



The Lottery

By Caliboy1991

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Chapter 1

I held the door open as the slightly overweight lady came out of the Circle-K. My stomach took that moment to growl. Sometimes, when it growls, I'm the only one who can hear it. But it was loud enough to make the lady glance my way.

"Gracious me, Sugar. You look a bit peaked," she drawled.

While she seemed like a nice sort, the pity in her eyes bothered me. Sure, I hadn't bathed in more than a week, and the angular face reflecting off the glass showed smudges of dirt under sunken eyes. My stomach gurgled again, protesting the lack of food. I just wanted to curl up and die right then. I thought about letting go of the door and bolting. But I didn't. A little voice in the back of my head said a real man wouldn't do that. Even shamed, he'd do the right thing and hold a door open for a lady.

I mumbled, "I'm fine, ma'am."

I've read online some women don't like being called ma'am, but down here in the South, it'd be an insult not to. There weren't too many lessons I'd learned from my mom, but that one stuck.

The lady shook her head and reached into her purse and pulled out a bill, "I 'spect so. But you've got good manners. Somebody's raising you well. Why don't you take this and have a treat?"

I was loathed to accept the money. But I couldn't stop my hand from reaching out and taking it. I'm sure the red on my cheeks came through the grime. Even though she was back in the car, I could almost feel my mom nudging me to do the right thing. I swallowed the lump in my throat, "Thank you, ma'am. It's not necessary but I'm much obliged."

She laughed softly as she stepped off the curb, "You're sweet. Now why don't you go get yourself something."

Once inside the store, I opened my palm and saw the picture of Andrew Jackson on the greenback. Mom and I had spent the last of her tip money a couple of days ago, and the image of the dead president was a welcome sign.

Going over to the canned food section, I picked up a few cans of Dinty Moore before heading over to the wall of drinks at the back of the store. Mom loves her Red Bull, and I picked up a can for both of us before heading over to the cash register.

The pimply faced brown-skinned kid behind the register eyed me. Of course, if I saw me, I'd probably be dubious. Ten days in the same worn and ratty clothes, ten days without a bath, I didn't exactly look reputable. Still, when he saw the Jackson, he scanned the items and took my money.

Outside, I spied the lady who had given me the money at one of the gas pumps. As she climbed into her car, a nice late model Buick, the wind caught a scrap of paper from one of her pockets and blew it across the island of pumps. The door closed and light exhaust wafted from her tail pipe in the coolness of the March morning as she pulled toward the exit.

"Hey lady!" I called out as I hurried over to see what she'd dropped. The wind trapped the scrap of paper against another gas pump. I reached down to pick it up and noticed an orange ribbon of ink along one side and a logo at the top. I recognized it as a ticket for the Mega Millions lottery. Instead of the familiar purple L and the block letters from the Louisiana Lottery Commission, this ticket carried the logo of the Texas Lotto.

Of course it would. Mom and I had been in Texarkana for the past week. Not on the shitty Arkansas side, but the equally shitty Texas side.

Holding the slip of paper, I looked up, trying to see the lady's Buick, but she was long gone. Ignoring the logo and the computer-generated numbers, I noticed the draw for the same day. Then I saw the jackpot. It was up to three-hundred-fifty million dollars. It must have been a while since anyone had won.

I shoved the ticket into my jeans pocket and headed toward the car. I'd seen plenty of lottery tickets. Earl played the Mega Million twice a week. Most of the time, the tickets ended up under the ashtray next to his old La-Z-Boy recliner. But the older tickets could be found just about anywhere. I swear, we could have wall papered the living room of drafty single-wide in those things.

The car was just where I'd left it, parked behind an old, boarded up store, next to a couple of empty dumpsters. I looked down into the car, Mom was asleep, reclining all the way back in the driver's seat. Despite the yellowed bruises under her eyes, even I could tell that she was pretty. Her hair, which was messy and tangled, was a golden blond, the shade of a wheat field. Only slightly darker than my own messy hair.

She looked young. Too young to be the mother of a tween. My friend Jeremy was always telling me how hot my mom was. Of course, as a preteen boy, I'd just tell him he was gross. But standing there, looking down on her, alone with my thoughts, I couldn't help but agree with him. Despite the dark circles under her closed eyes and the unhealthy pallor of her skin, her youthful beauty was easy to see.

As I went around to the passenger side door, I understood better why Earl had taken my mom in after my father was murdered.

I knocked on the door until she popped the lock, "Hey I got some food," I said as I opened the paper back and pulled out a tin of Dinty Moore.

Mom reached over and squeezed my shoulder, "Thanks, Pooh Bear. I didn't realize we still had money left."

I didn't want to worry her, so I shrugged, "This was the last of it."

When I handed her a Red Bull, she smiled, and for a moment I found myself agreeing with Jeremy. Mom's smile was positively radiant. She looked a lot younger than her twenty-seven years when she smiled like that.

"Oh, Thank God," she said as she popped the top and took a long drink.

We split a can of stew, using plastic spoons from an earlier trip to Sonic. The hunger was still there when we'd finished, but I was used to that.

After licking the last of the congealed juice from the inside of the can, I said, "We can't stay here, Mom. Why don't we go over to the Salvation Army? They've got a place for us to stay."

She shook her head, "Hell no. Not after what happened in Natchez."

I sighed, grabbed a paperback from my backpack on the floorboard, and leaned back to read. I didn't blame her. I couldn't. Not after everything we'd gone through since leaving Earl. The first night, we had stopped in Natchez, on the Mississippi River. While there wasn't a shelter for women, they did have a wing for men and another for women and children. The matron who ran the women's wing came into the little sectioned off space where Mom and I were sleeping in cots. She must have thought I was sleeping, because she slipped inside the blue divider and woke Mom up at some ungodly hour. Even though she whispered, I heard every word, lying there as I was with my eyes closed.

"Ms. Lambert. Samantha, are you awake, dear?"

Mom was groggy but awake, "Huh?"

"I've got a place for you and your boy, if you want it."

Mom woke up more, "A place?"

"Yeah. I seen you've been beat up something awful. You need someone who won't hurt you. Show you some kindness."

Even tired, Mom's voice was guarded, "You know someone like that?"

The woman's voice was barely above a whisper, "Yeah. You could come stay with me. I'd take good care of you, and you could raise your boy here in Natchez. You'd learn to like it here."

Mom said, "Why? Why'd you do something like that for me?"

"You're a peach, Samantha, young thing like yourself. I think you've been treated as badly by men as I have. And they can't give you what I can."

I opened my eyes at those words, only to watch the lady lean forward as if for a kiss. Mom pushed her away and stood up. "Robin, get your shoes on. We're leaving. Now."

I had to grab my shoes as I followed Mom into the parking lot. After that, she didn't want any part of going to any shelter.

But now, with our money gone and barely any gas in the tank, we were running low on options.

“Mom, we can’t stay here much longer. We’re lucky no cops have come back here since we arrived. If you don’t want to try the Salvation Army shelter, maybe we can try another one. There’s got to be more than one.”

Mom shuddered, no doubt remembering Natchez. “I... I can’t Pooh Bear. Once the bruises are gone, I’ll get a job waitressing. Won’t have to wait until payday. Between the tips and food we can get from the job, we’ll be fine until I can afford an apartment.”

I didn’t blame her for not wanting to go job hunting until the bruising healed. How could I? After all, her bruises were my fault.

I closed the book. I just couldn’t focus on the words. I closed my eyes, hating that I couldn’t let go of the memory.

Jeremy and I were in my little room at one end of Earl’s single-wide. Like Earl, Jeremy’s dad worked at the prison. Unlike Earl, his dad worked in the accounting office, offsite. Jeremy and I had known each other for several years and were best friends. And now that we were both on the cusp of our teenage years, we’d started noticing the girls in our class at school.

That night, I’d stolen one of Earl’s Penthouse magazines, which he had stolen from some inmate, and we looked at pictures of naked women. Jeremy said, “Shit, Rob, we should have spent the night at my place. I found some better pictures online.”

That didn’t stop him from adjusting his pants where there was a pronounced bulge. After a bit, he said, “God, I need some relief.”

As I mentioned, Jeremy and I have known each other for a long time. This wasn’t the first time we’d looked at porn. So, when he pulled his pants and underwear down, it wasn’t the first time I’d seen his dick. You’d think a boy just under five foot would be small down below. Not hardly. He waved his five thick inches toward me, “Come on, Rob. Your turn.”

Maybe if this had been our first time, I’d have been really embarrassed, because physically Jeremy and I were polar opposites. I was tall for my age. Already several inches over five feet, even though I was still months away from turning thirteen. But apart from my height, Jeremy was ahead of me in every other way. When I stripped myself from the waist down, my dick

pointed toward the ceiling, lacking both the girth and length of my best friend. Also, and I knew this because I checked it almost daily, I didn't have hair number one, not even on my balls, which were barely the size of small marbles.

Of course, that night in my room hadn't been our first time. Not by a long shot. I thought nothing of it when Jeremy grabbed my dick and started jerking me off, and I willingly returned the favor. We hadn't been beating each other's meat for long when he pushed me down on my bed and said, "Let's suck each other."

Right after discovering mutual masturbation, we discovered blowjobs. So, Jeremy tugging his shirt off and laying down opposite of me wasn't anything new. I tugged my shirt off and lay with my face pushed against his curly dark brown pubes. As we sucked on each other I felt the tingling building up inside me.

And that was when Earl opened the door. He stood there for a long moment before screaming, "What the fuck are you two faggots doing?"

It startled both me and Jeremy as we pulled back from each other. Then Earl was on us. He yanked my friend by the arm and pushed him toward the door, "Get out of here, you queer faggot. Just wait until I tell your daddy what the fuck you were doing."

Then he turned to me. Before I knew what he was doing, my ears rang as his fist slammed into the side of my head. Before Earl could hit me again, Mom raced into the room and jumped onto his back, clawing at his face, screaming.

Earl was a bully. I'd always known that. When I'd been younger, it had started with snide remarks. By the time I was in junior high, it was slaps against the back or side of the head, just to remind me who was boss. But I had not seen him hit Mom before that night. He threw her off his back before turning on her. After a few hits left Mom crumpled on the floor of my room, Earl, sweat pouring down his red face, stood in the doorway, "Sam, if you ever touch me again, I'll fucking kill you. And Robin, if you ever have that little faggot boy here again, I'll beat the ever-living shit out of you. I won't have queer shit going on under my roof."

With that, he stormed out of the house. Once the roar of his pickup receded into the night, Mom climbed to her feet. By this time, I'd pulled on my pants and I came over to her. Blood ran down her nose and her eyes were swelling. We clung to each other, crying. When Mom's tears stopped, she said, "Pooh Bear, I don't know what you and Jeremy were doing in here, I guess it don't matter much. But pack your shit into your backpack. I can't live like this anymore."

As we drove away in mom's old Celica, she admitted it wasn't the first time Earl hit her. Even though I'd never known, Earl's abuse had started a while back.

I blinked away a tear as I pushed the memory away. Yeah. I'm the dill-hole who caused Mom to get the shit beat out of her, and leaning back in my seat, I still felt guilty as hell. I had never thought of myself as gay when Jeremy and I had fooled around. It was just something sexy and fun. And given the way he loved looking at big tits on the women online, I was pretty sure he wasn't either. But Earl's hateful words were hard to shake off. After all, Jeremy and I had done lots of stuff over the past year, almost every weekend. We'd even put our dicks in each other's ass once. Maybe, despite liking to look at girls, I was gay; I wasn't sure what to think. Part of me wanted to ask Mom about the sex stuff, but even though we'd always been close, she'd never talked to me about my body, puberty, or anything about sex. I guess she'd hoped Earl might behave in a fatherly way about that, but that wasn't who he was. I wanted to ask her about it, but seeing the bruises on her face and feeling the shame of knowing it was my fault they were there, I just couldn't bring myself to bring it up.

The rest of the day passed like several others before. After locking the car, we hiked over to a city park, where we threw a frisbee back and forth and enjoyed the feel of the warm sun against our faces and the cool March breeze.

Dinner was no different from lunch, and we didn't stay up late. Within an hour of sunset, the car was dark, and we both tried to sleep. But it's hard to do that when your stomach protests. Still, somehow or another, we managed.

Chapter 2

The next day, I walked back over toward the Circle K. I didn't have any money and we still had a couple of more cans of Dinty Moore. I rationalized going back, maybe I would see the lady who gave me the money. Maybe I could give her back her lottery ticket. In truth, since fleeing Earl, I had discovered people were careless when they were pumping gas, and sometimes they'd drop change or even a dollar bill.

When I arrived, there was news van parked out front with the letters KSLA stylistically painted across the side paneling. A tall brunette stood in front of the plate-glass window, talking at the camera. As I approached, she smiled at the camera and said, "That's right, Greg. One lucky soul bought the winning ticket in last night's drawing."

She was quiet, presumably listening to a TV anchor. "Well, Mr. Khan said he'll give part of the store's proceeds to charity as well as sharing part of the one-million-dollar bonus with his employees. Back to you, Greg."

I stood there, next to the icebox. They had sold the winning ticket at this store? I reached into my pocket, feeling the crumpled ticket. No doubt Mr. Khan's Circle-K had sold hundreds, maybe even a couple of thousand tickets since the last drawing. With my fingers holding the ticket still in my pocket, I walked into the store. The winning numbers from last night scrolled across an electronic marquee over the checkout counter. I silently read them, 07, 19, 34, 41, 62, and 32.

Repeating them in my head, I turned and walked back out, ignoring the perplexed look on Mr. Kahn's pimply teenaged relative working the counter. As casually as I could, I strolled around the side of the building and fished the ticket out of my pocket. There was a single row of numbers across the center of the ticket, I read the numbers, 07, 19, 34, 41, 62. And the Mega Ball of 32.

I had won. I pushed the ticket back into my pocket and leaned against the cinderblock wall. I murmured, "Holy shit! I freaking won!"

I didn't know what to do, but I ran all the way back to the car. Mom was still sleeping, just like she'd been when I left earlier. I knocked on the

window until she lifted her head and saw me, nearly dancing beside the car.

When she popped the lock, I climbed in, closed the door, and hit the electric lock. Then I pulled the ticket from my pocket. I felt like Charlie Bucket from Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory as I said, “We won, Mom.”

Shaking the sleep from her eyes, Mom said, “What? Won what?”

I took a deep breath, collected my erratic thoughts and said, “The lottery. This is the winning ticket.”

Mom gave me a look that said, don’t bullshit me, “I hope you didn’t spend any of my tip money on a lottery ticket, Robin.”

I shook my head, “No, I swear. When I went to the convenience store, a lady was getting into her car when the ticket flew out. I tried to catch her, to give it back. But she was already gone.”

With a mollified look, Mom said, “Fine. Now stop pulling my leg, Pooh Bear.”

I grabbed her arm, “Mom, I’m not kidding. I went to the store and there was a news van and the reporter was talking about how the winning ticket had been sold there.”

I paused and waved the ticket under Mom’s nose. “And this is it! I swear.”

Still eying me skeptically, Mom said, “Please let me get some more rest. There’s a Cracker Barrel up the road. I think the bruises are faded enough that a little mascara will cover them up just fine, and I can go find out if they’re hiring.”

She lay back in her seat and closed her eyes. I couldn’t believe it. Frustrated, I reached over and turned the key in the ignition until it engaged the battery and turned on the radio. I scrolled through the dial until I hit on a news station.

Mom opened her eyes and glared at me, as a voice said, “...Right, Rhonda. Some lucky Texarkanian is holding a lottery ticket worth over three hundred million dollars.”

Another voice, this one female, chimed in, "That's a lot of Benjamins, Carl. So, what should this lucky lady do if she finds herself holding the winning ticket?"

"If He hasn't already done so, he should sign the back of it. The last thing you'd want to do is win the lottery and then fail to sign the ticket."

The female voice replied, "So, once she signs the ticket, what then?"

The male voice chuckled, "Well, if it were me, I'd cash my ticket and host a gigantic party and buy everyone margaritas and Shiner Bach. But the smart thing to do is sit down with a reputable attorney and accountant and figure out how you want to receive your money. That three-hundred-fifty-million-dollar prize is actually the annuitized payout before tax, and that's paid out over a thirty-year period. Of course, the president's party plans on raising taxes, so you do the math."

The female voice said, "Sounds like the lump sum is the way to go."

"Perhaps. That's right, the lump sum comes in at two hundred and fifteen million dollars, before taxes. You'd walk away with about one hundred-sixty million dollars and change after Uncle Sam takes his pound of flesh. Of course, lots of lottery winners have taken the lump sum payments and because of poor financial planning end up dead broke a few years later, so even if taxes go up, someone who takes the 30 years' payments has a lot of time to figure out how to manage his money."

The female voice said, "Right. Just to recap, ladies, someone in Texarkana won the Mega Millions last night. So, if you're just joining us, take a look at your ticket. The winning numbers are seven, nineteen, thirty-four, forty-one, sixty-two. The Mega ball is thirty-two."

I held the ticket to Mom, "See."

Uncertain, she took the ticket. Her lips moved as she read each number. When she looked up, she murmured, "Pooh Bear, you should sign this right now. Do you have a pen?"

Underneath a couple of changes of clothes were some school supplies. Pencils, pens, protractors, and the like. I grabbed a pen as we put our heads together and read the fine print above the signature line.

Mom let out a little groan, “Oh, Robin, it says you’ve got to be eighteen.”

I don’t know how many times I had read the back of Earl’s lottery tickets. Even though this ticket was from Texas and those Earl bought had been from Louisiana, the fine print was almost identical. I was surprised Mom hadn’t considered this. I love my mom more than anyone in the entire world, but at that moment, I considered what the man on the radio had said, lots of people who win the lottery squander their winnings. Earl and Mom lived paycheck to paycheck even though, between them, they had made decent money. Certainly enough to do better than a mobile home. While a lot of that could be laid at Earl’s feet, I figured Mom wasn’t any better than Earl at managing money.

Holding the pen over the signature line, I looked at my mom in a new light. She had always been Mom. She’d held me when I had hurt myself as a little kid. The first day of each school year, she’d taken me to school so I wouldn’t have to ride the school bus. She’d always made me my favorite foods when I begged her to. But she’d had a hard life. I was born a month before she turned fifteen. Her mom had kicked her out around the same time, and she and my father dropped out of school. After that, Mom worked as a waitress in Baton Rouge until the cops had busted my dad for drugs when I was still little. He was killed in a riot at Angola, and that was how Mom ended up with Earl. When she claimed my dad’s effects, Earl had been one of the prison guards to assist her. Before she left, he asked her on a date, and for reasons I can still hardly fathom, she agreed.

I handed her the pen, even as additional worries rattled around inside my head. “Can you sign for me, Mom?”

Her hand trembled as she took the pen, “Are you sure, sweetie? After all, it’s you who found it.”

I wrapped my hand around hers and pushed the pen against the paper. “How about we sign it together?”

With me holding her hand, Mom scrawled Samantha and Robin Lambert.

“There, Pooh Bear, what do you think?”

I wasn't sure she should have signed my name on the ticket, but I also knew we needed to talk to a lawyer. I pulled out my wallet. The only thing inside was my school ID. I carefully put the ticket inside before returning my wallet to my back pocket.

"I'm glad we're not in Louisiana anymore," I said, "Can you imagine Earl finding out?"

We walked the last couple of blocks to Grant Jones' office. The last of the gas in the Celica was gone. We were both glad it was March instead of July or August. When we arrived, we were winded and a bit warm, but otherwise fine.

Mom stared at the unassuming office. It didn't look like much, but I'd seen it the day we drove into Texarkana and it was the only lawyer's office I could think of. "Do you really think this is a good idea, Robin? If this guy's a lawyer, he doesn't look very rich."

