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Amber Likes to Show Off

Amber Willis had just turned 18, and was attending a family party hosted by her aunt and uncle. They had the biggest house of the family and had a pool as well. It was perfect for having the kids over to occupy themselves while the adults got drunk. At least, that was how Amber saw it. The party was an annual one, and this year was special because she could be considered an adult. Sure, she couldn't drink yet, but her mother had allowed her to buy a bikini for the first time ever, and that had to match the definition of an adult somewhere. She was very excited to wear it in the pool.

When the time came to get changed and emerge from the house, she wasn't so excited. There were at least 15 people hanging out, either in the pool or around it, and they would surely all stare at her when she emerged. Showing so much skin was something new and she was nervous they would laugh. Well. Maybe not laugh. She'd filled out a lot in the year since the last party. The bikini fit her very well, her newly C cup titties fully covered by the top. She didn't have much of a bubble butt, but what was there seemed full enough.

Bracing herself and taking a deep breath, the lovely redhead walked out of the back door and walked as confidently as she could to the pool's edge. She glanced around, and could see they were all watching her. She jumped into the deep end, washing away their judging eyes. She stayed under for a few seconds before letting her head emerge. They had all gone back to their previous activities, with one exception. Her Uncle Jack was still watching her, from his chair in the shadows against the back wall.

The directness of his gaze caused a shiver to run through her. The cool water had caused her nipples to contract, but the way he looked at her caused them to stiffen even more, and a pleasant glow to form in her nethers. How could just a stare cause her to feel like this?

As she floated around the pool's edge, she kept an eye on Uncle Jack, and he kept an eye on her. Why did he keep staring? Amber looked around, and no one else was even looking in her direction. If his eyes on her didn't make her feel so gooey inside, she would have thought it was creepy. Well, maybe it was a bit creepy.

After a while she got bored of the pool. She was thirsty and a bit cold, so she swam to the ladder to climb out. The ladder was directly in Uncle Jack's line of sight, and as she hoisted herself out of the water, he seemed to drink her in. The warm glow inside of her increased, spreading to her puss. Despite the good feelings her Uncle's stare gave her, she grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her torso. She saw him immediately lose interest and look away.

Surprised at her own disappointment by his loss of interest, Amber casually reached up to dry her hair a bit, letting the towel reveal her lower half. Uncle Jack's eyes were drawn back to her; goosebumps ran down her arms and legs. As she rubbed her hair, she peered at him around the towel. She gasped and looked quickly away. He had a tent in his shorts, and he didn't seem to be hiding it. Her own uncle had a hardon because of her? She sat down on a lounge chair, letting the towel fall away, feeling the warm sun soak into her skin and her uncle's stare burn from the shadows. Why did him staring at her give her this hollow, tingly feeling inside of her?

Amber knew that she had changed a lot in the past several months, but was still getting used to the fact that men would check her out. Most of them were fairly sly about it. To have her own uncle stare so brazenly at her, and almost proudly display his attraction, was a whole new level. She didn't know what to do. She wanted to hide, shy away, cover herself, but maybe she didn't need to. If she could affect him that way, wasn't she in control? Realizing she had the power to make a man's dick hard just by wearing a bikini opened up a whole new world to her, and it wasn't even that risque a bikini. Her mother wouldn't allow her to show more skin.

She checked out the people around the pool, but no one except her uncle was looking. Turning away from him, she slowly stood up, feeling her bottoms rub on her pussy. Slowly standing up from the lounge chair turned out to be more ridiculous in practice than it had sounded in her head. She felt foolish, but when she turned to glance at Uncle Jack, she saw him nod slightly, and shift in his chair. Her vagina muscles squeezed involuntarily, as if seeking something to grip.

Not having anything else to try, she dove into the pool again, swimming right over to the ladder. Slowly climbing up the ladder was easier to do. She felt her uncle's eyes roaming over her, water dripping from her arms, legs, butt, breasts. She flipped her hair around, spraying water everywhere and then walked around to do it all over again. This wasn't just turning her uncle on; she was also feeling it. She needed... something.

Amber had been caught in her own trap. She wasn't just affecting him, she also needed someone to touch her, to run his hands over her sensitive skin. Someone to scratch the itch she felt between her legs.

Spooked by her own excitement, she grabbed her towel and retreated into the house to get something to drink. Her aunt and uncle always kept a fridge full of soda in the garage for when they had company. It was always deserted because there weren't any chairs or anything, so Amber felt safe there. Her heart was thumping in her chest. The need for something, anything to touch her groin was still there. She pushed her palm against her mons and groaned as an echoing pulse of warmth radiated through her pussy. She rubbed it a few times, feeling her own slippery fluid spread in the cold, wet bikini. Warm waves spread through her body, and she became aware of her most sensitive parts. Nipples rubbing over cold swim suit material. Rough towel sliding over goosebumpy arms.

A scream from one of the younger kids in the house yanked her out of her stupor. Knowing she couldn't possibly finish masturbating in the garage, Amber stepped over to the fridge and opened it. The cool air washed around her overheated skin, making her shiver.

The fridge was full of all kinds of soda and beer, but the orange she wanted was all the way in the back of the top shelf. Digging her hand past the bottles and cans, the young woman heard a sound from behind her.

"Hey, do you need something from the fridge while I'm in here?" she called, without turning her head. The only reason anyone would come back here was the fridge.

"Shhh. Don't talk," came the whisper back.

"What - " she said, before freezing. Something had touched the towel covering her butt.

"Who's there?" she called, her voice quieter.

"Shhhhhhh," came the whisper again. It was a man, she knew that. Again, came the touch, and she felt the towel on her butt lift away, piling up on her back.

"So, you like to show yourself off, hmm?" came the whisper.

Amber gasped as she felt hands caress her ass, one of the sensitive areas that were craving to be touched. It felt so good, the warm, light touch sending goosebumps down her thighs. She wanted to stand up. She wanted to scream, get away, punch, kick, anything. Except she didn't. She didn't do those things, and really, didn't want to do them either. She wanted to feel the man's touch on her more. Wanted him to touch her other places. So she just stood there, bent over, head in the fridge door.

The man, her uncle maybe, kept on running his hands over her, getting bolder. Grabbing her ass cheek, slipping his hand under her between her thighs. Now he was holding on to her hips and she felt a hard lump against her ass. He groaned behind her as he started to grind. The cloth of his shorts scratched her lightly, sending tingles through her pelvis. Her cloth-covered mound was wet, lips swollen with need. She bent over more so he could rub against more of her pussy. She pushed back.

Their movement became a mutual massage. Each push of his groin against her increased the pressure she felt in her privates. It felt good, but she needed something more. Something to be inside of her.

Just as she was going to ask for more, she heard the man gasp behind her, and start to jerk against her. She stood there, confused, until he pulled away from her. He patted her behind and said, "Good girl." She heard him walk away, so she stood up and turned around. He was gone.

Amber had masturbated before. She was 18, she had tried her body out. But the intensity of what she was feeling now, what had been building in her since she noticed her uncle staring, was new. It was magical, a whole new playing field. She stuck her hands in her bikini, shoving two fingers into her steaming twat and blasted into an orgasm right there in the garage.

When she came back to the main house, she couldn't find her Uncle Jack anywhere. He had left in a hurry; some errand to run, the others said. She kept her disappointment inside, but secretly determined she wanted to show herself off to him again.

The chance came two weeks later when they had another family gathering, this time for her Grandmother's birthday. It was held at the same house, and Amber fully expected to see her Uncle Jack there. She had been fantasizing about showing herself to him again.

The incident in the garage had been interesting but she was sure she got the most excitement from having him watch her.

Amber got in the car with her parents to drive to the 'party house', as they called it. She had her bikini on under a shirt and shorts, for easy changing. Just the anticipation of Uncle Jack's eyes on her again had butterflies in her stomach...and lower. She'd spent an hour trying different ways of wearing her hair, seeing what looked the best. She'd settled on a classic ponytail, as she loved the way her hair framed her face.

They arrived in the driveway, and as she was jumping out Amber's mother said, "Amber don't run off, I need you to help me bring these supplies in."

Amber groaned in frustration and turned to the back where the trunk was full of stuff to carry. She didn't want to get all sweaty carrying this junk in! Her mother came around to join her and rolled her eyes at Amber's petulance. She picked up a stack of paper plates and cups and thrust them in Amber's hands.

"Here, carry these and go see how the little kids are doing. You're 18 now, you can help with the grown up stuff more," her Mom said.

She groaned even louder, throwing her head back. Stupid mothers! She was ruining the entire day with this crap. Amber had plans and none of them involved watching some bratty 9 and 10 year olds. Her cousins were actually fairly good kids but could get rambunctious now and then.

The side door of the house led into the kitchen, where Amber was able to drop off the plates and cups at her aunt's direction. She then went to find the cousins, although the screeching at the rear of the house told her that they were in the pool.

She kept an eye out for her uncle as she wandered through the house. It wasn't until she emerged into the backyard that she saw

him, in the same chair. Her heart thumped in recognition. She looked around the area, but apart from him and the kids, it was deserted.

What better way to supervise the cousins than to be in the pool with them? She grabbed a towel from the pile near the door and walked over to a lounge chair. She felt equal parts nervous and confident as she felt her uncle's eyes on her yet again. First things first, she had to take her outer clothes off. This was something she had planned.

