**Mom's Healing Love by J. Boswell**

Mom's Healing Love

- - - Part One - - -

The offensive player ran towards the goal and the goalie lunged out of the crease to meet him. The stick whipped the ball at the net just as the attacker was crushed between the goalie and a defensive player closing from the other side. The ball pinged off the crossbar and bounced towards the out of bounds line. The crowd became deathly silent after their collective "OH!" The slim offensive lacrosse player had slumped to the turf and the two huge defenders who had literally crushed him between them and their sticks ran after the ball. The whistle blew as the downed player remained motionless.

I remember running down, onto to the field and watching them carefully lift the lacrosse player onto a stretcher and into the waiting ambulance. I climbed in after the paramedic and looked down at my son's mud-stained face. He smiled up at me, weakly.

"Sorry you had to see that, Mom."

I smiled back, "I'm sorry I had to see it, too, Honey. We'll be at the hospital, soon. Just rest."

It was still early and the emergency room was empty. They wheeled Matty into a cubicle as I filled out the forms and waited. And thought.

Divorced, now, for over three years, I was still enjoying being a single parent but missed the added support of Matty's father at a time like this. Allen, my ex, was now living in California, and only saw Matty for a few weeks in the summer. So, it was just me. Me and Matty.

He was in his freshman year of high school, and had just turned 14. Afraid of "mothering" him too much, I bit my tongue earlier in the year when he told me he was going to try-out for his small prep school's championship varsity lacrosse team in his freshman year. All that Fall and Winter I watched him run and work out with weights. I marvelled at his commitment and hard work and it paid off -- he was the last player who made the team. Being the only freshman on the team, he was the brunt of the tricks and practical jokes played by the older players, but Matty hung in there. I became his number one fan, never missing a game and rooting the team on; but always afraid that something like this would happen.

Finally, a doctor approached. "Mrs. Lawrence? I'm Doctor Fox, sports medicine clinic."

"Yes. How is Matt?"

"Oh, he'll be fine. He must have really taken a shot out there. His collarbone is broken on the right side, and the four fingers on his left hand are broken. I'm assuming he lost his glove in the collision and his hand got stepped on or caught between two sticks after the hit. Other than that and a few assorted bruises, he's fine."

"That doesn't sound fine to me, doctor."

"I played lacrosse, too, Mrs. Lawrence, and I can assure you that with that strong, young, healthy body, he's already begun the mending process. The worst part about all of this will be the inconvenience. Either injury, the broken collarbone or the broken fingers, alone, would be difficult. Together, Matt's soon going to find out that there are a lot of things he won't be able to do for himself, for a while. He'll need a lot of help. You might even want to consider hiring help." He went on, explaining the prescriptions and the casts until Matty emerged from the room, pale, but walking.

I retrieved his torn jersey and we left the Emergency Room. My car was still at the school's field, so we took a cab home from the hospital. Matty had been given a pain-killer that was making him drowsy, so I followed him into his bedroom.

"I'm okay, Mom. I can manage."

I smiled and shook my head, "And just how do you think you'll manage? One arm is in a sling, and the other is in a sling AND a cast. Are you THAT good with your toes?"

We both laughed and I gently sat him down on his deskchair. I removed his muddy shoes and socks and shorts. He was falling asleep as I worked, and I helped him into his bed, still dirty and sweaty from the game. He was already asleep as I removed his rib-protector pads and his jock strap. I showered, cancelled my date with Richard for that evening, made myself an herbal tea and returned to Matty's room, worried about him being able to sleep. I didn't need to worry.

"Mom. Yo, Mom! Time to get up!"

I had fallen asleep in the chair and my body ached with stiffness as I tried to move. "I sure hope you slept better than I did, Matt."

"I must have been really doped up because I barely remember riding in the cab."

I stood up and walked to the bed. As I did, I noticed the covers tented up over Matty's penis. He saw me looking and blushed a deep red.

"Oh, Matty, don't be embarrassed. I know what it is. It's a morning erection and every teenage guy has them. If you woke up a morning without one, you would probably be dead!

"Listen, Honey, you heard what Doctor Fox said. He warned us about how tough these next few weeks are going to be. I promise to respect your privacy as much as possible, but I think modesty can pretty much go out the window for a little while. It's just the two of us, Matt. Let's try it, and if you're too uncomfortable, I'll see if I can maybe hire someone to take care of you. Besides, I'm the one that cleaned your dirty diapers. You don't have many secrets from your old Mother, Matty. Let's just try to relax and get through this, okay?"

"Sure, Mom, but you don't have to hire anybody. I'm just a little embarrassed. I'd probably feel worse if it was a stranger."

"I understand, Matty. Really I do."

I helped him gingerly get out of bed and walk into the bathroom.

"Do you have to go to the bathroom, Matty?"

"Umm, I can't until this goes down, or I go in the shower."

"Men," I thought, "can and will go anywhere!"

I put a plastic bag over the cast on his left hand and then Matty stepped into the showerstall and I reached around him to turn the water on.

"UGH!!" Matty bumped his shoulder into the wall and moaned with the pain.

"I think we better move into my room, Dear. Your showerstall is just too small, and I don't want to hurt you." He had paled with the pain and merely nodded. The bath in the Master suite was large and had an oversize tub and shower.

He was still erect, so he immediately stepped into the shower. I turned the water on and stepped back. It took me a second to realize that Matty was just as helpless here, and that I was going to have to wash him. I grabbed the soap and tried to wash off the sweat and dirt with the gentlest of touches. His legs were the easiest because I didn't have to be so careful.

My white cotton t-shirt nightie was soaking wet from the shower and splashes, and clung to my breasts and thighs and stomach like a nearly transparent second skin. Everything I had was on display and I could feel my son's eyes on me. I was going to have to find something else to wear for Matty's next shower!

I had worked my way up Matty's thighs, and the only part of him left to wash was his genital area. I soaped my hands and looked up at him, "Just relax, now. Okay?"

He gave me a tight little nod and I soaped his testicles and then his erect penis. With a loud, sudden exhale of breath, Matty ejaculated forcefully, spraying my neck and wet chest with his semen. After my initial surprised flinch, I gently stroked him several more times with my soapy hands until he stopped oozing his cum.

"Oh, Mom! I'm so sorry! Mom! I'm sorry that happened! I couldn't help it!"

"It's alright, Dear. Please calm down and relax. I understand. Really. Besides, I was a teenager once. I remember those hormones raging."

