body – legs almost pinned back against my chest, my cunt upturned and defenseless, my clit being rubbed from the inside by his cock and the outside by his body – made it almost impossible for me to move much. I could lift my hips to him a fraction of an inch perhaps, and I did, but mostly I was his to fuck as he wanted. That helplessness, that wonderful and amazing submissiveness, was what suddenly made the heat in my clit blaze up and flash out. I felt my body rise into his, the whole thing at once, like I was trying to lurch off the bed; my weight and his held me down, of course, but it felt as though I was straining, pushing for a breathless instant that kept me suspended between bed and Heaven –

“OH FUCK BABY FUCK ME! FUCK ME DAVID! OH FUCK OH FUCK OHHHHHH FFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!!” I should have been quieter shouting my son's name in the throes of passion with the window open on a lovely summer night, but this was my first climax on his cock and I stood no chance of doing it quietly. It hit me hard, like a punch to the gut, a bright white flare of light that exploded through me and made my cunt feel so good it almost hurt. I screamed again, wordlessly this time, and screwed my eyes shut in spite of being told not to. I couldn't help it! My boy, the baby I'd carried inside me, was back inside me as a man, and I couldn't stop myself from closing my eyes and savoring that first, wondrous orgasm. It wasn't the sort of shattering orgasm I'd have later with him, the sort that made me lose track of time and space and maybe lose consciousness, but it was absolutely wonderful all the same. It was short and lovely, as sweet and perfect as a crisp apple in autumn, and it made my heart skip in my chest, my blood tingle in my veins, and my pussy slam down on David's cock.

Honestly, I think it was that last part that he especially liked, as he worked smoothly in and out of me, keeping his pace and working me like a master violinist on a Stradivarius. I heard him grunt though, as my orgasm was winding down and the muscles of my sex were still spasming and clenching around him. I opened my eyes – reluctantly – and looked into his face with a dreamy smile. “Oh my love...” I whispered. “Oh my darling lover...”

“That was just the first,” he told me, his eyes alive with passion and his own need. “I'm going to make you come so many times this weekend, mom...”

“I know baby. Give me another. Give it to me however you want to, long and slow or fast and hard. I'm yours. Yours, baby. Do you know that?”

“I know, mom. And when I come I'm going to come inside of you, deep inside. And soon when you're on the pill you'll be able to take my cum in your pussy and have it inside you all day long...”

“Oh god baby! I want that so bad! I want your cum inside me!” I was whimpering with need, amazed that my orgasm had made that need more intense instead of less. I wished to hell I'd have gotten onto the pill when I'd had my last period. I'd known this day was coming, after all, and if I had my perfect son's perfect semen could be up inside my womb where it belonged instead of wasted in a damned rubber! But I'd been foolish then. I'd still thought I could keep it from happening. I didn't realize what it would mean to me. But that was all right – in a couple of weeks I'd have my period and I could start the pill and everything would be perfect.

He quickened his tempo, moving fast enough and hard enough that my whole body was quaking with the impact of his thrusts. Another climax was brewing inside me and I'd have

Angela's Diary

embraced it and tried to bring myself off as soon as I could, except that I could see on David's face that he wasn't going to last long, and I could think of nothing more perfect than to climax at the same instant as my son. And so I tried to keep myself under control, tried to prolong my pleasure and stave off the rising heat in my loins.

The bed was rocking beneath us, shifting, squeaking. If Tim had been home, or my daughter, there would have been no doubt in their minds that I was getting the fucking of my life up here in the bedroom –

And that thought triggered something I honestly hadn't expected: the image of Tim sitting in the living room below, eyes fixed on the television while he tried desperately to ignore the fact that his son was ten times the man he ever could be and was giving me something he could never even dream of. And when that thought hit me I cried out in sheer passion, a sort of animalistic glee, the cry of a savage and primitive woman who has been taken by the strongest in the tribe and made his, the mate of the alpha male.

I have never felt more like a queen in my whole life.

"Mom," he whispered from between clenched teeth as he rocked me with his body and his cock, "your pussy is the best thing I've ever felt. The best, mom..."

"Your cock is perfect, darling," I whispered back, though I'm sure it was hard for him to understand because every hard thrust now was bringing a gasp to my lips – no, more than a gasp, a porn-star moan that I was helpless to stop. I could hear the strain in my voice of trying to hold off on the heat that was rising again. It was so hard! If I'd have let myself I could have come then, harder than that last time and longer, come screaming, come so that all my muscles would have knotted at once and all my nerves would quiver with electric fire and all the air in my lungs disappear as I screamed. I could have and I needed to so badly but I fought to keep control. "Your cock is better than anything that's ever been in me."

"Really?" He quickened again, hitting me hard enough that I was being scooted up on the bed. I could feel the sheets being dragged underneath me, probably pulling off of the corners of the bed, and the pillow under my head bunched against the headboard. My cunt was so tender from my last climax and the one that was coming that I swear I could feel every ripple of skin and every vein in his shaft, even through the latex, as he rammed me. "I'm the best you've ever had?"

"The best baby, I swear. You're gonna make me come again baby..."

"I don't think I can hold out much longer mom..." His eyes were just slits and his face was red and beaded with sweat.

"Don't fight it baby," I whispered, my voice sounding like I was being strangled. "I want to feel it. I want you to come for me David."

I could feel the tension in his body, and I suddenly realized that my fingers were digging like claws into the back of his shoulders. I tried to stop – I didn't want to hurt him – but my hands were out of my control at this point. I could only cling to him, hold him to me because I never ever wanted to let him go and oh God my orgasm was coming whether I wanted it to or not I could feel it swirling growing blazing so hot –

Body arching against mine eyes closed voice throaty and muffled "Oh God mom I'm coming!" slamming me hard so fucking hard –

"Come baby come FUCK COME FOR ME!" spiral of ecstasy like a maelstrom inside whirling dragging me into it a whole life of uselessness and falsity gone in a single instant –

"Oh! FUCK! MOM!" leaning into me bending me double lips on mine knees on my chest cock bucking inside me like a bull –

Angela's Diary

A light so pure and bright and perfect that nothing else ever existed or ever could my body left behind and yet taking up everything at once a hard undiluted wave of bliss like a tsunami taking me making me turning me into something I didn't know what but I needed it –

Cock pushing deep into me ramming so hard my head against the headboard his skin under my hands and against the backs of my legs him screaming into my mouth me screaming into his screams without words screams that were the names of the other –

Me for him and him for me forever nobody else nothing else only we two only us only me and David from now to the end of everything...

