

Disclaimer: This is a story of things that occurred in the 1960's. During this time a whole different set of standards applied.

Marsha Irving and her two children lived in a neat suburb of a large mid-Atlantic city. For those of you who didn't study geography in grammar school in the '50's or 60's, that means somewhere in the New York/Maryland corridor, All the advertising that touted the benefits of purchasing "*Your Dream Home*" from this developer stressed that "Each home while *similar* to its neighbor was *Customized to be unique to its new owner.*" If you have ever seen the advertising that introduced the several variations of the Levittowns you will know what I am talking about. I only mention this to set the mood and provide some rationale for the actions of the individuals in this story. Each family wanted to be different than their neighbor but no one wanted to differ from the norm too much. The "have to better than the Jones" was very much alive and well, thank you!.

Marsha's best friend, Harriet Marshal, and her husband Dennis lived on the next street one house over.

Marsha was a college graduate and a widow. Her husband had died as a result of a simple work injury gone bad. The company had paid her a tidy sum just make it go away quietly. Her husband had also availed himself of an insurance policy that, paid off the mortgage and provided the equivalent of his wages each month. Thus Marsha found herself an independent woman at a time when this was definitely not typical. Hopefully that is enough background. Now on to what happened.

Chapter 1

Harriet and Dennis's kitchen.

Marsha wanted her friend's advice however she was very reluctant to broach such a sensitive subject. She had two teenagers (well almost two), Roger was would be twelve in a couple of months and Natalie was fourteen. Harriet's three were twelve, fourteen and sixteen. Marsha desperately wanted to know how she had handled "the bird's and the bees" with them. Marsha's own mother had lectured her endlessly on the evils of sex. Then on the eve of her wedding told her to "spread her legs and take it like a woman". Marsha had no idea what to expect the first night of her marriage. Her husband had just as limited knowledge as she. What could have turned into a disaster became the beginning of a satisfying sexual relationship. It seems that while inexperienced, her husband had been taught to be considerate of his wife's pleasure since it was more enjoyable if both were satisfied.

"Harriet ?", began Marsha, "Did your children have any health classes that dealt with reproduction?"

"You mean did, they have to listen to the "Don't even think about it until your married" lecture, that the school board finally approved after the holy rollers threatened to take them to court ? "

Marsha, some what surprised by the sarcasm and tone of voice her friend had used, replied, "Well, yes, I suppose."

"Why do you ask ?"

Caught unprepared Marsha mumbled and stumbled with her reply.

"Well I wa..... I thought mmmmm err that might err help emmm err." However, she became so flustered that she stopped in mid mumble and turned three shades of purple.

Harriet saved her friend further embarrassment by stepping into the pause with, "I really feel for you. Dennis and I had a rather difficult time with the 'facts of life' thing ourselves. The truth be told, when we worked it out we found it to be quite liberating. We, especially me, had not really come to grips with the idea of sexual freedom yet. Dennis has progressed to the 'Its OK for the boys but not my precious daughter stage' but definitely not to the 'any thing goes point'."

Harriet poised hoping that Marsha would be able to get to what was on her mind. However Marsha was even more confused at this point. Here was her best friend discussing SEX and not being ashamed about it.

"Aren't you afraid that the children might hear you?"

"Marsha, you have to loosen up a little. Talking about SEX with your kids is what we are talking about!"

"OK, OK, HELP !! How do you do it?"

Harriet was somewhat taken back by the vehemence of her friend's reply. She took a few moments to form her answer.

"It hasn't been easy. Especially Dennis with his upbringing in a church orphanage. Hell, he hardly knew where to put it on our wedding night. When Mike started to have 'wet dreams' and 'The Lecture' came up at about the same time, we were kinda put on the spot."

"Wet Dreams ? Is that when a boy leaks his stuff all over his Pj's?"

"Yea, Marsha, you really have to unwind a little. It's not his 'stuff' it's his cum, seed, jism."

Marsha was shocked hearing her friend use such words. The shock turned to relief when her friend continued.