He rinsed himself under the warm stream and I turned off the water. I grabbed a towel and began to gently dry him. As I patted him dry, I realized that he really had a wonderful body. Still smooth and nearly hairless, he was tan and firm. Already far taller than me, he was just under six feet tall, his newly-developed muscles were impressive and his wide shoulders tapered down into a narrow waist. And the girls were going to just love his firm tush!

By the time he was dry, he was semi-rigid again, and I shook my head in wonderment at a teenage boy's "recuperative" powers.

We laughed as we figured out how to put his soft cast on for his collarbone. It was a strange, padded strap that fit around his arms like a figure-8, or a detective's holster, and it had to be worn at all times, other than in the shower. I tightened the strap in the back, until Matty sucked in air, wincing with the pain. He also had to wear a sling on his right arm to protect him from jiggling the shoulder. The sling on his left arm was to keep the cast and broken fingers elevated. It was a pretty pathetic situation for a 14-year-old boy.

It was Saturday, so we decided pajama bottoms and a robe would be alright. Then he went downstairs and I peeled off the wet cotton t-shirt, showered and dressed in jeans and sweatshirt.

Matty tried, but I had to help him eat his breakfast by feeding him. Drinks were no problem in a glass with a straw. I was just finishing the dishes when the doorbell rang and the coach and a few guys from the lacrosse team showed up. I retreated into the kitchen as they discussed the game and Matty's injury.

The coach and kids were still there when Richard showed up with some videos he had rented for Matty. He had been very understanding the night before when I had cancelled our date and I was happy to see him. We had been dating for a few months and I think we both felt comfortable, if not "in love" with each other. I asked him to drive me to the school so I could pick up my car, and when we were in the car, Richard suggested a "quick detour" to his house, but I declined. I wasn't ready to leave Matty that long, and Richard said he understood.

In the three years since my divorce, Richard was only the second man I had dated to the point of physical intimacy. I had been very careful with the men I had dated, protecting my body and health. I had also protected Matty and had never made love to any of them at my home. Their homes or motels were fine, but I had never wanted to risk Matty seeing me intimate with anyone. I didn't want him thinking about me in that way.

At the deserted school parking lot, Richard and I shared a kiss that quickly grew hotter and hotter, until his hands were under my shirt and bra and caressing my aching breasts. My nipples hardened as he squeezed them and I melted into his embrace.

Feeling like I was back in high school, I looked around at the empty fields and then lowered my head to Richard's lap. I opened his pants and released his erect cock, licking its smooth, pink head. I stroked his hard length a few times (reminding myself that Richard's was the SECOND cock I had held in my hands that day!) and then opened my mouth and sucked his hot flesh into my mouth. Just a few deep plunges into my mouth, and I soon felt him tense in my hand. He came quickly, shooting his warm cum into my mouth and down my throat. I sucked him until there was no more cum and gently replaced his softening penis in his shorts, zipped him back up and kissed him on the cheek.

I then lowered the zipper on my jeans, but as his hand approached my crotch, a gaggle of soccer players ran down the hill to start a practice. I zipped up and opened the car door.

"Well, that was fun while it lasted! Be sure to stay in touch, Dear. I'm sure I'll be housebound for a little while, but I want to hear from you. Thanks for the ride, Richard."

He smiled and waved and made the "A-okay" sign as he drove off.

The crowd was gone when I got home, and Matty wasn't on the sofa.

"Matty?"

"Mom? I'm glad you're home! I need help!"

Matty was sitting on the toilet and was unable to clean himself.

"How did you get your pajamas down?"

"I used my feet to pull them down, Mom. I didn't have much choice!"

"Oh, Matty! I'm so sorry. How long have you been sitting here?"

"I don't know, but both my legs are asleep!"

We both laughed as I cleaned him and helped him hobble back into the family room and onto the sofa. "I didn't even think about being so helpless when I go to the bathroom, Mom. I feel terrible that you have to help me there, too!"

"Now, Matty, I'm only going to say this one more time -- relax! I'm your Mom, and I love you, and there isn't a thing in the world that I wouldn't do for you. Enjoy it. Dr. Fox says you'll mend quickly, and then you'll lose your own personal slave. Okay?"

Matt smiled and nodded, "Okay. But don't ever leave me alone, again, if you can help it. I didn't like it when you were gone."

I helped Matty into the TV room, switched on a baseball game and I started my weekend chores. After a late lunch (hand-fed to Matty), the two of us watched a movie on cable. It was a dumb story about some high school kids getting into stupid situations, but I figured its appeal for Matty and every other teenage boy was the appearance of a different bare-breasted, blonde, beach-bunny every ten minutes or so.

As the credits were rolling, Matty said, "What did you mean, today, when you said about being a teenager and raging hormones, Mom?"

Whoever said "discretion is the better part of valor" was right, because that's the tact I chose to answer Matty's question. I had good reason to be VERY discrete!

In fact, I had been introduced to sex by my Mother's younger brother just after my twelfth birthday (he was 19 or 20), and I progressed from there to being outrageously promiscuous through my last couple of years in grammar school, and all through high school. It was the 70's (SEX, drugs and rock and roll, man!) and I'm sure I must have set some kind of record for the number of boys and men I had.

But now, 33 years old, divorced, a respected career woman, living in the "right" neighborhood, member of the PTA Board, community volunteer, and "SuperMom," I sure wasn't going to go into any of those sordid details! Besides, Matty didn't want to hear THAT about his mother!

"I just meant that I dated guys in high school and college and I remember a few...ah...consistencies among them. Not that I ever did anything!"

He smiled, but went on, "I was just wondering if you...you know... ever fooled around...before Dad came along."

"Hmm... Matty, I think you should know all there is to know about your parents, and I want to be totally honest with you. I've 'fooled around' once in my life, and that was exactly 9 months before you were born!"

"Oh, Mom!"

- - - Part Two - - -

We managed to get through the rest of the day and that night, but I still didn't get to sleep in my own bed. Without the pain-killer that the hospital had given Matty, sleeping was almost impossible for him. I stayed awake as much as I could, forcing him to stay on his back whenever he tried to roll onto his right side. When the sun came up, I was exhausted.

I climbed out of Matty's bed and dressed in a bathing suit and robe before I woke him.

In the shower, as I removed my robe, Matty saw my bathing suit and smiled, "I thought you said we had to throw modesty out the window for a while?"

"We did -- yours! I'm the Mother and I get to wear a bathing suit."

As the shower progressed, Matty became hard again. After washing his genitals, the skin on his penis was taut and was glowing pink. I was stuck about what to do. Part of me wanted to turn the shower off and dress him, while the other part sympathized with his predicament.

Without saying anything to Matty about my thoughts, I grabbed one of my moisturizing lotions and began rubbing it on his chest.