She turned away from Uncle Jack and undid the button on her shorts. They were fairly tight, and so as she pulled them down she had to make sure to peel them, to keep her bikini on. The peel ended up being slower than one might normally do it. She imagined the view her uncle was getting behind her. Her shorts slowly revealing her ass, which showing more skin than usual due to the portion of her bottoms that were pulled into her ass crack. Intentionally.

Once her shorts were off, she took her time pulling her bottoms out from between her cheeks, adjusting them a few times as well.

The next step was her shirt. She turned around to face him and grabbed the t-shirt at the bottom and did the same peel, however it didn't peel as well as her shorts. Her shirt got caught on her breasts, pulling them up. She could feel the bikini top pulling up along with the shirt, threatening to drop her bare breasts. But she had practiced it, and at the last moment pulled her shirt out, letting her top and covered boobs drop down.

The removal of her clothes like that would never have been allowed if her mother was around. She carefully watched her uncle, as he shifted in his seat, adjusting something at his crotch. She smiled to herself and jumped into the water. The cool liquid did nothing to quench the heat in her belly.

And so the day went, with Amber showing off parts of herself to the only person watching, contriving to provide displays of flesh to him.

She couldn't believe how it affected her, ramping up her desire until she was sure she could cum at one touch. Her pussy practically hummed in her swimsuit.

By the afternoon the party was in full swing. They'd had cake and sang the song, and Amber was feeling powerful and confident. Uncle Jack had kept close by her the entire time, always within view. Amber was having fun showing off, and knew that her uncle was enjoying it. His enjoyment enhanced her own.

When she went to grab a soda, walking to the garage, the incident from two weeks ago reared its head. Her face flushed as she remembered how he had rubbed himself on her. Would he do it again? Would she let him? She opened the fridge and bent over, listening for any little sound from behind her. A scuff of his foot warned her a second before she heard him.

"Shhhh. Don't talk," he said once again.

Amber's whole body twitched in response, but she stayed bent over.

"I liked your show by the pool," he whispered. She felt him touch her rear end, pinching her flesh between his fingers. "Do you do more than show off?" he asked.

Amber felt less certain about the answer to that question. Just as she was wondering what to say, she felt his fingers grip the waistband of her bottoms and begin to pull them down. He did it almost as slowly as she had taken her shorts off. Now her heart was pounding, her vision narrowing, her entire focus on what he would do next. As he pulled them over her ass she felt the crotch peel away from her wet vulva, the cool air tickling her.

She heard rustling from behind her, as if clothing was being removed. Her vaginal muscles twitched, and she felt something ooze down her leg. All she wanted at this point was an answer to the

tingling warmth in her pussy. Something to touch her, push on her, anything.

She never got it. Just as she felt something brush her labia, a yell came from the house. Someone was calling her uncle.

"Fuck," he said quietly, and then he was pulling up his shorts and walking away. She was left to pull up her bottoms, covering her aching pussy. Left to rub herself to an orgasm there in the garage once again.

Uncle Jack was sent out for more ice, but took forever returning. The party was basically over by the time he did, and Amber could only stare at him in the doorway watching, as she left in her parent's car. As she stared out the car window she reflected on how horny showing herself had made her. She knew there was a party coming up in a month, and maybe she could up the ante. Find a way to bare herself to her uncle, as he so clearly wanted. She squeezed her legs together, enjoying the delicious zing of her clit moving around. She clearly wanted it too.

She never got the chance. Two weeks later he was dead in a car crash. Amber had been building up to the next encounter with him the entire time, making more plans. She fingered herself to many orgasms in her room just thinking about what she would do next time. After she heard about his death she cried for the loss of a family member and for what they might have done.

Left without an outlet for her incipient exhibitionism, Amber had to find other avenues. Over the next few years, she found men to show herself off to in casual ways. Tight shirts pulled taut over her nipples in a bar. Panties exposed under her skirt on the bus. Fairly innocuous, to be sure, but it always got her motor going. She would find herself in a quiet place soon after, her hand shoved in her panties, nipple gripped tight.

It ended up being how she met her husband, and soon after they married she stopped the activity. She had other concerns, and she didn't miss it, not much. Plus, her man had seen it all, so it was less exciting.

They soon had a child, then her husband had an accident at work, and it was just mother and son.

Amber cursed. The now-older buxom redhead stared at her bank balance, sitting at the kitchen table. She'd just paid off her last bill of the month. Something to be happy about, right? Only she'd forgotten that her son's birthday was the next day, and she didn't have a present for him, and no money to get one, either. She blamed her car, breaking down twice in two weeks and draining her dry, but that didn't help with Blake's present.

She pulled out her phone and did a search for cheap birthday gifts. A few search results down she came across something she could do. She might not have much money, but she had energy. She could gift him her efforts. Pulling out some recipe cards, Amber started to brainstorm ideas for some coupons for her son. What did he need done, that he didn't want to do?

Well, job one was always his room. She wrote out a coupon to allow him to request her to clean his room. Next was his car, it always needed washing. That was easy. Next... maybe a home cooked dinner? They were so busy lately that home cooked food seemed like a rare luxury, plus they couldn't really afford to eat out now. She was sure he'd like being able to demand a meal on his terms. The next coupon was for... well she wasn't sure. He could probably come up with something, so she left the actual chore blank.

Amber stared at the small stack of 'coupons', and despaired. They seemed trivial and lame. Something someone desperate would do. A moment's consideration pointed out that she was, in fact, desperate.

Trying to make up for the lame gift, she added a final coupon that was fully blank. He could ask for whatever he wanted, as long as she could provide it.

Tying the small clump of cards together with a ribbon on them, she propped them up on the kitchen table for him to find the next day. Sure, it was a dumb gift, but maybe they could have a laugh about it.

The next day Amber entered the kitchen to find Blake eating cereal at the table and reading the stupid coupons. She took a moment to take in her son. He was almost as tall as his father now, brushing up to 6', and with the sandy hair mop on his head he reminded her of his father in a lot of ways.

"Happy birthday, Mr Eighteen-Year-Old," she said.

"Morning, Mom," he said. "Thanks for the coupons. They're perfect. I hate doing this stuff anyways and now I won't have to hear you complain about me not doing them." He said it with a smile but she could tell he was being polite.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get you anything better. I'm tapped out this month. It'll be all I can do to feed us for the next couple weeks. You don't have to pretend to like the silly things." She gestured at the gift.

"Don't worry about it." He paused and looked at the stack of cards. "And don't be surprised if I take you up on these."

Walking to the coffee maker, Amber said, "That's why I gave them to you. If you want me to work on one of them this weekend, you'll have to let me know soon."

He plucked one of the cards out right away. "This one for sure," he said, flipping it to her.

She set her coffee mug down and read the card. "You want your room done first? Okay." Then she noticed that there was more written on the card. "'In a maid's outfit?'"

Her son laughed and said, "Yep! Remember how you're always complaining about picking up after me and you not being my maid? Well, I think this qualifies as being my maid, so you should dress the part."

Amber gave him a 'you got me' look. "Fine, if it will make this a better gift, I'll wear the outfit. I'm not sure where you think I'll get one for free."

"Doesn't Tara have a bunch of that kind of stuff? Maybe she could lend you one."

Tara was Amber's best friend and a fiend for Halloween parties. She smirked, and said, "I'll ask her, but that doesn't seem like her type of costume."

Blake shrugged. "If it doesn't work out, I'll still be happy with a clean room."

"I'll be happy with your room clean too," she said, giving him a wink.

After breakfast Amber went to get ready for work. Her hair was always a pain to deal with first thing, but she loved it despite the work. It was long and straight, and a vibrant red that caught the eye when she had it down. That's why she wore it either up in a bun, or in a braid.

Seeing as she had the time, she started the process of forming a braid. After so many years she had it down to a fine science and barely had to pay attention, so her mind wandered. She smiled at Blake's maid outfit idea. She did complain about having to clean up after him, but only to try and get him to do it on his own; a skill for

when he moved out. It wasn't really a chore to her; it kept her hands busy and her mind free.

Hair done, she went to pick out an outfit for work. She ended up going with a pencil skirt, to accentuate her slim legs, and a short sleeved white blouse. A white blouse demanded a white bra. She picked one out with a full cup to try and stop her D cups from moving around too much. Catching a glimpse of her naked torso in the full-length mirror made her pause. Checking her image critically, she decided that at 41 she was still in fine shape. Sure, her breasts sagged a bit, but her nipples still pointed forward instead of at her feet. They'd grown since she was Blake's age. The small bulge at her stomach could be seen as sexy in the right light. No one could deny that her rear end was even better now.

Deciding she still had the body to attract a man, she chose a different bra, one with a half cup. Maybe she could get someone to take her out on a date, and save the money for dinner one night? It occurred to her that some might call that prostitution, but those same people probably had money to buy their son's gifts.

Outfit complete, Amber grabbed her phone and sent Tara a quick message asking about the maid outfit. If anyone would have one, it'd be her. Hopefully one that wasn't too risqué.

She wasn't able to check her phone during the day so she didn't see Tara's answer until that night. 'Of course I do! Come over after work and we will see if it fits you.'

