

A Lifetime Kink

panzerfeck

Foreword

For those who know my work, this will be a slow-release series based more around the drama of a not-so-well-adjusted mother and son. I'm not doing it for that little red H. I'm doing it to explore the psychology of people for whom the fetish has crossed into lifelong obsession.

In my mind, after committing myself to a fuck-tonne of research (and the great fiction of my fellow scribblers here), there's no way two characters I've invested so much reality in - for the sake of exploring the taboo - would so easily give in.

There would be fear, doubt, anxiety, self-doubt, self-loathing, and the terror of facing society's very real and very unsympathetic judgement, which nobody survives; and we know it.

So, if this story bores you, I can't hold it against you. If it creeps you out a little, then that can only be healthy. If it helps you to re-acquaint yourself with the stark line between reality and fantasy, then I have done what I set out to accomplish.

Chapter 1

'Can we talk?'

Their little world edged on those words, ground to a stop, leaving a lingering silence hanging over them both. It was the tentative yet laboured tone of her voice, and the unusually meek nuance in the way she delivered those words, which implied that Lee Nicholson might not have wanted to hear whatever it was that was coming.

Lee's relationship with his mother had developed into something minimalistic and trivial, though very much amicable, in recent years. It was not that their bond had suddenly diminished. That had happened during his formative years.

Neither had they become enemies. The bridge was not gone, though it once hung by tethers and took some work to rebuild. It had taken a lot of time to learn to appreciate the little things, helped infinitely by the absence of his now ex-stepfather.

The silence he now shared with Stevie in the wake of that event was still something of a novelty. In fact it was bliss to Lee, who would be 21 in the summer - another year of daydreaming gone, with the time to act on those dreams diminishing alongside it.

He just needed time to adjust, yet again, and she had given him that so far. Childhood had been a strain. He deserved a break. So the way she asked that question made him wonder, what was going to change?

Now talking was good. Stevie knew that. Stevie, named after her mother's favourite singer of the seventies, and a woman she actually shared no physical traits with, especially knew that since becoming an advocate for mental well-being and talk therapy, through first-hand experience.

Many of Stevie's problems had reduced over time, by the power of talking, and left little in her way of improving on the life she had, and of leaving the past behind. A problem shared was a problem halved, and a problem halved was a burden lifted.

But Lee couldn't have known this, yet - least of all the size of the burden to come!

Was it time to get a real job and move out, he wondered? Was he neglecting his mother, or taking her for granted? Was she simply worrying about his silence, as she often did? Of course he had the time to talk. All she had to do was ask.

Well Stevie did indeed have the mother of all confessions to lift off her shoulders, and she had dreaded this moment, though it had to come. She had been feeling a stranger in his presence, more and more lately. But not because of anything he had done, or not done.

The chances were, however, that that Lee already knew at least the tip of the iceberg, in regard to his mother's dilemma.

Lee loved his mother, but that love was as unconventional as it was unconditional. To his mature and reserved twenty years she was a youthful forty-four. To her carefree attitude he handled himself with sometimes excessive sensibility, unable to see the bright side unless the roof was falling in.

That's probably why she didn't nag him about the weed smoking. It probably did his hidden anxieties the world of good, though he smoked it the way the same man twice his age might quietly imbibe in scotch before dinner and bedtime, rather than socially.

Lee's unconventional love for his mother came in the way that he doted on her in his quiet way, and yet didn't speak much to her. He regarded her conscientiously, and otherwise roamed the world as carefree and curious.

At 5'9" Stevie was a raven haired, grey-eyed metal-head - one of the original alternative crowd. She wore a life-story of sorts on her skin. A tapestry of tattoos down both arms made her a living testament to all things punk and metal.

The head of Judge Death, 2000AD's eponymous villain, grinned at her right shoulder. A black Punisher skull complimented the right. And filling both sleeves all the way down were the black flag of Henry Rollins fame, a Celtic cross, Marvin the Martian, Tank Girl, and others; filled in with an ink garden of roses and thorns and barbed wire.

Eagerly true to the saying that you never stop at the one, tattoo, a black Chinese dragon snaked along the line of her left hip, its tail curving to its end beneath one gravity-defying 36G-cup breast.

She was a strong woman and a real man's handful, though her ability to drink any man under the table gladly didn't show. If anything did, it was the glorious fake tits her ex-husband had paid for into the second year of their marriage.

She was made for them. Her body-type complimented those fleshy globes and vice versa. Many a guilty teenage pleasure was once had thinking about her and those tits, during the horniest years of Lee's life. That time of his life

was marred, however, by the presence of Stevie's short-lived husband, "The Laughing Man."

Ray was a cocky sod who lived to show off his sex life with Stevie. He was a low-class opportunist trying to impress his way into a high-class world hopelessly beyond reach. But at any time other than when he was drinking, watching the games, or gambling, he had time for nobody.

On occasion he made time for Lee at his mother's insistence. And in those instances he had no patience. Lee was not his son. He owed that boy nothing.

Stevie couldn't have argued either. That was never part of the deal. Their relationship was never business, meaning that there was no deal. Lee had always been her responsibility, and the decision to marry had - at the time - been partly influenced by her desire to give Lee the security he needed, but otherwise he was her responsibility alone.

Looking back, Ray was never with Stevie for Lee, and why would he be?

But Ray loved fucking, which he and Stevie did a lot of. And Lee learned a lot about sex from having heard and even seen his own mother treated as a filthy sex object, dressed up and fucked like a porn starlet, and very often giving as good as she got.

They liked to role-play a lot. It was no secret that Ray was a pervert, but to hear his mother being fucked - sometimes even to see her, tits out and bouncing, legs up, knees wide apart and panting, Ray's cock slamming into her with that oh so familiar sweaty clap-clap-clap as she begged for more...

"That's it baby, how does your loving mother's cunt feel wrapped around your big fucking cock?"

"You've been fantasising about mum again, haven't you, dirty little boy?!"

"Oh yeah, my poor pussy is so fucking hot and hungry for my son's spunk."

(And other sordid shenanigans from Fuckingham Palace)

That was the tip of Lee's own private iceberg. Teenage life under that roof had been one hell of a mind-fuck for so long, and now the silence was beautiful but somehow, against all odds, almost as alien.

What now? That was the question, still to this day.

Ray had been gone only a matter of months but he was not coming back. Lee's mother had assumed some mode of normalcy, or so he thought. But Stevie did not know what normal was. Even the therapist didn't use the word normality without posing the eternal question.

What was normal?

But returning to his mother's all-important question;

'So, uh, life has been kinda strange and I'm to blame for a lot of that. I know it's not as simple as asking for forgiveness, but we'll work something out,' Stevie was saying to her son on this day of firsts. But there he was, much like the reader now, scratching his head in confusion, because she had said a whole lot of nothing.

'What exactly are you trying to say, mum?' he asked. She looked mortified as she tangled with her own thoughts.

'Well,' she paced around on the spot, paying close attention to the invisible patterns she weaved with the toes of her lack suede boots. It was the first time he had seen her act so coy. He was more used to seeing teenage girls with crushes act that way, but this certainly wasn't the same.

'Well?'

'As you know I've been in counselling. I've been working through some old stuff, some very deep and personal stuff. Talking is good. It makes problems small. It makes them small enough until you see that they're not all your problems, or problems at all in some cases.'

'Who is it that needs forgiving?' Lee tried to help her along, naturally. The older adults weren't so good at talking. Kids could say anything though, to the point of making problems for themselves out of nothing but hot air.

'Me,' she said soberly. 'And I'm going to find a way to explain why soon enough, I promise you,' she said uncertainly, 'but for now I was wondering if you'd spend this evening with me. We don't see much of each other lately.'

There was really nothing to forgive. He was certain of that. Any old problems were water under the bridge. He had grown up beyond the turmoil and petty problems of having a dick for a stand-in dad.

'Okay, mum,' he agreed with a wan smile. And he felt that she could do with being reminded that he cared, so he closed the short distance between them in the hallway and hugged her cautiously. Surprised by the move, she gasped softly against his broad shoulder.

That evening was relaxed and cozy if not quiet and uneventful. They made small talk as was the way these days. That was part of the problem, and not one that she alone had to work at to bridge the gap. There had been a bridge there previously, but it had fallen into disuse rather than be burned.

But she appreciated the little things and so dinner and a drink and a movie was nice enough. She just couldn't bring herself to talk about the things she wanted to. There were as of yet no words in mind that could express why she needed to be forgiven.

With guilt and doubt she still doted on him as they sat side by side on their favourite sofa. Occasionally she would pat his thigh, rub it through the rugged material of his jeans, and smooth the creases, but other than that her mind would wander, gathering and winding up more and more of that guilt like sickly candyfloss.

Stevie really was so lonely and horny and it played mischief with her anxiety. Admitting it and seeking to do something about it felt something like how an alcoholic might fall off the wagon. The hell was she going back to Ray, and she was scared to go back out there so soon and try again. She didn't need that and neither did Lee.

But a woman had needs, and Stevie was more woman than most. Secretly frustrated beyond belief she felt the warm deep tingle sitting next to her strapping young man. And at night, when they were both soundly settled in their beds, she would stay up half the night looking for new material to help ease her frustrations.

How did an alcoholic fool themselves into believing that they weren't straying back into their own ways when they fell off the wagon? Well a man who liked his whiskey might drink a bunch of beers, and then a woman who liked her wine might go to cider. But alcohol was not Stevie's world.

To stay on the straight and narrow, Stevie liked those atmospheric long-drawn-out lesbian seduction videos. Older and younger women, mostly - though her past

experiences had never been like that. In Stevie's reality, women weren't so different to men. Casual sex could be so bland and normal and without feeling.

The older women in those videos were so sultry and naturally sexy, she'd have loved to be on the receiving end of Brandi Love's strap-on, or to grind pussies with Jelena Jensen or Dyanna Lauren; but those women didn't exist in her reality either.

But with the hype around incest these days it was, in the end, impossible not to stray back into her old ways. Frustrated with herself and aching for sweet release, she tried to dodge the bullet by reading a few erotic stories on the subject instead. That way the visuals would not affect her so deeply, or so she had hoped...

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The laptop closed at the side of the bed now, Stevie swiped through her phone in the pitch black with the uncanny speed of an addict. She knew that website like the back of

her hand. From homepage to stories, to categories and straight to Taboo/Incest, she was home again.

She swiped down through the list and went straight to the story tags then and sought out her favourite subject - mother and son incest - feeling a knot tighten in her lower abdomen. And for a while she hovered over the titles, reading their synopses, fighting her own curiosity.

Was she really going to get into this? More honestly, was she going to just admit to herself more easily than she admitted to Lee, her son, that this was simply her kink?

Her secret hardcore kink...

Stevie checked the time in the top right hand corner of the screen. After searching porn to suit her mood for so long and not finding what she wanted, it was already quarter to two. Now it was going on twenty past and she was in no mood to roll over and go to sleep.

Instead she finally settled on a short story about a mother and son sharing a bed to stay warm during a winter storm. Curiosity had gotten the better of her. If anything she wanted something so far-fetched that suspension of disbelief might actually ruin it for her.

But the sex scenes were good, and they roused the fantasies that resided within the dark corners of her mind into waking. If only she was in his bed, being spooned by her son from behind, his hard cock nudging between her thighs and causing her to drip.

If only she was pretending to sleep in that moment, though her flesh's responses to his would betray her in the end, as he grew hornier, and bolder, to the extreme that he would dare to at least give her the tip.

And if only she could somehow, in her feigned state of sleep, give him the ease of access - maybe lifting a knee up slightly, so that he could push in an inch deeper. Maybe she too would give him a little squeeze with her tight wet pussy, almost as if to invite him to stay.

If only any such innocent situation would turn so dirty, then she would want to take it and have her fantasy served to her like a five-star breakfast in bed.

Jesus, twenty to three now, and she was so fucking wet and horny, like she hadn't been in so long, that she was just getting warmed up. Her sexual appetite still hadn't diminished. Once Stevie got in the mood, there was no stopping her.

The gusset of her panties to one side, Stevie worked herself steadily to her first climax reading that story and then went in search of another, but her eyes were beginning to strain in the dark and now she wanted some real visual stimulation.

She opened up the laptop again and within moments she was back on the porn sites, looking for anything under the tag of "mother fucks son". She no longer cared how guilty it made her feel. She'd deal with it afterwards.

And little did she think that Lee would still be awake, able to hear her quiet moans through the wall. As the fictional

mother and son on-screen went from drunkenly talking in bed about girlfriends and boyfriends to touching, and then to mutually masturbating...

And then to sucking and fucking in glorious POV - the monster in Stevie was fully awake and even as the clock struck four, and her soaked panties were hung around one ankle as she treated herself to orgasm after orgasm, with three fingers, slippery to the knuckles, fingertips wrinkling, and one thumb up nudging against the protruding pink hood of her engorged clit.

'We can't let anybody know about this,' the suspiciously young fictional mother whispered as she stared through the fourth wall. All the while her son's cock slid frantically in and out of her shaven pussy and he was riding to orgasm like a racehorse galloping to the finish line.

Indeed, Stevie agreed in mind, nobody could know about this. Except it was the one thing she had vowed to get off her chest, because she was guilty of more than just having her little kinks.

A week passed and with no more word from Lee's mother about her vague problem. He had considered asking, but trusted her to know when the time was right. Maybe it wasn't so important after all, if the matter was forgotten. And not knowing what she did, he slept soundly over those following days, enjoying the lion's share, as it were.

Gradually Stevie got her sleep back, having forgiven herself for her little slip, though the loneliness didn't go away. She was a woman. Therefore she could control herself better, and namely by busying herself with her motherly duties.

Saturday morning rolled in bright and warm. Lee slept with his bedroom window blinds open, letting the day stream in uncontested. Come eleven, there was still no sign of life coming from within that room. All the while his mother was stood in the spare room, dressed in one of her form-fitting workout combos - yoga pants and a strappy tank-top - ironing a pile of laundry.

A stack of Lee's shorts, socks, jeans and t-shirts ironed, Stevie was going to wait not a moment longer, and yet she did not take it with her as she approached his door, listened momentarily, and then quietly opened it to enter.

Her heart leapt up between her lungs and hung there like a daring acrobat. A stifled gasp hung also between her opened lips. The perfect picture, there lay sleeping beauty and with the daddy of all sleep boners.

Something in Stevie didn't register that this was her son, not at first. All she saw was exactly what her body reacted to, and essentially what it needed - sweet youthful flesh in its prime and very likely able to sate the insatiable.

The sheets flung off sometime in the night, her boy - her handsome muscular boy - lay completely still on his back, softly snoring. One forearm lay draped over his eyes, the hand twitching, maybe holding onto a dream. The other hand did its best to shield his magnificent erection, but covered barely two thirds of his stiffened length as the rest throbbed and pulsated against his hip.

Her mouth dry, her breath long hitched in her throat, Stevie stood mesmerised by the sight. Many an image had been burnt into her brain over the years, courtesy of the infinite sexual melting pot that was the internet.

What she saw with her own eyes, the mouth-watering reality laid just out of reach before her, was what the horniest most erotic dreams were made of. It might have been a crime and a sin combined to have believed she could just help herself to that heart-achingly gifted specimen, but the juice of the most forbidden fruit possibly tasted as good as it smelled there and then, and she could smell him like a big cat could catch the scent of a stag upwind.

It wasn't long before she was imagining herself riding a cock like that. Or more precisely, riding her son. Oh dear god he would fit so snugly in her moistening depths. It would take a moment or two to accommodate, but she would stretch to fit him like the snuggest velvet glove.

Back up and leave, her mind commanded. But rooted to the laminate flooring, her silent sock-clad feet remained. There

she rocked on her heels, stealing just one last glance - just one last lingering glance...

But he began to stir!

Stevie let the door close to, stealthily returning to the spare room, to hide and to recover rather than to return to her chores. Her breath suddenly ragged, one hand came up to cover her quivering lips. All alert systems were go. She had caught herself being oh so terrible, exploiting her own flesh and blood in her mind; the fruit of her loins deliciously debased in mind.

Fighting to control her breath, Stevie recalled the techniques her therapist taught her, and closed her eyes to fight off the intense thoughts and feelings swirling within and without. So stiff and sensitive had she become in response to her sleeping son's state that if she were to take one more step, she'd have orgasmed there and then.

She fought the feeling and she fought the forbidden pictures still playing over and over in her head, for what felt

like forever. A faint cough followed by a deep gasp, coming from that bedroom, it almost proved too much to take.

Ten minutes passed and he hadn't moved another inch...

'Hey baby,' she greeted hastily, eyes forward, heading for the chest of drawers opposite Lee's bed. Stevie didn't acknowledge that she had very likely barged in on him masturbating that big stiff thing; something made all too obvious by his comical struggle to grab a handful of bed sheet the moment her voice registered.

'Just some fresh laundry,' she said, her voice carrying back from the faded roller-painted blue wall she now faced. 'Doing anything nice today?'

'I was doing it?' came the sleepy reply.

She smirked, almost snorted, but inside she felt guilty for it. And that reminded her of the problem at hand. 'Can we have that talk later today?' Stevie asked a little distantly.

Mortified was the word. She almost scolded herself for asking, but it had to happen, and sooner rather than later. Still, how would she begin? How would she even say it in the end? The feeling of sobriety cut like the blade of a rusted saw, rough and dirty in contrast against the brilliant blue of the afternoon sky.

They were indoors. She wouldn't have dreamed of going somewhere public to say what she had to. There wasn't a room in the house that seemed suitable for this talk though. It would somehow taint even the sunlight in the air, so she imagined.

Soon enough she was trembling and wringing her fingers, and asking her good son to bring her the brandy bottle and a glass to help calm the nerves.

'Have one yourself. You might need it,' was her advice, as if, 'you'll need to sit down,' wasn't ominous enough.

'You're not dying are you?' he asked incredulously. She supposed that she might, but no, for the foreseeable future she was destined to live with herself. Still she entertained a humourless laugh. 'Did you get knocked up?'

Stevie fixed him with a hard stare. It impacted, like a psychic trick. But this was hard enough as it was. In any other situation she might have appreciated the humour - not now!

She drank back a double of the fine French stuff, feeling the sweet fiery liquid trickle down her throat, warming her all the way. And then she braced herself and looked him in the eyes. But it did not last, that honest bond. She didn't have the guts just yet, but soon the words came flowing.

'There's some things I just can't tell a therapist, so I've come to understand. But if anything I've learned that these things need investigating at the root of the issue. That's why I need to tell you, but I'm afraid of what you'll think of me,' Stevie pushed. 'I can't make you promise me anything, but will you just try to hear to the end?'

'Yeah,' Lee said, and it was as though the voice of his younger self had come through. Innocently he waited.

'I used to love a smoke. Not cigarettes.'

'Is that it? You used to smoke weed?'

'Oh no,' she uttered a chuckle; 'That is not it at all. I'm just saying it might have helped...'

He hesitated. 'I could roll one.'

Stevie shook her head slowly, smiling tiredly. She had smoked plenty of the stuff in her wilder days, but right now it would only confuse her and jumble her words.

'When I met your dad, it wasn't love at first sight. It was a crazy, anarchy-fuelled "us against the world" kind of thing. We were a couple of young rebels. We liked a drink and a smoke, and we loved our music hard, as you know,' she began steadily.

'We liked a lot of things hardcore...

Lee tried not to smirk.

'But your dad, your real dad - Gary - long before you came along, he and I had our kinks that were particularly hardcore. I shared everything with him pretty unconditionally and I loved virtually every moment. We were pretty fucking twisted as it happens. We weren't living to get old...'

'What happened?' Lee asked. He thought already that he was on the scent, his mother's faithful pup. Maybe, she supposed, she was skirting the context.

'We had to grow up. We became responsible and retired to boring, depressing old reality. And reality was what killed your dad in the end. I've told you he died of an overdose. It was an accident. He never meant to leave us. But towards the end Gary couldn't live without seeking his thrills, which he did chemically. But that's not what I'm trying to say.'

'Your dad and I had a fetish, you might say,' Stevie began to say, and stopped to pour another brandy. Down it went and she poured another. Lee's silence was now palpable, as was the stillness about his rigid body.

'There's nothing wrong with that,' Lee already tried to reason, and because maybe he felt she shouldn't have had to explain after all.

'No, there is. A lot has changed since - things people no longer frown upon - but "THAT" hasn't changed,' she argued. 'It didn't matter that it was wrong, though. That was the thrill. Do you understand?' she searched.

Lee made the connection easily. Still, he never would have thought, not in a million years, that he and his mother would be having this talk. 'Are you talking about the kind of stuff that you and Ray were into?'

Stevie tried to nod through the sudden cringe. How dare she forget just how much they had subjected her son to over

the years? She was not grateful for the reminder. In the resulting silence, she baited her breath and braced herself to say that one word, fearing what would become the moment it was out there.

Stevie inhaled deeply and then carefully said that one word.

'Incest!'

She burned with shame. Lee, on the other hand, was just too dumbstruck hearing his mother say that word to telegraph a response. 'I knew that you and Ray role-played that stuff a lot,' he finally initiated. Stevie sat there stunned by his display of open-mindedness. 'People do that. A lot of people seem to,' he emphasised.

'When your dad died, you were only three. Long before then I'd backed out to a safe distance,' Stevie proceeded wearily. 'You might say that you were my religion, and my obsession was my sin. It terrified me at times. I felt like I was trying to protect you from something perverse. My own mother's catholic guilt used to be no different. But when Gary died I pushed it all down in my depression.'

And then Stevie began to sob. Unexpectedly Lee reached out to grab her hand. He gently squeezed it, despite the conversation's lurid direction. 'Mum, surely you know that things are different now...'

'When I met Ray, he brought it all back out. These... daydreams I had... started to fill me with guilt and remorse again. I wondered at times if I was some kind of dangerous offender just waiting to happen.'

'You're definitely no sex offender, mum,' Lee intervened and then scoffed at hearing himself say that. How much more surreal could this day get? 'Well,' his cheeky sense of humour teased, 'you haven't had any complaints at least!'

Was she now laughing, or was she still crying? The harsh gasp from her trembling lips didn't seem to imply offence, otherwise she'd have batted him around the head to let him know. And no matter how Stevie tried to smile to signify that she was earnestly trying to laugh, the crying would not stop.

Lee waited; let his mother wipe the tears from her eyes until it came. 'This wasn't just some phase. I had to accept that. This was who and what I was and the fact that I gave into it so easily made me wonder about myself, and Ray. I never hurt anybody, but I came close...'

Everybody had their own "thing" though. Lee knew that.

He was a good judge of character, and knew the difference between right and wrong. If nobody was injured or directly negatively impacted, as everybody said these days, then it wasn't wrong. So who was it that his mother had come close to "hurting"?

7

The day had darkened considerably. Out of nowhere came leaden clouds threatening rain and it wasn't long before it came. At that time Stevie's son thought it best to put away the brandy and make coffee, leaving his mother sitting in the conservatory, peering into the deepening greens of the back garden's private paradise.

She hadn't felt so cold and stone-heavy in a long time, not even the day Ray announced his departure from their marriage. She was telling her son about things no ordinary well-adjusted parents would ever share with their kids, and it left her feeling like a palpitating lump of hot, worthless flesh.

'Here you go, mum,' Lee whispered from her side. Where did he come from? She was so lost in the thrumming between her ears that she hadn't heard him coming back. Again he surprised her with a gentle kiss on the cheek, which seemed out of place considering the questions their shared revelation posed.

And really, Stevie was adamant that she did not deserve his kindness, his understanding, or anything so good. The rain was at a steady patter, quiet enough on the glass roof that she wouldn't have to summon the courage to raise her voice so loud.

'Ray wanted me to have sex with you.'

And then for so long, that steady patter was the only sound in the world. Now it was his heart in his throat as he tried to fit that sentence somewhere within reality's twisted designs but all he found was panic.

His expression suddenly slack and with eyes wide open; 'What?'

'I'm sorry, it's true.' That's all she had. And that was the end of that, at least for the meantime.

She had attempted to apologise again later, maybe in the hopes that she could say more, but found that she didn't want to talk about Ray, let alone to make excuses for herself. In an awkward retreat Stevie called herself a monster.

Despite her best intentions to bring her confession to a close it had gone horribly awry. Stevie had wanted to tell him that Ray's fantasy, to have her seduce her own flesh and blood, was the greater reason their marriage quickly collapsed. She wanted to put it all on him, and that would have been the easiest way out, but no...

'I am a monster,' she insisted when Lee even tried to defend her honour. After all she hadn't done anything wrong. 'I'm glad he's gone and not coming back, but that doesn't excuse my behaviour.'

'Maybe you should talk to the therapist about it,' Lee suggested, because there was no other solution that he could see. His mother certainly wouldn't listen to anything else he had to say.

That mortified her more than anything. 'No, never - I'm not being put on some pervert list or sent away.'

'You don't know that'll happen,' Lee argued, but she wouldn't hear it. Finally he relented, and then resolved to understand the stress of her position; especially since she had confessed all of this to him. 'No, okay nobody has to know,' he relented. 'You're safe with me!'

Stevie's panic wore off eventually, and with that she sighed a breath of relief and thanked him. Imagine though, she

thought, what life would become if those that knew the family would discover these things about her?

That made her realise the weight she had placed on Lee's shoulders, and that was not fair. 'Well handled yet again, Stevie,' she whispered in the bathroom mirror after washing the ruined mascara from her eyes.

8

'I'm so fucking done with Dave!'

Lee read the message over and over again. Kit, the tattooed alt girl from TK Maxx, was making it obvious the past year that - if things were somehow different - she'd fuck him in an instant.

But Kit, who was also not his type in any way other than physically, was more than a handful in ways that Lee was not prepared for. Emotional dependency sprung to mind, which was not an attribute that applied to relationship goals, even if he wanted one.

And Dave...

Lee was never a fan of Dave, and didn't want into his business. Dave was a strange one - the type of lad who saw himself as twenty-years older and about a hundred pounds brawnier than he was. Dave liked to play dress up and to pose as a biker, though he caught the bus to work.

'What's up?' he replied, hoping that this would be short. Sopranos wouldn't watch itself!

'I swear he's fucking somebody else,' Kit replied immediately. 'I've had nothing the past two weeks and all I see is him flirting with that slut Stephanie Weathers.'

'Have you asked?'

'No, why would I ask?'

Because you think he's cheating!'

'Omg I couldn't deal with it if it was true.'

'So you're just going to pretend?' Lee pushed. 'Leave him then.'

What did he care?

'And then what?'

'Go get laid?'

'Oh yeah, with who,' she asked, and on the end of that, dropped a winking emoji.

Chapter 2

Mid-afternoon in the mid-week. Lee had the day spare after covering a friend over the previous weekend. She had called into work sick that same morning. He had told her the night before that, if she was serious, the house would be free in the afternoon.

She told him when she'd be there -- just after 1pm. But then 1pm came and eventually a message came when she did not. She'd be running a bit late. Anxiety sank in. Lee felt the opportunity slipping from his grasp. Easy come, easy go.

At half past two the doorbell rang and he opened the door, at first blasted by the day's brilliant blinding sun, and then greeted with the presence of a nervous and mischievous looking Kit.

He invited her in immediately. Kit at almost the same height, bar an inch or two, strolled past him in tight black leggings and a hoodie, with a look in her eye that assured him; "yep, this is happening!"

Moments later she was perched between his thighs on the living room floor, expertly sucking on his cock like she was made for it, and her eyes locked onto his, gauging his reaction, even though his impossible hardness said it best.

And she would make the most of him, because who knew when she would get it again. It was clear that he wasn't going to be responsible for the fallout to come, and that he didn't care for relationships, but the sexual tension was too much not to illicit this one-off affair.

So yes, Kit would make the most of him and get her fill, which was more than apparent by the size of his cock. For once, the phone camera didn't lie. Lee was hung and every bit as delicious as he looked -- no less true as the first blast of spunk hit the back of her tongue and proceeded to pulse and ooze down the back of her throat.

She insisted that he wore a condom, even though she was on the pill. That idea seemed destined to fly out of the window after he peeled off her leggings and panties and

licked her into blissful oblivion for the next twenty minutes.

'Just a minute,' she begged, directing the swollen and shiny pink head of his penis between her glistening lips. 'Just let me feel you for real a minute, I need this,' she begged again. And first went the tip, oh so easily for the first two inches, before she was trying to make room for the other six, with that gut-wrenching girth.

'Fuck you feel good,' she growled, her hungry grey eyes piercing his. 'We need to get a condom on this. I need you in me properly!'

So they gathered their clothes and rushed up the stairs to his bedroom. Eagerly she watched, playing with herself helplessly, as she watched him roll one on. There was something about the way that shiny latex sheath complimented every muscle and vein.

He was god-like in his aroused state, and putty in her hands. The power between his legs was all hers, and the power trip it gave her was drug-like. She could kick herself for not

having propositioned him sooner, but she would indeed get her fill, again and again.

2

What a fucking day!

Stevie was stressed beyond belief lately and work made things no easier. Punching the clock and sacrificing an hour of her flexi-time was all she'd thought about since lunch, and by three the need was unbearable.

All she wanted was to get home, to grab a shower and get a little buzzed, and then relax on the sofa. She promised herself that she'd make up for it with a little weekend overtime, so she didn't feel so guilty.

Still, with a deep breath she slid her key into the lock and quietly stepped into the house, kicked off her shoes, and dropped her bag. Immediately she became aware of the sounds coming from Lee's bedroom.

Stevie stood dead still and held her breath, at first having to overcome the loud throbbing in her temples and ears before she could in fact tell that Lee had female company. She didn't know what led her up those stairs as she crept along.

She didn't know what made her cross the landing after that, until she was stood just behind the doorway to Lee's room, but she swore for a moment as the rampant sex scene played out before her, that she was looking at herself -- bare-naked, black-haired and tattooed, being ploughed mercilessly by her own blessed son.

She didn't know Kit. They had briefly met once or twice, but it was never apparent that she was Lee's type until now. The thought never left her mind that Lee was in fact fucking his mother's younger lookalike. Did he know this?

What did it matter though?

What did matter was that Lee was on top, Kit's thick thighs clamped around his hips as he drove smoothly into her, over and over again. Nothing wrong with that, other than

the fact that they were facing the doorway, the way the bed was situated.

The only reason Lee hadn't spotted his mother, as she stood weak and awestruck before this humid and sticky display of animal attraction, was Kit stealing his full attention, moaning and hissing the dirty things that she did as her big natural tits bounced back and forth to the rhythm of their fucking.

That and Stevie's being frozen to the spot, unable to move, prevented him from seeing her there, and it wasn't until she side-stepped into the small room that Lee looked up, sensing her, and yet saw nothing.

Breathlessly Kit begged to ride him, in as many graphic words as she could muster in her hot, sweaty state. There goes another bed, Stevie thought to herself, but it wasn't long until she was getting hot and heavy all by herself, listening to the back and forth lip-service between Lee and Kit.

Jesus Christ she needed to get laid, but Stevie smiled to herself genuinely for the first time in a long time as she caught herself contemplating just how proud she was of the boy.

'Oh fuck, do you even know how big you feel inside me?' Kit groaned as she mashed her hairy pussy down onto him. Again, Stevie dared to look, and this time because she needed to know when the coast was clear.

She wanted nothing more than to go straight to her bedroom and literally fuck herself into a coma. Instead she would sneak back downstairs, put her shoes back on, and go take a completely unnecessary trip to the supermarket.

With any luck they'd be done by the time she returned.

3

Another week passed and some of the emotional weight seemed lifted from Stevie's shoulders. But her guilt did not go away and nor did the loneliness. Stevie had enforced

isolation onto herself at every opportunity at first, becoming harder on herself. Lee had done that enough as a teenager. Now she was indulging to save face.

But the loyal young man that he was, Lee remained there whether he was wanted or not. He comforted her when it seemed appropriate, or when it seemed that she wouldn't reject him, all the while saying nothing of the matter.

He would have her out of her room at night again, he resolved -- back to her shameless old self again. How could she resist his charms? By the end of the week she was only really concerned about how she could look him in the eye again.

Seeing him in the act of having sex, with so few a graphic detail spared, had something to do with that. If he'd have known, that would have been a whole new level of awkward. No less painful though was the fact that she still had to lay to rest the revelation of what kind of person she was.

That Friday night she entered his room to find him playing on his X-box, asked him to pause his game so that she could say a few very simple words, and those words were; 'I haven't forgotten the positive things you said to me, and I know you'd do anything to protect me. I'd never do anything to hurt you. That's mostly why I'm ashamed of myself, because I wasn't there as a mother when you were being hurt. I was irresponsible, though, which probably hurt you more than anything!'

Then when she was certain that he understood, Stevie ruffled his hair, kissed him on the forehead and left him alone with four final words. 'I love you!'

4

The middle of the next week, Stevie's anxiety returned with a vengeance. Work was over for the day, and how it had been another endlessly shitty day. She didn't have the patience to deal. She didn't have the strength to control herself. She wanted to shut the world out and curl up into a ball.

True to the anxiety junkie's style, she faked it with a heartless smile from beginning to end, and when she got home it all started to come out in irrational little rages, the way anxiety usually did. Just as she feared, too late, Lee would be on the receiving end of the worst of them.

