THE LOOK...OF LOVE SON?

I was awakened by the sound of my father's car starting below me, it must be 7:00 am I thought as I looked at the clock, and sure enough it was, spot on.

As I watched him drive down the street I thought what would happen to his wake at 6:00am, leave at 7:00 schedule if Mum woke up horny and demanded sex?

I knew that they did have a sex life, as my sister and I had heard them at it occasionally, Dad had put on a little bit of condition, but Mum was still in ok shape, at 45, and with two kids, she still got an offer from time to time, but she wasn't available, and let anyone who tried it know.

She was never offended when someone tried, but took it as a complement, she often said the time would come when no one would try, and that would be a sad time for her.

I know that she was in pretty good shape as one day instead of knocking, waiting, and then walking into her bedroom as I'd done for years. I knocked and walked in at the same time. I was well into the room when she came out of her bathroom naked, with her skirt in her hand.

"Shit, sorry Mum," but as I turned to walk out she said, "that's ok just keep your back to me and we can still talk." I said what I'd come in to say, and then because she'd been moving around the room busily doing something, but not quite coming into my view I asked, "what are you doing anyway?"

"I've put a button on this skirt, my sister Jenny likes it, and as I was going to throw it out, 'cause my bum's too big for it now, she asked if she could have it, and I said yes."

She moved into view and had put the skirt on, "what do you think, is my bum too big for it?"

She had her hands over her breasts.

"Nah I like it tight," I was aware that she'd just put it on and would've had nothing on underneath.

"Tight, tight you say, it'll be all right until I sit down and then it'll explode in all directions, in an instant."

"In that case if you do wear it, there's one thing you'll need to be sure to do."

"What's that?"

"You'll need to ensure that you're wearing underwear."

"Get out," she said in mock anger pointing at the door with her right hand.

I just stood there smiling and looking openly at her now exposed, very well formed, left breast.

"Shit," as she moved her hand back to cover it. "I think you'd better go now mister."

"Yes ma, I'll just pole vault out of here."

"Pole vault, you're a sick puppy, fancy getting turned on at the sight of your old mothers naked breast."

We both laughed, and as I left the room I was thinking, I don't know about getting turned on, but if she wasn't my mother, I'd definitely jump her bones.

As she was leaving later that day with the skirt in her hand to go to Jenny's, I said, "I hope that you've got something on under that skirt."

She turned and struck a very sexy pose saying, "you mister will never, ever, ever know."

As she walked away she exaggerated the sway of her hips and then turned around to catch me looking at her arse. "You really are a sick puppy staring at your mother's body...again, you'll be able pole vault out of here also."

As she walked away she looked back and said, "love ya babe."

"Love ya Ma," and just before she closed the door, "Love ya arse."

"Pervert."

I wasn't sure about the pervert bit but I sure did love her arse.

Now as I walked into the kitchen I knew that the odds of her wearing not much at all, underwear or anything else today, were pretty high as it was a hot day already, and only going to get hotter.

As I thought, she was in only a mid thigh length, very light robe, obviously with nothing on under it, as all of her moving parts, were moving as she walked.

She went to the sink holding a wooden spoon and I said, "it's been a long time since you've greeted me with a wooden spoon in your hand."

She smiled and said in the voice that you would use to talk to a very young child, "that's because you've been a veeeeeery goooooood boy this week, but you won't be able to keep it up, so for sure by next week the spoon will be back in action."

I stuck out my chest, adopted a swagger and moved as close to her as I could, "oh yeah is that right? Well let me tell you it's about time that you felt the wooden spoon on your bum for a change."

With that I took the spoon from her, held her wrists behind her back, turned her around, and bent her over along the kitchen counter, with the side of her face pressing into it.

For a moment I worried that the shortness of her robe would mean she was exposed, it didn't really matter though, as the only window behind her faced into the back garden, full of trees, and with a high fence.

I whacked her once on each cheek, maybe however it was just a little too hard.

She yelped, "hey buddy don't bruise the fruit, I don't want to have to explain to your dad why my bum's red raw."

"I don't care it's your problem not mine, anyway nobody gave a damn about my arse being red."

"It wasn't that often and not that hard."

She seemed to be quite comfortable lying on the counter, and in no hurry for me to let her up. I had my hand on her wrists but wasn't actually holding them.

Suddenly I had a feeling of power over her which to be honest started below my waist, I felt a stirring in my loins, as they say.

She must have seen something in my eyes and she started to get up, still with a smile on her face, "let me up love, I've lots of things to do this morning."

"No, I haven't finished with you yet, just a few more strokes and then I will have."

I was now holding her wrists and pressing down, but she was no longer smiling as the realisation hit her that I was in control, not her. The haunted, wide eyed look on her face was one that I'd seen only once ever before in my life.

I was a little drunk at a party at our house a couple of years ago and overheard a conversation, in which mums sister Jenny was saying that she'd just found out that day, that her husband David was having an affair, and that was why he wasn't with her tonight .

She told Mum that the first person to ask her for sex tonight, or whenever was going to have their brains screwed out, she was going to get back at him that way.

Both Mum and Jenny were very pretty ladies, not beautiful, but attractive with all right bodies. I have for a long time been aware of Jenny's breasts, not that big, but a really nice shape, probably a B cup, not that I know much about size, anyway, more than a good handful is really a waste.

They were however a very nice shape, and so I've taken the odd chance over the years, and brushed against them, and as I thought she was a bit of a flirt, she never seemed to be too upset.

Most of the times it happened, I'd had a bit to drink, so maybe she put it down to that.

As soon as I heard her say that she was available to the right offer, I was aware that there may be an opportunity for me if, I played my cards right.

It was a hot night and everyone was outside eating and drinking, I waited until she went into the house to go to the bathroom, and followed her. I guess the alcohol gave me the courage to wait outside the door, and as she came out, I just put my arms around her, pushing my hips into her.

Instantly she had that very same haunted look in her eyes, that I'd seen today in my mothers eyes.

"What do you want Robbie?"

I didn't answer but put both hands under her arse, picked her up and walked her back into the bathroom.

As she still had that look in her eyes, I wasn't going to get too involved in a conversation with her, her feet were still off the ground, as I used my foot to close the door, took one hand off her arse and locked it behind us.

"What do you want Robbie?"

"You," and I kissed her.

She responded at first, with our tongues meeting, and then pushed me away, "No, no way, you're my sister's boy, what if she found out?"

"I won't tell her if you don't, anyway this isn't a boys, it's a man's," as I put her hand onto my penis.

She didn't move her hand.

I continued, "I've wanted you for the last 5 years, ever since I was aware of women, you know that I've brushed against you every chance I've had, and you're less of a woman than I think you are, if you haven't worked that out."

She looked at me still not moving her hand, "you're so lucky that I didn't kick you in the balls. I knew what you were doing, I didn't mind so much rubbing against my breast, but I wasn't happy with you feeling my arse when people could see."

"I must've been pissed."

"I must've been too or I would've kicked you in the nuts, but I knew what you were doing all along."

She still was feeling my penis.

I moved my head down to cover her mouth, she didn't resist at all this time, kissing me back, her tongue again being the one to break through. Eventually she broke the kiss and said, "ok, but not here, go to your bedroom and wait for me, I'll only be a minute behind you."

I thought she was maybe trying to get out of it, "you might not come."

"I'll come, don't you worry about that, any other time and I would have kicked your nuts in for you, but believe me buddy tonight's the night for you. Go and I'll be along right away."

As I thought about what she'd said to Mum, then I knew that she'd come, and so I went up to my room.

I have the best pad that any of my friends have ever seen, it's a fully self contained one bedroom apartment above the garage, entered by a staircase inside, but at the back of the garage, once you're inside no one can see you.

I'd been inside for just a few seconds when I heard the bottom door close. I waited and after about 30 seconds, she walked in totally naked, and threw her clothes onto the floor.

"You're a bit behind me why don't you catch up?" as she launched herself at me, ripping off my clothes, and then throwing them on top of hers.

Quickly, within seconds I was as naked as she. Instantly her eyes went to my cock, "mmm nice, I like them thick, after three kids it helps a lot."

Before she let me start she said, "two things, I'm on the pill and I want you to come inside of me, also if you play your cards right, this may not be the only time we're together, it's up to you, ok?"

"Ok," as I dropped to my knees and buried my face into her pubic hair, "thank god you haven't shaved it, I like it natural, just as God intended it to be."

To say that she was up for it didn't quite cover it, although as the months progressed, I found out that she was always 'up for it.'

She said nothing, only putting her hands onto the back of my head holding me to her, and in no time at all, we'd slid onto the floor, my face between her legs, with her thighs almost crushing my head, as she locked her heels around it to hold me in place, still with her hands on the back of my head.

I managed to slide my hand under her and slip two fingers inside, with my little finger after only slight resistance entering her brown hole. Not many women can resist that, and she wasn't one of them. Soon she was moaning and writhing as my tongue and three fingers did their work.

My tongue flicking like a snakes, and my fingers probing to find those special places that are hidden away, but just have to be found, as they hold the secrets that need to be unlocked for a woman to reach the heights of ecstasy that they strive so hard for, so that after maybe three or four minutes of this she came.

She didn't make a lot of noise at first, all of her energies were used to thrash her body, her arms, and her hips. She held her breath and bit her top lip until she climaxed, and only then, right at the end, did she call out as you would expect someone having an orgasm to do.

Afterwards her heels were still locked behind my head, and her hands still pushing herself into me, so it was easy to tell she still wanted more, which I was happy to provide for her.

She soon came again, just as wild and noisy as before. When she'd finished she said breathlessly, "come inside me, I don't think I can go again, but I am ready for you now."

She was very wet as I slid inside of her, and as she'd said, she was now ready for me.

She didn't think that she could come again, but after several minutes of my slowly and gently sliding in and out of her, she'd obviously decided to explore the possibilities a little further.

As her hips started to move, and a small noise began to develop deep inside her throat, it seemed that she was well on the way to proving herself wrong.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, I went into, and then out of her. Some women like it hard, and some don't, but I'd taken the chance that this would be what she'd like, and she did.

She was a woman who wanted it soft at first, and then hard and fast when she was at the point of release, and she was now starting to go at it hard and fast.

I knew that she was right there at the gate, all she had to do was push, and it would open wide for her to charge through, and be lifted up higher, higher, higher and higher, until she had no energy left to continue on.

She pushed open that gate and reached as high as she could go, but this time she was vocal, very vocal. I hoped that no one heard her, but wouldn't have been surprised if someone had called the police, she was that noisy.

She seemed spent, and so I continued along inside her at a 'nice and easy,' slow pace again, until I was ready to release into her. She tried to respond when she felt that I was letting go, but even though I was thrusting it hard and fast into her, and I could feel her muscles trying to grab at me, she never quite got there.

She was totally spent, gone beyond recall, but she tried, oh how hard she tried to join in. Unfortunately it was just beyond her reach, even though she really was so close, and she tried so hard, but just couldn't make it.

She then fell backwards onto the bed. Legs and arms all wide apart, gasping deeply for air. Her eyes were wild, her hair was all over her face, what had taken her a half an hour to comb and set into place, had been destroyed totally, in a half of that time. She looked a mess totally, totally destroyed.

I wasn't that upset that she hadn't quite reached another climax, as is meant that it wouldn't take much for her to get there, and achieve her goal once we started again, my thrusting had been her foreplay.

I slid out, getting flaccid now, and rolled away from her slightly, as I did my hand slipped down from her breast, past her stomach, and then stopped as it cupped her mound. My thumb and index finger pinched her lips and clitoris softly and gently for about two minutes, as my long finger slid easily in and out of her at the same time, and soon her hips started to move.

Slowly at first, but as I moved my finger from pinching her lips, to running it along her slit, they began to move more quickly, both up and down, and then around and around and then back to up and down.

Round and round, up and down, faster, faster, faster and faster, until at last she got there, her train pulled into her station, right on time for her.

Shudders and spasms racking her body, as once again her calls were loud and primal, her fingers stretched her nipples as far away from her as they could go, as though they were elastic bands. I thought she was going to pull them right from her breasts.

She was wrecked, again, totally, completely and utterly, again gasping for air as if she'd been pulled from the water, as close to drowning as she could get.

She stayed with me for another hour, talking, kissing and touching.

To some women being able to talk with the man is as important as the act of sex itself.

After a while we made love again, and again she called out for the entire world to hear, and then afterward, went back to the party.

She left at midnight but just before she did she took me onto one side and said, "go up to your room, and have your phone with you."