Amber made her way to her friend's house instead of going straight home. Once there, Tara greeted her with a half hug.

"There you are. I thought you missed my message," Tara said.

"I just got it. I was so busy at work that I didn't have time to even look at my phone."

"Well, you're here now. Have a seat."

The two women gabbed an hour away catching up and enjoying the gossip from their respective workplaces.

Eventually there was a lull in the chat and Amber brought up the maid outfit.

"Yes! I pulled it out of storage and it looks in good shape," Tara said.

"Why did you ever wear a maid outfit, anyway?"

Tara gave her a look. "It was for a costume party, of course. It's modeled after the style of the 60s, so it's just a one piece with a skirt."

Amber raised an eyebrow. "How short is the skirt?" she asked.

"Not too short. Here, take it and try it on." Tara picked up a box from the counter and thrust it towards Amber.

She took it and pulled it out of the box. She saw that while it was certainly reminiscent of the old maid uniform, it had a few 'enhancements'. It was black, with short sleeves and a wide white collar, but the top was tailored to show plenty of cleavage. The skirt portion was also a lot shorter than she remembered seeing in pictures.

"This is a bit revealing, isn't it? Do you have anything that covers more?" she said.

Tara laughed and said, "What on earth for? Isn't this for a party?"

Amber shook her head. "No, it's just for some dumb birthday thing for Blake. I don't have any cash to get him a gift so I gave him some coupons. One of them is to clean his room and he asked me to wear a maid outfit. It was just a joke but I wanted to go a bit further

because I feel bad for not getting him anything." She looked at the outfit. "I'll try it on, it can't be that bad, right?"

Tara looked uncertain, but nodded. "Can't hurt to try it. I did dig it out for you after all. May as well make it worth my time."

In the washroom, facing the mirror, Amber was shocked. Her breasts were pushed together, showing a vast valley of cleavage, and the skirt just managed to cover her ass. She couldn't wear this to clean Blake's room unless he stayed out of it.

A sudden rearranging of her view made her realize exactly how sexy the outfit was. She wouldn't have any issue wearing this for a lover; it'd be a guaranteed success.

Changing back to her work clothes, she felt a moment of regret that she hadn't found an outfit to wear for Blake's coupon. It had been a funny mental image that she wanted to try out.

Back in the main room, she handed Tara the costume box. "It fits just fine, actually it looks fucking great on me. If I was a lesbian, I'd do me. But it doesn't work for cleaning my son's room."

"Well does he need to watch you clean his room? Or can you get the coupon points by wearing the costume and then do the cleaning after you kick him out?" her friend asked.

Amber pondered the idea. How much did she want to cater to her son's request, and how much did she want to maintain her dignity? She was surprised when her dignity came out the loser.

"You're right. He doesn't need to be there, and this will definitely show him it was a serious gift. Mind you, I won't want to actually clean his room wearing it. That would be way too uncomfortable."

Tara nodded with a grin. "It's really not meant to be worn for very long," she said.

Amber rolled her eyes. "Well, that doesn't come into account when it comes to my son."

She left a while later, the box under her arm. She reassured her friend that she would return it in a few days but was told that there was no hurry.

Two days later it was the weekend, and the redhead had time to fulfill her first coupon. Blake was out for the day, so she could resolve both the room clean and the maid outfit at once.

Wearing the entirely too small costume made her feel ridiculous at first but that changed as she looked in the mirror. She hadn't worn anything even close to this daring in many years. Since before she met her husband, in fact. Seeing body parts displayed so brazenly woke something in her. A delicious warm tingle...

It didn't come with panties, so she chose some black silk ones of her own, which completed the look wonderfully. She did a twirl, watching the skirt flare up, exposing her panties. Another wickedly warm surge accompanied the sight. It was silly, but maybe she wouldn't mind wearing it for a while. It did mean that she would fulfill the promise set forth in the coupon. The final step to complete the look was to put her hair up in a quick bun.

Amber walked down the hall, her cleavage and legs feeling exposed. She arrived at Blake's door and politely knocked. As expected, there was no answer and so she let herself in. Her son's room looked exactly the same as the last time she'd seen it. Clothes strewn everywhere, some empty chip bags on his desk, and a waste basket full of tissue.

The boy wasn't sick nearly often enough to need this much tissue, but he kept going through it. Maybe he had some kind of night time runny nose situation?

The 'uniform' was every bit as awkward as she had suspected, as every time she bent over, her breasts threatened to pop out of the top.

After ten minutes of general tidying, the room looked only a bit better. Amber surveyed the remaining mess and realized she would be there much longer than anticipated. Sighing, she set to work.

Half an hour later she heard a noise from the front hallway. It sounded like the front door closing, but Blake wasn't due home till late. Wondering who it could be, she padded down the hall, hoping it wasn't a robber.

When she got to the front hallway, she saw Blake taking his shoes off, and sighed in relief. He looked up at her and everything came to a dead stop. She smiled, realizing that she was a bit too exposed for family.

"Mom?" he called. "Why are you wearing that?"

"I'm cleaning your room. This was the only maid outfit Tara had." She paused. "I wanted to be done before you got home so you wouldn't see me in it, but it's too late now."

She walked back to his room, hearing him follow.

"I can't say you broke your promise," he said, laughing. "You're so silly. It would have been fine to not wear that. It can't be very comfortable."

"Well, it's actually not too bad. I've only almost fallen out of it twice," she said with a grin. "Are you home for the day? I wanted to finish up."

"I had some homework to get done, I'm going out again later," he replied.

Darnit. She really didn't want to have to come back to the chore. "Is it okay if I clean while you're doing your homework? Can you do it in the living room?"

"It's online, Mom. I have to do it on my computer. I'm sure I can stay out of your way if you want to finish up." He followed her into his room.

Blake surveyed the work she had done so far. "Not bad, Mom. You're most of the way there, right?" He looked back at her, clearly making an effort to maintain eye contact.

This type of consideration was what endeared him to her. Well, and he was her son, but he was a good man. She nodded, saying, "I have to do some vacuuming, change your bedding, and wipe your desk and drawer and I'm done. I'll save the vacuum for when you're done."

He smiled. "Thanks, Mom, it looks great. Don't let me hold you up." He sat down at his computer and opened a browser.

Amber walked to his bed and stripped off the blankets and sheets, bending over to reach his pillows in the corner. She felt her ass become exposed as the skirt lifted up. The movement woke a memory in her. She put one knee up on his bed to extend her reach and heard the creak of Blake's chair. She realized how exposed she was like this. Was he watching her?

He had done his best to not stare when she could see him. Was he getting an eyeful now her back was turned? More memories surfaced as she waited there, one leg on his bed. The silence in the room was broken only by her breathing. Was he still looking? She made a show of grabbing for the pillows and slowly standing back up. She heard his chair creak again as she did.

Piling the pillows and the bedding in her arms, she left the room to go put them in the laundry.

Knowing how good she looked, she wasn't surprised that he might have taken a peek. When would he have ever seen even close to this much of his mother's exposed flesh? Probably never. But why had she just stopped and let him look? As she contemplated the situation, while shoving his sheets in the washer, she felt it. The delicious glow building in her groin. The brazen display she had shown him in his room, bent over and quiet, letting him get a good long look, had ignited her engines.

What did she do now? Do the rest of the cleaning later when he wasn't home? The thought strangely disappointed her. She wanted him to see her doing a good job on his birthday gift. The maid outfit was part of it. Deciding that it would be best to get the chore done with, she headed back to his room with some cloths and a cleaning spray.

She started wiping down the dirty areas of his room, ignoring him and ignoring how much flesh she may be showing as she bent and reached. Her ass and bust wobbled impressively as she wiped the surfaces. Now and then when she had to bend over to reach a low spot, she heard his chair creak. Each time she would slow what she was doing and take extra time. She could practically feel his eyes on her. The chair would then creak again and she would resume her activities.

Soon she was done with his room. She patted his shoulder and leaned over for a kiss on the cheek, aware of how much cleavage she was presenting to him as she did so. His eyes were locked on her chest. Feeling a hot flush wash over her face, she murmured, "Your first coupon is almost done. I'll vacuum later on, okay?"

He nodded and tore his eyes from her breasts up to her face. "Thanks, Mom. You look great. I mean, the room looks great," he said.

She smiled at him and left the room to go change out of the maid costume. In her room she took off the top and was unsurprised to see how hard her nipples were. She'd known that they were being rubbed in the top with all the moving she was doing, but that of course wasn't all...she gasped as she ran a finger around her areola. They were so sensitive they almost burned. Dropping the one-piece outfit down her legs, she peeled off her panties and was shocked to see the dark patch of moisture in the crotch. If she'd known... but of course she did know. She just didn't care that he could see how turned on she was. Or maybe she did care. Maybe that was why she was so fucking horny now, knowing that someone could see her like that. Even if it was her son?

Not one to throw away an opportunity, the now naked mother fell back on her bed, spreading her legs. Her pussy was soaked, inside and out, so she plunged two fingers inside right away. With her other hand she started gently playing with a nipple, amazed at how sensitive it was.

A rare midday masturbation session was only partially overshadowed by thoughts of how she had gotten so turned on. She pushed those aside and took advantage of her body being more aroused than it had been in many years. The room was filled with the sound of her fingers being buried in her twat and her moans as she built towards a shattering climax.

