

A close-up photograph of a young man and woman in a warm embrace. The man, on the left, has short brown hair and is looking towards the woman with a gentle smile. The woman, on the right, has long, wavy blonde hair and is laughing joyfully, her head tilted back slightly. She is wearing a grey tank top. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting with warm lighting. The overall mood is intimate and romantic.

Life goes on

By Caliboy1991

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Part 1

I held my mom's hand as another one of my dad's co-workers said, "We're so sorry for your loss. Jerry was a great guy. A real one-of-a-kind. He'll be missed."

If there was anything good about the funeral, it was the weather. It was early March, and the temperature was in the lower sixties (18 C). Of course, the weather was also to blame for the funeral. There had been a freakish winter storm a week before, and my dad had been killed in an accident when his car had hit a patch of ice, sending him careening into a tree.

Mom had been on auto-pilot the past week, just going through the motions. She was still in shock. I couldn't blame her. Jerry had been almost as good a step-dad as he had been a husband. He treated my mom like a queen. In fact, my earliest memories were a couple of years after he had married my mom. I was five, and it had been Valentines' Day. Jerry started sending flowers over to the house in the morning. And every couple of hours, he would send over a bigger flower arrangement, until just before he was supposed to get home, he showed up with several dozen red roses for Mom.

Mom married him when she was eighteen and he was twenty-four. I was already three years old when they married, although I don't recall the wedding. Just the fact that he treated me just like he would his own kids, if he and my mom had been able to have any. Because of Jerry, I never missed or was curious about my real dad.

The minister from the funeral home put a hand on Mom's arm, "Becky, let's get you and Todd over to our limo. We'll get you folks home so you'll be ready for the reception."

I put my arm around Mom's shoulders and helped her toward the black limousine. The minister held her other hand and once we got her into the back seat, the minister closed the door and patted me on the shoulder, "Your mom is blessed to have a fine son like you, Todd. Things are going to

be rough for a bit for her, just be patient with her and eventually the days will get a little brighter with time.”

I felt myself flush at the compliment and mumbled a thanks. At twelve, I wasn't used to talking to adults who weren't my basketball coach or my teachers, or my parents. Perhaps the minister thought I was older. I was one of the taller boys on my seventh-grade basketball team, just short of five-six (165 cm). I felt like I towered over my mom's five-foot frame (152 cm), although I could just barely see over the top of her head. Of course, since the beginning of the sixth grade, I've grown eleven inches (28 cm).

I went around to the other side and climbed into the back of the limo and settled in next to Mom. We didn't say anything. What was there to say? Jerry was dead and our lives would never be the same. Even though the reception was at our house, my dad's co-workers put it together it. There were bottles of booze in the kitchen and lots of food. And after getting mom settled onto the couch, I grabbed her a plate of food and a short glass of some whiskey. It's funny, nobody said anything about me pouring a shot of alcohol. And when I sat down beside my mom, I glanced over to the folks in the kitchen and none of them even gave me a second look.

I held the plate on my lap and put food into Mom's hand every once in a while. She was mechanical, raising her hand to her mouth periodically, taking a bite, or lifting the liquor to her lips and taking an occasional sip. After an hour of this, Janet, my mom's sister, came over and sat beside her and I took the opportunity to get up and stretch my legs and get something to eat for myself. I hung out in the kitchen, snagging a few sandwiches as I people watched.

There were a few women in the kitchen, all secretaries at where my dad had worked. They were quietly talking. The one time I listened in on them, I heard one of them say tampon, and pretty quickly tuned them out. After eating, I glanced over at the women and then back into our living room. Everyone was whispering. I grabbed one of the glasses by the bottles of liquor and poured myself the same stuff I had poured for mom earlier and headed toward my room.

The door was closed behind me before I took a sip of the fiery liquid. Once, at the beginning of the year, Demarcus, the star of our basketball team, had brought a flask of whiskey to school and all the boys on the team had taken a sip. This stuff was just as potent as it burned my throat going down. But it was also smoother, and it didn't burn quite as much. I took a few more sips until I had drained the glass. The warmth in my stomach spread until I felt it even on my cheeks. It made the terrible ache in my heart hurt a little less than before.

But after a bit, it also made me have to pee. Our house was two stories. The lower level had all the rooms except for the bedrooms. My bathroom was down on the first floor, while the master bath was between my bedroom and my parents. I had no interest in going back down and mingling with people as long as Mom's sister was with her. So, I went into her bathroom and locked the door before remembering to raise the lid on the toilet. The last thing I wanted to do was piss off my mom with a wet seat.

I left the black dress belt fastened and unzipped the slacks and pulled my underwear down enough to pull my penis out. Every boy grows at their own pace and in their own way. As I stood there, holding my two inches and waiting for my plumbing to turn on, I wondered why my body was so out of whack. I was the tallest white boy on our basketball team. Yet, in the showers, it was bad enough to be the only boy without hair number one downstairs, but I was also the smallest. When soft, I was about two inches. God, I hated showers after basketball practice.

When I came out of the bathroom, I saw my Aunt Janet's head peaking over the lip of the stairs. "Oh, there you are, Todd. Most everyone's leaving. I've got to get home too. Give your mom a bit of time and she'll be fine. She's a real trooper."

I came back downstairs. She was right. Most of Dad's coworkers had gone. But they had been kind enough to leave a half-dozen bottles of half-empty booze; most of it top shelf quality. Mom was just where I had left her, sitting on the couch, while my aunt and her husband made an effort to give her hugs before leaving.

Mom had never been a heavy drinker before. Neither had Jerry. They might drink a bottle of wine every month or so. And a bottle of whiskey might stay in the cabinet for a year or two. Still, I grabbed the alcohol and stashed it on the top shelf of our cabinet, out of Mom's reach. I felt numb. I had just lost the man I called Dad, and I had kept the grief away by compartmentalizing things. Mom was barely functioning at all, and I've seen enough things on TV and online that I worried she might crawl into a bottle to deal with the deep and intense pain she felt.

The minister from the funeral home was the last person to leave. From the front door, he pointed toward the kitchen, "I left you and your mom a couple of plates of food. There's plastic wrap over the tops. Just put them in the microwave when you get hungry. There are a couple of casseroles in the fridge too."

I mumbled my thanks.

He squeezed my shoulder, "It's tough, kid. And the numbness will wear off in a few days, and y'all will hurt like nothing else. But there's a light at the end of the tunnel. That's when it gets easier."

He ran his hand through graying hair and gave a loud, unhappy sigh. Then he reached into his jacket and pulled out a small flask. He unscrewed it and took a sip. His eyes winced as he swallowed, "I know. Ministers aren't supposed to do this. But all I do is bury people, and sometimes it really sucks. The only thing worse than burying young men like your daddy, is when I have to bury children. You're young and you'll bounce back first. It'll be hard, but you need to be there for your momma. I've seen a lot of widows, kid, and she's deeper into her despair than most."

I nodded. I didn't know what to say. I took his hand when he offered it and then closed and locked the door behind him. Mom hadn't moved. I came over and resumed sitting beside her. I slid my arm around her. I didn't know what to say, so I just sat and held her until she finally stirred as the light outside slowly faded and the room darkened.

Her voice was quiet, just a whisper, "What am I going to do without you, Jerry?"

“I’m here, Mom. You’re not alone.”

She rested her head on my shoulder. A moment later I felt wetness on my oxford dress shirt. She was silently crying. With my arm around her shoulders, I pulled her against me. By the time her silent tears finally stopped, the room was nearly dark.

“Is there anything to eat?” she murmured?

“Yeah. Let’s go into the kitchen and eat. I can warm it up for you,” I said as I let go of Mom and stood, offering her my hand.

Her sigh was heavy, even painful. But she took my hand and climbed to her feet. She shuffled her feet over to the bar that separated the kitchen proper from the dining room. Whenever it had just been me or her, or me and Jerry, we would eat dinner at the bar. But when it had been all three of us, we sat in the dining room, around the table.

She climbed onto the bar stool and I warmed up the two plates and joined her. We ate in silence. I didn’t know where her head was, but figured she was still in shock. All I could do was be there for her. Afterward, I took her by the hand and led her to the stairs. I had to help her up each step and once I got her to her bedroom, she grabbed my arm, her fingernails digging into it, “Don’t go, Todd. I can’t do this.”

I wasn’t sure what ‘this’ was, but I guided her to her bed and she sat down on it. She was frail and lost. In all my twelve and a half years, I had never known her to be anything but petite. And even now, as a twenty-seven-year-old widow, I doubt she breaks the scale at one-oh-five (48 kg). And now, as she teared up again, you’d be forgiven for thinking she was half her age.

I knelt down beside her and slid the black low-rise heels from her dainty feet. Then I helped her lie down on what had always been her side of the bed. Before I could move, her fingers reached out, gripping my wrist, “Stay in here. I can’t stand the thought of being alone.”

I nodded, “Okay.”

I slipped my dress shoes off and climbed into the bed on Jerry’s side. Mom rolled onto her side, facing away from me. I could hear the sobs again, and

it broke my heart to see her in such a state. I slid over next to her and rolled over, resting my chest against her back and sliding my arm around her. I whispered, "I'm here for you."