"This should feel good, and it will keep your skin from drying out." Looking only at my hands, I rubbed more on his thighs and then, finally, his penis. The lotion was warm and slippery and Matty began ejaculating almost immediately. I waited for him to finish and then rinsed him off.

After I had dressed him, I showered and that was the last thing I remembered until I felt Matty shaking me and almost yelling, "Mom! Mom! It's the phone. Dr. Fox is on the phone and wants to talk to you!"

I woke up and realized that I was lying on my back on my bed, stark naked, with my wet towel still in my hand and my feet still on the floor. I had fallen asleep as I was drying myself after my shower!

Matty was standing next to the bed, shaking my arm and shoulder with his foot, and watching my jiggling breasts with his eyes. His pajamas had an obvious tent at his crotch. He was getting an eyeful of his naked mother, and seemed to be really enjoying it!

"How did you answer the phone, Honey?"

"Speakerphone."

"Oh, yeah. Matty? You can stop shaking me, now. I'm awake."

"Oh, sorry!"

I stood and slipped on a robe to take the call. When I got downstairs, I asked Matty if he was hungry.

"Starving! But you needed the sleep. What did Dr. Fox want?"

"Well, he wanted to see how you were doing, which was nice, but very surprising for an Emergency Room doctor, and even more surprising, he asked me out to dinner, sometime."

Matty smiled, "I'm not surprised. In the hospital, he wanted to know all about you. If you were married or divorced and if you dated much. He told me that he thought you were really hot looking."

"Oh? And what did you say?"

"I agreed and said I thought you were really hot looking, too."

"Matty!"

"Well, it's true! All my friends think so, too, Mom. Why do you think Ryan and Todd always hang over here at our pool all Summer?"

I knew I was in pretty good shape for 33, but I never thought of myself as flaming the fires of pubescent masturbatory fantasies. Brown hair (still with no gray!), large blue eyes and good skin, I knew I was (at the very least) pretty. With the help of aerobics and my exercycle, my body was still holding up pretty well, too. I knew men liked looking at (and playing with!) my large, round breasts (36D) and long legs, but I was also proud of my flat stomach, firm ass, and tight waist. Sure, I could admit I was attractive, but I didn't go out of my way to make a big deal out of it. Now, I was embarrassed thinking that I was the subject of teenaged boys' comments! No wonder they liked spending the summer around our pool in the yard!

The next day was Monday, and I called Matty's school. Since Matty had been injured playing a school sport and there were only a few weeks left in the school year, the Headmaster offered to let Matty miss the remainder of the year, and take his current marks (one "B" and the rest "A's") for his final grades. I agreed and thanked him for his time and understanding. As for my class of third graders, I had a ton of vacation saved up, so I called my school and they said they would obtain a substitute teacher for my classes until I returned or the school year ended.

On Monday and Tuesday, Matty's erections quickly yielded to my hand- jobs in the shower. On Wednesday, however, he was still hard and throbbing in my hand well after I applied the lotion and the motion. If I rubbed him any more, it would be obvious that I was intentionally jerking him off, rather than him just ejaculating as a result of me washing or "oiling" him. I was again in a quandary and didn't know what to do. I decided that I should just leave well enough alone.

"Okay, time to rinse off, Dear."

"Uh...Mom? Uh...do you think...ah... Never mind."

"Would you like me to rub you a little more, Matty?"

"It's more like needing it, Mom. I'm sorry. I can't help it. I'd gladly do it myself, if I could."

I filled my hands with more lotion and began rubbing them along the length of his erection. The skin was warm and smooth and felt wonderful in my hands. I squeezed his rod as my hand slipped along its length, and I cupped his tight balls in my other hand. "I understand, Matty. Don't be embarrassed. Every man in the world masturbates. Do you do it every day?"

Matty's whole body blushed a bright red as he answered, "Yeah. At least two times, usually more, before this happened."

"Well, just relax, now. I think I'm almost done."

Just then, Matty exploded with his orgasm, shooting his cum the length of my arms, splashing it on the cleavage showing above my swimsuit. He saw that and his body jerked out of my hand and he almost fell. I grabbed him and sat him on the side of the tub.

"Are you alright, Honey?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I just never had one that strong before!"

And that became our routine. We didn't talk about it, we just did it. Every morning in the shower, I would give my son a hand-job. I didn't try to hide what I was doing -- we both knew.

On Thursday, we got a call from Allen, Matty's father. He decided to fly in and see Matty for the weekend. I also got a call from Dr. Fox. He offered to stop by on Saturday and check Matty's progress and asked if he could take me to dinner. Since Allen was going to be here and could babysit Matty, I accepted his offer.

I met Allen at the airport and he was as friendly as ever. I saw him checking me out as he approached and I quickly turned my cheek as he bent down to kiss me.

"Jessica! You're more beautiful than ever! How have you been?"

"Just fine, Allen. I see you still like to throw the bull." I have to admit that when I was 18 years old and a freshman in college, I was totally and absolutely taken by Allen's smooth charm. Ten years older than me, he was a broker on the fast track and I think my youth and looks appealed to him in a "trophy" sort of way. We were married and I was pregnant before either one of us had really thought about it. Of course, the wonderful thing was that we had Matty -- the only success Allen and I had in our almost-twelve years together. I finished college and started to teach. Allen stayed on the fast track, making the mega-bucks he was hungry for, but also spending a lot of it on wine, women, song, and cocaine. I tried to hang in there, but finally gave up. Typical of Allen, he ran away -- to California. He sent us a big check every month and saw Matt for a few weeks in the summer, but they were more like buddies than father and son, and that was all there was to his commitment. He was a successful, charming, shallow man.

He stared at my legs as I drove him back to the house, and at my body in obvious stares for the rest of the evening, so I really wasn't surprised when he knocked on my bedroom door that night. I was sitting up, reading when he opened the door.

"Dating anyone, Jessie?"

"I'm seeing someone, but it's not the real thing or anything."

He moved across the room and sat on the edge of the bed. "Is he keeping you happy? Meeting all your needs?"

"Allen, I'm not going to fuck you, if that's what you're leading up to. Why complicate the perfect relationship we've finally worked out after all these years?"

"Okay, but you can't fault a guy for trying. How about, if we're not going to get physical, you at least give me a look at your goodies? You're so fucking beautiful and sexy! No touchies -- I promise!"

I laughed and swung at him with my book, "Get out of here, you monster! You're incorrigible!"

Allen got a little edge to his voice -- somewhere between anger and a whine. "Come on, Jessie! It's not like it would be the first time, or anything. You're not a goddamn virgin! All that money I send you every month ought to buy me some privileges."