About a minute after she'd left, my phone rang, it was her, "I parked around the corner and I'm at the garage door," she said, "come and let me in please."

I went down the stairs totally naked, and when opening the door jumped out in front of her calling out, "da daaaaaaah" with my arms wide open.

"Da daaaaaaah yourself," she replied adopting the same arms wide open stance.

Standing there with her clothes in her hand, she too was naked.

My mouth fell open, I was in the garage but she was out in the street.

Her mouth also fell open, but only after she'd dropped to her knees and fastened herself onto my cock.

The street we lived on was quite a busy one, and soon enough a car came along followed shortly after by a second. Both saw us at the last minute and sounded their horns. As they continued on we took no notice of them, continuing with what we were doing.

The third car was a different matter, they were going very slowly as if looking for a street number, and as soon as the driver saw us he pulled over and stopped. At first she didn't notice but when the car door slammed shut, as the driver got out to investigate, she spun around and then looked up at me smiling, "do you want to go inside, or stay here, this might turn out to be fun?"

"It's up to you Jenny, but as I've wanted you for years, I'm not sure that I want to share you with anyone else, maybe later, but not tonight."

"Yes, maybe you're right, but we'd better hurry or it'll be too late."

We made it through the door just in time, as the guy was about one second away from being able to prevent me from slamming the door in his face.

Wearing just the broadest grin, and nothing else, she leaned back against the door, "sometimes," she said laughing, "being a bit adventurous can be fraught with danger."

The guy was now knocking on the door saying what it was that he was going to do to her, and how much she was going to enjoy it. Clearly through the door we could hear his hard breathing as he said, "come on baby, two's company but three's an absolute blast, whatever your man can do to you, both of us will be four times as good."

"Have you ever tried a threesome?" as I put my hand on the lock.

"None of your business, but as you said, maybe later, just not tonight." To be sure that I got the message, she moved my hand from the lock, and then added, "but maybe we can use him anyway."

Turning her face to the door she said, "what makes you think that you can do something for me that my man can't?"

I liked the 'my man' bit.

"Baby, I'm big, I mean really big, I can reach places that normal men just can't."

"What's your name big boy?"

"Jerry."

Falling to her knees she said, "Well Jerry baby, I'm on my knees, and there's a hole in the door that I can see you through, so show me what you've got for me, and I might just take you up on your offer."

To add emphasis to her words she tapped on the door at the height that she was now at.

"Oh baby you won't be disappointed, look at this, is it big or what?"

"Oh yeah, show it all to me Jerry, let me see what you can do for me," she said to the none existent hole.

"Can you see it baby, can you see it all?"

"Yes Jerry, I can see it, just stroke it for me, that's what I really want to see, more than anything else that turns me on like you wouldn't believe. I've got my face against the door, just at the right height for you, and what I want you to do is to mark me."

It was obvious that not only was she turning Jerry on, but that Jenny's temperature was rising as well. As she knelt there she was pulling her nipples as far as they'd go, they were obviously very, very sensitive.

Soon the sound of his fist hitting the door as he jerked off was heard, and then after only a short time, "huh, huh, huh, arrrrgh, fuck," as he came.

All the time that he was jerking off, Jenny was encouraging him saying, "come on big boy let me have it," and "yes big boy mark me, I want to be marked, I need to be marked"

It was obvious to anyone that she was right into her role, not only that, but she was getting off herself, so that before Jerry was even starting to come, I was

on my knees behind her with my mouth on her, with fingers and tongue doing their work.

Less than ten seconds after he'd come, she did also. No one in the street would have paid much attention to the noises that he'd made, but I reckon that all the neighbours would have heard her, she was awesome, shudders racking her body, she had her face pressed against the door, and was moaning as if she really was enjoying being marked.

She turned to me with eyes blazing and bloodshot, her mouth hanging open with saliva dripping from it, "fuck that was hot," was all she said, and then to emphasis it, "fuck yeah."

I went to enter her, but she said, "no, not here, I want you in the bed, I need to be fucked properly by you."

She got to her feet unsteadily and facing the door said, "thank you so much Jerry, but that's all there is for tonight, but I do hope you enjoyed that as much as I did."

"You're fucking joking, aren't you, don't leave me like this."

"As they say in the old cartoons, ribeter, ribeter, that's all folks."

"Bitch, fucking bitch.

"Come on Jerry, don't be like that, we've just shared a mutually satisfying sexual experience, let's not have it end with bad blood between us.

"Bitch, fucking bitch," he obviously had a very limited vocabulary.

Jenny took my hand, "I think he's done all that he's going to do for us tonight, so let's go upstairs."

As we left, we could still hear Jerry banging on the door calling out bad things about her, probably understandable in the circumstances, but not nice never the less.

I let her go up the stairs first, but as soon as she'd got up the first two I pushed my face between her cheeks and started to lick her, with my hands around the front stroking her slit.

She turned to me, "If you keep that up we'll never get to the top."

"Turn around, I want to eat you."

She turned around, and then as my mouth found the spot, I pushed her back onto the stairs spreading her legs, she said, "I'm still so fucking horny from Jerry, I don't care what you do to me, but I do want to get you into to the bed."

So with Jenny on her back and me eating her out, she pushed herself backwards up the stairs, progress was slow and she had to stop twice along the way as the stimulation got to her.

Before she stopped for the first time Jerry had already hit the door and called out his abuse for a final time, and then after starting his car and revving the engine mercilessly for several seconds, he drove off very quickly, shredding his tyres and sounding the horn all the way along the street.

Jenny used my hair to pull my face away from her groin, looked at me with devilment in her eyes and said, "you'd think he'd be a happier person having jerked off on my face, wouldn't you?"

Her token attempt at humour over, she sank back onto the stairs slamming my face back between her legs, trying it seemed, to push me as far inside of her as she could get me.

The second time that she stopped was because my tongue and fingers had got the better of her and she had to let herself go, again very noisily, grabbing me by the ears and grinding my face into her groin.

She needed to take a few moments of rest, before we could continue her backward journey, as she was resting I continued to just lick her softly.

Keeping her motor running you might say.

I was quite happy eating her out there, but after a while she started to once again move backwards, eventually reaching the top of the stairs, when suddenly, she again grabbed my ears and pulled my head away from her.

"Right that's enough," she said, "I order you to immediately stop that and start treating me more like a lady, let me up please."

I let her up wondering what this change of attitude was all about.

"Huh?"

"Get up please."

I got up.

Jenny stood up straight, held her head up high trying to look as high class as possible, "Like a lady," she repeated, before grabbing my by the dick and leading me to the still unmade bed, like a dog on a lead.

When she got there she let go of me, got onto the bed, lying down with her legs pulled back and holding them wide open, said, "right, I now order you to immediately stop treating me like a lady...and fuck me senseless, right now"

Not wishing to argue with a lady, I put my head back between her legs, my fingers back inside of her, and my little finger again just pushing against her brown hole.

It took only about two minutes before she again grabbed me by the ears, not trying to lift my head this time, but pulling me up so that her face and mine met. "I asked you to fuck me senseless, not lick me senseless. Now, I need you inside of me, I'm more than ready to come for you now."

With the stimulation of the episode with Jerry, and our journey up the stairs, it took little time at all for me to come, thrusting harshly inside of her, fortunately she was as ready as I was and came almost at the same time.

When we'd finished and after resting for a while she said to me, "that was nice and before I leave you tonight, I want you to spend some more time with me like that.

Make it last, make it really good for me, make me want to come back here again and again, but one thing that you need to know, is that if you continue to avoid playing with my nipples, you'll miss out on the best reaction of all."

We lay together talking, it took a short time for me to get back to being, 'up to the task,' and when I was, I made sure that I payed attention to her nipples, as she'd asked.

It seemed to be all that she wanted, as every time I tried to move away to get to work between her legs, she put her hands on the back of my head, and held it there, so that eventually I got the message, and stopped trying to move down.

Her left nipple was the most sensitive, so I concentrated on that with two fingers deep inside her, she seemed to be happy to pass the time away, moaning, sighing and gasping, whilst moving her head around as if it were about to come loose and fall off.

I'm glad she told me about her nipples, as they really were the keys to her sexuality, if she'd gone berserk with Jerry marking her face, she was just as intense now with me concentrating on her nipples, and with those two fingers inside her, she came like a rolling clap of thunder.

She must have been very noisy, as Mum said to me with a grin the next morning, after Dad had left the kitchen, "who were you murdering last night?"

"Nunya."

"Nunya?"

"Nunya business."

She walked away laughing, "I like that."

I never found out if she knew that it was her sister who was screaming out, and I don't think that either of us would have worried if she had.

That was two years ago, and Jenny and I still see each other about twice a month. She wanted me to come inside her that night, so that she could use her underwear to prove to her husband that she'd had sex with someone else.

He just had to cop it on the chin. It helped her to forgive him, with the condition that he had no more chances, he has no idea how much he owes me.

She said that she wasn't being hypocritical continuing seeing me, she said that she'd got nothing to hide, as she'd told him that she'd seen someone else, and he hadn't put any restrictions on her after finding out, so she kept right on seeing me.

Now, in the kitchen as I looked down at her, Mum held my gaze with that look in her eyes, and said in a very strained voice "please let me go, please let go of me."

"Not yet."

"But, when?"

"When I've punished you enough." I put my mouth against her ear and said "you've been a bad girl and need to be punished haven't you?"

She looked up at me, still with that wild look in her eyes, saying nothing. I noticed a trail of saliva running from her mouth onto the wood of the counter, but she was so involved in what I was doing to her, she wasn't even aware of it.

She wasn't in control, I was.

Whack, whack, whack, whack four hard strokes on her arse. Her eyes flinched but she never said anything.

I again put my mouth against her ear, "you've been a very bad girl and need to be punished don't you?"

"Yes."

"What am I going to do to you?"

"Punish me."

"How?"

"With the wooden spoon."

"Where?"

"On my arse."

All of this time she'd held eye contact with me, she still had that look in them.

I was of course by now, rock hard.

Without breaking eye contact, I started to give her a series of hard, sharp little taps on her cheeks with the spoon, maybe twenty, maybe thirty, I wasn't counting, all in quick succession. Tap, tap, tap, tap.

The look in her eyes intensified to something I've just never seen, and so I continued to spank her like that. She quite obviously liked it, and I was very, very stimulated.

I looked down at her arse and saw why she was so turned on, The blows were not landing on her cheeks, but right between them, right on her lips. I looked at her and thought then she may be almost gone beyond recall, she was almost mine.

I had to be sure though before I actually touched her, and so I letting go of her hands, I walked behind her, put my hand on her hip rather than her bum, and continued to just tap her on the lips with the handle.

She was moving her hips both back and forth, and in a circular motion, but she made

no attempt to get up, though she must have been aware that she was no longer

being held.

There was also a little moan in the back of her throat which was growing to what

would eventually become animalistic.

I moved around to be alongside of her again, and saw that the saliva on the counter was now a larger puddle, I turned the spoon around so that I was now holding the ladle part, and used the handle to again tap her on her slit, many, many small taps right on her most sensitive area, she seemed paralysed.

Eyes wide open, saliva streaming from her mouth, the only parts of her moving were her hips, as I tapped her ever so gently.

Aware that the robe was almost weightless, I lifted it up and exposed her totally to me, she didn't notice, as I'd thought would happen. But I did, I noticed that her lips were very, very swollen, red, wet and open.

I was now running the handle of the spoon between her lips, no longer making any pretence about what I was doing. I'd just wanted her to be absolutely out of control and we'd got there...fast.

Her eyes held mine as I took the handle from her lips, and seeing the amount of slime on it brought it up to my mouth, using the tip of my tongue to remove a string of her wetness hanging down from it.

Still holding her eyes, I repeated the manoeuvre, but this time with an exaggerated lick, whilst making equally exaggerated sounds of approval, she was now trembling.

"Mmmmh," I said "1971 was such a good vintage, what great taste and texture, with such a strong bouquet"

All that she could do now was to bite her bottom lip.

With a shift of the angle it was easy to run the spoon along the inside of her lips, just at the entry, until she pushed back at it and then inch by inch until it was in, and would go no further.

It was as far in as it could get. I pulled it out, and then back in again, in and back, in and back, time and time again.

Once again, I removed it from her and cleaned all the slime from the handle in the same exaggerated fashion, again she bit her lip, but the moan in the back of her throat went up in intensity some more.

Standing where she could see clearly what I was doing, I took off my shirt, undid my belt, dropped my shorts and underwear, she looked at my package with her eyes wide open, she knew that it was wrong but also knew what was going to happen to her.