"I see that I have given you a little jolt. Well, you need to come out of your shell. This is the '60s, remember ? Ban the bra; sexual freedom for all ; it's our bodies... "

"You know, you are wound even tighter than Dennis was before we had to deal with what you are going through! Now loosen up and I will tell you what we did. There is one proviso though. *YOU MAY NOT TELL A SOUL WHAT I AM GOING TO RELATE TO YOU, AGREED??!!*

Marsha was too confused to disagree.

Chapter 2

Harriet then began to tell her story. When their eldest son started to have wet dreams, Harriet was concerned that Mike, their son, had some type of medical problem. When she tried to discuss this with her husband, all he could say was "Talk to our minister. He'll fill you in."

She had no intentions of discussing such a intimate medical problem (or so she thought) with her stuffed shirt minister.

Harriet had the good fortune to have as her OB/GYN a female doctor (one of the first). So she took her problem to doctor . To make a somewhat trying discussion short, Her doctor explained that wet dreams were normal for boys going thru puberty. The mess of

soiled pj's would be solved when her son learned to masturbate.

This information caused Harriet some guilt when she told Dennis. Dennis stated in no uncertain terms that HE was not going to teach his son THAT! He (sic his son) would have to learn the hard way just like he had. After all he had survived the cane when he was growing up. Harriet was then forced to find other sources of guidance. Fortunately, she was able to find a book that explained the process. The book theorized that Mothers formed the shape of their offspring's sexual orientation in how they treated the passage of puberty. This formulated a plan in her mind. Dennis occasionally had to visit a supplier in the next state. When he did, he was gone for several nights.

The next time Dennis left on a business trip, Harriet took action. First she put the younger children to bed. Then she fortified herself with several glasses of wine. She next summoned Mike to the den. She had prepared herself and things earlier. Harriet had put a clean hand towel and a bottle of her best hand lotion in the drawer of Mike's night stand. The last item she needed was hidden under her house coat. It was a copy of a magazine called Playboy.

When Mike entered the room she asked him to join her on the sofa. When he did, she told him that she needed to show him something and tell him some important things. Not quite certain how to accomplish her mission, she told her son to move over beside her.

Harriet started off by telling her son that she had noted that he had been having some difficulty keeping his pj's clean. Her son reacted by becoming very fearful. He stammered how sorry he was and promised he would try not to cause her extra work in the future. She asked if he knew how and why he was spoiling his pj's. The poor boy did not know how to respond without getting into more trouble. Fortunately Harriet sensed his problem. She reached over and pulled her son close. While holding him, she told him that she was not upset with him. She told him that she had some things that she needed to tell him. But first he needed to tell her truthfully what he experienced when he "had a wet dream". She sensed immediately that her son was grateful for something to call it other than messing his night clothes. Harriet spent the next half hour getting her son to tell her what he was experiencing. Mike related his dreams that revolved around girls and women in various states of undress. She was relieved that he did not mention men or boys. After many false starts she realized that her son had no real information and was relying on a few glimpses and his imagination. When she asked him directly, he had no real idea what a female looked like without her clothes or why he was wanted to. After all girls were YUCKY! She then pulled out the Playboy. Harriet told the boy that she was going to explain the differences between boys and girls. Harriet began by cautioning Doug that he mustn't tell anyone what she had shown him, especially his dad. Harriet was not going to allow Dennis's idea of "sex being something that had to be tolerated for the sake of mankind's continuation" to be passed onto her child. She opened the magazine to one of the pictorials. She pointed to the women's breasts and explained that they served two functions that were somewhat related. One was to feed an infant. The other was to be a pleasure center for a woman. The sensations caused when they were fondled or when the nipples were touched enticed the woman to feed her infant and or to make her receptive to having sex. As she explained this, a thought occurred to her. She hesitantly suggested that they could

function as a lure for males, at least in the culture they lived in.

This idea seemed to cause Mike some difficulty. He said that he thought girls didn't want boys to look at them or want them anywhere near their bodies. He thought that any decent girl didn't want anything to even hint of sex. Harriet explained to Mike that girls really enjoyed sex no matter what those prudes at church tried to frost off on him. She asked her son why God would make sex so much fun if he didn't want people to do it? They then spent the next hour looking thru the magazine and talking about the various women and how they were posed. When they reached the end of the magazine, she asked Mike if there was any questions he needed the answers to. His reply was exactly what she hoped he would ask. He wanted to know how come his mom was showing him things that made him feel like he was going to have a wet dream when she had said that she wanted to teach him how not to mess his pj's. Things were progressing better than Harriet could have hoped it would. It was important to Harriet that her son ask for the information rather than to force it on him.