And then it was just us, the two of us that had become one thing, panting hard against each other. Our sweat was mingled into one sweat, just like the juices our bodies gave each other would have been mingled into one wondrous fluid had the condom not gotten in the way. His head was beside mine, his breath loud in my ear just as I know mine was. His body was on mine, that perfect clench of lover's exhaustion. My hands were still on his back but no longer clenched, instead stroking up and down, feeling muscles that held so much power and that had spent that power on me. At some point my legs had come away from his chest and wrapped themselves around him, my ankles locked onto the backs of his thighs to hold him into me. I could feel his cock inside me, motionless now, still tumescent, spent if only for a few moments. My eyes were closed and I could feel my whole body singing silently, a hymn for the new me at this new dawn.

It took a while before I realized that I was speaking, my voice a whisper in my lover's ear: "Baby...I love you so much...I love you David...thank you...thank you...thank you..."

"Mom...oh mom...I love you so much..."

"I love you lover...I love you..."

"Mom?" His voice soft, still short of breath, but earnest.

"Yes baby?" My hands tracing up and down his spine as the last of my climactic aftershocks rippled through me, the last drops of rain after a storm.

"Are you my woman?"

"Yes baby," I answered without hesitation or doubt. "I'm yours. All yours. Are you my man?"

"Forever," he promised in a breath, and then his lips were on mine and we shared the first kiss of my new life, a long, slow, passionate, unhurried kiss that was the best kiss I've ever had then or since. We held each other that way for a long time, his body on mine, out tongues dancing, skin on skin, sharing breath and warmth and adoration while his cock slowly softened inside me...

And then he rolled over onto his back and I curled myself around him, head on his chest and thigh up over his body, eyes half open and looking at nothing, perfectly content.

I was in love.

His hand played up and down my arm, stroking my skin with his fingertips. After an unpressured, perfectly comfortable moment of silence he asked, "How are you?"

"Good," I understated, snuggling close to him.

"How do you feel?"

"I..." The words didn't come, so I shut my mouth for a moment and let the thoughts drift through my head. He let me have my quiet. Finally I said, "I feel like I'm home. Finally, really, I know what home feels like. I found it with you...no, that's not it. We made it together. We just made a home for ourselves, baby. From now on, home for me is going to be wherever we're together. Does that make sense?"

Angela's Diary

“Yeah. I’ve always felt that way about you.”

“I know, baby. I’m sorry I didn’t realize.”

“How could you have?”

I shook my head against him. “I don’t know. I just feel so foolish for thinking this was something I needed to fight.”

“Don’t feel that way, mom. This was a hard step to take. Can you imagine how hard you would have kicked and screamed if I’d have dragged you up here that first day I found you with Charlie?”

“I guess I would have,” I admitted, though already the memory of that time in my life seemed distant and somehow removed from who I had become. “I’d have been wrong though.”

“No you wouldn’t have. If I’d have taken you then, it would have been plain rape and you’d have hated me for it.”

I shook my head again. “No. I could never hate you for giving me what you just gave me. You made me into a new person this evening, David. I’m not the same woman I was this morning.”

“I know,” he said softly, “you’re the woman I’ve always wanted you to be.”

“I’ll never be anything else, not from now on.”

“I know that too,” he said, kissing me on my forehead. “But if we’d have done this on the first day it would have been horrible for you. You’d have cried and you’d have been miserable and you’d have hated me for it. It would have been the worst experience of your whole life.”

I didn’t think that was true and I almost protested, but I closed my mouth again without saying anything. David had been right about so many things so far – everything, in fact – and he knew me far better than I knew myself. If he said this, it had to be true even if I didn’t understand it. He was my teacher now, my mentor and my guide, and one of the things this new me would have to accept was that there would be many, many things that he knew better about than I did. And so I simply bowed to the wisdom he had and said, “But now I was ready.”

“Yeah, now you were ready. Now you needed it.”

I thought of the horrible last few days, the nightmare that my life had been since I realized what Tim had done and what he and Laurel would do. I had been completely lost and completely alone, with nothing to live for and nothing worth keeping. And now I had everything I needed, right here in the bedroom with me. David and Charlie, two lovers who would lead me into a brand new world where I wouldn’t have to lie, wouldn’t have to pretend, wouldn’t have to want without getting. I didn’t know where things would go from here, but wherever they led and whatever I found there, I knew it would be honest and real and *mine*. “I did need it. You’ve given me so much here David. You’ve given me a whole new existence. There’s no way you can know how grateful I am to you right now.”

“I love you, mom.”

“I love you, baby.”

We were silent for a few moments, and then I smiled and added, “There’s one more thing I feel.”

“What’s that?”

“I feel like God played the world’s best joke on me.”

He laughed softly. “What do you mean?”

Angela's Diary

“All my life I've been living a lie. I've been a little girl playing house, playing with dolls. I've spent 35 years pretending to be something I'm not. It took my own son to make an honest woman out of me. It takes one devious prankster to come up with that.”

He laughed again, a little more robustly this time, and gave my shoulder a squeeze. Reaching down, he pulled the condom off with a *shllloop*. I looked at his half-hard cock all wet with his seed, and I knew that I ought to go down there and clean it up with my mouth, and I sort of wanted to...but to tell the truth, the feeling of delightful lethargy that comes over me when I've had a really good orgasm was just too strong – especially considering the circumstances and what had just happened. All I really, really wanted to do was lie there in my lover's arms and breathe.