Out of gas and money also meant we were out of options. Instead of saying that, I grabbed Mom's hand and, in a voice far more confident than I felt, I said, "Sure. Not all lawyers have expensive offices."

The door opened with a chime into a small lobby with cheap plastic folding chairs along one side and a plain wood-laminate desk on the other side. The laminate was peeling with age. Behind the desk was a hallway. A moment later, as I seriously considered leaving, a young woman with nearly black hair and vaguely Hispanic features came around the corner. Her face lit up, "I thought I heard the door. How can I help you?"

Seeing the confused look on Mom's face, I stepped forward, "Um, is Mr. Jones available? We'd really like to meet with him."

The woman leaned her backside against the table, "Do you have an appointment? Mr. Jones is terribly busy."

On the other end of the desk was a plastic potted plant. The green leaves were coated in a thick film of dust. I wondered what kind of law Grant Jones practiced, and I regretted suggesting him to Mom. Still, I felt like we were out of options. "Uh, no appointment. But it's really important."

The woman, who I figured was older than my mom's twenty-six years, said, "Important? I could check his calendar and see when he can fit you in."

At that, Mom tugged on my shoulder, "Come on, Robin. Let's go."

A rich, baritone voice echoed out from the back of the office, "Lucinda, was that the door?"

The woman frowned at my mom as she went over to the hallway, "Just a lady and kid. You want me to put them on your calendar?"

We were nearly at the door when a tall man in a wrinkled Oxford shirt stepped around Lucinda. He gave her a disapproving frown before saying, "Is there something I can help you with?"

Mom glared at the woman, "You seem a bit busy. We hate to bother you."

Before she could say anything else, I stepped between her and Lucinda, "Um, we need help with, uh, a legal matter. You're a lawyer, right?"

He rested a hand on the other woman's shoulder, "Thanks for checking on things, I'll take care of this, Lue."

Once the woman disappeared back the way she came, the man said, "Sorry about that. Lue's my girlfriend, not my receptionist. So, you need help with a legal matter? What kind of legal matter?"

While he seemed friendly enough as he sat on the edge of the desk, I wasn't sure how far to trust him. Mom rested her hand on my shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze, "How do I know we can trust you?"

The man's lips twisted upwards as he said, "Well, there's this thing called an attorney client privilege. If I were to represent you in a legal matter, then anything we talk about is protected by it."

Mom and I have watched plenty of legal shows on TV. We knew about attorney client privilege. But when did it start? I said, "Well, how do we know if you should represent us?"

The small smile turned into a grin as he said, "We do something called a consultation. Just a short meeting where you tell me why you might want to hire me and we see if it makes sense to continue."

Still not sold that we were doing the right thing talking with Mr. Jones, I said, "Is that covered by the attorney client privilege?"

Nodding, the man said, "If people aren't honest during a consultation, then it gets really hard to represent them. Anything you tell me about why you want to hire me stays just between us. Does that seem fair to you?"

I glanced up at Mom. After almost letting her impulsiveness get the better of her, she glanced at me, "It's up to you, Robin."

I returned her smile before turning back to Mr. Jones. "My mom and I, we, um, we recently came into some money. And well, we're not sure what to do about it.

Mr. Jones leaned forward on his desk, "I'm assuming a few hundred dollars wouldn't have you guys coming in to talk. Did someone leave you an inheritance?"

I shook my head.

Mr. Jones scratched his chin, "You didn't stumble on a stash of cash somewhere? Maybe someone else's money?"

Shaking my head, I said, "No. I think it really belongs to us. We just don't know what to do next."

Mr. Jones swallowed as his eyes grew round, "You folks, do you have the winning lottery ticket?"

I nodded, "Yeah. We just realized it this morning."

Mr. Jones stood and paced back and forth. "Wow. That's no small thing. No wonder you need help. But why me? My practice is about half criminal defense and half divorces, wills, and probates."

For the first time since coming into Mr. Jones' office, I felt something right about him. The way he questioned why we'd use him was genuine confusion. I said, "Well, we just got to town a few days ago, and yours is the closest law office to where we've been staying."

He chuckled, "And here I was hoping it was because you guys had seen my mad legal chops in court."

He came over and offered his hand, "Robin, right?"

I nodded, "Yes, sir."

"I'm uncertain if I'm the best person for you, but the two of you look like you've had a hard spell recently and I'm willing to represent you and your mom's interests."

While I felt a bit of relief, I still had questions, "Thanks. But until we're able to cash the ticket, we don't really have any money to pay you. You're not going to try to collect a third of our winnings as a fee, are you?"

The lawyer laughed, "Oh, that would get me disbarred, I think. No. Nothing like that. The first thing we're going to do is verify the ticket. Once we're sure you've got the winning ticket, you and your mom will sign an agreement with me to be your attorney and represent you, at my normal rate of one-fifty an hour.

I've never heard of anyone working for such little money. "What? A buck fifty? What's the catch?"

Mr. Jones' melodic laughter filled the small office, "No, not a dollar-fifty. One hundred and fifty dollars an hour."

This was a first for me. I craned my neck to look at my mom. She just shrugged, "It's up to you."

Even though my estimation of Mr. Jones was growing, Mom and I had a golden opportunity. I didn't want to squander it. I thought back to some TV show I once watched and a clever question within the dialogue. Turning my attention back to the lawyer, I said, "I guess the fee is okay. But before Mom and I sign, is there any question that we should be asking but aren't."

The lawyer gave me a critical eye, like he was appraising me. "You know, Mr. Lambert, I've worked with lots of folks and that's one of the best questions I've been asked. It shows me you understand that you don't understand everything but you want to learn. That's an excellent trait. Now an honest answer is that I don't know everything, even about the law. Any attorney who'll tell you otherwise is lying. But what I'll do is faithfully represent you and your mom's interests. Where I'm weak, I know other attorneys who I trust, where I can tap their expertise. Just be mindful those

attorneys may charge more for their expertise than me. And if we need their help, you'll be sending them checks for their hourly rate when this is done."

After listening to Mr. Jones, I realized he hadn't exactly answered my question, but he told me what I needed to hear. I said, "Mom, I think he's the guy we should hire."

With a conspiratorial wink, Mr. Jones lowered his voice, "Let me get rid of Lou, then let's you and me make a photocopy of that ticket of yours."

After letting the lawyer make a copy of both the front and back of the ticket, I hung out with Mom in Mr. Jones' drab. Badly dated lobby. Nobody came or went. Save for the attorney's voice coming from an office toward the back of the building, it was quiet. It was just pushing two in the afternoon when Mr. Jones returned to the lobby. "I talked with a friend in Austin, who knows one of the board members of the Texas Lottery Commission. I sent him a screenshot of the front of your ticket and although there's a very thorough review process, it looks legit. You've hired yourself a lawyer."

Mom grabbed me in a hug as I nearly shouted, "Yeah!"

When we settled down, I asked, "Where's the contract. We're ready to sign."

Mr. Jones ruefully laughed, "You recall this is a Saturday afternoon. My assistant, who handles printing and prepping it, will be in the office on Monday. Until then, how about this," he stuck out his hand to me, and added "My dad used to say with an honest man, a handshake is as good as gold. With a dishonest man, a written contract isn't worth the ink and paper."

I took his hand and felt a firm grip. I did my best to match it. Then he shook Mom's hand.

"We'll complete this Monday morning. Now, I don't know about you folks, but I'm famished."

As if the word was enough, my stomach gave a loud growl. Mr. Jones opened the front door and waved us toward it, "There's a taco truck a

couple of blocks away that makes some of the best salsa and chips this side of the Rio Grande. Why don't we head over there and see about doing something about that monster in your stomach, Mr. Lambert?"

By the time we finished eating at an outdoor picnic table across the street from the taco truck, Mr. Jones had pulled nearly all the truth from me and Mom. I left out the details of what Earl had caught me and Jeremy doing. Partly because he didn't need to know it, and mostly because Mom only had the vaguest of ideas.

I cleared the table and was coming back from a trash barrel when Mr. Jones said, "Look, I can't stand the idea of the two of you staying in your car until Monday. Let me get you a hotel until then. It's the least I can do."

I didn't mind the idea of paying him for his work as our attorney. But I didn't like the idea of taking his charity. Well, not any more than we already had by letting him buy us lunch. Mom was shaking her head, too. She beat me to the punch, "We can't do that. We can manage on our own until then."

Mr. Jones looked over at me and Mom, almost like he was checking us both out, except he didn't give off a creeper vibe. "Look, Ms. Lambert, I'm not being altruistic. It's not safe in this neighborhood at night. I don't want anything happening to either of you."

I could see Mom was about to say no again when the lawyer added, "If it helps, I'll be billing the stay to your account. Consider it a bit of a loan until we can settle your bill."

He made perfect sense, and I was glad to see Mom's head bobbing in agreement.

Chapter 3

I have never been inside a Hilton hotel before that night. I'd always known Mom and Earl didn't have much. After all, when other kids were bragging about the latest iPad or PlayStation, I was lucky to get the previous year's model and never in its original wrapping. But standing in the hotel room with two queen beds, both decked out with the whitest sheets I have ever seen, it brought home just how little we had.

Mom turned the light on to the bathroom and let slip a happy yip. Looking around her shoulder, I saw a big tub in one corner of the bathroom. It was triangular. Mom went over to it, "It's a whirlpool bath, Pooh Bear. Like a jacuzzi."

Following behind her, I didn't see what the big deal was, but if it made Mom happy, that's all that mattered.

Back in the hotel room, I sat on one bed, just relishing the clean sheets and soft bed. After a few minutes of watching me channel surf on the large flatscreen, Mom said, "I'm going to take a bath, relax and get some of this dirt off me. Why don't you look around and see if you can find the menu? Grant said we could order room service."

I found the menu on a small, round table next to a couch. The prices on the menu almost made me put the thing back. We couldn't afford to spend that much money.

Before I could put it up, I chuckled at the absurdity of my thought. Once we cashed in the lottery ticket, we'd be rich. We could afford the food. And with that in mind, I called the number on the bottom of the menu and ordered several items without worrying about the price.

Mom was still taking her bath when the food arrived. I resisted the urge to pick the coverings off the dish and went over to the closed bathroom door and knocked, "Hey, Mom. Dinner's here."

The noise of the jacuzzi was loud and I don't think she heard me. I tried the door handle. It was unlocked. I opened the door just wide enough and repeated myself.

This time, the noise from the tub died as Mom said, "What was that, Pooh Bear?"

I didn't mean to stare at her through the gap in the door. Her back was to the door. A fading yellow scar on one side was a reminder of Earl's violence. Pushing down on my anger, I said, "Dinner's ready."

I should have turned away. But before I could close the door, Mom stood up, displaying her slim figure. Water slid off her lower back, running down her butt and onto her legs. Jeremy was right. Mom looked a lot younger than her twenty-six years and she was smoking hot.

I should have closed the door then, feeling guilt at seeing my mom's butt. But I froze in place as she grabbed a towel from a nearby rack and rubbed her face. In doing that, her body shifted until she was profiled. I could see a boob. The gentle swells weren't big enough to sag or droop. Her visible nipple stuck out, but it wasn't near as big as the ones Jeremy looked at online or in Earl's Penthouse mags.

I couldn't see anything else, and as she finished drying her hair, Mom turned a bit more, and I moved away from the door, hurrying back to my spot on the bed. Praying she hadn't seen me, I lifted the cover and barely looked at what was on the plate as I dug into the food.

When Mom opened the door to the bathroom the rest of the way, I glanced up, hoping the look on my face didn't give me away. She wore a wide smile when she came out, "God, that felt marvelous. You should try the whirl pool, Pooh Bear. You'll like it, I think."

I was nearing the two-week mark since my last shower. I'm sure Mr. Jones had probably smelled me, but he was too nice to comment on it. Still, I was also catching up on a lot of missed meals. Once I finished, I said, "Okay. I guess I can try the jacuzzi."

I swung my legs over the side of the bed when Mom put her fork down, "Um, Robin, I've been meaning to ask you something. It's just until now, we've been busy just trying to survive."

I froze, hoping she wouldn't confront me about the look I stole of her body.

"When Earl was hitting on you, what were you and Jeremy doing?"

Uncertain where this had come from, I stammered, “N-nothing. Just hanging out.”

Mom cocked an eyebrow at me. Mom may not have ever graduated from high school and she might not be good with money or have the best judgement, but she could spot a lie of mine from a mile away. “Uh huh. Try again.”

I couldn’t bring myself to look at her. Of course, part of the reason was because the robe exposed the top of her chest, including some cleavage. I mumbled, “Nothing much, we were just, um, you know, foolin’ around.”

Mom nodded, “Fooling around? Is that what it’s called these days? And you and Jeremy have been fooling around for a while?”

I figured my face had to be just about every shade of red as I gave a shallow nod. Mom just chuckled, “Earl loved to talk about how much he hated gays. He took particular pleasure in making some inmates’ lives especially miserable if they were known to, um, swing that way.”

She paused, her eyebrows scrunching together as though in deep thought. “You know, I wouldn’t care if you were gay, sweetie. My love for you has no limits. I just wasn’t sure...”

There it was again. Why did both Mom and Earl think I was gay? Didn’t they know kids my age just want to have fun with our bodies? I don’t think my frustration came through, “Sure about what?”

Mom’s cheeks became heated, “I thought I saw you looking through the bathroom door. Were you?”

Oh, how I wanted to shake my head, deny everything. But she was my mom and I just couldn’t bring myself to lie, especially when there was no hope of fooling her. I bobbed my head, “Yeah.”

She set her fork down, “Why, Pooh Bear?”

I shrugged. Mom’s youthful sexiness was a recent discovery. A year ago, I would have made a huge scene about how gross girls were, including my mom. “I dunno. I saw you when I opened the door. And, well, it’s just that, you’re pretty. I’m sorry.”

A bit of red appeared on her cheeks, “Oh. You think I’m pretty?”

I nodded, “Yeah. Jeremy was always going on about how hot you are. I think he’s right.”

More flush in Mom’s cheeks appeared, “That’s really sweet, Robin. Even moms sometimes like to know their family thinks they’re attractive. But looking in there without permission was rude of you, sweetie. I want you to promise me you won’t go spying on my or any other woman without our permission.”

I felt like a heel as I nodded.

Mom pointed toward the bathroom, “Go on, Robin. Try the whirlpool.”

I closed the door behind me as I stepped into the bathroom. The water flowed hot into the enormous tub. It took a couple of minutes to fill up. Once the water was a few inches above the jets, I turned the water off and looked around for the button or switch to turn it on. There were a few on the wall, just above the tub. The first one started the familiar noise and made the bubbles churn in the water.

I pumped my fist into the air at my beginner’s luck and then stripped off my smelly clothes and stepped into the water. Two weeks was too long to go between baths. Even the water must have agreed. It turned brownish-gray as I washed the dirt from my body. Once I scrubbed the dirt clean, I leaned back against the back wall and let the water jets work their magic. After a couple of minutes, my consciousness realized my bobbing dick had become hard. Of course, I hadn’t touched myself down there for two weeks. There’s not really any privacy when you’re stuck in your mom’s car day and night.

My hand found my shaft, and my fingers wrapped around it. While I lacked Jeremy’s girth or length, I wasn’t like Marcos Lefetamine, another seventh grader. A couple of inches shorter than Jeremy, he was the butt of a lot of jokes in gym class. I’d never seen him hard, but soft, he was maybe an inch or so. I was just a smidgen over four inches when hard, even if those inches were kind of skinny. It certainly didn’t stop me from enjoying things when my fingers went to work. I kept my fingers below the water, just jacking off

to nothing more than the pent-up stress that had built up over two weeks of no jacking off.

The tingling told me I was doing it right and that I wouldn't last long. While it wasn't as fulfilling as when Jeremy held my dick, my four inches didn't seem to care as I crept up on my impending cum. I closed my eyes when my little balls retracted and my penis jerked in my hand. I arched my back, dick poked above the water, and a dewdrop's worth of cum shot into the air, before landing in the water, where the roiling bubbles caused the clear drop to disappear.

That's what Earl had interrupted. A week before Earl discovered me and Jeremy, I had been jacking off one night when I discovered a thin, clear bit of film on the head of my dick. Now, a few weeks later, I was making just enough of the stuff to shoot a tiny dollop of my watery, clear seed into the air.

I felt better, more relaxed when I finally turned off the bubbles. Mom was right, the jets blasting against my skin made me feel better. Of course, finally getting release after so long might have also had something to do with feeling better as I unplugged the drain and reached for a towel.

"Now, Bert, after talking with the Lamberts, it's probably best for the trust to be blind until Robin Lamber's twenty-first birthday." Grant Jones said into the phone.

I glanced over at Mom. She was trying to pay attention, but after a few days of working with Grant, he was still arranging the trust with an attorney in Austin.

"Obviously, the Lamberts will decide who the trustee will be."

Our entire lives were about the change, and even I was having a hard time following our attorney's conversation.

"You know, I trust myself to make a call like that, but for the sake of transparency, I think the Lamberts would trust your recommendation on a trustworthy accountant to handle taxations and reconcile transactions and provide periodic reports to the Lamberts."

Accountants, lawyers, trusts; it all sounded terribly complicated. But when I saw the deer-in-the-headlights expression in Mom's eyes, I knew we were making the right choice.

"I'll print it out for them and let them look at it. Sure."

When Grant hung the phone up, he swiveled around, "Bert's emailing a copy of the trust. Once you sign it, Mrs. Lambert, I can submit the ticket on behalf of the trust for you and Robin."

Mom, still trying to feign interest in trusts, said, "What about the money, Mr. Jones. How long will we have to wait for it?"

I gaped at Mom. The entire purpose of the trust was to make sure we didn't blow through the millions in a few short years. Grant folded his hands on his desk, resting them on a desk calendar, "We'll go to Austin this Monday. Mr. Willoughby, that's Bert, will meet us at the Lottery Commission. He and I will actually submit the ticket on behalf of your trust. It'll take a couple of days to deposit the money so that the trust can disburse some to you."

Mom nodded, but I could see she didn't quite grasp the concept. Maybe I wouldn't either, but I'd been listening closer. I jumped in, "Mr. Jones will make sure we have plenty of money, Mom. He's just there to make sure we don't blow through it."

There was more confidence in Mom's demeanor after that, "That's good. I know it sounds greedy to be worried about when we're getting the money. It's just stressful living off your generosity, Mr. Jones. I'm ready for me and Robin to be living free of worries."

I jumped in again, "Mom, Mr. Jones isn't giving us the money to stay in the hotel. We're paying for it, just not yet. I'm sure we're going to get plenty of money from the trust each month. Right, Grant, um, Mr. Jones?"

Grant nodded, "Grant's fine, Robin. Exactly. At a bare minimum, you'll be supplied with a debit card to draw funds from the bank holding the trust. Some expenses, like a house payment, utilities, and the like will be paid through the trust. Other things, like food, groceries, and fun money, will be

paid on the debit card. To get you started, the trust is going to hold a fairly sizable cash reserve, probably around three percent.”

I leaned over the other side of Grant’s desk and did some quick math, “We’re supposed to get something like one hundred and sixty million, right?”

Grant nodded, and I continued, “So you’ll keep about four million and eight hundred thousand in cash that we can use?”

“That’s it in a nut-shell, Robin,” Grant said, “We’ll reassess after a year. But I think the trust will continue to grow for you if we allow around a three percent or lower annual withdrawal.”

Mom must have been paying attention at some point. Her next question was spot on, “So, why are we doing the cash payout instead of the yearly payments? How much would we get each year?”

Grant grabbed a sheet of paper from his desk and slid it across to Mom, “The annual payments rise over thirty years. The first few years, you’d get less than what you’ll get from the trust, but by the time thirty years rolls around, the payments are over fifteen million that last year.”

I asked, “What about after taxes?”