She had been primed for it, for her to cum that fast. She lay there, naked, legs spread. Idle play with her nipple kept her pussy thrumming, until she had to rub herself to one more orgasm. She hadn't really stopped orgasming, it seemed, as her body instantly responded to the increased stimulation and she was quivering on her bed once again. She dipped two fingers inside her entrance, smoothly pushing them in and out, the pleasure on her primed pussy causing her mind to go blank. Her world narrowed to just the feel of her fucking herself.

Her world was suddenly shattered when she heard a knock at her door.

"Mom? Are you okay in there? I heard a cry," came the sound of Blake's voice on the other side.

"Yes, I'm fine, I just stubbed my toe," she called back, pulling her fingers from inside of her.

"Okay, I finished my homework, so I'm headed back out. See you later," he said.

"Okay, see you," she called, and plunged her fingers back in. She had time.

Later on, showered and dressed, Amber entered the kitchen to find one of Blake's coupons on the table. It was the one to wash his car. She could do that one tomorrow when he was home.

As she grabbed the vacuum to finish her chore, it occurred to her that perhaps the coupons presented an opportunity. The rediscovery of how much she enjoyed showing herself to others was one thing. The fact that it applied to her son's gaze was a new and exciting revelation. She could indulge herself by letting him look, thereby stoking her fires. There was no harm in it, and she would enjoy another session in her bed like the one she'd just finished.

The next day Amber went for a simple ponytail. She knew her hair would most likely get wet, especially with how she planned on washing Blake's car later.

She was eating breakfast when Blake joined her. "Morning, Mom. My room looks great, thanks again."

"You're welcome. Happy I can do something you appreciate." She looked down quickly, realizing too late the double entendre.

He didn't say anything, so she looked up at him quickly. He had a bemused expression, like he was trying to decide which way to take her statement. He decided to take it the normal way. "I definitely appreciate a clean room, yep. Did you see the coupon for my car wash?"

She nodded, happy to let the awkwardness drop. "I'm going to do it this afternoon when it's a bit warmer, ok? Will you be around? I mean, will your car be here?"

"Yeah, I'm not going anywhere today, so the car is ready whenever you are."

He walked to the fridge to grab some milk for cereal. "You don't have to wear the maid outfit to clean the car," he said, chuckling.

She joined him in the laugh. "No, that wouldn't work. I've got something else in mind. It is supposed to be quite warm today, so to keep my clothes dry I'm just going to wear a bikini." Expecting his response, she carefully ignored his open mouth and wide eyes and took her dish to the sink.

"Oh, yeah, that's a good idea. Maybe I'll give you a hand with it." He took his cereal to the kitchen table and sat down.

"Nonsense. It wouldn't be a gift to you if you helped. You can supervise if you want, make sure I do a good job." The last sentence was said over her shoulder as she rinsed her plate.

The silence from her son told her that he had noticed what she was wearing. A normal t-shirt on top, but a short skirt on bottom. She'd pulled it up to where it showed almost as much as the maid costume. A grey area length. If she walked around it was fine, but if she bent over... she bent over to put her plate in the dishwasher. Still

no sound from the table. She waited for a time, and then stood up, tidying a bit.

It was working. She could feel her nipples contract and rub against her bra, knowing her son had just stared at her ass. Goosebumps rose on her arms. This afternoon couldn't come fast enough.

Amber gathered the car wash supplies, setting up her work area outside. It wasn't quite warm enough to be outside with a bikini yet. It was almost unnecessary to go that step, though. As she wandered around the house in her short skirt, her son would randomly appear nearby, as if by chance, when she was bending over. Each time she would slow what she was doing and stay there, bent over, until he left. The knowledge he was looking kept her continuously on edge. She also wondered what he was doing. Was he just looking? Was he touching himself while looking? Did he wait until he was alone? She never turned to see his face, as if that excused the entire situation. What she didn't see, wasn't happening.

But she knew it was. And it made her so fucking horny. At noon Amber retreated to her bedroom, thinking to change to the bikini, but stopped for a visit to her bed first. She grabbed the dildo she'd stashed under her pillow earlier and spread her legs. Her fingers were great, but sometimes she needed something with a bit more meat, as it were. Running the head of the penis shaped fuckstick through her gaping labia was enough to lube it up for penetration. She closed her eyes, head thrown back on her pillow, and pushed the tip into her opening.

The head stretched her as it entered, the textured plastic rubbing on her zinging nerve endings. This was just as good as the day before. Better, even, as she had built it up more. Pushing the dildo in more, she started an in and out motion, needing only a few strokes to make her cum. Her pussy clamped down on the inanimate object, forcing it out with the strength of her convulsions. When her

muscles eased up, she plunged the dildo in again, and rode it to several more orgasms over the next 20 minutes.

She wanted to keep the orgasms going all day, but knew she had an obligation to wash her son's car. At this point she didn't need the extra titillation of prancing around in a bikini, the skirt had been enough. But a promise was a promise.

What the slightly less horny mother didn't realize was that her capacity for being turned on by exhibition hadn't even been tested yet. The first hint of that was when she chose the bikini to wear. Intending to put on one that was fairly respectable, she found herself pulling one out that she hadn't worn in years. She last wore it on a trip to Cancun, when her and her late husband had just started trying to get pregnant. It was a long time ago now, and it might not fit as well.

She was proven right, as her breasts were only barely contained in the top. She tested them, jumping in one spot. Her still-perky bust soon flopped free of the cups, settling on her chest when she stopped. She'd have to make sure she didn't do any jumping. The bottoms were small strings that tied at the sides and a strip of fabric. It covered her vulva but not much else. She was glad she shaved, or her red bush would be fluffing out the sides. The strings dug into her flesh a bit, but she found the effect pleasing.

"Hey Supervisor! I'm starting the car wash now," she called out to Blake as she made her way to the driveway.

Thankfully it was blocked from the neighbours' view, though anyone on the road would have a full view of her. The thought thrilled her.

The car wash started out all business. She got the car wet, and started in on scrubbing the sides. Just as she bent over for the first time, Blake joined her outside. She heard him walk up behind her and stop a few steps away. Amber felt her vaginal muscles clench in response to his proximity, and presumably, his stare. She slowed her

scrubbing of the car and stayed bent over, breasts wobbling below her in the too tight top. After a minute, Blake moved, allowing her to move as well.

She started to stand until she noticed his legs step closer to her. Memories rushed forth, drawn from her 18th birthday. She was in a garage, bent over in a fridge. He was touching her, grinding on her. The flood of mostly forgotten impressions overwhelmed her. She closed her eyes, waiting, but for what, she wasn't sure. All she knew was that she was willing to wait for him to do what he needed.

Something touched her ass cheek. A light, hesitant caress. The horny Mom could almost hear her uncle saying 'Ssshhhh. Don't talk'. She didn't talk, didn't move, letting him touch her. When she didn't react to him, he got bolder, caressing her entire ass with both hands. Not hard, or rough. Every touch on her sensitive skin sent tingles crashing through her. A second pass with his hands was firmer, as he took full advantage of his access. His caresses moved her bottoms slightly, the fabric sliding along her wet lips. The tension in her pussy grew, and she almost moaned her approval.

The memories from 23 years ago suddenly took on a different slant. She had been turned on by her uncle looking at her, sure. But it was him finding her in the garage and having his way with her that had really gotten her going. Her exhibitionism, her showing off her body, was supposed to be about the thrill of being on display. But now her son was touching her, like her uncle had, and she was letting that happen because it made her so fucking horny.

After a few more passes of his hand, Blake stepped back. Her body charged with energy again, Amber stood up and continued washing the car. She could feel her skimpy bikini bottoms getting soaked in her pussy juice, the thin cloth rubbing against her clit. Her face was flush with desire, she was panting slightly, her nipples painfully sensitive. What previously would have been anger at his presumption turned out to be as revelation as to her needs. She was

surely going to be helpless to stop him if, when, he showed an interest.

The car wash show she had intended when she put on the bikini had taken on a new facet. Interactivity. Blake took his job of supervisor seriously. When he thought she had missed a spot, usually down low, he would point it out, and she would bend over to scrub it with her sudsy sponge. She would take much longer than necessary to get the 'missed spot', and he would watch her do it. Usually from behind, but a couple times in front, as her breasts threatened to pop out of her top. A couple of those times he stepped forward and touched her butt with his hand. Each time she let it happen. Each time she lost herself in the feel of his hand on her bare flesh.

Then she was pretty much done, though she didn't really want to be. Giving the car a final rinse, Blake followed her closely, inspecting her work.

"Mom," he said. She flinched, as they had said almost nothing the whole time. She turned to look at him, a question in her eyes.

"You've done a great job. Thank you," he said. He stepped forward and gave her a hug. Amber stood there, arms out as he clutched her to his chest. Her breasts threatened to emerge from her top as they were squished between them. The feel of them against his chest sent signals to short-circuit her brain. She felt only one other thing: the hard rod jutting into her belly.

Awkwardly, she hugged back one-handed, the hose in the other hand. "Of course, Honey. Happy Birthday," she said.