I said, "Now I'm going to plant a kiss onto both the cheeks of your arse."

Holding her gaze, I kissed the palm of my hand, went around the back of her, her eyes following mine. I brought my hand right back then brought it down hard onto her right cheek, instantly the skin showed a red handprint.

Still holding her gaze, I put another kiss on my palm and brought that one down again hard onto her left cheek, the red mark now on it matched her right one.

Neither of us gave any thought to the problem this may cause with my Father later, this was our time, it wasn't a time to ponder consequences.

Again I kissed my palm and brought it down onto her right, and then again a kiss landed onto her left cheek.

She thought that the fifth kiss was going to land on her right cheek again, but she was wrong, the hit was just as hard but not on her cheek, it landed right where I intended it to.

Bang on target...her slit.

Another hit to each of her cheeks, and then another one right between them.

For all this time, she had her wrists crossed as if they were being held, but of course they weren't. She could have got up and walked away at any time, except that she was incapable of doing so, it was as if she was chained to the counter, which I guess, in a way she was.

I walked back behind her, putting two fingers inside of her seeking out her G Spot with them, as my thumb found her clitoris, I wasn't gentle with her, she didn't complain, in fact she responded instantly to the force.

Taking my cue from her response, I put my cock at her entrance and slid it slowly inside her.

Almost as soon as I was all the way inside her I came, hard, thrusting and driving as if there was no limit to how far inside her that I could get.

Afterwards, when I'd caught my breath I pulled it out of her, I was still as hard as when I'd first put it inside, I watched as my seed oozed out from her, putting my hand there to catch it to spread it all over her, groin area.

As one larger gob seeped out I caught it on one finger, waked round to alongside of her face, made a big production of putting it onto the end of my cock, and said, "clean it off."

She never hesitated for a second, her face moved across the counter and her mouth greedily sought out the juice, sucking and licking it until there was no more left on it.

I went back behind her, slid myself back inside, and repeated the exercise of then getting her to clean it off.

When I made her clean it for a third time, her eyes were closed and the ecstasy on her face was something to behold, she was in heaven.

My intention now was to push her to her limits, but what could I do to achieve that?

I was aware that the handle of the spoon alone wasn't going to be enough for her to reach a total climax and looked around for something else that may do the job for me.

What caught my eye were the salt and the pepper shakers at the back of the counter.

They were about 12 inches long, but more importantly, about 2 inches in diameter, they were like two very big wooden dildos, ideal, and just within reach.

At this point I had no thoughts at all that there may be consequences to all of this, looking back later I was shocked how fast it all had developed. I'd never had any real thoughts about her like this before.

Sure I'd looked at her from time to time when she bent over either from the front or rear, and admired the view but that was all. At this point we were two people, in the middle of having sex, not mother and son.

Moving across in front of her it was easy to reach the big salt shaker, as I picked it up, her eyes widened, and I realised that she knew right away what I had planned.

It occurred to that this may not be the first time that this had been inside her, as she showed no fear, only excitement at what was about to happen. I thought there should be no problem getting it in as she was so wet, that it was almost running down her legs.

But it was big.

Slowly at first I rubbed it against the opening, and then applied a little more pressure, which she pushed back against. Little by little with her pushing back, her lips opened and as I rotated and pushed it, it started to gain entry.

I was so fascinated as the shaker seemed to be slowly eaten by her, but then once it'd breached her entry, with almost a rush it was in, all the way, or as far as it would go at least.

Then as I used the spoon on her again, quite hard and several times, she came. Jesus, what a noise she made, banging and grinding her hips against the edge of her bench top, as she pushed back against the shaker.

I just held it and let her go hard at it, on, on and on. Eventually she collapsed down onto the floor face first, putting out her arms to cushion the fall. I watched fascinated as her hand slid underneath her and she used it to continue to hump the shaker whilst still on the floor.

When she'd stopped I took the spoon and slapped her several times hard on the cheeks which started her off again, back to being out of control, this wasn't my mother, this was the wildest women I'd ever seen, and she was hot and wet.

By this time her cheeks were marked and red, far more that we would ever be able to explain to Dad.

At this point however, I started to think about myself, I'd learned to control myself for long periods of time, but this was something a lot different from anything I'd ever been involved in before.

I also had to realise that this wasn't just some tart I'd brought home from a bar to screw, she was still my mother.

I'd read about mother son sex before, but we were the last ones to my mind who would've got involved in it.

What I have to say is that I can understand how it can happen, I loved her absolutely and totally and this was an erotic, but out of control extension of that.

What I have to be honest about also, is that there was also an element of competition with my father, the young bull-old bull thing, I needed to show her that I was as good as him, maybe even better.

I'd been totally transfixed at the sight of her going for her life on the salt shaker. I'd thought that she may have had some difficulty getting it in, but with very little of a struggle it'd slid right in and made itself at home, as if it had been made especially for that place.

As I watched I knew there was only one way that it could end, but I couldn't use her vagina as it was now stretched beyond my ability to fill it, and anyway, the shaker was still working away inside of her.

I knew from listening to her talking to Jenny, that she didn't really like oral sex all that much, and even though she was out of control, and most likely didn't know what it was that she was doing, I thought it wrong to take advantage and do that to her, she was still after all, and would always remain, my Mother.

Then right in front of me, I saw the answer, as she was grinding away on the shaker still, her cheeks opened and closed, and the other little hole winked up at me.

I reached down and ran my thumb around the opening, it was very wet from her stimulations, and my thumb went right in, so that both her holes were being worked on at the same time.

Without any more thought I dropped down, took my penis and slid it between her cheeks. She became aware of what was happening, and held herself up for me to gain access into her.

She was so wet that I slid right in, like a train into a tunnel.

Once that was accomplished Mum started to moan, and it didn't take very long at all before she was off again, pushing against me and calling out as if in pain, rolling on and on, until she was just absolutely spent...again.

She was active long enough for me to release into her the first time but was almost immobile as I remained erect and started moving into her a second time.

As I'd just gone for a second time in only a few minutes, I was never going to release quickly and so I was able to dictate the speed that I went at, and of course the depth that I went inside her.

It took many minutes of thrusting, and by now I was going in all the way with quite some force, before I was calling out and thrusting hard into her, as never before, or since.

Both times were amongst the most intense sex that I would ever experience, and as I could feel the ridges of the salt shaker against my penis, stimulating me further, as I pushed into her, it heightened my pleasure.

As I collapsed onto her I looked at the clock, we'd been going at it for over forty minutes, it was a miracle that she hadn't had a heart attack.

I pulled out, rolled onto my side, lying behind her, and rested, exhausted like that, fighting for breath as if my life depended on it.

"More?"

I looked at Mum.

"More?" She repeated.

I shook my head unable to speak.

"More...please."

Again all that I could manage was a shake of the head.

"More?"

"No, I'm cooked, gassed, finished, no more," I said, and then went back to fighting for breath.

Her eyes were wild, and her hair was all over her face as she rolled onto her back, and with both hands holding the shaker, she slammed it hard into her, again, again and again, until finally she came.

Her body doing part sit ups as the high voltage electricity slammed into her, before falling back flat onto the kitchen floor, and then arching herself upwards, so that only the back of her head, and the soles of her feet had any contact with the floor.

I was in shock, this was more intense than anything that I'd ever seen.

She looked as if she was going to die as she fought for breath afterwards, as I myself had only a few short moments ago. Eventually she started to breath more normally, and when she did I pulled her to me, enveloping her in the safety of my arms. Carefully I reached around and slowly removed the salt shaker from inside of her.

I'm not sure if she felt me or not, she seemed to still be out to it.

Eventually, and very slowly she turned around and looked into my eyes, I was lost for words, and anyway, how was I going to explain to myself, much less anyone else, what I'd just done to her?

"What...how...what?" She was searching for answer that I couldn't give to her.

She turned fully around and I pulled her back into my arms. She again dosed for a few minutes and then got up, and on very shaky legs walked away without saying anything.

She just looked back at me once quickly, and then for a second time as she stopped, before wobbling through the door holding the wall for support.

Her eyes were wild.

From where I was lying, I had a clear view at the angry red marks all over her cheeks, and between them, and her meat flaps hanging down between them. They were as pronounced as the landing gear on a 747.

It was only then that I gave any thought at all to my Father, and any repercussions that may follow.

Not sure what was going to come from it, I got up and on similarly shaky legs went to have a shower, being aware as I did, that she was doing the same.

We both stayed under the water for a long time, I was out before her and thinking that it'd be best if I moved out as she might tell Dad, I'd found a bag and was packing when she walked in, wearing a robe.

"We have to talk."

"Yes mum, I'm really sorry..." but she cut me off, with a wave of her hand, and sat on my bed.

"No Robbie, please let me talk."

"I knew as soon as you started to spank me that I was in trouble, and I should've stopped you at that time, but I chose not to."

She continued, "I like to be spanked, and always have. Before I met your father and when I'd only just turned 18, I let a boy spank me, I knew right away that I liked it more than anything else."

"It totally overwhelmed me, I was on fire so much that I can't describe it to you other that to say I was totally, totally, 100% on fire, my entire body was burning up, from the inside."

"The next day he brought four of his friends around and they all took turns with me, it wasn't rape because I enjoyed it even more that they did. They had me for over two hours of continual sex. It was the best sex I was ever going to have, until today."

"Not surprisingly I got pregnant. From the time I started my periods when I was twelve, they were irregular and sometimes none at all. My parents were, as you know strictly Catholic and wouldn't let me on the pill to regulate them until I was 18, and I could make the choice for myself."

"Unfortunately, I'd done nothing about the pill when I'd turned 18, so when I missed two periods I didn't worry, because that was fairly normal."

"Then after I went back one day and let them do me again, I had a miscarriage, I just couldn't control myself with them, but I was so upset when I lost the poor little baby, that I vowed it would never happen again, and it hasn't, not until today at least."

"Shortly after this my Dad was moved here almost a thousand miles away, and I've never gone back there since."

She continued, "Your Dad's a good man and I love him, he'd be devastated that this has happened today, and just as much that I couldn't tell him what'd happened back then."

I was surprised that she was as calm as she appeared to be, and I sat listening intently as she spoke. After what had happened today, I could easily believe that she, at 18, would've been totally out of control when they started on her, and in no position to get back in control, until they allowed her to.

I put my arms around her and finally she cried, more for her baby I think, than for herself.

Afterwards she continued on, "I've never told anyone about this, neither of my parents know, nor does Jenny, but you needed an explanation. I'm sorry, I used you today for my own selfish reasons, to see what would've happened had I tried it, and I apologise to you for that. I've dreamt about someone doing me like that for years, and I've fought to not let it happen again."

"If I had let it, I would've most likely gone from my family, and spent all my time looking for sex. It would've destroyed this family and all that I have now would be gone, what this has shown me is that I was right to not try it again with someone else."

"Please don't tell anyone about what has happened today, or when I was 18, I promise that I'll spend the rest of my life trying to make it up to you."

We slept in my bed for a long time in each others arms, and try as I might I couldn't convince her that she didn't owe me anything.

I suggested that she told Dad about her fetish, and then ask him to tie her up and spank her one night, take her out for a test drive as it were.

"I've tried that," she said with more tears in her eyes, "but he only told me that he thought it was sick to do that to some one that he loved."

Then she sat up, clutching the sheet to her and said, "I'm so worried that now I've opened the door to my secret past, I may not be able to put the genie back into the bottle, I'm concerned that I won't be able to control myself, and I'll then go out looking for sex, eventually ending up outside the family."

I looked at her, "don't worry about that Mum, it just won't happen, I'll never let you go outside the family, we all need you too much for me to let that happen."

"But Robbie, it might... just happen one day. There're two guys at work who have a fair idea that I can be turned on by it. I went into the warehouse three weeks ago and one of them came up behind me, gave me a really hard whack on the bum, then when they saw the look in my eyes, they knew right away what was happening to me."

"Every time I go there now, I'm torn between the desire to let them have me, and the fear of the repercussions which I know would follow. I have to be able to control it, I don't want to leave my family, but it will happen. Once I get started, I know that no one can stop me."

"Mum, don't worry, I promise you it'll never be a problem."

"Promise me Robbie...how?"

"I promise you."

"But how can you do that?...please promise you'll never hurt me"

"You'll just have to trust me, you have to believe that I'll never hurt you... well not any more than you'll enjoy anyway, do you know there's a fine line between pleasure and pain?"