Figuring that she was being unnaturally quiet again and boxing him out, he was on her like a rash, making small talk, following her up and down the stairs. Ironically she'd had enough when he started to help with the chores.

'You're stressed, mum,' he said as she paced about trying to think of how first to busy herself. 'Just tell me what you need doing and I'll do it for you.'

'I don't need you to do anything for me,' she reasoned. 'I need things to keep me busy.'

Deciding to clean the bathroom, Stevie took the cleaning materials out from the sink cabinet. Lee was right beside her grabbing the cleaning spray and a rag. She tried to grab it from him but he wasn't letting go.

'Let me take care of it. Go and put your feet up,' he insisted, his grip unyielding. That was when she snapped.

'Will you just fucking leave me to it,' Stevie ranted, her face screwed up. 'I'd get everything out my way faster if you go sit on your arse and play with your fucking Twitter or whatever!'

'The fuck's gotten into you?' Lee snapped back.

'I never needed your help,' Stevie cried. And in that moment she realised exactly what help she was referring to. It shocked her. 'I'm sorry,' she began to say, but Lee was gone; down the stairs and out the door. It seemed to him that they both needed their space for a while.

He returned just after eight, quiet and careful about where he treaded. Making himself a coffee, he retired promptly to his room, where his mother soon found him laid out on his

bed. She sat down beside him, peering over her shoulder to see that he was paying her no mind. She couldn't blame him.

'I'm sorry, I need a slap,' she admitted. 'My fucking head hasn't been right all week. I don't know what's wrong with me.'

'Mum, you need a boyfriend is what,' he said plainly. But he wasn't about to tell her that he did in fact believe she was there the afternoon that he and Kit were having sex.

She still returned home with shopping long before she was due. And though Kit was gone, never to return despite having had the shagging of a lifetime, Stevie was so stressed and tired that she had stupidly asked if his girlfriend was around.

All she could do was dismiss that embarrassing truth and hope that it never again arose in conversation.

'Well there's not a chance of that happening is there?' she asked bitterly. 'It's not like I deserve a man, even if I wanted or needed one!'

'Get over yourself and stop being so neurotic,' Lee chided. He didn't have the time for it.

'What does that mean?'

'Like when someone doesn't know how to be anything but negative.'

'I don't want to be negative.'

'But?'

'But it's all I have,' Stevie sighed. Her shoulders slumped. That wasn't fair. She had him, even if she felt sometimes that she didn't deserve him.

'Stop punishing yourself,' Lee finally begged. 'You used to know how to have fun. It used to be Ray that was the fucking crank.' He had a point. Ray was a crank, a lot of the time. And how did she punish a crank?

Lee instantly regretted what he said, especially as Stevie stormed off. Her heavy footsteps racing towards the bathroom shook the landing floor. Now the waterworks would be running once again and he'd feel bad about that too.

But it didn't happen so literally like that. A moment later he heard her footsteps on the reproach. Expecting an argument he got a faceful of freezing cold water, thrown out of the plastic beaker used to keep his toothbrush and toothpaste tube handy.

Lee gasped and spluttered with the cold wet shock, and yelped as streams of water rolled down his face, into the mattress, and soaked his back. All the while his mother stood over him giggling dryly, her breasts jiggling up and down within the tight confines of her black strappy top.

'That's better,' Stevie laughed then ran screaming from the room as her shocked and soaked son madly gave chase like a demon on her heels.

Stevie swirled quickly at her own bedroom door, fighting to close it before her assailant could overpower her. It was too late, the equally laughing but still unimpressed Lee sprung through and tossed her onto the bed, where she bounced and landed with a high-pitched shriek.

Instantly he was on top of her, wrestling for control of her body. Her arms were just as strong as his, if not more so. Even without her legs, which he had nudged out of the way with his thighs, she could keep him clearly at bay for long enough.

'You think that's funny?' he yelled, still laughing, and repeated himself in his excited state. 'I should shove a bag of ice cubes down your knickers you evil bitch!'

Stevie's heart pounded madly. She hadn't play-fought with anybody in such a long time. Her own strength surprised the both of them. Mischievously, as her son tried to pry her

off the bed, wanting to prove to be worth his threat, she trapped one of his arms under her armpit and clamped her thighs around his hips, pulling him right into her.

'Oh god you're so wet,' she shuddered, still laughing.

'That's what happens when you POUR WATER ON PEOPLE!'

Struggling to be free of her then, Lee soon found both arms trapped. And now they were pressed tightly together in a position that even with clothes was nothing other than suggestively sexual.

Stevie could feel her son's heartbeat pounding in unison against hers, through the pneumatic breasts now squeezed tightly between the two of them. They were almost popping out, save for the black lace bra that kept the nipples covered.

Still giggling, they looked at each other for a long moment. Only now had Lee become aware that he was hard, and that his erection -- although confined within his pants -- was

nudging at the hot cleft where his mother's thighs reached their northernmost end.

Where the hell did that come from? She was thinking the same thing. All the more she wondered if the tip of his hardened penis pressed right up against his mother's pussy could feel the heat radiating from within. Inadvertently or not, her hips shifted, and there was no hiding now that he was so achingly hard.

She tutted. He cleared his throat. All the while Stevie, her eyes alight with humour and something wicked, studied him smugly. 'Need to get up?'

'Yup,' was all Lee could say.

'Feels like you already are,' she wanted to say but didn't. For a moment too long she chose to savour their closeness, pretending that she didn't feel the current between them.

In the end she demanded that he give his mum a kiss and puckered her lips. He obeyed, before finding himself pulled

in even tighter. Again the both of them began to laugh -- one of them rather uncomfortably -- before Lee finally got his release.

A moment later he was locked in the bathroom, seeking another release entirely. His wet clothes in the laundry hamper, he stood under the hot shower stream, soaping the entirety of his solid length. With one hand tight around the hilt, the other worked the shaft furiously, his eyes closed as he asked himself...

'Did that just happen?'

6

The night was chilly. At midnight Lee met his mother in the conservatory, the first time both had been there the same time since their shattering revelation. That seemed a world away now, and as Lee lit a joint and passed it her way -- and she decided it was the right time to enjoy a little once again -- the hard feelings of that horrible time would slip further away.

Five minutes after her first few pulls in years, Stevie remarked wistfully how suddenly the delicious haze had come on. Her eyelids heavy, her eyes began to redden, and she got a raging thirst for some chilled orange juice.

Lee hid well the fact that he had masturbated in the shower to the compromising situation his mother had tricked him into, or so he thought. She knew, because that was all boys, and sometimes of all ages.

For a while she herself had laid there wondering if she'd gone too far, but found to her surprise that she herself had found some release in the encounter. And while Lee took his time in the bathroom, she flipped his damp mattress and changed his bed covers.

Now the both of them were too mellow to care, and after being done with the faithful magic herb, they went to their own separate beds to sleep. Or so they both thought...

Stevie dreamed, in between the jumble of memories and suggestive images, of a time back in the '90s. She and Gary had been experimenting a while. Sweet Jesus he licked her pussy so good she would come endlessly.

She wanted -- no she needed with all her soul -- not to return the favour, but to do something that would blow his mind right out of the water. They were in competition in the sack, always looking to outdo each other.

He held her in his arms and she held him between his thighs, their bodies seemingly melting together at the sexes. And the perspiration at his shoulders was so sweet, she couldn't help herself but bite him a little -- not enough to bleed, but to mark him as hers.

Sharing sweat and saliva and breath and body heat, they rocked together excitedly and she asked him 'what would really turn you on?' She dared to know. She dared him to bare a darker depth of his being. As if tempting the making of a new life was not risk enough, she wanted to break a wall beyond flesh.

'Imagine if you were my mother,' he eventually dared to wonder.

Stevie laughed loud and hearty. 'As if. I'm a bit young, aren't I?'

'It's the thought that counts,' he said with a wicked smirk, driving smoothly up into her.

'You want to shag your mother, eh?' Stevie gasped and drew him in deeper. 'And why doesn't that surprise me, young man?'

He laughed and, instead of answering, diverted his mouth to her nipple, leaving her groaning her appreciation as lightning bolts of pleasure ran all the way up her body from between her thighs.

'If I was your mother right now, what would you want to do with me that you aren't already doing?' Stevie asked out of sheer fascination.

'I'd love to come deep inside you, mum,' he groaned, nearing his end. 'Just think of that, your son's cock fit bareback and snug inside you, free to seed the womb in which he was conceived,' he groaned.

'Mmmm,' she approved, which turned into a growl. If only. 'What are you -- the Shakespeare of fucking filth?'

Elsewhere the layer of protective latex squished and scrunched at the end of his cock. Neither of them liked having to use them, as much as they just loved to fuck. So often they ruined the moment. This fantasy of his -- Gary's, or was this someone who resembled him? -- would be so much worth the risk right now.

'So take the condom off,' she suggested with sudden intensity.

Their eyes locked uncertainly, in fact more like deer in the headlights of oncoming danger. No words were shared for a moment. The bed creaked beneath them as they rode together, searching each other's eyes.

'Take the condom off, son. Let me feel you inside me, naked as the day you were bor-

Stevie awoke with a violent start...

In the dark, she breathed heavily, her body a sore dense weight in the middle of her lonely bed. 'Jesus,' she whispered to herself, reaching down beneath the duvet. Her panty clad pussy was nothing short of feverish.

She slipped her fingers inside and ran two fingertips down over her shaven mound, then across her hooded clitoris, and between the cleft of her labia, where she found herself to be oh so sensitive and slippery wet.

The dream was gone. All she recalled was that somebody was there -- not quite her deceased boyfriend, and not quite her son, Lee, but an amalgam of the two -- a kindred spirit that made up the two.

At first her wet fingers did the work, as she nursed herself slowly before taking a shallow plunge. The silence of the night soon made way for the telltale sounds of slick feminine sex and she began to breathe faster.

And soon, whether her eyes were open or closed, all she could see was her son on top of her, wrapped up in her thighs, their sexes unified in the erotic journey toward ultimate release.

'Take the condom off,' she recalled the dream quietly, and imagined him pulling out, slick with his mother's juices, to peel off that thin latex casing, only to dive right back in.

Next door, her son's cock was harder than she could have imagined, even though she had seen it with her own eyes. He was now obsessed with the images she had left him with. All he needed to do was to remove her clothes, to free those beautiful tits, and the rest of her.

The rest came naturally -- visions of their bodies sliding together in the taboo commitment of consensual incest,

where all the feelings he ever wanted to share with her transcended from dream and up into reality.

And now that he knew how close they had come once upon a time, that made the wrongness and the intensity of those self-pleasuring sensations all the more sweet. He could come so hard and so much for her that night, and as far as he was aware, she would likely never imagine.

7

Friday afternoon that week spelled an early end to Stevie's week. Though tired and looking forward to a well-deserved rest, she hit the swimming pool at the gym with a bounce to her step, hoping that a good splash would invigorate her.

She wore her usual black one piece, a number that although conservative in design did nothing to hide her hourglass figure, strong legs, nor her emboldened breasts. The pool wasn't busy. She had the freedom to do her usual laid back laps without too many try-hards tearing up the deep end.

After half an hour her mind started to wander, releasing the stresses of work and replacing them with whatever her body desired. Wine, pizza, a nice bath, some pleasant company -- the latter, all but her son, had fucked off with her ex husband.

But Lee was enough, even despite recent tensions. Lee, who held down his own end and enjoyed living with his mother, seemed to have no intention of rushing off and leaving an empty nest. That would leave her looking to start a new one after all, and she didn't want to have to do that.

Stevie wasn't necessarily too old for another child now, but she might be in six years time, and then she would be one tired old mother by the time that child reached Lee's age. She shuddered that thought loose and concentrated on simpler urges, which quickly led to the thought of sex.

It had been so long since she had enjoyed really good sex. Not even the kinky kind, but just really intense, loving, toe-curling sex -- and the kind that made her boil and drip just thinking of.

Regular sex would be so good, but just one bout of serious lovemaking would go such a long way, and that was so hard to find that her imagination no doubt set the bar even higher.

She loved to have her tits pawed, but above all, she loved to have her nipples kissed and licked and sucked. She loved to have the little golden nipple ring in her left tit tugged on especially. It made her tingle and cringe in the most delicious way.

But when it came to oral, having her pussy well and truly licked to the point of dripping and twitching, almost steaming in anticipation of a long thick cock, her thoughts collected and a face formed out of the confusion.

Done with her laps, Stevie made her way over to the showers and climbed out over the side. Rinsing off under the warm shower, she retreated with her bag back to the cubicles, where she locked herself away and battled not to touch herself again to those thoughts of her sweet handsome son.

Controlling her ragged breathing she then tentatively peeled out of her wet swimsuit. As soon as her pussy was exposed to the air, she shuddered with a delicious chill -- a cool draft tantalising her aching slit -- and from there the slope became too slippery not to fall.

Her hands were all over herself, something about being hot and wet all over. Her pussy alone was so wet that as she pawed at herself she squished and dripped profusely, her knees trembling madly.

SNAP OUT OF IT!

Reality snapped back into focus. How the hell it happened or how it got to this point, Stevie couldn't possibly comprehend, but by god she was naked, hot and cold at once, and shaking madly with the onset of intense anxiety.

'Can you come pick me up?' she begged her son over the phone twenty minutes later. She was sat behind the wheel of her car outside the gym. Her eyes were streaming and she could barely keep the phone to her ear, such was the

weight of lifting her hand. 'I've had a panic attack. I'm too scared to drive!'

8

'I've not been completely honest,' she whispered ruefully. They were sat on the living room sofa, Stevie wrapped up in her fluffiest white housecoat. 'I told you it wouldn't all come out at once, but I never thought I'd end up feeling like a liar for it...'

'What are you talking about?' Lee asked, his face contorting with worry.

'I told you that it was Ray's idea, what he wanted, putting his ideas in my head. I told you I was a monster. I was stupid to believe anything else.'

Lee didn't understand. Or he didn't want to. But once again Stevie's truth was ready to come, or at least another piece of it. God only knew how long it would be before nothing was left hidden.

'I'm not sure you want to be talking about this, the way you've felt lately,' he insisted.

'I don't know where it was that I started to see you in the way that I did,' Stevie began regardless. She would not meet his eyes. Instead she stared as blankly at the TV screen as it stared at her. 'A few things that I rationalised to bring it all into perspective though -- I remember when you grew towards the end of puberty you started to resemble your dad. That made me yearn for him again, which I knew was wrong. Still, he was my love and you're his legacy.'

'What way?' Lee asked, going back to her first point. She didn't answer him. She carried on regardless.

'It was never far from my mind either that you had started to develop sexually when Ray and I became a thing and started being sexual with each other. I did notice that you started to distance yourself from me soon after. We did talk about it a couple of times but I was never satisfied with why.'

'Then you started to be sexual with girls. I felt a lot of things then. I guess a mother does,' Stevie said a little more emotively, 'but what I felt the most was heartbreak and envy. I was finally feeling for you what I imagined you had been feeling for me when I became married to Ray, and I hated it!'

Lee's mouth dropped open, wordless, hot and dry. No truer words were spoken, but he never would have imagined hearing his mother -- who knew of his sexual feelings towards her? -- confessing that she felt the same for him.

Was it possible that she knew?

Was she really saying this?

'I can't justify the feelings and thoughts I had. They were always there. There was Ray and then there was you, and he knew there was something there. He was obsessed enough to see it clearly. I see it now. Then he became possessed with pushing me onto you; actually trying to use me to force down my own boundaries. But still I wouldn't.'

'It wasn't your fault,' Lee insisted. Angry that his mother wouldn't let him in, he took her face in both hands and turned it to his, forcing her to look him in the eyes. 'Mother, do you hear me? It wasn't your fault,' he raised his voice into a plea. He was growing distressed seeing her like this again.

'Just the once, don't try to justify or rationalise what I'm saying,' she replied evenly. 'I need to hear myself say it, to hear the truth without any of that. Can you do that?'

'Why?' he asked, and that time he really was pleading. The inner child was coming to the fore again and she couldn't bear it.

'So I can just hear the truth with my own voice,' she explained, raising a hand to pinch the bridge of her nose. 'Just hear it with me...'

Lee was scared, maybe even as much as his conflicted mother. So much was he scared that it left him muted, helpless to do anything but to hear her words. So she went

on, seeking the light at the end of that hopeless tunnel of regret and confusion.

'Lee, even without Ray in the picture, and I'd hoped especially without Ray in the picture, I was going to do it, and in my mind I was certain that you wanted it,' she said with a quiver in her voice.

'Jesus,' was the word on his lips, but no sound came. Tears, contrarily, came to his mother's eyes, as she battled on through the labour pains of unborn truth.

'In my mind I could tell myself that and be certain. I knew what went on in this house. I knew everything. I thought, at least, that I knew everything, but I suppose I was already crazy considering that I wanted you to have sex with me. That's just absurd!'

No it's not, he said loudly in mind.

'Ray didn't even know that about me. Nobody knew. And now I'm telling you. Go what must you think of me?' Stevie asked, now searching her son for an answer.

An emotional anomaly, something felt by no human being, maybe with the exception of deep religious experiences or death -- Lee felt the utmost terror and loneliness in not knowing what it was he felt, though his mother felt it too, and was in fact no stranger to it.

'I think... I think I just want to hold you,' he finally stuttered, lifting his trembling arms to hold around her. And he feared that she would reject him now, of all the times that she could. His mother was not always the easiest to understand, but unlike most women he knew, she did not speak in silences and hints when trouble was afoot.

'Will you let me?' he asked to be certain. He wouldn't have known how to handle being rejected over the smallest token of love. But he wouldn't be.

'Come here, love,' Stevie welcomed weakly. He was nothing but a blur to her tear-streaked eyes, until he was all around her, pulling her close and then melting into her.

'You're no monster,' he reassured her as they relaxed into each other.

9

Under the water she held her breath, little bubbles escaping from her nostrils. With eyes wide open she stared at the bathroom ceiling as the spotlights and the patterns they made waved like liquid fire.

Under the weather again, she supposed she should hate herself, and wondered what he really thought. Lee, her loyal little pup who had grown into a man untouched by her life's desire, who knew all and still couldn't hate her.

Do I want him to hate me, or do I need him to? She asked herself with no clear outcome. But as if to answer her

question, delivered unto him by some ghostly messenger, he told her that, no, she shouldn't hate herself.

'You can't hate yourself,' he said from the side of her bed as she lay there wrapped up in her duvet.

'How can you not hate me?' she asked back, but was not prepared for the answer.

'There were times that I have, but that was when I was younger and more naive. I hated you for putting him first over me. He was more a child than I was at times. I hated you for only caring about what was wrong with me when you were so drunk you couldn't talk or stand straight,' he had her know.

'You didn't know some of the shit I had to deal with by myself when I was a teenager, but all I had to do was to adapt to survive. You still cared and you still loved me. I took for granted all the things you still did for me, which was the only thing Ray taught me as a father figure; to take you for granted!'

A single sob exited his mother's mouth from within the rolled up bedcover. 'Why are you so mature for your age?' she asked.

'Had to be,' was all he had left to say. He didn't know what else to say or to do, so he left her alone where she lay until she had strength left with which to hate herself. Maybe then she would grow sick of it and come to a better resolution.

10

He didn't know where she found the energy, being that her mounting habit of wallowing in misery appeared so clearly exhausting. Of course, the longer she wallowed in that murky ditch, the harder it was to climb up out of it. Worrying about her was the only think keeping Lee from ruminating so much about the things that had transpired within those four walls all this time.

Increasingly isolated, it became impossible for him not to think about everything up until now...

Once upon a time he was the target of his stepfather's twisted agenda, and his narcissistic ego -- and more than his mother would ever know. He knew that if he told her, she would never forgive herself. But the fact was that he was always Ray's competition, and Ray was more a psychological bully than the hands-on type.

Mind games didn't come with physical marks!

He still blamed Ray for everything, not that these trying times had followed him suit into the unknown. Lee was no beta male, far from it. But throughout his formative years that bastard had piled on the insecurities in order to build himself up.

It was entirely possible that towards the end Ray wanted Lee's mother to go to him, seeing as how he couldn't have everything he wanted. Ray, whose only talents were drinking and fucking and making others feel bad about themselves, might even have used that against the both of them, or to hammer in the final nail of the family coffin.

What if he had gotten his way, if that was the truth? Mentally broken and unable to make Stevie come to her senses, Lee would have left home a motherless bastard, destined to self-destruct in failure and alienation.

But the truth according to his mother was that, even if it was what Ray wanted, she had been possessed to prey sexually upon her own son of her own accord. She wanted him that way, because that was the sexual creature she was deep inside.

He was not a child anymore. He was finally to be an adult that day. It really could have happened and he still didn't know how it didn't, in light of her confession. Imagine what if...

What would have become of them, had their relationship become sexual?

Any knee-jerking outsider would likely call it abuse, and the odds were undeniably in favour of that go-to accusation since Stevie herself said in so many words that it would have been nothing short of exploitation.

Incest was incest.

Oh but the internet hashtagged that love was love.

Homosexuality was once not only frowned upon. It was illegal and it was evil. Now a white guy had no privilege if he WASN'T gay. The world, for all its rules and social norms, was a fucked up place with a fucked up way of looking at things.

Who was to say that his mother's fantasy was sick and twisted, if he were a consenting adult with total independence of thought? But was he? Not always...

How many boys fantasised of being seduced by their teachers, or any other of their adult crushes when they developed through puberty? Girls were no different. It was human nature for the curious soul to want to be shown the way, rather than to fumble in the dark any more than they already did alone.

Some sons wanted their mothers and some daughters wanted their dads, or at least that's where it all began. The awakening of sexuality in all people began in effect with the presence of the already sexually developed elder. Fantasy was the first step into reality for every individual.

What set that reality apart from the fantasy lay in the fate of innocence. Much like a person's dignity, innocence -- and specifically virginity -- was for the individual to sacrifice, not for the predator to take.

That was fact -- chokingly restricted by law, by principle, and by family value, all which left billions of teenagers around the world sneaking around to get it any way that they could.

To give one's innocence was to offer oneself to life. To retain one's innocence was to remain not unspoiled but unappreciated. Still, the loss of Lee's virginity to Hannah Steers during sixth form was a strange experience and not satisfying or fulfilling in any spiritual way. It was simply a rites of passage.

Both of them were inexperienced and nervous. They didn't even like each other that much beyond looks and the fact that they had mutual friends. It was nothing more than a dare. Was he man enough? Was she woman enough? The answer to both was a glaringly obvious No!

They were simply driven by their acknowledgement for each other's sexual maturity and willingness to try with each other. Still they became a pair for a little while, but it didn't last long and they were strangers long before the split.

Had he learned to love from the woman who taught him how to live, Lee was in no doubt that he would have known a lot more today, but he was also glad that it didn't happen. It meant that she did not experience the clueless boy that he was; which ultimately would have murdered that fantasy in cold blood.

Still, his love and desire for her transformed into a love and desire for the archetypal cougar, the sexually active middle-aged woman, as he pushed her away; and that was no bad thing at all.

But no harm done, his mother was no predator and she did not physically steal his innocence, or suffocate him instead through emotional incest.

But now that he knew that it could have happened and that Stevie, his own mother, was planning for it to happen, his fantasies had risen from the embers of teenage life like the resurrected phoenix, fuelled by the potent hormones of his blessed youth and virility.

Now she had revealed that hidden and torturous truth, and she hated herself. But he was becoming quickly the opposite. Ray was gone, out of the way, and hopefully forever. Anything beyond life with him was far from impossible, including the possibility that his mother still wanted to have him that way.

Just as she had summoned incredible strength to expose that side of herself, and in the hopes of freeing herself from her own personal prison, maybe Lee needed to be able to show that same strength in helping her. Maybe it was the

next natural step in freeing her altogether of her judgement curse; of shame and guilt.

What he wanted to say really would take such strength, if not what it would take to rescue them both from the potential fallout!

Chapter 3

In time they resolved to turn over a new leaf!

Ray was definitely not coming back. His shady manipulations and his hidden agendas exposed, they were just the cherry on top of the cake that had long ago turned stale. But if the deal hadn't been sealed by now, that'd have done it.

He was gone for good, no matter what the future held, and that was as good a place as any to make resolutions, because it seemed defeatist and derogatory to live in his shadow, living the way they had when he was still there, as though keeping his place warm when he had no place there.

No, Stevie was not forcing her son out of the house out of some false sense of protection. And no, neither was she interested in getting back out there on the dating scene. She had decided that she liked being alone, at least for now, in the company of her son.

So, she made it perfectly clear that he could stay for as long as he wanted to. Unlike other families that pressured their offspring out into the world, she didn't see why he couldn't find his place in the world while still having this place to call home.

If he could live there with the knowledge of her lifetime kink. If he couldn't, wouldn't the goal then be to rebuild that bridge? Just as Stevie could never have disowned her son, she would never have imagined the emotional catastrophe of being disowned as the woman that had brought him up into the world.

Their new leaf was inked with one very brave constitution. Nothing was off limits. Whatever they wanted to know about each other, they would talk about it. Frankness was the object, frankness and honesty and openness.

This was now becoming more a unique living arrangement than a traditional family hierarchy, as a result. Live liberally and take responsibility conservatively. Was that not the ideal way for adults to live amongst adults after all?

Stevie hadn't done the former for much of her adult life - living liberally - but when she did, it had quickly descended into an ill-fated juggling act. What was the difference now?

The difference was simply a state of mind, because Stevie had turned today's family home into yesterday's prison cell, making Lee the bearer of her struggles and strains; which was going to hold him back in the long run.

On the subject of incest, she didn't have to know the technical ins and outs of suffocating her boy through emotional incest, the facilitator of many a worse crime. He had never been her Oedipus. She had never been his Jocasta. It was never a power game over mind and emotions.

Ray had been the power player, so the conclusion dictated. If he had been there to represent himself, pulled up before judge and jury, he would have tried to gaslight his way out, and to project his faults onto Stevie, who was admittedly weak.

But that spoke volumes for the type of man he had been. Because somebody was weak in any way, did that justify manipulation? What kind of man saw fair game in controlling vulnerability rather than making up for what his woman might lack?

Any man with a weakness would, after all, be honoured that a woman with strengths in many other respects should feel right by carrying the torch where it was necessary, and all Stevie had ever wanted was to raise Lee right and otherwise to have a little happiness and stability.

But ever since his departure, free from Ray she had inadvertently locked herself down in the absence of his authority, and for other reasons she was yet to share.

She and her son had also, for a time, locked each other out, but that was changing now. Ongoing talk therapy had also helped to transform her outlook beyond the secrets she had freed.

Ever proving to be mature beyond his time, Lee had made one more stipulation, and that was something he wouldn't take no for an answer to.

'Don't be afraid of your secrets and don't be afraid to tell me anything,' he had said. 'It's nobody else's business and I promise that nothing goes beyond these walls.'

What a loaded statement!

2

There was already hesitation in her promise not to be afraid, as she shouldered those words, but in time she'd come to terms. Her libido alone would drag her to that point if she tried to block it out, and especially as she began to grow comfortable fantasising at night about her favourite kink...

Fantasising about so many possibilities between she and her son, and the realities that could follow!

Sometimes she would fantasise about seducing him in a number of scenarios. Sometimes it would be Lee that initiated the seduction, if he didn't outright just read her mind and take her.

Accidental incest scenarios brought her great excitement as well. One thing that had played on her mind as of late was born of an occurring situation between them. During a recent play fight he had grown hard in his pants. They were in the right position to initiate sex easily. All that was needed was a lack of clothes.

Stevie had run through that scenario a number of times, imagining what had happened if maybe she'd have been wearing nothing but a flimsy thong, maybe sporting a fat little camel toe that would have been hard for him to miss.

What if he had only been wearing his underwear, now stretched thin and tented over his raging stiffy as he "accidentally" prodded his mother's dampening camel toe.

'Need to get up?' she would ask as she had that night.

Avoiding the fact that he clearly already "up", 'yup,' he would awkwardly reply, as her thighs remained clamped around his hips, holding him snugly against her.

She would let him go eventually, only Lee would then pull his big cock out and slap its heavy shaft and head against her mons pubis. Two can play this game, she would think. It especially takes two to play this particular game, she would correct herself. And then she would pull the damp gusset of her thong aside and invite him to take the next natural step.

That was just one instance of the power of her filthy mind. Stevie had a knack for creating the steamiest, filthiest encounters in her head, and for some reason there wasn't a man outside of their personal life who could possibly replace Lee.

Of course, he didn't have to know about that, but it seemed now that maybe he did, the way he knew everything just by reading her expressions, her words, and her body language.

Stevie was going through changes she never imagined, just coming to terms with herself and learning that maybe she wasn't the monster she thought she was. If anything she was more a functioning addict, and not the worst of any sort.

The substitute was also not so bad. Heroin addicts had their methadone. Stevie had her imagination. Answers on a postcard which one gets to keep their teeth, and the winner gets a free pleasure cruise through Literotica's finest!

But Lee had insisted on a few occasions by now that at least he felt it was actually quite a natural desire to many, despite her ever so gradually diminishing reluctance to believe him. It wasn't hurting anyone, least of all the son who also admitted that it was all part of 21st century sexual liberation to be able to safely explore many taboos.

Not so long ago a journalist had asked the actor Tom Hardy had he ever slept with another man. His reply went cleverly along the lines of, "of course I have, I'm an actor!" Stevie had scoffed at that little anecdote. Imagine in twenty years time that an actor no different had been asked, "have you ever slept with your mother?" and answered in the same fashion.

Ridiculous but maybe only time would tell if it would prove to be relevant!

So when the urge took her to seek pleasure in her favourite fantasy material, she would just go ahead and do it, because why worry anymore about simple harmless fantasy?

Lee was no stranger, within the bounds of her imagination, to the delights of his sinful mother's flesh. In her most private sexual episodes, he knew her body inside and out, and he was very confident in showing it.

Ironically real life was bearing parallels. Lee's own glorious show of sexual confidence with Kit had played its part. But he was also changing and becoming more bold, although not controlling. Lee was beginning to show her more affection for one, verbal and physical, and he was also beginning to dress more confidently - or to be more laid back in greater states of undress. He wasn't the only one...

It was his fault if anything. These days she was just working with the material she had to hand. If that required that she flirt with her son and to flaunt herself in letting go of her doubts and fears, then there were worse things to live with.

3

Anthrax!

There was a fucking band, "back in the day" as her generation would say!

They were still going now, but they weren't the same. Nothing was the same anymore. Back in the '90s Stevie had many a fucking good time, and many a raw fucking, to that band's barrage of thrashing drums and eardrum ripping guitars.

Even just being invited to see the tribute band by her son had her giddy with excitement. A week in advance before the gig at Stairway to Hell - one of the last remaining old-

school rock and metal clubs around - and Stevie was dragging out all of the old vinyls.

He had everything covered on the night. It felt a little bit like a date, despite its innocent simplicity, which still openly thrilled her. He plied her with booze. It had been decades since Stevie had a night of knocking back the beers, but she hadn't lost her touch.

Ray had been a poser, with his sickly pop music. And just because a man was a bit of a character, that didn't make him a man of character. Ray had been a bit of a beak-head and a pill-popper also, claiming once he had "settled down" that he was no longer into that shit.

In memory of Gary she'd had dumped him if she knew the truth. Looking back, all of the supplements he would jack himself up with should have been a dead giveaway. Lo and behold she had it on good word on a number of occasions that Ray had in fact returned to the scene and was now preying on young girls.

A roofie for her, a Viagra for him - she shuddered to think the man he might become!

By comparison Lee was a character but the fact that she was the object of his affections, the subject of his softer side, and that he was innocent and good at heart, she could rest assured that he was generally not the type to go off the rails, providing that he had a little guidance where it mattered.

Nostalgically, and almost quite sadly, Stevie was again reminded of Gary - his real dad - when she saw how he handled himself at the gig; though Stevie had done well to make sure that Gary's fatal flaws would never be handed down.

He was bursting with personality, though he was yet to mature to physical distinction. For now he was timeless, just like Gary. A couple of rockers had too easily mistaken Stevie for his girlfriend. All the more thrilled she played along, following his lead.

'Where did you two meet?' asked a heavily eye-shadowed plump woman with stark purple lipstick and similarly cartoonish tattoos.

'The hospital,' Lee lied. But it wasn't a lie, was it? He had been born in a hospital after all. The plump tattooed goth found him hilarious. 'It's a long story,' he dismissed, hoping not to have to go deeper down that rabbit hole.

'Matt and I met on a swinger site,' she replied a little too easily. Her boyfriend, an equally rotund man but masked with a black beard and long hair, looked Stevie up and down. She was suddenly aware of what this might turn into.

Gradually they moved away and looked for a good spot to watch the band from. And arm in arm he and his mother drank, head-banged, and raved, to many a classic. For a tribute band it was a good turnout. It really felt like the real thing.

But whereas all the lads Lee's age were posing to the softer likes of Safe Home, I Am The Law was when Stevie and Lee

lost their shit and cleared the kids out of the way to soak up the mayhem on stage.

Faithful to the sentiment of the music and the bygone age, there was no going home dry and clean. Aside from the sweat and the dust and the smoke, Stevie had spilled her drink and right between her tits. She would spend the rest of the gig with her leather boots sticking to the floor where she stood.