The attorney shrugged, “That’s the unknown, Robin. Today, the top marginal tax rate is thirty-seven percent. The first year’s annuity of five point two million becomes less than four million after taxes. And now that there’s a new administration in Washington, we’ll be seeing that top rate increase, meaning the government will let you keep less in future years.”

He paused and looked at my mom for a while. Almost like he was appraising her, “Here’s the thing, Ms. Lambert, there are no sure things. It is possible that if you took the annuity for thirty years, you might do a little better over those thirty years than if you take the lump sum. But how much of that money would be left after 30 years, how much would be saved? The reason people set up a trust and put the lump sum into it, they’re betting that after thirty years, there’ll be even more money in the trust to pass along to children or charities or whatever they want. Robin is twelve. You guys take the annuity for thirty years, what’s your plan when

he turns forty-two and the money stops coming in? The trust takes care of that, and makes sure Robin won't ever have to worry about money again."

I offered Mom a smile as I reached between our chairs and took her hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. With Mom's nod, Grant said, "Lump sum it is."

There was something Grant mentioned on the phone that came to mind then, "Grant, you mentioned about the trust being blind until I'm twenty-one. It's not as if a trust has eyes. How can it see or be blind?"

Our attorney chuckled, "Very observant, Robin. A blind trust just means that the beneficiaries of the trust, that's you and your mom, won't have power to make decisions about the investments until you're twenty-one. Once you turn twenty-one, you'd have control of the trust, to make changes, fire the trustees and the like. You could even terminate the trust and take the cash, if you were of a mind to."

I shook my head, "That doesn't seem like a very smart decision."

"No, it's not," Grant said, "Have you ever heard of a fiduciary?"

"No," I said as I glanced over to see Mom's confused expression.

Grant said, "As the trustee of your trust, I'm a fiduciary. The accountant we hire, he'll also be a fiduciary. When we hire a financial advisor, he'll be one, too. The thing about us is that as fiduciaries, we're legally bound to make decisions we believe to be in your best interest. Well, technically, the trust's best interest. But that's distinction with no meaning."

Mom said, "That's all well and good, Mr. Jones. But what do you, the accountant and the financial guy get out of it? None of you are doing this out of the kindness of your heart."

I winced. I had a great vibe about Grant. I thought he was doing best for us. Of course, he was also billing us, too. I blurted, "Mom, we're paying Grant for his help. That's why he's gotta do what's best for us."

Grant dipped his head toward me, "Robin's right, Sam, um, Ms. Lambert. You, well, the trust, pays me, the accountant and the financial advisor to do our best for you. And we're all going to be eying each other to make sure

none of the others is taking advantage of you, because that's part of what you're paying for. That's one reason I suggested an accountant from Austin. I don't know him and he doesn't know me. We're more likely to hold each other to a high standard, than if we were close friends."

My gut felt right. Even though I didn't understand everything he said, I knew he was speaking the truth. I squeezed Mom's hand again, "Mom, let's sign the trust. I think we're making the right choice."

Before the end of the day, Mom and I signed the trust. Grant was honest about that, too. Because I'm a minor, my signature meant nothing. Legally, Mom signed on my behalf. But Grant took me aside and said it was important that I understand. As he and I stood by the scanner, turning the trust back into a file of ones and zeroes, he added, "Nobody expects a boy of twelve to understand everything, Robin. So, make sure you ask questions of me, of Mr. Willoughby, anyone who is working on your behalf. Promise me you'll ask until you understand."

I squared my thin shoulders, "I promise, Grant."

Chapter 4

It took three weeks, instead of two, to complete the arrangements, and on the last Monday of March, Mom and I drove to Austin with Grant Jones. It was butt-crack of dawn early when Grant picked us up in his SUV. We stopped by a local donut shop where he and Mom got coffee and I got my Dr Pepper.

We were on the interstate before long and in between songs on the country music station, Grant said, "What are you guys going to do with your winnings?"

Mom stopped looking out the window, and glanced over at the lawyer, "One thing's for damn sure. We're not going back to Louisiana. God, I'm so glad Earl wasn't the marrying kind."

She played with the seatbelt strap across her chest before continuing, "We're definitely going to start over. Me and Robin have been talking about it since winning. We're going to stay in Texas. As your Mr. Willoughby has been fond of saying, no state taxes are a selling point."

Grant looked at me through the rearview mirror, "What about you, Robin? You want to live in Texarkana?"

I shook my head, "Would you if it were me?"

"Point taken. Where then?"

Mom and I had spent a lot of time talking about it. All the big cities had lots of stuff going for them. "We've talked about maybe moving to Austin or San Antonio. But the first thing we're going to do is take a vacation for a few weeks."

Grant drummed his fingers on the wheel to the tune of the country song coming out of the speakers, "That's the spirit. Lots of places to go."

The visor in front of Mom was down and I could see the smile play across her face, "I want to go to the beach, Grant. You'd think growing up in Louisiana, I'd have gone. But never had the chance. Now, I think we're going to the beach."

Grant said, "There's plenty of them in Texas. Galveston's got a nice beach. Also, even though it's out of the way, South Padre Island has probably the best beaches in Texas. Maybe even along the entire gulf coast."

After eating my donuts, I fell asleep in the backseat, and didn't wake until we were on the outskirts of Austin, moving along in heavy traffic. A few minutes later, we were in downtown Austin, and Grant was feeding quarters into a meter outside of an official-looking building. The other attorney, Mr. Willoughby, the one who handled the trust, met us in front of the plate-glass doors.

From there, it was a whirlwind of activity as they met with several men and women in suits who shook their hands and had Grant, as the trustee of the trust, sign most of the forms. There was one uncomfortable moment when the lottery commissioners wanted to take Mom's photo. But Grant and Mr. Willoughby stepped in and reminded the lottery people we were claiming the check through the trust and the trust was choosing to remain anonymous.

Mom and I did let Grant take some pictures where we held the actual check. It was surreal holding a bit of paper with the figures \$166,521,564 printed on the check amount field. Mom took my hand, "Oh, Pooh Bear, we're rich. You'll never have to worry about Earl, or money problems ever again."

From the Lottery Commission's offices, Mr. Willoughby took us over to a bank where we deposited the check. He explained it had a trust department that would work with Grant to invest the money in our trust. Before we left, a lady in a pantsuit with platinum blonde hair came over to us and gave mom a manila folder, "Ms. Lambert, there are debit cards with PINs and instructions to access that account online in this folder, as well as a small amount of cash for incidentals. We expect the check from the state to clear within a few days, in the meantime, there's a line of credit tied to this account, so you can start enjoying your winnings right now. All the information you need is in the folder. If you need anything from the bank, my business card is in there too. My name's Lois. Lois Feldman."

Mom took the folder and handed it to me, “Thank you, Mrs. Feldman. We’ll do that.”

When we got back to Grant’s SUV, he said, “Well, there you go, Sam, Robin. Welcome to the millionaires’ club. I’ve got a court case in the morning back home. So, I’ve got to hit the road before much longer. You folks are welcome to drive back there with me. But aside from my affable company, what do you have waiting for you back there?”

Mom said, “Are you sure, Grant? You’ll be okay on the drive back alone?”

He chuckled, “Yeah. I’ve got Reba and Shania to keep me company.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. I’d had all the country radio I’d cared for. And I had slept most of the way. “Thanks for all the help, Grant,” I said, offering him my hand. I felt all grown up as he shook it.

The lawyer leaned close, “We’ll be talking regularly, Robin. Y’all are good to do pretty much whatever you want for now. The bank put an obscene line of credit on the account for now.”

Then, as Mr. Willoughby was introducing someone to Mom, Grant gently took me by the shoulder and walked toward the back of the SUV, “Robin, your mom’s a good woman. But if I had to guess, you’re going to be the man of the house and the one to track spending. You and I will talk about it as things get set up. For now, over the next thirty days, you guys have up to a million available.”

My eyes were round as saucers, I stammered, “A m-million?”

Grant nodded, “Yeah. But don’t look at it as a contest. It’s there to be used and enjoyed, but what you don’t spend will still be there, available.”

It took a few minutes to get away from the bank. Grant took me and Mom over to a rental car place where we Grant arranged a long-term rental for us. When we followed the young woman working the counter out to see the car, I let out a low whistle. I wasn’t exactly a car aficionado, but the cobalt blue Maserati Ghibli was more of a car than I’d ever seen. And it was ours for a month.

Grant gave us a couple of recommendations for hotels and left it to us to decide as he left us standing beside the Maserati as he started his nearly six-hour return trip.

Mom came over, twirling the key-fob in one hand and slid the other around my back, "What a difference a month makes, Pooh Bear. We were homeless and living in our old beat-to-hell Celica. Now, look at what we're driving."

I hugged her back. My eyes were even with her forehead. I really had shot up since the beginning of the seventh grade. A year before, Mom had been a full head taller than me. Now I was taller, if just by an inch. It was a good thing we won the lottery. I'd just about outgrown what little I had before we ran out on Earl. And the clothes we'd bought in Texarkana had mostly come from Walmart. Now, I expected our next stop would be Macy's, maybe even Neiman Marcus.

I was almost right. We stopped at the Four Seasons hotel and checked in. It was a good thing, too. There was some kind of convention in town and nearly all the rooms were booked.

The rest of the afternoon, we spent shopping at Macy's. In truth, we spent a lot more time picking outfits for Mom than for me. But after picking out a couple of pairs of pants, some shirts, and more shorts, we were heading out of the boy's section when Mom stopped by the rack of underwear, "Oh, Pooh, we can't forget these."

While I had picked up some cheap, plain white underwear at Walmart with some money Grant loaned us, there were certainly nicer brands than Fruit of the Loom or Hanes. I was looking at a pair of boxers when Mom said, "What about these, Pooh?"

I looked up and did a double take. Across the top of the packaging was the brand: Hanro. Bikini briefs for Men. Admittedly, the model wearing the briefs was smoking hot, for a guy. My eyes shifted from the packaging to Mom, "You think I should wear those?"

Mom put the package of underwear against my stomach, looking from me to the guy posing the underwear, "It's your choice, Pooh, but as you get

older, I don't see why you can't wear stuff that's more mature."

I looked askance at Mom, "You really think I should wear them?"

Mom's cheeks colored more than what her mascara could account for, "You know I'm biased. I think you're positively adorable in whatever you wear. But you'll be thirteen in a few months and a young man. I'm biased, but I think you'd look gorgeous in these. Any young lady who disagrees should have her head examined."

And that's how I walked out of there with some pretty sexy underwear.

After all that shopping, it was getting late, so we ended up back at the hotel, where a bell-hop carted our bags up to our room. When he dropped the bags next to the door, I gave him a bit of cash from the envelope Lois at the bank gave us.

Then Mom groaned, "Oh, shit. There must be a mistake."

I came over beside her. There was only one bed, a king. Then I replayed back in my mind when we checked in earlier. Mom had asked for a room. The man behind the counter told her she was lucky the hotel still had anything available. I shook my head, neither of us had even thought of asking for a room with double beds.

Mom was already on the phone to the front desk when I said, "If they don't have another room, we can make this work."

After a brief call, Mom hung up the phone, "The only other rooms available are just like this."

I sat down on the end of the bed and removed my shoes and socks, "I guess I can sleep on the floor."

Mom stood up and walked over to a short sofa, and pushed down on the material. Shaking her head, she said, "You don't need to do that, Pooh Bear. We've shared beds before. We can manage for a few more nights."

If Mom didn't mind, I wasn't going to fuss. The floor was pretty hard, anyway. When Mom went into the bathroom, I heard her say, "Next place has to have a whirlpool."

I came up behind her and saw over her shoulder a walk-in shower with poured marble walls. I agreed. I missed the whirlpool tub from the Hilton in Texarkana. Mom couldn't see my grin; we were getting spoiled. And I loved it.

While she showered, I surfed the TV, watching a few minutes of several shows, until the bathroom door opened and Mom came out. I think my jaw dropped. She was wearing an oversized bath-towel wrapped around her chest. It barely came down far enough to cover her girl parts. She blushed as she said, "I forgot a change of clothes."

Healthy eating and no Earl to cause her stress had done Mom a world of good. Her hair seemed fuller and shinier than I'd ever seen. I couldn't see the worry lines on her face anymore, and that made her look years younger than her twenty-seven years.

"Wow, Mom. Your hair really looks good," I said. "I bet the next time you order a drink at a restaurant, they card you."

Mom's blush grew redder as she ripped open a package of pastel-colored panties and pulled out a pair. She turned away as she slid them up her legs and under the towel.

Then she found a cami-top. Still turned away, she let the towel fall to the floor as she slid the top on. When she saw me still staring, she said, "I'm sorry, sweetie. I should have told you so you could have excused yourself if you wanted."

Ever since Mom had caught me peaking in on her, she had become slightly more open about our bodies and had even started referring to me as a young man when talking with other people. Still, save for that first time, this was the only time since when I saw her bare back.

"Um, It's okay, Mom. I didn't see anything. I'm going to get a shower too."

With that, I closed the bathroom door behind me and stripped. The waterfall showerhead was nice, almost creating a rain-like effect. Even as my dick grew hard as I washed it, I wasn't so desperate for a cum as I had been that first night in the Hilton. I'd enjoyed the jacuzzi tub a lot, and had beat-off almost every night.

Before wrapping my fingers around my bean-pole, I inspected myself again. Still no hair. At least I didn't have to worry about school for a bit, which meant no boys to make fun of my bald pubic area in gym class.

As I stroke my thin erection, I thought about several girls in my grade back in Louisiana. But even as I stroked myself, I couldn't keep my focus on either of them. My mind wandered until it settled on a lean, smooth woman's back. There was something tantalizing familiar and incredibly erotic about the vision filling my mind. After a moment, as my fingers slipped up and down my shaft, the tingling grew and I leaned back against the tile as I picked up my pace.

The first sign I was close was when my little marble-sized balls constricted. That was followed by my shaft getting even harder. Then my dick spasmed in my fingers and a shot of my watery, clear, immature cum splattered against the shower's glass door.

Another little dribble dripped onto the bottom of the shower, where water whisked it away. I was breathing heavily as I wiped the bit of cum from the glass and sent it following after the second bit of my cum.

I was reaching for a clean towel when I realized the back I'd been fantasizing about was my mom's. "Oh, shit," I muttered. How in the hell could I have done that?"

As I toweled off my hair, I continued muttering, "It's not a big deal. I bet lots of guys do the same. And it's not like Mom isn't super pretty."

By the time I wrapped the towel around my waist, I had rationalized my fantasy, swore it wouldn't happen again, and then opened the door. Like Mom earlier, I too had forgotten a change of clothes.

Mom was on the left side of the bed, under the plush white covers. Before, when we lived with Earl, at night, she'd wear an oversized T-shirt and maybe a pair of baggy shorts. Now, all I could see was the white cami-top. It was about as far from a loose-fitting T-shirt as she could get. Seeing Mom's perky boobs clearly defined under her cami, my vow to not think of her again was like dust on the wind.

I tore my eyes away from her chest when I realized I was mentally undressing my mom. I went over to the bags of my new clothes and as I rummaged for something to put on, Mom said, "Try on one of those cute little briefs, Pooh Bear."

About that time, I wish I'd listened to my earlier instincts and bought some boxers too. Unfortunately, aside from my old plain white underwear were the new low-cut colored briefs in the Hanro package. I ripped the package open and took a navy-blue pair. When I tried to put them on under the shower towel wrapped around my waist, I stumbled as my foot got caught on the hem of the towel. I would have fallen if I hadn't put my hand out and steadied myself against the wall.

The easiest way was the most embarrassing, especially considering Mom was watching. I grumbled, "Don't look, okay."

Then, without really waiting, and keeping my back turned toward the bed, I let the towel fall to the floor and quickly stepped into the snug-fitting skimpy underwear. Unlike my old white ones, this pair of underwear was snug and my junk was a bulge within the dark material.

Mom piped up, "Oh, you look really cute in those, Pooh Bear."

I groaned, "Mom, why'd I let you talk me into these? I feel naked in them."

"Come on, sweetie," Mom repeated, "Turn around and let's see. From the back they seem modest enough."

I was lucky I had shot my load just a few minutes before. When I turned around, the part of me hardest to control remained calm. Still, how could Mom help but see my stuff was on display through the snug fabric?

Mom patted the bed, "I don't know why you think you look bad in those, Pooh. They make you look more mature."

I crawled under the covers and kept to my side of the bed. After a bit of time, Mom turned off the TV, "What do we want to do tomorrow? We can pretty much do anything we want."

I put my hands behind my head. This truly was the start of a brand-new life for us. "We should get new cell phones. The one you've got is one Earl gave

you. Maybe after that, we can find a good restaurant.”

Mom leaned over and gave me a playful punch, “McDonalds is it?”

Funny, before we won the lottery, a trip to Micky Ds would have been a real treat. But after a few weeks hanging out at Grant’s law office and getting a glimpse of the wider world, cheap fast food didn’t sound very appealing.

I mock-rubbed the spot where her fist hit my arm. I was tempted to stick my tongue out at her. But it just didn’t feel like the mature thing to do. “I bet there are loads of restaurants. Let’s try something different.”

I fluffed my pillows and sank down under the covers. The bed was even more comfortable than the one at the Hilton. And a million times better than the lumpy little twin bed in Earl’s trailer. Mom leaned farther over and gave me a hug and a quick peck on my cheek, “I love you, Pooh Bear. Sweet dreams.”

“Love you too, Mom.”

Chapter 5

Something moving under my hand woke me up. Blinking my eyes open, I found myself on my side, my arm draped across Mom's stomach as she lightly snored. Sometime during the night, we had shifted in our sleep until we were sleeping side by side. If I were a few inches closer to Mom, I would have been the big spoon to her smaller one, except she slept on her back.

With a sliver of light shining in between the curtains playing across her chest, I could see her profile. Our heads were nearly touching, and when I looked at Mom's chest, even her little nipples were clearly outlined under her cami's sheer fabric. Her boobs appeared even flatter than normal as she lay on her back.

That's when I noticed a twitch between my legs. My morning wood reminded me of two things. The first, I had to piss. The second, last night's promise to not think sexy thoughts about Mom was as dead as a doornail. I knew I would never try to peek under the flimsy fabric to see what I imagined were her delightful breasts, but I couldn't shake thinking about what those boobs looked like as I stared at her form.

That only made my erection worse. As quiet as I could, I slipped a hand inside of my new briefs, and played with my dick. I was too close to Mom to do anything more than just squeeze it and make it feel a bit better. That was fun until I remembered how badly I had to piss. I slipped back onto my side of the bed and then crawled out and hurried to the bathroom. I was nearly totally soft by the time I finished peeing. Just thinking about Mom brought my erection back. I felt guilty as I wrapping my fingers around my erection and stroked. I filled my mind with what I imagined hid under Mom's cami-top. I closed my eyes and leaned back on the toilet seat as my fingers teased the familiar tingling sensation from my balls and dick.

I beat off faster, the fapping of my hand smacking against my pelvic bone was the only noise I heard. I felt my balls constrict and a moment later, my eyes grew crossed as my orgasm ran from my brain all the way down to my toes, although it was the portion of my body pointing straight out that felt

the best. My clear, watery ejaculate splattered on my chest while my dick spasmed in my fingers. The second little blast puddled in my belly button.

After cleaning up, I found Mom was still asleep when I came back to bed. The alarm clock showed it was just a few minutes after seven. We had nowhere to be, and time was hardly something to worry about. So, I slipped back under the covers, and even though I knew I shouldn't, I scooted back into the middle of the bed and rolled back onto my side facing Mom and enjoyed looking at her. Now that I wasn't particularly horny, I could enjoy looking at her without getting stiff.

Perhaps I had noticed before, but I don't recall. But gazing upon her, it dawned on me, cleaned up and rid of Earl, Mom could pass as a teenager. Perhaps eighteen or nineteen. Maybe even younger. Would people who don't know us possibly mistake us for girlfriend and boyfriend? I was, after all, an inch taller than her.