Her face lit up, "great song, I sing along every time I hear it," She was now smiling at me, still with tears in her eyes, but she was smiling. "You're such a good son, going to all that trouble for me."

"I can only try my best Mum."

"That's all that a mother can ask of her son, just do your best, that's what we've always taught you."

"But Robbie there is however just one problem."

"What's that?"

"My arse is red raw, and your Dad is bound to see it, you see today is friday."

"And...what?"

"Friday night for us is...date night!!"

"Fuck really?"

"Yes really."

"Ooops"

EXCLUSIVE

PART 1

The first point that I want to make is that all the people and places listed have been renamed to protect the guilty, as well as the innocent. If there is a Mel James, who has a son Greg, and a sister Cathie anywhere, I apologise to all of them. Equally, if there's a Max Draper out there, the apology extends to you too Max.

I've always written a journal, so when the relationship with my son developed, it was easy for me to chronical it as just another chapter in my life. That means that the details here are all correct as they happened, even though I've had to employ a little poetic license with the dialog, as obviously I cannot remember it verbatim.

I've been inspired to tell my story, by the French President Emmanuel Macron, and his wife Brigitte, he's forty, and she sixty five.

My story is not told as a tale of incest, but simply as one of a pure love between a younger man and an older woman. The President and his wife are a beacon for all of us women involved in relationships where there is a large age difference between the woman and her man.

Like Brigitte Macron, I'm old enough to be my husbands' mother, unlike her however, that is what I am.

I cannot afford to be identified so my sister Cathie, who told me about Literotica, will get my story posted for me. She's visited this site for some time and has agreed to do it. This will be the only thing that I do post, as even though I love to write, and have done so for several years for own pleasure, this is all that I want to submit. The main thing that I have to do is to get up the courage to do it.

Please do not try to contact me, as any and all of those requests will be ignored.

I hope that our story will tell anyone out there in the same position, that you are not alone, and it's ok to follow your heart.

Mel.

To Start I'd like to take you back to a warm August Sunday night several years ago, when I was having difficulty sleeping. I looked across at the clock, it read two forty-seven am, "Fuck," I silently cursed to myself, the damn thing had only moved about three minutes since the last time I'd looked at it.

I couldn't sleep, I should be able to, but I couldn't, I was exhausted physically, but mentally I was on full alert. The major problem I had right now was that I needed to be up at six thirty to get into work on time. Whether I went in by car or train made no difference at all, six thirty was just about it. I had a really big and important day planned. I'd got a presentation to make to management that I'd been working on for almost two months now, and so I couldn't even think about taking a sickie, unless I was really ill, and that would cause more problems than I could handle anyway.

It was a lovely warm night, the full moon threw its light through the open window. We lived on the edge of the valley, so it was only in winter that we closed the blinds, as there was no one living within fifteen kilometres of the back of the house. I looked at the sleeping figure besides me, he was naked, and he was gorgeous, truly gorgeous. Any women would be thrilled to have him share her bed, more so as he was more than twenty years younger than I, he was tall, fit, strong, handsome and intelligent. He'd all the attributes that a woman looked for in a mate.

My eyes ran down his body until it reached his penis, it wasn't overly big, but having said that it was a nice size, a lovely shape, and it had done the job many times just fine. I made a mental note to measure it soon, but not in the morning. There wouldn't be time then, so maybe in about ten weeks' time, when he again returned from Uni I would.

My hand ran down to his hip, he opened his eyes slightly, moved across to be closer to me without really waking up. He automatically sipped his hand between my legs before his eyes closed again and he softly caressed me a couple of times, and finally returned to wherever it was that I'd disturbed him from.

My mind, as it had been doing all weekend, went back to Friday night, just over forty-eight hours ago, when this had all started, this moment in time that would live with us both forever. This moment in time which had changed the whole dynamic not only of our relationship, but our entire family, forever. Nothing in our lives would ever be the same again, because the Adonis sleeping at my side was my only child, Greg.

Right now, there was nothing in my mind to say that it was wrong, maybe in the morning, or even next week things would be different. But right now, I'd had just about the best weekend ever, certainly it'd been a long time since there'd been as much sex in my life, in such a short period.

I've always been a pragmatic and realistic person, who'd been brought up to think things through, and not make hasty rash decisions. If you do that, then if something goes wrong, there's no one else to blame, so you then accept responsibility, and move on.

What had happened hadn't been thought through however, and the potential ramifications were such that, at least for the moment, I was looking for someone to blame.

The sex had been so ferocious and intense that it was only now that I was starting to begin to realise that there may well be a price to pay. I'd decided to blame my sister Cathie for what had happened, deep down I didn't really believe it myself, but in my shocked state right at this minute, I needed someone to blame and she was the first one in my mind.

Shortly after Cathies husband left her for a younger woman, she'd gone mad screwing anyone who'd shown any interest in her at all. Mostly younger men, often much younger, until eventually she'd found Mark, an old school friend of her daughters. Mark was seventeen years younger than her, and was just an absolute sex machine, he was banging her senseless as often as she could take it. She of course never shut up about him, his stamina, his buff body, and if I heard about his thick dick one more time, I was going to vomit.

Almost as soon as Greg's dad Ken had left me, well over a year ago now, she'd started on me about my getting a younger man into my bed, so that after a while, the thought did start to grow in my mind. The initial problem that I had was that I was still dealing with the shock ending of my marriage, I just didn't see it coming.

Like most other woman, I'd had plenty of opportunities to stray, but had never even given it a second thought, 'till death us do part' actually meant something to me.

Cathie kept on at me every time that we were together, she'd be pointing out guys that she knew, who she thought would be just right for me. Cathie seemed to have a vast circle of friends who fell into that category.

I was particularly shocked one night when she'd come around for dinner and after a few drinks had loosened her up a bit, she said, "Anyway, you don't have to look too far to find a strapping hunk of a man, there's one right here in this house."

"Who?"

"Greg."

"Greg!!?" I was almost speechless.

"Yes, Greg why not, you need sex, and a twenty-two-old always needs sex. They can never get enough of it, believe me, I know, it'll just be a case of, shall we say mother with benefits?"

"Are you seriously suggesting that I should have sex with my son?"

She shrugged, "In the dark you won't know the difference, and if you want to find a way to bond with him, that'd be the ultimate bond." She nervously laughed, but not because she was joking, she wasn't.

I didn't know whether to scream at her or punch her in the mouth for what she was saying. This was my son she was talking about.

"Do you have any standards at all?"

She shrugged and shook her head vigorously, "Nah."

"Would you have sex with your son?"

"As you know I don't have any sons, I only have two daughters, you idiot."

"Ok then, if you had a son, would you have sex with him?"

"If Greg was my son, I'd have fucked his brains out ages ago, I get sloppy wet just being in the same room as him."

"You disgust me."

"Yeah, whatever."

Later that night in bed, her words disturbed me, I certainly wasn't thinking about having sex with Greg, but I was warming to the thought of maybe trying a younger man. I think that it was at that time that I drifted over to the view that I needed to move on with my life, and maybe try someone new, and if so, well why not with a younger guy?

I'm not too bad looking I suppose, and as she'd said, younger men are always looking for sex, so maybe the idea was planted then, and this was where it'd now led us to.

I've always been sexually adventurous, in fact, I've tried just about anything and everything over the years. My belief was that as long as no one gets hurt by it physically or emotionally, it's game on.

At some point in the future, I'd have to accept responsibility for what'd happened this weekend with Greg, but right now, I was in shock. I knew that this sort of thing happened, but not to ordinary people like me, and it was very hard to rationalise. So, I was blaming Cathie for putting the thought into my mind.

She and Mark had been together for two years now and were still going at it day and night. She kept on telling me all the gory details, along with her advice that now Greg's Dad had left me, also for a younger woman, then I should get myself a younger man too.

Unlike Cathie, I'd always been true to my marriage, and Kens leaving was a shock, even though I'd known that the fire had been going out for some time, I'd never thought that he'd leave. I'd thought that we'd go on forever, become old and comfortable, and well, just go on.

I guess I'm no different to many women of my age who'd stopped work to raise a family, and as Kens salary increased, I'd totally abandoned my career to become what you might call a professional wife for him. I entertained his colleagues and clients, ensured that he always had a clean suit and ironed shirts. On many occasions when he'd had to go away on business at short notice, I'd dropped what I was doing, gone home, packed a bag for him and taken it either to the office, or even to the airport on more than one occasion. Many companies get two for the price of one when they appointed their executives, and Kens company got me, as well as him for their money.

Ken, realising the position that I was in after he'd left, at least continued to pay the mortgage for us, and agreed to pay Greg's tuition fees. I also got a half of our assets, which were considerable given Kens good salary. But it's seriously hard to find work when you've been out of the work force for almost twenty years, particularly with the advances in technologies in that time.

Eventually through friends I was able to a get a position in an office with a company owned by David, one of Kens friends, who I was aware had some nice thoughts about me. Being aware of his feelings, I was a little wary at first, but apart from telling me how lovely I looked at least five times a day, thankfully, he did keep his distance. I remained wary however but wasn't really quite sure what I'd do if he pushed the issue hard, as I really did need the job.

Cathie, knowing that David was a business associate of Ken suggested that in my position, she would have screwed his brains out for revenge, and then told Ken all about it. The thought appealed to me for only a short time before the fact that David was married impacted me. Not only that but, his wife and kids moved in the same circles as Greg and I did, and I didn't want to do to them what had been done to us.

Besides I really didn't find David very appealing, but I was grateful for the job, very grateful indeed, as it did at least allow me to get some dignity and self-respect back, as well as a little money, as the bills still kept pouring in.

Things worked out well for Ken I guess, as he soon got another promotion and was posted to Paris. I felt that it was because of all the support that I'd given him over the years. We'd done all the hard yards that all couples go through, and just when life should have got a lot easier, he'd left me and gone to live in Paris, with his new, younger wife.

My snarling of, "Screw Paris," at every opportunity, rang hollow even to me, because it still hurt so much. It did though make it a lot easier for me in one sense, as I no longer had to worry about seeing them around town, as in the main we had the same group of friends.

Unfortunately, the one who really missed out was Greg, as because of his work load, Ken, after only a short time in Paris, stopped phoning or even Emailing his son. This at a time when Greg was trying to do a double degree at Uni.

His major was in Geology, and he was doing Business Studies as well. He thought that these qualifications would help him to get into the mining industry, where he saw a bright future. He was working so hard at the time, and really struggling with the workload required, so Greg felt his father's absence deeply, and after a while being unable to hide his hurt, he just let it show openly. In fact, I'm not sure to this day that he's even dealt with it completely.

I guess my own pride took a hit too, but after a while I just had to get on with my life, the only thing that I missed was the sex. One thing I have to say about Ken was, that once we hit the sack, he was as much as I could handle. After twenty five years of marriage he knew how to press all the right buttons, he of course knew all my hot spots.

The other thing is that no matter what people tell you, flying 'Middle Finger Airlines' simply doesn't cut it. Even my Battery Bunny loses its appeal after a while. I need something with a pulse, a flesh and blood person that I can dig my finger nails into as I reach the heights. Someone who'll pull my hair and slap my arse as he takes me from behind. Someone with an ear that I can cry, "Fuck me," into, not just something that makes me call out "Oh fuck," in relief, and then I turn it off and put it back into the drawer. I very much miss more than I can tell you, the sound that two bodies coated in sweat make as they pull apart, it's like ripping paper. It tells me that both have been totally involved and have nothing more to give.

Now, as I lay there next to my son, my mind, as it had many times over this past weekend, drifted back to Friday night when all this had started. It was Greg's last weekend home before he had to return to Uni for his final term before graduation, so we'd decided to go out for dinner. When we'd got there, we'd run into some of his old high school friends. I'd known most of them since primary school, and so I was very comfortable with them. In fact, they'd all called me Mel, rather than Mrs James, for as long as I could remember.

Not long after Ken had left me, two of them, Alex and Rick had started to call around out of the blue, and it didn't take me long to work out what was on their minds. The term 'revenge fuck' was never used, but I'm sure that was what they were putting up to me, so I had to make it clear that I wasn't interested. This was of course before my conversations with my sister, and much too early after Ken had left for me to even entertain the idea.

Alex and Rick were there tonight, but neither paid me too much attention as they'd probably got the message. But maybe I was the one starting to regret not at least having them take me out for a test drive. As I looked at them tonight, I was hit by the thought that maybe they'd had intentions of tag teaming me. Now that was something that'd never crossed my mind until tonight, maybe I was a bit too hasty giving them the brush off.