Now I was angry. "Allen, that's gross! The money that you send doesn't hurt you a bit and it buys your son the house and school and lifestyle he's had all his life. I'm not your hooker and it doesn't buy my body!"

Allen shook his head and walked out of the room, wearing a major pout and slamming the door. His problem was that I had seen that pout too many times in the past.

On Saturday, I woke Matty and dressed him in a pair of swim trunks. Without either of us saying a word, he understood. We were just finishing his shower when Allen walked into the bathroom and dried Matt.

Early in the evening, Dr. Donald Fox arrived and examined Matty, declaring his recovery satisfactory and then whisking me out to his car for dinner. We ate in a small restaurant in Little Italy, and then toured a few clubs, looking for a band we could dance to. It was after 1:00 a.m. when we got home.

Out of sheer reflex, I invited Donald in and he accepted. Declining a coffee, we sat on the sofa and chatted for a few minutes, until he pulled me close to him and kissed me. His tongue pushed into my mouth, spreading my lips and teeth open, finding my tongue. We kissed for a while, and as his mouth worked down to my neck, his hand rose to my breast and he gently cupped my tit through my blouse and bra. It soon progressed into a full make-out session, and contrary to my normal habit, I permitted it continue, until Donald opened his zipper and placed my hand on his hot, pulsing cock.

Normally, I would have stopped well before this point, but I was feeling particularly naughty. Maybe it was because it was our first date. Maybe it was because my very pissed-off ex-husband was in the house as it was happening. And -- although I wasn't ready to deal with the significance of it -- maybe it was because it had been a while for me and Matty wasn't the only one getting turned on in the shower every morning.

Instead of stopping, I opened my blouse and unclasped my bra and placed Donald's hand on my naked breast. As he began to squeeze my nipple between his fingers, I moaned and lowered my mouth down over his cock, sucking him between my lips.

We were both hot and went totally with the passion (or maybe it was just lust) we were feeling. But as my lips slurped up and down Donald's rigid pole, I heard something. Without stopping, I glanced up at the doorway and saw Matty standing back in the shadows, watching his mother give a blow-job to her date!

I couldn't believe my horrendous luck! The first time I ever did anything like that in the house since my divorce, and I was caught! But at the same time I was feeling guilty, I was also getting even more excited.

Donald's breathing quickened and he soon tensed and came into my mouth. As much as I wanted to continue and feel my own orgasm, I felt that Matty had spied on quite enough for the evening, so I sat up and rebuttoned my blouse. I walked Donald to the door and kissed him goodnight as he promised to call me.

Still angry with Matty for spying, but still turned on and needing some release, I went to bed and buried my fingers in my cunt, squeezing my nipple and clit between my fingers. Smelling my own wetness and still tasting Donald's salty cum on my lips, I slammed into an intense orgasm, moaning my passion through my clenched teeth as I bit into my pillow to muffle my screams. I released my clit and fell asleep almost immediately.

By the time I woke up on Sunday, Allen had helped Matty in the shower and had made breakfast. We sat at the table and I couldn't look Matty in the eye. I don't think he could look straight at me, either. Allen explained that he was going to have a very busy Summer, and maybe next Christmas week would be better for Matt's trip out West. Matt agreed and soon after that, Allen left in a cab for the airport and his flight back to California.

Matty and I spent a very quiet and tense Sunday together.

On Monday morning, when I went in to wake Matty, I found him already awake.

"Mom, I'm sorry for what I did the other night. I know you saw me and I know it was wrong."

"Yes, you're damned right it was wrong, Matty! How could you do that to me? I think I deserve a little more privacy than that."

"Well, I was just going to get something to drink in the kitchen, and I saw the two of you kissing, and I couldn't stop looking. I'm sorry and it will never happen again."

I calmed down a little as I realized part of my anger was addressed at myself, for getting so excited when I saw my son watching me. I wondered if I even put a little extra enthusiasm in my show for my secret audience, Saturday night. It seemed that our mother and son relationship was getting a little blurred at the edges since Matty's injuries.

"It's okay, Dear. I saw you watching. I could have stopped. I SHOULD have stopped. Do you even know what was going on?"

"Oh, Mom! What kind of dweeb do you think I am? You were giving Dr. Fox head...er...oral sex."

"Yes, we called it a blow-job in my day. Have you ever had one?"

Matty blushed and looked down at his toes. "No, but...No."

"But what, Matty?"

"Well, at our graduation party from eighth grade, Becky Stone got pretty drunk and said she wanted to do every guy at the party like that. She did do almost everybody, but she passed out before it was my turn. Some of the other guys and I tried to wake her, but she was OUT!"

I laughed at the thought of these horny, desperate boys and their attempts at reviving the unconscious girl. Becky Stone also reminded me of myself when I had been her age.

"Matty, it's no big deal. You'll soon have your turn."

"The way Dr. Fox was acting -- he sure made it look like a big deal."

"Well, you have all the time in the world. And everything will come in its own time. Come on, let's shower."

As usual, Matty was erect as I washed him. As I was sitting on the edge of the tub, Matty's erection was almost eye-level. I poured lotion in my hands and he turned his penis towards me. Only this time, instead of applying the lotion, I leaned my head forward and sucked my son's raging, hot hard-on into my wet mouth.

He moaned as his taut skin rubbed over my lips and teeth and tongue, and I cupped the twin globes of his ass in my hands, forcing him deeper into my mouth, filling the crevice between his cheeks with my oiled fingers, seeking his anus, finding it, invading it with a slippery finger, feeling him explode in my mouth, swallowing his warm goo, still sucking, feeling him begin to soften and then harden, again.

- - - Part Three - - -

The dam had finally burst, the walls came crashing down, and I wondered which one of us had been more turned on by my daily hand jobs? Had I just been doing Matty a favor -- no different than drying him or dressing him or feeding him? Or had I been seducing him all along?

Maybe it was more than the hand jobs. Matty later told me that he had been sneaking into my room for years, spying on me in the shower almost every morning, more than once watching me let the shower's pulsing water masturbate me (one of my favorite masturbation methods). He also admitted that the previous Saturday night wasn't the first time he had spied on me and my dates (but it was the first time I had done "something interesting!").

How long had this sexual tension been growing between us? Did it occur between all Mothers and sons? Was this what I wanted to happen? I didn't know, but now that it had started, I wasn't ready to stop.

I stood up and turned the water off. Matty was silent as we looked deeply into each other's eyes.