It was then that Charlie put his head up on the bed and looked at us with the most serious expression. It made me laugh, and that made David laugh and pet Charlie on the head, which made Charlie wag his tail cheerfully. I was just about to say...something, I guess, when Charlie stretched his neck, sniffed David's cock, and then gave a little lick. “Ohohohoh!” David cried, laughing and jerking at the same time to pull his dick away from Charlie's tongue. “Whoa there boy!”

“Didn't it feel good?” I asked dreamily. “It feels amazing when he licks me...”

“Oh it felt great...a little too great. I'm a little sensitive there right now...”

“Oh, so if you weren't so sensitive you'd let him lick your cock?” I teased.

“If it feels like that, hell yes,” was David's unashamed response, and we both laughed. I honestly don't remember being this relaxed after sex...ever, not even when I was a kid, or when I was with Petra. I did feel this good after being with Charlie, but that's a different sort of thing – at least it feels different. Charlie is an amazing lover, unselfish and endlessly giving, who can make me sing an aria with either his long, strong, flexible tongue or his hard, red, big-knotted prick, and I do love him with the same unconditional love he gives me, both sexually and platonically. But there is, after all, a limit to what a dog can give you in so many areas, and David filled all those areas perfectly for me. And between my son and my dog...well, I decided then and there that I never, ever needed to be unfulfilled again.

“I'd love to watch him lick your cock,” I whispered into David's ear, a naughty and playful lilt in my voice as I gently pinched his nipple.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Well maybe I'll let him do that this weekend then.”

“Really?”

“Sure, why not?”

Ah, the perfect question. Why not indeed? Why should we deny ourselves anything we wanted now? Why shouldn't we... “Oh honey, Charlie's getting at the rubber.”

“Is that a bad thing?” he asked as he pulled the used condom away from Charlie's questing nose.

“He'd eat it,” I said simply, “and then I'd have to explain to your father how come a used rubber ended up in a pile of dog crap in our back yard.”

David laughed at that, a wholehearted and joyful laugh that caught me up in it and made me laugh too. With a single motion he pulled me on top of him with one strong arm. I straddled him, my legs around his hips (and my feet still locked in my hooker shoes) and my breasts pillowed onto his chest. I looked down at him and we laughed together, and somehow that turned into a kiss that started innocent enough but before long turned very passionate indeed.

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After a moment I felt his hands on my ass in a possessive grab that turned me on so much I can't even tell you; I responded by grinding back into it and rubbing my bare, gaping, fresh-fucked pussy on his cummy cock. It wasn't long before I was grinding on his body and he had two fingers moving in and out of my cunt and another pumping my asshole.

"What's next?" I asked when I came up for air, and even David was surprised at the eagerness in my voice. The fact was I felt like I'd just discovered sex for the first time in my life and I wanted as much of it as I could get.

"What do you want?" he asked me, looking into my eyes with a challenge, almost a dare to tell him I wanted more of what he'd already give me.

"Do you want me to be honest?" I asked, grinning at the way he was working me over down below.

"Of course I do."

"Well...I'm really hungry."

"Oh...you mean hungry for a mouthful of..."

"Well that too," I laughed. "But for food. I'm starving!"

He laughed. "But we just ate!"

"Well you really know how to work up a girl's appetite," I smiled, nibbling daintily at his neck. "And besides, I didn't eat anything all day long."

A slow, devious grin spread over his face, and he pushed his fingers deeper inside me.

"Do we still have those strawberries you bought the other day?"

"Some of them, yes..."

"Well," he whispered conspiratorially, "I would *love* to eat one out of your pussy..."

Five seconds later we were pounding down the stairs, hand in hand like newlyweds in a mad dash for the kitchen. We were laughing together, running naked through the house, with Charlie beside us wagging his tail delightedly and David clenching a half-dozen rubbers. I had the strawberries out of the fridge in a flash and turned just in time for David to grab my by the hips and hoist me bare-assed onto the counter top. I giggled like a schoolgirl and wrapped him in both arms and legs, pulling him close for a kiss. And Lord what a kiss. Our lips moved on each other's firmly, almost hard, and our tongue met and sparred in the middle. My nipples were hard against his chest and if I hadn't still been wet from the last fuck I'd sure as hell have gotten wet now. David was just so damned powerful! It wasn't just his physical strength, though his body was young and hard and trim and very strong; it was his personality, or...more his spirit I guess, something inside him that kept that strength in check until the instant he wanted it to be unleashed and then let it go perfectly and precisely. He had determination and focus and drive, and all of it made him so very *present*, so in the moment with everything he had. Tim was never that way...not with me at least, though who knew what he was like with his little girls; there was always something held back, something reserved. Not with David, and because he was so present, his presence aroused me all by itself.

My ass was right on the edge of the counter when we kissed, and we were wrapped around each other like cellophane, and so it was no surprise that I felt his cock stir against my pussy. I was at exactly the right height to feel it move against my lips, and he was at exactly the right height to simply push it into me, unprotected. For a moment I thought he would, and for the same moment I really did think I would let him. Yes I was ovulating, and yes I knew the consequences of having a thick load of potent young semen flood me when I was ovulating – the consequences was, after all, rubbing his hard cock on my fertile pussy at the moment. But at the moment, I genuinely didn't care. I wanted his cock in me and I wanted his cum in me and I

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didn't want to wait until I could start the goddamned birth control pills. Don't get me wrong, I did NOT want to get pregnant by my son, it was just I wanted to feel his seed in me. It seemed such a damned shame to waste it in a condom when my body was made for it, made to take every drop of my son's precious juice and hold it inside me, to have and feel and cherish.

But fortunately, that wasn't what David had in mind. After all, the strawberries were at hand, and that was what we were here for. David stepped back enough to disentangle himself from me and took the container of fruit. He was grinning wickedly, and I'm pretty sure I was too, as he popped the lid –

“David, you have to wash your hands!” I laughed. He looked at me puzzled, and I made a shooing gesture and said, “You had a finger up my butt for God sake! You can't eat with that!”