Ever since the cops showed up and told us about Jerry's death, I have been bundling thing up inside me, compartmentalizing my emotions. But lying on my side, listening to Mom mourn, I let the grief wash over me too. I fell asleep crying my eyes out, holding the woman who had given birth to me as she wept herself to sleep.

It was pitch dark when I woke up. My eyes were itchy and my throat was dry. I heard deep, slow breathing coming from Mom. She hadn't moved an inch since I had cuddled with her, my big spoon to her small one. Although with only a five-inch (13cm) difference in height, I'm not much of a big spoon. My arm was still draped over her arms and her body was molded against mine.

And I realized then I had two problems. The first, I had to pee. The second, I was as hard as I could be in my dress pants. Worse, Mom's backside pressed against my crotch, and I felt incredibly uncomfortable when I realized against what my pent-up erection was pressed.

I shifted my hips, moving back, and then when I was a few inches away, I drew back my arm and crawled to the end of the bed while Mom slept through it all. Barefoot, I slipped out and went into the bathroom. I closed the door and unzipped my dress pants and fished out my penis. Some guys are showers. Whether soft or hard, there's not much difference between the length of their penis. Others, like me, are growers. My little two inches was now a full four inches. Thankfully, I have never been erect in the showers after basketball practice. But I was under no illusion. Even my four inches was below average for the guys I showered with after practice.

It took a bit before I could pee, but once done, I felt better and my little nail had returned to its noodle size. It was almost four in the morning and as much as I love my mom, I wanted to get some better sleep, so I went into my bedroom and undressed and climbed into my bed. My head hit the pillow, and I was out.

Part 2

When I woke up later that morning, the sun was trying to peek through the curtains on my window. I glanced at the clock on my nightstand. It was after nine. The house was quiet. I got out of bed and went over to my door and looked out. The door to Mom's bedroom was open and I could see her still on her side.

Worried, I went back into her room, "Mom? You awake?"

I had to repeat myself a few times before I heard, "Hmm? Jerry, is that..."

Her voice cracked as she rolled onto her back. Although she wasn't crying, the grief in her eyes cut me deeply. "Todd."

There was nothing else for several dozen heartbeats. Finally I said, "You want some breakfast? I can pour you some cereal."

Her lips twisted, almost as though trying to turn the deep-set frown into something else. "Thanks, sweetie. You might want to put some clothes on first."

I looked down and blushed. When I had gone to sleep in my own bed, I had stripped down to my gray and white boxer-briefs. I turned and hurried from the room, embarrassed. It had to have been at least two or three years since Mom had seen me in as little.

Clothed in shorts and a t-shirt, I returned with a couple of bowls of cereal. Mom had taken off the women's suit jacket as well as the black pantyhose. She reclined against her pillow in the white, long-sleeved blouse and black skirt. Her face was puffy from all the crying.

While we ate, she said, "I guess we should clean up from yesterday. I'm sure the guests made a mess of everything."

I had just come from there. I'd seen worse after some of Mom and Dad's family get-to-gathers. But getting her up to do something, anything, was better than leaving her to mope all day long.

We cleaned the entire downstairs, vacuuming and mopping as needed. Lunch and dinner were from one of the casseroles. It was about six that

evening when the doorbell chimed. I hurried to open it. I didn't recognize the Hispanic woman standing there, but in slow Texas drawl, she said, "My husband, Juan worked with your daddy. I'm bringing over a platter of tamales for dinner."

After taking the disposable dish from her, I closed the door as she walked away, wondering how many more meals Dad's coworkers would bring.

Things were better tonight than last. At least at first. After dinner, Mom retreated to the bathroom. I heard the shower running for a bit, while I played on my PS5 in my room. I was just about to go knock on the bathroom door to see if she was alright, when the shower turned off and I heard her moving about. She spent the rest of the evening in her room until bedtime.

I kept my door open that night when I went to bed. And it was close to midnight when I heard hard-wracking sobs from Mom's room. Worried, I pulled on my shorts and hurried into her room. Even though it was pitch black, I knew where she was and I climbed onto the bed, saying, "Mom, Mom, it's okay. I'm here."

Mom threw herself into my arms, pushing her face against my neck. I could feel the flannel nightgown that Jerry had bought her this past Christmas, rubbing against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her, confused about what to say or do, so I did nothing but hold her.

As I held her, I realized something soft pushed through the fabric of Mom's gown. I knew immediately what it was. After all, I'm a twelve-year-old boy and I've been very curious about some girls in my junior high for the better part of a year. I'd be lying if I told you I had never looked at Mom's breasts through her clothes. After all, she was the one girl I saw every evening. But I had never considered touching them. Heaven forbid!

And I didn't, not even now, as I felt her small mounds, now unrestrained by a bra, pressed against my chest. So, I ended up thinking about Mrs. Abernathy, my math teacher. She seemed like a hundred years old, and she was as mean as the day was long. If I hadn't done that, I would have died of mortification if I had gotten a boner while Mom was hugging the front of my body.

Mom eventually let go of my neck and she lie back down, “Thanks, sweetie. I hate that I’m a fucking spigot, and can’t seem to turn off my eyes.”

Before then, the only time I heard my mom cuss had been when we were stuck in traffic and someone had cut her off. I said, “I don’t mind, Mom. I’ll stay in here.”

She rolled onto her side and I fell into place beside her, also on my side. This time, I pulled the covers up. Last night, falling asleep in my dress clothes, I hadn’t gotten terribly cold. But I was only wearing a pair of basketball shorts tonight. Mom took my hand in hers when I put it across her arm, and before long she was asleep.

I dozed off, but when I awoke. Just like before, Mom’s butt was pushed against my crotch. And just like last night, I was hard as a rock, my penis sliding against her backside. I felt dirty, knowing my man-parts had pushed against Mom’s woman-parts. And even though I knew it wasn’t anyone’s fault, I figured Mom would be even more embarrassed, and that was the last thing I wanted. I pulled my ass back, putting some space between my groin and Mom’s butt.

The next morning, I awoke to the sound of my alarm in my room. It took me a moment to figure out why. But then it dawned on me. Today was supposed to be my first day back at school. I slipped away from Mom, thankful she was still asleep, because at some point my groin and her backside had moved back together during the night.

When I got into the shower, I couldn’t ignore my erection any longer and as hot water sluiced down my body, I wrapped my fingers around my erection, stroking it and feeling the magical tingling that always came with touching myself. Still, I hadn’t jacked off since before Jerry’s death. Maybe I lasted a minute. But I doubt it. My vision dimmed as I felt my climax pulsating in my fist. A little blast of clear cum shot into the air, splattering on the shower stall floor. A couple of more clear drops flew out in subsequent spasms. This felt so much better now that I could actually cum. The first year after I learned about jacking off, it had been a lot of fun playing with myself, but since my penis began shooting a few clear drops of

my boy-juice around Christmas, I was pretty sure, this was the best feeling ever.

Feeling more in control of myself now that my hormones weren't messing me up as much, I finished getting dressed and then came back into Mom's room. I knelt beside her, "Um, Mom, I gotta go back to school today. You going to be okay?"

I wondered if she heard me. Then she nodded. In a dead voice, she said, "Yeah."

I hated leaving her home alone, but I didn't have a choice.

I jumped to my feet, pumping my scrawny arms into the air as DeQuan sank the ball from the three-point line. It was about all I could do from the bench. Coach Brown was required to put me in each game, according to the UIL rules. But as one of three white boys on a team with seven black boys, with a black coach, I didn't get to play more than that.

Part 3

Tonight, I really wished the coach would put me in. This was the first game since my dad's funeral a couple of weeks ago in which I got to play, and also the first night Mom had gotten out, even though she sat in the bleachers, almost with a shield of solitude around her. The past two weeks had been hard. Sometimes, I found Mom still in bed when I came home. Other times, I found her in the living room, bawling her eyes out. And I've only been able to sleep in my own bed about half the time. I hoped seeing me play in the basketball game would cheer Mom up. But I got my five minutes at the start of the game and knew I would ride the bench the rest of the evening.

With only a few minutes left in the game, we were behind by several baskets. Some of the guys were perving the girls in the stands. The boy sitting beside me, Andre, dug his elbow into my ribs, "Dude, is that your mom up on the fifth row?"

I glanced behind me. Mom was still there. She was bored, only coming because I had begged her for a week. "Yeah. That's her."

"Damn, you're freaking lucky. Your mom's hot. I'd tap that!"

My vision narrowed, and I pushed him, making him fall over backwards, "Take that back, Andre. That's my mom you're talking about."

Andre jumped up, pissed off and glaring at me, "Fuck you, Todd. I'm just saying—"

There was a whistle from one of the refs, and Coach Brown was in between us, "What the hell?"

I felt myself sinking into my own dark spot. I just knew Coach would take Andre's side when the other boy said, "I was just talking and Todd hauled off and hit me."

Still, I would not go down without defending my mom, "You were trash talking my mom."

The ref said, "Clear these kids, Coach, or there'll be a foul on your team for unsportsmanlike conduct."