I pushed my wet bathing suit off my breasts -- Matty's eyes ravaged my now naked tits -- and down off my hips. Still dripping wet, I pulled Matty into my bedroom and over to the bed. He was hard and I laid him on his back and straddled his hips and lowered my wet, ready, hungry cunt down on to and around his hot, hard flesh. Mounted, I began to fuck my lovely, sweet, innocent son. I was lost forever -- far-away in my passion of that moment of union.

I bent forward and my big tits hung free, swinging with the rhythm of my hip motion. He slowly and carefully reached up and grabbed a swaying nipple in his right hand, and then pinched my other nipple between his thumb and cast on his left hand and I was transported away to a place where I was only two nipples and a cunt, where they were the only parts of me that still existed. The sensations were powerful, almost painful, and I could feel my orgasm beginning to grow in my cunt and nipples.

I gripped his cock tighter and tighter in my cunt as I rode him. And, in perfect response, he gripped my nipples tighter and tighter until all of me -- my cunt and my nipples -- disintegrated in the most total, most intense orgasm of my life. Somewhere, there, far away...in the throes of my little death, Matty came, too, shooting his semen, his seed into his mother, into his mother's cunt, the cunt through which he had arrived in this world, as his fingers squeezed and tortured the nipples at which he had fed. My emotions reached overload and I passed out.

All that day the two of us rutted together like animals. I don't think we said 20 words to each other. All we did was kiss and lick and suck and fuck. We were insatiable. We acted like two lovers, separated for years, back together and making up for all the lost time.

Matty ate my pussy, sucked my breasts, finger-fucked my ass, kissed my mouth, and raped my cunt with his cock. We couldn't fuck in the missionary position because he couldn't support himself over me, but he enjoyed torturing my tits as I rode him and loved the power he felt as I bent over and he fucked me from the rear. He wanted me to do everything to him and I tried, as best as his injuries would allow. Even more, he wanted to do everything to me and I let him, finally sliming petroleum jelly on his erect cock and bending over so he could fuck my ass before we fell asleep in the bed that evening.

Tuesday was the same -- there was no going back. I woke Matty by sucking his cock to erect life and then he fucked me in the shower. We ate in bed, being careless with our food and drinks and then rolling around (as much as he could) with abandon on the soiled and cum-stained sheets as we fucked.

Matty was a wonderful lover, showing me how often a young, healthy lover can do all the things a lover should do. His cock and his tongue and his fingers never seemed to tire. He was enthusiastic and never got bored with my body. He worshipped my tits, loved my cunt, adored my ass, cherished my legs, and revered my mouth.

We didn't really leave the bed and bedroom until Thursday, and that was because we had to go to the hospital for more X-rays and a re- examination. Dr. Fox wasn't there, but he had left a cute note attached to Matty's chart, asking me out for Saturday night. Matty was recovering nicely, and was told to leave the slings off as much as possible, and to start manipulating his arms and fingers. (If the doctor only knew how well Matty had been manipulating his fingers for the past three days!)

Over the next few days, Matty and I continued to do everything either one of us had ever imagined about, sexually.

I modeled every negligee and undergarment I owned. Matty loved some of my nighties, camisoles, and teddies, but he had iron-hard erections whenever I strutted around in garterbelt, stockings and heels, so, all day Friday, that's all I wore, changing outfits after every fuck -- and that meant so many changes!

On Saturday, I was in the kitchen, preparing a salad for us, when Matty walked in and grabbed a large carrot I had just peeled and pressed it up and into my cunt. I jumped at its coolness, then moaned with pleasure as he fucked me with it, large end first, and was soon trembling in my orgasm. When I finished, Matty removed the carrot and placed it at my mouth. It was wet and shiny and smelled like me and his cum (because my cunt was constantly full of his cum!).

"Eat it!" he ordered.

I looked into his bright eyes and smiled as I bit the end of the carrot. "Mmmm! This is too good a fucking carrot to throw away! Want some?"

"No, I want you to eat all of it."

And I did, with great drama and satisfaction. I knew in that moment that, right or wrong, I would do anything and everything for this wonderful, loving boy!

Both Richard and Donald (Dr. Fox) asked me out for Saturday evening. I declined Richard's offer and was ready to turn down Dr. Fox, but Matty insisted I go out with Donald.

After I got off the phone with Donald, a thought flashed through my mind. "I guess you don't want me to be so easy with Dr. Fox this time, do you?"

Matty got a very serious look on his face. "Mom, I want you to do whatever you want to do. Whatever feels right to you. Go with it."

"You're not going to spy on us, again, are you?"

"I don't have to now, do I, Mom? Can I pick out what you wear, tonight?"

"Sure!"

Matty went through my closets and drawers and picked out black lace bra and panties, garterbelt and stockings; a tight, low-cut black top and my red leather skirt and high heels. I felt very sexy dressing as Matty watched and complimented me and my body.

When I was completely dressed, Matty ordered me to bend over. He walked behind me, pulled my panties to the side and entered my slick, wet cunt in one shove, pumping into me hard, until he came and collapsed back on the bed. I smiled and winked at him and was re-adjusting my panties and skirt as the doorbell rang.

Late that night, when Donald drove me home and followed me into the house, I wondered if Matty was spying on us from somewhere, and if he wanted me to put on a show for him. It was easy to see that Donald was ready -- my outfit had obviously driven him crazy all night.

We began kissing on the sofa and progressed quickly until we were both naked on the floor in front of the empty fireplace. My almost constant sex with Matty hadn't sated me; it had, instead, only made me hungry for MORE!

Donald's mouth went down, over my breasts and tummy and through my pussy hair, until he buried his tongue in my cunt and I covered my mouth to keep from screaming as I came, thinking of him eating my pussy -- full of Matty's cum. Before I could catch my breath, he moved up and buried his cock into me to the hilt. We fucked gently, until he drew near and then he pounded hard into me, filling me with his semen.

After a few short kisses, he dressed quickly and said he'd let himself out. I gathered my clothes and went upstairs. Matt was in my (our?) bed, awake.

"Well, Mom, did you blow him again?" He was trying to smile.

"Weren't you watching?"

"You said you needed privacy."

"And I put on a show because I thought you wanted to watch."

"Did you suck him off, Mom?"

I stepped over to the bed and he moved his right hand to my pussy. His fingers explored in and around my cunt, feeling my wetness and Donald's cum.

"You slut! You let him fuck you!" Matty was furious!

"I thought you wanted me to! You said to do whatever felt good, Matt! I thought you wanted to watch!" I couldn't believe how nervous and contrite I felt. I was being scolded!