He let go and said, "Just one more thing. I think you missed a spot near the back." He said it seriously, but kindly. As if he was just helping. But she knew.

Heart banging in her chest, a thrill engulfed her. He was getting even more brazen. The thrill was tinged with fear, as she wondered where

this was leading. Where would she stop him? Could she stop him? Or could she stop herself? Amber smiled and went to the rear of the car.

"Where?" she asked.

"Near the bumper," he replied, having followed her from behind.

She bent over slightly and 'looked' at the bumper. "Here?" she asked, heart thumping even faster. Blood rushed to her face, as she contemplated what was about to happen.

"A bit lower," he said. She complied, bending over at the waist, and freezing once again. She was under his power, the same compulsion not to say anything with her uncle keeping her quiet now. She was too in love with her body's reaction to this exhibition-cum-submission to do anything else.

She stayed bent over, feeling his presence behind her. Once again, his hands roamed over her rump, and she bit her lip to feel him there. His touch was firmer now, but still just staying on her bare cheeks. After a couple of passes over each cheek, she felt him run his hand from the top of her ass crack to the bottom. His hand actually ran down over her pussy, still covered in her bottoms; she was so sensitive that his touch actually drew a moan from her.

This further emboldened him, as he started to run his hand over her dripping, cloth-covered cunt. The pressure of his hand pushed the almost nonexistent bikini between her lips, baring them to him. They were covered in her juice, and now his hand was covered as well. After a few passes up and down, sending her brain into horny overdrive, he stepped back far enough that she knew she was free to stand.

She heard him walking back to the house and turned to watch him. He was walking back around the car and as he turned, she could see

the lump in his shorts. It seems they were equally as affected by the series of interactions. Where did this end?

Coming back in the house after putting away the hose and supplies, Amber practically ran to her bedroom to plant the dildo in her pussy and fuck herself to an orgasm. Blake's door was closed as she passed by, thankfully. It took only 2 pumps of the plastic penis to bring her to orgasm, which was soon followed by two more. She knew logically she should never allow her son to touch her like that again, but she also knew that it wasn't up to her. If he wanted to touch her, he would.

After cleaning herself and changing, Amber entered the kitchen to find another coupon on the table. This was the one for a blank chore, and he had written 'clean the living room' in the blank area. Then she saw that he had added. 'In the maid uniform'. Her chest filled with desire and doom in equal measures.

She was exhausted from the day of being in constant arousal and washing the car bent over so many times. Time to just relax and watch some TV before making dinner. Cleaning the living room could be done after work tomorrow.

An hour later she heard Blake come out of his room. He was probably looking for some food. Amber jumped up and met him in the kitchen. "Are you hungry? I was just going to start some dinner," she said, brightly. He didn't answer right away, instead looking over her outfit of jeans and a flannel shirt. It seemed to disappoint him.

"Yeah, I am getting hungry. Let me know when dinner's ready. Love you, Mom." He walked back to his room.

Amber sighed in relief. She'd been afraid that the car wash had crossed a line, or poisoned their relationship. Well, she thought, it had definitely crossed a line, but somehow the crossed line didn't seem to faze her. In fact, she had to steer her mind away from the

car wash. Her pussy was too sore to handle any more dildo or finger action.

Gathering some ingredients, she set out to get dinner going. Blake could have used one of his coupons to get her to make him a special dinner. Maybe he was saving it. Shrugging, the sated mom set to making dinner for them both. An hour and a bit later they were eating at the table. They chatted away, talking about nothing in particular. Amber was happy they could have a normal relationship despite their odd interactions lately.

"Oh, by the way, I saw your coupon for the living room. Tara said I could keep the maid costume for a while, so I'll wear it tomorrow to clean. You're a lucky guy having a Mom to do all these chores for your birthday."

Blake nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, I am a lucky guy. Luckier than anyone else I've ever heard of." His face got red, and Amber was sure that if she checked under the table, she'd see a sizable lump in his lap. It was only fair to get him turned on, seeing as he was doing it to her so much. He had probably worn his penis to a nub with all the jerking he'd done to it the last couple days. She had no real proof he was doing that, but she couldn't think why he wouldn't.

After dinner, Blake cleaned up the kitchen and she retreated to the living room. She took a look to see how much work she had for tomorrow and was a bit disappointed that it was so clean. "Seems like there isn't much work for me tomorrow!" she called out to him. "The living room is pretty tidy. "Is there anything else you'd like to use your coupon for?"

"Nope! Vacuuming and dusting is fine, I don't want you to wear yourself out just because I had a birthday," he called back.

He was fine with a quick chore, but he wanted her to wear the maid costume? They would both be disappointed if she was done too fast. She mentally shrugged, it was his coupon.

Work the next day was slow. Being a Monday was already bad, but she had to spend most of it in meetings, and a lot of them didn't have anything directly for her. Her boss wanted her aware of the topics in case she had to step in and help, but that didn't translate into her paying attention. In fact, most of the time her brain was off in another world. One where she wore very little and hung around the house, showing herself off. This other world also involved her son. Amber did her best to keep her arousal level low, but it wasn't easy. She couldn't wait to get home to do her 'chore'.

Eventually quitting time arrived and she was able to drive home, several times forcing herself to slow down. It wouldn't do to get in an accident. She arrived home and rushed into the house, setting her things down on the counter in the kitchen.

"Hey Hon, I'm home!" she called out. After a bit she called again. "Blake? You home?" She looked in the living room and found him there, reading on the couch. "Hey, why didn't you answer?"

He looked up from his book, looked her up and down with a frown, and said, "Hey, Mom." He went back to his book. "When you put the maid outfit on, can you put your hair in a bun like last time?" he said without looking up.

She nodded, though he couldn't see it, and left to go get changed. It took her a few minutes to redo her hair from the ponytail she'd worn to work. She then stripped off her work clothes and put on the maid one-piece. She was then left with the decision about what kind of underwear to pair with it. The black panties last time had been fine, but she'd graduated to more explicit displays. Something like the string bikini bottoms from the day before would work, but they hadn't been washed yet, and they weren't black. She didn't have any other panties that were as skimpy.

Amber looked in the mirror and turned around. She couldn't see much just standing up. She bent over and was amazed at the view that emerged of her bare behind. She went digging in her closet and came up with some black stilettos. Putting them on made the rear view even more incredible. How could she resist showing this off, even if it did mean she was nude from the waist down? The skirt provided the illusion of decency.

Leaving her room, she pulled the duster from the closets and went to the living room. Her heart started to beat faster as she entered. Blake was still on the couch but he lowered his book when he saw her.

"Hey, I'm going to start. Don't let me disturb you." She started at the TV, dusting everything at her height. No tiptoes, no bending over. Blake was behind her, and he didn't move from his spot.

The thought of him looking at her, that she was showing herself off to him, had her pussy dripping. There were no panties to catch her fluids, and so before long she had a slow streak running down her inner thigh. Facing away from her son meant she could put her hand down her cleavage and pinch one of her hard nipples. The feeling made her knees a bit weak. She was already in a state where she wanted to run back to her room and shove the dildo inside of her. It was probably a good thing that cleaning the room would be a short job, or she'd have to be taking breaks.

After she had done the TV area, she moved on to the book shelf. It went all the way to the ceiling. Once she was done with the central shelves, she had to reach the upper ones. Then she had only the bottoms to do. Taking a deep breath to try and calm her nerves, Amber bent over, exposing herself to Blake. She heard a rapid intake of breath from the couch. She tried to picture what he was seeing. His mother bent over, wearing a short skirt and no panties. Her long legs accentuated by the high heels. And her pussy, wet and gleaming in the light. Her swollen, red, labia bare for his enjoyment.

The deviant mom heard her son stir and stand up, and she froze as he walked closer. She didn't want him to touch her, but she didn't not want it either. She was ready for him to take what he needed, as she took what she needed by exposing herself to him. Like during the car wash, he approached her and rubbed his hand over her exposed ass. He didn't stop there, though, as he ended the caress with his hand between her ass cheeks. This time there was no barrier of cloth as he ran his hand down, encountering her wet pussy.

She couldn't help it, and moaned loudly when he touched her there. More girl juice oozed out of her cunt, coating the side of his hand. Her legs were about to give way, so she grabbed on to the shelf for support. She knew she was beyond redemption, now that she had presented her bare pussy to her own son, his for the taking.

Now he went a step further, and deliberately perched one finger at her entrance. This was more than her uncle had done. Any chance she had to decide if he was going too far was lost as he slowly pushed it in. Another moan emerged from her, as his finger parted her walls. He was slow, gentle, insistent and firm. The knuckle of another finger brushed up against her clit as he buried his digit. He pushed against her, the pressure of his hand meeting the need of her body to be touched. The ache inside her groin intensified, building, sending shivers up and down her body. He waited a beat, and then he started to fuck his finger in and out of her pussy. He added another finger, her tight passage gripping them both. It took exactly 30 seconds of him fingering her before she came in buckets.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" she cried, as he kept pushing in and out, girl cum streaming out of her. The dam had literally burst within her as she squirted all over his hand. She screamed out his name, breaking her uncle's silence rule.

"Blaaaaaaaaaaaaaake!!Ohhhhhfuckbabyyoumademecumyoumademecum!!" she screamed.