He laughed with me. “I guess that settles the question about whether you'll still be my mom, huh?”

“Well I don't have to be your mom to want you to wash your hands. And use soap!”

He did so, grinning as I ran fingers along my wet pussy. Turning, he flicked water at me, making me squeal with glee, and then grabbed a towel. “I suppose you want me to put on clean underwear too.”

“Mmmm, not until your father and sister get back,” I said in the sultriest voice I could manage. “I'm hoping you're naked as a jaybird until then.”

“Dirty girl,” he said, coming back to the fruit container and selected a particularly large and succulent berry. “Now this looks good,” he mused. “What do you think we ought to do with it?”

I bit my lower lip coquettishly and suggested, “Well...I'll bet some strawberry juice would taste really good on my nipples...”

“Ya know, I bet it would. Open up...” He put the berry to my lips and I bit off the end, savoring the flavor and keeping my eyes on his. He moved with slow deliberation, holding it above my right nipple and squeezeing...and a single drop of juice formed on the end I'd bitten. It hung there, glimmering in the fading evening light for a long heartbeat –

And then it dropped and struck my areola just where the nipple budded out hard and erect. My response was involuntary: “OH!”

“Did that hurt?” he grinned as he lowered his head and wrapped his lips around my nipple

“No, it's cold!” I chuckled...but then I moaned, because David knows how to make me moan any damned time he wants. A moment later he repeated the operation on my left nipple, and this time I was prepared so I skipped the sound of surprise and went right to the sound of pleasure. I closed my eyes and tilted my head back as he went from breast to breast, dripping strawberry juice and suckling it off just as quickly. My son was a master, and all I had to do was open my mouth and take the berry when he held it, empty of juice, to my lips. It was still delicious, and I chewed slowly and savored it as he carefully selected another one. I opened my eyes and watched him, so beautiful and bare, and the strangeness of the situation suddenly struck me.

I know what you're saying: “It only struck you *now*?” And of course it was in my mind all the time, at some level. Yes this was the first few hours of my new life, and no I didn't regret for a second what I'd done with my son, and yes I was aware that almost everyone else in the world would think I was a disgusting pervert, and no I didn't give a fuck what they thought; but there was still enough of the old me with her old mores rattling around inside to be conscious of

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the peculiarity of the goings on. The thing was, most of the time up to now (and for the rest of the weekend) I was able to ignore it, block it out, but sometimes it came bubbling to the top and really made me pause and think. Or, as in this case, it made me laugh. "My God, I can't believe we're doing this!"

David chuckled with me and put the next berry to my lips for biting. "Well," he said dryly, "I doubt the PTSA would be pleased to see us now."

"Oh my God, can you imagine the look on Mrs. Peterson's face if she were here!" I laughed – Mrs. Peterson was the ancient and acerbic guidance counselor at the high school, and she had called me into her office more times than I care to remember about one or another of David's activities.

"Might do the old prune good," he mused. "Maybe it would get her juices flowing."

"You know," I teased, "I've heard rumors about you and some of your teachers..."

"Oh have you now?" he grinned.

"I have. Any truth to them?"

"Some. Not as much as you've heard, probably."

"Tell me," I smiled. "I won't be jealous."

He eyed me. "You won't be?"

I paused. "Well...I'll be jealous, but it's all right. I want you to tell me."

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart and hope to suck your cock."

He laughed loudly. "Hey! You're not supposed to hope for something you *want* to happen!"

"I'm an innovator," I laughed with him. "But yes, I promise I won't freak out or anything. I just want to know."

"Well...fine." He actually looked a little nervous, which I found adorable. "Last year I had a little thing with Mrs. Crosby."

I couldn't say I was surprised – Mrs. Crosby was in her early 30s, about 5'3" and maybe 120 lbs – of which maybe ten pounds was a pair of tits that could make a straight girl gay and make a gay boy straight. Added to that was an ass that was meaty and wide and looked fantastic in a tight skirt and a pair of lips that looked like they could suck the Mississippi into a new channel. Her face wasn't really all that pretty, in my humble opinion, but with a body like that nobody ever looked above the neck anyway. "Mmmm, so how far did you go with her?"

He actually blushed. "We fooled around once."

"Once?"

"A few times," he admitted reluctantly. "That's why I got an A in her class..."

"I wondered about that," I grinned. "It's all right, David. I'm not painfully jealous."

"No?"

"No. How can I be? I know how you are. I don't expect I'll be your only woman."

"And do you think I'll be your only man?"

"That's different," I said seriously. "You're the only man I want."

He arched an eyebrow. "Is that a fact?" I nodded. "Well what if I decide I want to see you with another man?"

Now that gave me pause and no mistake. It was a moment before I could speak. "Do you?"

"Maybe," he whispered. "I know I want to see you with another woman."

"That's different," I repeated. "I want that too."

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“You do?”

I nodded. “I’ve thought about it a lot since...well, since I was with a woman for the first time. I liked it, and I want to share it, and her, with you.”

“But a man is different?”

I nodded again. “Yes it is. With a woman it’s just...just fooling around, just sex, just feeling good. But when a man is inside me...I mean, if you...if you want to share me with another man or something, that’s fine, but I don’t want any man but you. I’ll do what you tell me to do – I promise – but you’re my man, David. My one and only. I love you.”

“And I love you.” He kissed me on the lips briefly, then put his forehead against mine. “It doesn’t bother you that there will be other women for me?”

“I...I wouldn’t say it doesn’t bother me. I wish I could be all you wanted. But I know that I can’t be no matter what I do, so I’m not going to get bent out of shape about it. As long as you promise always to come back to me. As long as you promise that I’m the one you love.”

“I promise.” He sounded very serious.

“The only one?” I needed to know this.

“You’re the only one I love, mom. You always will be. No matter what I do with someone else, you’ll be the one I want, and you’ll be the one I love, and you’ll be the one I come home to. I’ll swear to that on anything you want.”

I looked him in the eye. “Swear on what we did in my bed.”