Coach Brown glanced up at the board where the score was visible for all to see, Home: 52 Visitors:60. He pointed to Andre, "Get your butt into the locker room. I don't want to hear you sassing about anyone's momma."

Then, he took me by the arm, "Come on, Todd. Why don't you go get your mom and head on home? Maybe next week we'll win."

His voice was soft and apologetic. Even so, it didn't seem fair for both of us to be ejected. Not when Andre had said he'd tap that. I felt some shame when I went up into the stands and said, "You ready to go?"

She nodded and grabbed her purse. We were gone before the final buzzer sounded. We hadn't gone far when Mom said, "What did you get kicked out for?"

I shook my head, "It was nothing. Andre was just talking smack."

Mom sighed. I could nearly hear her emotions. "I'm your mom, Todd. You're supposed to tell me these things."

I didn't want to open up another stream of tears and I could tell she was close. I said, "He was talking about you, stuff he wanted to do. You know how guys are. I hit him."

There was an awkward silence until she said, "Your teammates think I'm hot?"

The heat in my face was nearly overwhelming. I nodded, "Yeah."

There was a brittle laugh, "I guess I should feel flattered a bunch of twelve- and thirteen-year-olds still think I'm sexy. I just don't feel like I am. I..."

Her voice choked for a moment and I could see tears pooling in her eyes. She continued, "I'm not taking care of myself and I'm letting myself go. It's just so hard to put out the effort."

I reached across the console and put my hand on her arm, "Don't say that. You're really pretty."

She wiped away the tears in one eye, "You really think so? I don't feel it."

My thoughts went back to those half-dozen times over the past couple of weeks when I had cuddled with her. Even though my erections were

immensely embarrassing those times I woke up with Mom's backside molded against my groin, I knew the reason they happened was because I found Mom to be very sexy.

By now, she had pulled the car into our garage. I unbuckled myself and leaned over and gave her a quick peck on her cheek, "Yeah. I do."

I hadn't managed to keep her tears away. By the time she was climbing the stairs, Mom was crying again. I hated to see her crying like this, especially when I wasn't certain why the tears flowed. I slid my hand into hers and walked with her up the stairs. I could've let go when I got to my room. But even though I didn't understand why the tears were freely flowing, I knew she needed me.

When we got into her room, instead of letting go of my hand and going over to the bed. Mom turned and wrapped her arms around my neck and gave me a fierce hug. Her wet face nuzzled against my neck and her body was nearly rigid until I wrapped my arms around her back. Then she melted against me as she continued crying.

I couldn't ignore her small breasts pressing against my basketball jersey. Now, though, I could feel her bra through the fabric of both our shirts. Andre's words came back to me as I held Mom. She was sexy. When I felt my penis stir in my shorts, I shifted my hips as Mom continued hugging me, putting some space between our midsections.

When she eventually let go the hug, Mom's arms were still around my neck. She looked up and gave me a tear-filled bittersweet smile. Then she leaned up and brushed her lips across mine. It was just a brief moment, and it was over. But she had never done that to me before, and it stunned me speechless.

She went over to the bed and when she sat down, through more tears, she said, "I'm sorry, Todd. I shouldn't have done that."

My lips tingled, and I wanted to make her feel better about herself. I said, "I didn't mind, Mom."

She patted the place where Jerry used to sleep and I crawled onto the bed. Through her tears, Mom said, "I know it's not fair to you, but thank you for

staying with me. I just feel so lost and when you hold me, I feel like I can actually make it another day.”

Still wearing the clothes she wore to my game, Mom rolled onto her side. I kicked off my shoes and socks and lied down beside her, still in my basketball uniform. Mom lifted her hand, and I draped my arm across her stomach while we both drew close to each other.

It’s not that waking up with a boner is a big deal, after all, I’m twelve and I get them all the time. But when my mom’s backside pressed against my groin and my penis touched her, even through all the clothes, it made me feel weird. But when I woke up very early the next morning, my hand was on her stomach and her T-shirt had ridden up during the night. Her skin was silky smooth, and that only made my boner strain more against my shorts. I felt a wave of guilt wash over me. I slipped away from her and headed to her bathroom, where it took forever for me to piss through my erection.

Once done, I glanced back at the closed door and wrapped my fingers around my erection. I spat on it, to lube it up a bit and was soon sliding my fist up and down my morning wood. I had woken up hornier than I could ever remember and it didn’t take long for those tingles to give way to fireworks exploding in my head and in my groin as my penis spasmed in my hand and I blasted out a few drops of my clear, watery cum.

I went back into Mom’s bedroom after cleaning up. Even though it was a Saturday morning, it was only a few minutes after five and if there was more sleep to be had, I wanted to find it. I hoped my penis would give me some relief now that I had relieved the pressure. The biggest reason rolling back into place next to Mom felt weird was because I couldn’t control my erections and feeling her butt through her clothes felt wrong. Like I was taking advantage of her. Still, once I snuggled against her and put my arm around her, I closed my eyes and fell asleep again.

When I woke up, light from the windows streamed through cracks in the curtain. The first thing I realized was my hand wasn’t stretched across Mom’s torso. The second was Mom had rolled over, facing me. Her eyes were open, and she said, “Good morning, sweetie.”

Her voice almost sounded normal, and not the strained, lost voice of a woman adrift in her pain. I felt a smile play at my lips, “Morning back at you.”

She said, “You looked so peaceful, lying there asleep. I didn’t want to disturb my beautiful angel.”

My cheeks felt aglow with heat at those words. “Guys aren’t supposed to be beautiful. I think it’s against the rules.”

Her lips curled at the edges, almost giving me a smile, “There’s an exception for moms, Todd. Moms are always allowed to think their sons are beautiful, even when they’re getting older, like you. I can’t believe you’ll be a teenager in a couple of months. I can close my eyes and remember just like it was yesterday bringing you home from the hospital.”

The heat in my cheeks was now in my ears and neck, “Jeez, Mom. I’m glad one of us remembers.”

That ghost of a smile disappeared. She reached out and ran a hand across my cheek, “So smooth. So unlike Jerry.”

The tears filled her eyes, “Oh, shit! I can’t stop.”

Instinctively, my arms snaked around her back, and I pulled her into a hug. As she sobbed, her arms went around me and she hugged me back. Even though I missed Jerry more than I could comprehend, Mom’s grief was on a magnitude different from mine and all I could do was be there for her. And it wasn’t easy with her breasts pushed against my chest. Growing up, I had never given them much thought, even if I had become more aware of them over the past year. But now, holding her, I realized how petite and childlike she was. Most of the girls in the seventh grade were taller than her five feet (152 cm). And a lot of them were bigger in the chest, too. Feeling her through her bra, her breasts might have been the size of a baseball, maybe. It was hard to tell through her bra’s padding.

Speaking of hard, even though I had just rubbed one out, I was trying to keep myself from getting hard. Mom’s body pressed against mine in this hug of ours, and the signals my body was receiving made it a challenge to

stay soft. I started thinking about basketball practice and making shots from the three-point line, anything to avoid thinking about my body.

The sobs lessened and Mom whispered, "Thank you so much, Todd. You're my savior."

Then, she pulled her head from my shoulders, and our noses were nearly touching as she added, "I love you, baby." Then she stunned me by kissing me. This wasn't like the quick peck from a couple of weeks ago. Her lips touched mine, and she kissed me full on. My heart thundered in my chest and when she didn't pull back after the third heartbeat, I responded by returning the kiss.

I had only kissed a girl once before. And that had been at my friend Bobby's birthday back in the sixth grade. We played spin the bottle, and I had to kiss Alison Moony. This kiss felt nothing like that one. All thoughts of shooting hoops scattered on the wind of my imagination. All I could think about was Mom's lips on mine and her breasts pressed against my chest. My body responded, and I felt my erection poking against my shorts.

When the kiss ended, Mom's tear-stained face seemed to search mine, as though seeking something. When she finally spoke, she said, "I-, I shouldn't have done that, Todd. I'm sorry. I just needed it so bad."

Confusion wracked me. On one hand, my mom was the sexiest woman I knew. She was far better looking than most of the moms of the other kids in my grade. But on the other hand, she was my freaking mom. There were kisses a boy could share with his mom and kisses he shouldn't. And this was the latter.

And my body clearly liked the kiss. A lot. Despite the tornado of confusion tearing through my mind, at a deeper level, I liked it, even if my response had been an awkward kiss. I reverted back to the answer I gave her that first time she brushed her lips over mine. "It's okay. I don't mind."

And at some primal level, I didn't, even though I was hopelessly over my head.

When she let go of me and I rolled onto my back, I instantly realized my mistake. My erect penis made a tent out of my basketball shorts. I was

about to get up when Mom gasped, her eyes zeroed in on my groin. I shot out of bed, mumbling, "Shoot, I-, I'm sorry, Mom."

Mom's face was already red from crying. But I'm sure she felt embarrassed for me. She sat up and pursed her lips. "It's okay, sweetie. It's just a normal part of being a young man."