But as that soaking had occurred, Lee stood rooted to the spot, his eyes hopelessly feasting on her soaking wet tits. Sweet Jesus how her plentiful previews glistened, like two oversized apples bobbing in a bowl of water on Halloween.

In good humour she had shrugged and attempted to shake off the excess by manically shaking her torso from side to side, almost completely freeing those huge orbs from their tight confines. After midnight and on the ride home she didn't fail to mention how her tits had gone all sticky.

'That was amazing but my ears are battered,' Stevie reminisced as they closed the door behind, grateful to bask in the warmth of the family home. She was still so full of energy, though, revitalised by her social experience, and the night really wasn't so late.

Taking off her leather jacket, Stevie hung it up on the rack by the vestibule door, turned to look where her son had gone, and followed him into the kitchen. There Lee stood filling the kettle. When he set it down to boil, he turned to face his mother with a tired but grateful smile for the fact that she seemed so happy.

Stevie wound her neck in with a grin and hugged him close. Expecting a brief but tight hug, he was surprised by how gentle and lingering it was. His hands wandered down her sides before his fingers reached inward across her back, feeling their way into the muscled ridge where rib met spine, and there he squeezed her before rubbing her back.

And then when he expected that she would kiss his cheek and finally let go, Stevie surprised him again by uttering a

low hum of satisfaction before planting one softly on his lips.

'I love you,' she declared. 'Thank you for a great night and for making a lady happy.'

She smiled a while, smoothing the creases of his t-shirt at his shoulders, not wanting the distance to grow. A broad smile eventually crested the expanse of his strong jaw. 'I'm gonna get high...'

'Do it,' Stevie encouraged. Who was she to stop him enjoying himself. He'd sleep soundly.

'Join me!'

Though it wasn't a question, it was an attractive offer. 'It's been ages,' she said and then quickly relented. 'Okay, just let me go wash the stickiness off my boobs and put something loose on.'

She was aware of the effect her words had, talking about her boobs. Lee was no longer embarrassed by her pneumatic chest being on display, or by his mother enjoying them in the absence of a good man's hands.

'Take a photo,' she teased, sticking her tongue out as she headed for the door.

'You take a photo,' he brushed her off easily, or so he thought. 'You're the one who can't stop playing with them!'

She paused. No, it wasn't going to be easy. 'Well nobody else will...'

'They would if you gave them half a chance,' Lee laughed.

'Jealous?' Stevie harped with a cheeky little wink.

To that Lee arched one eyebrow and snorted. 'You wish!'

'Nah, you wish,' she teased.

'Who wouldn't?'

This was escalating fast. Looking down at herself, she thrust her chest out a little and looked back to her son, who was sticking firmly by his guns. 'You can come and soap them up for me if you have to pretend so hard that you don't look at them at every opportunity...'

That word picture might have been a bit too much in the moment. But Lee was sure he'd appreciate it later, when he was alone in bed.

'Oh you'd like that wouldn't you?' he retorted, feeling his cheeks burn. It was then that Stevie cackled in her triumph, taking off for the bathroom. By the time she got there, she too was blushing hard. Maybe she had pushed that a little too far.

On second thoughts, nonsense - her man had a sense of humour. He could take a little raunch from his mum!

Stevie rinsed herself off after a quick blast, appreciating the relaxing heat of the shower and how it soothed her neck and shoulders. She was maybe too old to headbang now, which didn't make her so sad. Towelling off she didn't think twice about sauntering across the landing into her bedroom without a single item of clothing, not even a towel, to cover her blushing naked body.

She slipped into a flimsy low-hanging black velvet camisole top and pair of matching shorts, then drew a soft cotton hooded fleece around herself to keep out the chill. Padding barefoot down the stairs, she invited Lee to grab an ashtray. They would smoke in the warmth and comfort of the living room, snuggled up on the sofa together, while Stevie perused for something to watch on Netflix.

Soon enough they were high and happy, too laid back to want to move at all, while a movie played out on the big flat-screen. Nobody was really paying attention though. Lee kicked his shoes off and sprawled to lie down, his mother falling with him. And soon enough they were spooning.

The heady combination of highness and body-heat, the smoothness of his mother's body pressed against his - did she know that she was rubbing her butt right up against him? Lee's cock was now facing south, but it wasn't soft for long, because every few moments she would wiggle right up against him, light as a feather.

He thought that she was doing it subconsciously, at least told himself that as his heart rate began to rise, and the crotch of his jeans became tight; that was until she nudged right into him as if to deliberately catch his attention.

Was she as baked as he was, or was she aware that his hard cock was pressing into her so obviously?

Stevie rolled around to face him with a spacey, faraway grin. Growing harder, Lee knew that he had lost control over his own body, if he ever had it. Now he was facing down an up-close and personal preview of his mother's tits, and her camisole did little to contain them. Other than the shoulder straps, the only thing keeping her top up were the two blatant and large erect nipples it hung from.

She was so soft and warm. One hand ruffled his hair, and then cupped his cheek so she could hold his attention and dote on him. She smelled of peaches, her favourite soap scent, and the aroma hypnotised Lee in his dazed state.

'I could really go for a nice snuggle on the bed right now,' she purred. He sighed heavily, out of a mixture of both contentment and nervousness. 'We could just, like, cuddle and talk about things where there's more room to sprawl and spazz out...'

'If you like,' he replied. 'I'll turn everything off here first.'

6

What was to come? Lee heard soft music coming from upstairs as he tidied up and turned out the lights. It could have been that his mother simply appreciated the closeness and assumed that things could go no further, but in his mind, his thumping heart, and his aching balls, he doubted it.

He was stoned and not thinking straight. He was pretending and not acting straight. He was horny and not headed straight for his bedroom, at least not to release his frustrations and to sleep.

Quickly and quietly he floated up the stairs and past the low golden light emanating from his mother's doorway, disappearing into the darkness of his own to strip and put on an appropriate pair of lounge shorts.

And when he found her, Stevie was lying on the bed, her hoodie discarded, knees up, tits up too, with little left to the imagination other than what lay beneath that camisole set. Lee had admitted that he'd seen everything on her before and she knew that was true.

He'd seen her in some situations that would make most people freak the fuck out and die of shame. For Stevie, sex had been something to be frank about, and especially with a teen son with a curious eye for the act of sex.

Well if her son had learned anything about sex, he had seen things with his own eyes that some teens would only see on the internet before very long. And he had learned the faces and sounds a woman made, and the crazy shit that would come out of her mouth in the supercharged heat of passion.

Come to think of it, it had come to her attention recently that Lee had definitely learned a few things. Stevie had seen that with her own eyes. He was quite the heated lover.

Stevie spanned her arms and stretched. On the white sheets it looked like she was making snow angels. To the music she was quietly singing along while her son stood and watched.

'Are you just going to stand there perving at me?' she asked handily, and ironically - taking in the gorgeous view of his own half-nudity, his well-sculpted chest, the organic tapestry of his ribs and abs, and the slight V that ran from his hips, to his navel and out of sight.

'Look who's talking,' he wanted to say, but didn't.

Lee fell onto the mattress and rolled up beside her, affectionately scratching her tummy through the soft velvet. It was a feeling that pleased both his fingers and her. Giggling, she grabbed his hand and used his defensive reaction to pull herself up and over to him, where she rested her face in his shoulder, planting a stealthy kiss.

'Do you want to ask me anything?' Stevie asked instinctually.

'Do you feel better now?' he asked back.

She nodded, then repositioned herself so that her cheek lay flat on his chest. One hand rubbed lightly across his flat abdomen, relishing the feel of the trail of hair that ran south as it tickled her palm.

All the while her eyes were transfixed, and again southward. Lying to the left was a particularly noticeable bulge.

'Do you want to ask me anything about what we've been talking about, now that things have settled?' she inquired

further. 'I promise I won't be dramatic. I'm too partied out, too high, and too happy to care.'

The silence between them grew, and actually felt amplified by the soft background music, which itself somehow seemed to take on a larger life of its own. She wouldn't force him, or pester him. If he didn't even tell her "No" Stevie would accept it for what it was and...

'Don't mind that your mum's a perv do you?' her tongue slipped.

Lee sighed and his words phased in dryly. 'You and everybody else, mum,' he said, and his left arm crept around to squeeze her shoulder. A shiver ran down her back. She bit her lip and savoured the sensation as it petered out at the base of her spine. But one little spark remained in a place she didn't dare mention.

'Honestly though?' he asked. She listened for him. 'You and everybody else's mum too. People who talk high and mighty hide more than most, you know.'

Stevie lifted her head and looked at him with a dazed, heavy-eye-lidded smile. Out of nowhere her son craned up his head and planted a quick succession of butterfly-light kisses on her lips. His head hit the mattress again, leaving her stunned.

Was that meant to be affectionate, because it caused a stirring within that left her guessing. She exclaimed softly before her eyes strayed south again. The bulge in his shorts had grown. In the pit of her stomach she felt that familiar giddiness rising, but now she was too relaxed about him to feel bad.

The guilt of her inner desires was gone...

And all that remained were butterflies!

'That was nice,' she whispered. Her hand ran from his abdomen back up to his chest. This was the next natural step in their increasing closeness and intimacy. She shifted up a bit, came face to face with him and her foggy grey eyes

searched his. 'But I'd better have those back,' she countered, and returned the sentiment, her lips pecking repetitively back against his.

Soon they were laughing quietly into each other's necks. Inside Stevie was thrilled rigid. She couldn't bring herself to speak or to move away, even though her camisole top had shifted with her movement, baring one partial breast. Her hard nipple now pressed nakedly against Lee's shoulder and the slightest movement electrified her. Stevie stifled her sudden urge to giggle. Before long though it snuck out like a series of mouse sneezes.

'One thing you never told me,' Lee began to say dreamily. He wasn't aware that he was drifting in and out of reality. 'After everything, what stopped you?'

'Hmm?' she hummed from the pit of his shoulder.

'I shouldn't ask...'

Stevie raised her head finally, with the courage to look at him. 'No, please tell me!'

Lee's head lolled to the side, lazily meeting her gaze. He took in a big breath and exhaled carefully, coming awake again. 'My eighteenth birthday - what was it that stopped you in the end?'

Again, silence but for the music wafting on the air. Stevie stroked his forehead with her fingertips, and then found herself in his eyes again. 'Because it was need, not love. That's why! Even if you were an adult and had consented, I'd have been taking something from you that wasn't mine to take. I love you too much to take from you, and so that's why...'

Again she said it; 'It was need, not love!'

'Women have needs and so do men,' Lee tried to reason.

'That's no reason to use their sons. Besides, I was getting what I needed.'

Lee wasn't going to win that argument and he didn't want to argue. Neither did he want to feel that familiar pang of envy over his bastard ex-stepdad. This moment was surreal enough, likely for the both of them. Instead, in his dazed and slightly aroused state, he dared to tell her something that would make her see him differently at least.

'Do you want to hear something shocking?' he asked. She looked south again and held her breath. She looked back and nodded, still holding her breath. 'If you'd have told me, it would have been one-hundred percent consensual...'

Still Stevie held her breath, her eyes frozen on him.

'But,' he continued, 'I'm glad you didn't. I couldn't have known what I know now. And now that I know, I still love you anyway. And I honestly love you more because you trust me enough to tell me the truth.'

Stevie crashed into his shoulder. Her elbows simply unlocked and let her go. Still, enraptured by those words,

she looped one strong arm around him and hugged him tight, her eyes closed tighter. In return Lee held her against him and gave it time.

So many questions now raced through her mind. It was as if a floodgate had burst, every last gallon of truth surging through, and now they were swimming in it, hurled around by the chaotic current of odds.

She knew immediately, though, what she needed to hear from him. If she told him she still felt that way, that she wanted to be with her son sexually, would it still be consensual? Would he feel the same way, or was she actually all alone in this maddening sexual tension right now?

One-two-three, breathe...

One-two-three, breathe...

It was suddenly so damned hard to breathe!

Through her own trembling, which caused every inch of her to shake against him, he could still feel her heart pounding against his. In all he was relieved, if not happy, that there were no tears.

'I need to ask you something too, then,' she said and released a laboured sigh. Again her hand travelled south and came to stop just at the waistband of his stretching shorts. 'What went on in your mind when I confessed everything?'

'Lots of things,' he gasped. 'So many things,' he stressed. 'But in the end I felt relieved.'

'Why relieved?' Stevie asked, raising her head once more. She knew that she would need to see him say it, not just to believe her ears.

'Because I did feel that way...'

Her heart stopped. That's what it felt like. Everything but the music and the words between them stopped and waited. 'How about now?' she asked.

'Still do...'

No words. No thoughts possible. The world again hung on the edge of a few words, ready either to roll away or to be slung back into place by the gravity of greater purpose. And now as every neuron, every hormone, every impulse and blood cell, rushed through her body like a raging rapid, her body vibrated, and her mind filled with all of the things about Lee she had tried to cram down.

7

'Aren't you going to tell me that it's wrong?' he wondered aloud, breaking her mind-blowing reverie.

Get a hold of yourself, woman, Stevie thought, letting those words echo inside. Wasn't that just the greatest punch line to a small lifetime of torture? For all she had endured in

keeping her forbidden thoughts and feelings hidden, though she did a bad enough job of that, it was her son all along that had held the ace up his sleeve.

And for all the pain and shame and guilt, now all she felt was the urge to say "fuck it!" and to accept what was. She sighed lightly and stifled a barely audible snort of laughter. Staring off into space, she laid her free arm down on Lee's bare muscular chest and then rested her chin on top.

'Nope,' she remarked. And after another little silence, she added; 'Sleepy?'

Lee nodded. She ruffled his hair again and for a moment remarked to herself about how for such a big strong man, he was still her baby at times. Kissing him again, she invited him to just slip under the covers and sleep beside her that night.

For a while they lay eyes open facing each other, each regarding the dark silhouette of the other. Another kiss happened, and another 'I love you,' and another kiss, and

again. What do I do, each asked themselves within the safe walls of their own thoughts.

Despite their frustrations, and that tension that would just not quit, they lay side by side in the dark, the music still playing, and thought about each other until that sweet herb-induced sleep finally stole them away.

Chapter 4

He awoke to find her side of the bed empty that next morning. Just as he thought, he was vaguely aware of movement some hours ago, but wasn't even half-awake at the time. Pausing to listen, the house was quiet. Maybe she'd gone out.

Though shocked by the time displayed on the digital bedside clock – it was nearly noon and he had slept very late – Lee rolled sleepily onto his back where he was certain he wouldn't drift off again.

Alone with his thoughts it seemed safe to mull things over, and specifically the things that had been said that last night. What had he been thinking?

'I've essentially told her that I've seriously thought about banging her,' he thought, and cringed a little at what she must have thought of him.

'And that I still do...'

And if it was anything similar to how she judged and scolded herself in recent weeks, she might think him the monster instead, if not damaged. But no, he knew better than that, because it hadn't ended in some cautious motherly talk, or a stark warning. In fact they had been increasingly affectionate lately, if not indirectly intimate (if that was possible).

And then last night they had slept in the same bed after having that very revealing talk, high on life, lager, and the magical green herb. And while Lee had laid there with his mother, not even bothering to hide his erection as they spoke about those things.

He replayed the parts of the conversation in his head, and got to thinking about how some of the things said, and some of the body language on display, could even have been flirtatious, if not signalling a mutual desire.

And of course they shared a mutual desire. It was out in the open now and he would have to see how she would treat him when she came back home, wherever she was.

Just like that, as he thought these things through, the knots grew bigger in his abdomen and there was a not unpleasant swelling in his shorts.

"I did feel the same way", he had said near the end. "Still do!"

Jesus Christ, after everything he'd seen transitioning into adulthood, one day his fit and surgically enhanced mother – who he had masturbated to too many times to mention over the years – just takes everything right off the emotional baggage carousel and admits that she's had a lifetime kink around incest fantasies.

Most men would have run in the opposite direction, at least those without a wife or social life to hide behind. Lee at least had the social life whenever it suited him, friends weren't an issue. But here he was fully supporting her in whatever it was she wanted to do with that kink.

And then he goes and tells her he feels the same and that he'd have been fine with something physical happening between them. How his heart raced. He felt something vague but dangerous, couldn't tell if it was deep-rooted anxiety – the poisonous prelude to panic – or forbidden excitement.

Either way it led him into temptation, at least as far as the fantasy went. Growing harder he slipped a hand into his boxers and began to massage his growing erection, cooking up a helpful little scenario of his own.

Imagine that he told his mother that he'd be her birthday present, the way that she had once upon intended to present herself to him. And he would tell her that this was her chance to make up for lost opportunities, to mutually and consensually experience a sexual encounter with the object of her affections, and the fruit of her loins, her son Lee.

The taboo of it all had him thrumming with adrenaline, his blood boiling, and a sore buzzing deep in his bones. Rolling

out of the bed, he made his way back to his own room, and in his worked up state he fully intended to abuse himself and shamelessly.

2

Two hours in the gym and Stevie felt like brand new. Those wonderful endorphins enriching her blood, she glowed with that vital post-sex calmness – no anxiety, no stress!

In those snug, figure-revealing yoga pants she felt desirable. Her thighs and butt swollen and tight with their intense workout, if she were anybody else she knew she'd appreciate what she saw. Glancing in a mirror on the women's locker room wall, post-shower, if she betrayed any sign of confidence it was only in her lingering fascination.

All these years later, she might not have been the same lover that Gary once left with child, but she was definitely still built for pleasure in every sense. Funny thing, life and how people changed. Without any more thought into it she made the short trip home and quietly let herself in.

Slipping off her trainers in the hall, the house's taut silence caught her attention. Bypassing the urge to call out and to see if he was home, for whatever suspicion caused her to keep her silence and to just listen – maybe it was a mother's unique sentinel intelligence – Stevie cocked her ear as she tread on her cotton-socked feet into the kitchen to fetch a drink of water.

Lee was home! It sounded as though he was doing a workout up there. She could hear his laboured breathing, blowing hard and hissing. But he never worked out without music...

She fetched her drink from the kitchen sink and knocked back half a cold pint. Then quietly she traversed the stairs, again cocking an ear, and then the sounds coming from Lee's room only served to pique her curiosity even more.

The deepest, filthiest moan oozed from his lips as he gave himself pleasure. Door wide open, he had no way of knowing she was there, and especially as she made no

sound. The shocked gasp expanded in her throat like trapped air as her heart attempted to exit her mouth.

It was one thing to see him erect in his sleep. It was another thing entirely to see him spitting into his palm to lubricate his thick veiny cock, slickly fucking his fist at the most absurdly erotic pace, getting lost in his own moans.

Jesus fucking Christ, how she would ride that thing. Her knees were like jelly, her pussy burning deep, and her pulse pounded in her ears as she watched and listened to her son masturbating about...

'Oh fuck, mum, what are you doing to me?' he panted, raising his hips up off the bed. She swooned, stealthily grabbed hold of the doorframe, and her mouth hung agape there as the morning's deep thoughts were affirmed in that one dumbfounding question.

Lee was not just trying to make her feel better by saying the things that he did. He was not just trying to find relevance in the feelings his mother wrestled with. When he said that

it would have been consensual, that he still thought about having sex with her, he was telling the god's honest truth.

It was as though a dam burst inside her, and not just behind the thong she wore home from the gym. All of those sexual taboos and emotions came to the fore like a tsunami to the shore, and threatened to flatten her.

She battled to hold her breath, her body threatening to give way if it did not get what it wanted and now knew what it could have. Slyly she figured that he would be none the wiser if she simply matched his fast and shallow breaths, and now she was breathing with him, only a matter of feet away from the head of his bed and watching the forbidden scene play out.

He was on the verge, so close and yet refusing to lose control, Masterfully he stroked firmly at his slippery pole, which now blushed an angry red from the friction of his erotic self-loving interlude.

'Fuuuuck,' he groaned aloud, causing her to jump in her skin. 'I want to spunk so fucking deep in you!'

Was it possible – her pussy twitched and lurched at the understanding of those words!

With one hand she covered her mouth, because involuntarily now she was about to orgasm right along with him. Their synchronised breaths played their part somehow, as though this sexual experience had bonded them and had become tantric if not psychic.

Like the tiny devil on one shoulder, or it might even have been the innocent looking one, Stevie heard her inner voice talking all by itself. It said that she needed to tell him somehow that, yes indeed, the feeling was still mutual.

And yes indeed, she now knew what she did to him.

Also yes indeed, the thought of him spunking so fucking deep inside her right now was violently churning within her like a grapefruit to the juicer.

You have to tell him that not only is the feeling mutual, that it'd be 100% consensual, that little voice whimpered. You need to tell him that it can happen if he wants it to.

You know yourself that you want it to!

She heaved, her firm breasts busting out of her workout vest, up and down, up and down, with the heavy labour of her breathing. Nothing in her life had made her feel this orgasmic, and Stevie was not even touching herself.

Suddenly giving into his climax, Lee thrust up into the air, his toes curling all the way from the balls of his feet, and his feet curling at the ankles. Every muscle in his body seemed to strain and to flex impossibly hard.

He exhaled his loud exclamation of sweet release, hissing in another breath and then forcing it back out again, and along with it came the first thick spurt, virginal white and gloopy. It flew straight up into the air before coming back down on his balled fist, having no chance to ooze down over his fingers before the next load came, and the next after that.

With a bone-dry mouth his mother stood there petrified, hearing the breath shivering from his mouth as he practically spit-roasted himself, the glazed slab of prime fantasy meat that he now was.

By the time he was just about done, floating off into a blissful coma, he was oozing and dripping with his own spunk. Stevie's motherly instinct to go fetch him a towel – not that she ever had in such a situation – almost overrode her need to disappear as covertly as was possible.

Silencing her breaths again she tiptoed to the stairs and very carefully returned to the kitchen downstairs, flushing furiously in her utter disbelief. On the way there she met herself in the mirror in the hallway.

Her face was beet red, as though she'd been smacked with a hard hand around both cheeks. Mouth agape, her grey eyes had darkened and intensified, as though the image in the mirror was even more here than the reality standing before it.

For some reason Stevie became transfixed. It was like looking at a stranger. Who was this woman? Out of nowhere she smirked, the guilty look of a young girl who had almost been caught doing something naughty.

3

Not long after she heard the shower running and smiled to herself, though her cheeks still burned. Ten minutes after that and Lee was downstairs with her, looking blushed in his state of semi-undress despite the fact that he'd never had a problem with it before. Was it possible that he had been aware somehow of her presence?

Was she not quiet enough in her departure? Maybe he, like her, had inherited the acute wolf-like ears of Stevie's own mother. She offered him a cup and he gladly took it, his eyelids heavy and puffy.

Without a word, Stevie smiled and reached to kiss her son on the cheek. And then...

'That sounded like a lot of fun.'

With such boldness she even shocked herself, but he was the one blushing hardest. Lee was now certain that she had been in the house, just like the day he had been balls deep in Kit and swore he saw her in the doorway for one split-second.

And now he knew for sure that she had heard him masturbating in his room. 'Did I even hear my name?'

She was actively pursuing this, letting him know that, yes, she had heard him. Lee blushed furiously, unable to keep the coffee cup to his lips as his pursed lips stretched into an intense grin.

'No?'

'Oh yes I did... stud!'

'Did not!'

'You said Mum...'

'When did you get home?' his dignity demanded, and hoping that it would change the direction of the conversation, for now.

She slapped him playfully on the backside through his jeans, admiring his still-damp torso in the shadows and reflections of the afternoon sun, a move that surprised even her at that moment. Never did she expect that she would appreciate his typically desirable physical attributes so shamelessly, and to have him know it.

'Guess I'll go change your bed, again,' she mock-scolled.

Grinning herself, as her son's turned to a look of disbelief, Stevie walked away with a slight wiggle in her hips. She wasn't showing off to him. Her pussy was so damn wet and willing that she simply couldn't walk straight. She needed to be in control of herself, in the least so that she might one

day have the honour of deliberately handing that control over to her son.

4

'How's about we order a takeaway tonight?' Stevie asked early that evening. Lee, who wasn't up to much, other than milling around and contemplating the very weekend he was wasting, perked up at the idea.

No more sneaking around – she had bounced perkily into his bedroom, animated as a cartoon character, flushed and smiling. He didn't know why. He had been singing to herself all day.

'Yeah that sounds good,' he affirmed.

None of the conversation Stevie actually had in mind came to fruition, and of course because she didn't dare to add; "after all, you must be exhausted after your workout today..."

"What workout?" he might have asked, before making the connection, adding; "Ha-ha, very funny. Did you enjoy spying on me?"

"Perfectly natural", she would say and maybe with another double-entendre along the lines of, "you clearly had a lot on your hands!"

And that's how he would realise that she didn't only hear him, but that she saw. And he might ask just how much she saw...

Perfectly natural was how things escalated within the four walls of Stevie's imagination, but so quickly did they escalate that her courage to speak up couldn't keep up. She felt that courage slipping away as a result. The smiles and happiness and singing – the cooler facade of a woman controlled by her raging libido – did not last.

'Mum!' Lee had been speaking. Stevie had completely zoned out.

'Huh? I'm sorry love, what was that?'

Lee's eyes were on her like the prison yard spotlight in some fifties crime thriller, blindingly blank and yet alert with suspicion. 'I said, what were you thinking?'

'Hmmm...'

Oh right, the food.

Time slowed down and time sped up. Time and time again, Stevie found herself over-thinking and yet coming up blank. She didn't recall even ordering the food by the time it turned up. Then when the leftovers sat on the kitchen worktop later that evening, she barely recalled what she'd eaten.

Lee, who was trying to make small-talk, was plenty aware of the tangible confusion between them. Still, he had to be honest with himself. There was a feeling of unease within him.

9pm rolled in. He was flicking through the shows on Netflix in his room. She had showered and settled into a pair of light cotton jogging pants and a tank top, and had been reading in her room. Barefoot he heard her padding back into his room once again, but she stopped at the threshold of the doorway and stood there looking blankly at the TV screen.

Stevie exclaimed softly, appearing mildly conflicted. This was the look she gave whenever she had something to say and didn't want to say it, and it was plastered all over her face.

'What's up?' he asked patiently.

'You're going to hate me,' Stevie insinuated shyly, wringing her fingers.

'Okay,' he said with a resigning shrug.

'I didn't just hear what went on in your room earlier this afternoon,' she said slowly, swallowing hard. 'I saw everything...'

'Oh,' he exclaimed.

'Your door was wide open...'

Lee instantly flushed a panicked beet red...

'It's pretty obvious what was on your mind, and I know that I've already hinted in so many words that I was aware,' she continued. 'So you really do think of me that way,' she trailed off.

Now as he sat in his low leather TV chair, Lee was at too much of a loss to really consider embarrassment as an option.

'It was very flattering,' she added, meekly entering the room and perching herself at the bedside. In that moment all she

wanted to do was to scream. Instead she began to laugh defensively. 'One moment I'm coming up to see what you're doing with your day, the next I'm standing there in complete shock, thinking "fucking hell my son is hung".'

'How long were you watching?' he croaked. He figured he might as well get over it, seeing how she had humoured him about that very same thing earlier. Then Stevie admitted she had seen almost the whole thing, and heard the things he was saying.

Both their mouths were quivering and hot. Lee managed a dry laugh, momentarily covering his eyes. Ever present, Stevie met him with a nervous giggle. 'I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have. It's just that you've been on my mind a lot, and considering what we've had to talk about,' she tried to excuse herself. 'I was just stunned that you clearly... still have a thing for me... that way...'

'What were you thinking?' Lee asked then. She didn't see it coming. Again, animated images of him buck-naked, writhing and making love to his own hand resurfaced, and the butterflies were back with a vengeance.

What was she thinking? It was not an attack, that question. The tone of his voice implied that he was intrigued as to what made her look, all things considered. Was he inviting her to come clean about maybe wanting to, and enjoying doing so?

Now it was her turn to blush beet red as her gaze glowed. 'Well now...'

She couldn't believe she was about to say this. 'I've told you what I think, haven't I?' That alone hinted why she had stood there watching for so long. Lee actually felt the crotch of his boxers begin to stretch and grow tight around his snug package.

'Like what you saw?' he asked. At that Stevie blushed harder and laughed, tucking her chin into her shoulder and staring at the wall momentarily.

Stevie nodded, squirming against the firm mattress, her thighs tightly clamped together. She was desperately trying

to pinch off the maddeningly sweet throb of her clitoris, but the act of doing so only caused the most delicious sensations to radiate deep inside and up her abdomen and into the pit of her stomach.

'Err...'

'You started this,' he mocked. 'I'm guilty – caught red handed.' Then looking back to the television, as though he might find his deeper thoughts there; 'It's not like I even have the benefit of the doubt. You don't even need to hear me admit it. You were there!'

Again, she was thinking back to his hand wrapped around his cock, one moment slick with spit, the next oozing with all that thick, hot spunk. And when he said those words, the sensation filling her moistening pussy and radiating up her body spiked, like an electric shock. Stevie gasped.

'I'm sorry, it won't happen again,' she offered weakly, a sheepish look betraying the possibility that she was not even sorry.

'Are you sure about that?' His staring eyes accused her in advance. He too was trying not to smirk.

'You can make extra sure in future by closing your door?' But would he? He looked away smirking guiltily, unable to contain his mirth. Either way it probably didn't matter. It was all out there now.

'Listen,' she said, her tone suddenly different. 'I'm going for a short drive and a breath of fresh air - clear my head. Want anything while I'm gone?'

'I'm good,' he dismissed.

'You are, are you?' she countered, her eyes now vaguely accusing him. Of course she was joking. He wasn't exactly innocent but he was still her angel.

'Don't go daydreaming behind the wheel,' he jabbed playfully.

'Okay,' Stevie responded. He was not going to get away with that easily. 'Shall I close the door or will you have pants on when I get back?'

Lee's cheeks burned.

5

He had a lot to think about. What did it all mean? The moment Stevie left, he slipped on his shoes and went for a walk around the local cemetery. The great thing about the neighbours there – they weren't the invasive talkative type!

She kept confessing these things to him over and over, Lee processed. Telling him about her wild past, and bringing up the not so secret family secrets was one thing. He could deal with those things. His mother lived the kind of twisted adventures that most closet perverts could only dream of.

Stevie had paid dearly for it though, and – or so Lee felt – unfairly, with the loss of his dad, and the loss of her son,

temporarily, with the gaining of the absolute wanker that Ray was. Still, just as she admitted, none of those could ever suppress the creature that she was deep down.

Face facts, he told himself. Your mother is reaching out to you, telling you that she has these fantasies, and that they not only involve you. They're almost certainly almost all about you!

The surmounting closeness over the recent months, despite spilling her guts the way she did, and the intimacy within the past week – he had spilled his guts too and it only served to escalate matters in a way he could never have expected.

The truth was all out there, laid out on the table for them both to recognise. She knew that he wanted her in the one way that he shouldn't have. And she was trying to tell him in so many ways, other than directly, that she felt the same.

They wanted each other the same way, and now she was trying to tell him something. Why couldn't she tell him directly, other than for the fear of exploiting him; that which she claimed time and time again?

Lee's own growing boldness, coupled with their growing closeness, and their new liberal attitudes towards life, was playing a huge part. Now his mother had confessed that she watched him masturbate, whilst not only thinking about fucking her, but even calling out her name as he imagined doing so.

What am I doing to her head? That was his main concern as he briskly took in the evening chill. Damn it, he wanted her to stop being hard on herself and to just accept it. This was what they were. Even if nothing happened, and nothing had to happen – they could move on and just let life be what it already was – he would be happy...

But would she, or was she trying to gauge just how serious this was?

6

When he got back home, she was waiting there. Lee asked if Stevie had enjoyed her drive. She told him straight, and

with a resigned but hopeful look in her eyes that said maybe, just maybe, they both had a choice.

A choice without necessarily being forced towards one seemingly inevitable conclusion, as fantastical and exciting as it would seem to some!

So long as there was a choice, then whatever happened could at least happen as the result of a conscious decision.

'I don't think I'm ever going to have a clear head. That said, I don't know what I'd do with one,' she said, stood drinking vodka and orange at the kitchen counter. He noted that his mother had dressed a little more conservatively for her drive.

'Loosening boundaries certainly does run the danger of crossing boundaries, doesn't it?' she asked.

'Don't worry about it,' Lee dismissed. That helped, she supposed – not that she could simply not worry about anything once she started.

She was wearing something more expected for an evening drink, which made him wonder if she had drove home from some bar under the influence. She wore a dark red silk blouse, which showed off her cleavage like she hadn't done in years.

Her strong hips and hid beneath a black suede skirt, which cut off at mid-thigh, showing just enough leg to flirt before disappearing snugly again into her knee-high black leather boots. She was definitely dressed to flirt.

'Did you go for a drink?'

'While driving? Settled for bringing home a bottle,' she said with a weary smile. 'Want one?'

She showed off the 70cl bottle like it was a trophy, a quarter already gone. Lee accepted and asked for a measure of juice to go with his too. When his mother turned around to get a glass and to pour his drink at the counter, her instinctively

floated in behind her and hugged her close, linking his arms around the very tops of her shoulders.

It felt like heaven to Stevie, who thought a lot about touching, and kissing, and hugging, and cuddling - and all other acts of affection that she missed and/or couldn't get enough of.