He nodded and said without hesitation, “I swear on the first time we made love that you will be the only woman I ever make love to.”

I nodded and smiled. I believed him. “That’s good enough for me, lover. Now I think you said something about eating a strawberry out of my pussy...”

He nodded, grinning wickedly. “You know, I seem to recall something about that...”

“You’d better,” I said primly. “You got my hopes up. Oh, and one more thing...”

“Yeah?”

“What about women for me?”

He smiled hugely. “Whenever you want. Whoever you want. All I expect it that you give me all the juicy details later on.”

“Now that sounds like a deal,” I laughed. “We both get to fuck other girls!”

I have to say that having strawberries eaten out of my cunt was just as good as I expected – and so was having peach slices eaten from there, and a banana, and a thick piece of kiwi. David’s favorite was the pineapple though – he said it went perfectly with my own flavor, and I think he went through half a can of the stuff. I lost count of the orgasms I had at four, and there were a few after that; David strung them together in a chain, a rippling series of climaxes where my body wouldn’t quite come down from the last one before the next one hit. We discovered too that Charlie liked licking fruit off of me, though butter and peanut butter were his favorites (hey, it became cliché for a reason, pal) – not that he really needed an incentive to lick me, but he did give me a couple of orgasms too, and David watched, stroking his lovely cock as the dog gobbled me. It was...memorable.

We wound up in the living room later on, watching TV in the dark, curled up naked on the sofa in the warm summer night, Charlie dozing at our feet. I felt like a schoolgirl with her first crush, like a cheerleader laid by the star quarterback on prom night, like a bride deflowered by her husband on the night of their wedding. I held my body against David’s with a silly little smile and just enjoyed the smell of him, the feel of him. And given that, I guess it can’t be too surprising that I found myself playing with his cock, stroking it, teasing his balls with my

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fingertips, and it's probably not surprising either that I quickly replaced my hands with my mouth and sucked him until he was gloriously hard.

"I think we're gonna need one of these," he said, handing me a condom.

"Oh, I agree," I giggled as I tore open the foil. "You don't get off this couch without giving your girl a good, hard fucking."

"You're gonna kill me," he groaned theatrically.

"Oh please, a young buck like you!" I slipped the rubber out of the package. "You can probably go three or four more times tonight!"

"Dear lord, what have I done? I've turned you into a sex fiend."

"Yes you have," I agreed. "And right now this sex fiend is going to try something and hope she doesn't make a damned fool of herself." With that I popped the condom into my mouth, rolled it around on my tongue until I had it positioned right, and then put my mouth over David's cock. As my tongue met the tip I put the condom on, and then gently began to roll it down with my lips – VERY careful not to use my teeth, because the last thing I needed was to put a hole in the rubber and wind up peeing on a stick.

"Jesus," David moaned as I took all of him into my mouth and pressed my lips to his pelvis. "Who taught you that?"

"We girls have our secrets," I said primly as I took my mouth off. In fact it was April who had taught me that, practicing on a zucchini when we were 20 or so. Honestly, I never thought I'd have a reason to use it, but I was delighted to be wrong. "So...how do you want me this time, lover?"

"Climb up on my lap, facing me." He slumped, giving me a good angle, and guiding me with his hands as I straddled him.

He held his cock straight up and I settled onto it – and Lord how it did fill me in this position! It's not that it felt bigger, really, I just felt like there was more of it, or less of me, or something. I don't know how to explain it. All I know is that when my butt landed on his thighs I let out a gasp of pure delight. "Oh...my..."

"I think she likes it," David said playfully.

"Oh...oh God...yes. Yes I do." I exhaled long and slow and looked down at him just as he reached up and put his hands on my breasts. I smiled at him, leaned forward to put my hands on the back of the sofa (and get my nipples into his mouth where they belong) and lifted my hips. I slowly let his cock out of me almost all the way, then settled back down on it just as slowly. "This feels...oh God baby...I can't even describe it."

He wrapped his lips around my left nipple and took it between his teeth gently – and now that he could tend to my breasts with his mouth, he moved his hands around and cupped my ass, helping lift me as I went up the next time. I sat down a bit faster – just a bit – and gave a shimmy to my hips as I did, and this time we moaned together. "Mom, I love being inside you," he whispered. "It's gonna suck when dad and Laurel get home..."

"Shhhh." I laid a finger across his lips as he looked up at me. "Don't think about that. Don't think about them. This is our time, and right now they don't exist. It's just us, baby. Just you and me and they can take care of themselves –"

The telephone rang, and with a wife's intuition I knew it was Tim calling to tell me he and Laurel had found a room and were fucking each other's brains out...I mean, that they had settled in for the night. What timing. I looked down at David and we both laughed. I wiggled my hips, squeezed his cock with my Kegels, and asked, "Can I answer it?"

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It didn't even occur to me that it was odd to ask my son permission to answer a telephone call from my husband. It seemed perfectly natural. David was my man now, and I was pleasing him, and if he wanted me to let it roll to the machine I would in spite of the fact that it would raise Tim's eyebrows.

David just smiled. "Yes, I think you should...but know that I'm going to molest you like the dirty little cunt you are when you're talking to him."

I felt my heart skip a beat, and then I was off his lap and diving for the telephone. The thought of my son touching me, doing wonderful things to me, while I was talking with Tim on the phone was so painfully erotic that I thought my stomach was going to break out in a tango inside me. I grabbed up the phone just before it rolled to voicemail. "Hello?"

"Hi hon," came Tim's voice, sounding cheerful and a bit tired. Oh well, poor baby; he had a nice pair of 15 year old tits to use as a pillow, and I was sure Laurel would make sure he was worn out and got a good night's sleep. Yes there was a twinge at the thought and I once more found myself hoping that he wasn't hurting her and whatever happened between them would happen because they both wanted it, not because he was forcing it on her.

"Hi babe," I said, trying to keep my voice sounding normal as David moved up behind me, pressing his wet erection against my back and reaching around to squeeze my nipples. I closed my eyes and leaned back into him. "How was the drive?"