Harriet told Mike that she was indeed going to help him with his problem. She arose from the couch. Standing in front of her young son she asked him if he could help her clean up the room by taking the plates that had held the nibbles that they had been pecking at all evening to the kitchen. She straightened up the room and waited for Mike's return.

When Mike returned, she told him to go upstairs and get ready to take his shower, adding that she would be along in a minute. Mike did as he was instructed with some hesitation. He was still not sure where this lesson was leading. He was sensing that were ever it was going, it probably was going to turn out OK. He went to his room carrying his newly acquired treasure, the copy of Playboy that his mother had handed him on the way out of the room. When he was in his room, he removed all his clothes other than his jockey shorts. He put on the robe just like he always did. He then sat on his bed awaiting his mother.

As Mike went upstairs, Harriet went to the kitchen to get another glass of wine. She was feeling very guilty about showing Mike those pictures. Mixed with this guilt was a strong current of excitement. She had long ago found that being a little naughty brought with it a degree of excitement that was almost as good as when Dennis 'did' (only now she would have said 'fucked' or 'screwed') her. Having fortified herself (she was only a little tipsy), she proceeded upstairs.

Entering Mike's room, she told him that she was now going to teach him how to prevent the mess that the wet dreams were causing. She crossed over to the bed and sat down next to her son. She asked Mike to stand up, then remove his shorts. Mike was extremely embarrassed but complied with his mother's wishes. His penis had returned to its soft state earlier and his embarrassment and trepidation as to what was going to happen caused it to shrink even more. He attempted to cover his privates with his hands. Harriet told him to relax. She knew from her reading that approval and compliments were the order of the day.

"Oh, Mike, I didn't know that you had become so manly! Please put your hands at your sides and turn around slowly so that I can see all of you."

Mike for his part thought, *this isn't any worse than the appraisal he received when he had to put on a new suit to go to some family function.* He dutifully rotated himself before his mother.

"Son, with that body and your grades, you will be quite a catch for a young woman some day soon. "

Mike beamed with pleasure. The comments about his body were, in his opinion, more of the same that he received from his grandparents. His mother's parents were really cool even if they were ancient. Still wondering what was next, Mike began to become comfortable being naked in front of his mother. Harriet then told her son that she was about to teach him how to masturbate. She told him that was a fancy word for the process of relieving the sexual urges and pressure from built-up sperm in his body. She explained that as his body matured, his body was producing hormones at a very high rate. These were what were causing his body to change. This was very normal and good. These same hormones were also waking up his sexual nature. Harriet realized she was as much babbling as talking, trying to get over her own feelings. With a sudden surge of courage she moved her bottom back further on the bed. She then spread her thighs.

Patting the area of the bed between her open legs she told Mike to come and sit. As Mike approached she opened her robe. She had earlier planned to be completely nude; however, she could not bring herself to remove her panties. She did change into her sheer nylon baby doll nightie panties. His mother's display of flesh both startled and excited Mike. As he seated himself in front of his mother, he felt himself start to harden. This change was not missed by Harriet, who thought to herself, "Good! It's going to work."

"Now just relax and lean back, Mike," murmured Harriet as she pulled her son back against her bare breasts. She positioned her boy so that his bottom was pressing against her mound. Mike's penis responded by growing completely hard.

"Mike, please understand that I am not going to be doing this for you all the time. After you learn how, I will only help you out on those few occasions where I think you need the extra comfort. For the next few nights until your dad gets back, we will practice each night."

With that said, Harriet reached over to the nightstand opened the drawer, and removed the lotion and towel. She squeezed a small quantity of lotion on her hand. She took the towel in her other hand and placed it across their lap. Placing her hand with the lubricant on the boys prick, she slowly moved it up and down the shaft. She would stroke upwards until the head was just in the palm of her hand, then reverse direction until she reached the base. After several strokes she stopped. Harriet was about ask Mike if he liked the sensation when the boy exclaimed, "Oh Mom! Please don't stop!"