She gathered a change of clothes and disappeared into the bathroom, saying nothing else. I went back to my bedroom where I changed and fired up my PS5. Before Jerry's death, I would have closed the door, valuing my privacy. But I left it open now. I've been doing that since his passing so Mom would know I was close-by. And especially now, I wanted her to know I wasn't upset over the whole embarrassing situation. And playing on my PlayStation, I could lock away the tumult of my emotions.

I can lose myself in my games; I was sneaking up on another player when I realized I wasn't alone. After sniping the other player's avatar in the head, I glanced behind me. Mom was leaning against the door. Her hair, now pulled back in a ponytail, had a fresh-scrubbed look. She wore one of Jerry's over-sized T-shirts, which came down to her thighs, and a pair of her yoga shorts. It was the most relaxed I have seen her since my dad's funeral.

When I turned back to the game, I was dead. I spun around on my butt, "Wow, you look like you're feeling better."

Mom's smile was hollow, "Maybe I'm getting there. I know it's one day at a time. But, God, it's difficult as hell."

I smiled at the profanity, because it was sounded so much like Jerry and not at all like her; unless she's driving. After two weeks, for me, the pain wasn't as sharp as in the days right after Jerry's death. But I knew what she was talking about. I was taking each day, one at a time too.

She said, "I got those tamales out of the freezer. They're thawing. You want to try some of them? I have some salsa in the fridge. I bet they'd taste good."

I turned off the console and got to my feet. Mom stared at me, "When did you get so tall?"

I thought about how my body was at odds with itself. Parts of me growing faster than most of the kids at school, while other parts were lagging. I shrugged, “Dunno. But I’m pretty sure, I didn’t get my height from you.”

A genuine grin creased her features, “No. You certainly didn’t. You look like...”

The smile faded along with her voice. I found myself leaning forward. Mom never talked about my biological father, and yet—she almost had. She shook her head. “How about those tamales?”

We sat at the bar after warming the tamales. I had found a half-eaten bag of tostada chips in the fridge and we made a meal out of the tamales and chips. Last Saturday had been hard on both of us. Mom had spent most of the day in her room, tearing up at the least thing. I didn’t want that for today. The only time Mom had ventured out of the house was the time she went to my basketball game. I’d been taking the bus to and from school since returning to class.

I took our paper plates and threw them in the trash, “We should go out this evening. Do something.”

Mom wiped her mouth, getting rid of some sour cream in the corner of her mouth, “What do you have in mind, sweetie?”

I thought about seeing if she would take me bowling. I sucked at it. But it was something she and Jerry liked to do. Of course, there was an entertainment complex where they had laser-tag games. But somehow, I didn’t think she would enjoy that at all. And if I got Mom to go out, I really wanted it to be something she would enjoy.

There was new Cheesecake Factory at a shopping center a few miles from our house. If Mom had an Achilles’ heel when it came to her figure, it was cheesecake. Of course, until Jerry died, she attended yoga classes three times a week. Her figure was, even to my untrained and biased eyes, nearly perfect.

When I mentioned it to her, I saw a spark in her eyes before she said, “I don’t know, Todd. Maybe later.”

Mentally, I grabbed hold of that spark, "Come on, Mom. It'll be fun. We can try out your favorite cheesecake."

I could see her wavering. I added, "Please. For me."

Even as her shoulders slumped at the prospect of going out in public, she nodded, "Alright. Just for you."

The rest of the day passed by uneventfully. Mom seemed to hold things together. When it was time to get dressed, I made sure to put on a nice pair of slacks and a blue button-down shirt. I even buffed my dress shoes. I wanted our little date to be special for her.

Mom's door was open, and I went over to it. She was sitting at her vanity, her hair in curls. She wore a t-shirt and panties while she put on some makeup. Seeing her in so little, I thought it best to back away when she spied me through the mirror. "Wow, Todd. You look handsome. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were taking me on a date."

My face turned red as I dug the toe of my shoe into the carpet, "I guess it kind of is, if you think about it. You deserve to get out someplace and have fun."

She finished applying a touch of eyeliner as she looked at me through the mirror. "I'm so lucky to have you, sweetie." There was a hitch in her voice, "I-, I don't know what I would do without you."

Then she swiveled around, "How's this look?"

Mom wasn't someone to wear a ton of makeup. And this evening was no exception. She had a little mascara and lipstick and perhaps some base and rouge, but not enough to really stand out. Not that she needed it. For a moment, my eyes drifted to her chest. I don't think she had a bra on right then, because I could see indentions in the t-shirt where her nipples were. Her legs were closed, so I couldn't see much of per panties.

But when my eyes returned to hers, I said, "You look really pretty. I might have to carry a bat with me to keep other guys from hitting on you."

Her eyes looked at the floor as a natural blush overcame the rouge on her cheeks, "You're just being kind."

I came into her room and sat on the end of the bed. I wondered why she didn't see just how sexy she looked. I shook my head, "No, seriously. You look really, ah, sexy."

A bashful smile appeared on her face, "Thank you, sweetie. This is your date, so why don't you pick out one of my dresses in the closet?"

I nodded, doing my best to keep my eyes from looking at her, and hurried into the walk-in closet. On one side were Jerry's clothes. On the other were Mom's. She had more than him. I looked over her dresses. A couple were long and flowing. Others were shorter. And even though April had only just begun, the weather outside was pleasant. I picked up a black dress. It was one I had seen Mom wear on a couple of dates with Jerry. I held it up and knew right away, this was the dress I wanted her to wear.

When I came back in and gave it to her, she took it and said, "Good choice, sweetie. Jerry got this for me for my birthday a couple of years ago. It's one of my favorites."

She unzipped the back, "It even has its own padded bra."

I waited in my room while she changed. After a couple of minutes, Mom's voice came down the hall, "Todd, can you help?"

When I came in, she was in the dress and I had been right. She looked hot in it. She spun around, "Can you zip me up, please?"

My fingers trembled as I saw her naked back. There was a sensuality to seeing her naked back that until now I hadn't felt when cuddled up against her. But I took a couple of deep breaths and pulled the zipper up. "There you go."

Dinner went well enough. While it didn't quite live up to my fantasy, I could see Mom really tried to enjoy herself. She even had a glass of wine with her meal, and we finished up dinner by splitting one of their fabulous cheesecakes.

It was after we paid and were walking back toward the car, she slipped her hand into mine. My hand was sweaty that I hardly noticed how damp hers was too. When we got back to the car, she grabbed me around the neck

and pulled me into a hug, “Thank you, sweetie. It’s so hard getting out again, but it’s a small enough price to pay to be with you.”

When she loosened her arms, her lips brushed against my cheeks until they touched my lips. She made a faint noise as she pressed her mouth against mine. Even though the confusion returned in my mind, my body responded right away and I kissed her back, wrapping my arms around her waist and pulling her against me.

There was a buzzing in my ear when I broke the kiss. Mom looked embarrassed as we both looked around. Funny, there were a few people walking to and from the restaurant. And not a single one of them paid us any mind. My lips tingled from the prolonged kiss, and I wanted to taste Mom’s lips again. My mind was still in turmoil. I knew nobody would approve of my feelings right then. Yet it didn’t change how I felt.

I opened the driver’s side door for Mom and then hurried around to my side. When I climbed in, I saw the doubt in her eyes. She glanced my way as her hands gripped the steering wheel, “I shouldn’t have done that. God, I’m so fucked up right now, kissing my own son.”

I reached out and put a hand on her bare arm, “It’s okay. It’s no big deal. I didn’t mind.”

She sniffled, “What would your dad say? I’m horrible.”

Somehow or another, I figured if Jerry could see us, he would want me to be there for my mom. And if anyone would understand her emotions and needs, it would be my step-dad. I gently squeezed her arm, “Dad would want me to be here for you. And that’s exactly what I’m going to do.”

A tear rolled down her cheek, black against her pale skin from the eyeliner. She was trying so hard to not break down bawling. “B-, but I shouldn’t have.”

I didn’t want to see her cry and even if I wasn’t absolutely certain Jerry would want me to do it, I leaned over the console and took her face in my hand and turned it toward me. Mom’s eyes pooled with tears and there was shame on her face. I whispered, “I told you, I didn’t mind.”

Then I leaned in and kissed her. Her lips tasted of cheesecake and salty tears. I stayed there with my lips awkwardly pressed against hers, trying to replicate the way her lips had formed against mine earlier. I wasn't sure how long I kept my lips pressed against hers before she molded her lips into a kiss and responded.

When I finally pulled back, I said, "I told you I didn't mind. It's okay."

Mom bit back a sob as her lips tried curling into a glimmer of a smile and she pulled out and drove us home. Neither of us said much. I was still wrapping my mind around the fact I had just kissed my mom, and not the other way around. I chanced glances at her. Whether it was so much of her leg showing below the short hem of her dress or the delightful contour of her chest, or even the way her curls lay on her shoulders; Mom really was incredibly sexy.

Fortunately, it was dark in the car and my dress pants were bunched up around my crotch, enough so that she wouldn't have been able to see the tent my penis made. And now that I had been the one to kiss her, my barely adolescent mind wondered what else might happen.