"Oh, we got a flat tire," he laughed. "Just north of Cloquet."

"Oh no!" I said. David was tugging on my right nipple and sending shivers through me while his left had was lazily meandering southward across my belly. "What happened?"

"Well, we must have hit something, I have no idea what. The tire pressure sensor light went on and then less than 10 seconds later the tire went flat."

David put one finger on either side of my clit, gently squeezed the skin around it, and began to rub. I had to bite back a gasp. "Uh oh," I managed. "Did you get off the road safely?"

"Sure, but the hydraulic on the jack didn't work and so I called AAA. The hell of it is they took almost an hour and a half to get a tow truck to us."

"Well that sucks," I said as I filled my hand with David's cock; he was so rampant that I could tell this naughty little game was turning him on as much as it was me. "But you finally made it."

"We made it safe and sound," he assured me. "I think Laurel's playing the TV loud enough in her room that we're going to get a complaint pretty soon though."

Right, because Laurel had her own room, didn't she? Of course she did. She wasn't waiting in the bed for Tim to get done making this pro forma phone call so she could fuck her father like her brother had just fucked me. Well, it didn't really matter now, and to tell you the truth, it honestly did not bother me at that moment. If she wanted Tim she could have him, just so long as she kept him out of my hair.

In the ear that wasn't occupied by telephone, David whispered, "Bend over, bitch. I'm taking your cunt from behind, right here and right now..."

Even if I had thought about resisting, which I honestly didn't, he put a firm hand in my back and pushed me over so that my chest was on the back of Tim's La-Z-Boy. He urged my feet apart to give me a better stance and then slipped a pair of fingers into my juicing sex.

"Honey?"

"Oh, sorry," I said as braced myself and felt David's fingers move in and out of my slick hole. "I'm feeling a little tired, I did a lot of stuff today."

"Oh, well that's good. What did you do?"

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I fucked the blue blazes out of our son, dear. You really should have seen it, he's a much better lover than you and he almost folded me in half! I felt like quite the gymnast for an old gal. "The usual stuff, did some shopping, helped Mrs. Gundersen with her yard work."

"That's great, her yard was looking pretty tatty lately." I heard the water going on – I think he was getting ready to brush his teeth. He had to feel minty fresh when he put his face between Laurel's legs. "I thought her grandson was helping her with that."

I made a mental note to send David over to help with the old woman's yard work tomorrow when I was at my dad's and gave his fingers a squeeze with my pussy. "I guess he couldn't make it lately or something. It's all right, it was a nice day to be outside."

I felt the fingers leave and the head of his cock begin to rub against my vulva from behind. I had a feeling that David wasn't going to make it easy for me to keep my composure on this phone call. It was a dangerous game we were playing, because if Tim found out...

Well, what if Tim found out? What could he do about it? What could he even say? It wasn't as if he hadn't started fooling around with Laurel long before David so much as saw me naked. There was no moral high ground to be had in this situation, there was only four people each chasing what made them happy. So fuck him.

Not that I told him, of course, though I experienced a momentary temptation just to hear the shock in his voice. No, even in my current horny (and therefore highly injudicious, as you've no doubt realized) state, I knew better than that. It was better for everyone if Tim and Laurel didn't know what I knew. I was happy now – David had made me happy – and so I could keep myself together and keep up the lie that we were one big happy family, same as it ever was. The lie didn't bother me now, because I had a truth that was so much better than the lie could ever be.

"So any plans for tomorrow besides helping your dad?" Yes, he was definitely brushing his teeth.

"Mmmm, nope, not really, just – OH!" The last part was the involuntary sound I made when David suddenly thrust into me all the way, burying himself to the balls in my very, very, very ready pussy.

"What? What was that?"

"I, um, thought I heard something outside, but it was nothing."

"Are you sure?" He sounded worried, and I bit my lip to keep from moaning in ecstasy as David drew back and then put his cock right back where it belonged – inside his mama's hungry, wet, needy cunt. "Do you want to call 911?"

"Oh...no," I said, not quite able to stifle a sigh as David pushed in all the way again. I felt his balls against my lips, felt his cock filling me as though it was made for my pussy and no other, felt his hands gripping my hips. I picked up his rhythm in an instant and met his next thrust halfway, so glad I was in a position this time to fuck him back. When our bodies met, it gave my nerves a little jar and sent the sweetest ripples through me.

God, I was so much in love.

Thankfully David was moving slow, because I knew that once he got going I'd be screaming like a cheap back-alley whore. "Charlie and David are...here. Nothing will...happen with them...here..."

"Oh, all right. David's home on a Friday night?"

"Yeah...he was...feeling a little warm..."

"Yeah, warm for your slutty little twat," David whispered roughly. "Move that ass, bitch, or I swear I'll spank you here and now!" I obliged eagerly, wiggling my hips as I pushed back into him and loving that he was talking dirty to me.

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Actually sounding worried, Tim asked, "Are you OK?"

Oh darling. Never better in my whole life. David pulled out and sank himself in with an *oomph* that jarred me on my feet. I tried to be quiet, but really...no chance. I did my best to stifle the purely sexual moan that my son's cock forced out of me, but the best I could do was turn it into a kind of silly-sounding squeak. "I'm fine! Charlie just...just stuck his nose into my armpit! It tickled!"

Tim laughed. "Well let's hope that's the worst that happens."

"Yeah."

There was a pause of a few seconds, a few blissful seconds where I simply closed my eyes and felt David draw back, push in, draw back, push in, slow, luxuriously, in no hurry at all. I said nothing. I simply felt, and I loved that Tim was listening to me get fucked by our son even if he didn't know it. I know that says something bad about me, but I honestly couldn't help it – having Tim on the line was making me so hot I was gushing all over David's shaft, and my nipples were so hard I thought they'd cut right into the leather of the La-Z-Boy.

Finally Tim said, "So whatcha doing?"

"Oh...watching TV." The TV was on so I had the evidence of the sound from it to back up my assertion. "Rerun of CSI: Miami."