Her orgasm dwarfed every other one she'd had in the past 2 days. She quivered as she stood there, impaled on his fingers, seemingly being held up by them. She still dared not move, not stand up, not turn around. The buxom redhead just stood there, bent over at the waist as mini aftershocks rolled through her. After the final full body clench faded away, she felt him pull his fingers out of her, give her a little pat on the rear, and walk away. The gesture sent her back to the garage, her bikini soaked, her vulva tingling from the recently vacated avuncular package. She was lost. She was found. She was his.

Minutes later, sure that the entire pretext for cleaning the living room was complete, Amber went back to her room and changed to sweats and a shirt. It was after dressing and seeing herself in the mirror that it occurred to her that she shouldn't be wearing an outfit like this. It wasn't... available enough. Comfortable, sure, but not revealing of her body, her sexuality. She wanted to show off for him. He owned her now, as was so evident by his little pat on the rump.

The exhibition stuff had started her off, and served her own libido well. It had transformed into her body being his to fondle when doing her chores, but that wasn't quite enough anymore. The intensity of her orgasm just now, and the desire to have another, and another, and another, meant that she would need to make herself available to him without the need for a costume.

Tearing into her closet, she came up with an outfit she thought would do. Trying for comfort as well as accessibility led to the discovery that she didn't need half of her t-shirts. The bottom half, to be precise, and so she took scissors to one. Putting it on, she was pleased to see how it cascaded down her breasts. Her nipples poked through the fabric proudly, showing how free they were. It was a bit cold with the underside of her breasts exposed, but she could always turn the heat up.

The next step was a skirt. She would need more of them in order to have a good enough selection, but for now there were a couple that would do. She wore them longer than the maid costume. As she was going without panties, she needed some material to sit on and protect the furniture from her flowing juices, if her current state told her anything.

The only way she could be more available would be to go around nude. While she wasn't quite ready to go there yet, she did feel a tremor as her libido reacted to the idea. She wasn't a nudist, and believed that some amount of cover provided even more of a thrill.

Leaving her room in her new daily home wear was another step into the new. She wasn't sure when she would ever stop being turned on, but today was definitely not it. As she passed Blake's closed bedroom door she slowed down, but heard nothing. Was he jerking off to the memory of her pussy clamped on his fingers?

She found another coupon in the kitchen. This was the home cooked meal coupon, and the addition to the text read 'Apron only'. Just as she was reading it, Blake walked up to her from the hallway. He looked her clothing choices up and down and nodded with a smile. The sluttily dressed Mom smiled at him, feeling proud that she had guessed correctly.

"I'll get started on dinner soon, baby. Do you need anything before I get started?" She cursed the need she heard in her voice at her question. Like she lived only to serve him. That wasn't the case, they were simply each getting something from the other. Her the chance to show her body off, him the chance to feel her up. If anything, she had more power in this situation, and yet, it didn't feel like that was true.

He shook his head. "No, Mom, I'm fine. I'll just watch you make my birthday dinner. I'm interested in watching."

She smiled her best smile and grabbed an apron from the drawer. He sat down at the table and faced her, watching expectantly. Did she go to her room to change? Did she strip down right here? She hadn't been naked in front of him yet (yet? her mind screamed) so it felt like another big step.

"I'll just go put my 'uniform' on," she said, ignoring the slight frown that appeared on his face. Whatever, he didn't own her. She ducked down the hall to her bedroom and threw the apron on her bed to get undressed. Her willingness to wear just an apron for her son was overshadowed by her nervousness at taking her clothes off in front of him. As she lifted her shirt over her head she caught a glimpse of him standing in the doorway watching her. She squeaked and spun away from him; shirt now clutched against her chest.

Somehow being in her bedroom in this half naked state changed how she saw the situation. He was invading her private sanctum, her place to be herself, and yet, she did nothing as he approached her from behind. He took hold of the zipper on her skirt and lowered it, letting the fabric drop to her feet. Now she was effectively naked, barring the shirt covering her breasts. She heard him move and then the apron neck loop was dropping over her head. His hands at her back tied the strings loosely, and then he was plucking at the shirt, pulling it out of her hands.

Now he was caressing her ass once again. His warm presence at her bare back, his hands following her curves up her sides and to her front to cup her breasts. Her nipples tented the apron fabric and she could see the lumps of his hands as he fondled her. His strong fingers were tracing her areola, running over her rock-hard nipples. Now he was back to her ass again, no wait... that was something else. A caress from his middle. She let out an 'eep' and spun around to face him. That was definitely a step too far.

"I'm going to get dinner going now," she said, in a shaky voice. He nodded and she left her bedroom.

Back in the kitchen Amber let her bun out and let it flow free, grateful for the extra warmth on her back. She buzzed around, gathering ingredients and dishes to make some spaghetti and meat sauce, his favourite. Blake came back and spun a chair around to face her. He sat there, watching her with a lump in his shorts. He'd taken his shirt off for some reason, and his muscular torso was momentarily distracting. She spent some time getting the sauce going and when she next looked back at him, his shorts were gone. Now he was in just his underwear, the tent looking even bigger.

Amber had only one task right now, which was to cook him dinner, but there was time for other things while she did it. The apron didn't cover the sides of her breasts, and so any time she leaned to the side they were revealed to him. Her nipples were dragged back and forth on the rough fabric, keeping them hard and tender. When she turned to the stove she knew her bare backside was more than visible to him. He would surely be able to see her wet pussy as she leaned over to taste the sauce.

Each time she knew that he had seen a private part of her she would look over to enjoy his reaction. The occasional glances got more and more frequent when she noticed that he had taken his underwear off as well. For the first time the horny redhead was able to catch a glimpse of her son's penis. To say she was intimidated was an understatement. It was thick, with large veins running up the sides. His head was a royal purple, perched on top of his rod like a mushroom. He had his hand lazily wrapped around the base, stroking up and down it. The tip glistened in the lights.

It took her a minute to realize that she had stopped cooking, or moving. She was just staring at her naked son and his veiny, impressive-looking cock. He stared right back at her, almost challenging her to say something. But she didn't say anything. She had a job to do, so turned to the stove to stir the sauce. When she turned back, he was no longer at the table. She almost turned around before she realized that he was behind her.

The apron provided easy access to her entire body. It was only one step away from nudity, and so he had no trouble finding naked flesh to touch. She froze as she felt him caress her ass again, but as he did in the bedroom, he moved up to touch her sides and to cup her sensitive tits. His fingers found her aching nipples again and the light tugging made them even harder. He spent some time on her there, squeezing and pulling, rubbing and caressing. A few times during this she thought she felt something wet touch her ass. It was momentary and fleeting, but she knew what it had to be.

Then he was moving back down her body, running his hands along her sides down to her hips. He pulled her back lightly but insistently, forcing her to step back towards him, but he was stepping back too. Soon she was bent over, and he was groping her ass crack again, running his hand down her cheeks until he hit her moisture.

Amber felt like time slowed down. How had she gotten here? A simple birthday present turned into a series of tasks that ignited her love of exposing herself. Now here they were, naked. Her son was behind her, looking at her ass, her pussy, her sphincter. She closed her eyes and thought of her dildo back in the bedroom, how it would feel to fuck herself right now, to fill that aching void within her. It felt so real, in her mind, the head opening her up, stretching her vagina more than it had been stretched in a long while. She furrowed her brow. It was actually happening...but the dildo wasn't there.

There was something wide and slick burrowing into her. She looked between her legs and saw her son standing between them, his balls hanging low, his cock planted in her entrance. The feel of him pushing, placing pressure on her outside ramped up her internal tension.

"Aaaahhhhhhhfuuuuuuck," she moaned, feeling his cock split her wide. It was the biggest cock she'd ever even tried to take in. Thankfully, she'd been prepping for days now. She was very lubricated, ready to be fucked. His hands gripped her hips, and she

felt herself pulled back towards him. His cock invaded her, each inch a delicious agony. She spread her legs wider to give him more room, which he took. Pulling out slightly, he pushed his giant dick further in her.

Her vision blanked out as the first of what was to be many orgasms built through her. She could feel every bump and vein of him as he thrust into her sex. Just when she couldn't take any more, she felt his balls bump into her vulva. He was fully embedded in her now, his cockhead kissing her cervix. This caused the first of her orgasms to explode. Her vagina clenched and gripped his dick, the feel of him so wonderfully solid in her.

"Fuck me. Oh my god, fuck me Blake, fuck me hard. Ohhhhhh!!" she screamed as he pulled out of her, only to push back in. Inevitable, inexorable, he pushed his cock back into her, her nerves screaming at being pleased by his manhood.

"Fuck me. I know I'm not supposed to talk, but I need you to fuck me right now. Ahhhhh, AAAHHhh, AAAAHHHHH, AAAH-AAH-AAH-AAH-AAH!!" Her screams were a stream of consciousness now, dragged out of her by his fuckstick pounding her pussy over and over. He had hold of her hips in a death grip, holding her in place as he plunged his hips back and forth. The sound of their fucking was the slap, slap, slap of her ass on his pelvis and her screaming.

This could only go on so long. Amber's legs started to give out, and so he pulled his cock from her seeping slit and grabbed her by the waist, untying the apron and flipping it off her head. He carried her to the table and plopped her down to sit on it facing him. This was new. They'd never been face to face before, but she didn't care. She needed more of his cock. She wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him to her, using her arms to pull as well.