Oh well life's full of, 'if only' moments, I guess.

We'd all settled in nicely, and it looked as if it was turning into an all right sort of evening. So, without being overly obvious, I'd started to catch the eye of Alex and Rick a couple of times, maybe, just maybe I shouldn't say no to new ideas without at least considering the possibilities further.

After about a half an hour, two other guys arrived, one of them was Max Draper, like the rest of them, I'd known Max for years and quite liked him. He'd been well brought up, and was always respectful of Ken, myself, and our home.

Max's eyes lit up when he saw me because he'd been one of my sisters earlier little, 'adventures' and she'd told me about him. But also, I wondered if she'd maybe told him about me, that she thought that he should try it on, as she knew that I needed some attention from a man.

Apparently, and I of course have only her word for it, Max was, 'hung'.

I smiled at Max, and he grinned at me, both knew what the other was thinking, he saw me as a chance to score. As far as I was concerned though, I felt ok to play just a little, as I was on my third drink, but that was all, just a little harmless fun at this point.

Without thinking, my eyes fell to his crotch, he saw me, and smiled, I for the first time in several years, blushed. I glanced around, but no one else saw, but Max did, and was now grinning. The thought flashed across my mind that I might have just started the ball rolling on my new life.

I was still a bit hurt from Ken going away, and as I was with, not only my son, but a group of his friend. One thing that I didn't need, was for them all to think that I was available, so, it was important that I behaved myself. I have to admit though that I was intrigued by my sister's description of the size of his equipment.

As the evening wore on, Max kept trying to catch my eye, and when he did, he'd smile and nod at me. It was clear that Cathie must have said something to him about me, and it was equally obvious that he was more than a bit conceited, he thought that he was on a winner with my being there and blushing at him. I must admit that with a couple of drinks in me, I was quite enjoying his attentions.

It was the first time that I'd been out with company, and a man had behaved like this to me since Ken had gone. Not only that, but he was quite a nice looking younger man, and I began to see what my sister had seen in him. There was of course the not so insignificant matter of him being, 'hung', and I was beginning to wonder just how, 'hung' he was.

We'd all finished dinner, and I'd had a fourth drink, which is absolutely my limit. When some music started up and couples moved quickly onto the dance floor, I instinctively knew that Max would see this as his chance, and sure enough, in a flash he was up.

"Mel, may I have the first dance please."

I wasn't going to give him any more encouragement, at least not that early in the evening, so I said, "Sorry Max, but I've promised the first dance to my date, Greg." Greg looked surprised for a moment, then said in his best Neanderthalithic voice, "Huh?"

Then figuring out that he'd missed something along the way, jumped up saying, "Yeah sure Mum, let's dance the night away." I put my arm through his as we walked to the dance floor, sort of more than half aware that my breast was pressing into his arm.

I'd been brought up in a house where lots of music was played, mostly 50's, 60's and 70's Rock n' Roll. My parents were totally into the whole rock scene.

They went dancing at least once a week and they were very good after dancing for so many years together. My Dad'd taught me how to Rock 'n Roll properly, and I'd done the same for Greg. Both he and I could dance up a storm when we let go, and soon others stopped to watch. Well I have to concede that I'm a bit of an exhibitionist with a couple of drinks in me, and so we proceeded to put on a show for them. A second and them a third song followed before thankfully, a slower number came on.

Everyone applauded as we stopped, I felt pretty good, but I was also happy to slow down as I wasn't quite as fit as I needed to be to dance like that. I'd hardly settled into my son's arms, when I heard Max say, "Greg my old mate, you can't monopolise the only beautiful woman here, do you mind if I cut in?" Greg looked at me, I shrugged, and an instant later, I found out how, 'hung' Max was, as he deliberately pressed himself hard against me.

He certainly felt very big, and by the smirk on his face he knew that I was aware of it. I had the options of looking at him grinning at me, knowing that I could feel him against me, or putting my head onto his shoulder. The four drinks I'd had, and the hectic dancing had taken a lot out of me, and so I ended up with my head on his shoulder, but we both knew what I could feel pressing into me.

The instant my head was on his shoulder, his hand was on my arse. I pulled back sharply, looked at him, coughed, and waited until he'd removed his hand. I then went back to having my head on his shoulder saying as I did, "Why do you guys always have to spoil things?"

Max shrugged, smiled, and then said, "Sorry," but he didn't sound at all sincere, the grin on his face didn't help his cause either.

We went back to our dance which'd just become nothing more than a sway, because of there now being too many people on the rather small dance floor. It was quite nice dancing with him pressing himself against me, and I must say that he was making a big impression on me...in more ways than one.

Max felt my relaxing against him, and despite my saying that he'd spoiled things, his hand slipped down my back, paused for a moment testing the waters, and then moved it down until he was again cupping my left cheek in his hand. I left it there for a few seconds before I pulled back from him, looked directly into his eyes, and said simply, "Max!!?" as I raised my eyebrows at him.

He gave me a boyish grin, leaned down and said softly into my ear, "No one can see." Conversations that both of us had had with Cathie, were now coming into play.

"Is that all you're concerned about?" I was rolling my eyes and half smiling as I said it.

His answer was to pull me back against him, and again pressed himself into me. He was very sure of himself, maybe being hung did that for a man. His dick seemed to have got even bigger now.

I didn't know if it was the drink or Cathies words, but for whatever reason, his feeling my bum didn't seem so offensive now. In fact, I was quite enjoying it, it had of course been a long time since anyone had touched me there...or anywhere else for that matter, and as no one could see, or at least I hoped not, I let him go at it unhindered.

Just maybe Cathies words were having an effect on me.

Fortunately, that was the last dance in the set, and even as he walked me back to the table, he still had his hand on my bum, I hoped that it was still the case that no one could see. But I guess that the drinks helped me to ignore his hand, and of course the possibilities of my accepting my sisters' advice, was now firmly in the back of my mind.

I watched the others dancing as we sat out the next set. What caught my eyes were Alex and Rick dirty dancing with a woman that I recognised from the high school community called Teresa, whom I knew was divorced. When I say dirty dancing, it was really a dirty dancing sandwich with Teresa between Alex and Rick, with both of them grinding their hips into her. At first, she was facing Rick, but when she said something to him, he moved back for a moment, she turned around, and instantly she was back to being dry humped again by the two boys.

I saw Rick wink at his mate, and a warmth ran up along my inner thighs from my knees to my groin, as those words, 'tag team' hammered into my brain. In that instant, I realised that they had indeed had that in mind for me.

I thought about Teresa, who I guessed was two or three years younger than I, but was certainly a lot older than the two boys. Lost in my own world, I muttered to myself, "Possibilities, endless possibilities." What had I been missing out on? I had to admit that my sisters' words now had a whole new meaning for me.

We had a great night, and I enjoyed playing up to Max, in fact the last time we danced before leaving, I'd been the one to ask him to dance. I'd had five drinks by now, at least I think it was five, and as it was almost time to go home, I let him play with my bum again as the floor was still crowded enough for me to think that no one would be able to see him this time also.

He of course had to push the envelope a bit, and soon his fingers were touching something that he shouldn't have. I didn't care as I'd made the decision that I wanted to take Cathies advice, and get to see more of what I could only imagine, as I felt it pressing against me again.

Just before the dance ended, Max said, "I've got your number, I'll call you tomorrow." I should have played a little harder to get, but without thinking said, "No not tomorrow, Greg's home, call me Monday night after work."

By now Alex, Rick and Teresa had departed, leaving no one in any doubts about what they were up to. As I walked a little unsteadily to our car my mind was full of the thoughts of them and what they would have been doing to her by now. The term, 'spit roast' and, 'Teresa sandwich', were two that were going through my mind.

Greg held the door for me, and I was quite careless as I slid into the seat, so that before I realised it Greg, and some of his mates would have seen the very skimpy red satin underwear that I was wearing. I shrugged it off, as by that time Greg had closed the door and the moment was over. It did however do nothing to put out the fire raging behind that small piece of red material.

As Greg drove home, I was so horny, I knew that I was going to have something to take care of when we got home. The problem I had, was that I was always noisy when I came, and the bedrooms weren't that far apart. So I was going to have to wait for Greg to go to sleep, and then go downstairs to the den to do the deed.

We drove in silence as I thought about Alex, Rick and Teresa, and again tried to imagine what stage their orgy might have progressed to by now. I also thought about Max and his appendage, it felt very impressive, and seemed to get bigger every time he pressed it into me. As a matter of fact, I could still feel it against my stomach even as we drove home.

Suddenly Greg swore and slammed on the breaks only just stopping in time to avoid running into the car in front, "Sorry," he mumbled sheepishly.

I looked across at him, and then after a few seconds went back to my fantasy, but was a little surprised to see Greg looking at me from time to time, just quick little glances out of the corner of his eye as he drove. At first, I'd thought that he was checking on me because I was drunk.

But then I worked out that he wasn't looking at me, he was instead looking at my legs, which were well and truly on show due to my carelessness in sliding down into the seat. A quick glance showed that he had a pretty good view not only of the whole of my legs, but even my skimpy nickers showed because my skirt had ridden up so high.

Was my own son checking me out? I decided to not do anything about it, but watched him every time that we came under a street light and his eyes flicked across at me. I continued to look out of the window, but was actually using the window as a mirror to observe him. He thought that as I was looking away from him that he was unobserved, but I could see him looking right at my crotch for the whole time that it was illuminated by the lights.

I was now totally turned on by the realisation that I could definitely attract a younger guy, not only Max, Alex or Rick. But even my own son was interested in what I'd put on show for him. The future seemed so much brighter now, Monday and Max couldn't come soon enough, but I had some pressing business to take care of when I got home.

When we arrived the drink sort of hit me a bit more as I got out of the car. It wasn't that I was drunk, I guess I would have gone for DUI if I'd driven, but I wasn't falling over. Greg however thought that I was and put his arm around me to assist my getting up the stairs. I didn't mind, actually, it was nice having him holding me so close, it wasn't until I had almost got to my room that I realised that he was holding my left breast in his hand. Not only holding it, but gently squeezing my nipple between his fingers. By the time I'd woken up to what he was doing, it was too late to say anything as we were in my room, and he'd moved his fingers anyway. It did slightly bother me and did nothing at all to put out the fire raging at the top of my thighs.

As he sat me on the bed he said, "Did you enjoying dancing with Max?"

"Mmmm, it was ok, why?"

"Did you enjoy him playing with your bum?" He sounded angry, and a little annoyed.

"He wasn't, don't try to embarrass me."

"He was, and everyone in the place could see it."

"Not true."

"He was, and they could, everyone in the place could."

"Shit, really, everyone?"

He nodded, "Everyone."

"Damn, Max told me they couldn't see."

"He lied, he's like that"." He still sounded annoyed.

I suppose that without the drink I would have been embarrassed, but I wasn't. So, I shrugged, grinned and choose to ignore him.

"You must be starting to miss Dad, are you?"

A leading question if ever there was one.

I shrugged again but still said nothing.

"Just take care mum, Max has a reputation of love 'em and leave 'em", again his voice was sharp.

I shrugged again, and still had nothing to say for myself, maybe love 'em and leave 'em would suit me just fine right about now.

Greg clearly saw that he wasn't going to get much further with this line of questioning, so he said, "Are you ok to have your shower, you look too pissed to me?"

"I'm not pissed, I'm fine, but I do need a shower." I can't ever go to bed without one, it's something that I simply cannot do, I was brought up to have a shower morning and night, and it's a habit that I can't break.

"Greg, you go and have yours at the same time, so you can get to sleep quickly." I wanted him asleep as quick as possible so I could take care of my unfinished business.

"You sure?"

I nodded, but I really wasn't sure at all, I just needed for him to go to bed, so that I could organise some me time.

He wasn't convinced, "No, you go in and have yours first, I'll wait here until you're finished, and then I'll have mine afterwards."

"Ok then," I nodded, anything to get him into his room, and asleep.

He sat on my bed as I went into my bathroom, undressed, and then got into the shower. I had to be careful that I didn't wash myself too hard 'down there', as I was likely to start to enjoy it too much, and I didn't want that to happen. I wanted my time alone to last as long as possible, as Max and the other threesome had lit a real fire in me.

The water running down my body all seemed to find its way to my groin and normally the feeling of it running between my legs was really quite nice. But tonight, it brought me even closer to a climax, and it was difficult to keep my hands off myself, with Greg only a few feet away.

I must have been in a long time just standing there with the water running onto me because before I knew it, I was startled by Greg calling, "Are you all right Mum?"