When Mom finally stirred and her eyes cracked open, she smiled when she saw me next to her, "Good morning, Pooh Bear. How'd you sleep?"

I stifled a yawn, "Pretty good. You?"

She yawned and stretched her arms over her head, "Wonderful. Best sleep in a long time. I woke up at one point and we had moved to the center of the bed. I know you're nearly a teenager and not a little boy any longer, but it felt nice sleeping beside you."

I certainly enjoyed waking up next to Mom, but I couldn't admit to it, not to her. The last thing I wanted was for her to think I was perving her. Instead, I said, "Yeah, it was nice. You still want to go buy some new cell phones?"

Mom nodded, "Yeah. Then we can go out for lunch."

She threw back the covers, exposing her panties. But within a minute or two, we were both dressed and ready to begin a new day.

A few hours later, we both had the latest iPhones with new phone numbers. Mom and Earl never had the money to get me a phone, even when most of the kids in the junior high had phones. Now, I was holding a phone worth a couple of weeks' of Earl's salary. That reminded me of

something Grant had told me when I had recounted some of the abusive things Earl had done to me and mom. The best revenge is living well.

Once we walked out of Best Buy, my stomach growled. We had skipped breakfast. Mom must have heard it. She hooked her arm around one of my elbows, "Well, Mr. Lambert, now that you've made sure I have a cell phone, what do you have in mind now?"

I giggled at being called Mr. Lambert. About the only time I had ever been called that was when I was in school and a teacher was pissed at me. The look Mom gave me left me a bit unsettled. While I had never seen her look at Earl that way, I had seen some girls at school looking at some high school guys like that. I decided to ignore the glance she gave me, "I saw a restaurant on the way over here called the Tamale House. How does Mexican sound?"

Mom leaned in to me, "Sounds wonderful."

As we got into the rented Maserati, she said, "This all feels like a dream, Robin. To think, everything we'll ever need is practically at our finger tips."

I fastened my seatbelt, "It's a new life, Mom. Grant said we could treat this like a blank slate. Be who we want to be."

Mom reached across the console, "Today, Pooh, let's pretend we're on a first date. We can pretend we've just met and we're getting to know each other for the first time."

Before the past few days, the notion of going on a date with my mom would have been very far down the list of things I wanted to try. That would not have kept me from agreeing, just that I might have done it under duress. I love my mom and would have done just about anything to make her hard life less so. Now, though, my preteen hormones liked the idea. A lot.

I may have liked the idea, but that didn't keep my voice from cracking, "Sure, that sounds fun."

When we arrived at the restaurant, I hopped out of the car, and raced to open Mom's door, and offered her my hand. Mom was wearing a new halter top she'd gotten at Macy's, as well as a skirt that ended halfway up

her knees. When she accepted my hand and climbed out of the seat, for the shortest of moments, I could have sworn I saw her panties.

She took me by my arm, “My, my, Mr. Lambert, you’re quite the gentleman.”

When we got to the restaurant’s double doors, I jumped ahead and held one open for Mom. Even though it was lunch, the rush wasn’t bad, and they seated us right away. Mom rested her hands on her menu, “This is so much fun. I’m glad you talked me into coming here, Mr. Lambert.”

I knew Mom was into our little role-play, but hearing her call me Mr. Lambert a second time sounded weird. I was awkward, reaching across the table and placing my hand over hers. “Please, call me Robin.”

A tinge of red in her cheeks, Mom said, “Very well... Robin. Please call me Sam. It’s short for-“

I finished for her, “Samantha. That’s a pretty name.”

I’d always thought so, but had never found a way to tell her. When the waitress came and took our order, we split a big order of fajitas. Mom looked at the drinks menu, but stuck with tea. After the waitress disappeared, Mom said, “So, Robin, tell me about yourself.”

What didn’t she already know? But this was a game, so I thought for a moment, “I recently moved to Texas from Louisiana.”

“Is that all? Surely there’s more to a handsome young man than that.”

I flushed at hearing her call me handsome. “Um, even though I’m tall for my class, I kinda suck at sports,” I chuckled as a thought came to mind. “But if playing games on my PlayStation was an Olympic sport, I’d probably get a gold medal.”

Answering questions was hard. It was my turn, “Um, S-, Sam, what about you?”

Mom offered a smile, “What a coincident. I also just moved here from Louisiana. I can’t imagine ever going back. I just broke up with a real jerk, to put it mildly. I’m actually planning on staying in Texas for a while.”

I returned her smile, "I like it here too. What's something you want to do here that wasn't possible before?"

Mom smiled wistfully, "I want to go to the beach, stick my toes in the white sand and walk hand in hand alongside the ocean with someone handsome, like you."

I thought Mom was laying it on pretty thick, but it fed my ego, so I didn't mind. Before I could think of a response, I heard and smelled our food. The sound sizzling meat makes on an iron skillet is distinct, the aroma of well-seasoned fajita meat straight off the grill was just as unique.

We talked a bit more while we ate, Mom playing the role of a teenaged girl and me playing the role of a young teenaged guy. It was fun, learning things about her, like her favorite toys as a girl, were her Bratz dolls.

After lunch, I paid for it with a debit card I now carried in my wallet. As we left the restaurant, Mom slipped her hand into mine, "That was a delightful meal, Pooh-, um, Robin."

I opened the driver's door and before she got in, she leaned forward and kissed me on my cheek. Going around to the passenger door, my stomach was all aflutter. That was the second time in two days she had planted a kiss on my cheek. Back when we had lived with Earl, she stopped kissing my cheek at bedtime a long time ago. These kisses felt nothing like the little bedtime kisses when I was six or seven. It was also a reminder that after so many years of being under Earl's heel, Mom was blossoming again. And I was right there beside her, watching it happen.

We spent the afternoon at one of the local malls, picking up more stuff we needed or wanted. More clothes for Mom, a new laptop for me; you know, mostly the essentials. We ate dinner at one of the restaurants in the mall and once again, Mom talked me into role playing our second date. The most awkward moment came when she ordered a glass of wine.

"Ma'am, can I see your ID, please?" the waiter said, as he held a tablet into which he had keyed the order.

Mom pulled it out of her purse and handed it to him. His eyes bugged out, and he said, "I'll have that glass of Moscato out in a moment, Ms."

Lambert.”

I couldn't help but to giggle, all pretense at dating gone in that moment, “That's what happens when you look so young and pretty, Mom.”

She looked down at the table, a hint of embarrassment at her cheeks, “You really think I'm pretty? After so long dealing with Earl's put downs and abuse, I stopped feeling pretty a long time ago.”

I glanced and saw our waiter serving another table, and I stretched my hand across the table and took hers, “Of course you are. If this were a real date, I'd say something like this, Samantha, um, Sam, I'm really glad I met you. You're the prettiest girl I've ever met. Even though you're a few years older, you'd make me the happiest guy in the world if you'd be my girlfriend.”

I blushed furiously and pulled my hand back, feeling I'd gone too far, even though every word was the truth. I added, “Well, that's what I'd say if this were real.”

Mom's hand snaked across the table to where mine retreated and she took it, “God, why can't this be real, Robin? Not yet thirteen and you 're far more of a man than your father or Earl could ever have hoped to be.”

There was a sadness in her eyes as she continued, “I feel the same way you do. Any girl who gets you as a boyfriend will be the luckiest girl. You're sweet, kind, and considerate. You'd be amazed at how many guys don't have those traits. Worse, yet, how many girls think they want the bad boy because he's exciting, only to realize after they've nearly destroyed their lives, what they really need is someone like you, Robin.”

The rest of the meal was slightly melancholy. Seeing the girl inside Mom, who she would have been had my father and Earl not hurt her so much, was a revelation. There has never been a point in my life where I didn't love my mom. But, seeing her across the table, I realized I really liked her. Not as Mom, but as Sam, a beautiful young woman, now liberated from the prison of past relationships. Still, as much as this shifted how I saw her, it didn't change the nature of our underlying relationship. Sam was still my

mom, and I was still her son, even if our relationship was undergoing a metamorphosis.

The sun was low in the sky as we left the restaurant. My only familiarity with alcohol was watching Earl abuse it. When we reached the car, I said, "Are you okay to drive, um, Sam?"

Mom took me by the hand, "Yes. One glass of wine doesn't affect me like that. Half a bottle though, and you'd be driving me home."

Mom's back leaned against the car's roof, inside the open car door, still holding me by the hand. Even though my hand was sweaty, I enjoyed her touch. I squeezed hers gently, wishing our day of role-playing wasn't coming to an end. "Okay. Thanks for going on a date with me. I really enjoyed it."

Mom returned my squeeze. Mine wasn't the only sweaty hand, "Me too, Robin. I can't remember enjoying myself like this ever. I hope you ask me out again soon."

Still holding my hand, Mom leaned forward, closing about half the distance between the two of us. After a day of being with her like this, my instincts sent the fluttering in my stomach into overdrive. Her eyes held a look of expectation. My breath caught in my throat as realization hit. She was waiting for a kiss.

I leaned forward, closing the gap until my face was just a few inches away from hers. I hadn't expected this and worried I was misreading her signs, I whispered, "This okay?"

Mom gave a slight nod, closing the gap until our faces were within an inch of each other. Then, trying to muster control of my emotions, I closed the rest of the distance until I felt the soft flesh of Sam's lips against mine. The fluttering only intensified as my heart pounded in my chest. Surely, she could hear it. Beyond the slightly spicy taste of fajitas on her lips, there was more to the taste than simply dinner. Something my mind defined as Sam, as Mom.

Only a second or two passed before our lips parted, but in those few heartbeats, I realized I enjoyed this, my first kiss. My emotions were too

jumbled to know if it was just the act of kissing someone, or if it was because of who I kissed. But I knew as I climbed into the car, I wanted to feel the magical touch of Mom's lips on mine again, even though on some basic level I knew I shouldn't.

As we pulled out of the parking lot, Mom glanced over at me with a pensive look on her face, "Maybe I shouldn't have done that, Robin."

I raised a hand to my lips and touched it with a finger. I could almost feel them tingle. How could something that felt so right be wrong? Despite that internal struggle, my lips involuntarily curled into a smile, "I, uh, I liked it, Mo-, ah, Sam."

Telling Mom how much I liked the kiss seemed weirder than telling Samantha how much I liked it. Her pensive expression evaporated and her smile matched mine, "Thanks, Robin. Me too."

We were silent on the drive back to the hotel, each of us lost in our thoughts. After parking the car, Mom and I walked along a sidewalk beside the river behind the hotel. She took hold of my elbow as we walked along. After a bit, she said, "I wonder how things would have turned out for us had you not found the lottery ticket. Living in our car was rough, and we were both pretty stressed about it. There was no guarantee I'd have gotten that next job, and things were bad."

My hand slipped into hers, seeking comfort from the memory. "Yeah. It wasn't much fun."

It might have been even worse. In my darkest thoughts when I'd been sleeping in the car behind that abandoned building in Texarkana, I had nightmares of Mom returning to Earl, crushed and defeated. The fate that led me to the lottery ticket had saved both of us.

"Now, we can go where we want, do what we want. It's hard for this Louisiana girl to wrap my head around."

I squeezed her hand, "At least we're together."

She squeezed back, "I know. Thank God. I couldn't have imagined that pretending to go on dates would be so much fun with you. I wish..."

Still holding my hand, Mom fell silent. I knew how she felt. No doubt, she mirrored my own feelings, even if it felt incredibly weird wishing I could date my mom. Seeking validation, I asked, "What's that, Sam? What do you wish?"

Mom leaned her head against my shoulder, "I like it when you call me Sam. In those moments it lets me believe we really are dating." She sighed, "God, I must sound like a silly girl, pining after my own son."

I stopped. Behind us was the hotel, rising into the night sky. In front of us was the river. And we were alone. "I don't think you're silly. I think you're wonderful. I wish we could date. Maybe we can at least pretend to."

Mom's arms reached around my chest and drew me into a hug, "Thanks, Pooh, um, I mean Robin. I can hardly wait for you to ask me out again."

The sun had been down for a bit and the early spring weather grew cool, leaving us chilled, me in my shorts and Mom in just her skirt and halter top. We soon retreated to our hotel room, where housekeeping had remade our bed and cleaned the bathroom. Mom got a shower first and then I got mine next. It still felt surreal coming out of the bathroom wrapped in only my towel, seeing Mom lying on the bed in just her underwear and cami-top, although if it were possible for her to look even better than the previous night, somehow, she managed it.

When I slid under the covers, I moved closer to the middle. Mom shifted over until I felt her smooth leg brush against mine. I nearly flinched at the warmth of her leg, instead, I left my leg where it was as Mom settled in by my side. Since coming back into the hotel, I'd been thinking about Mom and what to do next. I said, "I was thinking, tomorrow, if you want, we can check out and drive down to South Padre Island. Maybe stay there for a bit. What do you think about that, Mom?"

Mom threw her arms around me and squeezed me in a bear hug, "Oh, Robin, that would be so much fun. Seriously?"

I basked in the embrace. She pushed her boobs against my ribs, which resulted in something stirring in my underwear. Fortunately, the covers

were thick and didn't give away my predicament. I said, "Sure, Mom. We can stay there as long as we want."

Mom said, "Thanks for thinking of me, Robin," Still holding me, her voice grew quiet and low, "Um, Robin, would you do me one favor, please?"

She was holding me; her boobs against my chest. She could have asked for almost anything and I would have given it to her, were it in my power.

"Yeah, sure."

Mom said, "I love how you called me Sam or Samantha during our dates today. I'd really like it if you'd call me by my name from now on."

I grew warm, feeling her body heat against me. One reason I enjoyed calling her Sam on our dates was because it was easier to think about her as a young woman instead of my mom; it was more intimate. "Yeah. If you'd like, um, Sam."

When she finally let go the hug, she said, "Cool. Then it's Robin from here on. No more Pooh or Pooh Bear. Those were nice names for my little boy, but not appropriate for a handsome young man."

After watching a TV show, Mom turned out the light. I had just fluffed my pillow and rested my head on it, when I felt Mom turn toward me. Her body moved against mine until I felt her hand on my face. Her lips found mine. The kiss was brief, but it still took my breath away. When she pulled back, she said, "Good night, Robin. I love you."

My heart was racing as I stammered, "G-, goodnight, Sam. I love you too."

Chapter 6

Have you ever snorted yourself awake? I was on my back when I woke up. My left arm was flung out, resting above Mom's head on her pillow. My mouth was dry, as though I'd slept with it open for a goodly part of the night. Mom's snores were gentle and feminine as her head lay wedged between my side and shoulder. Her arm was draped over my belly as she slept on her side, her body pressed against mine. I peered down at her face. She was my sleeping beauty.

I felt a leg draped over mine, closer to my morning wood than I was comfortable with. Still, I didn't want to move, and risk losing the magic of the moment. Something was changing in my relationship with my mom and I was doing my best to come to terms with it. Maybe if my mom looked more like Jeremy's mom, I wouldn't feel this way. After all, Jeremy's mom was almost forty and was heavier-set than his dad. Instead, Mom was as beautiful and looked young enough to pass for a high school senior. And looking at her like this made me glad to lie beside her, even if my morning wood was impossible to ignore.

When we had both confessed we wanted more dates with each other, I knew things between us were changing. While I had felt conflicted about calling her Sam, by the time I slept on it, I relished the idea of calling her by her name. There was more to what I felt than simply loving my mom. After all, I can't recall ever not loving her. Now, though, I was falling in love with Sam. And there was a distinction. I wanted to feel her lips on mine. I hoped for more chances to glance at her boobs, even if hidden behind the sheer fabric of her cami. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew what I wanted was taboo. But my body was filled with new feelings, new hormones, and what the world might consider taboo wasn't important to me anymore.

Despite all that, I was content to enjoy the moment. Sure, I might wish I could touch my mom's breasts, but it was one thing to want it and another entirely to do it. Apart from Jeremy, I had never touched another person in a sexual way, and in truth, I had no idea how to mention something like that to Mom.

A few minutes later, the hand on my stomach moved. A low moan came from just below my armpit. The leg, which was crossed over mine, moved, pulling upward. I froze when it bumped against my crotch as it touched my balls and my rigid shaft. Several heartbeats passed until I heard a slight gasp, "Oh!" from Mom as she pulled her leg away from mine. She craned her neck to see my face. Her cheeks were fire-engine red, she stammered, "G-, good morning, Pooh, um, Robin."

I wasn't about to say anything about the accidental touch, especially if she didn't. Instead, I pretended to yawn, "Good morning, Sam. How'd you sleep?"

While she left her head resting against my side, she shifted away from where our bodies touched beneath the covers, "Good, Robin. Even better than the previous night. A girl can get used to waking up in the arms of her handsome young man."

My thoughts returned to those nights in the Hilton hotel, how awkward I had felt just being in the same room as my mom when we weren't fully clothed. Now, Sam and I were sleeping in just our underwear, our bodies touching each other. My stomach fluttered as I murmured, "I like falling asleep next to you, Sam. I like it even more waking up like this."

Mom's hand rubbed my belly in a circular motion, until she rested it on my chest, "If you want your privacy, Robin, we can get a two-bedroom condo. I'd miss falling asleep next to you, but I'd understand."

Her hand on my chest felt good. It didn't stop the fluttering in my stomach one bit, but I didn't care. This felt more like when we were role-playing on our dates than mother and son. I tried to still my hand as I rested it atop hers. "I l-, like sleeping with you, Sam. It makes it feel like you're really my girlfriend."

Mom's arm curled around my side and she lifted herself until her face was over mine. "Me too, Robin."

Then her lips closed with mine and she kissed me. Unlike the ones before, which ended within a couple of heart beats, she didn't pull back until I had counted ten beats of my heart. "W-, wow!" I stammered.

Mom kissed me a second time, this time it was just a peck of a kiss, "I really enjoy pretending you're my boyfriend, Robin."

I was breathless, "Y-, yeah, me too."

She rolled away from me, "I guess the sooner we get dressed, the sooner we can get on the road."

With that, she faced away from me and pulled off her top, revealing her naked back to me. She put a bra on before turning back around. "You going to get ready?"

My morning wood was as hard as ever, especially after she kissed me. "Um, yeah."

Then, thinking about that first moment I saw her backside nearly a month before and how she had told me it was rude to look without a woman's permission, I added, "Um, Sam, is it okay for me to look at you when you change? Or like now?"

Mom came over to the foot of the bed, "If I want privacy, I can change in the bathroom, Robin. Why do you think I changed out here?"

My dick stirred inside my taut underwear, "Because you don't mind if I see you like this?"

Mom nodded and then tugged back the bed covers, revealing me in my underwear. She said, "Right. What about you? Does it bother you if I see you like this?"

My face was beat-red. My underwear poked out where my dick strained against the dark fabric. Even though part of me felt horny that she saw me like this, most of me was embarrassed. Still, I resisted the urge to run to the bathroom. Somewhere in the midst of my shame, I knew Sam would prefer the truth. "Yeah. It doesn't really bother me when I'm not, um, ah... hard. But it's super embarrassing when it does this."

Mom colored as her eyes eventually looked away, "I'm sorry, Robin. I shouldn't have pulled the covers away. It's just..."

She sighed in frustration, "I loved playing like I was your girlfriend and you were my boyfriend, and I thought it would be fun to play some more with

you. That's why I kissed you."

I sat up, resting my hands in my lap, "Um, are we playing right now?"

Mom gave me a shallow nod, "Do you want to?"

Did I? Absolutely. That didn't change how embarrassed I was. "Yeah, Sam, all the time. It's just..."