"I have no intention on stopping unless you tell me to," replied the boy's mother.

She resumed her ministrations until she felt Mike tense and begin to pump out spurt after spurt of semen. Harriet was pleasantly surprised by the copious quantity of cum that had erupted from her son. Quite pleased with herself, she basked in the profuse thanks her son was heaping on her.

"Well, Mike, it seems that you enjoyed that" cooed Harriet. "It is kind of nice to know that my efforts are appreciated. I can tell you that I enjoyed it as well. What you just experienced is called an orgasm. The first of many more, I hope."

"It's getting late now, Mike. Lets get you in bed." Harriet continued as she stood guiding Mike in front of her, as she did her robe fell to the floor in the process. For a moment Harriet almost clung to it. Thinking that at this time modesty was not the prime concern,

she allowed it to remain crumpled on the floor. She wiped her son's cock clean with a corner of the towel that had not been covered with her son's cum. She crumpled the towel into a ball and placed it on the night stand.

"Mike, when you have used a towel put it here. I will then know to give you a clean one and take care of the used one. Much easier than washing your pjs and sheets."

Pulling back the covers on his bed she said "In to bed Sir. It's time for sleep."

Mike started towards his dresser to get his pjs when his mom stopped him with, "You don't have to put anything on. I understand most men like to sleep in the nude."

Mike climbed into bed and his mother tucked him in. As she was doing so, she noticed her son's eyes following every movement of her exposed breasts. A very naughty thought crossed her mind. She thought, *what the hell!*

As she bent over to put a good night kiss on his forehead, she said, "If you would like to give them a kiss and a quick pat, that would be nice."

Mike reached up and gathered a hanging breast in each hand. He raised his head and placed a kiss on each of his mother's nipples.

"Thank you, that felt wonderful, son."

Harriet went to bed that night slept and soundly for the first time in weeks. She knew that she had done the right thing. She decided that she was going to start teaching Mike's younger brother the same lessons very soon.

"Harriet, you actually let Mike see you naked ? You let him touch your br..e..a..s..ts?" asked Marsha.

"Sure as hell I did," replied Harriet. "If you want to know the full story I started the following week to teach Bob. He was eight at the time. I started by re-instituting nightly baths for the boys. I used the excuse that with polio on rampage, I had to be sure that they were getting themselves clean. Each night they have to let me inspect them before they could get out of the tub. Then once a week, if they have been good boys, each gets a little extra attention from mom. I help them with their bath. Of course I can't get my clothes wet so I simply undress and join them in the tub. They get a chance to help me get clean. We play a little game. I will tell them they have missed a spot. Then they will have to guess the area they missed. No washcloths allowed. They must use their hands or some other body part to clean the area. Mike has become very good at cleaning my privates with his tongue."

Marsh was in a state of apoplexy. "Harriet you couldn't tell me ... tell me, I heard you wrong."

"Nope, Marsha! I am not doing anything wrong. What I am accomplishing is to teach my boys how to give as well as receive. Those small minded moralists that we are always hearing from keep telling us it's all about the MALE satisfying his lust. We don't hear anything about love or at least acknowledging that women also have needs. Dennis was extremely judgmental at first. He has since come around. He actually now pays attention to my desires. It took awhile, now he even likes to eat me."

"Enough, enough!" cried Marsha.

In frustration, Marsha related to her friend that she hadn't had any "satisfaction" since her husband's accident. She continued with the conversation. "I really need to get some advice on what to do with Roger and Natalie. What I don't need is to get me all aroused as I have no outlet for MY needs."

"Marsha, don't you at least get yourself off occasionally?", inquired Harriet.

"Harriet ! Good girls don't play with themselves."

"Yes they do." was Harriet's snappy come back.

"I wouldn't know how anyway."

"You don't know how to make yourself cum? You don't ever touch yourself? Are you that inhibited?"

"Yes, no, and I guess so," was Marsha's answer.

"I will have to give that some thought as I don't quite know how I am going to educate Sue, about that now that she has started to develop."

"OK, let me think about this. In the meantime, I will let you borrow the book I was telling you about. Read the introduction and the first chapter tonight. Tomorrow we can discuss it."