"Yes, I'm finished, you go and have yours now."

"Ok but only if you're sure."

"Yes, I'm fine."

Actually, I wasn't all right, as when I got out, I was a bit unsteady and had to sit on the toilet to dry myself. This took a lot longer than normal, as I was on the edge of falling off all the time and had to continually hold onto the vanity. But eventually I got my feet and legs almost dry, and after two failed attempts, managed to stand up to dry my body.

As I walked into the bedroom to get my nighty, which was under my pillow, I held the towel in both hands, and drew it across my back to dry myself. I was about five feet into my bedroom, when Greg rushed through the open doorway without knocking. As he entered, he was looking down and wrapping a towel around himself, he'd clearly quickly finished his own shower in the time that it'd taken me to half dry only a part of myself. I stood there in

my stupor, arms wide apart holding the towel, totally naked and unsure what to do.

We were about ten feet apart, and frozen in time, the only thing between us was my bed.

Greg's mouth was wide open as his eyes worked overtime taking it all in.

When I did finally move, I stumbled a little causing Greg to think that I was about to fall over, quickly he moved to steady me. Unfortunately, in his haste, his hip hit the end of my bed hard and he stumbled. As he grabbed at the bed to steady himself, his grip on the towel slipped and it dropped onto the floor. Not missing a beat, he, naked, continued on to catch me before I fell.

I still had my arms in the air holding the towel all this time, maybe I was more drunk than I thought, as I continued to stand there for a while as he held me up, I then realised that there was something sticking into me. I looked down between us to see what the thing was.

It was Greg's 'thing', and we were naked in each others arms, and Greg had an erection. It was the first one that I'd seen in about a year and a half, I stared at it.

My first thoughts were, what a nice strong cock my son has, a sense of pride went through my body, and then I thought, I wonder if it's as big as Max's? There seemed to me to be nothing wrong with us standing there both totally naked, me with my arms still in the air, and openly admiring Gregs erection.

I was definitely more drunk that I'd thought I was.

"Sorry," Greg mumbled.

"Huh?"

He looked embarrassed and his eyes indicated downwards, as he kept a tight hold on me in case I fell.

I took the opportunity to have another look at it, it was really nice...hard too.

"Ok, not your fault."

"Are you ok to walk to the bed now?"

I nodded, and at long last thought to bring my arms and the towel down, somehow that managed to pull us closer together, and made his dick slide up along my stomach. Our eyes met, I thought that he'd be more embarrassed, but didn't seem to be. Maybe I should have been, but I wasn't either. The fact was that I was as horny as all fuck, and starting to have evil thoughts that shouldn't be talked about in polite society.

But I couldn't move, something was happening to me, I never thought for a moment about police, jail, public humiliation, media attention, or even destroying the family. I thought about nothing at all, except the 'thing' sticking into me.

My eyes fell again downwards looking for it, and then after a few seconds they raised up to meet Greg's. He looked almost terrified, and as if he were about to burst into tears, my attention to his rampant erection had blown away all his bravado.

We were at that point where time itself stands still. We were at that moment of decision, my heart was beating wildly, I knew that my eyes were blinking,

but could do nothing to stop them. We were at that line, one part of me, the sane and rational half, screamed out, "No."

But the strongest driving force, that of the women in me and my needs, pushed all thoughts other than sex from my mind. I really should have done something about it before tonight, and as always, when you leave a decision to the last minute, there's an element of haste, which is never a good thing to base a major decision on.

The urge for sex screamed out to me to cross the line NOW, or if not, we both had to walk away and do the best we could to move on, and forget forever that this moment had even existed, as hard as that would be.

The seconds ticked by, we were both immobile, until in an instant it all became so clear to me, I was the parent, I was the adult. it was me who had to be the one who made the decision, and this was the biggest decision that anyone in our family had ever made. But here and now, I was the only who could make it.

In my heightened state, there was only one decision to make, and with not even a cursory thought about the repercussions. I dropped the towel behind me, placed my left hand onto the back of his shoulder, and after pausing for a moment, slid the other hand around to his front, and again paused to capture his eyes for a moment, before sliding it down further to take his erection into my hand.

We were right at the line now, but could we pull back before crossing it?

His eyes were deep and troubled, I smiled at him, but he didn't return it, he was just bitting his lip, and slightly trembling.

"Greg, please help me to the bed." Again, I needed to take charge for him to know that it was all right, that the decision to go ahead had been taken and that it was mine.

"Come on then, yes, I'll help you," he still looked unsure of himself, but he shuffled backwards, his arms around my waist, mine around his shoulder, and his dick trapped in my hand between us. I've done a lot of crazy sexual things, but walking like this with my son, both of us totally naked was a whole new frontier for me. I was so aware of the top of his penis rubbing against my stomach, and my breasts swaying against his chest, causing my already rampant nipples to be further stimulated by rubbing against him with every shuffle of our journey.

I wondered if he was as aware of it as I was, all of this did nothing at all to put out the fire that Max, Alex, Rick and Teresa had started in me. In fact, the whole city fire department couldn't have put it out, unless of course their hoses were hung like Max.

It was about a half way to the bed that the realisation sank in that, yes, we had crossed that line now. There was no going back from here, nothing had happened, yet, but we both accepted that it was going to.

Greg stopped, our eyes met, still needing to lead the way, I took my hand from his shoulders and put it around the back of his neck, pulling his face down to mine.

Our first kiss was so soft and tender. I'd imagined that with Max it would be hard, brutal and aggressive, and had prepared myself for that same type of invasion from my son. But the opposite was the case, at first I thought that his lips hadn't even touched mine, but his contact with me was so soft and sensuous, so tender, so gentle, so full of emotion that I became aware for the first time in a long time of a glow deep inside of me that wasn't sex. It was something much deeper than that, something that I can't describe in words, it brought a lump to my throat, and a tear to my eye.

I opened my eyes to see his already open, the fire in them flying across between us, sending the blood flying around my body like a crazy snake. A body that shuddered in a way that it hadn't for a long time.

Still we kissed with eyes wide open, I've never done that before, I'm definitely an eyes closed girl. I just get lost in the darkness, but this was different, so completely different, it was as if our souls were communicating through our lips.

I'd been on heat before, and seriously on heat at times so that nothing else mattered, but that was because I needed sex, and that was how this'd started out. But it was now something much more than sex, this was emotional beyond anything I knew, maybe even something spiritual. I was in my sons' arms, we were naked, the line had been crossed so long time ago that it didn't matter anymore. It's like crossing the equator, you can't see it, you know it's there, you know that you've crossed it, but unlike the equator, with incest, once you've crossed, you cannot go back, ever.

I didn't know about my son, but there was no way that I could go back now, even if I wanted to. Even though about this time there was a hammering inside my brain that was trying to tell me that something was wrong, that what we were doing was against all the rules. Even though I knew that we were now in forbidden fruit territory, I just couldn't stop. I now needed sex as badly as I'd ever needed it in my entire life.

It was as if the whole evening had been engineered so that I would end up in my sons' arms, both of us naked, my having drunk too much. I was also turned on by the thoughts of Max coming on Monday, and what Alex and Rick were doing to Teressa right now, mixed with an amount of regret if I'm honest, that it wasn't me that they were doing it to.

The whole 'taboo' aspect of it was just so overwhelming, and yet in a way so empowering, that all thoughts of stopping were swept away in a flood of biblical proportions.

I turned my attention back to Greg as we got to the bed, he turned me around and I sat down, foolishly for a moment I expected him to reach across to my pillow and get my nightgown. Instead he just stood there, his erection at face height and about three feet away. I knew what he wanted me to do, I knew what I wanted to do, I so wanted to put that beautiful young cock into my mouth and suck it for all I was worth. I hesitated momentarily because since I'd first become sexually active, I'd had a rule that the man had to be the first to go down on me before I'd do it to him.

I do however love the effect that using my mouth on a man has, especially when I use my teeth, but it took my husband Ken a long time to get me to do it for him. I was ok, just as long as he told me that he was coming so that I could remove my mouth. It worked out ok, as I also enjoyed watching his semen fire out of him.

I looked at Greg who now had uncertainty all over his face again, he also realised that we were in uncharted waters now, there was no 'How To' manual in the, DIY section of the local library for 'How to Seduce your Mother'. I realised again that it was still down to me to let him know that it was all right, that what he wanted to do to me, was also what I wanted him to do.

I smiled at him for reassurance, nodded saying, "It's ok," took his penis again in my hand, ran it along its length three or four times, before softly closing my lips over the very end of it.

He moaned and thrust himself hard into my mouth, I thought he was going to come instantly, but somehow, he maintained his control. The look on his face showed me just how hard it was for him. For a split second there I thought that I was going to have to make the decision as to whether I was going to let him come in my mouth or not. I must be honest and say that I was happy that he was able to control himself as I wasn't sure that I would have wanted to pull back.

In fact, as soon as I saw that he'd gained control, the 'bitch' in me started running my teeth along the entire length of his penis several times and every time that I did, I nibbled the head of it. His father went crazy when I did that, and it was never very long before he'd yell, "Coming," so that I'd know to take it out of my mouth or have to swallow it. Over the years I've obviously tasted amounts of cum if I've been too slow moving my mouth, but I've never taken the full amount.

My mind was somewhere else as I sucked on his cock as hard as I could, I knew instinctively that I wanted him to come in me, and Greg of course didn't know that he was supposed to warn me, and he, having less control than his father, probably wasn't in any condition to care about anything other than his own relief anyway.

With the roar of a thousand lions he thrust his hips forward as I felt for the first real time the warm salty taste of cum in my mouth. Even in my heightened state of arousal I was unsure of how I'd react but had to forget about anything other than swallowing his ejaculate as quickly as I possible could, before it spilled out of my mouth. Having made the decision to swallow it, I seemed to be driven to not loose even the slightest amount of his gift to me. When he'd at last finished, his eyes were wide with amazement as he croaked, "You swallow."

I know that I'd tears in my own eyes as I struggled to tell him, "That's the first time ever."

"You didn't do it for Dad?"

I couldn't speak, I was so emotional and could only shake my head for him.

"Never?"

Again, I shook my head.

His arms went around my neck and he pulled my face hard into his stomach, his cock was still an iron bar between us, so that I wondered if he wanted me to suck it again. But he just seemed to realise that what I'd done for him, I'd never done for anyone else, even my husband, his father.

At this point the realisation hit me that had it in fact been his father who'd come into my mouth, I would immediately have returned it to him, all down his front. But because it was my own son, the semen remained safely in my stomach, apart from the salty taste remaining in my mouth, a taste that I was quite enjoying, it was as if it was mine anyway, after all, I'd made it.

When he finally released me, I leant back slightly to be able to see him more clearly, and then slowly sank backwards onto the bed spreading my arms out from my body. I was submitting to him, I was letting Greg know that whatever he could see, was his.

Did I need sex? Had Max, Alex, Rick and Teresa lit my fire? Had I let Max go too far when he put his fingers between my cheeks and caressed my vagina? Yes, yes and yes to all of the above, and it's certain that without that, and the drink, we wouldn't be here now in this position. But we'd gone far beyond sex, far beyond any place that Max could have ever taken me.

I looked at Greg, his eyes didn't see me, they were too busy feasting on my body.

For a split second the womanly instinct of insecurity kicked in, and I worried that he may be turned off by my no longer firm breasts. By the extra weight at the top of my thighs, maybe even the baby marks, or by the small belly that had appeared over the years, but his eyes and his penis told me that he liked what he saw. Those eyes totally devoured me, I was now entirely coated in love, and felt in a very good place to be.

My sons' eyes flowed down to the place that he most wanted to see, the place that all men most want to see on a woman. I wanted him to see it also, so I spread my legs even further apart for him. My eyes flicked to his penis to make sure that he was still interested...he was.

He dropped to his knees, ran his fingers through my pubic hair several times, then spread my thighs and looked at me.

"It's just beautiful to think that that's where I came into the world, that at one time I lived in there," as he gently rubbed my stomach. He leaned forward, I thought to taste me, but his mouth moved past it to my navel. He kissed it tenderly, and then kissed it again several more times before running his tongue several times around, and then into it.

Oh God, do I like that? If I was wet before, I had a flood now.

Our eyes met, I smiled to again reassure him that all was ok, but the look he gave me showed that he seemed just fine now. He had a slight smile on his face, and the feeling that he gave me was that he was now more self-assured. He realised that he was now in control, that from now on he could do as he wanted with me, there would be no turning back for either of us now.