Matty roughly filled my cunt with his fingers and brought his hand up to my face. "Look! I can't believe you actually fucked him after all we did this week! You're a slut!"

Thinking it would turn him on and calm his anger, I took his hand in mine and gently licked the fingers clean. When I got into bed I reached down to his obvious erection, but he pushed me away and rolled over, away from me. I was confused and exhausted but didn't fall asleep very quickly.

The next morning, our relationship changed, forever. In the shower, after I smeared the lotion on Matty's cock, he bent me over and rammed it up my ass in one violent stroke. My eyes teared at the brutal invasion but I didn't say anything. He fucked my poor anus mercilessly until he came and then he told me to sit in the tub. As I sat there, under the warm spray of the shower, my son stood over me and pissed on my breasts and pussy and I shocked myself with the intense and sudden orgasm I experienced.

That day, we resumed our almost-constant sex marathon, but with a difference -- Matty was now the aggressor, the initiator, the dominant one. I found myself the submissive, responsive partner, doing whatever he asked or ordered me to do. We didn't discuss our roles, and I can't explain how it happened. It just happened. He became the adult, and I became the child -- always seeking his love and approval, trying with all my energy to please him.

He wanted to know everything there was to know about me sexually. My first time, who I slept with, what I did, when I got my period, how and how often I masturbated (besides in the shower). Everything!

By the time I finished telling him about my early sexual experiences, he was hard and had his hand buried up my cunt.

"Mom, you are a bigger slut than I even imagined! Is there ANYbody you haven't fucked?"

"Matty, it was a long time ago. I was a teenager and times were different then. It's what teenagers do! Are you jealous?"

"Yes, I'm jealous! I guess all these years, while I peeked at you and spied on you, I wanted you to be just for me. But, at the same time, I think about you fucking all these other guys and I get sort of...um... I guess I get proud of you. That you turned all these men on and they all wanted you as much as I do! I wish I could have known you when you were a teenager and watched you with all those guys. I'm not even making any sense, am I?"

I smiled at him as I mounted him, yet again. "I think so, Honey. But here we are, naked in bed together, so I'm not sure anything is making very much sense right now."

On Wednesday, Matty invited some of his classmates over for a party. It was the last day of exams and the boys had only to suffer through their closing ceremonies the following morning, so it was the perfect night for a party. I made a pile of sandwiches, bought a ton of chips, and stocked a cooler with sodas.

As usual, Matty selected my clothes, choosing white lace bra and panties, a white silk blouse and my short denim miniskirt. When I asked about stockings or pantyhose, Matty said white socks and sneakers were fine.

The boys arrived around 7:30 and I became scarce, disappearing up to my bedroom, but not before I noticed all of the boys looking me over, and a few of them almost drooling. Around 11:00, they got a little loud and I went down to quiet them before they ripped the house apart. As soon as I walked into the room, I knew why they were getting so loud -- there were empty beer bottles all over the place! Instead of sodas, they had hit the beers stocked in the refrigerator behind the bar! I had nine drunk teenage boys on my hands!

After getting a few whistles and a couple surprised "Uh...Hi, Mrs. Lawrence!" I caught Matty's eye and he walked over to me.

"Matt! What the hell is going on here?"

"It's cool, Mom. Settle down. We're just blowing off a little steam. We won't hurt anything."

"Matty, how am I going to take these boys home drunk?"

"Don't worry, Mom. Their parents aren't waiting up for them." Then he rested his left arm on my shoulder and grinned at me. "Besides, we're almost out of beer, and I'm glad. I'm ready for them to leave, because I'm horny!"

"Shhh! Matt, don't say things like that!"

I walked into the room and turned the stereo down, "Okay, guys, as of this moment, the bar is closed. I'm serving coffee, tea, and sodas till midnight, and then I'm giving rides home. Okay?"

There were a few whistles and a smattering of applause, and even a few "Boo's" but they were good kids and stopped drinking their beers. By 1:00 a.m. I had safely delivered all of them home, and made my way upstairs.

"Did you fuck any of my friends?"

"Matty, stop talking like that."

"Well, did you, slut?"

"Of course not, Matty. That's disgusting. I don't fuck every male in the world. I'm not a slut, anymore."

"No? You fucked who knows how many guys in high school and you fucked Dr. Fox on the second date and licked his cum off my fingers, and you fuck Richard, and you probably fucked Dad when he was here. You even fuck your son! You're a nympho-slut."

"Matty! Please stop! Why are you being like this? Why are you hurting me so? How much beer did you drink tonight?"

"Come here, and let me feel if you fucked any of my friends."

I stepped around the bed and stood next to Matty. His hand shot up my skirt, pushed my panties aside, and pushed two fingers into my cunt. I responded to his touch, immediately, feeling my cunt grow wet and slippery around his invading fingers.

"See, Matty, nobody's been there but you, today."

I undressed and got into bed. Matt's cock was hard and standing straight up. I mounted his hips and placed his pink cockhead at the opening to my pussy. With one powerful thrust of his hips, my son buried his cock up inside his mother to the hilt. The pleasure for me was real and strong and washed over me in waves. We found our rhythm and began fucking, slapping our hips against one another. He pounded his cock into me with almost painful intensity.

"Ohhh, Matty! Ohhh, Matty, I'm coming, Dear! Oh, I love you so much!"

Matty pounded away into me, until he tensed and opened his eyes. As he began to come inside me, he whispered to me between his clenched teeth, "I love you, too, Mom. But you ARE a slut!"

- - - Part Four - - -

Matty and I attended the closing ceremonies the next day, and he officially became a high school sophomore. When we pulled into the driveway, there were already several of his friends waiting there.

"I told the guys the party was continued today, Mom. You may want to go get us some more beer."

Apparently, Matt had told his friends that his mom was "cool" about partying at our house, because that's what they did. That day, into the night, and the next few days there was an almost-constant party going on at our house. The pool had been heated since Memorial Day, the house was full of toys, TV's and stereos, and I was expected to supply the beer and food.

By the third night, I was exhausted and needed a drink, myself. I didn't have to worry about driving anybody home because it was Saturday night and the five "guests" were spending the night.

Dressed in the outfit Matty had picked out for my date with Dr. Fox the week before, I had been a hit as hostess with the boys all night in my low-cut top and red leather mini. I walked behind the bar and found a bottle of Tequila. A Marguerita sounded good.

But I never made it out from behind the bar. The boys crowded around me and wanted to know what I was making and how to mix other drinks, and soon, several of us were doing the salt/Tequila/lime routine at the bar. They thought I was a great sport, and just one of the guys.