When we got home, and Mom parked the car in the garage, I hurried over to her side and opened the door. This had, after all, been a date and what kind of guy would I be if I failed to open the door? It was barely nine o'clock when we came into the house. My own emotions were in turmoil. Part of me wanted more of those kisses. The rest of me feared what might happen next. However, the date had been my idea and when we came into the living room, I slid my hand into Mom's and said, "How did I do for a first date?"

Mom squeezed my hand, "You were awesome, sweetie. You really looked out after me. I-, I needed it."

I took hold of her other hand and stood toe to toe with her, "That's cool. Can I, um, can I take you out again?"

Mom's eyes widened in surprise, "You really want to take your old mom out on dates, sweetie?"

My head was abuzz, and I was hard-pressed to keep my thoughts coherent, “Um, yeah. I would like that.”

Mom stepped into me, resting her head on my shoulder, “I think Jerry would like that you’re here for me. I love you so much, baby.”

I could feel another emotional response coming from her. I stroked her back, “I love you too.”

When Mom lifted her head from my shoulder, it looked like she was in control of her emotions again. I wasn’t sure what to do or say. But before I could decide, my head tilted and leaned down until my lips found hers. This wasn’t like the hyper-charged kiss she had given me outside the car, or my urgent attempt to show her I didn’t mind her kiss in the car. My lips touched hers and she responded by kissing me back. For me, this was a kiss that said, I love you and I’m there for you always. Maybe I’m assuming, but I felt as though she was saying she needed me.

When the kiss ended, her sigh wasn’t one of sadness. When she broke the silence, she said, “It’s getting late, sweetie.”

She didn’t let go of my hand. Instead, she led me up the stairs and past my room. When we got into her bedroom, she sat on the bed and stretched out her legs, “Would you mind taking my shoes off?”

I knelt down and slid her heels off. In doing so, my fingers slid across her feet and ankles. They were so soft, so smooth. My eyes roamed her legs, and I even found them stealing a glance at the darkness between her legs before I stood up. I said, “If you want, I can come back in here after I change.”

Mom took my hand before I could go, “Don’t go. Not yet.”

Confused about this, I stood still, uncertain what she wanted. She was processing stuff, I could tell, wanting to say more, but not sure what to say. After a moment, she said, “I can’t reach the zipper on this dress. Can you please help?”

She rose and offered her back. That shaking in my fingers returned as I grabbed the zipper. Seeing her back appear as I unzipped the dress, my

heart fluttered. I knew it was wrong to think it, but Mom's back was incredibly sexy.

When I lowered the zipper all the way to the lower back, Mom tugged on her hips, dragging the dress down. I froze in shock when gravity took over and the dress fell to her feet. She wore only her panties.

I gulped. What now? All I managed was a confused, "Um."

Then Mom turned around. She was within an arm's length of me. There was no t-shirt, no blouse, no bra hiding her anymore. Her breasts, small and tight, rode high on her chest. They were slightly smaller than the baseball size I had first envisioned, and they were perfectly formed, at least to my inexperienced eyes. Her areolas were nearly as pale as the rest of her skin, and no bigger round than one of those gold dollar coins Jerry used to collect for me. Her nipples were perfectly centered in the middle of her areolas, no bigger than an eraser on the end of a number 2 pencil.

"Thanks for helping me with the dress, sweetie. Unless you'd rather me put on a shirt, I thought..."

Her voice died away, her intent unclear. I wanted to touch her boobs, and I also wanted to run and hide in my room. For the first time in my life, I was staring at tits. And not just any tits. My mom's beautiful, perfect tits. My voice was dry as I stammered, "Um, I guess it's okay."

Mom went around to her side of the bed and slid under the covers, hiding her treasures. I was stuck. I didn't know what to do or say. My plan to go into my room while mom changed was gone. I must have stood there for a minute or longer before Mom said, "I don't want to sleep alone, sweetie."

I swallowed and thought about her boobs. I nodded, "Okay. I'll get changed."

Before I could take a step, she said, "Don't go, babe. You..."

Her voice was stuck as her eyes studied my face, as though searching for something. "Stay."

Not sure why, I shucked my dress shoes and socks and climbed onto the side I've been on over the past couple of weeks. When I reached the

pillows at the head of the bed, Mom's hand reached out and caressed my chest. "Thank you, my love."

Even though my nerves were a wreck, I smiled at her, "No problem."

As her hand caressed my shirt, she worked the top button loose and then worked each successive button loose until her hand rubbed my bare chest, "That's nice, sweetie. I noticed a couple of weeks ago, you have a very nice chest."

I glanced down at my torso. It hadn't seen the sunlight since last summer, and I was almost as pale as Mom. My shoulders are barely any wider than my hips, unlike some boys on my basketball team. To me, my chest was the same little-boy chest I've always had. "Really?"

Mom slid the shirt off my shoulders as she nodded, "Yes. You look so much like your father when he was your age."

I was stunned. "Jerry?"

She shook her head as she rubbed my tiny, boyish nipples, "No. Your real dad."

In those two brief sentences, she had told me more about my biological father than she had in the previous twelve years.

The shirt was bunching on my elbows, so I slipped it off the rest of the way as Mom continued her attention to my chest. Despite the distraction, I asked, "What was he like? What happened to him?"

Mom leaned against me, resting her head against my shoulder and neck, "He was so sweet. Over the past couple of weeks, it's almost like having Terry back in my life."

I was shocked to hear her say as much, especially after a lifetime of silence. "Terry?"

She nodded, her fingers caressing my stomach, "Yeah. That was his name. You look so much like him; I think I blocked all that out after he moved away and I met Jerry."

I nearly focus on what she was saying when Mom's fingers touched my belt. I tried to ignore the feeling of her fingers tracing my belt buckle, "Does he know about me?"

A familiar sadness passed over Mom's face, "No, sweetie. He moved away right after I discovered I was pregnant with you. I thought about reaching out. But we were just kids. I was fourteen, and he was thirteen. I didn't want to upend his life, when there wasn't anything he could have done."

Mom's fingers had worked the end of the belt loose and were now working at getting the belt's metal tongue loose from the black leather. I had no idea the man who got my mom pregnant was actually a boy only a year older than me now.

Mom freed the metal tongue and my belt was loose around my waist. I stammered, "Am I really like him?"

Mom's fingers worked at the button at the top of my fly, "So much, it's uncanny. Sometimes, it's just your mannerisms, other times, it's the way you do something, and tonight, it was how you kissed me. You took me back to a better time."

The button came loose. My penis twitched as Mom tugged on the zipper, pulling it down. I had nothing else to say. I lifted my hips and tugged my dress pants down. I wondered what Mom thought when I pushed my hips out, because my erection made a tent impossible to miss in my boxer briefs.

After I tossed my pants onto the floor, I pulled the covers up and turned toward Mom. "I want to know more about him. My real dad."

She was on her side, facing me. She pulled the covers up just far enough to hide her breasts. "You look so much like him, even when, um, you pulled your pants down."

I flushed at the inference as Mom continued, "Terry and I met in middle school. He was a grade behind me. We dated throughout my seventh and eighth year and through part of my ninth-grade year, until his dad got a job that forced him to move all the way across the country."

I could do the math. That meant my real dad started dating Mom when he was actually younger than me. “Holy crap, I’m older than he was when you and he started dating. Wow.”

I knew the smile was genuine. It even lit up Mom’s eyes, “Those kisses are what did the trick, sweetie. The first time you actually kissed me, I was a kid again, and you were Terry kissing me.”

You’d think it would bother me, being compared to another boy, even one who happened to be my real father. But my face felt warm, and the heat radiated throughout me, even making me harder, if that were possible. Everything made sense. It wasn’t just some dirty thing where my mom was trying to seduce me. I was a manifestation of her first love.

“Cool,” I said.

She leaned into me and gave me a kiss, “You may remind me so much of your dad, but it’s you whom I love, Todd.”

It was a brief kiss, not lasting even three heartbeats. But something told me that wouldn’t be the last, not by a long shot. She rolled over, facing away from me. With everything she had told me, everything I was still processing, I stayed in place until she said, “Cuddle with me, babe.”

I moved over until my chest touched her naked back. I slid my arm across her hip and rested it on her stomach. I tried to keep my crotch from touching her backside as I closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

My hand was on something soft and warm when my eyes fluttered open. Despite the deep darkness of Mom’s room, I could dimly see the pale skin of her back. That’s when I realized my hand was lightly massaging her right boob. I felt the hardness of her nipple against my fingers. Next, I became aware of something rubbing against my penis. It only took another second to realize my groin and Mom’s backside were pressing into each other.

I nearly pulled my hand from Mom’s boob, and then thought that if she was asleep, doing so might wake her up. But I wasn’t sure if she was asleep, despite the deep breathing I heard. My penis was wedged between her butt cheeks, and her hips were moving just enough to cause some serious tingling in my erection.

Now that I was awake and my penis was throbbing, my fingers, almost on their own, resumed massaging Mom's soft, warm tissue. My hips rocked, pushing my trapped penis against Mom's panty-clad ass even as her body pushed against me. I had never imagined my penis could feel as good as it was, especially without using my hand. Yet that tingling only grew larger inside me as I felt my little balls constrict and my penis spasmed, coating the inside of my underwear with drops of my watery semen.