She breathed softly, leaning her head up against the side of his, and then leaned away. Lee reached in to kiss her cheek. A little laugh escaped her mouth. It sounded grateful. Then he kissed her neck – just a little peck. Stevie sighed.

What was he doing? In reflection of last night it wasn't completely out of character that he would hug and kiss her, although the way he held her, and where he kissed her, was not something she was used to.

Stevie could easily get used to it though. And if he really wanted to cuddle and kiss his mum...

Oh but don't read too much into it. They weren't like other families. They were just a little unconventional. Still, no harm. There could be no harm in such physical affection.

'Let me turn around a sec,' she said closely and quietly. He let go. A moment later and she was hugging him tight to her breast, rubbing his back with one hand, the soft, shorn hair at the back of his head with the other.

They stood there for moment upon moment, sighing close and hot into each other's ears, cheek to cheek. Still no words came, no matter how necessary they seemed. Even this embrace somehow needed to be justified, and because it had elusively gone a little beyond the affection so expected.

Stevie kissed her son on the cheek. He kissed hers back. She pulled his face away, her hands on his cheeks now and directing his eyes towards hers. She kissed him directly on the lips, once, twice...

'You do quite well as the man of the house, you know,' Stevie complimented.

And then, "it's a shame", she wanted to say, but didn't. Where was the shame? Her mouth, slightly open in anticipation, her eyes reading his lips, Stevie's expression beckoned another kiss.

Lee reached in to kiss her mutually as she leaned into him with those parted, seemingly wanton lips. That kiss too was clearly unmotherly. It was also unbecoming of a son, and yet it felt so good. But it went no further. Stevie smiled and hummed her appreciation, then handed her son his drink.

'Moving on,' she said, but it was not the beginning of anything new. She said nothing at all in fact. If it was Lee's cue to think of something to say, then he missed it too. She was still breathing a little heavily when she started to feel his eyes penetrating her.

Trying to say the things she felt was already verging on the impossible. Being kissed like that on top of it, with the thought of what could come of it, left her frozen for any thought.

As he drank, his gaze still and deliberate, she began to feel that familiar warmth intensifying from within her abdomen. Regardless of why she shouldn't have felt that with her own son, there was no denying that he had that effect on her. He did and he knew it, and so maybe it was deliberate now, just like all of the things he had said earlier.

'You should be out kissing girls half my age,' Stevie reasoned, though it justified nothing. She wasn't even sure what she was trying to say. 'Not stuck at home with your mum...'

'I love my mum,' Lee declared with an air of "so the fuck what?"

'Awww,' she cooed quietly, smiling broadly. 'Well okay then, more kisses for me,' she happily supposed. And that palpable energy returned, the invisible elephant in the room that stood between them.

Offering herself in the vaguest, most secretive way, Stevie leaned back into the counter's edge and simply stared back at him with a smile that questioned his.

To Lee it was more than a hint. It was an invitation. More kisses for mum indeed. He made his move as deliberately slowly as possible, putting down his glass beside her and closing in the distance.

It seemed that the premise of him being her son had dropped away for a moment, because they were not seeing each other that way. Stevie licked her lips and put down her own empty glass, noting how his hands came up to her waist and slipped around to the middle of her back.

They were suddenly embraced in a gentle cuddle, again breathing into each other, and as tightly as she felt her breasts pressed against his muscular chest, she could feel very obviously another muscle that she had seen plenty of recently, pressed against her abdomen.

'Go on, give your mum another kiss,' she whispered innocently into his ear. She had done so specifically to hear herself say them, to remind them both of what she was.

Nothing came!

Nothing but his lips...

And again their lips were wrestling softly, passing back and forth the affection they felt for each other. It lasted too long to be anything other than motherly, but maybe it wasn't as sexually suggestive as it felt to her.

Then again maybe it was and the both of them were deliberately blurring the line, unable to do anything else. 'That's nice,' she whispered as their hands began to venture back and forth.

And if that didn't tell him she was open to him, while internally what sober thoughts became confused and hazy, leaning further backward over the counter to press her abdomen firmly into the tent-pole his growing arousal must have; followed by the breathy shudder that escaped her.

1-2-3 - Lee planted those firm kisses on her lips, moist and soft and with enough suction to tempt her into more. The urge telegraphed and she leaned forward, breathing into his mouth before returning three of her own - tender and loving.

A soft shudder of a breath escaped her. 'I don't think,' she struggled to say and fell silent again. 'I don't think I meant quite like that.'

Stevie began to giggle. 'God, that was a bit inappropriate actually.' And she was saying it in disbelief of the fact that not only had it happened, but that it was incredibly good and left her wanting more of it.

Lee leaned back to study his mother's face. Her eyes were glazed. She looked halfway to bewildered. Her bosom heaved with her deepening breaths. Against all odds, she composed herself swiftly, throwing him a wink, before turning around to refill their drinks.

Lee was now incredibly hard. Inadvertently, as he reached in behind her to rub her shoulders, waiting for her to finish

pouring, he brushed hard up against her and quickly pulled away.

Whatever possessed her to, if it was not for her self-control now slipping hopelessly between her fingers, Stevie turned and deliberately eyed his bulging crotch and then bit her lip.

'Drink this,' she said, handing back his glass, and immediately began to down hers in a quick succession of gulps. 'Now go and take care of that thing,' she said, eyeing that bulge deliberately, 'and I'll try not to walk in on you...'

7

'Please God, give me a glimmer of who he was before things got this way!'

If there was a simple prayer that could go answered bypassing the lightning bolt of judgement, then Stevie could have used it now. Worked up and frustrated as she was, it scared her to lose sight of Lee, the son and not the

adult. This had all happened so suddenly that she was lost inside herself.

And either God had answered, or Lee had seen and knew too well what was going through her mind – though she hadn't said those words, only thought them – he somehow pulled himself back from the heat of the moment and as always, honoured his mother.

'You want me to take a photo this time so you don't have to stare?' he teased almost arrogantly, but she let that part slide.

Stevie blushed at his words. 'You can be a cheeky bastard sometimes,' she began to giggle again. Honestly though, it was just about the best, and least inappropriate thing that he could have said.

'Actually I'm good,' he resolved, and yet still retreated from the kitchen. 'But I'll be back upstairs anyway, in case you need anything.'

'Then I'll drop in to say goodnight in a bit,' she concluded. It didn't sound like a promise or a warning. Neither would have believed that what just happened had actually happened, the way they somehow managed to switch back on to family mode.

For now she had been left with a lot to think about.

Chapter 5

Stevie had a choice to make. Either she could drain the rest of that vodka bottle, along with what remained of her inhibitions, or she could call it quits and be a responsible adult, letting what had just happened slide – for now – and see what would be tomorrow and the day after that.

And what had just happened? Here she stood alone in the kitchen, night-time, and yet with midnight still far enough away to have to settle for her own company. In her own company she was already a danger to herself, even while sober.

Now a pleasantly inebriated feeling washed over her, just enough to feel warm and fuzzy and to drown the anxiety that wanted to scream out, "DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT JUST HAPPENED???"

Of course she did. The sensations very fresh in skin and muscle memory, in her lips and in other parts of her body, tingled and still touched her now like a phantom lover.

Not only did thoughts and feelings swirl within, now that she was alone again. Sounds and voices and images recollecting vividly – words said, breaths breathed, kisses shared – replayed the day's fascinating turn of events.

But nothing played on her mind more than the last twenty minutes of her unbelievable life, and frankly her body, her mind, her libido, and her heart, all wanted the very same thing.

He knew now that they thought and felt the same. He knew now that they fantasised the same. Lee, her son, knew that they were clamouring at the same boundaries preventing them from seeing each other and something starkly different than what they had been all their lives.

Some of those boundaries had come down as of late. Some of it had been very innocent and then some of it shamefully guilty. Some of their more intimate interactions, and honest truths, had been shameless on the other hand and called into question the very taboo that once threatened Stevie's sanity.

What boundaries were left now? Were they knocking them all down, and paving the way to becoming more than a lonely mother and son?

And what was the final boundary, she wondered? Was it inhibition – because if it was, then both had just come very, very close just now, to planting the seed of such an impossible reality.

'I could easily go right up there, right now, and take him,' she thought, but she wouldn't in light of all she had said, and of all she had recently wrestled with. But still the thought was so tempting and so alluring.

'I could otherwise sober up a little and go say goodnight in a while. Maybe put it out there that if he really wants me, that it'd be okay,' she thought on. And she had been there in her mind before. Not a chance in hell. She wouldn't have the guts to offer herself and to face either outcome.

And Stevie also considered the most realistic option; say goodnight and go to bed, fuck herself silly and never mind the deep hunger within her that fingers nor sex toys, nor incredibly filthy mother and son fantasy, which would not be sated without having the real thing.

She wanted him. She wanted her son, Lee. She wanted that cock as she had seen it today, long and thick and so achingly hard, spurting and spurting almost endlessly, like shaken champagne, and if only she could have it, she would have it in every way she could imagine.

He would fuck her to completion, like that one-time wonder Kit but with a view to a permanent position. She would ride it, she would suck it, she would bend over backwards just to fuck it, and if the way she felt now was anything to go by – breathless and shaken in uncertainty and anticipation – she couldn't begin to imagine the thrill of an orgasm courtesy of her biggest crush...

And her biggest fan...

Stevie screwed the cap back onto the vodka bottle and let it slide on its bottom across the kitchen worktop. There was still about a quarter left, but easy come, easy go. The same could not be said of mistakes made in the heat of the moment!

2

She wouldn't make a move. She would do no harm. She would instead make a show. She would tease him harmlessly. Just a little daring something to maybe fuel what they called a "nightly emission" in him, and maybe his reaction would fuel in kind a little fantasy for her to enjoy in her own bed.

Midnight came. The lights went out downstairs, and Stevie went to her bedroom – the television still audibly playing out from behind the slightly open door of Lee's room – to fetch some nightwear, before tottering off to the bathroom for a quick hot rinse.

A little while later there was a knock at Lee's bedroom door. The overhead light was off. The bedside LED lamp cast a

clean strong glow. He was already in bed watching Jon Bernthal blast the shit out of some bad guys on last year's big Netflix action thriller.

He barely registered, but he was aware. The door was open after all, so she crept in carefully. Lee was lying in bed, not just topless but naked as ever – the duvet covering his legs, his modesty, and tapering off at the hips. Beside him in the bed sat his laptop where she would be sitting.

'You're in bed already?' Stevie asked, and acted as though she couldn't believe it. She was stood right behind him and he laughed but didn't turn to look. 'You're acting my age. What's wrong with you?'

'Here goes nothing,' Stevie said in her head and felt thrilled from head to toe. It was almost cruel that she would tease him this way, but she would not fail to do what she set out to.

She was wearing a baby blue babydoll nightie and it was more than moderately see-through. Underneath she wore skimpy but loose white French knickers, but what he would

notice for sure were her breasts, otherwise bare, big and beautiful.

Stevie felt the rush of adrenaline like a lightning bolt from her head to her toes. Of course adrenaline didn't quite run from head to toe, but its effects could leave one's thoughts in a muddle.

Deliberately she bent to take a seat beside him on the bed, leaning forward and arching her butt up, then saying, 'oh silly me,' when she sat on the laptop. Lee's eyes were immediately on her, all over her, and from behind noticing the absence of bra straps.

Instinctively he tugged up at the duvet's edge to secure the erection hidden underneath, one moment subsiding and then the next back with a vengeance.

'Let me just put this on the desk for you,' Stevie said absently, picking up the laptop and feeling that the battery pack and fan extractor very warm. Was he only pretending to be watching Jon Bernthal go full-Rambo on the Taliban to hide his interest in other more pressing matters?

That didn't matter. What mattered was that his eyes were on her exclusively, and she knew it all the more when the TV show paused. Feeling his eyes all over her in the resulting silence she turned around, knowing full well that when she did, he would see everything by the light of his bedside lamp.

Smiling politely, hiding her nerves, Stevie returned to him and perched herself at the side of the bed, facing him. Now Lee had a close-up of her cleavage, complete with protruding nipples, the left of which clearly sported that little nipple ring.

For a moment she let him gaze, too dumbfounded at what he was seeing to know that he was staring. 'I swear I was saying something,' Stevie began to say. 'It's completely slipped my mind now. Trust me, senile old sod!'

It wasn't the cleverest excuse to take his eyes off her tits, which she could have bared to him with a slip of the shoulders by which two flimsy spaghetti straps hung. And God did she imagine doing that.

'You're definitely not old,' Lee blurted suddenly and trailed off with a dry chuckle.

Stevie's expression flattened at a whim. 'Oh so you're agreeing that I'm clumsy!' She poked him right in the bellybutton then with one manicured nail, just enough to startle him, and when he leapt out of his skin she was laughing along.

This was getting awkward way too fast because she did not give thought as to where this was going. Playfully, though absently, she scratched at his belly and then her hand hovered up to his strong chest and flattened upon it – warm and smooth.

'I'm going to bed,' she announced as she might have at any other time. And then she leaned towards him, following his eyes as the seductive gravity of her tempting cleavage pulled his eyes into their orbit like two glassy half-moons. 'Giz another kiss,' she whispered, deliberately inhaling deeply enough that she almost heaved out of her transparent nightie.

1-2-3 – just like it had ended before, now it commenced again as their lips so stealthily savoured each other. She was so tempted to fall into him and let it go where it may, but a couple more kisses, giggling girlishly and smiling, she inched back and let him know; 'I love you I do.'

'Mm-hmm,' he laughed from behind closed lips.

'Mm-hmm,' Stevie hummed and made it something appreciative.

'Me too,' he spoke.

'You love you too, do you?' she mock-scolded. She knew what he meant. Then again any lad like Lee could afford, within their own rights, a little ego. Stevie was definitely going to do a bit of self-loving in a few minutes time. 'I'll close the door so you can love yourself in privacy.'

Exasperated, Lee rolled his eyes and scoffed. His face said it all. She never stopped. He was never going to live this

down, was he? Before he could respond she attacked his lips affectionately once more and sat up so that she could stand up without falling off the bed.

Leaving nature to take care of the rest, Stevie said goodnight and left him to it. She certainly had left him with enough wank material for the night, if not for the following week. She certainly got the most out of her dirty mind as a result, twisting that innocent goodnight kiss into a variety of different erotic scenarios.

Looking back as the days of that week went by, there felt nothing wrong with a little tease and a touch-up. It put a smile on his face and it put her in an unshakably good mood. She would take to dressing a little more provocatively before bed therefore, without trying to the point of absurdity.

Nothing too frequent either! Stevie loved to feel good in her casual little numbers – each special in their own way all the same – and not all of them were so revealing. It just felt good to feel the appreciation of a hormonal young man, and particularly Lee.

It made her feel beautiful, which no long-term single woman did, least of all when that woman was well into her forties!

3

Spring finally came!

It was a double-edged sword (was that the right phrase?) being that at long last the weather would be getting warmer and calling for less clothes. Stevie would be looking forward to getting out into the back yard for some much needed solar power, but she wouldn't be looking forward to getting older.

That was a month away now. And as much as she loved birthdays, even if it would be just her and the son, there was something dreadful about creeping a year further from forty, where life was just beginning, and leaping ever closer to fifty.

When she would get to fifty, she imagined, it wouldn't be so bad. Chances were that she'd still look good going on sixty, like her mum had. But it was the sense of time shortening that she noticed sometimes, and worried that she wasn't just creating problems that didn't exist.

Like every other woman and man alike, she wanted to be young forever. Unlike most others though she didn't give in to the urge to have a stranger take a scalpel to her bits, in an attempt to look like a fifty year-old human impersonating a thirty year-old alien.

Her proud tits she'd gotten enhanced purely because she wanted big tits, and that was the be all and end all. She wanted porn star tits that she could treat her man to in the bedroom; and otherwise something to fill out a sexy outfit when the mood took her.

Lee, who was now getting more used to her flaunting ways, was also growing bolder in showing his interest. And slowly he was wearing down his mother's inhibitions, and her reluctance.

'Let's go swimming,' she chirpily suggested one warm and sunny Thursday afternoon. It was rare that they both had the same day off. Not that they didn't see enough of each other, but they spent a lot of time around the same old house. It would be a shame to waste a perfectly good day, when every school kid's parents were at work.

Lee was up for it. It had been a long time since he did a few laps. He might even have had his old swimming trunks around somewhere. The question on his mind was, what was his mother going to wear?

Considering that she was built strong in the curves department and also sported the tone of a frequent swimmer, he couldn't wait to find out.

As they accessed the indoor pool not only Lee was happy to see only a few casual swimmers splashing about. It was the lifeguard with the shifty eyes that he immediately didn't like.

She was a plain, skinny, mousey brunette with her hair tied back tighter than a warrior tribesman's testicles, with an old face on a pre-pubescent body. That wasn't the issue. Why would that be an issue?

The issue was that the moment he and his mother entered, her eyes were on the both of them with a peevish look of disdain, and she didn't seem to care about making it known. Maybe she had one of those faces? Maybe she really was as bitter as she looked.

Casually Lee followed Stevie along the row of changing cubicles, and then unexpectedly he was pulled into the very one she chose for herself, near the lockers.

Thinking nothing of it, Stevie began to roll down her leggings over her thick buttocks and down her thighs, facing away. When she sensed that her son was not undressing, but merely standing there with his eyes poking out...

'Perv!'

'What?' Lee scoffed, grinning guiltily.

Stevie swirled a finger. 'Turn around. Get changed into your trunks.'

Lee sat on his end of the bench and slipped off his trainers and socks, lumping them into his water-proof sports bag. Then off came his t-shirt. His mother now following suit, pulled off her tank top to reveal that she was wearing a sporty silvery-white one-piece, stretched thin enough over her tits that it already showed her hardened nipples, and the ring hanging from the left one.

Lee was ogling again, though he tried not to. She still saw him pausing to look from the periphery. And of course now that she was ready and waiting and he was still not done...

'What?' Lee asked, as she sat there staring.

'Hurry up and take your pants off,' she said too patiently.

'Well then turn away,' he directed, mimicking her as he swirled his finger.

Stevie crossed her arms, looking almost insulted. 'Well you see, this is what happens when you waste time perving at my tits,' she said too loud. They both heard very clearly that statement echoing around the hall. She cupped her mouth, eyes popping out of her head.

Lee turned away himself. Dropping his sweatpants, he had forgotten to just wear his trunks on the way there and had to change. Now his mother was getting an eyeful of his strong, firm young butt, and those toned muscular thighs.

Slipping on a pair of stretchy blue sports briefs, Lee fumbled a while, trying to secure his junk, unaware of how it might look from behind.

'Don't have too much fun with that,' Stevie quipped. He turned back around then, and this time she fought to keep

a straight face as it was now her ogling his loosely packed goods.

'Don't you,' he retorted, scanning her face for a hint of flirtation.

5

It was all very well Stevie hitting the pool every week and gliding through the laps in her own time. It was a different story when an athletic and cocky young thing tagged along and almost immediately contrasted her abilities with a face full of chlorine.

Like a child on the beach after too long in the school sandpit, the world was his personal playground, and for a while he made a mockery of his mother's breaststroke, chewing up the length and width of the pool.

And then for a while he slowed down and decided to swim side by side with Stevie, grinning like an idiot. 'You've finally decided to slow down before you drown of

exhaustion then?' she spluttered as she moved into a backstroke and struggled at first to keep the water out of her eyes.

Lee's eyes averted immediately to her swimsuit-clad breasts, and saw that indeed the suit had gone see-through. He could see the dark pink of her nipples and highly approved.

'Well I wouldn't want to have to be rescued right now,' he gasped.

Stevie scoffed as she eased in and glided through the pool. 'Oh?'

'Not by that skinny angry lifeguard,' he explained as quietly as he could, the lifeguard policing the pool's length. 'She keeps looking at me like I'm hiding heroin up my arse.'

Again, Stevie scoffed. Where did he find these sayings? 'No, I don't know her,' was all she said on that matter. And with

one quick glance to Lee, and then to where his eyes were trained, she knew that he was staring in awe of her tits again.

'Perv...'

Lee didn't quite catch that. 'What?' he asked. And then he made the connection. 'Oh,' he said and then smirked at his mother before looking elsewhere.

They reached the side, rolled under, projected off the wall and then came up to reverse the lap, shaking the excess out of their eyes. Now he wasn't looking at her tits, she observed as she began to overtake him. He was eyeing every inch of her body from the legs up.

She'd teach him, she thought mischievously, and dove deep into a three-sixty degree curve, coming up like a shark snapping at his ankles from behind. Without even thinking what his mother was doing, Lee felt the shock of a strong hand yanking at his calf and held his breath to go under.

She was on him in an instant, showing her expertise in the pool regardless of how much faster he could swim on the surface. Her grinning face came up blue when Lee twirled around to find her, but before he could get away, she was in too close digging her nails playfully into his hips to tickle him.

'Mmmmm,' he gargled, and great big bubbles of laughter exited his nostrils. The only thing he could do was to pull her in tighter and take her into a pretend death-roll like an alligator would.

Their bodies pressed together, Stevie felt her son growing hard against her belly. Grabbing his wrists she playfully wrestled with him, wrapping her thighs around his waist, pulling him so tight that his growing hardness was now glaringly obvious.

Devilishly then, she allowed him to overpower her, only when he tried to push her away, she took back just enough control to manoeuvre his grasping hands right onto her tits.

Stevie opened her mouth into mock-outrage, only a cheeky grin and a flash of the eyebrows betrayed that she was deliberately toying with him.

He let him go. She could hold her breath way longer after so much swimming practice. He on the other hand, she would not drown for a laugh. Instead she would snatch down his trunks as he took off for the surface and come up for air herself in the deepest end some ten yards away from where he now bobbed naked and quietly panicking.

'Oiiiiii,' echoed the voice of the lifeguard as she came pacing down the side of the pool towards Lee, who now looked to his mother as though she was the one who would be in trouble. The lifeguard sounded angry, but spoke so loud that she became lost in her own echo chamber.

With a flash of his naked white bottom, Lee plunged back underneath the water and disappeared. Knowing very well where he would be going, Stevie laughed to herself, the flimsy trunks tight in her grip.

'Payback's a bitch,' Lee thought as he closed in on his prey. Those long strong legs waved and paddled in the deep, that silvery-white one-piece unmistakably his mother's. And although he couldn't deny the pleasurable sensation of swimming in the nude, he wanted his trunks back, preferable before he'd be kicked out of the pool.

Lee hadn't been underwater for too long, so she wasn't worried about him drowning. He could take care of himself. Stevie was just beginning to feel the suspense now that she had gone from hunter to hunted.

'Whoop,' she yelped, still taken utterly by surprise as a hand tickled the underside of one foot, before playfully grabbing her. She paddled along a few metres, not wanting to make it too easy. But now the lifeguard was approaching her with that same "don't ruin my day" look.

'Are you together?' the guard asked.

'Hmmm?' was all Stevie could manage. At that very same time, she felt his entire naked body glide right between her legs, and his cock and balls unmistakably rubbed up

against her inner thigh. Stevie giggled uncontrollably. 'Is there a problem?' she asked.

'Tell him to put his trunks back on right now or the both of you are barred from the pool,' the guard warned. It wasn't right. To Stevie who could actually have been more than twice her age, it was like the school teacher being told off by the child prefect.

'He's wearing trunks,' Stevie lied, feeling them suddenly snatched from her hand. And in good time Lee surfaced for air, wrestling once again to stuff his junk back into the front of his trunks. There he received a good telling off while his mother hid her smirk behind the back of her hand.

'They fell off,' he just kept saying as the guard put him to rights.

'Then get yourself a better pair,' the guard scowled before storming off.

After a liberal blast under the hot shower, Stevie and her son returned to the lockers to fetch their bags. Sharing the privacy of a single cubicle again, Lee still somehow found himself thinking things about his mother as he stood right next to her, such as how hot she looked with her blonde hair wet and slicked back, and with beads of water dripping off every inch of her body.

He didn't at all consider that they would be, for some reason, stripping down naked right next to each other, in an enclosed space that put them so close together. They hadn't thought this through, surely.

A similar thought occurred to Stevie, although she would keep her cards close to her dripping chest. One shoulder strap came down, and then the other, and the elasticated material almost snapped down over her tits before she paused and made a point of covering herself.

She and her son just stood there glaring at each other, and the silence thrummed, somehow louder than the splashing coming from the pool outside.

'Here goes,' Stevie thought to herself, and fought not to swallow hard, because she would not let even a bob of her adam's apple betray that she was trying to provoke an inappropriate reaction.

In reality though, that's exactly what she was doing – gauging his reaction!

With one hand and forearm covering enough of her breasts and nipples, she tugged down her swimsuit to the waist, still looking Lee right in the eyes. That moment, and the sheer tension that came with it, made it incredibly hard for her not to smile at his reaction.

Of course he could see enough, even though he stared right back at her, his thumbs hitched into his trunks. Now it seemed to have become a dare. Who would look down first. Stevie bet that if she did, she would see him getting hard again...

Hard for her...

Her heart began to climb its attic ladder right into her throat, until her ruse began to backfire, and all because it was so damned hard to keep a straight face. And not to look down!

So she stated the obvious. 'You're staring again.'

'I'm waiting for you to turn around so I can take my trunks off,' he justified, and began to pull down slowly.

Busted! Stevie looked down at that very moment, and the moment her eyes saw the v of his pelvis, and the beginnings of his neatly trimmed pubic hair, beaded with cooling water, her eyes became transfixed and she saw more than an inch of his semi-erect cock.

She gasped, audibly. 'Now who's perving, again?!' Lee accused her triumphantly, for he had sniffed out her naughty little game and played her at it.

'No, I... no, that's not...' Stevie stuttered and stumbled, flushing red from her face and right down to her breast. A hint of laughter escaped her lips before she instinctively backed away, but with nowhere to go.

Two things happened in that moment. One, she met the cold cubicle wall with the bare flesh of her back, and two, she shrieked and bounced off, letting go of her tits and her swimsuit, landing semi-naked in the arms of her son.

Her tits were pressed warm and wet against his bare chest. In a moment that paused in sheer hesitation and disbelief, both of them registered how good their bodies felt pressed together. All they could do was grab onto each other, nobody daring to move.

In that moment Lee's cock once again grew against her belly, and twitched as her hard nipples accidentally rubbed up against him. It was she who started to laugh, defensively and nervously, before she no longer saw the point in playing prude.

'Well, fuck it then,' Stevie resigned with a shrug and pulled herself off Lee. Looking down on herself, tits out in all their glory and with not much else to lose, she pulled the costume from her hips and for the first time she was completely naked before him, adults just the both of them.

Smirking in silence, she looked at him, and then let her eyes fall down onto his considerably longer, thicker semi. 'You next,' she dared.

Retaining eye contact with her, as they had done the moment this whole charade had began, Lee confidently tugged down his sopping trunks, and saw his mother's eyes drop down once again. She inhaled deeply, though stealthy quiet. She was fighting to contain herself.

Still, in the deafening silence between them she let slip a hum of approval. 'That really is nice,' she admitted, meeting his eyes again briefly. 'I hope you're enjoying the view as much as I am. Might as well.'

Tensely, they dressed in silence, watching.

Chapter 6

Lee's Mother

I know how he sees me. I know the way he looks at me and I've seen that look in many a man's eyes before. The both of us under the hot shower, even though I'm technically clothed, I'm aware of his stealing glances.

Every moment not talking feels like something needs to be said. There's a knot in my stomach probably no smaller than the lump in his throat. The lump that seems to be obstructing the words he really wants to say.

I think about how he sees me. I try to see myself from his eyes and I know that he loves what he sees, and not just the mother in me. He's watching the hot water cascading down my body, not just the way those clear rivulets rush down every inch of bare flesh, but also how it makes the material of my swimming costume wet and shiny over my impressionable tits.

He's close enough that I can't miss his frequent glances, no matter how he disguises them, and if only his eyes felt like hands on me, wherever they would roam. They might as well be. They're all over me!

2

We return to the lockers to fetch our bags, and then without thinking I lead him to a vacant cubicle. I walk in first and mark my side of the bench, dropping my bag and turning to face him. Lee is staring right at me, and yes, that look is unmistakable.

My flesh is cooling now. The beads of water from the shower losing their heat and chilling me, that only makes me aware of the perceived heat of his penetrating eyes, and the stirring warmth I feel down below.

And I haven't thought this through, or have I? I didn't consider having to peel out of my wet costume right in front of him, but I'm not telling him to look away. Instead, my body dripping down onto the tiles as I stand there before him, I stare back deep into those warming eyes.

Without hesitating I reach up to one shoulder and slide down the stretchy strap, feeling the material resist and almost snap itself out of my grasp. Then I slide off the other one, still staring back at him. Again, that tug of resistance, and I almost lose control and end up baring myself to him all too soon.

Swiftly I cover myself with my hand and forearm, feeling the costume sliding wetly over my hardened nipples, and even beneath the piercing din of splashing water and echoing voices, the silence between us grows and grows like a balloon.

Part of me wants to just bare myself to him and let him feast his eyes. 'Here goes,' I think to myself, and I dare not even swallow the saliva gathering in my mouth beneath the raw power of his gaze. It has to be me in control right now, not him, as I blur the line between innocence and provocation.

So, my breasts barely covered by one arm, I proceed to tug down my swimsuit, peeling the wet stretchy material down

to the waist, and now I am half naked before him, my eyes penetrating his in kind.

The urge to smile, like electricity trapped inside a glass plasma ball, radiates through all of me, and it's almost unbearable. I pause, refusing to strip any further, and my action seems to telegraph over to Lee, whose thumbs are hitched into his dripping trunks.

I'm certain he's getting hard again. Hard for me!

We're standing there before each other like a literal wet dream, and whereas I was only really daring myself, now the dare seems to have communicated across to him. I'm dying to look down, and so is he. It's written all over his face.

Of course he could see enough, even though he stared right back at her, his thumbs hitched into his trunks. Now it seemed to have become a dare. Who would look down first? Stevie bet that if she did, she would see him getting hard again...

'You're staring again,' I say, as I feel my nerve slipping away. Soon enough he'll be running this show and there's no knowing what direction it'll go in then.

'I'm waiting for you to turn around so I can take my trunks off,' he justifies, and begins to pull down slowly. Only in the periphery of my vision as I desperately maintain eye contact do I see more hints of flesh, and that of the soft white flesh of his pelvis.

And I can't do it anymore. I assure myself that I'm not going to be the one to look away, to look to where my eyes want to stray.

That's exactly what they do. In the duration of a single blink I see so much - the V of his strong pelvis and hips, the beginnings of his neatly trimmed pubic hair, all so alluring in their cooling wetness. And my eyes become transfixed immediately when I see but an inch of his beautiful thick cock.

I know I'm busted. I gasp aloud.

His face warms into a triumphant grin. 'Now who's perving again?!

I try to deny with every ounce of conviction that I have. It turns out that I have none. I'm stuttering and stumbling, fishing for an excuse as my whole body blushes for him. And a hint of laughter escapes my lips right before I take a step backwards, retreating to where only god knows.

And then it happens. I back up right against the cold cubicle wall. Shocked by the sensation against my bare flesh I bounce right off, yelping, and into the arms of my son...

Our shocked reactions wear off quickly enough, leaving us just standing there, taking each other in along with the objective facts:

My naked tits are pressed right up against his naked flesh and my nipples are pressing hard into him. My swimsuit has fallen further down around my hips and so have his

trunks. His cock is trapped between us and it's swelling, warming, twitching, fattening...

The way he holds me in his strong arms, the way I cling to him - in that moment we're suspended in sheer disbelief and unwanting to pull away from each other. It feels so good to be naked and wet and warm with him.

3

Defensively and nervously I begin to laugh. 'Oops,' I whisper as my hands roam down to his hips. There's something sexual even in feeling his torso all hard and wet. I search his eyes, not registering that in my now greater-aroused state, I'm breathing so heavily that my breasts are pressing firmer against him with every breath.

That is when his hands trace their way upward and mould themselves around me. Electricity shoots through me stealthily, but I betray a wanton gasp, my lips parting to address him - my son. I groan my approval as he explores my big firm breasts.

Even the nerves in my toes are responding to the way he touches me there now, and as he strokes me and cups me and squeezes me gently, I arch my back and offer them up to him.

I peel off the remains of my costume, letting it fall wetly to the floor, taking a step back so he can feast his eyes on me in all my naked glory. Then, 'show me,' I say, as I lay my eyes upon his bulging trunks.

The heft of his testicles evident, the outline of his semi-erection impossible to miss, I could drool, and preferably with my son's hard cock in my mouth, right here and now.

And he does it! Lee hitches his thumbs back into his trunks and he takes us all the way. Peeling them down over his throbbing bulge, his turgid wet length is revealed to me - springs up to say hello in its randy eagerness - and I reach out to caress it with both hands.

I gulp hard. I swallow so much warm saliva that I might as well be drinking heavily just the thought of having him finally - FINALLY!!

In awe I stare back into his eyes once again. 'I'd say it's about time we stopped fantasising about each other,' I declare, my deep breaths exhaling hard against his bare chest.

'But I like fantasising about us,' he replies without shame.