"Blake, please put it back in. I need it so bad, baby, please fuck mommy some more," she babbled.

He did that, lining his dick up with her weeping entrance and pushing it back in. The place deep inside of her was filled with rock hard cock.

"Please fuck me," she whimpered.

This was a whole new angle with all new sensations. Now his dick was hitting new spots inside of her. Each time he bottomed out she let out a little cry. "Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!"

Her breasts bounced against his chest as he fucked her, her nipples scraping against his pecs. She could feel her second orgasm build as he pounded her puss. She held on for dear life as she started convulsing on his cock, juices squirting, making a mess on the table and floor.

Unable to hold on any more, she fell back on the cold table surface and let him have his way. She lifted her legs up high to give him more room and that's how they finished fucking. Her on her back, breasts quaking, toes curled, coming over and over on his dick. It was only his facial expression that gave him away as he started to come inside of her, as he didn't say anything. He just stopped pumping, his dick fully embedded to the root, sending jets of his semen inside of her.

It must have been a lot, because when he was done and he pulled out of her, she heard drips and drops of liquid hitting the floor. They were both exhausted, sweaty, and breathing hard. Amber lay on the now warm table and tried to recover her strength. Blake stood between her legs for a moment, looking at her breasts which were now flat on her chest. He leaned over to caress one briefly, and then walked to his room.

Amber's mind slowly retreated from the universe of pleasure she had gotten lost in. Practical matters started to surface. Matters like the sauce on the stove. The mess they'd made on the table and floor. The lack of birth control. She wasn't on birth control! Cold reality

washed over her. Her son had just come inside of her, delivering millions of sperm into her fertile womb. She quickly calculated her cycle and found that they should be safe for another week, but in order to make sure, she'd pick up some Plan B in the morning. She sat up and grabbed her apron, mulling over how she had forgotten such a key part of sexual intercourse. Was it the same phenomenon that caused her to turn into a doormat when he approached her? She just completely shut down all thought of stopping him, including insisting on protection?

As these thoughts were swimming in her mind, as his sperm was swimming in her womb, she thought wryly, she finished dinner. Thankfully the sauce wasn't burnt, so she was able to finish it up into a half decent dish. She balanced keeping the apron on to let him see her, and changing back into her skimpy outfit. Then she realized she had fulfilled the coupon, and there was no way she was eating in just an apron.

As she walked past Blake's door, she called out, "Honey, dinner is done. I'm just getting changed to eat." Immediately his door whipped open, and he was standing there, still naked, his cock hard again and jutting from his middle. "I...", she started, and then stopped as he stepped forward. He reached around behind her and again stripped the apron off of her, leaving her just as naked as he was.

They stood there a minute, just staring at each others' naked body. As her gaze roamed over him, his cock seemed to swell and lurch, as if pleased by her examination. Her body was reacting similarly. Being so exposed in front of her son, even after all that they had done, was like an aphrodisiac. Her sore pussy ached in more than one way. She was still horny but was tired as well.

"Baby, dinner's getting cold. I'm tired, and to be honest a little sore from your... penis. Can we take a break?" she said, timidly. What

was wrong with her? Why couldn't she assert herself with her own son?

He seemed to consider her request but evidently decided against it, as he took her by the hand and pulled her into his room. He guided her to his bed and pushed her down. Her body responded as if she had no control. She went where he placed her, which ended up with her on her back in the middle of his bed. He spread her legs and climbed between them, his wide cock seeming to fill her vision. She felt a dread fill her at the sight, and yet couldn't seem to utter another protest. He had heard her already.

His next move shocked and thrilled her, as he lowered himself until his head was only inches away from her sex. She felt his breath on her as he placed a hand on each thigh and pushed her legs as far apart as they would go. She was completely exposed, her pussy now his to do what he would.

Her son ducked his head down and stuck his flattened tongue out. She first felt it near her asshole and she flinched but all he did was slowly, gently, move his warm tongue up. He licked past her hole, the tip dipping in slightly as it passed. He was so slow she could track his progress with her eyes closed. He continued up along her spread open labia, the gentle warmth feeling like a healing balm. His lick ended at her hooded clit. The gradual progress had her tensing in anticipation, so that when he reached his goal, she let out a gasp. The gentle wash finished with a stronger flick of the tip of his tongue on her buried button. He did it all again, bottom to top, just as slowly. She had dreaded him fucking her again so soon, but this was just fine. Each time his tongue hit a new sensitive area her body would twitch, the biggest twitch by far when he finished with the strong flick.

The careful attention to her needs melted her heart. Her son was taking care of her. There was another part of her that melted, as she felt herself respond yet again. Now he was getting a liquid treat with

each lick, as she started to leak. This seemed to trigger a new stage, as he was firmer, and spent more time at her clit, which was now engorged with her arousal. It was almost too sensitive, and Amber considered asking him to stop but he seemed to intuit her needs. He left off the long lick, instead taking one of her labia between his lips and sucking, tongue moving back and forth. Her sensitive flesh tingled in his mouth, and she felt the tension build inside of her. He did this again to her other side, the wet warmth of his mouth driving her crazy.

She felt him let her labia go and then his open mouth was over her vagina. The feel of his lips pressed to her vulva was combined with his tongue entering her. The tension in her belly built even more and it was all she could do to hold on as he french kissed her cunt. His tongue was fucking her now, a steady in and out, his slippery minicock sending her higher.

"Uuuuuuuuhhhhhhhh," she moaned, as she approached her peak. How had her son gotten so good at this? Now his thumb was on her mons, rubbing back and forth just above her clit, and she rolled over the top of her orgasm. "NNNNnnnnnaahhhh!!" she screamed. Her vision blanked out as her pussy clutched at the elusive tongue still inside of her. She captured his head between her thighs, squeezing lightly and rolling her spasming hips, trying to keep his mouth on her longer. Her ass was wet with her juices and his saliva as she soaked his bed.

"Oh baby, that was incredible. How did you do that? When can you do it again? Mmmmmm, Mama likes...," she trailed off as he rose up between her now limp legs. His cock was still hard, and was now wet with precum issuing from the tip. She stared at him silently, waiting for what he would do next. He glanced down suggestively, so she lifted her legs up, preparing herself for him. He shuffled forward on his bed, until he was able to place the head of his cock against her opening. He moved it around her hole, painting his

mushroom head in her fluids. She felt herself opening up a bit as her vagina kissed the tip of his dick.

"Ohhhhh yesss, that's it. Go slow, baby," she groaned.

Blake continued to be patient, dipping himself into her gaping entrance, his wet, spongy glans caressing her sensitive nerves. Every few seconds he would test her, pushing a bit to gauge her reaction. The delicious teasing of her vagina was causing a new wave of tension to build in her. "Do it, son. Put it in," she whispered.

He went slowly. At first, she felt pressure, her flesh stretching to accommodate his girth, until he had his head in her to the crown. Then it was the excruciating pleasure of his shaft penetrating her, opening her, filling her. Before long he was buried to the hilt, and she noticed for the first time that they fit. His cock filled her up, producing a wonderful, warm, tingling in her core. The tension built more as she lay there exulting in the feel of having her son inside of her.

"Come here," she said, gesturing for him to lay on her. He did, and the added feel of his weight on her, pushing her down in the bed, cock slotted in her, sent waves of tingling throughout her body.

Wrapping her legs around his back, she pushed up, urging him to fuck her. She felt him brace himself and then withdraw, taking away the delicious fullness before putting it back. He got into a rhythm, a constant forceful fucking that ramped up her pleasure with each thrust.

"That's it, Blake. Fuck me. Fuck your mother. I love you so much, you make me feel so good. I don't ever want you to stop fucking me," she panted.

Now she was clawing at his back, urging him to fuck her faster, feeling his dick slam into her over and over. He bent down and clamped one of her puffy nipples in his mouth, the unexpected

sensation connecting with her stuffed pussy until finally the tension was too much and her climax was on her, breaking over her like a tidal wave. Electric pleasure radiated from her pelvis and nipple while her son fucked her.

"Yes! That's it! Oh fuck, yes! Fuck me, son, fuck your mother!!" she screamed, sure the neighbours would hear her cumming on her son's dick.

It seemed the added stimulation of his mother writhing on his cock sent Blake over the edge too, as he stopped fucking her, groaning around her nipple. The sight and feel of him on top of her, cock buried in her pussy, his mouth on her breast, sent another crashing wave of pleasure over her, a follow-up cum to complement the last one. She cradled his head on her breast as he jerked and shot his semen inside of her.

The now-satisfied redhead ran her hands down her son's back, legs still clenched around him, and enjoyed the after-effects of their orgasms. He still nursed at her breast, his tongue lazily tracing around her nipple. His cock was still fully seated in her, but it wasn't as firm, her full feeling fading as he retreated from her cozy cave.

In her post-climax state, Amber tried to wrap her head around how they had gotten where they were. Somehow her predilection for showing herself off had led him to start touching her. To start taking liberties she would never have predicted she would allow. Somehow when he showed an interest in her, she went docile, ready for him to have his way with her. Some might say that sort of thing was degrading, and if it was just him taking his pleasure she would agree. But he had shown that he had her interests in mind as well, displaying a level of consideration for his lover to make any mother proud.