I didn't know how to explain it. Mom... no, not Mom. I needed to change how I thought of her, especially when she wanted us to pretend to be dating. Here's the thing, Sam was beautiful. Her face, her breasts, her body, everything about her was enough to drive my twelve-year-old hormones to distraction. The only thing I had going for me was that I was taller than her, even if it was just an inch or so. Beyond that, nothing. I had no muscles, no good looks, no body hair to tell her I was as mature as she wanted to pretend. Just a below-average, hairless penis that I couldn't control.

I scooted over to the end of the bed and let my hands fall to my side. My stiffy wasn't as pronounced, although its outline was certainly visible. "It's just it's got a mind of its own. I wish it'd go down."

Sam pulled a shirt on over her bra. It has stenciled seashells across the front. Then, she knelt down before me, "I never want to make you uncomfortable, Robin. I'm sorry if I did. A good girlfriend wouldn't push her boyfriend like that."

I tried to smile at her. It probably looked more like a grimace. "You don't need to apologize, Sam. I really don't mind you pushing like that. I like it a lot. It's just that I worry I'll disappoint you. I'm not like Dad or Earl, um, you know, down there."

Sam rested her hands on my knees, "Oh, Robin, you've got nothing to be ashamed of. And the last two people you should ever worry about comparing you to are your father and Earl. You're more of a man than either of them."

Then she stood and said, "Let's get dressed and get on the road. How's that sound?"

Even though Sam was clear I had nothing to be ashamed of, I still felt awkward getting dressed with a stiffy in the front of my underwear. Once dressed, my mood lightened and by the time we hauled our stuff down to the lobby, I had put the embarrassment out of my mind.

Loading up the Maserati was quick. At the mall, we bought a set of suitcases, and all our new clothes fit inside those. We were on the road by nine. We swung by Whataburger and grabbed a couple of breakfast sandwiches, and then turned on the car's GPS.

I tried calling Grant. I wanted to tell him how much fun Austin was and to let him know we were headed toward the beach. But he was in court when I called. Sam was having fun driving the powerful Maserati. It made me a bit jealous, although I'd never been behind the wheel of a car. Of course, now that I was taller than her, I thought about talking Sam into teaching me how.

We were already on the interstate when I programmed my phone into the car and started calling rental companies on the island. The second one answered, "Island Rentals, Barb speaking."

The lady on the other end of the phone had a voice that sounded like she smoked at least a pack a day. I said, "We're looking for a rental."

Barb said, "How long? How many folks, any pets?"

Most of the time, my voice was still high pitched. There were only occasions when it would crack, trying to find that lower registry it would eventually settle at. And that meant I sounded a lot like Sam. I winked at her, "My boyfriend and I are looking for a monthly rental. Just the two of us. No pet."

I could almost imagine Barb working out her commission on a monthly rental, "I've got a one-bedroom condo that just came into our inventory. Owners just finished a major remodel. It's one-fifty a night. Eight hundred a week, or an even three thousand for a month."

I said, "Do you have pictures available online?"

She gave me an address and was patient enough to wait as I flipped through the pics on the website. It was a duplex right on the beach. After

looking at the pictures, I said, "It's nice. Are we going to have neighbors?"

Barb chuckled, "Not likely. The folks who rented the other condo in the duplex tore the place up during spring break. The owners are still haggling with a contractor. So, you want it?"

Sam was nodding, mouthing yes. I fished my wallet from my pocket and took out the still-new debit card, "Yes. Do you accept Visa?"

A few minutes later, we had the reservation. All we had to do was pick up the keys from the property management company, and they were right off the highway as you drive onto the island.

Sam and I spent the next four hours playing Would You Rather. It started out with us asking silly things like "Would you rather eat lasagna or popcorn," or "Would you rather kiss a frog or a pig"

Sam laughed at that one, "God, I've done both. What about you, Robin. Would you rather be my boyfriend or my son?"

That had me stumped. While I was learning a lot about women as I got to know Sam better, even as naïve as I was, worried either could be the wrong answer. I said, "Can't I be both?"

Sam shook her head, "It's called would you rather, not pick 'em all."

I laughed. Since leaving the hotel, we'd done a pretty good job of keeping our dating game going. Even though I knew it wasn't possible to always play it, I really enjoyed it. "Well, if I have to choose, I wish I could be your boyfriend all the time.

Sam smiled at me. I guess I chose right. "What about you, Sam? Would you rather kiss me as my mom or as my girlfriend?"

Sam gave me a quick wink, "Oh, that's easy. As your girlfriend. I liked that kiss this morning. Also, there are lots of things we can do dating each other that we couldn't do as mother and son."

I felt the heat in my cheeks as I imagined some things I'd like to do with Sam. It was her turn, "Would you rather have a girlfriend with big boobs or small boobs?"

Was this another trick question? I looked over at Sam's breasts. "Do you think of yours as big or small?"

She laughed, "Nope, that's cheating."

Giggling, I shrugged. "Don't women with big bazungas have back problems? I think a girl with small boobs would be more fun."

Sam grinned at me, as though telling me I'd chosen well. We didn't get much further into the game as we crossed the bridge leading to South Padre Island. We focused on finding the property management place. When she pulled into the parking lot, Sam picked a spot well away from the front door and said, "Let me have the credit card."

When I gave her a questioning look, Sam said, "Barb's expecting a young woman to pick up the keys."

I felt flustered as I waited in the car. I should have thought about that when I made the reservation. Of course, if I had told Barb that I was the boyfriend, she'd have called bullshit, given how young my voice sounded. In the end, it didn't matter. Sam returned with the keys and an instruction packet. She tossed them to me and started the car, "Barb said we could stay through Memorial Day if we want to pay for it. After that, it's booked solid until September. And by then you'll be back in school."

I shuddered. We had practically dropped off the face of the earth as far as Earl and West Feliciana Middle School were concerned. Thanks to some help from Grant Jones, I was officially home schooled for the rest of the seventh grade. But next fall, Grant said I'd be enrolled in the eighth grade somewhere come hell or high water.

"That's five months away, Mo-, Sam. Let's have some fun between now and then." I said as she programmed the address into the GPS.

Ten minutes later, we pulled into a driveway. Even though I'd seen pictures, the duplex wasn't what I expected. Excluding the parking underneath the building, there were two floors. The first floor was a larger condo. But it was clear as we lugged our suitcases up the stairs that a contractor was doing some repair work to it. The second floor was our one-bedroom place. I had the key, so I opened the front door.

The condo wasn't particularly large. But after growing up in Earl's trailer, it might as well have been the Taj Mahal. I walked into a spacious living room. A couple of La-Z-Boy recliners flanked a comfortable looking couch. On the opposite wall was a large flat-screen TV, easily seventy inches or more. Just off the entryway was a kitchen. It wasn't very big, but I doubted we'd spend much time there. Mom wasn't the best of cooks, and there were lots of restaurants on the island.

To the left of the living room was the bedroom. Along the wall facing the ocean were a pair of double doors leading onto the same balcony that ran the entire width of the back of the condo. I went over and pulled back a curtain and looked out. The beach was perhaps a hundred yards away, and a path meandered through some scrub brush between the condo and the beach. I turned back and set my suitcase at the foot of the bed. Just like the hotel in Austin, there was a king-sized bed with pure white fluffy covers. Sam already set her suitcase at the foot of the bed and stood in the door to the bathroom. I came up behind her and looked over her shoulder.

She murmured, "Oh, thank God. Now that's what I call a whirlpool. In one corner of the bathroom was an over-sized whirlpool tube. It was easily twice the size of the one at the Hilton in Texarkana. She threw her arm around my neck, and dug her fingers into my ribs, ripping a fit of giggles from me. Then she leaned in, "You know, it's big enough for two."

My face turned red as a turnip as I glanced at the nice walk-in shower in the other corner of the bathroom. Then I stammered, "Um, y-, yeah. Well, let's get unpacked, alright"

Sam laughed as she pulled her heavy-laden suitcase onto the bed and unpacked it. The closet wasn't all that large, but we didn't have all that much to unpack. Well, I didn't. We must have worked up an appetite. We went out to eat at a seafood restaurant. Sam got carded when she ordered a fruity drink, and we had fun, settling into our dating routine. By the time we finished the meal and got to the car, I asked, "Sam, are you okay to drive?"

She thought about it, "I think so, Robin. Maybe while we're here, I can teach you how to drive. That way, you can be my designated driver."

I looked at her sideways as she got into the car. Still, the idea of learning how to drive the sporty Maserati had a lot of appeal. She managed to get us back to the condo just fine, no weaving at all. Then, as the sun was sinking in the western sky, we went out onto the balcony. There was a wide lounge chair near double doors. Sam sat down and scooted over, leaving a bit of open space beside her, which she patted, "Let's watch the ocean before we lose the sun."

We were butt-cheek to butt-cheek on the lounge chair. Sam slipped her arm around my neck, opening up a tad bit more space, and I snuggled against the side of her chest. "Robin, this is so beautiful. I know we've got time, but even as we explore where we want to stay, don't let me forget this. A girl could get used to it."

The balcony faced the east, so we were in the shadows even as we had an unobstructed view of the beach. There weren't many people on it, despite it being a near perfect day, with weather in the eighties. Sunlight played across the water, turning the deep blue of the water into a kaleidoscope of purples, oranges, and reds. "Yeah. It's beautiful," Then, I shifted my head a bit and kissed her cheek, "But not as pretty as the girl next to me."

She squeezed my shoulder, "You're so sweet, Robin. What would you think of living some place like this?"

It stung that Sam was more interested in the sunset than in playing around with me, but even I had to admit, the view was one of the best I'd ever seen. "I like it. Maybe we can take some pictures of some sunsets and sunrises while we're here. But there are other places to visit, too."

We stayed like that until twilight turned the ocean into a sea of black. "You ready for bed?" Sam asked.

I swallowed a yawn even as I nodded, "Sure."

I got up first and offered her my hand. Once she was on her feet, Sam slid her arms around my waist, pulling us together. She leaned against my shoulder, "Put your arms around me, too, Robin."

Happily, I put my arms around her neck and she held her head back from mine long enough for me to lean forward and kiss her. I could taste the

butter and garlic from dinner on her lips. I wondered what she thought of the crab I'd eaten. As I kissed her, in the back of my mind, I counted my heartbeats. I was determined to last longer than ten beats this time.

By the time I felt my heart thump for the twentieth time, something happened. I felt pressure on my lips as Sam pushed her tongue against them. I'd heard of Frenching, but having kissed no one before, had only the vaguest idea of what to do. Still, I opened my mouth and let her tongue pass through open lips and teeth. My mouth tingled as butterflies flapped in my stomach. Her tongue on mine felt at once weird and cool at the same time.

When I finally ended the kiss, I was breathless and my mouth was tired. The difference of an inch in height between me and Sam meant I didn't really have to look down to see into her eyes as I said, "Was that okay?"

She nodded as she let go of my waist, "Yeah. Better than okay. A girl likes it when her boyfriend takes the initiative sometimes."

I followed her into our bedroom, saying, "Thanks, Sam. I'll try to remember that."

She grinned, "I love hearing you call me Sam."

I returned the grin, "That's what you want your boyfriend to call you, right?"

She sat down on the far side of the bed and took off her sandals, "Yes. I wish we never had to stop playing this game. It makes me enjoy your company all the more."

My heart was still pounding in my chest from that indescribable, intoxicating kiss. I agreed. But even though she had just said she didn't want to stop playing the game, I wasn't sure she really meant it. With more uncertainty than I wanted in my voice, I said, "Do you think we could role play being boyfriend and girlfriend for the whole time we're down here?"

Sam quirked a brow, "And pretend we're not really mother and son? The entire time?"

I nodded as I slid my sneakers off my feet, “Yeah. We did pretty good at dinner. I think we could pull it off.”

She glanced over her shoulder, looking at me, “Even at night? In bed?”

I swallowed, thinking through Sam’s questions. Sam might have expectations that Mom would never in a million years have. Would I be okay if she needed help to take her clothes off? How would I respond if she wanted to see me naked? Or do stuff?

My dick stirred in my shorts. There was at least one part of me happy to think about doing stuff with Sam, things adults who date usually do. What I imagined me and Sam a doing wasn’t really that different from what Jeremy and I had been doing for the better part of the year. But Sam was really my mom, and she was fifteen years older than me.

I knew she was waiting for me to respond. One of the girls in my seventh-grade class dated an eleventh grader. When one guy in our math class asked her about it, she’d said “Age is just a number.”

Sam looked impossibly young, too. She really didn’t look a day over eighteen. Maybe our age difference didn’t really matter. I tried to ignore the twitch in my shorts. If Sam and I did more than just kiss, would I still be able to think about her as my mom later, when we stopped playing the game? I didn’t know. Would it make our relationship so weird that it would become as dysfunctional as it had been with Earl?

I didn’t have answers to those questions. Then, as I looked over at her, patiently waiting for my response, her love was etched across her face. I was the most important thing in her life and that wouldn’t change if we explored each other’s bodies. She would remain the most important person in my life, too. Yes, going beyond kissing might change our relationship, but it wouldn’t change how much we loved each other, how much we needed each other.

By playing a role-playing game with Sam, was I cheapening what it really meant to be a boyfriend? After all, if we could just flip a switch and say we weren’t playing anymore, and it was back to mom and son, then maybe doing bedtime games with her wasn’t right. That realization changed

nothing about how I felt. I wanted to be Sam's boyfriend. I wanted to kiss her, be kissed by her. I wanted to touch her in places I hadn't seen and be touched in places she hadn't seen.

I stood and came around the bed to her side and knelt in front of her, "Sam," my voice warbled, my nerves a jumbled mess. "I don't want to role-play being your boyfriend. I want to really be your boyfriend, no games, no stopping just because we can. If we do this, let's do it for real."

Sam's eyes were round, "You really mean that, Robin? You want me to be your for-real, no pretending girlfriend?"

I gave her the firmest nod I could manage, "Yes!"

Sam hugged me and then kissed me hard on the lips. "I love you too, Robin. Are you sure about this? If there's no pretend, when it gets difficult, we work through things. One of us hurts the other, we figure it out together. It doesn't end when summer ends. That's what really dating me would be like. Is this what you want?"

I wanted it for real. I didn't know how I would feel in a year or two. Hell, I didn't know how I would feel in a few weeks. But what I felt for Sam was so much deeper than what I'd felt even a month before. I didn't just love her. I was in love with her, and couldn't imagine anything shaking that. I dipped my head, "Yes, Sam. Will you be my for-real girlfriend?"

She tilted her head a bit and smiled, "Yes, Robin. I would love to be your for-real girlfriend."

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me, even while pulling on me as she fell backward on the bed. I was bent over, my legs still on the floor and my chest pressed against hers. The kiss was shorter, neither of us was comfortable in that position.

Sam sat up, "I need to go to the bathroom, Robin. I'll be right back."

Uncertain of what to do next, I sat on the bed until the door to the bathroom closed. Finally, I took my shirt off and then slid out of my shorts. In just my snug fitting navy-blue briefs, I slid under my side of the covers. A couple of minutes later, Sam came back in. Back on her side of the bed, she said, "Robin, would you like to help me with my clothes?"

Sure, Sam might want me to take the lead on some things, but I was grateful for her request. I scooted over to her side of the bed. She gave me her hand and pulled me to my feet. At that moment, I wasn't the least bit embarrassed. But, neither did I have a stiffy.

I stood in front of her. Even though a tingle of excitement surged through me, I wasn't certain how she wanted my help. Again, she came to my rescue. "Unbutton my shirt, please."

My hands shook despite my best effort to steady them as I unbuttoned her blouse one button at a time. Once finished, the shirt spread out some, revealing the edges of Sam's white, small cups. My hands hadn't stopped shaking, but I managed to slide the shirt off her shoulders, where it fell to the floor.

Sam wore a pair of pink shorts with a button and zipper. She pointed toward them and my still-quaking fingers brushed against the skin of her belly as I worked the button loose. When I touched the zipper, I could almost feel the heat coming from inside her panties. Once the zipper was down, I put my hands on the hem of her shorts and pulled them down.

Now, we were both in just our underwear. Of course, we had both seen each other in the same clothes the previous night. But now, there was a charge of energy in the room, not present in our hotel room in Austin.

Sam glanced down, "You seemed to enjoy helping me."

My eyes followed hers. My dick stretched the fabric of my snug underwear. Taking her clothes off had excited me like few things have.

A giggle escaped my lips as I nodded, "Y-, yeah. Well, you're really pretty and it was almost as much fun as unwrapping a Christmas present."

Sam put her hands on my hips and slowly drew me to her. I felt a near-shock when my underwear touched her panties, as I realized it pushed my erection against her pubic bone. "Kiss me, Robin."

My arms went back around her neck and I pulled our chests together as my lips found hers. Even though I knew there was still a lot left for us to explore, this was way cooler than anything Jeremy and I did.

When the kiss ended, Sam sat on the bed and said, "How do you feel so far about us really dating?"

I sat next to her, I was breathing heavier than normal, "I really like it, Sam."

She gave me a quick hug, "Me too."

Then she pulled back the covers and slid under them. "You coming, Robin?"

I bounded across the bed and slid under the covers too, where I sidled next to Sam. She rolled onto her side, facing me, "Kiss me, Robin."

I faced her and propped my head up with my elbow, and leaned forward until my lips brushed against hers. Then I gave myself over to the kiss and did what she taught me to do, and slid my tongue into her mouth. Sam moaned when my tongue touched hers. Encouraged by this, breathing through my nose, I threw my free arm around her neck and sidled even closer, not stopping until the cloth of her petite bra pressed against my chest and my hardon was smashed against her pubic mound.

The fluttering in my stomach was so fierce, it would have been distracting, except it fluttered from what our tongues were doing. When the kiss finally ended, I had no idea how many times my heart had pounded in my chest. The kiss, our most sensual and erotic as of yet, was our longest by far. Sam pulled away enough to rest a hand on my chest, "Wow, you've become quite the kisser, Robin. Makes me look forward to what it means to be your girlfriend."

My mouth and brain were still working to reconnect; I stammered, "Y-, you too, Sam. Can we do this forever?"

Sam's hand caressed my chest, flicking briefly on my tiny nipples, causing them to grow firm under her fingers. "Forever's a long time, sweetie. Are you sure you'd still want me when you get older?"

I let go of her neck and brought my hand around and placed it between her neck and the cloth of her bra. "I've always loved you. But now, my love feels different, more, I dunno, grown up. Does that make sense?"

Sam's hand circled lower, to my stomach, where my butterflies were still hard at work. "Strangely, yes, it does. Of course, I've always loved you, from the moment the nurse let me hold you. But when we were living in the car, how you stepped up and went to get food when I was healing, I knew then you were becoming a wonderful young man. That's when I first noticed the change in my feelings for you. Still, I wouldn't expect you to want to stay my boyfriend forever, sweetie. Soon enough, you'll be eighteen, nineteen, have beautiful girls your age throwing themselves at you. Would you really want to be with some thirty-five-year-old woman, past her prime?"

My awakening for Sam came the night I saw her in the bathtub at the Hilton in Texarkana. And I'd be lying if her youthful beauty wasn't incredibly arousing to my twelve-year-old boy's raging hormones. There was a lot of truth that something powerfully drew me to her physically. But that wasn't all there was to my blossoming feelings for Sam. Even before, when we spent so much time in the old, battered Celica, in the back alley after escaping Earl, we talked for hours on end, and I enjoyed that. Better yet, were our handful of dinner dates in Austin and now, here, in South Padre. I enjoyed her company, could lose myself in our conversations. Even at twelve, at least in my head, I knew physical love wasn't enough. There had to be more. And that's why, as I considered my earlier words about forever, I didn't want to take them back.

I dropped my hand a few inches until I cupped one of Sam's cloth-covered breasts, "Yeah. I would. No other girl could ever make me feel the way you do. Plus, they'd all be after our money. Gold diggers, all of them," I said with a cheeky grin.