Getting your dick sucked by your mother can do that for a young man.

He reached across to turn out the light, but just before he could I asked him to wait for a moment before he did so. He looked puzzled, but still I needed to look at him, after a while his eyes dropped, and he again looked at my sex. I shivered as his gaze fell on me, but then I, nodding said, "Ok, you can turn it off now."

As he did so, a warm glow swept across me as I knew that that would be the last time that I would see my son, as my son, the next time that I saw him, he would have become my lover.

I expected that he would of course immediately dive down and start to use his mouth on me. But even though his hands ran all the way up to my groin, his mouth never followed. As once again it went all the way up to my navel, and time and time again he slid his tongue over, around and into it.

Where did he learn to do that? Most twenty two year olds would have just muff dived me, as Ken used to call it, but he seemed to have a real appreciation of what was required to please a woman.

I was enjoying the feelings that his working on my navel brought, when without my feeling it, his hand slid between us and he softly ran a finger over the wetness in my groin.

"Fuck," shot from my mouth as the tingles exploded to all the extremities of my body, and the colony of ants that had taken up residence inside me went running of all over the place. I bucked my body almost launching Greg off me. I'd been so fixated onto the sensations that he was causing to flow from my navel, that I hadn't been expecting anything like that at all.

His mouth moved down, and I waited, sure that it would now go to my sex, but no, once again I was wrong, because he went all the way down my left leg. I couldn't see but only feel, as he lifted my foot and started to kiss my ankle. I was surprised because I'd thought that he would have made a beeline for my vagina, but no, his kisses moved up along the back of my calf, and then slowly to the back of my knee. I wondered how he knew that that was one of my trigger points, along with my tummy button, and how had he found both of them so quickly? There were of course other hot spots, and if he found them all, he may end up a much better lover than I'd imagined.

The colony of ants inside me had now been replaced by spiders, and they took off running all over my body too.

My attention was focused on the sensations that were flowing from his kissing my calf, when without my realising it, his finger had moved all the way up to my opening, and again ran it from the bottom to the top.

"Fuck," again involuntarily the bad word flew out. I hadn't been expecting it this time either, and the shock of his touch just about raised me off the bed. My hand grabbed at his to secure it in place between my legs, but it was gone, and I ended up stroking myself instead.

The desire to continue stroking myself was something that I found hard to resist, that felt really nice too, but not what I wanted. I wanted my son to continue his pleasuring of me, so I moved my hand away, and went back to having both my arms out from my body in the crucifix position, letting him know that I was totally submissive to him.

Greg's mouth continued its journey, now slowly along my thigh, but when he was only about a half way to the target, he once again brought up his finger to run it along my wetness, again I wasn't expecting it, and my body jumped as much as the first times.

This boy was turning into a man right before my eyes, I was quite proud of him, I was.

As he moved further along my thigh, his progress slowed until he wasn't moving at all, just kissing and licking at almost the same spot, less than two inches from the top.

He was teasing me, and it was working, the longer that he stayed at the same spot, the more that I tried to turn to meet him. But the more that I moved, the more he turned away. Until, just as I was getting to the point of

screaming in desperation, he swung his face sharply to his right, and ran his tongue again, again, again, and again along my opening. My hands flew to his face to hold it in place, as the feelings overcame me, and my hips moved like pistons rubbing myself against his face.

I could have smothered him to death, but I didn't care. I was getting relief, I was coming, there were no fingers inside of me. I didn't need them; I just came from his mouth and tongue on my clitoris.

Did I mention that I was loud? Well I'm sure that this wouldn't have been the first time that the Windsors next door had heard me go off, it had been a very common occurrence over many years. Fortunately for Greg, as I came, my legs closed around his face, and I crossed my ankles behind his head, it may have crushed his head to the point that it hurt, but at least he didn't suffer hearing damage.

When I've had good sex, the aftershocks can go on for ages, my husband Ken, over the years had learned how to prolong them for me by using his mouth and fingers, to the point that they could go on for several minutes. Now Greg seemed to know what to do as his tongue started to softly explore my inner sanctum, running it up and down the lips, and then easing it inside me as far as he could reach. He then put both of his hands under, and then over the top of my legs, bringing them to where they could stroke my lips and clitoris, very slowly.

Finally, finally, finally, I'd come. After an evening of almost nonstop stimulation I'd gained relief, it was the first time in over a year that someone else had got me off. I asked myself then, why had I waited so long, but the answer was obvious wasn't it? I'd been waiting for the right person to come along.

Earlier in the evening I'd convinced myself that it was Max, or maybe Alex and Rick together, probably caused by my finally accepting that I was going to have sex with someone, and settling for the first option presented to me. When really the only person that I could be truly comfortable with was, as my

sister had pointed out, right before my eyes. I should have realised the emotions at play when I'd swallowed him.

I was still shuddering from his touch, what he was doing now was to build me a segue to my next climax. I knew that it was working for me, as when all my bells and whistles are going at the same time, I start to pull on my nipples. They're so super sensitive, and when I really pull on them...I'm gone, and here I was now stretching then to their painful limits.

Instead of showing some element of restraint, or trying to regain control, I was actively aiding and abetting his attempts to again get me out of control. Pulling on my nipples like that told me that all my resolve had just evaporated. As I had no control at all, it was now up to Greg to decide where this went to.

On and on Greg went touching and licking me, until he used the thumb and forefinger of one hand to stretch the skin tight over my clitoris, and one of the fingers of his other hand to flick softly across my button. Shit that hit the spot, and again I locked my heels behind his head as spasms again rocked my body, and I called out loud...oh so very loud.

When I eventually unlocked my heels, I looked up to see Greg, and even in the limited light, I could see that he was grinning. He'd just given his mother two of the biggest orgasms that she'd ever had, and he was justifiably proud of himself. What light there was in the room seemed to reflect off his face as most of it was wet with my juices.

"That's amazing Mum, you know, I've heard you many times before, even from my bedroom at the other end of the house. But to actually be here to see it, man that was awesome, you're so fucking loud."

I needed to catch my breath before I could comment, but little thrills ran from all the points of my body until they met in my groin and disappeared

inside me, warming me up from the inside, not that I needed any more warming.

It's funny how intimacy and being naked removes awkwardness from a situation, we were both now comfortable with ourselves, and each other.

So much so that I moved to lie straight down the bed, "Come and lie here, I want your arms around me."

It was just so right lying there naked in my sons' arms, I was so secure.

For a fleeting moment, the word incest flashed across my mind, but I put it out of the way. It' d happened, we could do nothing about it now, and we'd have to deal with it later, but later it would have to be, I wasn't going to spoil the moment now.

My hands slipped down and grasped the iron bar that was his penis again. My memory flashed back many years to the time that Ken was Greg's age, and I realised now how a man loses his hardness, and in that instant, everything that Cathie had said rang true. What forty three year old woman wouldn't want a young cock given the opportunity. For a brief moment, I realised that I owed her a sincere thank you, but I'd probably pass on that.

We lay together, he just holding me for a long time. Once again, I was surprised at his maturity in not starting on me right away as soon as I was lying down, but he seemed to be quite happy to take his time. So much so that I thought that I'd have to be the one to again make the next move, but then his hand came up and pulled my face gently towards his, and he covered my mouth with his.

Boy could he kiss, the contact was minimal, just a slight touch, but I was lost instantly in it. My arms went around his neck and pulled his face to mine, but

the more I pulled, the more he resisted me, until he relented just a little, and then a little bit more, and a little more.

Now I was the one kissing him, and he was the one allowing it, he was the one in charge now, my tongue speared between us seeking his, and then without any warning, his finger again slid softly across my vagina lips.

My head jerked back, I was startled and called out, "Fuck," a word I tried not to use, but I had several times tonight already. He'd caught me by surprise again, and the spiders went berserk, causing the shudders to spread throughout my body.

As soon as the word was gone from my mouth, it again claimed Greg's and the jousting of our tongues continued as before. I've no idea how long it went on for, but it was just so very intense.

For a slit second his mouth moved from mine as he spoke softly into my ear. "I just get a little taste of me in your mouth, that's awesome Mum, knowing that you've swallowed me," before resuming kissing me. The thought of swallowing him was awesome to me too.

His face was now over mine, his lips just softly caressing mine, and our tongues twining together, over, and over again. He rested on his elbows, and let his face hover over mine, with not a lot of pressure on my mouth. Where the pressure was, was inside of me, in my stomach, in my heart, in my lungs, maybe even in my hair for all I knew, so much so that I had difficulty breathing, and my toes were curling up.

Here was my son, a product of me, and the love that we shared was like no other, it knew no boundaries, neither of us needed to apologise for what was happening. Some would argue that it was wrong, but to me it was pure love.

As the kiss rolled on, and on, and on, I thought that I'd found my soulmate. The passion and intensity were just so extreme, there was no way we could improve on it, there was no way that we would alter it, and I asked myself, how could this be wrong on any level. It was at that moment that I felt that this may have been what I'd been waiting to happen for the whole of my life. Sometime later, the term Genetic Sexual Attraction would gain our attention, but for now, it was a brave new world that was an irresistible force completely sweeping us along, we were helpless to fight it.

Just for a brief moment in time, I thanked Ken for leaving me. Without him going, this would never have happened. I was back to being eighteen and in heaven again.

Soon amid this intensity, once again his fingers sought out my vagina, I was ready for it this time, even though my hips rose sharply to meet them still.

Greg's hand then went to my breast, cupping it ever so gently for a while, and then moved to my nipple. I couldn't find a way to suppress the sounds of pleasure as they were forced out of my throat. He knew when he heard them that he'd got to me, like many women my nipples are a barometer of my state of arousal. Even when I was not in that state, they were long and thick, but when I was, they got even longer, thicker and harder, and oh so very sensitive. I've sometimes made myself almost come by simply pulling on them in my private moments.

His mouth moved along my body until it also was around my nipple, his teeth dragging it as far as it would go, until he then took the whole nipple into his mouth and sucked it softly, time, after time, after time.

I was lost, I was trembling all over. For all of this time, I had his penis firmly in my hand squeezing it.

Greg's mouth continued to work its magic on my nipple but he now slid his hand down my stomach, I thought that he was going again for my navel, but this time he bypassed it, and it dove straight between my legs, a finger slid

across my clitoris, between my lips and curled upwards to touch my G Spot. I'd expected him to continue his softly, softly approach but he now seemed to have a level of urgency about him, as his finger continued to probe deeper and harder into me.

"You're wet."

"Hmmm."

"Always this wet?"

"Hmmm."

"Nice?"

"Hmmm."

Growing in confidence and clearly now on the right track, he several times more traversed the same path of, clitoris, lips and G Spot. I responded to it and began to realise that this was what I'd missed over the past year and a half. It was the skin on skin that I needed to complete me.

I felt the energy in me rising as I got closer and closer to what I knew would be a massive climax. I, like lots of women like to prolong the moment until I could fight it no more, and had to let the climax shudder its way through my body. I knew that I was close, but needed just a few more moments before I'd have no choice but to let go and have the waves crash over me.

But still I held back, "Just a few seconds more," I gasped to myself, "Just a few seconds more." I was almost there. I was so, so close that I could almost taste

it. I was pulling on his penis as hard as I could. I was almost there, almost there, almost, almost, almost...when I was dragged out of my trance by Greg saying pleadingly, "Mum, please..."

I shook my head to clear it, I was annoyed, I was so, so, close to coming.

"What!!?" I snapped at him. Instantly I hoped that he didn't take offence at my tone, but I was almost there, so, so, so very close.

"Mum...I need to...you know."

Of course, how selfish of me, I was totally lost in myself, and my need to come again, that I'd completely ignored Greg. Not only that, but for a long time now, I'd been pulling on his penis, without thinking that it was driving him crazy. It was amazing, and a credit to him that he hadn't come all over my hand.

I pulled him over onto me, spread my knees wide apart, then drew them back to facilitate his entry into me, and I was then flooded with the most wonderful feeling of my entire life.

My son Greg was now back inside of me.

"Mum, I'm back inside you, I've dreamt about it for so long, but never thought it'd happen."

What did he just say, he'd dreamt about it, had he planned this all along, had he set about seducing his own mother? There were questions to be asked, but later, not now

"God it's so hot inside of you."

My answer was to rake my fingers down his back. The question of him seducing me didn't matter at this moment, I just enjoyed the feeling of him being inside me, and that was all that did matter to me.

Can I come inside you?"

My answer was to wrap my legs around him, crossing my ankles behind his back. There was no way that he wasn't going to come inside of me.