Well, almost one of the guys. Soon, I was dancing with them to rap and dance tunes. I knew my lacy bra and stocking-tops and garterstraps were making a few appearances as I gyrated to the beat, but I was enjoying being the center of attention for these six young, good-looking boys. I was flirting outrageously with them, and for the moment, I was back in high school again.

Someone changed the CD and the music turned slow. I took turns dancing close with each of them, including Matty. I knew what I was doing to them. I could feel their erections pressing into my thigh and hip. I could feel them squeeze me tight and press their chests hard against mine. I rested my head on their shoulders and breathed on their necks. I began to think that Matty was right -- maybe I was a slut.

After a little more dancing, someone suggested a drinking game. We all sat around the big glass-topped coffee table and I could feel all of their eyes lock on to my crotch as I bent my legs and sat Indian-style, like they were. That position pulled my short, tight skirt almost up to my waist and I didn't have too many secrets left! After a couple of games, I realized my reflexes just weren't what they used to be, and I was feeling no pain. One of the boys suggested strip-poker, but I told them that it wasn't fair odds, being the only girl and they all said they liked the odds!

The party soon got quiet and we all sprawled around the Familyroom floor, talking about school and girls and cars and music. I had kicked my high heels off a while ago and I reached up under my skirt and rolled down my stockings. As I pulled the second stocking off my foot, I realized that no one was talking and I looked up to see all six boys staring at me and my legs.

"Sorry," I giggled, "I just wanted to get more comfortable."

Matty's best friend, Todd smiled and said, "That's cool, Mrs. L. You can even get MORE comfortable, if you want. We won't mind."

I wagged my finger at them, "I think you are all having naughty thoughts. Now, behave. I'm old enough to be your mother." And we all began laughing uproariously.

When I finally got my breath back, I knelt and then stood up. "I guess that was my cue for going to bed, boys. I think I got a little tipsy in that last drinking game, so I better go upstairs while I still can. Goodnight, boys."

Matty took my hand and helped me up the stairs. He followed me into my bedroom.

I stopped at the door to my bedroom and whispered, "I think with your friends in the house, you better go to your own room, tonight, Dear. Besides, I'm a little too tipsy and a lot too tired to do much tonight."

"I still want to, Mom. Just bend over and I'll get a quickie."

I kissed Matty on the cheek. "Not tonight, Dear. You'll live without it for one night. Your friends will all leave tomorrow, and it will be just the two of us, again, and we'll have had some sleep."

Matty glowered at me and turned away. I knew he was mad, but I was just too tired to care. I stripped, pulled on an old nightie and immediately fell asleep.

When I awoke, I knew I had a hangover. I cracked my eyes open enough to see that the room was bright, (TOO BRIGHT!) and quickly snapped them shut again. Forcing myself, I got out of bed and made my way into the shower.

The water felt wonderful and I took my time washing and rinsing. When I shut the water off and reached for my towel, I saw Matty standing in the bathroom doorway. He was naked and sporting his big morning erection. From the look on Matt's face, I knew what was going to happen next.

"Can't wait any longer, Honey? Come on, let's make it fast!"

Matty walked into the bedroom as I sat on the bed. He stood between my legs and spread my pussylips open with his cock.

"You wanted to fuck my friends, last night, didn't you, Mom?"

"No, Honey, I was flirting. I know I shouldn't have, but flirting is basically harmless. I won't do it anymore."

"No, it's okay. I'm glad you did, Mom. It was fun to see their reactions. I know they all wanted to fuck you."

I moaned softly as he worked his cock inside me. "Oh, Matty, you're just saying that. I'm an old lady to them. Not someone they want to fuck. It was just the booze."

Matty was in me all the way and began pumping in and out.

"No, they wanted to fuck you, Mom. I went back downstairs and pretended to fall asleep. They were talking about how hot looking you are and how hot you made them. Dan and Ryan even talked about coming upstairs last night and fucking you!"

Without build-up or warning both of us began to come! When we came back down to earth I asked Matty what he thought about his friends talking about his mother like that.

"I liked it, Mom. It was sexy and made me so excited, I came right in my pants last night, just listening to them!"

"Come on, sexy. Let's shower and get dressed before they wake up and figure out what they missed!"

Later that day, as I was cleaning the family room, I found my two stockings from the previous night under the sofa. They were crumbled messes, with dried white goo in both of them. I had washed enough sheets in the last few weeks to recognize dried cum. One or two of the boys had obviously used my stockings to jerk-off. Thinking about it turned me on so much, I had to sit down until my legs stopped trembling.

Matt and I spent a quiet Sunday together, but the boys were back on Monday night, supposedly to watch the baseball game. We all hit the beers pretty hard, and Todd, Mark and Jamie walked home around eleven. That left Dan and Ryan and Matt.

With the game over, we put on the stereo and while we were sitting, drinking and talking, Matt curled up on one of the sofas and fell asleep. Dan turned the stereo down low, put on some slow music, and asked me to dance. He held me tight and I squeezed against him, feeling his cock grow in his pants. Ryan wanted his turn and I danced close with him, too.

Soon, the three of us were sitting on the floor, our backs against the other sofa, talking. Dan had his arm around my shoulder and Ryan was leaning against my other side. Suddenly, we weren't talking, anymore, and Dan leaned his face towards me and kissed me.

I didn't hesitate for an instant. I opened my mouth for his tongue and moved my hand up under his shorts and loose boxer shorts and grasped his hot erection. We shifted a little and Ryan was now behind me and lowered the zipper on my sundress. The front fell away and my bare chest was covered with four wild, grasping, clutching hands. I leaned back into Ryan's chest and his hands cupped and squeezed my tits and hard nipples. Dan was between my legs, frantically throwing my dress skirt out of the way and pulling my panties down over my ass and legs. He knelt as he dropped his shorts and underwear and then hurriedly buried his cock in me. I leaned my head back to kiss Ryan as Dan fucked me. I was in heaven once again.

Dan was excited and came in only a few strokes. As he pulled his shrinking cock out of me, I reversed positions, ready for Ryan's cock that had been pressing into my back.

My pussy was so wet, so hungry, it was as if it sucked Ryan's penis up into me. He humped my hips into the plush carpet and Dan moved around to suck my tits. When Ryan spurted his jism into me, we heard Matt say, "Now it's my turn!"

The four of us went up to my bed and we fucked and fucked and fucked until we all fell asleep from exhaustion.

When I opened my eyes the next day (it was after noon), it was to look into Dan's contorted face as he was fucking me. I looked around and saw that Ryan was still asleep and Matty was standing at the door. Then I saw Jamie, Todd, and Mark standing at the open bedroom door, too, wide-eyed and holding big erections in their hands.