'So do I,' I assure him. 'God I dream so hard about you fucking me,' I trail off, masturbating him back and forth. I look down and see how the foreskin slides back over the thickly swollen glans and recall a geyser of spunk spurting and oozing out from the tip. I want it in me, all that he's got.

'Do you want to do the real thing?' I ask. If he says no I'll be crushed. Well this is my dream and that's not going to happen.

My son reaches down and kisses me. Naturally the kiss becomes deep and passionate. Our bodies lean into each

other and I wrap my arms around his neck, his hands steadying me at the waist. I cannot get enough of the taste of his lips and tongue but I want so badly for him to say...

'Yes!'

4

She doesn't even get that far into her daydream before she comes so hard. When she comes to, her fingers are pruned with the wetness flooding her love canal, and her body is slave to the deep throb of exhaustion.

She's so desperate to get deeper in. How vivid those visions become when a fantasy takes over, there's still so far to go, and so much to daydream about. She can almost feel his hardness pressed tight against her belly, how thick it feels in her hand.

She can easily slip back into the erotic interlude before it fades away, to fall to her knees and flick her tongue up

against the tip, to feel his heat and to rest her parted lips against him before...

Jesus, that climax though, and before she's even started with what she would do to him, and allow to be done to her.

It's been a while since she has experienced such orgasmic intensity, that one powerful blast will do her, at least until the evening. Stevie showers and slips into a fresh set of panties and hums happily to herself as she strolls lazily into the kitchen, otherwise wearing nothing but an old flannel shirt.

There's the man of the hour himself, his eyes hot and dreamy, as he wanders in from the coolness of the night garden.

'Hey baby,' she says with a secretive smile. On the way past he makes a detour and forgets his way. His arms wrap around her waist from behind and he hugs her close.

Hey mum,' Lee speaks deep and low against her ear. She's meaning to fix a coffee but it can wait a moment longer. Her son's attention easily comes first.

She twirls around in his embrace and hugs him back. 'Yes please,' she responds invitingly. One kiss on his right cheek and then avoiding his lips to plant a kiss on the other;

'D'ya love me?' she searches and his answer is 'Yes.' Stevie plants a moist kiss on his lips and then indulges herself in a couple more. 'I think you're getting to love these kisses too,' she adds innocently.

'Mm-hmm,' he hums and accepts another before sliding his cheek to hers and inhaling the clean scent of her freshly washed hair.

'If only,' Stevie thinks, 'my hands were wrapped around his big hard cock right now, and I could tell him.' Tell him that she was so done with fantasising - though not entirely true - and oh so ready to go to bed with him.

If only he had the nerve to ask her. She would more than happily say yes. 'Right now please, Lee. God please, right now.' What is happening inside her?

Slave to her plateauing hormones, constantly so horny, so touchy-feely, she doesn't want to be left alone with her daydreams anymore. They might drive her mad after all.

Afraid, she hugs him closer and says not a word. She groans into his neck, squeezing him harder and inhaling his scent, all the while with closed eyes.

And as he squeezes back tighter she might as well melt. Again a groan, this time crushed from her body. 'Okay, daydreams will do, for now.' she promises herself, and bides her time before bed and alone time beckon once again.

Chapter 7

Nothing to Lee said L-O-V-E quite like his own mother buying him a bong!

Coming home late one evening, Stevie said nothing of it over dinner. She simply held her tongue, grinning inside as she imagined the look on his face, which she would see soon enough. She had acted on a dare.

'OH. MY. GOD,' his voice boomed from overhead before he descended into childlike laughter, and Stevie then grinned from ear to ear as she crept swiftly up the stairs.

It was only a little one, but Lee didn't have one, and as far as she was aware, he never did. True to fashion, she felt drawn towards this one for its splashy and vibrant Jamaican flag colours. The store owner had been tickled to no end when Stevie explained who it was for.

'Does he know how lucky he is?' the balding old hippy had asked.

'I should hope so,' Stevie had gushed, and was certain that, yes, Lee did know. She had then gone on to tell the owner all about Lee, the way any proud mother would have.

Beside the shiny bong, nestled between two pillows on top of his bed, there lay a short note:

A LITTLE VOICE TOLD ME YOU PREFER BIGGER HITS,
UNLESS I HAD SWIMMING POOL WATER IN MY EARS
AND HEARD WRONG!

ALL OF THE LOVE;

MUM

XXX

The reference was not lost on him. She crept around the corner on the landing and saw him blushing as he read the note and made the connection. Then a moment later she was running giggling into his arms to receive her thank you kiss.

'I thought you'd like it,' she said excitedly.

'I love it,' Lee gushed. 'I can save money on the tobacco now as well.'

'Just don't become a zombie, okay?' Lee promised that he wouldn't. In fact to prove that it wasn't so easy, he invited her to take a hit with him. Half an hour later they were sat red-eyed in the conservatory, buzzing and floating and talking dreamily about...

Things and... stuff...

There was a moment of nothing but internal giggling - a moment that never seemed to end, because that's what smoking ganja led to. The thought of sitting there stoned with his own mother, Lee had looked over to her and saw that Stevie was a little more than just half-baked.

Her eyes heavy-lidded and glowing, she wore a constant smirk, the dimples deep in her cheeks as her shoulders lazily shook with her own quiet laughter.

But other than the child-like mischief that possessed them, Lee's inhibitions had lowered and he found himself feeling all sorts of emotions as he doted on her and declared in his mind that she was the world's best mum in every sense; no matter what she might have thought.

'Why don't you date anymore, mum?' he got to asking, when he thought of how they seemed to be flirting more and more. He was pleased, as was she, that this social drug made for a good truth serum, bypassing all of the emotional clutter and cutting straight to the heart of the matter.

'I like it being just the two of us,' she admitted happily.
'Anyway... anyway...'

Stevie had the words. They were definitely there, somewhere. They had literally just crossed her mind.

'Anyway,' she picked up again, lounging against the side of her seat and lolling her head in Lee's direction; 'What about you?'

'What about me?'

'You don't date either...'

'I don't know,' he reacted without thinking. 'Nobody else interests me.'

Was that a Freudian slip? She had no intention of chasing that clue, but it was undeniable - how that sounded just then. Was he actually "interested" in her and nobody else?

That's what it sounded like, and he hadn't corrected himself either.

'But you have a lot of steam to blow off at your age, if you know what I mean,' she recalled, thinking about how it was when she was much younger. Again she started to giggle deep down.

'Mum, if anyone has steam to blow off it's you,' Lee countered, and with a tone that implied everything from her recent revelation and onward to the present day.

'What do you mean by that?' she asked regardless, and made it sound so innocent.

'Mum, you're constantly horny, don't even lie.'

Stevie bellowed sudden laughter, snorted and covered her mouth and nose with the back of her hand. 'Thanks for that! So what, though? Does it bother you?'

'No,' he denied easily, which she was almost jealous of.

'I can take care of myself,' Stevie assured him, again feigning innocence.

'By watching me take care of myself?'

Before she made the connection, her brain already had - it just hadn't warned her yet. Involuntarily, his mother growled and knew just what it sounded like. She bit her lip and forced herself into silence then, but it was too late.

There was a dilemma for the ages, upon all the other things they had confessed to recently. Not only had she seen him masturbating, while thinking aloud about having sex with her, her id - the centre of all her innermost desires and urges - had just spoken for her and admitted something else.

'You cheeky bastard,' she said, trying to cover her own tracks. 'Anyway, it's not just me using what I have to hand,'

she threw on top, now nibbling nervously at the back of one finger.

'Except you only wish you had what I have to hand,' Lee retorted smugly, and it was a devastating truth to throw out there now. Stevie was burning bright red now, and her cheeks hurt from smiling so hard.

Stevie came up blank. 'That's not fair!'

'I'll show him,' she thought.

3

The first hottest day of the year meant nothing in British springtime, but along came a warm and sunny Saturday that finally heralded the end of hibernation, and hopefully the end of cold feet. Come noon there was a pleasantly warm breeze and not a cloud in sight. Like many Britons that day, Stevie wouldn't turn up the opportunity to soak up some UV and to release some Vitamin D.

Lee roused from his sleep at 10am but until then had made the most of his time lying around in bed, daydreaming and thinking about things recently said. When he finally washed up and got dressed and went on the hunt for food.

'Hey baby,' he heard her say. Stevie sauntered in from the back garden through the conservatory, and now stood behind him as he pulled milk from the fridge. 'Enjoy your sleep?'

He turned around, suddenly clutching the milk bottle a little harder. His mouth open, the original question had mysteriously evaded him. 'Hey,' he managed to say back.

Her black short shorts, the ones she sometimes wore to the gym, and which left so little thigh to the imagination, were not all that got his tongue tied. Leaving little else unseen, she wore a black ruffly Brazilian bikini top. Her unforgettable tits were almost bursting out of that thing.

'Come out and sunbathe with me after you're done here,' she suggested. 'You could do with some sunshine.' A restrained smile escaped from behind her sunglasses before

she grabbed the bottle of sunscreen from the worktop and sauntered back out again.

He followed ten minutes later, high on life and the sugar from his Kellogg's Frosties. 'It's not even that hot,' Lee noted. 'Aren't you going to get cold?'

'I like it like this. I won't burn so easy,' Stevie replied, now sitting in her sun lounger and eagerly warming a blob of sunscreen between her palms, which caused her bikini-clad tits to jiggle quite tantalisingly.

Beside her sat another sun lounger. She had already thought of Lee before his return to the land of the living, clearly. Now as she rubbed the lotion into her legs, she asked; 'Help me rub this lotion in?'

Lee hesitated. Should he, shouldn't he...

'You know, you've already practically had me naked all over you,' Stevie remarked, and all the while that faint smile remained.

And maybe that signified why Lee was reluctant now, even after his bold moves lately. After having her naked wet body pressed up against his naked wet body, and the resulting developments, what was going to happen here other than Lee getting hard again in front of her?

His shorts were getting a little tighter just thinking about it. Meanwhile Stevie had covered her arms too and was adjusting her seat so that she could lie down. Handing him the bottle, he realised that he really had no choice, and didn't particularly want a choice.

4

On the recommendation of his mother, Lee started at the ankles. He was at the back of her knees when she told him to slow down. 'You just want to get felt up,' he accused, to which she scoffed, and then giggled mischievously.

'There's no point in using sun screen if you're not going to work it properly into my skin,' Stevie claimed. He didn't

know about that, but as he approached the softer flesh of her thighs, Lee slowed down to a languid pace, at which point it became more a massage.

She purred approvingly. His cock twitched approvingly at the same time. There was an utterly filthy moment that crossed his mind. Lee didn't even realise that he was now high up in her thighs and slipping in between.

'Oh,' Stevie gasped before she could stop herself. Her body would not forget the sensations she felt for a while now. She pursed her lips and breathed deeply, letting out a sigh of contentment as his hands moved to the small of her back.

'You should give me a massage some time,' she suggested dreamily. 'You have a really nice touch.'

He warmed more lotion in his hands before moving higher, noting how smooth her skin was. Only the lotion itself provided any resistance when it lost its slippery sheen and soaked in deep.

And up the ridge of her spinal muscles his thumbs rutted, his fingers spanned like wings. Lee's hand rode over the knot of his mother's bikini and resumed again at her shoulders. Hearing her slight gasps and moans of approval, which were now coming more frequently, he was growing harder.

When he finished at her shoulders, now shiny and flawless in the sun like polished alabaster, Stevie decided it was time to pay him back. Fancy telling his mother, while they were both under the influence, that she wished she had the cock in his hand - which she couldn't deny.

'That was so good,' Stevie purred, lifting her head and looking over her shoulder at him. She looked down and saw him bulging, though he didn't know at the time how obvious it had been. Swallowing dryly, Stevie turned on her side and lifted her sunglasses so they could see eye to eye.

'With hands that good I'd even let you do my boobs if you want...'

'Err...' Lee was again lost for words. So Stevie carried on. Looking down at her plentiful cleavage, she began to apply her own, realising that she'd forgotten them completely. 'I might get in a bit of topless bathing actually. Why don't you grab a seat and join me?'

'Maybe in a bit,' he finally managed to say, tearing his eyes away. He excused himself then to go make a coffee. He wasn't quite awake yet. And judging by the current conversation, maybe he was still dreaming.

5

The irresistible aroma of freshly ground coffee! Maybe not as irresistible as the thought of rubbing lotion into the greatest pair of tits on earth, even if they belonged to his mother, Lee's heart machine-gunned, his knees weak, as he tried to will his erection away.

Again he didn't see her coming in, and he didn't hear her because she was barefoot and barely clothed. All he did see, while he waited for his rich black brew, was his mother's

flimsy black Brazilian bikini land on the worktop beside him.

'Close your eyes,' she said, her seemingly feather-light hands now resting on his shoulders. Lee gulped, his heart stammering, and a croak escaped his lips.

'Oh god...'

But her laugh sounded so sweet. Surely there was no great intention in what she was doing here, other than playing another of her heart-pounding pranks.

'Are they closed?'

'Yes.'

'Turn around,' she commanded, twirling him carefully by the shoulders, until his back was up against the worktop. 'Now hold out your hands, palms up...'

Then came the all too familiar sound of that plastic sun screen bottle, its gloopy contents churning back and forth as Stevie shook vigorously. And then the sensation of the cool lotion filling each palm, one at a time.

'Mum, you're f-

She shushed him, her hands now guiding his by the wrists, to turn upward facing out. And then her full firm tits filled his hands, slipping and sliding as the lotion warmed. Stevie jiggled playfully, her nipples hard and tickling his palms.

Lee almost came.

'You can open your eyes now,' she chuckled wickedly, thrilled by his initial physical response, and then; 'You've seen them enough.'

Lee softly exclaimed, his eyes begging "why?" and his mother's glinted with humour and mischief. Instead he uttered a guttural moan, before his eyes became transfixed at the sight of her naked tits in his oily, slippery hands.

Lee instinctively pulled away, though backed up against the kitchen worktop. His hands repelled, his mind and body at conflict. Before his eyes in that instant was his topless, big-breasted mother, an undeniably surreal sight, and yet she felt innately sexually stimulating in his hands.

Before he could pull away more than three inches, her lightning-swift hands caught his by the wrists and redirected them back onto her warm, fleshy orbs. He held fast, but as she arched her back and heaved into him, her slippery tits simply slipped back into his palms again.

'Oofff,' she softly gasped, secretly becoming aroused as his flesh glided all over her, and with no resistance other than his fading reluctance.

And then Stevie was helping out, getting the spots that his hands hadn't yet covered, her face a mask of sudden concentration. 'That's it, get it in nice and deep,' she encouraged. Jesus, the sight of his hands wrapped around her tits. It led quickly to other lurid imaginings.

Stiffly, Lee held his breath, rather watching as his hands now seemed to work slowly of their own accord, massaging the lotion into his mother's naked breasts. His cock was now so hard that it hurt.

'Good job,' she said curtly, as if awaking from deep thought, before reaching over him for her bikini top again. And like that the moment was so easily dispelled. But his hands didn't pull away. She reached in for a kiss, right on the lips, her own hands roaming delicately over his, squeezing them tight, and with a loving look in her eyes. 'That's my boy!'

And then she froze, seemingly staring into him. His hands still cupping her breasts, as if suspended in time, and hers still on his, that look seemed to radiate and to glow. 'Mhhh,' she sighed and frankly said, 'and you can do that again...'

And again she placed a peck on his lips. Lee, his own lips parted in shock, unwittingly caught hers - soft and light like butterflies connecting mid-flight. Stevie licked her lips, grinned, and walked away, twirling the bikini top between her fingers.

Coffee or not, Lee was now awake.

6

Beyond that afternoon's shocker of an exhibition, the rest of the day was a blur of dirty jokes and affectionate touching. Stevie had honestly shocked herself queer with how bold she had dared to be and how excited it left her. She was high on getting her son hot. The fact that they could even put it to bed with a joke left her giddy like a crushing teen.

Mid-evening they say watching Netflix - or at least Lee did as his mother say curled up beside him, reading from her Kindle. Noting the looks she gave him every time he looked over to see whether she was still reading, or watching the TV, curiosity slowly began to get the better of him until he had to ask.

'What are you reading that's got you grinning at me now?'

'Oh you probably don't want to know,' Stevie hinted with an air of suspense. But curiosity was no different between cats and humans. Interest a man enough and he'll follow his curiosity to the death.

'Go on, let me see,' he insisted, apprehensively. Stevie held the Kindle book close to her chest, as if to guard it, and with a guilty smile. 'You're reading your filthy mommy porn, aren't you?' he intuited, to which she laughed guiltily as ever.

'No.'

'Oh sure, that was convincing.'

'Maybe,' she reiterated hopelessly.

'I thought you saved that stuff until bedtime,' he remarked, his face feeling familiarly warmer, and maybe a little redder, once again.

'You don't mind do you?' his mother asked. Not that she cared. She could do what she wanted, he had told her that himself. Slowly Lee shook his head.

'Do you ever read stuff like this?' she searched.

'Not really,' he muttered evasively. Bullshit! Stevie's expression said the same.

'Not really, like "kind of" or "not saying"?'

'What does that even mean?' Lee laughed defensively, reddening as he tried to outstare her. It wasn't working.

'Well do you?'

Lee shrugged, earning him a stifled but no less critical snort. 'Here,' she said, offering him the Kindle book with a steady hand. 'Read some and tell me what you think...'

Apprehensively as ever, Lee took it and viewed the page his mother was currently at. Skimming over the paragraphs - he could never pay full attention when the attention was on him - it didn't take long before he could home in on the real smut. His mother's very presence bore into him, never mind her watchful gaze.

7

"With a loving smile and a knowing nod, Julia guided her son's stiff length to part her quivering wet sex, into the place he was born from only twenty years ago, and with an ecstatic gasp she braced him as he slid all the way deep..."

'Fucking hell,' he thought, aroused almost instantly by what he saw. Lee looked to his mother, who had that same knowing smile on her face as she gazed intently upon catching his eyes. He read on a little, his face a picture of ever-growing curiosity and deepening fascination.

"My son is fucking me,' Julia's mind cried out, as a helpless shivering moan escaped her lips. And as he bottomed out inside her, she involuntarily caved in around him. All these

years of unrequited love and lust having built up inside, and now she felt like she might implode..."

He almost couldn't look back at her when he asked, 'and this is what you read when you're thinking of...'

He couldn't even say it. There lay another boundary and now Stevie could see it as clear as day in him. Despite all their flirting and the growing physical affection between them, they hadn't really dared or considered talking about sex, and especially about the taboo and fantasy of incest; specifically between mothers and their sons.

'Tell him! Just say it!' Stevie's mind almost screamed. She swallowed dryly. 'Yup,' she said quickly and quietly. Again, such a thrill. Finally they were talking about it, the fantasy element of her innermost desire. She felt giddy with nerves.

'I can see why.'

What?

'You can?'

'It's very...'

'Graphic?' Stevie intuited, still gazing. Well, graphic was the word on her mind because that's how she liked her stories - undeniably and irresistibly graphic and erotic. A writer who could conjure love and lust, deep emotional and sexual intercourse between a mother and her son, was a different kind of beast to the mainstream merchants of cliché.

Something made Stevie break eye contact with Lee then, which gave him the air to breathe to be able to say what he said next. She too appreciated a breath of relief.

'So what do you think of reading about a mother having sex with her son?' she asked next. 'Shocking?'

'Not really,' he replied quickly.

Stevie delved deeper. 'Alluring then?'

'You could put it like that,' he supposed, not wanting to tell her that he found it arousing. How do you tell your mother these things?

Stevie smiled her pleasant surprise. 'Honestly,' she admitted, 'the sex is better than any romance novel. Maybe it's the taboo. Maybe it's because the love is meant to be stronger.'

'Or because you're not supposed to want them to have sex, but you can't help but want them to,' Lee added his own two cents.

Stevie's eyes opened wide in honest surprise. 'Wow, and that...'

'I mean it's just good that you don't feel guilty about it anymore, and that you can enjoy just being yourself. That's all I ever wanted for you...'

Stevie warmed considerably inside, and felt her heart melt. He had been right after all, and this was the first time she'd really had a chance to accept that, and in his presence. If anything, to be so open was a compliment to the fact in itself, but now maybe they could admit anything.

Lee was now smiling at her and their eyes locked for a good long time before anything else was said. 'You know that nobody else in the world has a son like you?' Stevie complimented.

'But I do wonder how many mums sit reading incest erotica right next to their sons, looking at them every couple pages like they're replacing certain visual descriptions,' Lee raced to add before any denominators could cut him down.

Stevie blushed and closed her eyes. 'Okay Sherlock, fair game,' she replied, which easily translated as "you got me". And then she dared to ask; 'How does that make you feel - knowing?'

In fact; 'How does it make you feel knowing that I fantasise about you sexually?'

'You know what I think,' he said, forgetting that the shoe was once on the other foot, regarding a similar conversation.

'I asked how you feel,' she corrected him kindly. 'It's okay,' she cooed disarmingly when he became shy. 'I'm not going to bite. Tell me. I've never asked.'

'I only ever feel loved, mum,' he assured her. 'Just sometimes a little harder...'

'You feel loved harder or your cock feels harder?' Stevie asked before they wound up giggling together. Yes, though, his cock had been noticeably hard as of late.

'Okay, both,' he actually dared to admit. That was a revelation in itself to Stevie, who suddenly found herself looking at him differently. Lee noticed.

But it wasn't like he could deny it anymore, especially seeing as he was almost constantly hard in her presence, or

whenever she had left him alone with food for thought. Stevie radiated heat from her sorely dimpled cheeks now as he battled with his words. 'It can just be a lot to take in.'

'So could you, big boy,' she wanted to say. She chose a more daring choice of words instead.

'But when it's in...' Stevie smirked a little and held her silence, revelling in the awkwardness she had caused. The double-entendre had hit its mark.

And still she was not done shocking the both of them yet with her newfound honesty. Stevie was on a roll now. It was all rolling off the tongue now. 'When I was trying to find the words to express what I felt... you know... when I'd walked in on you masturbating...'

'Oh Jesus,' Lee groaned. 'Not this again.' He rolled his eyes in response.

Stevie, feet up beside her, kicked him in the thigh, causing him to rock. 'No, look at me,' she insisted, and he did.

'I wrote it down to un-jumble my mind. Of course I considered maybe letting you read that, but it descended into utter filth. I didn't know if it would be so inappropriate that it would make me out to be some desperate freak. I'm pretty sure you wouldn't want to read something like that!'

Silence!

'You wouldn't want to read your mum's fantasies, would you,' Stevie exclaimed rather than asking. Lee's continued silence held her in suspense. 'That's really all they are,' she remarked nonchalantly.

'They just happen to be fantasies about you,' she wanted to add. However his expression read nothing of dismissal or rejection. Maybe he simply couldn't sum up the nerve to say so, but he clearly appeared fascinated.

'You did just let me read what was on your Kindle,' he said, trying to justify his building curiosity. Oh good lord, he did want to.

'That's different,' Stevie warned. He considered. 'This,' she said, holding up the device in her hand, 'is fictional fantasy.' She could have stressed the point more, but she didn't want to scare him. She wanted his curiosity.

'What's the difference?'

'I didn't write this. What I wrote is strictly between you and me, and it isn't just a hint to what goes on in my filthy imagination, Lee. It's a confession of complicated feelings that I've had to contend with. It's a confession of how I feel about you, and us, when I consider that I'm not the only one with a... virile imagination.'

With those two last words she smiled coolly, trying to hide the rising heat she felt within. His eyebrows arched, his eyes diverting to the Kindle she waved between them. Again he looked at his mother and shrugged.

'Okay I guess...'

Was it? Of course it wasn't.

'It could be one confession too far. It could change everything, like the way you see me, and the way you speak to me,' Stevie explained, revealing deeper concerns all the while. 'Though I'd like to think that we can be adults about it and maybe talk about it, I do worry that I could push you away.'

'Well I'm still here, aren't I,' Lee offered. And yes, Stevie supposed he had a good point. Looking back it was a surprise that he hadn't run for the hills the day this all began to pour out.

She nodded slowly. 'Yes you are.' After a pregnant pause she asked; 'Would you want to read what I really feel and think about? I'd be happy to let you, if you wanted to...'

'Do you think I should?' Lee asked, and left it entirely up to his mother.

After careful consideration, Stevie contained herself and then nodded, as if also to herself. If anything it would knock down one more boundary between them, and maybe the greatest of all. 'If you can answer me this...'

'Okay,' he affirmed, waiting.

'Do you think you could handle discussing it with me after you've read it?'

'Of course, mum,' he assured her.

8

Midnight passed and she wrote like a woman possessed, her fingertips speeding across the keyboard like those of a concert pianist. Propped up against the headboard of her bed, in a fortress of pillows, the laptop rested hot against her thighs.

It seemed all the more intimate that she rewrote her confession for Lee, wearing nothing but a pair of boy shorts so flimsy that they felt like nothing at all.

Laid out as naked as her thoughts and feelings, once again her willpower failed as she attempted to keep it as frank and heartfelt as possible. Frank and heartfelt was not in fact possible, not without giving way to lurid, daring honesty.

And as lam passed she sat proofing and editing her confessional to her son, knowing that if anything it would give them more than just something to explore in words.

But if they were going to open up to each other, she was adamant that this was the way forward. What she couldn't say face to face, at least right now, she could at least express on the page and let him consider it in his own time, and in the privacy of his own room.

Stevie began to imagine the effect it would have on him, and that in turn began to have an effect on her that would not be denied. Happy for now with what she had written, she saved her progress and locked away the document,

sliding the laptop to the side of the bed, and then slipped out of her shorts.

Opening her thighs, she traced a line down her tummy and into that familiarly dangerous territory, and closed her eyes to think about the talk that might come of this. And she wondered if her fantasies and his were so different, in ways other than personal perspective.

So-called experts claimed that men, "in the bedroom", were more visually stimulated, while women derived greater pleasure from the emotional aspects of sex.

If that was true then how did youth and promiscuous sex account for the best years of so many women's lives? Instead it likely accounted for so much misery today. There could be no double-standards in love and sexual satisfaction.

Get it while it lasts!

Stevie loved her son deeply, but deeply was the operative word when it came to fantasising about being sexual with him. The visions of him sliding that stiff bully of hers into her juicy depths, and of the body language between them in the heat of such moments, had her clit hard as a bullet.

She would want to see him pumping his hips to drive that hard cock inside her. She would want to see the frenzied state she could whip him into as she got on top and took control. She would want to look down and see herself bearing down on his shaft, feeling herself melt around his throbbing length and girth.

The knowledge that he saw this in his own mind as he wrapped his hand around that magnificent thing and thought of her...

She came quickly that night, and in quick succession too. Her body already stiff with suspense, the knowledge that her words had the power to change everything intensified the sensations she caused herself - deep desire, love and fear, all concentrated into one hard drug.

Whereas she had fantasised about sex with him so many times, frequently and vigorously - and it was no secret now that he did the same about her - this now brought into question the possibility, and probability, of the real thing.

And she would want to be able to reach a point where they could sit together and talk about the real thing. By the rule of escalation, that was the rule of sexual fantasy and attraction.

That was why most boys and girls grew out of experiencing such desires for their parents, but he hadn't. Stevie having that desire for her son, another improbability once upon a time, was what drove them this far.

And now god only knew what came next if not this.

Chapter 8

Stevie

So, something happened recently that turned my world upside down. You might be embarrassed reading this, but judging by the very fact that you're reading this because you want to, that gives me reason to believe that I'm worrying too much.

For a long time now I've been watching, very aware of the man that you've developed into. You already know all the things I've gotten off my chest as of late. And still you might not know just how much I appreciate your company, your presence – and you just being you.

My son is a handsome young man, and quite the stud. I often indulge in a little fantasy with him in mind. You might be surprised how many mums do. But I can't imagine that many of them have discovered their adult sons mutually fantasising about them.

I already confessed that I was motivated to bedding you on your 18th birthday. Still, I can't quite reason or justify why, but I'd like this to be the very last time I ever bring that up. I want to forget where my mind was back then. I was vulnerable. We were both vulnerable.

But in light of recent difficulties, taking the weight of my secrets off my shoulders and confessing almost everything on the matter uncovered secrets even I wasn't prepared for. Clearly whatever has happened between us has developed feelings, and fixations, that neither of us could have expected.

That's what I assume, at least. I can only hope that you tell me I'm right, or else talk to me about it.

One night not so long ago, while the subject was raised once more, you too confessed to me that if we'd indeed had sex on your 18th, it would have been 100% consensual between us. Not only that – it still would be.

That was quite the bombshell. If I wasn't the person that I am, I don't think we'd be where we are today. I can imagine

there are a lot of disowned men out in the world as a result of similar confessions and conflicted emotions.

To me, it affirmed a possibility that I was not so crazy. It scared me, but like falling into the dark only to find your feet, discovering that I wasn't to fall so far, it brought unbelievable relief in the end.

I'm certain that you were careful enough with your words to know the implications. Did you really mean to say that you still would consider sex with your mother now? I never asked. I never dared. I still wonder if you had any idea the impact that had on me.

Since that night I've let the direction of our relationship speak for itself, and although nothing has been said directly on the matter since, we've been closer than ever as a family, but also undeniably more playful and flirtatious.

2

But let's go back to that moment in time...

Hearing, with my own ears, and right from the horse's mouth, my adult son felt the same, and sometimes thought of the same things as me. How does a normal mother get her head around the confession that her son would have sex with her – let alone the likes of me?

Feeling loved and protected as you slept next to me, I just let it be and drifted off. The next morning I woke up early, looked at you sleeping beside me, and I just didn't know how to feel. Everything felt different. I wasn't even sure I was seeing you through my own eyes, and I know that probably makes no sense.

It was early, but still I longed to know more. Confused, I longed to hear you say those same words again, as if hearing them by daylight might confirm that they were real. Unable to blow off the steam of such revelation, and the frustration it caused, I got quietly dressed for the gym and left you to sleep in my bed.

(If I'd have been alone, though, I know what I'd have done about the frustration part.)

Later I returned home. I didn't see or hear you around. I figured that you weren't home, so I wandered upstairs to get dressed for the day. And that was when I heard it. I heard you talking to yourself, your breathing laboured.

Okay so you were home, I guess. It seemed strange that you were working out without music. Boy did I get a shock when I saw with my own eyes how wrong I was about what you were doing in your bedroom...

3

There I was, frozen to the spot. You had no idea I was there. Have you ever felt real shock, the kind that leaves you breathless and shaking, unable to think for yourself?

After what we had talked about that night, now here you were, your frankly gorgeous cock in your hand, hard as a rock while you feverishly masturbated yourself to kingdom come. My heart in my throat, it dropped like a brick when I watched you spit into your hand and lubricate yourself.

You could have used a little more!

As if I wasn't already shocked enough, as I found myself in awe of that incredibly erotic sight, then you muttered the word "Mum". 'There it was,' I thought. 'He really does still think of me the way I think of him.' And in that moment I knew I was not done confessing my secrets to you.

"Do you even know what you're doing to me, mum?" I believe you pleaded as you neared your impressive climax. By then I was leaning weakly against the doorframe, and ready to collapse. I could not look away and I didn't want to.

Now most mums would have walked away. Others might have panicked. I did neither. Instead I stood there and fuelled fantasy, now realising that you were telling the truth. Bearing in mind the things said between us, so many deep desires were awoken in me at that point.

It was like a religious experience, an undescrivable awakening, and one that I would never forget. Just thinking of your hard cock the way I've seen it (several times now). But moving on for now, I knew as I crept away that I had things to tell you.

4

Did I tell you?

I can't remember. I've said a lot since then. Against all odds I managed to let you know that not only had I seen and heard you masturbating as you thought of me (knowing that you were imagining having sex with me), but that I approved of it. I was more than okay with it and I knew that you knew why!

Well, maybe now is as good a time as any to say it directly. Son, you can fantasise about me any time. If it's okay by you that I think about having sex with you, then by all means put that imagination of yours, and that beautiful hard-on, to good use.

Ever since that day we've developed an easier relationship, a closer one that I hope has been as fulfilling to you as it has been to me. You make me laugh so much. You're so laid back and confident and mature when you need to be, and yet I love that we can play around and be childish.

Since then the anxiety has been melting away, and yet here I am being openly flirtatious, showing off and touching you – being more affectionate and, I suppose, just loving you as much as I'd always have liked.

This lifetime kink of mine has brought me nightmares up until now. But to show how blessed I truly am with you, your blessing has allowed me to be at peace with what I am. And that too is 100% consensual, because you too are the happiest I've ever seen you.

That makes me a little apprehensive for what comes next!

Here it comes...

I love you so much. I couldn't have asked for a better son. I know I've not been able to give you the childhood that most healthy boys have, but I think you've turned out okay under the circumstances. And I know you didn't have the most ordinary teenage life either.

You've seen me as a woman, not just as a mother. There's no use ignoring the fact that you've also seen me as a sex object too. But regardless you never treated me any lesser for it. Where your maturity comes from still stuns me sometimes.

But you are the man of the house, and not just my son – my blood. Maybe that's why we are the way we are. Who knows?

But fantasising about you feels like an extension of our family, an affirmation of the fact that we aren't restricted and distanced by the standards of other people; and by the fact that we're just not like other people.