There was a noise from Sam's throat, almost like a cat purring, as I massaged her breast through the padded cloth of her bra. Her voice was strained, "You don't have to be sure of anything now, Robin. We've got plenty of time to figure all this out. But one day, you may realize you want kids of your own."

My hand paused in mid squeeze. The thought of having kids had never crossed my mind. I knew from history class about royal families that intermarried so often that they had really fucked up things going on with

their DNA. I'd also read about incest being bad for similar reasons, although the article explained science could detect those kinds of abnormalities when the fetus is still small and undeveloped.

Being twelve and horny, I suspected where things with Sam were going. Or at least strongly hoped I did. I figured she was on birth control. After all, who would want to carry Earl's spawn? So, even if I could get Sam pregnant, which I doubted, given how watery and clear was my cum, she was protected. Still, with Sam asking about it, I couldn't help thinking about it.

I started again massaging her boob, "I guess so. I hadn't thought about it. You're my girlfriend, right?"

After Sam nodded, I added, "Don't boyfriends and girlfriends have babies together?"

Sam's hand, which had been on my stomach for a bit, descended until her fingers brushed against the elastic band on my underwear. "It's been known to happen."

I sucked in my breath at the touch. My dick twitched. Our lower bodies were still touching and Sam's eyelids shuddered at that moment, telling me she felt it. I squeezed gently at her cup, "When we're ready for it, if we're ever ready for it, would you want to have my baby?"

Sam's fingers moved over the flimsy fabric of my bikini briefs. I exhaled noisily, and my dick twitched when her fingers cupped my erection and balls. "Yeah, Robin. If I have another child, I'd rather it be with you than anyone else. Maybe he or she would have the best of both of us."

She leaned into me and kissed me again. I loved the feel of her tongue exploring my mouth even more than the feeling of exploring hers. When she broke the kiss, she wore a look of regret as she pulled her hand back from my erection. "It's getting late, love. Let's get to sleep."

My own unhappy sigh brought a giggle to her lips as I pulled back from her bra. "I know you're right, Sam. It's just that fun."

Kissing me again, she said, "And if it's truly what you want, we'll have a lifetime together exploring each other."

Chapter 7

A fragrant aroma woke me. When I opened my eyes, the brilliant light flooding through the open curtain. I blinked as I tried to adjust to the light. As my brain connected with my eyes, I realized the double doors to the balcony were open. Sam leaned against one, holding a steaming cup of coffee. She must have been up for a while. She wore a gauzy, transparent blouse over a two-piece swimsuit.

I croaked, "G'morning."

She turned away from the sparkling, blue ocean and gave me a radiant smile that would have outshone the sun, "Oh, finally, you're awake."

A glimpse at the clock on the nightstand showed it was pushing ten in the morning. I yawned, "Why'd you let me sleep so late?"

Sam's cheeks flushed, "Between watching you sleep and the sun rise, it's been a near perfect morning."

That's when I noticed I'd kicked off the covers during the night. And I sported my habitual morning wood. Reflexively, I moved my hand to cover it, but stopped. Sam had touched my dick last night, and I had copped a feel. Granted, it was only through our underwear, but my embarrassment at her seeing my stiffy through my underwear was rapidly retreating. Hiding it was more the behavior of a twelve-year-old kid, not that of Sam's boyfriend.

My body responded faster than my mind, as my cheeks turned crimson. "Oh. Yeah. Sorry about that."

Sam came and leaned over and kissed me. "Don't be sorry for that, Robin. It's quite nice to look at."

She went over to the chest of drawers, where we stored a lot of our clothes and tossed my swimsuit to me. "I'm dying to get down to the beach. You wanna come with?"

I swung out of bed and tried to ignore my boner as I grabbed the swimsuit. I started toward the bathroom to change, but hadn't gone past the end of the bed when I realized I wanted Sam to see a bit more of me. I turned

back around and faced her. Then I grabbed my briefs by the elastic band and pulled them down. My dick caught the material for a second before popping free and slapping me in my belly as the underwear landed on the floor.

Sam stared at my little four inches before I stepped into my swimsuit and hid it from her. Her cheeks were as rosy red as my own. I murmured, "Was that okay?"

She nodded, "Wow, Robin, you're growing up very nicely. You're sexy as well as handsome."

Then she turned and headed toward the living room, "I've got everything ready to go to the beach."

I followed her through the door after putting on some sandals and picking up a bag with towels while she hefted an oversized umbrella. The hike to the beach was short, only a few hundred feet along a dirt and sand path cut through scrub-brush. Looking each direction, the beach stretched for miles. In one direction, a multi-towered hotel rose into the sky. Where the beach met the hotel property, there were a couple of umbrellas and cabanas. They were four, maybe five hundred feet away. In the other direction, I could see a couple of umbrellas, but they were so far away, they were tiny specks.

Sam removed her sandals, moaning with pleasure while digging her toes into the sand. After a moment of looking up and down the beach, she pointed to our left, and we walked a couple of minutes away from the hotel, putting a couple of hundred more feet between us and the other people on the beach.

Sam set the base of the umbrella down, "Robin, can you help me?"

I unfastened the clasp keeping the umbrella from popping open and then, it was just a matter of spreading it open. It was huge, nearly eight feet in diameter when open. The aluminum pole telescoped longer and there was a dull point at the end which we sank into the sand as deep as we could manage until it felt sturdy to me.

Sam took off her transparent blouse and stretched under the morning sun, “Oh, God, a girl can get used to this.”

I helped her spread out a couple of towels on the sandy beach, one under the shadow of the umbrella, the other in the sun. Once finished, she said, “You going swimming?”

I glanced at the ocean. The waves were small, lapping gently against the shore. I was a decent swimmer and wanted to swim in the surf. “Yeah. You want to swim with me?”

Sam shook her head, “Not now. I’m going to enjoy some sun. Before you go in, though, let’s get some sunscreen on you.”

From the bag, she pulled out a large bottle of sunblock. “Lay down in the shade, Robin, and I’ll put it on you.”

I felt a smile spread over my face as it dawned on me what Sam intended. Curious, I lay face down in the shade and said, “Okay.”

She knelt beside me and I flinched as cold lotion drizzled across my back. Then, her fingers rubbed some of it along the nape of my neck, where my hair flowed. And she worked down, kneading the lotion into the skin covering my shoulder blades, slowly and methodically working down my back. She squirted a bit more of the stuff on my lower back, rubbing it into my skin, not stopping until she reached the hem of my swimsuit.

Sam folded down the hem of my swimsuit, exposing the top part of my butt, and then her lotion-covered fingers were massaging the upper part of my butt-cheeks. From there, she shifted down to my ankles. She poured more lotion on my legs and the feel of her fingers on my baby-smooth ankles felt nice and erotic. I’d been jealous of Jeremy when the two of us had fooled around. His ankles and even his shins were covered with a smattering of straight, dark hair. Mine were smooth. Sam would be hard pressed to find even the baby vellus hair that was short and nearly impossible to see on my ankles.

She got me laughing as she tickled the back of my knees. From there, she worked her hands and fingers up, pushing at the loose material on my legs

until it was bunched up near my crotch. Then she said, "Turn over, please. Let's get your front."

Enjoying her every touch, I eagerly complied, trying my best to ignore the bulge in my swimsuit. Sam surprised me by taking hold of the hem on my swimsuit and pulling it down a couple of inches, exposing most of my pubic area. She might have pulled it down more, but my erection got in the way. Then she drizzled the lotion across my chest and stomach.

Sam surprised me when she straddled my legs and leaned over me as she rubbed the sunblock into my shoulders and chest. She grinned down at me, "If this bothers you, I can get off."

I was in seventh heaven and shook my head, "No, gotta have sunscreen, you know. Don't wanna get a sunburn."

Her fingers worked their way down from my chest, to my stomach; she played with my ribs long enough to work the lotion in, but not so much as to tickle me to discomfort. From there, her lotion-slick fingers worked their way along my abdomen and onto my smooth pubic area. She moved down my legs enough before working her fingers under my swimsuit's hem. She was a hair's breadth away from my stiffy when her fingers retreated and she said, "There you go, Robin. All lotioned up. Do you mind helping me with mine?"

I shook my head, not trusting my words, as I tried to calm my heart's rapid tattoo. Sam lay face down on the towel in the sun and I grabbed the bottle and spread some over her upper back. As I worked the cold lotion into her skin, I could see why she had straddled me. Rubbing the lotion in from beside her was an awkward angle. Following her lead, I straddled her, where her legs and butt met, and leaned forward, resuming massaging the lotion into her skin.

Sam purred, "That feels good, Robin."

When I hit the strap across her back, she said, "Do you mind untying me? I don't want a tan line there."

Funny how our minds and bodies work. My hands were steady while rubbing in the lotion. As soon as I took hold the string holding her bikini

top on, my fingers quaked. Even so, I managed to untie her top and pull back the strap. My fingers stopped their shaking as I resumed rubbing her back. Once I got down to her lower back, she let me know what she wanted by lifting her butt up, which couldn't have been easy with me sitting on it. Then she slid the bottoms down below her milky globes.

I'd seen those orbs before, that first night in the hotel in Texarkana. But now, my hands perched just above them on her back and Sam invited me to touch them. My fingers tingled as I touched her butt. The flesh felt softer, more pliable than her boob, although her boob had been covered by her bra. Aside from the slickness of the lotion, there wasn't anything between my fingers and Sam's butt. I spread a bit of the lotion over her globes and worked it into her skin, enjoying the tingling feeling between my legs. I turned around and sat back down directly on her exposed butt and leaned far enough over to grab her ankles and smear some lotion on them. They were smooth, about the same as mine, although every now and then, I felt the subtleness of stubble even with the skin.

"You sure are smooth," I said.

Sam murmured, "Took a bath this morning. Shaved. A girl likes to know her boyfriend notices things like that."

As I worked my way up the backside of her calves, I asked, "Why?"

My hands were kneading the backside of her knees as she said, "Girls don't shave their bodies for themselves, sweetie. We do it for the men we love."

Before long, my fingers were nearing where I sat on her backside. I said, "Um, you want me to get your front?"

"Of course."

I stood on my knees while Sam turned over beneath me. A second later, she said, "It's nice not having to share the beach this morning."

I leaned over her legs and dripped more of the lotion on them. Her legs felt supple beneath my fingers. Still mesmerized by how silky smooth she felt, I said, "You're so smooth. Does it take you a long time to shave?"

“Not really, Robin. Some people are naturally hairy people. Others don’t have much body hair to begin with. That’s me. I suspect you’re like that too.”

I rubbed lotion onto her shins, “You don’t think it’s because I’m, ah, so small, is it?”

Sam put her hands on my hips, “You don’t think that, do you?”

I paused as I got to her lower calves. “Yeah. Jeremy’s my age. He’s a lot bigger and has hair, too.”

Sam said, “You finished with my legs?”

“Not yet,” I said, drizzling more on her knees and thighs. A bit of massaging later, I said, “I am now.”

Sam let go of my waist, “You’re quite the expert, Robin. Can you turn around and get the rest of me?”

I stood up and turned around, my feet on either side of Sam. I’d forgotten about her top. It rested loosely over her boobs, the strings lying on either side of her. Also, the back of the bikini bottoms were still pulled below her butt cheeks. Her bikini bottoms were pulled down a few inches. What I saw befuddled me until I remembered Sam telling me she shaved this morning.

Sam patted her lap, “Come on, Robin. You going to finish what you started?”

I knelt down, resting on her thighs. It took a moment, but I managed to tear my eyes away from her exposed pubic area, which was every bit as smooth as her legs. I grabbed the lotion and dribbled it over Sam’s exposed skin. When I stopped, she said, “Can you do something for me, Robin?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you mind putting sunscreen on my chest, too? I plan on sunbathing front and back.”

It happened again. As my fingers reached to grab hold of one of the strings, they shook. Nothing I did stopped them until I tugged the top from her body. I gasped as Sam’s breasts came into view. Although they were small,

they were well formed. The gentle swells from below her chest rose gracefully to a point, where darker skin neatly surrounded her eraser-sized nipples.

Sam could hardly miss the stunned expression on my face. She grinned at me, "What do you think?"

I stammered, "Sh-, shit! They're gorgeous."

Her hands returned to my hips, "Go ahead, finish putting the sun screen on."

Leaning over her, I stretched my arms out and massaged the lotion into her shoulders, working down along her neck. I gulped as my hand touched her bare nipple. Almost instantly, it grew hard under my touch, and Sam wordlessly moaned. The look of pure ecstasy on her face was all the encouragement I needed to cup her boobs in my hands. They fit nicely inside my palms and I gently squeezed the soft, fatty tissue until I realized I hadn't put any lotion on her boobs.

"Oops. Forgot the lotion," I said with an apologetic grin. Then I drizzled some over her boobs and resumed cupping and massaging the soft, warm tissue.

I don't know if it was a minute, five minutes, or an hour. But eventually, my fingers worked their way down as I put more sunscreen on her stomach and abdomen. I worked the lotion into her skin, gradually going lower, until I reached her exposed pubic area.

I suspected Sam's intentions. Still, I wanted to hear it, "You want me to go lower?"

Sam let go of my waist and untied the strings on her bottoms, "Please."

Her hands returned to my waist as I squirted out some lotion across the top of her pubic area. My fingers tingled as I worked the cream into her skin. Untied, as my fingers brushed against the fabric, it gave way, revealing even more silky-smooth skin. My fingers froze when an indentation appeared. My breath caught in my throat as I saw the beginning of Sam's slit. All I could see was the top of her clitoral hood. And it looked marvelous.

Rather than push my luck, I said, "I think I've got you pretty well sunblocked, Sam."

Sam's fingers finally left my hips and rested against the top of my legs, just under the swimsuit fabric. "Thanks, sweetie. You did great. Now kiss me before you go swimming."

As I leaned forward to kiss her, Sam's fingers slid up my leg, sliding under the mesh underwear sewn into the suit and lightly encircled my erection. I gasped aloud, only having it cut off when she leaned up and kissed me. When she lay back down, she smiled, "Go on, have fun in the water."

I adjusted myself when I stood, glancing both directions along the beach. As before. We were hundreds of feet away from people in one direction, and a lot further in the other direction. Sam could have had her way with me on our towels and nobody would be any wiser. With my erection still straining my trunks, I ran toward the surf with a backward wave of my hand.

The ocean was clear and I could see down to the floor as I ran and splashed and eventually went deep enough to swim as the tide pushed and pulled at me. Eventually, I grew tired and started worrying the sunblock would wash off, so I headed back toward our umbrella. Sam was still in the sun. Now, though, she was on her back, her boobs exposed. She had never retied the bottoms, although they covered up that delicious slit I spied earlier.

Collapsing in the umbrella's shade on the second towel, I must have woken Sam. She lifted a pair of sunglasses from her eyes, "How was the water?"

Still breathing heavy from the exertion, I said, "Fun. Next time, I'm going to drag you into the water."

She put the glasses back on, "Good luck with that." Then she turned over onto her back, making sure her bottoms, while still not tied, covered what they were supposed to.

I turned onto my back and closed my eyes. A few minutes later, I drifted off.

The sun seemed barely higher when I woke. I grabbed a water bottle from the bag and took a deep pull. Between the sea water and a little nap, I was parched. Still on her stomach, Sam appeared asleep. I stood and looked at

the inviting water of the Gulf of Mexico and started back that way. Getting wet would help with feeling a bit dried out. I was still next to the umbrella when I saw a vehicle slowing coming toward us, just above the surf line. After a moment, I saw the bar across the top of the SUV.

“Sam, there’s a cop coming this way.”

Sam mumbled, still asleep. The vehicle was an all-wheel drive pickup with the logo of the Cameron County Sheriff’s department on the door. The driver was an older man and, as he neared, he raised his index finger from the steering wheel. I recognized that signal. Whether you’re from Texas or the deep South or even Oklahoma, you waved at people, whether or not you knew them. Reflexively, I waved back. The truck slowed to a stop, and the window came down.

He reminded me of Sam Elliot in *The Ranch*. He drawled, “How’s the swimmin’?”

I crossed over the sand the twenty or so feet to where he stopped, “Okay, I guess. No sharks today.”

He chuckled, “Don’t get many of them this close into shore. Jelly fish are more likely. You’ll want to avoid them unless you want to get acquainted with the local emergency room.”

I bobbed my head, “Yes, sir. I’ll keep an eye out.”

He said, “You folks don’t have any glass bottles here, do you?”

I shook my head. The water bottles were plastic, as was the bottle of sunblock. “No sir. We read the rules for the beach in our condo.”

He shifted gears in the truck, “Guess the report was from the hotel. You folks enjoy yourselves and stay safe.”

With that, he nudged the truck forward, the wide tires gripped the sand without spinning and he was slowly winding his way up the beach to the hotel.

A moment later, Sam picked her head up, “Was that what I thought it was?”

Changing my mind about the water, I returned to the shade, "Yeah. Cop. Someone must have reported people with glass containers."

Sam flashed me a grin, "Better him looking for glass containers than girls on the beach suntanning topless."

The sheriff's deputy had glanced Sam's way when he stopped. But her topless back hadn't seemed to bother him. When I followed where he'd gone, the truck was already at the hotel's beachfront. "Yeah, I don't think he cared about that, Sam. Just glass."

Sam rolled from laying on her front under the warm noon-time sun into shade, laying on the same towel I was on. Now, though, she was on her back. Her bikini top and bottom were still on the other blanket. I drew in a sharp breath as I drank in her every exposed inch.

That hint of her clitoral hood earlier was now a narrow, thin slit disappearing between her legs. I gasped, "Shit, Sam, what if he comes back?"

Her body had rolled against mine, but my fear of being in such a public place as the beach a few moments after a cop stopped by was enough for me to roll out from under the umbrella and fetch the towel and her swimsuit.

I spread out the towel next to her and looked down the shoreline. The truck was gone and my nerves were returning to normal as I sat down next to Sam. She gave me a wink, "He's not coming back?"

I shook my head, "No. Sorry for over reacting. It's just you're um, naked."

Sam eyed her swimsuit, "If you'd rather, I can put it back on, Robin."

I liked seeing her naked like this. That mysterious space between her legs drew my eyes like a lodestone. I shook my head, "I guess it's okay. You really do look good."

I lay down on my back and scooted over until I was touching Sam's side. She shifted, turning onto her side, her boobs pressing against my chest and her shaven pubic area against my swimsuit. She rested her hand on my chest and played with my tiny, flat nipples. "I wouldn't try this in the

summer or during Spring Break. I bet this place is crawling with sunbathers and swimmers then. But now, it's made for us."

Her hand was on my stomach, playing with my inward facing belly button, "Maybe by the end of the month we'll both have great tans."

A barking startled both of us, and I lifted my head. Less than length of a soccer field away came a couple of men. One held the leash of a dog while holding the other guy's hand. Sam's hand pulled back as she rolled onto her back, "Shit! Robin, can you lay my bikini bottom on my butt?"

I was so startled by the approach of the couple my hands didn't shake as I draped the small bit of fabric over Sam's ass. As they neared, I kept a wary eye on the pair. The one walking the dog was older. His hair was the color of salt and pepper. To me, anyone over thirty looks old. But he was probably a good deal older than that. The younger guy was younger than Sam. No, he was only a few years older than me. He wasn't as tall as the older guy. I wasn't even sure if he was finished growing, given how young he looked. I smirked as they walked past.

Sam lifted her head, "Who were they?"

I smirked, "Social proof."

"What?"

I pointed to the guys' backs. "The younger guy was probably just a few years older than me, maybe sixteen. The older guy was a lot older than you."

She shook her head, "How's that social proof?"

My stomach grumbled. We hadn't eaten breakfast when we came down to the beach. "Nobody who doesn't know us is going to care if we're dating, Sam."

She tied her bottoms and sat up, "Why don't we grab a bite to eat?"