Matt said, "It's cool. Come on in. She won't mind. In fact, she wants to." He looked over at me, "Don't you, Mom? I called them up and told them to come over for an early surprise."

I looked at the three fresh, innocent, yet hungry faces and nodded. "Yes, come on in, boys. I won't bite."

They were real gentlemen about it. Jamie fucked me first and then Mark, and then Todd. I spent the next several hours in bed with all of them, eating their cum and being eaten. I was fucked, sucked and screwed, and did my best to return the favor. With six teenage boys, there was always a hardon ready to be poked into me, somewhere.

With their solemn promises not to tell anyone what had happened that day, they eventually all left that night, but they were all back the next morning, and the day after that and the day after that...

They thought they could keep me their little secret, but I knew they wouldn't.

Soon, they began to bring some of their friends and they brought some of their friends and it turned into a Summer-long party.

There were always kids over the house, swimming in the pool, playing video games, drinking beer or liquor, shooting pool, playing the pinball machine, and fucking Matty's mom. I was the perfect hostess.

The crowd stayed small at first -- just Matty and his "close" friends, but the circle kept growing. I have no idea how many boys I fucked and sucked that summer. If you told me it was 30, I'd believe you. Hell, if you told me it was 100, I'd still believe you. I think I did Matt's lacrosse team all on one day!

And they all kept me very busy! I really only got dressed to go food shopping, or to have something sexy on when the boys wanted me to do a striptease for them. The rest of the time, I was naked and usually on my back with a cock shoved up my pussy or down my throat. I even carried my own tube of K-Y Jelly around with me because I was seldom given a chance to "warm up" or to recuperate from the last session, and every boy eventually wanted to try anal sex. I slept when I could, but it was seldom alone, usually waking up to a roomful of ready, randy teenagers, aching to bury their morning erections in me.

As long as the fridge was full of beers and I was willing to handle their hard-ons, no one had any complaints. I drank a lot and started smoking again, and the house got to be quite a mess but no one cared. We ate pizza and chips and tuna sandwiches. When we ran out of food or beer, we called to have it delivered -- half the time I'd fuck the delivery guys when they got there, too. One day, I even fucked the two big pool maintenance men in front of an appreciative audience. They all loved the energetic show I put on.

I was brazen and bold and depraved and slutty and perverted and proud of it. I never showered alone, always soaping up a cock or two in the hot water. They would bet me and I would drink shot glasses full of their warm, sticky cum. I let them shove fruit and vegetables up my cunt and then they watched as I ate it. They covered my tits with beer or booze or whipped cream and then licked them clean. I sucked cocks covered with whipped cream, jelly, chocolate pudding, syrup, peanut butter, beer, and mustard (my Fourth of July hot dog!).

Matty was still my one true love, and he loved watching me with the other boys and was always urging them on, telling them what a slut I was and how much I "needed" it. I always tried to make my performance as sexy as possible for him. Sometimes, during a lull, we would go to a bedroom and lock the door and make love together, but most of the time, he loved to see what new perverted thing I'd try or do and then watch the other boys - - finally taking his turn with them.

Sometime in July, some of the guys began bringing girls to the party, getting them drunk and using the bedrooms for screwing. By then, I was pretty well into the booze and hadn't even seen anyone over the age of 17 in a month, but I knew that there was no way what was going on at the house could be kept a secret for long with so many kids involved. I was right.

It began with a few phone calls from parents, checking up on their kids, questioning if the party was being "chaperoned." And then calls from neighbors complaining about the cars and kids in the neighborhood.

Finally, very late one Friday night, the cops pulled into the driveway.

I was in my bed with my three favorite lifeguards, trying to synchronize it so they could all fuck me at once. I had one under me with his cock buried up my cunt, and the second had just eased his hard-on up my ass, and I was just about to gobble the third into my mouth when Matty ran in and told me to get dressed. I reluctantly removed the cocks in me, threw on a robe and went downstairs. I'm sure the cops looked at the messy house, the drunk kids, and the only adult in sight obviously looked boozed- up and just-fucked, and wondered what the hell was going on.

The houses are too far apart for the music to be a real problem, and too private for a neighbor to see what was going on, so I had no idea what brought the law to my door. It turned out to be a kid was driving drunk and ran up a neighbor's lawn and the neighbor told the police she was sure the kid must have just left my house. They wanted to know what I knew about it, but I was lucky. The boy must have been the only kid in the county NOT at the party, and when the police asked if they could "look around," I refused and they left.

I said I was lucky, but it didn't last forever. Finally, one of the young girls went home drunk and missing some clothes and the next day her father and the police showed up. No one answered the front door when they knocked, so they walked around the back to the gate in the privacy fence. When they opened that, they were greeted with the sight of me, naked on a chaise lounge, with a 15-year-old boy straddling me and his cock buried down my throat.

To say all hell broke loose, would be an understatement.

Allen immediately filed for and got custody, stopped sending the support checks, and sold the house and car. Matty very reluctantly moved out to California with him. I think Allen was more pissed that I was a fuck-machine for all those kids, and wouldn't fuck him on his last trip in.

The Assistant State's Attorney (the D.A.) looked at some of the "big" names some of the boys I had been fucking all Summer and agreed to drop the charges if I'd quietly quit my teaching job, get help, and move out of the county. I agreed, but felt like I was watching an old Western -- being told to get out of town by sundown.

I joined Alcoholic Anonymous for my drinking problem, quit smoking, and went to counselling for my "boy" problem. I even joined a health club, to tone and firm my body up again.

I miss Matty every moment of every day and night. I miss being his Mom and having him as a son. Yes, I even miss him as a lover. I worried about the effect of all this on Matty (and some of the younger boys), but my psychiatrist (an expert in the field (but aren't they all?)) told me that although it WOULD have an effect (just as everything else that happens to a person has an effect) I shouldn't despair over the sexual aspect of it. In fact, she told me that they are just now concluding that Mother/son and woman/boy relationships may be the most common of all parent/child or adult/child episodes, but the most underreported -- precisely because of the lack of long-term damage. It is the one relationship-type where both parties get exactly what they need from the other party and the relationship, and the power status between the parties is the most equitable. She gave me a whole lot more mumbo-jumbo about it, but there's no need to go into that.

All of this happened over a year ago, and I have survived. I moved to Philadelphia, re-adopted my maiden name, went back to school, got a new apartment, and found a new job that starts tomorrow. I'm in shape, motivated, lean and mean and ready to get on with my life. I think I can make it.

The End