As you said yourself, I only feel loved, and sometimes a little harder.

Not just wanting to think of you that way... but actually wanting you that way and knowing that it's okay by you, this is not familiar territory or something you can speak to other people about, and so it gives me a lot to think about, and tells me that it's not something I can ignore and hope it goes away.

And I don't want it to go away!

I fantasise about us a lot. You already know that I do, but you've never heard me say how much I do. You've just been the target of my suggestive little pranks up until now, and that might give you a hint here and there as to how open-minded I really am.

I see you hard in your pants so often (and because of me) that I know I have the same effect on you, and so I figure honesty can only help you to see it from my point of view.

Those kisses we shared in the kitchen that night – after I confessed that I saw you in bed – got me so fucking hot, and yet so scared, thinking how close we might have come to crossing that huge line over into forbidden territory.

The real thing!

Could you imagine the two of us having sex?

I'd be amazed if you managed to simply laugh off the thought. Fantasy is one thing. Seeing the real thing coming so dangerously close changes the way you see everything, because on one hand, yes, sex is just sex – a fun activity between two people who love each other – but wanting it with your son is a big fucking deal.

I had to stop and think for a while, to try to break through from emotion into logic, to try to see the man I knew through the man that I was seeing. Or else when I came into your room to say goodnight, and kissed you again just like that...

You are such a sweet kisser by the way!

I did however retire to my room where I toyed myself to the most intense orgasms, thinking about the two of us fucking in that super-aroused state. I couldn't begin to imagine trying to handle the real thing for how intense my feelings were, despite obsessing over how it would feel, emotionally and physically.

Boundaries were falling. Things had really changed in such a short space of time. Whereas I would otherwise read one of my erotic stories and imagine you and I as the characters, now I was fantasising directly about you and I, about what had very nearly happened.

I began to look for ways to fuel those desires in me, and sought ways to flirt with you, to see what brick wall I'd slam up against next. I've been sort of a one track mind as of late as a result, just bouncing away at our boundaries.

You've no idea the fires you stoke when you look at my body that way you do. You've no idea how hot it made me when I found my wet naked body pressed shivering against yours in the changing cubicle at the baths.

And when I had you massage lotion into my tits, on a dizzying whim that even shocked me, I used and abused the fantasies that came as a result. The most shocking thing was that I'm glad. After our little massage on the sun lounger, that was the sexiest I'd felt in a long time.

And I've been trying to let you know that it's okay to feel the way you feel about me. I feel I have to remind you so that you don't ever retreat into your shell the way I had.

6

So, your mother fantasises about having sex with you a lot. You're her number one fantasy and it can be quite the distraction. I also think a lot about the fact that you enjoy knowing it. I think about the fact that knowing it makes you think of me that way too. I'm happy!

And I feel like we can be open and frank enough not to shy away from it anymore, or feel like it's wrong. You're a man, I'm a woman. You're attractive and you make me feel so sexy sometimes. Open-minded as we are, these things happen naturally.

Do I love you too much? Do you maybe feel the same way lately? These are things I think about too, but we won't know if we don't talk about it.

So I think we should talk more about it and continue to be honest with our thoughts and feelings. But for now I want you know that I feel it's more than okay for you to see me that way. I want you to.

If you want to see me sexually, as a woman or even particularly as your mother, then consider this my official blessing. The thought of you admiring me, desiring me, would make me more than happy.

So I'm going to leave this here and then I'm going to slip out of my panties, and I'm going to imagine you on top of me, if that's okay. I love so many sex positions, but when I think of us I most often think about us being able to look into each others' eyes, intimately exploring the forbidden together while we share what other mothers and their sons can't.

Prudes!

And I know how much you love my tits, so no doubt you'll be sucking on them while that big fat cock of yours slides deep inside your mum's soaked pussy, fitting so snugly you'd think we were made for each other.

Imagine that!

Even before we consider how much spunk you can produce when you're so wound up thinking about me, I would be squishing and splishing as my son's gorgeous hard cock plunged in and out of me, bringing the two of us to absurd levels of sexual ecstasy. Wouldn't that be just the most insane out of this world experience?

Let me know what you think... ;-)

Lots of love and kisses;

Mum

xXx

P.S. – Feel free to borrow my Kindle anytime X

Chapter 9

1

Home!

There's no place like home...

A long day at work, dinner and drinks leading to yet more drinks, and 8pm felt more like 11pm. Stevie was so tired. Her body ached. As good as the company was she could not wait to get home and relax. Wasn't that what everybody wanted, other than to not have to wake up and work another day?

Well, everybody wanted different things, and some people liked to make it clear -- such as Dennis, the office mail man. Stevie had gratefully given him the slip, before he made fools of the both of them. Walking into central, she managed to hop straight onto a train in time, and found a row of empty seats, which she took full advantage of.

The train ride back was thankfully quiet and uneventful, too. Nobody bothered her, or dared to steal her out of her weary reverie, as some hopeless man often might.

And still the faintest light radiated from the horizon looking out over the river as a brooding twilight rain began to spatter the windows. Twenty minutes passed as she sat deep in thought. Alcohol had that effect, along with coaxing certain inhibitions out of the way.

She found herself thinking of her son, Lee, and wondered what he'd be doing now. It would be nice if he was at home, at least. It wasn't good to be home alone after a drink. She wasn't particularly drunk but loneliness under the influence was still unpleasant.

Lee also had a way of making her forget how tired she felt sometimes. Just his presence made her feel good. And likewise, just the thought of him made her happy. Like her deeper thoughts, the docks faded into the distance behind her as home came closer.

And as the tunnel taking the end carriage's passengers deeper into the suburbs whooshed around them, the lights predictably flickering and failing, temporarily immersing them in sinister darkness, Stevie closed her eyes momentarily and clicked her heels together.

'We're not in Kansas anymore, Dorothy,' her inner voice harped. Silly -- Stevie had never been in Kansas. Wherever the storm had taken her in life was her home.

Ironically, as the doors parted before her at the local station, the wind and rain were there to push her the rest of the way back to the house. Wet and cold, she was at least grateful to see his bedroom light on.

2

It only took a moment for Stevie to recognise Blackmail the Universe thumping familiarly through the ceiling from Lee's bedroom. What's hers was his and classic Megadeth was no exception -- the Megadeth before Mustaine and Metallica's feud led to trendy posturing and comparatively soft rock.

Still, hearing Megadeth blaring from his bedroom system sub-woofers made her laugh to herself. It might only have been workout music to him, eight or nine times out of ten, but he did not look the part.

Never in his life had he worn a denim cut-off camouflaged with band patches and buttons. He didn't have a tattoo or a piercing either, and he never grew his hair long.

She threw her jacket over the banister and climbed the stairs, announcing her return with a tired and bewildered look, her hair damp and blown halfway over her face. Twenty lbs in each hand, Lee stood there topless, his arms and chest rippling as he worked through the curls.

Weary but transfixed nonetheless, Stevie slumped tiredly onto the edge of his bed and watched a moment. 'Fwoar,' she voiced her approval loudly over the music. 'Look at all those lovely muscles.'

'Looking a bit windswept,' Lee observed, his skin glowing with perspiration. He'd been at it a while but showed no sign of stopping.

'I need a favour,' Stevie said and lazily wiggled her suede-booted feet. They were so tired and sore. 'Can you unzip me, please?'

Lee carefully set down the dumbbells on the place mat at his feet, dutifully approaching his mother to kneel at her feet. Carefully he unzipped her boots and helped her slip out of them, one at a time, as she groaned her appreciation.

'I'll grab a quick shower before you finish here and put out fresh towels for you,' she said, more or less thinking to herself. What else? Had he eaten? 'Did you cook for yourself?'

Lee shook his head. 'I'll eat in a bit,' he dismissed, preferring not to work out on a full stomach.

'I'll make you something then. Let me know when you're going to have your shower, and I'll get it started.'

Stevie stood up and kissed him on the lips, sneaking her hands out to tickle his ribs before laying a light smack on his hard flat stomach. Laughing, Lee flinched and pulled away. 'You sexy boy, you,' she remarked before grabbing her boots to leave.

A sudden sharp pain stung her right butt cheek then, from out of nowhere, and it came with a loud whipping crack. Reeling, Stevie turned back to see him grinning, laughing, cowering away as the palm of his guilty hand now reddened.

'Cheeky fucker,' she scolded. Her blushing face was a picture of surprise -- not all bad. Nobody had spanked her in such a long time, and she hadn't expected it from him. All of a sudden she was lost, her thoughts scattered.

After her long day and the brief but unpleasant encounter with the unexpected weather, a hot shower and a warm towel was nothing short of luxury. Stevie liberally moisturised her naked body as the last of the shower's steam escaped through the partly opened bathroom window.

Something had motivated her to shave her pussy that evening too, and she had done away with the lot, now leaving her bald and smooth and feeling all the more naked for it. One foot hitched up onto the edge of the bathtub, now she carefully applied some of her son's aftershave balm, ever so slowly rubbing it in a little deeper than was necessary.

She had to dismiss herself before she would get carried away and forget the time. Lee might have been waiting for her to finish. Dutifully replacing the towels, she slipped into a pair of soft pink cotton pyjama bottoms and a white cotton tank top, before making her way downstairs.

'Protein,' she said to herself thoughtfully, bee-lining for the kitchen to search the fridge. And come to think of it she was

a little hungry herself, post-drinks. Lee wouldn't be long now. She could hear him getting undressed in the bathroom directly above.

4

Utterly stuffed, Lee put down the fork on his empty plate, nothing remaining other than a drop of garlic and parsley butter and the slight kerb of seared fat that he'd sliced from the side of his ribeye steak.

Having heard of the day's events, and the advances of Den the mail man, he groaned gratefully of his sated appetite and sat there a moment before gathering the plates and taking them to the sink.

'Digest first, love,' Stevie insisted, but to no avail. Quietly she observed that her nipples were poking out through her tank top and pulled the garment down at the bottom to see how the fabric stretched over her boobs -- never a bad time to appreciate what she had.

'I wouldn't mind. I can laugh it off. I often have to,' she continued on the previous matter. 'But he wasn't taking the hint. I could have slapped him one!'

'Maybe you should have,' Lee suggested as he sped through the washing. At the kitchen sink he was all elbows. Stevie watched, her eyes trained on his working triceps, bare and shadowed against the overhead light.

He was wearing sweatpants and a nicely fitting vest, which showed off his strong torso. At his shoulders his laterals were quite pronounced, even through the thick cotton.

What was she talking about again?

'Well the moment he thought he was in with a chance I realised I'd made a mistake leading him on.'

'But the moment it became obvious it was just a joke, he should have accepted it,' Lee justified.

'Hmm,' Stevie agreed, nodding.

'So you don't like him, then?' he joked, towelling off the plates and pans.

Stevie didn't have much to think about. 'I preferred him before he got lonely and desperate,' she admitted tiredly. 'When he was with someone else and I was just another face at the office.'

They retired to the warmth of the living room, Lee following his mother and secretly appreciating the shape and sway of her behind. 'So, you're not even going to take him up on a one-off?'

'What?' Stevie responded as though she had been insulted.

Lee laughed. 'Hit it and ditch it?'

'Nooooo,' she protested. He laughed harder. 'What kind of woman do you take me for?'

Lee sank into the sofa, watching how his mother picked up her Kindle and clutched at it before she too sank into her seat beside him, drawing her feet up to keep warm beneath her.

'Okay,' he accepted with a lax shrug of his strong bare shoulders.

'I might like sex more than most, but I don't use people for it. I think I've already said that,' Stevie said defensively. 'Besides, yeah, he's a bit of a tit!'

Again Lee laughed, reaching for the controls to the television. On the periphery of his vision, his mother flipped open the cover of her Kindle book and then cursively peeked up at him. 'Put on whatever you want,' she said. 'I'm just going to do some reading...'

Whatever was the deal with Hollywood, or whoever made the television these days, it should have struck Stevie as ironic that she didn't see the attraction with all the sex and nudity on show. It seemed that whatever the channel and whatever the show, if it was to entertain the grownups, it had to have fucking in nearly every episode.

Sometimes it was good. True Blood, the show about humans living with vampires and werewolves, seemed catered exactly to that. Game of Thrones, which was notably partial to a spot of incest, just wanted to shock people.

She felt otherwise that the diversity shows such as Sense8 and Orange is the New Black, were more or less out to use sex as a political soap box. They felt dishonest, like they were trying to disguise supply and demand as something relevant.

She now had no idea what her son was watching, but lo and behold, it wasn't long before somebody was at it. The scene was terribly overplayed, over-emphasised, and frankly laughable. She snorted from over the top of her Kindle, a

finger curled at her bottom lip as if she were hiding behind it.

Lee said nothing, but she had his attention, so she took her cue. 'This guy must be close to fifty years old and by the way he's humping up against her, you'd think he was a clueless virgin.'

She didn't realise that she was still inebriated, and therefore lacking inhibition. 'What, do you want them to show you where it goes?' he asked.

'No, I'd go to the internet for that,' Stevie replied frankly.

'You don't really need to, though,' he pointed out, nodding down at the device in her hand, and hinting at the pornographic tales she clearly liked enough to be reading as she sat right beside him.

Stevie smirked, snorted and shook her head. No, she supposed she didn't. 'Sex on television is just so corny sometimes. It's too theatrical to have an effect.'

'Is it supposed to?' he asked.

'What's the point otherwise?'

'True...'

And another thing that irritated her; 'The only time they put their backs into a kissing scene is when it's two women, as if people are still meant to be shocked by it. That used to be enough. Anyway I'll shut up now. I'm rambling.'

The television show was already forgotten though. Lee now sat staring at her, and Stevie couldn't shake him simply by resuming her reading. Nervously she looked up to him and offered a coy smile.

'Sorry...'

'No,' Lee now insisted, and agreed. 'You're right. It's cliché. There's no feeling to it.'

'Hmmm, exactly,' Stevie hummed. 'It's all business as usual isn't it? I mean I really love a nice snog,' she gushed, and didn't quite realise how it sounded. 'Not on the television. I miss having a good long snog, you know!'

The room got quiet. Lee was staring harder now, suppressing the urge to grin at his mother's uninhibited reverie. 'Oooh,' she crooned, slightly hunching her shoulders and gripping her Kindle book just a little tighter. 'Don't you?'

'Who? Me?'

'Who else?' she snickered.

'Well yeah, of course I do.'

Stevie scrunched up her nose as she smiled in response. 'Really?'

'Yeah who doesn't?' Lee questioned. Stevie regarded his rugged facial features, a balance of strong and smooth. She had kissed those ruddy lips of his a number of times -- enough times to know how they felt -- and felt a shiver.

'Corr, I bet you're a great snog as well,' she imagined, indulging herself shamelessly, and then for a moment too long she just gazed at him and took in his handsome looks. She wouldn't have minded finding out what it was like to really kiss him, and she had already come so close.

Lee shrugged as he thought about it briefly. 'I haven't had any complaints,' he said modestly.

'I bet you haven't,' Stevie agreed, and then; 'Not from me so far, anyway.'

Lee tensed and shifted, suddenly aware of how close they were sitting. Her body heat was unusually warm, and so much so that the side of him facing away from her felt much cooler. Then she winked at him before returning to her story.

Those blessed endorphins! Having worked out a little too close to midnight, Lee was still wide awake and feeling sleep was nowhere closer. He had grown bored of the late night offerings on the TV but was in no mood to go find anything else to do either.

Beside him Stevie had burned through another novella mostly skipping pages because she didn't want to get sucked in too deep with her son right there beside her. She could imagine being so absent minded and clumsy that she would have started to rub at herself through her pyjama bottoms right next to him.

Ironically she couldn't imagine that being normal. Instead, as she pretended to read, she ruminated secretly over certain thoughts. Seeing the time, though, she was sad to have to call it a night.

Accepting that destiny and time likely had it in for her -- daytime work hours crawling by so slowly, and yet time alone or with Lee flying by at an almost unnatural speed -- she arched her back and stiffened, stretching her arms up high until her spine creaked and cracked.

With a yawn, she turned to him and asked; 'What'll you do tonight then?'

Lee shook his head. He was not usually a night owl. He could easily have fixed a snack and smoked a bowl, and he still might have. He surprised her with; 'I'll probably surf the internet a bit in bed.'

'Hmm,' Stevie responded flatly. That probably meant that he'd end up watching porn and she knew him well enough to know it. There was something still on her mind though, and she was daring herself to put it out there.

'I err... I still have that thing I wrote,' she hinted and a silence fell between them. 'You remember what we talked about? Do you really want to read it?'

More silence...

Lee considered, or tried hard to look like he was giving it serious thought. In reality that thing had been the elephant in the room that he hadn't dared mention since his mother initially told him about it.

'Oh yeah, I could use a bit of erotic reading before I go to sleep,' he joked.

And then more silence...

'Okay, well, I can email that to you when I go upstairs,' Stevie said hesitantly, shifting to the edge of the sofa. And then she shifted a little closer to him with a familiar twinkle in her eye. Lee knew that look. He was becoming well accustomed to it now. What was the catch, he wondered.

'What?' he asked. A coy little smile now accompanied that twinkle.

'You have no idea,' she mouthed, and found herself fixated once again by his good looks. 'You'll look at me differently tomorrow.'

And boy was that a loaded statement, and he was starting to accept that this was a given with most circumstances these days. But considering what little he already knew, her words echoed.

'Actually maybe I should trade you while I still can,' Stevie pondered aloud, trying to keep a straight face.

'Hmm?' Lee was all ears, but then; 'Can you barter confessions?'

'Maybe I can, or maybe I'll just keep my secrets to myself from now on,' she teased. 'Depends on your response.'

Lee's response so far was reserved curiosity. Again, he wasn't saying no. So Stevie pushed the envelope. 'Trade you for a quick snog...'

Lee certainly responded to that! His gut rocked like a boat on a rocky sea -- with a sudden up and down that stole his breath. His cock began to respond too as he now stared uncertainly at his mischievous mother.

'How much did you have to drink?' he prodded. Maybe looks were deceiving, but then maybe she was soberer than she appeared on the contrary.

Stevie scoffed and stood her ground. 'Does it matter?'

Lee could admit to himself, but not to her, that as much as he would have liked to, the only thing stopping him was his nerves, and the erection quickly growing in his sweatpants, under which he wore absolutely nothing.

That didn't matter though, not to Stevie. Shifting closer, ever closer, they sat not eye to eye but almost nose to nose. She bit her lower lip, smoothing the vest over his shoulders and running her hands down his chest.

'Fancy a cheeky snog with your mum?' she asked again, and reeled in the wicked grin tugging at the corners of her eager lips.

7

Playful distancing was the key. The television off, nothing remained between them other than the soft thumping silence of each heartbeat playing to the inner ear. Her head tilted up, Stevie's eyes flitted between her son's eyes and his slightly parted lips.

Stevie shifted again, swivelling her hips and settling back down so that her entire body was now facing him. The warm palms of her hands ran down his smooth, strong arms until they found his hands, and by then she had gathered enough friction that their fingertips vibrated with static energy.

Suggestively she pulled at his right hand, hinting that he should turn a little more to face her head on. Taking the hint, Lee shifted his left knee up onto the sofa cushion and rested his left elbow over the back of the seat.

'You're really not kidding,' he deduced flatly.

Stevie shook her head, her blonde locks tickling his cheeks like feathers. 'Nope...'

Surely!

'And this wouldn't be weird?'

From his warm eyes to his full lips and back again, she was so close that the breath of his nostrils tickled her own lips. She chapped them together, licked them, and moved in by millimetres, inviting the gravity of their bodies to do the rest.

'Your mum just really fancies a snog right now,' she justified. 'Is that a bad thing?'

Taking his free hand in hers again, she considered maybe reminding him that riskier things had happened before

now by inviting him to touch her breasts. But then that would make matters riskier, defeating the object of getting an innocent little snog out of him.

Lee pouted. She chuckled quietly, breathing warmly against his lips. It was not necessarily alcohol Stevie had to thank for this, but rather Lee himself. And Lee was not answering her last question.

She sighed, exhaled so closely that it warmed his lips to hers. 'Okay you don't have to,' she whispered her false defeat. 'You wouldn't want to snog your old mum anyway.'

'Aw, that's not true,' he reacted, his left arm coming around her shoulders to draw her against him. Utterly surprised, Stevie smirked and looked into his eyes again, and once more hinted at his mouth.

'Okay then,' she said and anticipated him in silence.

Breaking free with his other hand, it seemed for a split-second that maybe he'd leave her hanging, but then he

touched the outside of her right thigh, and closed in the one-inch distance to plant an innocent kiss on her waiting lips.

It was fleeting, but soft and loving. It was over so soon, but the electric sensation that it caused remained. But Lee was not making steps to leave either. In fact he had only retreated to reclaim that one last inch.

Stevie hummed a little laugh. 'More please,' she whispered hoarsely. 1-2-3, just like he had done that night they had nearly gone over the edge, he surprised her with a little succession of kisses, and on the end of the last one she latched on to let it linger.

'Still not a snog,' Stevie hinted. She wanted a real kiss.

Just an innocent little kiss at first -- and another, and another -- now their lips were parted and sliding languidly until firmly clinched together. With a little suction, Stevie pulled away with a firmer kiss, and looked back up into his eyes, blushing.

'Warmer,' she beamed.

Her hands went down to his hips to hold on to him. Sighing her encouragement as casually as she could. But no longer would he let her tease him the way she had done so mercilessly. Out of the blue he decided that he would give as good as he got, and dared to melt away her innocent facade.

Lee reached in to test her, to see how serious she really was. His hands suddenly cupping each of her cheeks and holding her face right where he wanted it, he parted her hips suddenly with his own and engaged his mother in a full-on French kiss that verged on the sexual.

Stevie gasped into his mouth right in that instant and now it was her body flinching against his, and especially as his barely concealed hardness grazed against her belly and glanced off. With the tip of his tongue he traced a line across her top lip before sliding in between to find hers, and by god he found it.

Within seconds Lee ate away at any resistance that he or she felt, kissing his mother deep and slow, and before long her lips and tongue were responding playfully to his, and then fully reciprocating, hot and wet. Somebody was breathing heavily now, and the other's breaths soon became mutually synchronised.

Stevie lost herself, humming her delight, and then opening her eyes, they smiled their mischief at him, daring him further on. Sucking and smacking, their mouths worked hungrily for what might have been fifteen seconds or several long minutes.

And then gasping his mother finally pulled away, giggling; her face beet red. Stevie wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, eyes locked onto her son like a heat-guided missile, although clearly the only missile here was in his pants.

Breathlessly she giggled; 'Oh my god, you actually did!'

Cockily, Lee chapped his moist lips together and said, 'what's fair is fair!'

'Fucking hell,' she gushed her response, fighting for breath, and fanning her face with her hands. 'Okay...'

Another deep breath-

'Okay... you win!'

8

On unsteady legs Stevie hiked back up the stairs and retreated panting to her room. 'Goodnight,' she called out, her voice quivering, and shut the door behind her, dumbing the response that travelled back to her.

Her legs like jelly she crawled onto the bed and then over to the opposite side to retrieve her laptop from the floor by the bedside cabinet.

It was a simple thing, sending a document by email. Though a matter of a few easy steps -- log in, log on, upload,

and send -- Stevie seemed to take forever, as her trembling hands hesitated. Her whole body hesitated, now surging with ten times the adrenaline that the kiss alone had caused.

The word document simply titled "Thoughts" uploaded, she typed out a little accompanying letter in the hopes that it would help her to clear her mind before going through with it.

He would know everything once he read it. He would know more than any son could know about his mother. And once he knew what he would know when he read her confession, it really would change everything.

Gods be damned, his lips and tongue had just cleaved the last of her inhibitions like a warm knife through butter, and now it was clear to Stevie that she was inviting him to melt deeper, all the way in to the hilt.

"SEND"

Lee couldn't quite believe what had just happened. He couldn't believe that he would have the nerve to do what he'd done, although initially he had done it to play her one more time at her own game.

But the prank, if that's what it was, had led to seriously making out with his mother, and it was for those few moments the most sensuous and intense kiss of his life. That alone had changed everything, and now he sat staring at the emails via a blindingly bright phone touch-screen in the pitch black darkness of his bedroom.

'Goodnight,' she had called out on that unsteady voice, filled with humour and otherwise complete shock. And he had called back but wasn't sure if she'd heard him, because he was leaning halfway out of the window pulling hard on a stashed cigarette; the night rain pelting his face head-on.

His nerves had completely betrayed him. He was restless and fidgeting, not knowing what he would do with himself as far as the day tomorrow was concerned.

As of this moment, the moment of truth, Lee faced it with the blinding apprehension of a hormonal boy experiencing his first erection. What was happening? What was to come? What would his mother have to say?

Struggling out of his clothes, though they were few, Lee had jumped into bed naked and impossibly hard. But even for as long as he refused to touch himself, reading his mother's confession letter just made him feel stiffer and girthier.

Aroused like never before, adrenaline on full-surge, his breathing was ragged and shallow the moment his hand snaked around the shaft of his cock, and that was when Stevie wrote of her true feelings, and hinted at "the real thing" -- even suggesting that he share his own fantasies when they found the courage to talk about it.

But realising in full that it was not just fantasy, but that she really did want him that way, and was maybe trying to tell him that he could have her that way, beyond the pounding blood rushing through his ears, he swore he could hear her in the bedroom next door, right this minute.

As his eyes scanned the final heated paragraphs of that letter, telling him in such graphic detail of how she would be fantasising about him, knowing that he would be reading this, the close but stifled sounds of her panting and moaning betrayed that very truth.

Right now, on the other side of that thin wall, she was masturbating and thinking of the two of them engaged in incestuous acts of physical pleasure together, and it was driving him to do the same almost as if he had no control over his own body.

Tugging vigorously now at his hard length, Lee continued to read those last paragraphs over and over again, listening to his mother's impending orgasm as it neared, her soft moans growing louder.

'Ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh-ahh,' she panted, plugging the hole in her leaking dam, and driven to such arousal by this he too involuntarily moaned aloud.

Jerking shakily, his nerves nothing less than rattled, Lee trained his eyes on the final line of her letter, after she

described them having sex. It read "Tell me what you think!" with a little wink on the end...

;-)

About what? About the way she described sex with him in fantasy, or was she hinting at the real thing? The possibilities, the word pictures she painted, the things she made him feel in the letter, it filled him with feelings and vivid imaginings of what could come, if only he had the nerve to make it happen.

That night he would come hard and plentiful, another hole appearing in the breaking dam. Long after his mother would fall asleep he would remain a slave to the urge building within, waking up every couple hours hard and aching for release.

And eventually he would sleep through until he could bear to lie there no more!

Stevie awoke at 7am to the beginning of a bright warm day. Without hesitation, and without a desire to lie there and ruminate over the future under her roof, she left her bed, showered, and dressed for work.

The house's tense silence spoke volumes of the suspense she felt -- the suspense of waiting to see how the world had changed since she had last closed her eyes to sleep.

Was it a mistake to share her feelings and thoughts the way she did? She might not have known until they saw each other again, but she could guess all the same that things would not be the same again.

Coffee called. Stimulated upon the first sip of the steaming beverage in her hand, she closed her eyes and smiled inside, grateful that some drugs would never lose their innocence. And when she opened her eyes again to find her son standing there, groggy, dishevelled, and yawning, she smiled sheepishly and said nothing.

Lee, in nothing but a pair of flimsy lounging shorts, awkwardly padded barefoot across the tiled floor and planted a kiss on her cheek, surprising her since she simply didn't know what to have expected.

No, no words! It was just too early for words, and not even because of the secrets they now shared. Lee set up the coffee maker again, and yawned again, and hoisted himself up onto the worktop where he now sat, feet dangling.

Those yawns were infectious. Though slept much better, Stevie yawned mightily, covering her mouth too late, because she was just about to check her phone for messages. When she did...

"You can fantasise about us anytime," the text read.

Pursing her lips together, offering him one last fleeting glance as she passed him by, Stevie responded with a quick, talented thumb, and smiled thinly.

"Same! And you can kiss me like that any time!"

Chapter 10

'So, it's all out there now,' she said with a heavy sigh. It wasn't that the truth had become a burden. If anything, the truth had set her free – the both of them in fact.

The heaviness came from a feeling of heartache she had begun to experience that next day in work, in his absence, where they couldn't sit and talk about it. That heartache came like a love-sickness, the same kind as when one confessed their love and waited in suspense to see if it would be requited or rejected.

But Lee hadn't rejected her. The very words, 'You can fantasise about us anytime,' told her that. She had replied very simply. 'Same.' And there was something else along the lines of kissing.

Good god, that kiss!

'I love you too, mum, and I'm lost for words right now,' he had later replied. She had seen that on her lunch break and it seemed that she couldn't break away from the world soon enough, to go back to him and to just be there with him.

The rest of that day she had existed in a suspended state, waiting for the penny to drop. And it was such an excruciatingly long time to wait with her heart in her throat. But, 'it's all out there now,' she said, finally back home and in his company.

They were sat adjacent from one another, quietly having dinner at the dining table, in a surprisingly relaxed and humoured state. Lee noted the heaviness in her voice, scanning her face for any sign that she was struggling. There was none, gratefully.

'You really have a way with words, mum,' he offered, almost lamented, as he considered how shockingly frank and heartfelt, yet graphic she had been. 'I can really tell those Kindle stories have rubbed off.'

Those kinky Kindle stories, which she had invited him to read...

Awkwardly the both of them began to laugh. Then a sigh of relief exited Stevie's parted lips. Still, the elephant in the room was still no less an elephant, and a large one it was at that. What else could be said right now? Nothing it seemed.

She would wait, unless he would ask questions first. And she hoped that even if he didn't, that he would have questions. 'Are we still good?' she asked.

'Yes mum,' he answered without hesitation, his voice deep and soothing. 'We're very good!'

For the rest of that evening they carried on as they would on any other night, like any other unassuming family would. A bomb had dropped and the shellshock was seemingly yet to pass, the dust yet to settle.

Watching TV for an hour downstairs, Lee noticed that his mother wasn't reading her Kindle this time. He used the

opportunity to cuddle her close for a little while, and then announced that he was going to bed earlier.

He hadn't slept much the night before, and Stevie blushed when she easily made the connection as to why that might have been. And, you know what, that didn't seem such a bad idea, she reckoned. She too would turn in early and try to get a few extra hours rest.

2

"You can fantasise about me any time!"

In the dark she read that text over and over, and her reply, and his in kind. It wasn't even 11pm, she noted, and wondered if he would be asleep yet.

'Asleep yet?' she asked and waited.

'Not yet. Everything okay?' he responded quickly.

Stevie hesitated. 'Everything is weird. I bet you don't know how to feel.'

Again Lee was quick to respond. 'You really want me to tell you how I feel?'

She braced herself...

'Say it.'

'I put my hand around it and I vigorously stroke it back and forth until it shoots...'

Next door, lying in the dark, Lee heard the familiar snorting of his mother's sudden laughter.

'I needed that, thank you!'

'The little fantasy you added at the end completely killed me, by the way,' Lee added, trying to reel her in. And it

would work all too easily. 'I couldn't sleep very well after that...'

'Sorry. Too much?' Stevie replied.

'Too turned on.'

'Welcome to my world,' read his mother's text. 'Hopefully you'll sleep tonight.'

'When I'm finished re-reading your letter,' Lee replied, and let the power of suggestion work for itself. And that too worked. Stevie was now up one elbow, her body responding – dry mouth, faster heartbeat, tangling knots in her abdomen.

'Which part?' she typed with shaky fingers.

'All of it, but mostly that end part.'

Thoughts came back – pornographic words chained together to create the most luridly detailed sexual act between Stevie and her son – and reminded her just how hot and heavy they left her when she had written them.

Now those words were his, her gift, and she was breathing rapidly, shallowly, knowing that right now he was fantasising about them both as a result. Her mind otherwise was a blank.

'Speaking of which, what did you think?' she asked. A little time went by. She waited, with baited breath, then exhaling harshly because she couldn't even do that properly.

The photograph filled the screen of her phone suddenly, causing her mouth to gape wide open. She had seen him up close, hard and masturbating in his bed, but not this close. Lee's cock barely fitted into the frame at full hardness.

Gasping, Stevie didn't know how to respond – not yet!

All she could do was stare hard at her son's super-stiff glory, every muscle and vein, and the intimidating but irresistible shape and size. 'Fucking hell,' she said out loud.

'I think I like that idea,' he added and waited a while. As the moments passed, Lee heard a light switch flip on. A minute later, it flipped off again. A moment after that, he too was greeted by a sight he never imagined he would see.

His mother's thighs spread wide – she was lying in her bed, the duvet thrown off – her pink pussy bared in all its own special glory. She was shaven bald and completely smooth from top to bottom. And never in his life had he wanted to dive right in and lick the glistening nectar from a woman's pussy. His cock now so desperately ached.

'FUCKING HELL, MUM, OMG THAT'S HOT!!'

In the dark again, Stevie worked one-handed, breathing hard as she studied his words. In no time the waves of pleasure began to flatten her.

'So... you're hard and I'm wet,' she replied...

;-) ;-) ;-)

xXx

3

Until the next weekend finally came around, they lived in the shadow of that invisible but unavoidable thing - the elephant in the room!