I came around behind her and helped tie her bikini top on. Now that we were alone again, my fingers shook, making me take a half-dozen attempts to get it tied right. "Sure. Do you want to come back here after lunch?"

Sam looked along the beach, “Yeah. Let’s.”

With so little foot traffic along the beach, we left the towels and umbrella in place. There was a food-mart and farmer’s market across the road from the condo. With our feet clad in our sandals, we hurried back to the trail that led to our condo. Less than ten minutes later, we were paying for a couple of subs, chips, and soft drinks.

I carried the food in one hand as we started back to our spot on the beach. We hadn’t gone far when I slipped my other hand into Sam’s. As we passed another couple, I noticed we didn’t really look any different from them. The guy wore board shorts, and the girl was in a bikini only slightly bigger than Sam’s. They were hand in hand, too.

We were past them when I nudged her, “See, more social proof, Sam. Some place like this, nobody’s going to question that we’re dating.”

We came to the main road and while we waited for a car to pass, she turned me to her and leaned in and kissed me. When the kiss ended, she flashed a grin and said, “I guess we can contribute to the social proof too.”

Still feeling light-headed from the sudden kiss, I let her pull me back across the road. A few minutes later, we were back on the beach, getting comfortable under our expansive umbrella. We sat Indian-style on the towels facing each other.

Sam said, “You sure you’re okay hanging out on the beach the rest of the afternoon?”

A light breeze came off the Gulf, kissing our skin with a hint of spring. That breeze kept the sun from feeling too warm or the weather from getting hot. The temperature wouldn’t get much above eighty degrees. I could lounge under the umbrella, go swimming, or simply hang out with Sam.

“Sure. I enjoy hanging out with you.”

Once we finished lunch, Sam grabbed the sunblock lotion, “If you’re thinking about going swimming or just laying out in the sun, you need another coat.”

I flashed a grin and turned onto my stomach. Sam straddled my backside and drizzled some lotion across my shoulders. She worked it into my skin, massaging me sensually. She worked down my spine, spreading her hands to the side, rubbing the greasy lotion against my skin. When she got to my shorts, she scooted down to the back of my thighs. She leaned forward, her front pressed against my back and whispered into my ear, "Lift your backside, I want to touch your butt."

She sat up and I happily complied. With my ass pointed into the air, Sam slid my swimsuit down to where she straddled my legs. Then she drizzled more of the lotion onto my butt. Her fingers dug into my cheeks, smearing the lotion around. She even ran lotion-slick fingers down my crack, only pulling back when she neared my hole.

I shivered, "That tickles."

That shiver took me back to a night I spent over at Jeremy's. It was the night we stuck our dicks in each other's ass. We had fingered each other quite a bit that night, too. I never thought Sam would touch me there.

Sam said, "Sorry, sweetie."

I shook my head, "It's okay. Just surprised me. Y-, you don't have to stop."

Her slick finger moved in again, stopping only when she touched the outer rim of my hole.

I sighed at the touch. She rubbed her finger back and forth between my hole and where my crack started. Then she resumed rubbing my ass cheeks with lotion. Once done, she said, "I'll get your legs when we're finished, can you turn over now?"

She rose enough for me to turn over. She sat down on my thighs and gasped, "Holy, shit, Robin, you're gorgeous."

My swimming trunks were still down around my thighs. Sam had a perfect view of my dick.

I don't think I have ever heard more wonderful words than those. I'd worried Sam would think me too small. After all, I was still bald as a baby.

She sat up enough to pull my trunks down to my knees and then scooted forward until she sat on my crotch.

I gasped when her bikini bottoms pressed against my erection, forcing it to lie flat against my pubic area and abs. Then she leaned forward and drizzled the lotion on my chest and stomach. I was the horniest I have ever been as Sam massaged my shoulders and chest, spreading the lotion all around and into my skin. My erection tingled as she ran her fingers across my stomach. It twitched as her fingers rubbed the lotion into my abs and pubic area.

Then she slid back down my legs, letting my dick point upward again. She drizzled more lotion on my hips and on my dick. Then I groaned as she wrapped her fingers around my shaft. She stroked me, letting my shaft become slick with lotion. Her fingers slid along my penis and my little helmet of a head. As aroused as I was, her very touch was enough to send my tingles into overdrive. Less than a couple of dozen strokes later, I grunted as my ball constricted, and a single strand of colorless watery cum shot from my dick. That blast of semen shot into the air at least three feet before landing on my chest.

I was still feeling the orgasm kicking in my dick as Sam's fingers worked their magic. After a few more spasms, she stopped. Another pearl of my clear seed beaded on the tip of my dick.

Sam let go of my erection, "Oh, wow. That was incredible, Robin."

I still felt the high of my orgasm, "That was way better than my hand, Sam. Wow. Wow."

Sam gave me a moment to lie there, enjoying my orgasmic bliss, my dick still quivering from the attention it had received. Finally, she slid down my legs. I was aware of her pulling my swimsuit off before she started applying more of the sunscreen to my legs.

Once she finished, she said, "While you were enjoying your cum, I checked around us. There's only one family down at the hotel, and the other way is clear. You ready to put sunscreen on me?"

I looked down at my smooth, naked body, "Like this?"

Sam tugged my arm, getting me to sit up, "It'll be fun. I promise."

My erection twitched in response. "Okay. Lay down."

Sam lay on her stomach and I straddled her backside as I untied her top. She purred, "Oh, very good. And I didn't have to ask."

I liberally applied to sunscreen to her back and rubbed and massaged it into her skin. Putting my hands on her bare skin and my erection bumping on her lower back was enough to keep me as hard and horny as before. It was almost like I had never cum.

When my hands reached Sam's lower back, I shifted my butt down to her thighs. She said, "You're doing splendid. Go on and untie me."

I noticed my hands weren't shaking as bad when I untied her bottoms. She lifted her hips enough that she was able to tug the material away. We were both naked. I had fun dribbling more of the lotion on her pale cheeks. I even made sure to drop a bit into her crack. After massaging and working my fingers into her pliable cheeks, I followed Sam's earlier guidance and slid a finger down her crack. The lotion already down there, coupled with the slickness of my finger, meant there was simply no friction. My finger slid within her crack until I found her hole.

Sam gasped, "Oh, wow. That's what it feels like."

She seemed to like it, so I ran my finger around the hole a bit before finishing her backside. Then, like Sam, I said, "You r-, ready for the front?"

I don't think I could have been as bold if I wasn't so horny. I wanted to see her slit. I wanted to play with it. And when she turned over and I sat down, my dick was nearly touching it.

I was speechless, my mouth agape at how close I was to Sam's pussy. Sam leaned up on her elbows, "Oh, fuck, you're so close!"

After a moment of paralysis, she said, "Robin, why don't you scoot up, sit on my lap and put lotion on my chest?"

With instructions, I scooted forward until I felt her smoothness on my ass. Then I managed to focus on rubbing the lotion into her shoulders, neck, and boobs. I played with her tits, rolling her perfectly formed and perfectly

hard nipples between my fingers. I massaged her stomach and abdomen. When I reached her pubic mound, Sam reached out and took me by the hand and pulled me toward her. It felt like I was falling in slow motion as my chest pushed against her breasts. I put my hands out, stopping my descent, my face just inches away from Sam's.

I realized as I lay on top of her that when I fell forward, my erection had slid between her legs. I could feel the top of my dick pushing against the length of Sam's slit. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me into a kiss. Her tongue pierced my lips and assaulted my tongue. Feeling so aroused, I moaned.

Sam's hands let go of my neck and worked down my back, not stopping until she gripped my ass cheeks. She pulled me against her and moaned in pleasure. "Oh, God, Robin. This feels so right."

She pulled herself against me several times before she whispered, "Lift your hips, sweetie."

When I lifted my hips, I felt the top of my dick slide against her slit. When my hips lifted, I felt her fingers grip my stiffy. With her other hand still on my ass, she pulled me down. My dick didn't slide along her shaft. No, this time, I felt my little head slide between the two lips of her opening. She was moist down there, and I figured it had nothing to do with the lotion on her body. Her fingers guided me to where I felt the tip of my dick poke at her hole. She let go of my rod and, with both hands on my butt, she pulled herself against me.

My dick slid inside her. I gasped, "Oh, fuck!"

I was fucking Sam.

She moaned, "Oh, yes! Baby. Fuck me, Robin."

Her hands on my ass, helped me as I lifted my hips. Before I could pull out all the way, her fingers gripped me and pushed me back in. It's a good thing nobody saw us. Not counting Jeremy, this was my first time. It was awkward, me lifting my hips to slide out and Sam pulling my ass down, sliding me right back in.

While the tingling in my dick started even before I invaded her vagina, it didn't grow as fast as the first time she jacked me off. Still, the rising tide of my orgasm came upon me pretty fast. My balls constricted as I moaned, "Ah, I'm c-, cumming!"

I fell against Sam as my entire body shuddered with my orgasm. The walls of her pussy undulated, sucking at my dick through each spasm. Sam's fingers kept pulling me into her for a while longer, until she shuddered under me. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I realized we both came. Maybe I came a lot faster than her, but as her body shook under me, there was no doubt I met her needs, too.

I eventually rolled off of Sam and we lay naked on the towels for a while. In fact, I fell asleep under the umbrella at some point.

Chapter 8

I sat across the table from Sam, working a small fork into the crab as I tried to free the sweet meat. I cracked the shell and extracted a long, thin strip of reddish-white meat and dipped it into warm melted butter before shoving it into my mouth.

“This is so good, Sam. I could eat crab all day long.”

Sam peeled a big Gulf-shrimp and ate it in two bites. Then she winked and grinned at me, “All day? I thought you discovered some other things you enjoyed earlier.”

I flushed, glancing around. Nobody sitting close to us even gave us a second look. To the other diners, we were two teens out on a date. “Well, we can split the time between the two, right?”

I grinned at Sam’s flush. Once we finished eating, we paid and drove back to the condo. On the way back, I said, “So, when do you want to teach me how to drive?”

Sam tapped the steering wheel, “Maybe when we’re not driving an eighty-thousand-dollar rental.”

Even though money was no longer something we had to worry about, doing something stupid, like letting a twelve-year-old drive an expensive rental car wasn’t something we really wanted to test. Still, I filed the idea away for future discussion.

Back inside the condo, we headed to the bedroom. Although the sun was down, it was still early. I stretched my arms, trying to decide what I wanted next. While I was stuffed to the gills with good food, I was also horny. I came up behind Sam and wrapped my arms around her and pulled her to me, her back against my front.

I felt older than my twelve years. I had crossed the threshold from childhood to adulthood that afternoon with Sam, and could never go back. Why would I want to? I rested my head on her shoulder, “Thanks for an incredible day, Sam.”

Sam twisted around until she faced me and lightly draped her arms around my neck. Her eyes sought out mine and she locked onto them, gazing deeply into me, as though reading my soul. She must have seen something in them. Her lips curled into a smile that reached her aqua-green eyes.

"You're welcome, Robin. I confess, I worried after we, um, made love. Worried you weren't ready. Worried how under all this, I'm still your mom and you're still my son. Worried this happened too fast. Now, you holding me, I know this is real. What we did on the beach was right for us."

My fears had been different. After most of a year fooling around with Jeremy, we'd traded hand-jobs, blowjobs, even butt-fucking once. Sex with Sam was like going from junior high to college, though. It represented a life-altering shift. But one I felt ready for.

She pulled my head towards her, and we kissed. The garlicky taste of shrimp mixed in with Sam's essence stirred within me desire. When her tongue darted into my mouth, I slid mine along hers and then mounted my own attack through her lips, twisting my tongue around hers. I broke the kiss long enough to take her shirt by the hem and pull it over her head, tossing it into a nearby chair. I found within her eyes permission to reach behind her and fumble with the hooks on her bra until she eventually reached behind and helped me unhook her.

I pulled her bra away from her and it fell to the floor between us. I kissed her lips again, but having a good idea of what Sam needed, I worked my lips to her chin, then to her neck. From there, my lips grazed her shoulders. When I kissed the swell of her breast, Sam gave a contented sigh, "Yeah, baby."

I ran my tongue over her firm nipple. My body tingled as I felt the tiny ridge line of her areola. Sam shuddered under my attention. Finally, she pulled my mouth from her tit and grabbed me by my shirt and pushed until I bumped against the end of the bed. Then she tugged my shirt off and tossed it on top of hers.

She pushed me onto the bed and pulled at my shorts. They were sports shorts and once she got hold of the elastic, the shorts slid easily down my

legs, where they bunched up at my feet. With the same motion, she also gripped my briefs, so I lay naked under her gaze.

Sam knelt at the foot of the bed and rested her hands on my thighs. I leaned forward on my elbows and enjoyed the intent look on her face as she stared at my four quivering inches. Eagerly, I waited for her to pounce. There was no doubt in my mind she would leave Jeremy's feeble attempt to pleasure me far behind.

Her hand touched me first, her fingers wrapping around my thin shaft as she leaned over me. Her hot breath made me twitch with anticipation. I jumped at her tongue's touch, as tingles swept across my body. I moaned, "Ah, fuck!"

The heat on my dick intensified tenfold. I glanced down as she took my head in her mouth. The feeling was nearly indescribable. It was like a wet glove made just for my dick. I'm not one to get loud when I play with myself. Even when it was Jeremy and me fooling around, the feelings flowing out of me were controlled. Not then. I groaned, "Ahhh, God, that feels good."

I moaned wordlessly as Sam took me in, inch by inch, until all four inches of me were in her mouth. Her tongue roamed over my erection, licking on all sides. The tingling was strong, almost from the get-go. While the feeling in my dick was like what I'd felt when I was embedded in Sam's pussy, it was also different, too. The tingling increased slowly and several minutes passed by as she licked and bobbed up and down on my erection. Still, the inevitable moment arrived, "Ah, Sam, I'm cumming!" I yelled. I was so glad the condo below us was empty.

My marble-sized balls constricted, and I felt my dick spasm as I felt my little dollop of ejaculate shoot out. Sam took that bit of nectar without a problem. Her mouth stayed on my dick until the spasming stopped. Perhaps she would have kept me in her mouth until I went soft. But at twelve, a boy can stay hard long after he's shot his wad.

Sam pulled back her head and grinned at me, "How was that?"

A hundred times better than Jeremy, I thought. Somehow, I doubted Sam wanted any comparisons. In fact, the last time Jeremy had sucked me to orgasm, I was still dry cumming. My friend, on the other hand, had shot three or four salty and bitter loads into my mouth. Sam was a vast improvement. Sometimes, less is more, "Wow! Wow!"

She stripped her shorts, joining me in being naked. Then she took my hand, "Come on, Robin. We didn't get cleaned up before dinner. Why not try out the whirlpool?"

After we filled the tub to the correct spot, we turned it on and climbed in. The hot jets of water massaged us as we settled against one side of the tub. Sam took a loofah and added some soap to it before she started cleaning my back. I could feel the difference as the film of suntan lotion was wiped away. Once she finished with my back, she wrapped her arms around my chest and pulled me against her as she washed my front.

Gone was any hesitancy. Her fingers soon grappled with my still-erect penis. She said, "God, I love your body, Robin. How you stay hard is a mystery. One I intend to unravel."

I shifted away from her, coming around behind her and wrapping my arms around her. I cupped her boobs and squeezed them for a long moment. Then, remembering we were supposed to be taking a bath, I grabbed the loofah from where it floated and washed her back, scrubbing the oily residue of lotion away.

Sam squealed when the loofah touched her boobs, "Yow! That's rough. Use your hands, Robin."

Rubbing Sam's boobs, whether with lotion, dry, or now, with soap, it was all great. She leaned back against my chest as I massaged her tits with soapy water. Still, after a few minutes, she spun around, sending water sloshing dangerously close to the lip of the bathtub.

She straddled me and wrapped her arms around my neck, and kissed me. After breaking the kiss, she whispered into my ear, "You got yours, my love. Now it's time to get mine."

With that, she shifted forward and took hold of my erection as she positioned herself over me. Then, with a happy sigh, she sank down, enveloping all of me inside her pussy. How suddenly she had shifted and sat on my erection had taken my breath away.

Now, with her straddling me, and my butt resting on the bathtub's hard surface, Sam worked her knees, rising and dragging my dick across the tightness of her walls, and falling, sliding me deep inside her again. The tingling came almost right away as she rode me. But the build-up, so soon after my last cum, took longer. At one point, a few minutes after she started riding me, Sam snaked her hands around my neck and kissed me as I slipped up and down her vagina.

At one point, that tingling was riding, ever so slowly to that magical point of bliss. Sam shuddered and her pussy convulsed around my rigid cock. She squeezed my neck, as her rising and falling became uneven. A moan ripped out of her mouth, "Ah, Robin! Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!"

The undulation of her pussy walls on my dick finally tipped me over the edge and I spasmed inside her. I followed that with my entire body shaking as I came. My dick came a half-dozen times, although I imagined there might have only been a bit of cum with that first spasm.

Sam didn't move after her body stopped shaking, although she stopped squeezing my neck. She simply stayed there, sitting on my lap. Still in my orgasmic bliss, I hugged her, rubbing my hands against her back. There was a timer on the whirlpool. It cut off the hot jets before she finally slid off me. I could see tears in her eyes when she slid off.

Concerned, I reached out and took a hand, "Sam, are you alright?"

A tear trickled down her cheek as she nodded, "Yeah, Robin. I'm fine. I get emotional sometimes, and when I came, my emotions got the best of me."

She sat next to me and leaned against me as I wrapped an arm around her shoulder. She explained, "Earlier, when we made love on the beach, what we experienced was surreal, and some part of me thought it was a dream. Then, when I gave you a blowjob, well, that was mostly for your benefit, so it didn't really hit me. Then, when we made love here in the jacuzzi tub, it

finally hit me, like really hit me, you and me, we're really doing this. It's not a game, not anymore. We're an honest-to-God couple. Tonight, when I go to sleep, I'm going to be falling asleep next to the man I love."

She took my hand, "It's too soon to promise anything. But just know that, when you're ready to be more than just my boyfriend, I'll be ready."

I waited for Sam to cut the ignition before climbing from our new SUV. Even though less than two months had passed since we were last here, I felt as though I weren't the same boy as I was the last time we were at Grant Jones' office.

I scurried around and opened Sam's door. When she climbed out, I noticed I had gained slightly on her. I figured I was maybe three inches taller, although you wouldn't be able to tell when she's in high heels.

I resisted the urge to slide my arms around her waist. I followed her into the office where a new receptionist sat. The chairs were a little nicer than the folding chairs we'd sat in so long ago. One thing that hadn't changed, the plastic plant had even more dust on it than before.

When Grant came out and saw us, he said, "Good God, would you look at the two of you! Y'all certainly got plenty of sun."

My blond hair was sun-bleached and down past my collar. And we both had dark tans. Probably wasn't healthy long term, but we had other places we wanted to go, places where lounging under the sun wasn't a priority.

Once we were in his office, Grant said, "Have y'all thought about where you'd like to hang your hat?"

Sam quirked an eyebrow, "Our hat?"

Grant grinned, "You know, where you want to live?"

Sam shrugged, "We're still working on that."

I added, "I know we're supposed to have a permanent home and all that, but I've talked it over with S-, Mom, and I want to do the online private

school you emailed me about. That way, no matter where we go or stay, I can keep up with my studies.”

Grant smirked, “I figured you’d say that. I can’t say I blame you, either. I can arrange that. But just so you know, as the trustee for your trust, I’ll be looking at those grades, Robin.”

He leaned back in the chair, “After talking with Bert and the finance folks, we all agreed a few pieces of property in the trust’s portfolio would be prudent. The trust will close on some real estate a few miles west of town. A developer started a sub-division but ran short of money and their bank foreclosed on it. We think he was a bit overly ambitious. In a few years, we expect a subdivision out on Interstate Thirty might be worth the money to develop further. In the meantime, he only finished one home out there. Was going to make it his model home. We think you’d like it.”