As I came, I moaned, "Mom! Ahh!"

Perhaps she was asleep. Her deep breathing never altered, even as I spasmed a half-dozen times. My underwear felt slimy and before long cold. Still, if Mom slept through it, I really didn't want to make a deal out of creaming in my pants. What would she think?!

Having experienced one of my most powerful orgasms to date, it wasn't long before I fell back asleep.

"Um, sweetie, you awake?"

I blinked my eyes open as Mom repeated, "Baby, are you awake?"

I hadn't moved since falling back asleep. My hand was still on Mom's boob and my penis was still pushed against her butt crack. Worse, at some point, my erection had returned and there was no way for her to not feel me against her backside.

Still, that was nothing compared to what had happened during the night, and that wasn't something I wanted to admit to. I yawned before saying, "Yeah, Mom?"

She placed her hand on mine, "Having fun with my boob?"

I let go, "Sorry. I guess that happened when we were asleep."

She squeezed my hand a bit, "How do you like it?"

Taking that as permission, I put my hand back on her, "It's so soft and warm. I really like how they feel."

Mom purred, "It feels nice when you touch it."

Then she wiggled her butt, “Oh, shit. What’s that?”

Her hips moved, and I felt her backside move off of my crotch. She said, “Was that what I think it was?”

She couldn’t see the flush on my face as I spooned her. I stammered, “Y-, yeah. S-, sorry.”

Mom giggled, “Holy shit. I can’t believe my butt was against your, um, penis.”

When I was younger, and learning about bodies, Mom had always insisted I use the right language. It was oddly gratifying she practiced what she preached.

Some of my own inhibition had died last night, when I had let Mom’s sleeping body stimulate me to orgasm. I gently squeezed her boob, “I don’t mind. Do you?”

Mom’s hand rested on mine as she relaxed. And as she relaxed, her backside eased back against my groin and my underwear-covered erection poked against her again. As we adjusted to this new awareness of each other’s bodies, I slid my other hand under her torso and against Mom’s upper belly, not stopping until I bumped against her gentle swells.

There was never a point in my life where I haven’t loved my mom. But as I held her, big spoon to her small, I caught a glimmer of something more. I rested my head against her shoulder, “Mom, did you love my real dad?”

She wiggled a bit, sending electrical tingles through my penis. “Oh, God, yes. I loved Terry so much.”

“As much as Jerry?”

She put both her hands over mine, “I hadn’t thought about them like that, sweetie. I met your dad when I was thirteen. I met Jerry just before turning eighteen. Jerry saved me, saved us, and I can’t imagine ever not loving him. But Terry was so sweet and innocent, and our love was the same way.”

It wasn’t exactly the answer I was looking for, but it made sense. We fell into silence; eventually my second hand found Mom’s other boob, and I

found a lot of pleasure in massaging both. Every now and then, she or I would shift our hips, sending a tingling thrill from my penis up my spine.

After a bit, she shifted, pulling away for a moment as she rolled onto her back. With the covers pulled halfway down, her breasts looked gorgeous. She shifted again until we were facing each other and she snaked her arms around my neck. Before kissing me, she murmured, "I love you, Todd."

Her lips played across mine, sending a shiver throughout my mouth. I'm sure my mind was still completely confused and unsettled by everything happening. But I compartmentalized it and, in that moment, I just wanted more. I slid my arms around her waist and pulled our bodies together. Her perky boobs pushed against my chest. I was nearly five inches taller, and my hardon pushed against my underwear where it pressed just below her pubic mound. She didn't pull back, and I wasn't about to.

Instead, her lips parted and another shock lit up my face when her tongue pushed into my mouth. I've seen a couple of kids in school Frenching and have watched it online. Even so, Mom took my breath away as her tongue snaked along mine, touching and twisting against my tongue. She squeezed my neck, as though trying to pull me to her, and I pulled us even closer and shoved my hips forward and I felt my underwear-covered erection push down, sliding against the underside of her panties.

"Ahhh!" Mom cried in my mouth.

Worried, I pulled my head back, "Sorry! Are you okay?"

Her head bobbed, "Oh, fuck! Yes, sweetie. That felt good."

My only experience with any woman, aside from that silly spin the bottle game, came from watching online porn. And not that much of it. Still, I knew women also get their own orgasm, and I wondered if Mom had felt that.

I let her invade my mouth again. This time, I slowly pushed my hips forward. And again, Mom moaned in my mouth. I was mesmerized, pushing forward a few more times, that I had the power to give her such intense pleasure.

After leaving my mouth chapped, Mom rested her head against my shoulder, unwilling to let go. I wasn't one to complain. I pushed my hips forward a few more times. Each time elicited a moan or shudder. Eventually, she let go of my neck and leaned back enough that she could look down and see our underwear pressed against one another.

My erection wasn't visible. It was pushed down, pressing against the bottom of Mom's panties. She said, "Are you okay, sweetie?"

I had thought I was horny last night. But that was nothing compared to now. I had never been more sexually charged than I was right then. "Fuck, yeah!"

I wasn't sure how Mom would handle the profanity, but her lips found mine and she kissed me, pushing her tongue as deep into my mouth as it would fit. It didn't last long, after all, I think she was telling me it was okay to swear, at least when we were like this.

When she pulled back again, she said, "Cool. Can I, um, can I see it?"

I have been taking my own showers since I was seven. And before that, my own baths for at least a year before. Mom hasn't seen me naked in at least six years. I guess a younger boy, whose body isn't ready for puberty might have flinched, wondering why his mom would ask that of him. Not me. My smoking hot Mom wanted to look at my dick and I wasn't going to say no.

I pulled back far enough that we could see between our underwear. "Yeah. Sure."

Mom reached a hand down between us and took hold of my underwear and pulled the front down far enough that my erection popped free and slapped my abs. "Ooh, That's beautiful!"

I blushed at her praise. Even though I had shot my load in my underwear last night, it was only a few drops and my penis didn't have any signs of last night's little accident.

Mom pushed me onto my back and my penis pointed toward my chin. She sighed, "Oh my God, Todd. You look so much like your dad; you could be twins."

I enjoyed knowing I looked like someone she loved passionately. Emboldened by her behavior, I said, "When was the first time you and my dad, you know, um, did it?"

Mom's hand rested on my stomach. Her face colored, "I guess I was twelve. He was, um, well, he a year younger."

I marveled at that. Mom had lost her virginity to my real dad when she was the same age as I am now. Mentally, those places in my mind where I felt conflicted, thinking this was wrong, I locked those doors and threw away the key. If Mom and my real dad had fucked each other when they were my age, I knew right then, I wanted the same thing. I said, "You can touch it, if you want."

Her hand slid down my smooth pubic area; her fingers glided over my erection, which tingled with a pleasurable intensity. A moan escaped my mouth as a finger traced one of the tiny veins running along my thin, smooth shaft.

"It's every bit as beautiful as Terry's," Mom said as her fingers encircled the base of my penis. She gently fondled me. There was no urgency. No, it was as though she had just found something she had lost many years ago and was enjoying finding it again. My arm reached out and cupped her boob. As I tweaked her nipple, she said, "Toward the end, he loved playing with my tits. God, his hands felt amazing."

I squeezed her nipple until Mom let a little moan escape. "He didn't like them before?"

She chuckled as she pulled on my penis, "When we started dating, I didn't have even these little things, babe. I was thirteen before I had to wear even a training bra."

After a bit, Mom let go of my erection. I felt fantastic. I knew it wouldn't take long to send me over the edge. But she just wanted to enjoy our time together. And she was in the best mood I'd seen her since Jerry died.

She lay beside me, our hips touching, "God, I feel so liberated. I know it's fucking crazy, babe. But being with you like this, it's like I'm a kid again and I get to fall for my first love all over again."

Hearing her tell me how much she loved me made my heart thump even faster. I sat up and leaned over her. "I love you too, Mom."

I showed her I had learned from her as our lips met and I slipped my tongue through, touching her teeth and tongue. As my tongue explored her mouth, I put my hand on her boob, squeezing it gently and playing with her nipple. When I broke the kiss, I moved down to her breasts. I'd only seen one video of a guy sucking on a woman's tits, but I had a good idea and I leaned over until my tongue touched her hard, rubbery nipple.

Mom moaned in pleasure as my tongue flicked over her tit. I opened my mouth and put my lips just outside of her areolas and sucked, while my tongue continued teasing her nipple. Eventually, I shifted to her other tit with my mouth and slowly slid my hand down her chest, rubbing her belly until my middle finger touched the lacy hem of her panties.

I pulled my mouth off her tit and smiled at Mom. She smiled back at me, as though everything was right in her world. I asked, "Am I doing okay?"

She nodded. I took this as permission and slid my finger under the lacey fabric. I found her pubic mound as I pushed my hand down and got the surprise of my young life. She was bare. My face must have given me away.

Mom giggled at me, "I um, I never had a lot of body hair. And, well, Jerry really liked me smooth, so he paid to have electrolysis done."

I'd never heard that word before, "Electrowhatis?"