"Oh, good episode?"

"Eh, same old...same old..." I marveled at the banality of the conversation given what was happening. "How's Laurel feeling...about her meet?"

The pun on that struck David as funny, because he gave a short bark of laughter and muttered, "More like dad's meat..."

I grinned as Tim said, "I think she's feeling pretty confident, actually. She said she wanted to get to bed early. I hope she actually gets some sleep, you know how she is at sleeping in strange places."

"Yep," I said, thinking that there were few places stranger to sleep than your father's arms after he's fucked the eyes out of your head – that was just as strange as where I would be sleeping tonight. "Well when you see...her in the morning...tell her good luck and...I love her."

"I will." I heard him spit toothpaste into the sink. "I love you babe."

"Love you babe," I replied, my voice rising a bit at the end as David picked up the pace. God, he was making this hard as hell! The way we were moving together was making my whole body tingle and I don't know how I kept from crying out, but I managed it. "Good night."

"Good night babe," he said, then hung up the phone.

The instant I set the phone down, David's hand cracked hard against my ass and I yelped. "You're such a dirty little whore!" he said between gritted teeth, really starting to lay into me with hard, brutal thrusts. "You loved that didn't you?"

"Yes!" I moaned, pushing back into him with everything I had.

"You loved talking to your husband while your son was fucking you from behind like the nasty little bitch you are!"

"Yes!"

"SAY IT!" he snapped, smacking me on the ass again. God, the feeling of him slapping my ass while his cock was slamming me was enough to put me on the edge of an orgasm all by itself.

"YES! I LOVED TALKING WITH MY HUSBAND WHILE MY SON WAS FUCKING ME!" I was screaming now and glad of it because I felt the kind of absolute rapture inside that needed to be expressed.

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“You’re a filthy little cunt, aren’t you?” He smacked my ass again good and hard, which made me moan loudly. “ANSWER ME!”

“YES!” I cried, arching my back and letting another orgasm rise and take me. It swelled suddenly like a blossom of fire inside me and lifted me up onto my tippy-toes as David rocked me. “I’m your whore, David! I want to be your slut, your fucking cocksucking little bitch! I want it so bad!”

And suddenly he grabbed a fistful of my hair and yanked. It didn’t hurt at all – it just pulled my body nearly upright against his and made me feel like a cheap ten-dollar hooker, and I LOVED it. “You are my bitch!” he whispered fiercely into my ear, hammering me hard and making my orgasm rise another notch. I was moaning so loud I could barely hear the lovely profanity he whispered into my ear. “You’re my cunt, my slut, my fucking cum-slut! You’re a bitch for your dog and a slut for your son because you’re a cock-loving whore!”

“YES!”

“SAY IT!”

“I’m a whore! I’m a fucking bitch in heat! I need cock! I need your cock! I need dog cock! I need my son to fuck me baby I need you to fuck me fuck me FUCK ME!!!”

My climax hit a high, hard, bright peak and I was just howling, knowing David was still talking to me but not being able to process it. I may even have been talking back, but I couldn’t even guess what I said. The next thing I really knew I was barely keeping my feet, my chest resting heavily on the chair, panting like a dog and still getting pummeled from behind. David was gasping and sucking short breaths; I knew he was going to come and I just stood there and took his cock and loved his coming climax –

“On your knees, bitch!” he growled suddenly. “I’m putting my cum on your fucking face. NOW!”

I obeyed. I’d never had a man cum on my face before and I wasn’t sure I wanted to now, but it didn’t even occur to me to do anything but do as my son told me as fast as I could. Later on I would think about it, of course, and wonder what it meant, but at that moment I wanted nothing other than to do what my son told me, whatever he told me. As I knelt in front of him he ripped the wet rubber off and pulled my mouth to him – again, all I could think to do was what he wanted, and I put my mouth around him and started to give him the very best blowjob I knew how. I knew the signs by now that told me he was simply struggling to hold on, to let the sensations build to as high a place as he could get them before letting go, and so I pulled every trick I knew (which honestly wasn’t that many – I just didn’t have a lot of experience sucking cock yet) to make it wonderful for him. I took his cock all the way down my throat, letting his pubic hair tickle my nose while I sucked and licked, and I caressed his balls lovingly with my fingers.

I don’t know quite what struck me. It wasn’t anything David had ever said to me, or anything he’d ever implied even, but I had the sudden inspiration to slip one hand under him and stroke his perineum gently...and then go a little further. My fingertip found his asshole, a tight little clenched ring of muscle, and I began to play with it. I rubbed, I stroked, I flicked every so lightly with my fingernail –

It was that last that made him groan mightily. I felt his balls pull up tight and I knew he was going to explode so I tried to take my mouth off of him; I guess I wasn’t quick enough for his liking though because he yanked me by the hair again, pulled his cock out of my mouth with a wet popping sound, and began to spray his lovely juice onto my face.

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I closed my eyes – and good thing too, because the first stream of it plastered itself across my cheek, stuck to my left eyelid, and went up into my hair. I wasn't sure what to do so I kept stroking his cock with my hand and let him come, and he put line after white, sticky line on my upturned face. It felt warm and sticky, but what struck me most was the smell – I'd always known semen had a smell, but now that I had so much of it so close to my nose I was suffused in the aroma, the warm, generous, rich aroma of distilled masculinity like I'd never experienced before. The scent struck me as almost like freshly turned sod in springtime – a heady smell redolent of fertility and growth and new possibilities. It wasn't a bad smell at all...in fact, by the time I'd milked the last drops of his cum out of his balls and onto my face, I decided I rather liked it.

“Mmmmm...damn mom, that was incredible...”

I opened the eye that wasn't stuck closed with jism and smiled up at him beatifically. “Thank you baby.”

He reached down and pulled a sum-spattered strand of sweat-dampened hair away from my face. “Did you like it?”

“God baby...talking to your father while you fucked me...I can't even describe it. I came so good, lover. So good...”

He looked incredibly pleased at that. “And when I talked dirty to you...”