Sam looked at me with uncertainty. Even though she’d really bloomed in the absence of Earl, money wasn’t a strong suit for her. Even at twelve, scratch that. My birthday is in a few days. Even at thirteen, I had a head for numbers. I said, “Even the money guy thinks it’s a good investment?”

Grant nodded, “Yep. Wesley Parker is the one who made the recommendation. We got the property for a bit more than a million dollars. If he’s right, and he’s got a solid track record, once we build the development out, it’ll return upwards of five million to the trust.”

“And if he’s wrong?”

With a shrug, Grant smiled, “Then you’ll live in a very nice neighborhood with no neighbors, and some very nice East Texas Pines.”

Sam reached over and took my hand. Squeezing it gently, she said, “That sounds really nice, Grant. Just promise me and Robin, it won’t hold us down. After time down on the coast, we want to travel. See more of the country. Can we do that?”

I returned the light touch before leaning forward, “Mom’s right,” I said, barely avoiding calling her Sam. “Given what you told us our budget was, we did pretty good, I thought. Between the hotel stays, condo rental, car rental and dining out, we only spent fifteen thousand.”

Grant took a sheet of paper and slid it across the desk toward me, "You guys did fine. But don't forget about the clothes. Your bill at Macy's in Austin was a couple of thousand dollars. And your new Range Rover is ninety thousand dollars."

I chuckled. I liked the new SUV. Sam had already given me my first lesson driving it. "True. But we won't buy a new car every month. Well, at least I hope not."

Grant smiled, "You say that." Then he glanced at Sam, "Just wait until he's sixteen. Even some millionaires struggle with new drivers' insurance. Especially on the cars you guys can afford."

I flushed, thinking about the power under the hood of the Range Rover. There was no way I'd wait until sixteen to enjoy controlling that kind of power. Still, we had gotten off track. I waved the transaction sheet, "As you said, we did fine. Sam..., um, Mom and I want to figure out how we can travel around and see the places we want to see without breaking the bank."

Grant nodded, "About the only thing I wouldn't do is buy an expensive RV and travel places. Unless, of course, where you're wanting to stay is national parks."

I shook my head, "Not really. We're thinking when we finish up here, we want to go spend a couple of weeks in San Antonio, do Sea World and stuff like that. Then maybe go to California for a couple of months. Disney Land, that kind of stuff."

Grant added, "Washington, New York, that kind of stuff?"

I nodded, "Yeah. We want to stay at nice places, but spending a thousand dollars a night..."

My voice trailed off. We wanted to enjoy the money. But being stupidly extravagant didn't seem right.

Grant leaned forward, "You've got a good head on your shoulder, Robin. You know, I had a couple whose bankruptcy I worked on a while back. They were good folks, but got suckered into buying one of the expensive time-shares."

Sam and I both nodded. One of the radio stations we listened to had played commercials about lawyers suing time share companies.

Grant continued, "The dirty little secret is that there are plenty of time share resorts very close to most major cities. And except for a few times a year, they have some portion of their inventory available to rent. If you want, I can call the trust office at the bank and see if they can make some calls. I bet they can get you a good deal in San Antonio."

I glanced at Sam, who nodded. Grant was on the phone and a few minutes later, when he hung up, he said, "Let's see what comes of it. Even though the couple I helped with their bankruptcy got taken in by the timeshare company, the truth is, most of the resorts are quite nice and well taken care of. My girlfriend and I stayed at one in New Orleans last year and it was a nice, fully equipped condo, just a few minutes' walk from the French Quarter."

Sam shook her head, "We'll take your word on that one. Not going back to Louisiana anytime soon."

While we waited for the bank's trust department to call back, Sam disappeared into the restroom. Once she left his office, Grant said, "I was impressed with your emails while you guys were in South Padre. Asking for updates on your expenses shows real maturity, Robin. I'm going to send you a view-only link to a tool the bank uses to monitor and track the expense account tied to your debit cards. They'll be able to set you up with tools that'll let you track things on your own. This will also show you what's available to be transferred into the expense account, for when you and your mom want to make a big purchase."

While I was pleased Grant trusted me enough to share this info, it piqued my curiosity. "Does it bother you for me to email you about the trust?"

"God, no," Grant said. "I'm glad you're interested. Makes me feel like you and your mom will be okay managing your money when you get older. I'm always available to answer any questions you have."

I grinned in response, "For a fee?"

The phone chose that moment to ring, and Grant winked at me as he answered. He wrote something down and said, "I'll call or send you an email." Then he hung up.

Sam came back into the office as Grant smiled at her, "Good news. The bank's trust department confirmed a two-bedroom executive condo on the San Antonio River Walk for ten thousand for the entire month of June."

That was more than twice as expensive as our condo on the beach. "That much?"

Even Sam looked surprised at the cost, while Grand said, "It's really upscale, as these things go. You can comfortably afford it, if that's what you're worried about."

We had talked about visiting San Antonio for a while, and the rent on the condo really wasn't that much compared to what we had. I took Sam's hand and said, "Let's do it, S-, Mom."

Grant took us out to the abandoned sub-division after we made the reservation for San Antonio. We drove out there in our Range Rover. It was about thirty miles from Texarkana. We got to it by exiting the interstate and turning down a farm-to-market road. Less than a mile down that road, Grant had Sam turn onto a side road. A few yards down the road a gatehouse sat squat in the middle. The gates were down and chained.

I followed Grant over to one of the gates, where he keyed in an access code that popped the lock. When he finished taking the lock off, he said, "I'll text you the code, Robin. I really think you guys will like it. Even though the developer went balls-up, he tried to keep as many trees as possible."

Back in the car, we drove through, stopping only long enough to lock the gate behind us. You've seen news stories about neighborhoods wiped out by a hurricane or tornado. That's sort of what it reminded me of to drive through the place. There were no houses, just meandering roads. Lots were clearly marked with surveying stakes, and tall pines remained on every lot.

As she drove slowly toward a lone house toward the back half of the sub-division, Sam asked, "How many lots are there?"

Grant said, "A bit more than a hundred. Some lots in the center were designated for park and recreation. All told, there's about fifty acres."

We stopped in front of the house. If you've seen one McMansion, you've seen this one. Built in the ranch style, it was a single story. The inside still needed a bit of work. We could see sheet rock in several of the rooms. The master bedroom was nice, but the bathroom wasn't up to par, especially after the experience we had in South Padre. Sam looked inside and shook her head, "Oh, Grant, it's so plain. It's going to take some work."

Once we finished touring the house and were outside, Sam wrapped an arm around me affectionately. It was one you could easily mistake as maternal. She said, "Grant, you've made it clear we need some place to call home. At least officially. If you and the folks at the trust think this is a good fit, we trust you. But, God, that place is going to need some work."

Sam pressed her body against me as she continued, "If there's one thing the past couple of months have taught me, it's that I can trust Robin. Do you mind working with him on the upgrades we'll want?"

Her hug was still maternal enough to not rouse Grant's attention. He just bobbed his head, "Yeah, Sam. No problem. Just shoot me an email, Robin, and we'll get contractors out here and fix it up for you guys."

We finished up back in Texarkana for the night. We met Grant and his current girlfriend for dinner at a local restaurant and then Sam and I stayed at the same Hilton hotel before heading out for San Antonio the next morning.

Chapter 9

The air nipped at my cheeks as I keyed in the code and waited for the gate to swing open. For so early in October, it was unseasonably cool. Once the gate swung open, I pushed down on the gas pedal and rolled into the near-abandoned sub-division. Apart from the light on the outside of the security shack, the streets were dark.

Sam reached over and rested her hand on mine, which was on the gearshift. "It's kind of forbidding; it's so dark."

While it was dark, the SUV's headlights pierced the gloom, chasing the night away. I gave the vehicle more gas, enjoying the throaty roar of the engine. Over the past few months, since the lottery, Sam had taught me how to drive. I spent almost as much time behind the wheel as she did. I had been driving since lunch time, almost eight hours before, and was glad we were almost there.

The house was in the back of the empty subdivision. When we reached it, a light pierced the darkness from the porch. The front of the house looked little different from the one time they visited, in between their trip to the coast and San Antonio. Now, a couple of rocking chairs were on the wrap-around porch, and a cement cherub shot water into the air from the small water feature next to the walkway between the porch and the street.

As I pulled into the drive, Sam said, "I hope the pictures do it justice. Grant had nothing but nice things to say about it."

I parked the SUV along the drive, a few feet from one of three garage doors along the side of the house, and climbed from the driver's side. My bones ached. Over the past five months, this had been the longest Sam let me drive, and I felt every hour behind the wheel as I stretched.

Sam came around the front of the SUV and hugged me. My eyes could almost see over the top of her head. Slow and steady seemed to be the way my body wanted to grow, and I had added another inch in height since the start of the summer. My hands roamed her back. The angles and ridges of her shoulder blades were now familiar territory, and she sighed as her hands slid along the outside of the t-shirt I wore.

Finally, when chill bumps covered my exposed skin, I said, “Let’s go check it out. It’ll be nice to have a place of our own to crash at between trips.”

As I took Sam’s hand and we walked toward the back of the house, I found myself agreeing with her. Even though we had more fun than I’d ever had in my life, every place we had stayed had just been a condo rental or hotel room. San Antonio had been fun. We had visited the amusement park and SeaWorld and just about every authentic Mexican restaurant in the city over our month’s stay. Anaheim had been cool. The weather at Disney Land had been just about perfect. And nobody had batted an eye at what appeared two teens in love, as we rode every ride and saw every show. But after a week, we’d seen what we wanted to see and done what we wanted to do.

From California, we had driven up the coastal highway, all the way to Seattle. We saw what we wanted to see, and grew even closer as boyfriend and girlfriend, driving back through Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, where we stayed a couple of weeks at Yellowstone during the height of the summer season. After that, we spent some time in Vegas. We stayed clear of the casinos. After all, to the rest of the world, we were a teenaged couple in love.

Say what you will of Vegas, even without the casinos, there was plenty to do. We took a helicopter tour of the Grand Canyon, watched more shows than I can remember over the time we stayed there. But even as the weeks came and went, it wasn’t home. And all the money in our bank account would not make it so. By the end of September, we needed a break from traveling. And that’s how I found myself holding Sam’s hand as she slid the key into the back door of our home outside of Texarkana.

Once past the French doors, we stood in a dining room. The table in the middle of the room wasn’t big. It hardly needed to be; A set of four chairs fit comfortably around it—two more than we needed. The walls were a pleasing shade of pastel yellow. It was warm and inviting.

Sam gushed, “Oh, this is nice, Robin. It’s just the way I imagined it.”

She pulled me through the kitchen. The appliances were all black, which complimented the cherry finish on the cabinetry and the dark marble

countertops. Sam let go my hand and ran her fingers along the polished marble, "Shame I'm not a better cook, Robin. This is so much bigger than the kitchen in the trailer."

It had been a while since Sam brought up Earl. Whatever had become of him, neither of us cared. Still, we had spent years of our lives under his roof, and the kitchen in the trailer had been tiny compared to this one.

I came up behind her and wrapped my arms around her stomach and pulled her into a hug, "Maybe we can learn together. I fix some killer Pop Tarts."

Chuckling, she turned around and tilted her head slightly as her lips found mine. The familiarity and rightness of her tongue in my mouth made it easy to think of Sam as only my girlfriend. Ours hadn't been a relationship defined as mother and son for months now, and I think Sam liked it as much as I did.

When she broke off the kiss, Sam grabbed my hand, "Let's see the rest of the house."

We trekked back through the dining room and through another door. The den was huge; a fireplace in one corner was encased in white Texas sandstone. Over it hung a painting of an old West cattle drive. Mom had pitched a fit when Grand and I had suggested mounting a deer head over the fireplace. We compromised with artwork that still exuded the old west theme captured by the ranch-style house's design.

A flat screen TV covered the better half of one wall. It was easily ninety inches wide. It faced a plush leather sofa. I could almost imagine crashing on the sofa while watching some movie on the gigantic screen. Sam took in the room, "Thank God I talked you out of that ghastly deer head. It would have felt like something was staring at us had you put it up in here."

There was a living room and a foyer at the front of the house. I didn't really understand the purpose of the living room. It held similar furniture to the living room, but no TV. Grant had told me sometimes you just needed a room where the guests you didn't really want wandering around your house to stay. That's what a living room is for.

After checking out a few bedrooms, one of which was ostensibly my own, down a hallway on one end of the house, Sam and I eventually found the master bedroom. There was a massive king-size bed along one wall, a walk-in closet along another, and the master bath along a third. Sam stood in the bathroom's doorway. The look on her face was priceless.

I stood behind her and rested my head next to hers, "What'cha think?"

She gushed, "It's perfect, Robin. Just like I imagined it."

A grin split my face, almost from ear to ear. Grant and I had spent a lot of time going back and forth over what Sam wanted. In the end, a contractor had come out and put an addition to the house to accommodate the changes. Seeing the look on her face made all the effort and expense worthwhile. The tub was recessed into the foundation and encased in marble. There was a seat that ran along the inside, all the way around the tub, and whirlpool nozzles built into the tub at regular intervals. I couldn't decide if it was the largest bathtub I'd ever seen, or the smallest swimming pool. As if anything else was necessary, the remodelers built a gas fireplace into the wall on the far side.

A walk-in shower stood next to the tub. Poured marble walls formed two of the sides. A third was glass, and the fourth was a glass door. A huge rainfall showerhead was fixed to the ceiling. Along the wall, closest to the bedroom, was a vanity mirror, running from countertop to ceiling. Sam didn't spend tons of time on her appearance, but all the things she needed were stored in the drawers under the marble countertop.

Sam gripped my arm, "Damn, Robin, this is incredible. I could practically live in the bathroom."

The worry I had felt that it might not be exactly what she wanted washed away. I happily sighed, "I was kinda worried. Now that we've taken the grand tour, what do you want to do?"

Sam gave me an appraising eye and pulled me back into the master bedroom. She pushed me until my butt hit the side of the bed. "What I've wanted since waking up this morning. You."

She grabbed my shirt and pulled it over my head. I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror over a chest of drawers on one wall. Sure, since winning the lottery, I had grown a bit, but to my uncritical eye, I was still the same skinny boy. My face was smooth and unlined; I had yet to develop the sharp angles that usually came with adolescence. My shoulders were still narrow, scarcely any wider than my hips.

Sam didn't care about that. Her fingers undid the button above my zipper and worked the zipper down. With hunger in her eyes, she slid my pants down, where they bunched at my ankles. Gone was any embarrassment at Sam seeing the bulge of my erection in my immodest bikini briefs. She grabbed the front of my briefs and pulled them down, freeing my stiffy.

Now that I was thirteen, my erection had almost kept up with my height. Sam gripped my five inches, "Every time I see you like this, I can't believe you're mine. I love you, Robin and I'm so glad you want me too."

She released my shaft and ran her fingers along my silky-smooth pubic area. Over the past couple of months, a few lone strands of pubic hair, barely any darker than the blond on my head, had come in. But Sam liked me smooth, the same way I liked her, and she enjoyed searching them out and tweezing them.

I stepped out of my pants. Now it was my turn. My fingers were sure and confident as I unbuttoned Sam's blouse. I knew her body as well as I knew my own. Once unbuttoned, I pushed the blouse over her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. She hadn't worn a bra. Her tits, small and well formed, bounced in front of me and I couldn't help myself. I leaned down and kissed a nipple, feeling it grow hard between my lips. My tongue lapped at it until Sam pushed my head away, "Finish undressing me. I need you in me now."

I was Sam's willing slave. My fingers made quick work of her zipper and pushed her pants to her ankles. She picked up one foot, and I pulled her pants leg off. Then the other foot, and she was in nothing but a small pair of pink panties with tiny red hearts scattered across the small triangle of fabric covering her pussy. I couldn't wait any longer. I pulled them down,

exposing Sam's smoothly shaven pubic mound. My erection twitched at the sight and she pushed me back against the bed until I fell backward.

Sam crawled onto the bed beside me and grabbed my stiffy, "How's this for a house warming party?"

My voice trembled with excitement, "I like it. So, you okay staying here for a while?"

She leaned over me; hot breath on my glans sent a shiver through me as she said, "Yeah. Traveling around, even when we're seeing new things, gets tiring sometimes."

Her tongue touched my helmet shaped glans, and I gasped at the pleasurable heat. Her lips slid over my tip and her tongue played with my piss-slit, making my entire shaft tingle. A few heartbeats later her lips slid down my shaft, first sliding over the coarse skin of my circumcision scar and then, lower, sliding down until she had taken in most of me. She stopped when I touched the back of her throat. I was almost an inch shorter the first time she took my penis into her mouth. Back then, she could take all of me into her mouth. But now I was longer and her gag reflex kicked in if she tried taking me down her throat.

She held the base of my erection and bobbed up and down, her lips gliding over my shaft. Every time she came up, she stopped when her lips reached the flare of my glans. Her tongue never stopped working. It didn't matter if she was going down or coming up, her tongue teased more intense tingles than if she had only used her lips. I could never grow tired of this, even as my eyes closed and basked in the joy of the moment. I was the luckiest boy in the world to have Sam in my life. She loved my body every bit as much as I loved hers.

I groaned wordlessly as the tingling in my shaft grew more intense. Sam's fingers gripped the base of my penis and her lips pushed against her fingers and she sucked on me; she could tell I was close to cumming.

Sam's tongue slid along the underside of my penis, sending me into sensory overload. My balls constricted and a surge like electricity shot through me, traveling from the tip of my stiffy all the way to my brain.

Fireworks went off in my head as my five inches swelled in Sam's mouth and I spasmed. The first blast of my thickening semen hit the back of her throat, and she sucked even harder. A second blast slid down her throat, followed by a third.

My balls were empty, but my dick kept kicking about in Sam's mouth through a few more dry spasms. When she had drained me, Sam pulled back and kissed me. Her kiss tasted like my cum; mostly salty with just a tinge of bitterness. That had been a change over the past half-year. The first time she had blown me and then kissed me, I had tasted more sweet than salty. Of course, now, my cum was milky white instead of clear and watery.

Sam broke the kiss and said, "Now that you've had your fun, it's my turn."

She straddled my waist and took hold of me again as she slid my still sensitive head through the wet head of her slit. Even though my glans tingled with penetrating pleasure, I had just cum. It would be a while before I could shoot again. Sam knew this and as she slid down on me, she growled, "I'm going to fuck your brains out, Robin."

I reached out my hands and caressed her breasts as I closed my eyes from the incredible feeling throughout my erection. Sam found a practiced rhythm, her knees and hips working together, to lift her up, but not so high as to have me slide out, before crashing against my groin with a wet plop.

With my eyes closed, enjoying the feeling surging through me, I felt Sam's first orgasm. It arrived with a shudder as her pussy undulated and convulsed around my shaft. One thing I liked about making love to her was the number of times she could cum.

Sam had incredible stamina. I've felt her thighs before and there's a lot of muscle on them. Riding me like she did only helped build up her endurance. She came a half-dozen times before I felt my balls start to boil again. My dick had never stopped tingling like it was close to orgasm. So, when my balls boiled, there wasn't much warning before they constricted.

I moaned, "Ah, fuck!" as my penis surged within Sam. My stiffy kicked and spasmed, shooting my fresh seed deep within her at the same time her

body shook with her most intense orgasm yet. I was still spasming when she fell against me, her breasts pushing against my chest, and her head resting against my shoulder.

Her voice was raw and low, "I love you, Robin. It feels great doing this in our own bed."

My eyes fluttered open; I was still in my post orgasm high. Sex with Sam was amazing, no matter where it happened. But she was right. It felt doubly good knowing we were home.

The End.