Normally she would talk about her relationship with a new partner. Establish boundaries, set up expectations. But while she talked, he

hadn't yet. He just did what he wanted, and that seemed to be working well. It suited her to follow his lead, especially if the end result was being expertly fucked to a mind-shattering orgasm. She would take that every time. That begged the question: How had he gotten so good? But she knew she would never ask him. As long as she was on the receiving end of his fantastically fitting fuckstick she was happy.

She let her legs go limp, freeing him to pull his increasingly limp penis out of her drooling vagina. He let her nipple go, and levered himself to her side. She lay there next to him, wet pussy, wet nipple, naked, in his bed. Neither of them said a word. When she felt recovered enough, she sat up and leaned over him, planting a scorching kiss on his lips.

"Thank you, baby," she murmured in his ear, and got up and left his room.

Amber didn't see her son the rest of the evening after they finished eating their cold dinner. She went to bed early and slept the sleep of the dead, exhausted from the day. The following shift at work was spent flipflopping between concentrating on work itself and daydreaming about being in Blake's bed the night before. She was a lost cause, and she knew it. She couldn't wait to get home and change into her new 'ready anytime' uniform. Because that's what it was, wasn't it? Her 'fuck me now' uniform.

She stopped at a pharmacy and picked up a Plan B pill as well as several boxes of condoms. She really didn't have the money for them, but to do anything else could be disastrous. She'd been stupid the day before, both of them had. Still, when she thought back to it, both times he had been on the verge of fucking her, her mind had blanked on everything except the pleasure he could give her with his cock. No thoughts of consequences or responsibility or anything.

Just penis in vagina, thank you sir. She had no reason to suspect that this would change, nor would they stop their actions. It felt too good. The sinful Mom just had to hope that they would come to their senses the next time.

In fact, she tried to bring it up as soon as she got home. She dropped the pharmacy bag off in the kitchen and happened to see the final coupon on the table. The blank one, that at the time had seemed so innocent, but was now anything but. She picked the card up, flipping it over to see the words he had written.

'Make me another set of coupons.'

She felt that familiar ache in her middle, that feel of needing something inside of her. She smiled and got changed into her new uniform. Back in the kitchen, she stood at the island, writing out situations for her to expose herself to him in new and exciting ways. As she did, she heard bare feet on the floor, approaching her. Her pussy clenched in desire, as she felt her skirt lifted up over her ass. His hand drifted over briefly before she felt him push her forward.

She spread her legs, head down, eyes closed, waiting. Soon she felt it, his blunt head seeking for her opening. He took her there in the kitchen, fucking her urgently, grunting now. He had hold of her braid, pulling it, and she discovered a new fetish. Together they fucked to climax, his wonderful cock continually ramping up the tension in her pussy before it all came crashing down. She came on his cock several times, juices splashing everywhere, running down her legs. Finally, she felt him start to jerk behind her, his cock delivering his load into her again. It was added to the mess, but she didn't mind. He pulled out of her and she felt him caress her ass again before his footsteps padded out of the room.

Standing up on shaky legs, she finished her task, placing the stack of new coupons on the table for him. She'd need some wipes handy

if that was going to happen more often, she thought, cleaning up their mess.

It appeared as if her lack of brain function when he was nearby was still intact. In an effort to at least put the idea in his head, she placed the boxes of condoms near the stack of coupons. It was a very clear message. She also placed the Plan B box on the table, to reinforce the message.

After their post-work fuck her libido settled down somewhat, and they had an almost normal night. They had eaten together, her wearing her uniform, him wearing his normal clothes. The boxes of condoms and the coupons had disappeared. While she puttered around the kitchen making dinner he had occasionally appeared nearby. She wasn't sure what to do when he ghosted up to her like that, and so ignored him. He'd let her know if he needed anything. Now and then he had put his hand under her shirt and played with her boobs before leaving again. She enjoyed reaching for things high up when he was around, flashing him her ass and boobs. She loved that he always watched.

Later on, she settled into the living room to watch TV. About half an hour into a show Blake walked in, naked, cock hard and bouncing, leading the way. She went to stand up, but he gestured for her to stay. Curious, she did, and watched as he walked right up to her on the couch. There he stood, an expectant look on his face.

Amber glanced at his cock, and then back up at his face, and then back to his cock. It was pulsing with his heartbeat. The glans glistened, precum seeping from his slit. She could smell his musk wafting towards her, and she felt saliva pool in her mouth. Ohhh... she smiled up at him and took the base of his penis in her small, by comparison, hand. It was warm, the thin skin velvety.

She could feel her nipples react to his presence as she leaned forward and planted a slow lick on the underside of his head,

gathering up his juice on her tongue. The slick liquid coated her tongue briefly before she took another lick, and another dollop of his lube. His cock swelled in her hand.

"Mmmmmm," she murmured, before slotting his head between her lips. She swirled her tongue around his sensitive crown, licking all around him. He swelled again. The cock-sucking mother dipped her head further down his shaft, taking as much as she could without gagging. The rest of his cock she held in her hands, squeezing and rubbing, stroking, spreading his fluids and her saliva over his shaft.

She sucked hard and pulled her mouth off of him, soliciting a groan from him. She smiled and did it again. Soon she was bobbing up and down on him, jerking with her hands. She felt him swell again and this time it was for good, as his dick throbbed like a fleshy rail gun, firing payloads into her mouth. He filled her up and she had to swallow quickly, but he kept firing and she lost it. His cum spilled out of her lips, drooling down her chin. She loved his taste, savouring it on her tongue and on her palate.

The next few minutes were spent leisurely licking his cock, cleaning him up of every drop. She heard several moans as she did this, his hips twitching when she hit a sensitive spot. When she was done, he leaned over and kissed her forehead and walked away. She finished her show and went to bed. It was another day of uniforms and coupons tomorrow.

The next day the sun was shining through a crack in her curtains. The beam of sunlight highlighted the torso of her son, standing naked next to her bed. She stretched luxuriously and glanced at his hardon with a smile. It was covered in a condom.

Amber wasn't quite in the mood yet, having just woken up, but didn't let that stop him. She flipped her covers off, showing her nakedness. She'd showered the night before, hair in a cap, and so

was fresh and ready to go. He took in the sight of her landing strip of red pubes, reaching down to lightly stroke her labia. With that, and the sight of the virile young cock in front of her, she was soon dripping on his fingers. She spread her legs and gestured for him to climb in, which he did with vigour.

Once again, her son was on top of her, rampant cock ready to stretch her open and fill her up. She realized that when he fucked her standing up she didn't get the full experience of having him on top of her. He leaned down and wrapped his lips lightly around her nipple, sucking hard enough to force her breath from her body. Her pussy clenched in response. She needed to feel him inside of her, have something in her to squeeze. Soon she felt his rubber encased cock tapping at her entrance, probing blindly. The sexy redhead smiled to feel her son's penis searching for the place it came from. She reached down between them and helped him find her opening.

"Ohhhhhh, fuck me, Blake," she moaned in his ear. He pushed himself into her, pulling out to increase lubrication before shoving back in. Before long he was fully embedded in her and going at it full steam.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!" she cried, each of his thrusts forcing a high-pitched gasp from her.

His pistoning pole felt... off. It must be the rubber, she thought, they'd lost sensation with the added barrier. Time for her to go back on birth control.

"Fuck me, son, fuck me. Fuck your mother, fuck her so good she cums all over your cock!!" She was really getting into it now. The knowledge of who was fucking her, on top of how well he was doing it, sent her over the edge. "Fuck, say something, Blake. Say anything! I want to hear you say something!"

"Mom!"

"Yes, baby, what is it? Say it!" she cried, her climax building with each of his thrusts.

"I'm fucking you, Mom! I'm fucking you. I can't believe it!" The look on his face was priceless, as he seemed to come alive. He attacked her mouth, kissing her fiercely. She kissed him back, trying to take in every sensation all at once.

Her breasts squished between them, nipples boring into his chest. Their combined sweat as their skin slid up and down. His lips on her, their tongues thrashing. His cock in her vagina, separated by a thin layer of latex. The feel of being full of dick, his shaft stroking her entrance over and over.

"Fuck, baby... you're going to make me cum," she said into his mouth. "So do it, fuck me hard, make me cum."

With a half dozen final thrusts, her son did exactly that, her orgasm a thousand tingling fireworks in her pussy. She felt herself squirt on his dick, her spend jetting forth from the convulsions of her vagina.

"Mom, you feel so good when you cum on my dick," her son said. "So good I can't help but cum too."

He did, burying his head in her neck and holding her tight as he sent his semen into the condom.

They lay there, post-coitus, cuddling. He hadn't left. She kissed him, seeking his love in his lips. After she found it, she said, "I like that type of wake up."

He smiled into her chest, nuzzling her breast. He nipped at her bud, causing it to firm up.

"None of that now, I have to get to work. If you need me after, you know where you can find me."

"What happens now, Mom?"

"Well, I have a lot of coupons to fulfill, and some new outfits to buy when I have the money. I also have a son I need to come to me whenever he feels the need. Because I'll be available."

She felt him stir down below, and thanked her lucky stars for the wonders of youth.