Mom pulled at her panties, giving me a better view, "Electrolysis. It's where they permanently remove the hair."

I was stunned. I could see her slit. Until I saw that bit of treasure, if you had told me there was something even sexier than a girl's tits, I'd have called you crazy. But not now. Mom's slit drew me like a lodestone. I touched it and felt her tremble beneath me.

I pulled back, "You okay? I can stop."

She nodded as she slid her panties off her feet. "Yeah, babe. I'm better than okay."

She spread her legs, giving me a view of what was hidden within that slit in her skin. Her slit really looked like puffy lips and when I saw within, there was a bit of a fleshy hood. Mom pointed there, "That's my clitoris, sweetie. Do you want to touch it?"

Did I want to touch it? Was the Pope Catholic? Hell yes. I nodded as my finger found a little bit of flesh poking out. "Like this?"

She bit her lower lip as she nodded. "Yeah, sweetie. God, you are so much like your dad, it's uncanny."

I don't know why I like it when she compares me to my real dad, but I loved hearing those words. I didn't really know what I was doing with the bit of skin she called her clitoris, but after a few tries of touching it, she took my finger in her hand and showed me how to touch her. When she pulled back and left me to try again, she rewarded me with a high-pitched "Oh!"

I glanced at Mom and the look on her face left no doubt she was enjoying my finger. After another "Oh!" I pulled my finger back, "Mom, I had no idea you were so fucking hot. I mean, you're incredible."

Mom grinned at my profanity, not bothering to correct it. She rolled onto her side, facing away from me, "You want to cuddle for a bit, before lunch? I'm, uh, needing a bit of a catnap."

The covers were down below our feet. I could see all of Mom's back. Her naked butt was almost as sexy as her front. I wasn't sure I bought her story about wanting a catnap. After all, if I was going to cuddle with her, that would put my erection poking against her butt, and I didn't see how she could possibly sleep with me poking her ass.

Still, I happily rolled over and spooned her. My arm slipped around her body, cupping one of her boobs, while my penis poked against her butt. Mom wiggled her hips and said, "You'll be more comfortable if you slide your penis between my legs, babe."

I reached between us and pushed my penis down. I felt my glans touch the top of the crack between her cheeks and pushed down more, letting it

slide down between her cheeks. I was about halfway down to where I thought she meant when Mom said, "That's good babe. Push forward."

When I pushed forward, I felt her butt cheeks against the top of my erection. It felt so much better without clothes. Then I moaned out loud when she wiggled her hips and pushed back against me. My penis slid forward, and I felt it drag across something hot and moist. I had touched her pussy with my dick!

I didn't need to say anything. After all, I was doing what Mom wanted. She wiggled around a bit more and what little doubt that had existed about her wanting a catnap evaporated in my longing. I slid my other hand onto her other boob as I moved my hips, sliding my erection against the bottom of her pussy and butt. I hadn't pushed my hips forward many times before my penis started sliding a lot easier as I felt it growing slick with something.

"Um, is it supposed to get wet?" I murmured.

Mom wiggled her butt and giggled, "Yeah, babe. That's normal. You okay?"

The tingling was growing, and I wasn't far from my point of no return. I said, "Yeah. I think I'm close, though."

I wasn't sure what Mom would want to do about that. Pull away? Let me finish on my own? She pushed back against me again and again, making me slide even faster. I squeezed my eyes shut as I pushed forward. My feelings exploded in my brain and in my penis as I spasmed against Mom's butt. I felt my penis squirt my watery cum as it spasmed, once, twice, and three times. The rest of my spasms were dry, but I didn't care. That cum had been the best yet. My brain was buzzing. Every time we did something new together, things were even better than before.

After a few more hip thrusts, Mom pulled away and said, "Probably not going to get that catnap."

Then she gave me a devilish grin, "But I sure worked up a sweat. I'm going to get a shower before lunch. Do you... um, would you like to join me?"

Part 4

Like I said, every twist and turn with Mom only got better. I nodded as I rolled off the bed and headed toward her bathroom. It was big enough for a bathtub on one side and a walk-in shower on the other, with a set of sinks on the wall between them. Enclosed in its own much smaller room between the shower and the sinks was the toilet. It was a lot nicer, and I hate to admit it, a good deal cleaner than my bathroom downstairs.

In the shower, Mom faced me, giving me a perfect view of her breasts and slit. The look she gave me let me know she enjoyed seeing my penis just as much. Even though I had cum only a few minutes earlier, I had never lost my erection. It happily pointed at Mom's face. She put her hands on the back of my neck and tilted her head up and kissed me. "Thank you, Todd. I was wallowing in grief and self-pity and you pulled me out of the worst of it."

The next kiss was quick, a peck. "I miss Jerry so much. But that aching hole in my heart, well, you're doing a lot to heal it."

I don't pretend to understand everything she felt. For me, standing in the shower, longing to feel Mom's soft body under my fingers, I hungered for her because I knew she loved me and because she was the sexiest woman I knew. My love and lust came together perfectly as hot water cascaded from the showerhead.

She grabbed her loofah and drizzled some bodywash on it. She rubbed it across my shoulders, neck and upper chest. She gave me a questioning look, "Are you sure you're okay with this, babe?"

How could she ask? My penis quivered in desire. My own embarrassment at the intimacy had burned away, "I don't mind it at all, Mom. I love seeing your body like this. I know I can't tell a soul, but my friends would be totally jealous if they could see me. They all think you're sexy."

A flush of crimson colored her cheeks, "Thanks for understanding it needs to stay between us. Would you...ah, be willing..."

Her voice failed her as her sudsy hand froze on my chest. I said, "What, Mom?"

The rosiness touched her ears and neck, "What I feel is pretty complicated, Todd. And I don't know if I can do it justice. I loved the intimacy I shared with your step-dad. And even though I haven't thought much about it in a very long time, Terry and I shared a similar bond. I, uh, want the same thing with you."

Mom had just let me cum between her legs and she was telling me she wanted intimacy? Color me confused. My face must have given away my confusion. "I thought we have been, um, intimate."

Mom flashed me a grin, "Yeah, we have. And I guess that's what I'm trying to say. I want what I had with Terry with you, babe. And I just don't know how to say it."

My face burned with heat. It wasn't embarrassment, but love-tinged lust. "I think you just did. I... I'd like to be, uh, intimate like that with you too."

Mom's grin gave way to a giggle as she moved the loofah down my body, tickling my erection with the soapy, delicate material. "I think that can be arranged."

She spun me around and scrubbed my shoulder blades. The soapy rivulets of water tickled as they ran down my body. And when she massaged my butt cheeks, the tingling made my penis twitch.

Once she finished, Mom deposited the loofah into my hands, "Your turn, my love."

The feel of her boobs through the loofah's odd, delicate fabric made Mom's tits feel a little weird, but I didn't mind. I was trying to translate into my twelve-year-old brain what all she meant about intimacy. I was pretty sure she was talking about sex. And I was eager to put my four inches into her pussy. But there was something else. A subtext of what she meant, and I was still trying to figure it out.

As I ran the loofah across her abs and belly, I asked, "Can we be, ah, intimate after lunch?"

Mom's head was tilted back as her body enjoyed the loofah's soft caress. She murmured, "Yeah, babe. I want you to make love to me."

I knelt as I ran the loofah over the outside of her slit. Mom spread her legs, giving me access. I dropped the loofah and put my hand against her outer lips. I had figured out what I was trying to decipher. "What about tomorrow? Can we do it again tomorrow?"

My finger grazed her clitoris, and she shuddered, "Y-, yeah, Todd. Tomorrow too, if you want."

I slid my soapy finger against the pink flesh between her inner labia until I found what I sought. "And again next week? Next month?"

Mom ran her fingers through my hair as I pushed my index finger against her hidden hole. She nodded, "Yes, baby. I want you for as long as you want me."

I closed my eyes as my finger slid into the hole I found. As I pushed in deeper, Mom groaned in pleasure. I wanted this for as long as I could have it.

Around that time, the temperature of the water cooled. We had drained the hot-water heater. I had to remind myself I could pick up where I left off, but I was still sad pulling my finger from between Mom's legs.

Once we dried off, we headed to the kitchen. Mom wore her robe, and I wore Jerry's. I felt incredibly horny, my penis frequently poking through the front of the robe as we warming up leftovers. We sat at the bar, quietly eating, each of us in our own little worlds.

My thoughts drifted to what Mom and Terry once had and how Mom wanted the same thing with me. Obviously, what they had was sexual almost from the start. It was hard to comprehend I was about to experience what my dad and step-dad had intimately known with my mom, and even though I knew everyone we knew would freak out if they found out, there was a warmth in my chest; I just didn't care anymore about what others might think. My love for Mom had changed over the past day. The hottest woman I knew wanted to love me, just like she had my dad and step-dad.

When we finished lunch, I collected our paper plates and threw them in the trash before coming over to Mom and putting my arms around her neck. "Can we, um, go on back up to your room?"

Mom slid her arms through the front opening on my robe as she stood up, revealing my penis as it went from semi-erect to its full four inches in just a couple of heartbeats. Taking a page from her, I let go of my hold long enough to slip her robe off her shoulders, revealing her boobs and the rest of her front.