It was in every room and it was in every conversation, even though it couldn't be heard. The only talking they'd done about any of this was in the fantasies they'd started to indulge in at night, by text.

It was official. Stevie and her son had started sexting, and there was something delectably wrong about it that pushed the envelope before the intended message had been discussed. Then one night, it was Friday finally, they did sit

down to talk it all over, and because their sexting had gone from talking of their imaginings to flirting with talk of "the real thing."

Again, it had been a beautiful warm day, warmer than the last few. Summer was on its way in. But for now the evening was cooling. Stevie treated them to a little barbecue, on the condition that he – the man with the mystical knowledge of fire and flesh – did the cooking.

Pork loin and chicken fillets were not the only thing that Lee knew how to smoke. By the time they were ready to eat, they were both buzzed and too spaced out to worry about the talk to come. In the conservatory they later sat digesting and drinking fruity cocktails to top off the mood.

'I'm stuffed,' Lee remarked, holding his stomach like an invisible baby sat there.

'Hmm, it's been a while,' his mother commented distantly.

'Has it really, though?' Lee hinted sarcastically. Imagine waking up one morning to find that your mother had sent a selfie, or more specifically a photo of a six inch vibrator sat deep in her pussy.

'Oh shut up,' she scolded, blushing and grinning ear to ear. Lee laughed louder, just to rub it in. 'I never would have imagined you had such a dirty mind,' Stevie said moments later, after the laughter had subsided, and she let it hang there a while.

There were then quieter chuckles abound, dry and reserved. Yes, Stevie, because who'd have thought that your son, who always found a way to upstage you, could ramp up the fantasy stakes?

Messaging your mother while she was in work, stating, "I'm so hard wishing you were here sucking my cock right now," was a bit more daring than either of them were used to. And yet it had planted the seed of further curiosity in her mind.

Long and hard she thought about maybe crossing that particular boundary...

'Well I wonder who I take after,' he offered.

Stevie shrugged, nibbling at the knuckle of one index finger, the way she did when she was feeling shy, or naughty, or one as the result of the other. 'Hmmm,' she hummed a sigh.

'That's another thing,' she felt the need to add now. 'You'd probably best not text me like that when I'm at work. I was on my break. Anyone could have read it if I'd have turned my head the other way for a few seconds.'

Lee knew exactly what she meant. He gritted his teeth, cringing. 'Oops...'

'Do you delete your messages?' she pushed. He nodded, earning him a quick smile. 'That was something,' she thought and then uttered another brief sigh.

'Wow,' she spoke across to him. 'How's this for surreal, hey?'

Of all the mother-son conversations she could imagine.

4

Saturday evening came and Stevie was out back again in her flimsy bikini, the ruffly little black Brazilian number that she knew Lee loved so much. Lee had been gone the whole afternoon, meeting friends and doing a little shopping.

She was watering the garden – best done at the end of the day when the setting sun couldn't damage the wet leaves of the plants – when Lee came home and snuck up to his room. A few minutes later he was outside with her, appreciating that sweet air the moisture caused after a hot day.

And not a moment too soon he was admiring his mother's curves, and also because this time she was wearing the bikini bottoms to match, and they left a lot to feast the eyes on.

He approached her stealthily on the grass, unheard above the sprinkle and hiss of the water spraying its heavy mist from the tightened nozzle of the hose. Surprising her with his hands planted firmly against her hips, he said hello and planted a kiss at the vulnerable spot on her neck.

Stevie nearly shrieked at first, leaping and spinning to face him with a look of shock on her face. 'Fucking hell I nearly shit myself,' she laughed, scolding him for sneaking up on her. All the while Lee stood there enchanted by the familiar scent of sun screen lotion; the memories it brought back still vivid in his mind.

'You missed a spot,' he said, pointing over her shoulder at the corner of the back garden. Stevie twirled around again, asking where.

'There, and there, and over there,' he teased, for every direction he pointed her in. 'No, not there, over there. Are you blind?'

'Oh I see it now,' Stevie said slyly, and turned the hose on her son to blast him from head to toe with freezing cold

water. Now he was the one shrieking, prancing across the lawn like a mad grasshopper.

Running around her in circles was the only way he could avoid taking another soaking. Dizzily, Stevie laughed before the wind was knocked out of her sails. Coming in low, Lee tackled her at the waist and muscled her down into the wet grass beneath them.

It wasn't long before the both of them were soaked. As they wrestled, Lee managed to squirm out of his cold wet t-shirt, pinning his mother down from on top. Laughing and screeching, they fought to stop from being tickled to death by the other, unaware that history was repeating once again.

Stevie's strong thighs were wrapped around her son's waist, her feet locked together at his back. Between her legs he rubbed up against her, becoming more aware of the effect that it was having, and especially as they were both half naked.

Breathless, wet, and still fooling around, Stevie was also aware that her bikini top had slipped down, exposing both breasts to the air, and to her son's direct line of vision, and he grew harder between her legs.

'Oh,' she panted, half-smiling, as she felt him rubbing directly up against the heated cleft beneath the gusset of her wet and clingy bikini bottoms. Again, 'oh,' as he tried to pull away, only to be squeezed tighter into her.

'Oh you filthy sod,' she finally whispered when his rhythms began to feel more suggestive than accidental.

'Do you need to get up?' she asked.

'Yup...'

She released her vise-like grip, her thighs opening up to let him go. Both of them looked down at the same time, instinctually if anything. Seeing her own wet heaving breasts exposed to him, Stevie didn't even bother to cover up.

What she was trying to see was her son's concealed erection, which now absurdly tented his shorts. What Lee saw, other than that glaringly obvious detail, was the deep crease he had caused in the fabric of his mother's bikini bottoms.

There she was, lying breathless in the grass with her tits bared to him, and the outline of her pussy was undeniable where he had inadvertently "dry-humped" her. For a fleeting moment their eyes met again.

'Well, well,' she joked suggestively, and winked deliberately, 'now you're hard and we're both wet...'

Stevie held her breath as she saw the sudden calculating look in his eyes, and then rather than pull away, he pressed his hips back down against her and began to grind against the warm little spot the tip of his cock had found.

'Fuck,' Stevie gasped, not knowing whether to laugh or to moan. Both happened at the same time before she could bite her own lips shut.

Undeniably now she felt the hard head of his cock rubbing up against her pussy, and with only the clothing between them stopping this from being something else undeniably.

'You dirty fucking sod,' she whispered in his ear, gritting her teeth to stop from moaning out loud. 'You dirty...'

She was coming...

'Dirty...'

'Oh my god, I'm coming,' her mind cried out. Intense heat suddenly coursed through her body, her neck and chest now blushing red while her pussy suddenly grew intensely hot – so hot that Lee could feel it enough to wonder momentarily if he had somehow wound up inside her.

'Dirty little bastard,' she finally managed to say, and peeled the bikini straps from both shoulders to bare both breasts completely to her son as he gently pumped against her hot spot.

'Something for the both of us to think about,' Lee whispered mischievously, his lips now close to her ear as he pressed his cool, wet flesh on top of her.

'I think you'd best go have a think about that right now under a cool shower,' Stevie suggested, containing the urge to grab hold of him and to take matters further. Her fingers clutching tightly at the waistband of his shorts suggested otherwise that she wanted him to stay right where he was and to keep doing what he was doing.

'You're right,' Lee agreed, showing sudden and unusual restraint. And before she could stop him he was hoisting himself up on his strong arms, bearing over her.

'Kiss first,' Stevie panted, her eyes hungry and intense. A second later their lips were mashed together and their tongues were snaking in and out of each other's mouths. For the first time ever, although so briefly that she had to wonder if it had happened at all, he licked and sucked at the stiff, cold nipple of one damp breast, and then he was gone.

Stevie lied there in the wet grass a long time, trying to recuperate from what had just happened. Eyes wide open as she gazed into the deepening blue dusk, she swallowed hard and wondered when...

Not if it would happen, but when!

5

Stevie patiently waited her turn in the shower, as patiently as one could when all they wanted was to get royally fucked. What had happened out there just moments ago, she couldn't keep her hands off her body, wanting her hands to be his, and especially as she finger-fucked the silky rut of the camel toe caused by her tight bikini bottoms.

Stripping easily out of her bikini, this only left her shivering evermore in her skin. When she could have been selecting something to wear for the evening, instead she stood there by the bedroom door, listening attentively for her son.

Hot rain splashed hard against the bottom of the bathtub, and not much else was happening, until the water stopped and the cord snapped, signalling that he had turned off the hot water. Lee dabbed himself down with a warm towel, wrapped it around his waist and exited the bathroom, waltzing quickly to his room.

And on the way past he had caught a glimpse of her completely naked, just standing there waiting beyond the threshold of her own room. As if he wasn't straining enough to control his urges, Lee tried his best to think nothing of it, and put on a pair of shorts, but nothing else.

He was warm enough, and not only from the weather.

His mother clearly also felt warm enough, later sporting her favourite black satin camisole and a pair of frilly French shorts, which left only about two inches of thigh hidden. She went straight to his room after changing.

They had to talk!

Lee was lying propped up against the bed's head rail, a pile of pillows at his back. Stevie made no fuss, perching herself further in from the edge than she normally would, one leg folder under herself as she studied his disposition. At least he seemed in control of himself...

"Seemed!"

'That was unexpected,' she said and couldn't think of anything else to say. She could barely stand his guilty puppy eyes, though they seemed a little forced. What was he supposed to say?

'You can say that again,' was his response, and most unexpected.

'Cheeky sod,' she secretly humoured herself. 'Someone could have seen us, Lee,' she implored. As mutually worked up as they had gotten, that scared her more.

Lee, who had begun reading a book, or a novella to be precise – on his mother's Kindle – put the device to one side and interlaced his fingers over his stomach. 'Yeah, you're right,' he admitted. 'I'm sorry.'

'I got carried away too,' Stevie dismissed the best she could. She offered him a thin smile, for what little assurance she could give.

But there was no denying that elephant in the room. They had come so close in the moment, both of them helplessly possessed. Had that happened here, on his bed, or on hers, who was to say that they wouldn't have committed the act in full?

And even now, when she tried to be a mother, a responsible adult, so much skin still on display affected her racing thoughts. She battled not to touch him. She blew off a long breath, looked him directly in the eyes, and ultimately said nothing.

'Well,' she started, and then paused. She patted him on the shin, just the once, and stood up to leave. 'You read whatever you're reading. I'll be in my room...'

7

CHATEAU DE BLISS

By Julianne Lecher La Chatte

That was honestly the title of this one story. He wasn't so sure that Julianne was being completely honest about her surname. Not that Lee could read much French, and not like it mattered.

From the writer's perspective, here was a story about a mother and her adult son embarking on a weekend to Amsterdam. Worshipped by her son, Julianne – who had written erotica for decades to raise her son alone – was an open-minded woman, much like Lee's mother.

Julianne, whose surname could very likely have been Moore judging by the descriptions of her appearance, was not only bisexual but was an advocate for consanguinamory. Google had its work cut out for much of her story.

Julianne, for some reason or another, had written largely of incest between mothers and sons over the years. For much of the day, the pair soaked in the sights, went shopping, fooled around like teenagers, and then retired to the hotel after having partook in a little legal cannabis at a cafe.

In a frank discussion surrounding their mutual lack of a sex life while pleasantly high, Julianne skirted the subject of other parts of Europe having different laws regarding certain British illegalities.

If he could, she asked – if it were legal and she were consenting – would he like to experience sex with his mother? No, he said. It would be more than sex. Given such an opportunity he would make love to his mother and show her just how much he wanted to worship her.

Lee didn't quite have the vocabulary to express just how the ensuing sex scenes made him feel. He was no writer. His response was deep and primal, but he also felt deeply attracted to the idea that a mother could want to offer her son such an experience.

Maybe a little theatrical, like Stevie accused the TV show sex scenes of being, Julianne's story still struck him dumb, and caused his heart to throb like a bruised and bloody lump of muscle – that and all that had transpired in the back garden.

8

'Hey baby,' Stevie greeted, warmly but somewhat formally. She was typing away at something on her laptop. Lee handed the Kindle book back and turned to leave.

'Finished already?' she asked. He answered with a simple yes and jogged down the stairs to go rehydrate. Thoughtfully she flipped the screen down and swung her legs off the bed, not rushing to follow him.

She found him literally chugging cold orange juice, straight from the bottle. Lee's adam's apple pistoned up and down as he took down great gulps successively.

'I wasn't angry before,' Stevie assured, touching his stomach as she passed by and propped herself up on the worktop beside the kitchen sink. 'Sorry if I upset you.'

And what happened next was a testament if anything to their ever-altering new reality. Without hesitation, Lee put aside the bottle, wiped his mouth, and approached his mother to kiss her on the lips.

'I'm not upset,' he denied. 'I'm shocked how you let me do what I did.'

This time they were eye to eye, but with just less than a foot of distance between them. His hands rested on both thighs. 'Here we go again,' Stevie thought, and welcomed him with both hands on his hips. With a faint smile her eyes bore into

him. She cocked her head, again looking at his lips momentarily.

She recalled how extremely turned on her son had left her, lying under him on the wet grass – so much so that she almost tore off her bikini completely to offer up her tits to him. That alone had screamed "have me!"

'You should be shocked that I did what I did,' she replied, and it sounded as though she was correcting him. In a way she was – taking the blame, if there was any, onto herself. If that's what it took for him to summon the courage to give in a little more, then she would now be willing to do that.

'I am,' Lee admitted, licking his lips.

'Did you like the story?' she sidetracked.

'I did!'

'It's one of my favourites,' she trailed off. 'How the mother just offers herself up to her son. It'd be hard to believe in reality. It wouldn't be that easily, surely...'

'Maybe if it was legal it would be?' Lee wondered.

'Wow, what if it was legal?' Stevie asked. There was a loaded question. Her mouth had just run dry all of a sudden. She asked for the orange juice and took a few slugs. 'What if it was? What do you think?'

'It'd be a lot easier,' Lee imagined aloud, his hands smoothly rubbing her thighs up and down. The chances were that he had no idea what that action was doing to her right now. Like lightning forks, her nerves lit up from her knees right up to her pelvis.

Meanwhile a different current was beginning to flow through the canal. Her stomach began to knot up as she became lost in thought. Somehow she carried on with a steady breath.

'Easier for us?' she wanted to say, but didn't.

And instead – 'Hmm, there's food for thought...'

'I don't think anyone would want it to be legal though,' Lee continued. That caught her attention.

'Well, yeah, society does frown,' Stevie gave her two cents rather seriously to the developing adult discussion. 'It probably never will be legal unless things were to change so seriously.'

'No,' Lee stopped her dead. 'I was thinking along the same lines as like when I smoke. Even if they couldn't put a tax on it, it'd become something else.'

Stevie traced the fingers of one hand up his naked torso, marvelling at how hard and smooth he was in places, before playfully scratching a nipple with her fingernails. 'How do you mean?' she probed.

'I mean maybe it's a kick because it's dangerous...'

Stevie cocked her head again, made the connection, and then laughed. 'True! But there are people who genuinely love each other, who aren't exploiting each other... and sex is still perfectly normal to everybody else. Why not them?'

Lee agreed whole-heartedly. 'I know...'

'But maybe sometimes it's not the act itself but how they feel afterwards,' Stevie pondered thoughtfully. She had thought of that plenty times, and particularly since that afternoon.

'Plenty people regret sex and move on, don't they?' he asked. She just smiled, and in the resulting silence, they both sensed that damned elephant again.

'So...' she started.

'So what?'

'How do you think you'd feel about the real thing... with me?'

Lee took a deep breath and shrugged. It seemed pretty obvious that he would by now. That was not the answer she was looking for, though. Still...

'I would,' he responded, and he was gazing right at her, smiling, nodding.

Stevie tried not to respond in kind. She hitched a heavy sigh, welling up inside, feeling like she might go delightfully insane. Letting it go softly, she smiled back.

She herself admitted with a slight nod, amazed at where this was going. This was the first time they'd talked about this face to face. 'And I've thought about it, trust me,' she continued boldly, now feeling light as a feather inside. 'But that's not what I'm asking.'

She reiterated then; 'How do you think you'd feel now if we'd had sex out there earlier?'

'I don't know,' he admitted. He was totally stumped. He just knew, as did the frequently priapismic ramrod between his legs, that it would have been insanely good while it lasted. 'Would you still love me?'

'Not loving you isn't an option, Lee,' Stevie reminded him. Her mother's instinct would never give up, no matter what. 'If you ever become a family man, you'd understand that.'

'Then I'd just care about making you happy, like I always do,' he answered confidently.

'Love you,' Stevie cooed, pursing her lips and leaning forward. Lee kissed her and mirrored the sentiment. 'And I'm glad we talked,' she concluded.

'Me too,' he said, begrudgingly letting go of his mother's warm silky thighs. She secretly lamented that too, for the lightning in her lower abdomen suddenly desisted.

And then a naughty thought came to mind. 'Not hitting the bong tonight?'

Lee grinned, then took another swig of juice. 'Why, do you want some?'

Wickedly she grinned and eagerly nodded. 'Yeah! I could make us some munchies and we could take them upstairs and watch a film in the bed?' she suggested.

Lee was all ears. Hopping down from the worktop, his mother lazily wiggled her behind over to the fridge. While she perused over sandwich meats and salads, he scanned her body up and down, seeing her differently again.

He wanted her in his bed more than she realised, or so he thought.

Chapter 11

The story so far:

Former wild child Stevie was now middle-aged, divorced, and going out of her mind. Her marriage ended shortly after her now ex-husband Ray tried to manipulate her into fucking her own son, Lee. Though the now long-gone Ray was a controlling narcissist and may have had his own agendas, this was not out of the blue.

To cut a long story short, Stevie had this kink – more than just an incest fantasy – that had for years taken its toll on her relationship with Lee.

Little did even Ray know that Stevie was considering offering herself to her son on his 18th birthday, because her desire to had nothing to do with what Ray wanted. Ray was a bit of a shit when he wanted to be, and when he didn't get his way, he went elsewhere.

Stevie didn't bed her son, though, and Ray became abusive and finally left them. Years later, Stevie and Lee were alone again, and struggling as a family. Stevie was in therapy, dealing with anxiety and depression; punishing herself for her guilty secrets

Confessing everything to him, little did she expect that her son would be sympathetic, and even so understanding of her sordid lifestyle. But Lee had his own confessions to make. For years he had been more than just physically attracted to his mother. That attraction had only grown stronger when he essentially became the man of the house.

He too felt the same as she did, and shared the same fantasies. She didn't need to feel like a monster. She wasn't. And if anything had happened between them years ago or since, he professed that it would have been consensual.

The bomb dropped, Stevie came to realise that she and her son really weren't so different. And with that in mind, she began to see that they wanted each other, and that maybe they could have each other.

Turning their lives around and trying to live more liberally together, their mutual interests began to play a part in their increased shows of love and affection for one another, as they learned to admit that their sordid fantasies were one and the same.

The more Stevie and Lee dared to push boundaries, the more comfortable they became with their sexual revelations, the more frequent their suggestive pranks, and the bolder their confessions, the more intimate and open-minded they became with each other.

Investigating their strange secret world together, mother and son gradually became more flirtatious, more physically affectionate – more sexually suggestive of their desires – and less like family, until the chemistry, tension, and desire, between them threatened to drive them insane; if it didn't drive them apart.

After a series of close encounters, both Stevie and her son fuelled fantasy while testing the waters, knocking down the last remaining boundaries. Now as they come closer than

ever to swapping fantasy for reality, neither can pretend for much longer...

It's not easy being family when you share a lifetime kink!

1

She played him like a fiddle. He supposed she would, and that was okay, because in the end she was only playing him into the position that he wanted to be in. She was no manipulator either, though she liked to play these saucy little games. Who'd have thought this was his mother?

Saturday night was rolling to a close, and yet it had only really begun. Whose fault was that? With a false start like the hose and bikini incident in the back garden, it might have been a surprise that they had gotten this far with their heads still screwed on.

Who gave a fuck what the movie was – this wasn't about the movie now. They were in it for shits and giggles and just maybe something else.

After a few hits of the bong each, the one Stevie had bought him on a whim just recently, they curled up into bed cuddling, and settled in to watch the movie.

At Lee's side, one leg over the cover, knee and calf rested over hip and thigh, Stevie's cheek rested on his chest, her fingers slowly twirling in circles across his torso. And oh what delicious pictures her mind played over as she recalled many things in recent history. No less that wet, half-naked encounter in the grass out back, but in her mind there were no clothes at all – just more wetness, and kissing, and sucking, and sex.

Between her legs she ached for it, and in the way that the magical green bud amplified thoughts and feelings, her mind and body yelled and echoed that this man was her son; the object of her love and affections, her flirtations and fantasies.

The object of her desires, her sexual hunger, lay there breathing evenly, occasionally looking down on her to see her smiling, still awake.

The lightweight and floaty buzz of being high and happy together like that stirred all sorts of sensations, even without suggestion or motion. And still hearts fluttered, and occasionally breaths betrayed. And what bare flesh there was seemed magnetised together.

The credits rolled and nobody moved, not to leave the room at least. Stevie was content where she was, but felt motivated to do something she didn't want anyone to regret.

2

'Sleepy?' she asked. 'I can go leave you alone...'

Her suggestion had no place here. Shifting a little lower, being invited deeper into her arms, Lee turned to face her in the dim lamplight and shook his head - 'No...'

No to which, though? She didn't have to ask. In kind one hand fell at his mother's hip and used it as a handle to pull

her further into him. That feeling of two warm bodies, cocooned in comfort, embraced together in a loving clinch, Stevie regarded his sparkling eyes with a spacey smile and she adjusted the duvet, slipping her leg back under to have fewer boundaries between them.

'Are you falling asleep?' Lee asked. His mother continued to smile. No. She bit her lip a little anxiously and wet it with the tip of her tongue. Under the duvet her fingers continued to roam.

'I'm just very, very comfortable,' she purred. 'Besides I have everything I want here.'

Stevie leaned in and kissed him on the lips just the once and it was soft and sticky, as though it begged for more. Back away she shifted, twisted her hips so she could roll onto her back with her lower body latched to her son's right hip.

'Everything,' he questioned.

She offered no clue, nothing but a suggestive hum. Her eyebrows dancing on a hint, Stevie felt as though she was watching this play out from somewhere else.

Her eyes never left his, inviting him over, as if to say, "if you want more, come and get it." Lee followed, sliding his left thigh in between hers, his knee now becoming her saddle. The sensations that alone caused, Stevie's lower body lit up and responded. She adjusted to let him in and to mould herself around him.

'Oh hello,' Stevie said playfully, inviting him with open arms. 'Hi,' Lee replied, barely inches away. And the next moment he was wrapped around her, his lips pressed to hers. Without apprehension, without warning, she silently consented to the parting of her lips. The kiss became mutual, sensuous, and deep.

It was like their own theatrical television kiss at first, the dramatic music of the movie's end credits rolling to its own crescendo. And then the TV fell silent. All that remained was the wet and hungry partnership of their playful lips and tongue.

But then Stevie eased back away a little, just enough for them to acknowledge each other without going cross-eyed. With only the faintest hint of a smile on her lips, Lee paused for caution.

The first time they had kissed anything like this was the night she confessed she'd caught him masturbating, fantasising about her in this very bed. And then the next time, the night she dared to trade him for the written confessions of her own feelings and her fantasies.

The last time they kissed anything like this, they were lying wet and mostly naked in the garden, "dry"-humping, with his hard cock pressing at the gusset of her bikini bottoms, making her incredibly horny and wet inside.

Now they were in bed together, spaced out and feeling all deliciously dreamy, wrapped up in each other. 'My fantasy hunk,' Stevie declared, kissing him again. 'I like being in bed with you. Maybe we should do it more often?'

'With all that's gone on lately, is that such a good idea?' Lee asked. But there was no reluctance in his question, and definitely none in the way that he returned his mother's kiss. He sucked her lower lip into his mouth and then let go with a wet smack.

Stevie gasped weakly. 'Maybe it's a very good idea, because it's such a bad idea?'

With a hint of sarcasm he replied; 'No guessing what you want to happen...'

No, there were no guesses necessary. No second guesses could come closer to the truth that was already known. 'Oh well, I'll just go to my own bed,' Stevie falsely protested, tensing as though to sit up. But his hands held her right where she was, pressed against his now bulging pelvis.

Lee chuckled, delighted by her quick submission, and his hands still didn't let up. They held her firmly to him, as though she was his property. And there was something about it that aroused Stevie and scared her all the same. The only way was forward now.

A playful grin overcame her as she basked in the mischievous gaze of her son. 'I suppose we could fuel another fantasy for a while longer,' she hinted. 'So long as we don't end up soaking wet in the grass again...'

Now there was an innuendo to fire up the imagination. She felt its effect immediately. Her son grew harder, pressing right up against her lower abdomen. That only caused Stevie to grin harder. 'You on top of me about to blow your huge load...'

'That's just cruel,' Lee protested under his breath. 'Don't forget that two can play that game!'

'I'm looking forward to hearing how,' she replied confidently, 'but I was really enjoying that kiss...'

He didn't need instructions. He didn't need any clearer consent. Like it was a naughty little game between two hormonal teenagers they came together again, giggling and

touching. And this time, against all familial sensibility, when the urge to pull away came, they didn't stop.

3

Stevie began to sigh, and breathing a little heavier she kissed her son open-mouthed, the tip of her tongue dancing off the tip of his. Those full-on kisses, loud and wet, lips sucking at each other, were the ones that really fired her up deep down.

Lee's hand roamed almost everywhere, up her thighs, over the rolling hill of her hip and to the valley of her waist and her ribs, before settling atop one breast. His kisses became hotter, heavier, breathier then – and so did hers – as his thumb and forefinger sought the erect nipple and began to lightly tickle and pinch.

She pulled away, eyelids a little heavier, and scanned her son's face again, but with a look he mistook for something that gave him cause to worry. His eyes were alive and filled with eager fire. 'Mum,' he softly exclaimed, thinking that she was afraid of what would happen. Her hand smoothed

the neat hairs of his chest down before she reassured him with another 1-2-3.

'Fuck, do you know how good a kisser you are?' she inquired breathlessly.

'Takes one to know one,' he remarked, stealing another 1-2-3. Stevie sighed aloud, happily despite her frustrated state; her eyes rolling up to the ceiling to daydream. But she was here and there, and neither here nor there. Inside she was dancing and zigzagging about her own mind like a pinball.

Stevie rolled onto her side again, took her son's hand and placed it back on her breast – no big deal to her now, he might as well enjoy it – and her own rested atop it, her fingers stroking his.

'So, tell me a fantasy of yours about your mum!'

Lee was not prepared for the question, despite the relative easiness of their current compromising position. For a moment he just studied her in silence.

And then after pausing for thought, that mischievous look was back, and he leaned in to whisper in her ear. 'I'd be on top of you, but you might be the one who's soaking wet...'

Her heart stopped! That's what it felt like, anyway. The absolute first image that came to mind was of his huge hard cock sinking hot and wet and easy, deep inside Stevie; her legs wrapped around him just like when they would play-fight.

Somehow her curious expression didn't falter. Stevie just nodded thoughtfully a moment, and then; 'I was soaking wet in more ways than you may know,' she confessed of what had happened after the garden hose incident. Lee swallowed dryly.

'Tell you something I've really been thinking about a lot lately, though,' she quickly added, before he could answer. Stevie sat up quickly then, and in one swift motion slipped effortlessly out of her camisole, falling back into the pillows, adoring Lee's dumbfounded expression as he regarded her nakedness.

'You love my tits, don't you?' she asked. She knew she had asked before at some point but the novelty would never wear off. 'God, the way you looked at me earlier,' she gushed and blushed.

'You literally have the greatest tits in the world, mum,' Lee adorned shamelessly.

'Well here they are,' she replied flatly. And Lee was not going to wait for permission, or to be guided. Again he engaged his mother in a suggestive French kiss, his tongue swirling around hers, before he sucked the tip into his mouth – his free hand now roaming her breasts with nothing to stop them.

His skin, though smooth and free of friction, filled her with buzzing static. Every nerve ending seemed to react to his touch, and especially as his burning fingertips grazed her naked nipples.

Their playful lips parted once again, with a needy gasp, barely allowing Stevie the time or breath to deliver the suggestion now playing on her mind.

'I bet you'd love to suck on them!'

'Can I?' he asked eagerly, already lowering his head, craning his neck to take him there.

'Oh I think about that a lot lately,' she admitted freely, nodding eagerly herself. And then before she knew it, his lips latched around the achingly stiff nipples of each naked breast, one after the other, while his tongue swirled the same way he kissed her.

Stevie hissed and moaned, unprepared for his wet oral assault on her breasts. Even less prepared was she for how he clamped his teeth around that one little nipple ring and tugged, then sucked.

'Ah,' she breathed sharply, and began to laugh uncontrollably, annotating the filthy thoughts now running

amok in her mind. In his shorts Lee's cock had hardened to its stiffest, a straight rampant dong that now prodded eagerly against the inside of her thighs.

'I can't believe we're doing this,' Stevie giggled, not daring to let loose the true feelings welling up southward within her. 'Holy shit,' she panted, 'oh holy shit'; and her breaths were now ragged for how mercilessly he teased her.

Stevie would go further tonight than she had previously anticipated, driven mad by their mutual lust, and the chemistry they made in his bed. The very theme of sucking on things that caused such pleasurable reactions caused her to become more and more aware of how hard his cock felt, pressed hotly against the inside of her hip.

4

'Suck my tits,' Stevie whispered hoarsely, her hands in her son's hair as he latched on and flicked at her sensitive nipples. 'Oh god,' she cried out blissfully, 'suck my fucking tits, baby, just like that!'

Replaced gradually by his eagerly pawing hands, he squeezed those big round tits, suggestively gyrating against her, as their lips met once more to indulge in their new lover's language. All the while one hand roamed downward – Stevie's ever curious hand – until it laid upon the hard length of hot flesh and muscle that once again knocked near her hidden door.

Lee gasped his utter surprise. 'You're getting very worked up,' Stevie voiced her own, searching his bewildered eyes. Slowly she dared to wrap her fingers around him, made difficult by the last garment of clothing that got in her way.

'Are you surprised?' he begged, his eyes pleading and frozen under her gaze. He didn't know what else to say, his mother's hand now massaging his erection through his shorts for the first time.

'Trust me, you're not the only one,' Stevie offered, her gaze intensifying. 'Let's get these off,' she then urged, digging her fingers under the waistband and tugging down. Lee quickly

pulled away and raised his hips, hitching his thumbs underneath to pull off his shorts.

And Stevie yanked away the duvet at the same time, to witness his complete nakedness, his throbbing hardness, closer than ever – right before her bulging eyes!

She gasped, nuzzled her face up against her son's, eyes trained downward, breaths shallow and short. Her heart pounded in her chest at the sight. And she could smell him, potent, virile and youthful. There was a sweetness in the air that only the younger sexes could emit that roused her.

Rolling over so that she was beside him but facing over him, Stevie regarded Lee with a protective love, and kissed him 1-2-3.

'Oh... my god,' she exclaimed in awe, her hands now trembling. 'Can I feel it?' she asked. 'Would that be okay?'

Lee nodded, now so out of his mind with lust and uncertainty that he felt 200lbs heavier, equally in awe of her naked beauty as she gazed upon him.

Tracing a single finger from base to tip, she noted how the foreskin glistened already with that most masculine preview of things to come. And then her hand gripped him for the very first time, while she grinned like the cat that got the cream.

And the cool featherweight touch of her fingers, her hand dwarfed in comparison to the stiff appendage it now sought more intimate familiarity with, felt so dangerously good that he could have lost control of himself right there.

Stevie couldn't even get her fingers around it. It was like a flagpole made of muscle, straight and standing proud. Lee gasped and bucked his hips thinking of the day she had stood there watching, and to think he might never have known...

'What do you think?' he asked her approval.

Stevie gushed, but no words came; just deep heavy breaths. Stroking down to the base, the foreskin responded and eased back, revealing that swollen pink head, now leaking and twitching. Again she stroked up and repeated the motion, thrilled to death and all the more when her fingers became wet and sticky.

'It's amazing,' she marvelled, masturbating him up and down gentle and slow, and her smile started to hurt but she couldn't stop. In response, one rogue hand again pawed at a breast and then fell into her lap suggestively.

5

Apprehension returned, but not reluctance or hesitation. In her gut Stevie felt tense. What would she do? How far would she allow this to go? It was a miracle that she was in control, while her son allowed her to marvel over his nakedness, his tumescence. Whether she'd be in control come the end of the night she couldn't know, or guarantee!

But that apprehension she felt was not because of that alone, or because Lee's hand now massaged the very top of her thigh, teasing her through her shorts. He would want to see her, and maybe to touch her – and maybe she would let him – but her apprehension she felt was for what she truly wanted.

The next natural step, as she continued to masturbate her son, to get to grips with his size, and to inhale his sweet scent – Stevie looked to him and searched his eyes deeper, her own suddenly uncertain enough to make him ask.

His other hand reaching out to guide hers the way he wanted her, she crumbled under the intensity of the things she was feeling. 'That feels so good,' Lee groaned, and then asked, 'are you okay?'