“Oh my God, I love that!” I laughed. “Call me every dirty thing you can think of and I'll eat right out of your hand, I promise you!”

“Damn, you are some kind of hot cunt, you know that?”

“I'm glad you think so,” I said, very flattered. I paused, then asked, “Am I good? I mean...am I?”

He looked at me like I was nuts. “Holy crap mom, you're an amazing lay. Um...that came out cruder than I meant it. Yes, hell yes you're good.”

I blushed and dropped my one open eye to the floor. “I know I don't have as much experience as a lot of girls you're used to...”

“Well we'll get you all the experience you can handle and more,” he laughed, reaching down and taking my hand to help me to my feet. “I love you and you love me. You're the woman I've always wanted. Of course you're wonderful, mom. How could you be anything else?”

My blush deepened. “Thank you, baby. Thank you so much.”

He smiled squeezed my hand. “You're a mess, and I doubt I'm much better. Come on, let's get you cleaned up before bed.”

“My shower is big enough for two...”

“I was counting on that,” he laughed. “Let me grab...um...where's the...dammit, I think Charlie ate the rubber.”

I laughed. “It's OK, your dad doesn't make a habit of studying Charlie's droppings anyway. I'm going to go get the shower ready, will you let Charlie out and then turn everything off down here? And make sure the doors are locked?”

He did, and I did, and he finally unlocked my shoes. It was an incredibly erotic moment as I sat down and held up my feet, first right and then left, and he turned the key that permitted me to take them off. It really, truly felt at that moment that I was his, completely and utterly and with no reservation whatsoever, and I loved it. We had a fantastic shower together. It was long and luxurious, slow and sexy and cuddly, with a huge amount of kissing and caressing and simply touching. He got hard again partway through but I was a little too tender down there for

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another go-around so I dropped to my knees and sucked him again. It felt amazing to be there, with my son, the steaming water cascading down over us, splashing on my face as I took him to the root, sucked his balls...licked his ass. Well, what the hell, I made sure it was clean first and he'd done it to me, so sauce for the goose and all that. It wasn't bad at all, I decided, and David certainly loved it. This time when he came, he came in my mouth – again it was his choice rather than mine, and I did as he told me without a second thought.

We spent a lot of time drying each other. He brought his toothbrush into my bathroom so we could pretend for a couple of days that we were going to be this loose and free and open forever. After that we curled up naked in bed, him spooning behind me with a possessive hand on my tummy and me pressed against him to feel his body. We talked deep into the night about nothing in particular, but it was an incredibly profound thing for me anyway; how could it not be, curled up with the first real human lover I'd ever had in my whole life?

That night I slept dreamlessly and didn't wake once for the first time in almost a month. I was home.

June 1

I awoke slowly, unhurriedly, but with the strange sensation that something was wrong. I opened my eyes a crack and saw that the light coming in through the window was gray and promising rain, but that wasn't it. It took me a bit to put it together: I was alone in bed.

A stab of worry flashed through me. It was foolish, I know – David LIVED here, he wasn't exactly going to be able to fuck and run like I was a one night stand. But still, the worry was there as I opened my eyes and sat up –

And then I smelled bacon frying, and I smiled.

A couple of minutes later he and Charlie came in with a tray laden with sinful delights: a plate of thick-cut bacon cooked just to the edge of crispiness, several eggs fried over medium the way we both liked them, hash browned potatoes, toast, strawberries (a little nod to last night which did not go unnoticed or unappreciated), hot coffee, ice cold milk and orange juice.

“Wow! This is fantastic!” I enthused as he set the tray down over my lap with a smile. “I think I could get used to you cooking...”

“Yeah, well don't,” he laughed as he climbed – still naked as the day I gave birth to him – into bed next to me and Charlie took his position at our feet, watching with great attentiveness should something be thrown his way. “I pretty much burned my culinary candle doing this. Anything more and I'd have had to wake you up for advice.”

As it turns out it was delicious. Well...the eggs were a little overcooked, admittedly, but it was delicious because my son cooked it for me and we ate it together, laughing, feeding each other, fooling around, him occasionally leaning over to suck a nipple and me doing the same to him, and just generally having a wonderful, relaxed and fun time. Charlie got some benefit from it too, as he eagerly snapped up the various bits of bacon or egg we gave him; I even let him lick my face, which turned into a spit-swapping tongue kiss that David found very arousing.

I was still a bit tender from the strenuous activities of the night before, but I'd have LOVED a slow morning fuck anyway. Unfortunately neither David nor I are by nature early risers, and so by the time breakfast was finished I had to hop in the shower and get ready to see my dad that day. David busied himself cleaning up the breakfast dishes and playing with Charlie; he was rolling around naked on the floor of the den with the dog when I came in, dressed to head out. I watched them romp and play for a while, my two lovers who had worked

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together to create a brand new me, and I wished for nothing more than to join them. But, new me or not, I was still my father's daughter and I had to go over and help him with his computer problems. Finally I asked, "Hey stud, think you can shake free this morning to go over and mow Mrs. Gunderson's lawn before it rains? I don't want your father to get home and ask why her grass is still long."

"Sure, I will, I – oof!" The last bit was because Charlie threw a playful shoulder into his stomach and sent him sprawling, which made us both laugh and made Charlie wag his tail delightedly (incidentally knocking a box of Kleenex off the coffee table and sending it flying halfway across the room). He grabbed the dog in a headlock and began squirming with him again, but not before he managed to ask, "Think you'll be horny by the time you get back?"

"Baby, I'm horny now. By the time I get back I'll be ready to eat you alive."

"Good," he said, pinning the dog on his back and rubbing his tummy vigorously, which made Charlie's leg kick with glee. "Because when you get back Charlie is going to fuck you like the bitch in heat you are while you suck my cock. I'm going to cum down your whore throat and then fuck your dog-loving cunt nice and hard. What do you say to that, slut?"

My knees wobbled and my pussy spasmed from the imaged and his vulgar, degrading talk. "I say I'll hurry back."

To be continued...