Her arms glided around my back and pulled me against her as her face turned up, seeking my lips. My penis lay flat and hard between our abdomens while her boobs pushed against my chest. Her kiss tasted of the leftover lasagna and something else that I was beginning to identify as distinctly Mom. When the kiss ended, she took me by the hand, "Come on, love. Let's go upstairs."

Back in her bedroom, Mom closed the door as she let the robe fall to the floor. Once I shrugged my robe off, I joined her, climbing onto the bed. She rested in her normal place. Except instead of facing the wall, she faced me, just as I faced her.

Her hand reached around my neck, and she pulled me toward her. Her boobs were warm against my chest and my dick twitched when it touched her leg. She kissed me as her body melded to mine. And when she shifted her hip, my erection slipped against her inner thigh, and slid against her slit.

She moaned as she shifted her hips, "Fuck, baby, you feel good against me. But I need you in me."

She moved one of her legs over across my hip. I gasped as my erection slid past the end of her slit. She reached between us and gently took me and pushed my penis into the folds of her slit, and into her vagina. She drew a deep, ragged breath as my four inches slid into her.

I gasped loudly as my penis was engulfed in something warm, wet and tight. I closed my eyes at the intense feeling while Mom's arms pulled me into a hug. The only video I saw before about fucking was a man laying on

top of the woman. People call it missionary style, although I don't get it. The way we lay side by side was a lot different from the video. And with Mom's leg thrown around my hip, my penis and her pussy could easily grind against one another.

It was almost as if we had melted into each other, as our arms wrapped around the other and we connected below the hips. As Mom pushed her boobs against me, my hips rocked back and forth, almost as if something evolutionary was taking place, and my penis slid in and out of Mom's welcoming hole.

The tingling feeling ran along my entire penis. This felt ten times better than what I felt earlier in the morning. Mom did something with her thighs and my penis was squeezed tight within her pussy walls. After more rocking my hips against Mom's pubic mound, her hands went down to my butt and pulled me against her, "Slow down, babe. There's no hurry."

My penis quivered inside her while I rested, enjoying the experience of sensory overload. When she finally let me resume rocking my hips, the tingling continued. I let my eyes close while the tingling ran up and down my body. I could scarcely believe it. I was fucking my mom! She was taking my virginity, and I was now her man.

Just thinking about that made me speed up, pushing into her warm, wet place. The tingling expanded, consuming every part of me until the only thing in my life was me and Mom. I pushed in and pulled out, building up. Mom moaned, "Oh, fuck, Todd! You feel so... Ahh!"

I squeezed my eyes shut, wordlessly moaning as my penis spasmed, sending my watery cum deep into Mom's vagina. I leaned forward, gripping her in my hold as I shot my three brief blasts and followed it with a few more dry spasms until I sagged against Mom, out of breath and feeling better than ever.

Mom's pussy walls kept undulating around my spent erection as she murmured, "Fuck me, babe. You're just like I remember Terry. Maybe even better."

At that moment, I took her compliment at face value, only realizing later the latter part may have been to boost my ego. But ask me if I care? The way our bodies molded together, just because I had cum inside her, I wasn't uncomfortable or felt a need to push off her. We just held each other as I basked in the afterglow of a perfect cum.

Mom tells me, eventually when I get older, my orgasm will make my erection wilt. That's not yet true, and it certainly wasn't on that magical afternoon. A few minutes after I came, Mom gyrated her hips, sending pleasurable tingles throughout my still-hard penis. I gasped, as I was still sensitive. "Mom! That feels, whoa!"

Mom stopped long enough to say, "Do you need me to stop, babe? Too sensitive?"

Through a few more shifts and wiggles of her hip, I decided the pleasure outweighed my sensitivity, and I shook my head, "No. It's good."

Her motions were smaller, shorter, and initially, less intense. I enjoyed the lazy feeling, letting Mom move around, stimulating my erection, still deep inside her pussy. Once, when my own hips responded, and I pushed into her, she grabbed my ass cheeks, "Let me, Todd. Just sit back and enjoy this."

At first, it was easy to resist the temptation to join her, pushing into her. But as she gently stimulated me, and the tingling gradually returned, it became more of a challenge to stop myself from pushing and pulling. At first, Mom shivered every few minutes, letting some wave of pleasure wash over her. But after twenty minutes, we were both covered in sweat, and she was grinding herself against me, relentlessly moaning. The tingling was at near its peak. I wasn't in charge and it was all I could do to not start thrusting in and out. But this was about Mom and her needs.

Her body began shaking as she murmured, "Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!"

The shaking hit me in the center of my groin and my balls constricted as my erection spasmed and jerked about inside her. The intensity was so intense, I cried, "Mom! Ah!"

I realized as her body stopped shaking, that Mom had just a powerful orgasm. Of course, that was through an orgasmic haze of my own. She wasn't through yet; her lips hungrily sought me out and her tongue played relentlessly with my teeth and tongue until she finally sagged against the pillow.

My penis, limp at last, slid from her slick wetness. I was worn. Happy, but worn. I nuzzled my face against her neck, "Holy shit, that was awesome."

In between big gulps of breathing, Mom said, "I didn't think it was possible, babe. But you fucked me better than I have ever, ever been fucked."

I glowed at the compliment. Of course, I also glowed from my intense orgasms. I said, "We really can do this again tomorrow?"

Mom nodded, "Yeah, babe. Tomorrow, next week, next month. I want you beside me for as long as you want."

That was three months ago.

This morning when I woke up, Mom had rolled over in the night and her arm draped over my hip, resting against my bare butt. She rarely wore anything to bed, and this morning was no different. Even though I have explored every inch of her breasts since that first night in March, seeing them in the soft glow from the summer sun poking through the curtains, I felt aroused. I don't think I will ever grow tired of them.

My penis agreed, and it filled with blood. All the exercise must have been good for it. I had grown a bit down there and I was nearing five inches (12 cm) in length. Mom's eyes fluttered open, and she smiled at me. I'm not going to tell you that our romance made her forget Jerry. Although the tears mostly stopped after we became intimate, the feeling of loss has never entirely gone away, although she seldom lets me see her like that. Now, though, what we share, we share because of who we are, not because of Jerry or Terry.

She said, "Good morning. How's it feel to not have to wake up to an alarm, babe?"

I grinned. Three months—no school. Because of the life insurance Terry left for Mom, she could stay home and not work as long as she wanted. And she didn't want to this summer. I slid over to her and nuzzled my face against her neck, "fantastic, Mom. I mean, Becky."

It felt weird calling Mom by her given name, Becky. But we planned to spend a lot of time traveling this summer. In fact, we didn't have an unlimited amount of time this morning because we scheduled our flight to leave mid-afternoon for Chicago. At twenty-seven, Mom could pass for a decade younger. And at five feet six inches (169 cm), I was as tall as an average fifteen-year-old. But we are going to be away from home for two months. And for those two months, we will not be mother and son, but boyfriend and girlfriend.

Her fingers gripped my ass, "It's going to be so much fun not having to pretend, babe."

Then she pulled my body forward and my penis slid down between her legs. With her free hand, she ran it over my baby-smooth pubic area. Even as I've grown, I'm still waiting for hair number one. According to Mom, excuse me, Becky, I might be waiting a while. One of the reasons she and my dad didn't think she would get pregnant with me was because, even when my dad was more than halfway to fourteen, he was hairless and his semen was clear and watery. Of course, they had been wrong. But that was then. Becky isn't worried about getting pregnant and if she's not going to worry about it, neither am I.

She slid my growing penis into her and we both sighed in pleasure. We moved together in easy, practiced motions. We both had learned a lot about the other over the last few months, and we used it to pleasure one another.

Becky ran her hand down my back, gently touching me with her fingernails, sending chills down my spine. My fingers played with one of her breasts and I tweaked a nipple and then pinched it just enough to elicit a moan.

The familiar tingling radiated from my penis and I felt myself getting close, even though I knew Becky was still working toward her own cum. My

speed increased as the smacking of my pelvis against her pubic mound filled the room with its wet, squishing noises.

“Ahh!” I shouted; my balls constricted, and I felt my still watery cum shoot deep into Becky’s vagina. Five spurts blasted into her and I let my head rest between her tits as I caught my breath. She keeps warning me that the day will come when I cum and I’ll done for an hour or two. But that day is still far off. As I rested and regained my energy, my dick stayed buried inside Becky, patiently waiting for round two.

After a bit, Becky took over and slid her body against me, stimulating my erection. The longer this went on, the more animated she became, swearing and moaning as the tide of her own orgasm approached. And it never failed; as her body quaked and shook with another powerful orgasm, she sent me spiraling into my second cum in less than thirty minutes.

When her body stopped shaking, she molded herself against me and we basked in post-sex bliss.

She eventually lifted her face, drenched with sweat, and kissed me, “I love you, Todd.”

I never tired of hearing those words, knowing she’s not just telling me as my mom, but as my lover.

I respond, “I love you too, Mom—I mean, Becky.”

The end.