Stevie swallowed hard, this time her mouth hot and full with her own saliva. 'I want to taste you,' she exclaimed breathlessly, looking back to it, and how big and hard and slippery it now looked. 'Would that be okay?'

Again he could only nod, his body set afire with thrumming nerves, as he watched his mother shift down the bed on her hands and knees. 'One last thing,' she thought, and, 'here goes nothing,' before slipping out of her shorts, revealing herself completely to him.

And then she straddled his legs, leaned forward until her breasts pressed down onto his thighs, her naked rear up in the air like a cat ready to pounce.

Stevie swallowed her pride, her heart, her everything. For all that had happened, and for their game of escalation, now there would be no going back. Even though she had justified that sex was just sex, and all the rest, she was now drooling to have her son in her mouth – to initiate oral sex.

She leaned forward, somehow maintaining eye contact with Lee, from over his pulsating beacon. And coming closer, closer, until she hovered above him...

'Oh god,' she gasped and guided him into her mouth.

Tongue and lips working over the head, her senses were besieged by the smell, touch, and taste of him. So sweet and young, so silky and warm – she closed her eyes and wrapped her hands around him.

Never in his life! Never in a million years!

From the very first moment, Lee was trembling on the edge. 'Ohhh god, I love you, that feels, oh my fucking god,' came the garbled words, all strung out on the duration of a single breath.

His naked mother was now easily taking four thick inches into her mouth. Her tongue lashed him, tasted him, felt as smooth and slippery as wanton pussy, and she sucked her son's big hard cock like she'd been doing it all her life.

But all her life her sex life had been a series of stops and starts, marred by tragedy, and by the fear that what she loved was so wrong. Now as she opened her eyes to adore him again, she saw the man she loved, the man she made, the man of her dreams...

"Pop!" came the loud wet sound of her lips slipping from the tip of his now soaked cock. She just didn't know whether she wanted to see him erupt like a geyser, or to drink from the fountain of youth.

Wicked eyes lively with lust she panted and licked the sweet-salty white bead growing from the reddened tip. With a quivering breath she asked, 'can I keep going?'

Desperate and breathless, and dying for release, her son nodded frantically.

6

'Can I keep going?'

Jesus fucking Christ, couldn't she just?!

The moment he groaned his tortured affirmation, there was no stopping her. Stevie sloppily sucked her son's rigid

cock so long and hard, from tip to base and back again, that she might even have taken him into the next life.

Sensing he was close it was all or nothing. Either she brought him off now or he might overshoot the mark. Then like any other virile young lad, he'd be raging hard and with nowhere left to go – nowhere left to go but all the way, which she wasn't sure this was the right time for!

Stevie went for gold, grabbing her son's slippery wet cock with both hands, and bore down on him with such incredible suction that his testicles tightened up. And up and down, up and down, taking the plunge on his burning rod, she sucked furiously; her hair dancing up and down around her ears.

Eye-contact! Hers met with his, narrowing as she hummed her approval, as Lee braced himself for the wrecking-ball of an orgasm to come. Heavy and rapid, the whooshing sounds of his laboured breaths filled the room, faster and faster.

He announced himself. 'Oh fuck!' Bucking his hips upward, and just as the first spurt coated Stevie's tongue, thick and creamy, a helpless groan spilled out of her son's mouth.

Stevie swallowed and pulled off with another pop, and continual white ropes of his spunk spilled each way. Her slippery come-coated hands still working up and down, rope after rope exploded forth before the last came like frothy champagne head after the cork had been popped.

7

There was an impenetrable silence in the moments following. Pleased to say the least she had a look of amazement on her face as the gravity of what they had done tugged down at the burning muscles in her thighs and hips.

His taste still fresh on her taste-buds there were no words for the fire she felt between her legs. But what could she say now? What would he say next? Lee was temporarily unavailable, swept away into orgasmic catatonia.

'I'll just get you a damp towel,' she said, back to her helpful, motherly tone, though not lacking in humour. To the bathroom she took her walk of shame, naked and spattered with so much spunk.

Reeling inside Stevie washed herself off first, warm soapy water soon circling the drain. And then back to her son's bedroom she was patting him down with a warm, damp bath-towel, as Lee gazed up at her with grinning eyes; a hand over his mouth because no words said it better than what else might come.

The towel dropped to the laminate wood floor, folded but not yet discarded. And instinctively she crawled over to her last lying position beside him, one arm draped across his chest, her fingertips tickling his skin.

'So, now that's happened...'

No vocal response, Lee's lips met hers once again, and they resumed their kissing, carried away once more, until Stevie

found herself pulled underneath him. He was getting hard again already and there seemed no place else left to go, but...

'I think maybe I should go to bed now,' she said hesitantly, despite melting all too easily into her son's kisses. And the feel of his naked body bearing down on hers was heavenly, beyond arousing.

Their bodies moulded perfectly together. Despite her reluctance to go further so soon, her thighs widened to accept him without physical protest to mark her words. And solely because she wanted his body as close to hers as possible, she invited him in closer and wrapped her thighs around his hips and her arms around his back.

'I should really go to bed now,' she insisted, sleepily smiling. Meanwhile the dangerous excitement of feeling him growing hard, the tip of his cock swelling before the threshold of her forbidden sex, it covertly brought her the desire to see what he would do.

'Okay,' Lee agreed reluctantly, shifting his knees up so that he could reverse up into a kneeling position, but that only caused his mother to brace her knees tighter around his hips. For a moment they just looked at each other, a hint of awkwardness beneath a hundred layers of sexual innuendo and connotation. 'Are you going to let me up?' he asked.

She didn't want to. 'Feels like you're already up,' Stevie hinted, wiggling her hips, and causing her burning pussy to rub against the tip of his cock. She giggled, slave to the surreal and to her own disbelief of it, before offering her son a wink.

'You're the one that wanted to go to bed,' Lee reminded her, prodding up against his mother's pussy, and she was so warm and wet that he might even accidentally slip in. At least just the tip...

'I'm just taking it all in right now,' Stevie said, rather ironically. And she was about to lose her shit because she really could feel the head of his cock swimming at the entrance to the canal that once birthed him over two decades ago.

Now against all odds it had come to this!

He was still growing hard and straightening up rigid and they were both pressed so close that they were breathing from each other. And it could have been his mother's imagination, but likely not. He might really have been sliding into her so slowly, little by little, that she could feel him but not so obviously enough to protest aloud.

And again she didn't want to!

'What?' he asked.

'Okay, one more kiss and then bed,' Stevie relented, listening to her body as it pleaded for his in its entirety. Lee shifted on his knees again, bearing down on her, lips puckered. And this time there was no denying...

Her son's hard cock slid inside her, causing her to brace – herself and him, his body and his invading cock. Involuntarily she began to spasm and to mould around

him. Now there would be no denying what was happening, but as their lips met and instantly parted to engage and to love back and forth, neither wanted to break the kiss to speak of it.

He slid in another inch, his mother's legs now releasing him so that he could take control of what was happening, but there he stayed, perfectly still as their kissing deepened and became sexual again.

This time it was Lee who broke off the kiss, not his mother. Now Stevie was resigned to the fact that, whether they would acknowledge it aloud or not, they had done almost everything in committing that dirty little word – incest!

Stealthily he eased out as though maybe it hadn't happened at all, though he wanted to fuck her senseless. He sensed that maybe she didn't want to go all the way at this moment, that it might prove too much if she wasn't prepared for the aftermath.

And was he prepared? Would he know how to continue to be her son, come the following morning, if he still could be?

'Yeah I'd better let you go for now,' he agreed in the end, planting one last kiss on her lips. Against her own will now she agreed with him, and her own former resolution.

'That was a good movie,' Stevie said, playing innocent. 'We should do that again!'

An 'mm-hmm' was all he could manage then.

Picking up her camisole and underwear, she bundled them up and seemed set to leave. Then bending over, right in front of her son, she gave him a birds-eye view of her bald, glistening love nest, as she stooped to pick up the damp towel.

When she turned around he made no attempt to hide the fact that he had seen everything. In fact his eyes were still rooted to the spot, causing her to smirk. Again she bent over, watching his eyes become fixated on her bare breasts, and kissed him back.

'Don't stay up too long,' she delivered her double-entendre, right on target, and dropped the towel in his lap. It took more willpower for her to walk to her own bedroom in that moment than it might have taken her to keep her secret from him all these years.

But it wasn't long before she would drift off to sleep, physically and emotionally shattered. Lee, on the other hand, would be "up" quite a while longer.

Chapter 12

Sunday morning Stevie came around lying alone in her own bed. A brilliant blue and cloudless sky tempted her from the other side of the window, the blinds turned inward. If only she had the strength to move. Her legs, her arms, everything felt like a dead weight.

Just lying there, staring out through the window at that sky, barely breathing, barely even blinking, beyond the sound of the neighbours' lawnmowers whirring along the pounding silence insisted of reality's walls caving in.

She could not get last night out of her mind...

So, she had sucked his cock. Stevie had sucked her son's cock, long and hard until he erupted all over her hands, her tits, himself - everywhere!

And he was such a heavy comer. There had been so much of it, so much more than that one time she had watched

him masturbate. The force alone she had never seen anyone spurt so hard.

Equally light-hearted and light-headed, Stevie had run off to the bathroom to clean herself up, and then returned to his bedroom with a damp towel to rub him down. And few words were possible as these events took place, or after. But no words were needed.

That's as far as they went and they seemed happy enough about it. It was all so much to take in, and they were so tired in the end that sleep, not sex, was the next logical step. Sleep, not sex, and not regretting the now inevitable sex for happening too soon and all at once.

To go all the way, even if they had the time and strength, would have been an impossible distance to recover from. And now to enforce that belief, Stevie lay there in her own bed the next morning feeling like she'd been run over by a truck in her sleep; flattened physically and emotionally.

She always thought that she'd feel something profound inside, but for the first time since forever, there was nothing

but silence, and she didn't even know how to feel about that. She imagined that she'd have a lot to think about too, but all the same nothing came.

'I thought I might hear hell calling,' she thought as ruminations eventually began to swirl, and as anxiety lurched like a dying dog at the roadside. But there had been no angry god, no divine lightning rod with which to punish her.

'Just spare me the dread of regretting what I don't regret,' she prayed in the silence before forcing herself up. She looked at the bedside clock, shocked more awake when she saw only half an hour remaining before noon came.

Stevie had slept like the dead, and quite frankly she felt it.

And what happened between such people - those who dared to love their own flesh and blood that little bit more, those society shunned and ostracised for crossing the line from disciplined nurture over to baser human nature?

It was what they both wanted. Whether they would regret it, time would tell, but for now normality called - normality and responsibility, even if it was the lord's day of rest.

They had met in the middle, both consenting adults, but was there a middle-ground? Could they still be family after what they had done? Did they fall in love now, or later?

Or did they just... fall...

2

She felt worse about the time, and maybe that should have shocked her, all things considered. But that wasn't on her mind. Lee had been awake a good two hours before her and was lounging around in the sun outside, again in just his shorts.

Stevie walked achingly on two lazy legs that wouldn't wake up, flat-footed and waddling like a mummy muddled up in its dusty old bandages. Still, after her morning shower she looked good and smelled good.

As she made coffee, he retreated from the sun into the kitchen and walked up behind her barefoot and unrecognised. Had she seen him or heard him? How would she be today? Lee had spent his time alone thinking a million different things, and each with a million different outcomes.

He snuck up to shock her as she flipped on the coffee machine's switch, spoilt for choice as to where his hands might land. Apprehension warned him. Maybe she wouldn't react so well. In fact how would they now react to each other?

Stevie was dressed in a pair of loose fitting white short shorts and a pink strappy vest with no telltale signs of a bra underneath. Temptation conflicted with funny bone and vice versa. Instead of tickling her, or grabbing her tits from behind - and he really wanted to - Lee pushed himself up against her carefully, grabbing two handfuls of her inviting bottom, and let her reaction take care of the rest.

Yelping her surprise, Stevie bounced off the worktop and back into his hands, then finding herself trapped. 'I nearly had a heart attack,' she admonished briefly before offering him the slightest glance - hinting her embarrassment - before wishing him a good morning.

'It's after noon,' Lee corrected her, giving her a light pat on the bottom before slinking over to her side, facing the same row of cupboards.

'Don't remind me,' Stevie replied and yawned.

'You must have needed it,' he offered.

'Mm-hmm,' she agreed, nodding off the back of that long yawn. Again, she dared to look at him. If ever a boy could appear both innocent and guilty at once, the little devil. Lee regarded her with a wry but effortless smile, which she immediately mirrored.

Still no word of last night, it was too soon, they pretended as though everything was like clockwork. Business as usual,

they stood in silence, both of them subject to flashes of images of the things they had done.

'What are you doing today?' Stevie asked after a while, enamoured by the aroma of the rich Colombian roast that filled her nostrils.

'I plan on doing absolutely nothing,' he replied almost proudly.

'That actually sounds like a really good plan,' she thought aloud. But then she started to like the idea of going to the beach up by the woods to do it. Upon being propositioned, Lee agreed and they went after a light lunch.

3

Almost as if mocking the laws of physics themselves, the quick drive up to the beach slithered by painfully slow, like a snail on the edge of a knife. It was the silence between them. Now that Stevie was more awake, more alert, she was

growing ever more aware of the awkward inability to think of anything to say.

Behind her sunglasses she could just put on a smile and not have to say anything and everything could seem okay, but whereas her son appeared nonchalant and bereft of a need for small-talk, she felt crammed with that invisible elephant sat between them.

She herself was dressed in next to nothing. Stevie had gone loud and proud in a white bikini that compensated for her growing feeling of withdrawal. All the same she felt his eyes on her from time to time and brimmed with nerves to think that he was thinking about one thing only as his eyes glanced over her flesh.

Windows down, the fast drive offered hot air and the smell of fresh cut garden lawns around every corner. A beautiful early taste of summer, and the kind some paid good money to find on the other end of a plane trip.

They both hoped the beach wouldn't be packed, but they would walk far enough to get away from the screaming mobs of overly excited children.

Formby was a paradise to city people, and not just the beach and the woods. In both directions north and south, there were beaches packed with urbanites that never left their comfort zones. With a little patience one was treated with quiet traditional leafy suburbia where one could only dream of owning such beautiful big houses.

They were treated to sprawling woods, long and wide, in which to cool off with the squirrels after a good grilling under the sun. And along the beach, which lay over a tall sandy hill, the dunes towered like a cliff wall, overlooking the far-out sea.

Stevie and her son went off in search of their ideal spot, a place to avoid ramblers if only for the sake of a quality bit of tanning. Lee suggested they climb high up the barrier dune to find a sandpit in the tall sharp grass.

Eventually they found themselves a little crater in which to lay their blankets and then dutifully, casually disguising his renewing eagerness, Lee oiled her up from top to bottom with lotion as she lay snoozing on her belly; the same little smile beaming out from under her sunglasses.

Time went by, maybe an hour. It was time to give her front a blast, and Stevie didn't ask him this time if he wanted to do the honours. Instead he watched, his head resting on his crossed forearms, lying on his front as she shined up her legs, her arms, her stomach and everything that tight-fitting bikini top didn't hide.

He was well accustomed to her body now. There wasn't an inch left now that his hands and mouth hadn't touched. Absently he smirked as Stevie resumed sunning, lying down beside him once again.

Turning to face him she caught the look on his face. 'What are you grinning at?' she asked distantly as the warm wind shook the grass loudly around them. Lee made a point of grinning widely, and smugly.

'You can take it all off if you want,' Lee offered. 'Nobody else's going to be up here.' For a long moment Stevie just smiled at him from behind her sunglasses and otherwise dismissed the thought. 'Just the two of us,' he added when she didn't respond.

No, she wouldn't be that easy. Stevie still required some reservations, and especially so soon and with all that had crossed her mind.

'I'm going to have a little nap,' she did say after a while, feeling his eyes forever on her. But she didn't nap, not for a while. She pretended until the intense sensation in her pussy, not all caused by the heat of the sun, subsided enough for her to stop thinking about needing to be fucked so hard right now.

And the silence was bliss, from the moment she passed through the veil of sleep until she resurfaced to a darker sky. Forty minutes had passed, with nothing but the sound of the sea, the wind, and the seagulls. At one point she heard the soft snoring of her son beside her and laughed lazily to herself.

Opening her eyes, Stevie at first looked down, squinting sorely as she took off her shades. She had gathered a good health dose of gold in her skin from what she could tell, but now the sky was a heavy slate grey and bulging with thunderheads.

Lee was now sat on the edge of the sandpit, looking over at the frothing shore. 'Looks like rain,' he said. 'It's started to thunder.' Confirming the oncoming storm, the sky over the seaside rumbled with the promise of heavy release. It would not wait until they were gone.

Sitting up rested and refreshed - she really had needed the extra sleep today - Stevie slid her shades up over her eyes and rested them atop her head, and laid her eyes on her son. As he turned to face her, he looked almost taken aback, and gradually even more so by her intentional silence.

Stevie smiled ever so slightly that I was barely noticeable. But in that, her aim to command his full attention succeeded. 'Shall I take us home then?' she asked.

They were nearly there, at the car. Lee and his mother had quickly gathered their towels and bottles, and were not far behind the exodus of sunshine revellers, all scurrying for their lives, when the skies opened up on top of them.

With a collective shriek the sunbathers ahead of them seemed to dematerialise in the sudden torrent. Your typical British spring, no matter what the weather said only hours previously, a perfect sunny day had become a washout.

Stevie just didn't see the sense in rushing back to the car. They were already soaked and it wasn't as if they had clothes to worry about. The both of them were a few garments away from nothing and the hard rain that came was too warm to worry about catching a snotty nose.

Still, ahead of her Lee skipped on, making fun of the revellers in their fruity clothing and their vain hair and makeup. 'Don't you want ice cream?' he called out, earning him an irksome look from the lone merchant in his now abandoned van.

Laughing along behind him, Stevie ran and bounced, her now wet bikini barely containing her. 'Get in the car you lunatic,' she yelled. In the driver seat she fumbled to insert her keys into the ignition, still giggling, and then sweeping the soaking hair out of her eyes.

Beside her he grinned like an idiot, though the sight of her wet body once again began to have an effect on him. 'Well that saves me a shower, I suppose,' Stevie said and began laughing again, and then; 'Are we enjoying the view?'

The mischievous smirk she was becoming easily used to crept up into his eyes and lips. 'I enjoyed the view last night,' he admitted while nodding. By the time they returned home they were itching from the sand and rain, yet thinking of everything but.

Just like he'd seen her at the baths, Lee found himself once again turned on by the sight of his mother, wet and sexy as

hell in her bikini. Only after all that had transpired the previous night, he was harder than he'd ever been in his life.

There was one fundamental difference now, as he saw her dripping wet from head to toe behind the wheel. They'd committed acts of love, and lust, naked and in bed together. And they'd come so close to committing the ultimate act that he'd felt her pussy around him before pulling out for the better.

All that remained was the question; when would they fuck?

Because he wanted it and so did she. They wanted it so bad that they were slipping into a routine of teasing and talking about it, and wanting it out loud, and fuelling more desire to act upon the fantasies created all the while.

That spark of attraction between them, the sexual tension that had grown since, and the temptation even of uncertainty, all screamed for an end to the waiting. It was going to happen.

Just last night she had sucked his cock not like a woman possessed, but like a woman of deliberation. She knew what she was doing and she knew what she was instigating. Now they were playing the innocent mother and son game while the invisible elephant of sexual tension grew larger.

He wanted to have her the way she wanted him to. She wanted to be taken, and on his terms. If he could summon the nerve to take them there, and beyond, then there could be no more hiding. His mother could have what she always wanted, and without worrying whether it was right or wrong.

When Stevie saw the look in his eyes she had to ask. 'Is something the matter?'

Lee shook his head. 'Fine,' he muttered, watching her contend with the steering wheel and gearstick.

She was off in her own world for so long, she couldn't imagine why he was looking at her the way he was - yeah right! - until the tension between them made it impossible to look or to think elsewhere.

'Did you sleep last night?' she asked and then stifled a nervous laugh. And then looking back over to him when they were stuck at a red light, Lee nodded, not breaking eye contact for a second.

'Enough,' he said.

6

His shorts, wringing wet, fell heavy to the linoleum of the bathroom floor. Lee stepped out of them, once again bare-naked before her, quickly swelling with pride. Stevie peeled off her damp bikini top, again thrilled to be stood beneath his hungry glare.

Her nipples hardened as if divined toward the heat of her son's body, and again she longed to be touched. Somehow despite all that had transpired within the last twenty four hours, there remained a sense of virginal excitement.

How far they'd slipped into the depths of their shared taboo remained a novelty still, yet to be fully explored. But somehow still there remained the apprehension, the sense of danger, for how far they had yet to go, and for how wrong this could become.

As though she had done this a hundred times, Stevie stripped out of her bikini bottoms and now they stood naked again before each other. And he was getting harder and harder. She knew why and where it would lead.

That thing she had sucked to orgasm, her son's needful erection, was advertising itself to her. There was no looking at it any other way. He wanted to fuck her and she wanted him to.

'You want to do something about that thing,' she said in the awkward silence, and it certainly wasn't a question, unlike his response.

'Yeah I do,' he replied, staring straight back into her eyes, and then offered her that same devilish look as he had in

the kitchen earlier that afternoon, when they had acknowledged each other differently. 'I want to do you!'

'Yeah?' she said with a quickly drying mouth, her heart speeding suddenly in her chest. He nodded, and she offered a little nod back, fighting secretly to breathe. 'Okay,' she said and smiled nervously at her wet naked son.

7

And so they were seeing eye to eye again, Stevie under her son again, and him on top. And now, in his bed again, they didn't deny what was happening. They celebrated it aloud!

There had been no time for theatrics or niceties. The urge had taken over much the same way it did with most people. The urge to give in to their needs was stronger than any desire to romance or to stage a perfect play.

While thunder, rain, and lightning shook the world outside to its core he led her by the hand to his bedroom and laid

her down and kissed with her until passion heated them and drove out the rain chill.

And in the dying light she watched him roll on a condom, her heart hammering at her breast as she wrestled with the wrongness of what was about to happen. God, how she hated those latex things, but all the same there was something incredible in the way he filled the thing.

Every thick muscle and vein, every bump and ridge in his long fleshy pole, seemed to come to life more than usual, and especially now that he was about to fuck her with it - his own mother of twenty-one years!

Communication was key for both of them. Lee knew what he was doing and knew what they both wanted, but still this was his mother and he didn't want to reduce her to a cheap fuck-toy. That had never been his style, but then never had he been so driven to want and to need sex the way he did now.

Wrapping her fingers around his throbbing latex-clad length, Stevie guided him casually between her legs and pulled him in to whisper into his ears.

Her lips quivered, and then she laughed nervously. 'Remember when I asked you what you thought about the real thing, you and me?'

'I wish I'd have just suggested it then and there,' Lee confessed, but too late; here they were now.

'God I can't believe we're finally doing this,' she moaned in her agreement.

Tentatively the hardened tip of his cock tickled her, came to rest right where it needed to be, and for a moment they just held each other. There was no going back after this. This was the end of so much suffering and doubt and anticipation, and the beginning of whatever would be.

Finally, the silence and the breathing and just the two of them - the rain gave up and the thunder subsided. Stevie

was drenched deep inside and in a panic just waiting to feel him inside her for the first time.

A kiss just to know everything was okay, that then became something deeper, and then so much deeper that they could wait no longer. Moments later he was sawing frantically in and out of her, with no resistance or protest, just her moans in his ear.

Both enraptured and terrified, it was just as she once imagined, too much for her senses to take, an explosion of so many feelings all at once. Finally they had gone too far and now they were laughing, driven insane by the sexual intensity, the depravity of it all.

His cock was inside her! Mother and son, their bodies laboured together in the throes of lust, sharing sex like debauched animals. And as their eyes met again they saw differently now. All fantasies realised, come to life, still there remained that love, that bond.

'Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit,' she reacted over and over, unable to say or to think anything else. He was impaling her

mercilessly, and yet she felt a perfect fit for him, the boy she had given birth to now truly taking his place as the man of the house.

It didn't last long. Even Lee, considering his proven sexual prowess, was no match for such an encounter. He loved his mother, and now he lusted for her like nobody else on earth, but seeing himself between her legs and feeling her slipping around him like silk, her hot wet depths sucking him in deep, there was no hope that he could last long enough to bring a hundred filthy daydreams to life that first time.

Stevie felt him swell and pulse within, drew her legs back further and invited him to fuck her with abandon, her eyes rolling up into her head. 'Let it come,' she consented, 'let it come!'

Only god knew how that little latex reservoir contained the seeming gallons that they both wanted him to spurt inside of her. Words did not express the satisfaction of the climax they shared before Lee collapsed into his mother's

shoulder, breathless and twitching; his spent cock aching like never before.

'I suppose I'd best change your sheets again then,' she said after some time, dispelling the thundering silence between their pounding hearts. Both began to laugh uncontrollably.

8

Once upon a time there had been such an impenetrable silence between them. It seemed that whatever they were, family did not fit the bill. Stevie would have done anything to bridge the gap grown by her controlling ex-husband, but she did not imagine they would bond this way.

Now they shared a silence louder and longer than they had ever known, but without the bitterness and the distance. Pressed together beneath the shower's steaming jets, Stevie smiled truly nakedly up at her son - star-struck, love-blind, and utterly lost for words.

And all the while, suggestively she ran her hand up and down his spent member, which now hung heavy and slack but no less impressive.

As uncertain as she was of where things went from here, she knew at least what they would be doing a lot of. There was a lot of fantasy to turn into reality now that they had crossed over and experienced the real thing.

Oddly she even thought that maybe greater good could come of learning more intimately of each other now, inside and out. In the end it seemed so simple, just like any other coupling. It really was just sex, but it had been mutual, between two people who couldn't ever hate each other.

9

How the fuck Monday happened, nobody knew, apart from the fact that Monday - just like any other day - came and went regardless of what in the world happened. It wasn't only Stevie that experienced a shift in the gears though.

Lee's energy and enthusiasm for the mundane shot through the roof, and the day melted away at a frightening speed.

'How's Monday treating you, champ?' his mother's text read at lunch time.

'I'd rather be home,' he admitted regardless.

'Race you!' she replied.

xXx

He very nearly faked a sickie!

10

'I have wanted this all fucking day long,' she hopelessly remarked. Straddling his naked hips, she found the head of his cock and felt her way along it, shivering in anticipation before the lips of her soaked pussy yielded, and she began the long and ecstatic slide down every inch.

Lee groaned as he watched his cock melt into his mother, and again as she slid back up, almost turning herself inside out in the process. She was so tight around him that the condom almost rolled off his cock, chasing her seeming escape, until she rolled her hips back down onto him.

'I could do this all fucking day,' he agreed, his hands caressing her thighs.

'Language, son,' Stevie mock-scolled, settling in to ride her son's rigid eight inch cock. And fuck, if he didn't feel better every time she welcomed him into her aching pussy.

'Yes, mum,' he responded curtly.

On top and in control, the stress and the aches of the daily grind melted away like wax under a blowtorch. Feeling him inside her again, churning her inside out, turned her slowly into a warm puddle of orgasmic juices.

This was the way a mother truly wanted to be - bonding to her son with all her being, both nurturing and unashamedly sexual, with all the love and guidance in the world. There was just one thing in the way of that now, and one boundary she hadn't given any real thought to up until yesterday.

Bearing her hips down, Stevie felt his hardness cleaving her up the middle, sinking effortlessly inside her to kiss at her cervix. 'So what do you think of the real thing with your mother now?' she asked.

Lee gasped, his hands filled with her hips, her tits, every part of her he could explore. 'I never want to stop,' he grunted needily. In her mind they hadn't even started.

Without warning then she raised herself up off her son's soaked cock, earning her an uncertain but disappointed look. Her heart in her throat, Stevie consoled him with a wicked grin of her own and swallowed hard. And then in one deliberate motion she peeled the condom off and guided him back in to feel her for real.

'No, baby, this is the real thing,' she gasped long and grateful. Lee matched her moans, her breaths, her everything, as his smooth flesh glided deep to be coaxed snugly by his mother's silken sex. So wet and warm and deliciously wrong - 'I just really need you to feel me,' Stevie hushed, a finger on her son's concerned lips.

She replaced her finger with her lips next, and then her tongue, uttering in between kisses that she loved him more than anything on earth and that she would never let a bad thing come between them.

'Just tell me when,' she said and began to ride him again, savouring the true reality of what they had become. No lies, no boundaries, no artificial barriers - if they were going to be what they had become, what they were meant to be, they would milk the real thing for all it was worth.

So she rode him so long, out of her mind with sexual ecstasy, possessed and incestuous for her son's fat cock. Plunging down onto him endlessly, wet and slick and slippery with sweat, with loud breathless moans she just couldn't reach that one final hurdle.

'Oh you fucker,' she laughed when he finally flipped her over and slung her feet up over his shoulders. And then a long gasp and guttural moan as he stuffed her squelching pussy back up to the brim, she warned him again and again; 'Just tell me when!'

Lee pumped her full, and hard, again and again, addicted to her tempting depths for the pleasure they brought. Once upon a time she birthed him, as a result of this very act. Now he had taken the place of his father, and his stepfather, as her lover - the man of the house.

The one woman he found the most beautiful, the most worthy of his affections, and that same woman the one who could truly turn him on, she was right there with him in the midst of their shared fantasy come true. He was seconds from coming bareback in his mother.

'I'd love to come in you,' he exhaled harshly, his breaths shallow and fast. Urgently Stevie drew back her legs, giving him a bird's eye view of her fit body bouncing off his straining cock, coming up onto her elbows to stare in

disbelief at the sight of Lee's thick length sliding between her swollen pink pussy lips.

'Soon, baby, but not now,' she urged. 'Do you want to come on my tits?'

A few harsh intakes of air, his teeth clenched, Lee felt the burn surge to the tip of his cock and quickly withdrew to aim upward of her belly.

'FUUUUUUCK,' he groaned, tensing all over, frantically masturbating until the first few hot wads began to spurt out. Stevie, coming just from the danger of almost being impregnated by her own son, cried out her excitement, sitting up to look down on his rod pumping its seed in thick white ropes.

Before he was spent her mouth was around him, sucking furiously, letting him fill her mouth up to swallow.

'Definitely no more condoms,' Stevie thought, finally having had her son inside her for real. Eyes clamped shut

she swallowed and swallowed, barely able to breathe in her orgasmic state. And gasping for air, she came up face to face with him, taken by surprise at how he so eagerly met her with a full-on kiss, his tongue licking the taste of his own come from hers.

'Fuck,' she groaned, feeling her pussy dripping down the inside of her thighs. Her hand massaged his sticky cock, still hard as a rock. She was certain he hadn't come inside her but there was just so much of it everywhere.

Panting hard and fighting for air, they both nuzzled into each other, riding the high of their orgasms. 'How the fuck are you still so hard?' she begged.

"Because it's you, mum,' he said before slipping into a snooze.

While he slept, she wept, but not for what they had done, at least not because she thought it was such a terrible thing. Goodness no, it was starting to make sense now. This was the only way it could have been without destroying them.

But not only did he love her like so many mothers could never understand, it meant more now because he loved her on such a level that even his body responded to her. What could that mean for the future, she wondered momentarily before slipping into her own unconscious reverie?!

11

That same ice-cream man was still at the beach that evening, this time his business favoured by the warm dry weather. And he wasn't so irksome now that Lee approached with money and bought two cones overflowing, and festooned with a chocolate flake, raspberry sauce and crushed nuts.

On the dry white sand just ten minutes walk from the main entrance they laid back to relax and enjoy the seaside's gentle cooling breeze, and alone they talked over what now was, between them and they alone.

Soon Lee was smoking a joint he'd stowed away with him. Stevie scolded him for doing that. 'You're going to get me in shit one of these days,' she insisted. 'You shouldn't smoke that stuff in public.'

'I can think of more dangerous things to do in public,' he said slyly, looking to see if she would pick up the hint. And he passed the joint over, and she took it despite her protests.

'Hmm,' she hummed, sporting her secret smile. 'Yes that'll get us in deep shit indeed!'

'Do you worry about what could happen?' he asked, not having to read her to know the questions that mattered now.

'Obviously, and so should you,' she said, staring off across the approaching surf. She nodded thoughtfully. 'But I don't think I have to tell you what you should worry about. You know what not to do, don't you?'

Lee nodded in his silence. And then he felt her open hand at his shoulder, rubbing affectionately down across his back.

'Doesn't mean you should stop dating girls either...'

'Mum, I'm just not-

'If and when you meet someone you like,' she overrode him. 'Just because you're getting sex, it doesn't mean you don't need relationships.'

He nodded again.

'I'm still your mother,' Stevie stressed, taking one last pull from the joint before passing it back. 'You can't marry me and have kids. I'm not going to go live up a mountain and start eating tourists!'

Sudden laughter erupted from her son then. 'I don't think it generally happens like that, mum,' he said, turning to face

her as he took back his joint and brought it back to his lips. Of course she knew that. And she had made a doctor's appointment from work that morning just as a precaution.

'Anyway, let's talk about something else now,' Stevie insisted, and for a long while they sat in silence, watching the sea roll in, because there really was nothing else to talk about.

THE END