"I'm going to come in the place that I came into the world from, but mum, can I get you...?"

"Pregnant!!?"

"Will I?"

Shit, I hadn't thought about that, I'd been on the pill for so long that the risk of pregnancy was never an issue, but since Ken'd left, I'd stopped taking it. "No, no, it's all right." I just wanted his cum inside me, and I just didn't want these feelings to ever end. But my mind raced ahead trying to remember what the date was, and when my last period had been.

And then, it didn't matter, because my beautiful baby boys body started to convulse, thrust and spasm as he shot his wonderful semen deep inside of me. My fingers raked his back as I started to come too. I've been known to cause serious damage to his father at times when I was really out of control, and if you think that any woman could let her son come inside her without being out of control, you're seriously delusional.

As soon as he let himself go, so did I. I'd been so close before he'd interrupted me that it didn't take much more than the thought of him coming inside me, and I came too.

He'd reached great heights, and I'd reached the same stratosphere, when what I was doing to his back fought its way into his consciousness. If the neighbours had never heard the sounds of sex before, they sure did now.

I was at my loudest, and Greg was screaming in a mixture of sexual relief, and total pain as the strength of my climax caused my nails to go mining into his back and his buttocks.

I didn't mean to inflict pain on him, but as the old song goes, Love hurts, and this was only one of the ways.

Eventually of course all good things come to an end, and we fell silent, both of us fighting for breath, our bodies entwined, and both of us moaning. Me from contentment, and I suspect Greg, from pain. The other equal partners in our love making, Cathie, Max, Alex, Rick and Teresa had no idea of the part that they'd played in my arousal, and I had no intentions of ever letting them know, but I did appreciate their help.

I put my arms right around him holding him tightly to me, I'd never even thought about having him back inside of me, but letting him have me as I did was so emotional, that I felt as if I was fulfilled. We're all sent down to earth by God for a purpose, and it felt to me that I'd achieve my mission in life, I was completed.

If every woman in the world made love with her son, I believed that it'd end world famine, reverse global warming and stop all wars. I cannot describe the feelings running through me other than to say that if the lord came for me at that time, I would have gone willingly.

Then I felt Greg stirring, not to raise himself from me, but a twitching of his hips. It was obvious that he'd not gone soft, and was starting to move again inside of me. I'd got nothing left in the tank, so I was only able to hold him in my arms as he picked up the pace a little.

He seemed to get into a nice slow rhythm, and once he got it right, he was happy to keep it at that pace, just nice and slowly. He was getting pleasure from sliding inside of his mothers' well lubricated canal, whilst I was getting mine from knowing that I held my son tightly in my arms, and between my legs.

We were both giving the other the kind of loving experience that only a mother and son can share. People may say that it was wrong, and from the legal point it is, but the feeling of being totally wrapped in love means that nothing else matters, nothing at all.

Eventually, he came inside me again, he had his face buried into my right shoulder, I held him tightly. He came quietly with very little noise. It was less frantic that before, the thrusting intensity was less but it was so emotional. I kept telling myself that my only son, Gregory John James, was once again inside of me, his mother, after a twenty two year absence.

It was wrong, wrong, wrong, but oh so very right.

As his climax fell away, he started to get heavy, and so as I moved to try to relieve that feeling, he rolled off me still breathing deeply, as I lay there.

The silence was as deafening as the noise we'd made.

I was unsure what to do or say, the only thing that was in my mind was that my son had just come inside of me again.

We lay there, both totally coated in perspiration.

As Greg got himself under control, he moved his hand across onto my stomach, ran it down over my pubic hair and cupped my mound in his hand. For a moment, I thought that he was ready to go again, and then realised that this was what his father did after sex, he'd cup my mound then gently squeeze and caress it sometimes for a very long time. Often, he'd collect his cum as it fell from me and then spread it all over my pubic hair. I never knew why Ken did it, I only knew that I liked him doing that, and for his son to do it for me also, was something special.

The biggest fear now was looking him in the eye, what would I say? Talking to someone after sex isn't hard if you are married, or in some way close, but when it's your son, the dynamic is totally altered.

"Come here mum," he held out his arms and as I slid into them, he enveloped me with his love. "You're home now mum, and I've returned home too"

We dozed together, and then I had to go to the toilet. Greg lay on the bed watching me, I went into the shower as he came into the bathroom standing at the bowl, and turning so that I could see as the flow came from him.

I always liked to see his dad do that.

For the first moment that our eyes met, it was really strange, here standing at the toilet bowl was my new lover, who just happened to be my son. For an instant, I was unsure about our relationship shift, this was new territory for us both of us. I looked away, not able to hold his gaze without embarrassment. I mean what do you say to your son who's just had sex with you, the evidence of which was now running down your thighs.

Greg stood there holding my gaze until eventually I had to look at him. I smiled, he grinned, and that first awkward moment had passed. We were no

longer mother and son, but were now lovers, one taking a shower, the other emptying his bladder, as men do.

When he came into the shower, Greg kissed me deeply for several moments, and then pulled away, and deliberately turned so that I could see his back, it was a mess, there were tram tracks running off in all directions. I pulled a face, "Shit sorry."

He shrugged, "There's a lot of things that we need to find out about each other and of course ourselves, I've found out that I don't mind a little bit of pain to go with the pleasure."

I raised my eyebrows, "A little bit?"

He shrugged, "It's ok."

"Are you sure?"

"We'll work it out as we go along, I guess."

We washed and then dried each other, got back into the bed and curled up together naked. But I couldn't sleep, the reality of what we'd done was now impacting on me quite hard. This wasn't a Max, an Alex or a Rick, that I'd brought home from a club, and let them have me. This was my son, a young man who I'd given birth to, and despite the fact that the sex had been off the scale, mostly due to my having gone without for so long. I had to accept that we'd committed incest, then again, the forbidden carnality of incest may have also played its part in my arousal.

At various times throughout our lovemaking, the reality of who I was with kept repeatedly rearing its head, but I kept on supressing the thoughts as the

intensity of the sex overrode my rational. Now in the silence of the aftermath, it was impossible to ignore it any longer.

I tossed and turned endlessly as a million things went through my mind, and the reality of what we'd done set in. After a couple of hours, I got sick of it and arose to go into the bathroom, closing the door softly behind me before turning the light on. The reflection that I saw in the mirror did nothing to ease my anxiety. I looked awful, my hair was all over the place, I had two love bites on my breast that I hadn't seen before, and most of my body had red blotches and half bites on it.

I then had that, 'what the hell have I done' moment.

"You have just had sex with your son, Mel James, what sort of a mother are you?" I softly asked my reflection.

The face in the mirror had no answer for that question. She just looked like shit. I held my face in my hands as the insecurities of my age kicked in. Wrinkles that I'd never seen before seemed like craters, my breasts seemed to have sagged far more than I'd noticed this morning, what was really only a small belly seemed to have become almost obese. The thought flashed across my mind that I should start going to the gym and working out if I wanted to keep Greg interested, and it was at that time that I realised, that I did indeed want to keep him interested.

There would be no turning back from this, I was now completed.

I was surprised that the person looking back at me looked basically the same as before. Surely, I should have looked differently, shouldn't I have a big cross on my forehead, maybe I should have grown horns, or bigger ears, or even turned a different colour, maybe purple. Even so, I knew that everyone who looked at me from now on must know what I'd done.

I looked at my body and saw several more bites that I hadn't seen before, all of them making it harder for me to deny that they'd been put there by my son.

Then when I put my hand between my legs and raised it to my nose, the aroma of our combined juices that confronted me left no room for any more denial. My son had come inside of me, and we both knew that it wasn't the last time he'd do so.

I sat on the toilet analysing my actions. Could I have stopped it? Should I have stopped it? Why didn't I stop it even before it had gone too far, or at least before it had got out of hand? But I couldn't deny the fact that I'd been the one who'd been so horny that I pushed it along without thought or fear for the consequences.

I must have sat there for a long time reliving the nights events in my mind, searching for, but not finding those moments in time where if I'd done something, anything, then things could have been different. Then the thought hit me that the reason that I did nothing was that I didn't want to do anything, I didn't want to stop it. I'd actually wanted Greg to seduce me.

All the talk from my sister about younger men, and what they could do for me had left me fixated on having sex with one, and maybe the only safe option for me had been my own son, something that she'd actually promoted to me earlier. The other thought starting to creep into my subconscious had something to do with getting even with Ken, and I started to wonder if that'd been a factor also.

My mind was now racing with the most unlikely thoughts of what would happen if I was able to tell Ken what I'd done in our marital bed. For a brief moment, I thought about how I might be able to orchestrate that without consequences.

I smiled a little to myself, but this knowledge did nothing to help me feel any better, but I was starting to feel tired and so I went back to bed. Greg felt me move and still asleep rolled over, slipping his hand hard up between my legs, and putting his mouth onto my breast.

Eventually I did get to sleep, only to be awakened in the morning by Greg's mouth on me, and I came almost before I was awake.

As he then made love to me properly, I was able to see his face, I couldn't take my eyes off him, he was so gentle and kind. His touch and kisses all over my body were more than I'd ever imagined. He traced his fingers over many of the love bites on my body, and then kissed them gently, before sucking my skin some more.

"You're marking me young man."

He looked at me with a strength and maturity that I'd never noticed before, and then nodded and said simply, "There will be more, many more, you're mine now, you know it, and you'll need to be reminded often."

It was a statement, and it bothered me a little because the comment he'd made about him dreaming about having sex with me was still firmly in the back of my mind, and this was something that would have to be addressed soon.

I decided to let it go for the moment, and watched him as he made love to me. His kisses, his touches, bites and strokes were all delivered as though this was the most important thing that he'd ever done, as if it'd been his calling from the day that he'd been born. No woman had ever been more loved...and I liked that, as he paid attention in the most minute detail to every part of my body.

It had to be that we made love with the lights out for the first time together last night, otherwise we could have both been embarrassed. But if I had my way, that would be the last time ever in the dark, seeing his face as he again came inside of me was my ecstasy.

Afterwards we again napped, so that it was eleven before we arose. Neither of us bothered getting dressed, it was beautiful walking around naked with my son looking at me, he was admiring me, and it felt good, it'd been a long time since I'd been naked with a man after sex. I'd worried a little that maybe in the light of day the wrinkles, blemishes and the extra weight that I'd collected as the years went by might turn him off me. But from the way that he was looking at me, and the no longer soft state of his penis, apparently not.

As I put his brunch in front of him, his hand ran all the way up my leg until it touched, and then entered into me.

I stood there allowing him to explore me. I raised my eyebrows, "Yes?"

"Just stay there." It was an order.

I stayed where I was as he finished his meal; he chose to ignore me as if I wasn't even there as he ate his breakfast with two fingers deep inside me. When he'd finished, he said, "Ok you can eat yours now."

As soon as I'd sat down at the table, he was under it, spreading my knees wide apart, and as I ate my toast and jam, he ate me.

He spoke from under the table, his voice filled with wonder, and his mouth filled with me, "There's something about looking at you there, that just fills me with awe, when I think that that's where I came from, so warm, so safe, no one could hurt me there, it's no wonder that men want to get back in there as often as possible."

After lunch, Greg put on the television to watch some sport with the sound off, I lay in his arms, we were both naked. I noticed his erection was back in all its glory and waited for him to make his move. It didn't take long before he rolled me onto my back and lying on the right half of my body started to kiss me. Then running the back of his right hand along the inside of my thigh, almost touching my vagina, before moving it away and running the tips of his fingers along the valley at the top of my leg.

Time and time again he repeated the movement whilst continuing to kiss me. At some point I heard someone moaning and realised that it was me. I tore my mouth away from his and murmured urgently into his ear, "Please," before his hand moved my chin around and mouth again captured mine. He then went back to kissing me softly.

My body was soon screaming out for relief, but still he went along the same path from my knee to my hip, without touching my private part. Greg, sensing that I was just about to explode slid his fingers inside of me, causing me to erupt into spasms and cries over and over again. Some of the things that I called out to him were not the sorts of words that a mother should say to her son. This boy/man had once again sensed when the moment was right for me.

What a lover he'd become.

Greg rolled off me, and after a brief moment for me to collect myself, I rolled onto my side, looked at his iron bar and said. "That was pretty good, is there something that you want me to do for you in return?" He grinned and shrugged.

Knowing what he wanted, I finished him off in my mouth. I was getting to like the taste of him, but was very much aware that it was only because it was his, I knew that I still would never have been able to swallow his fathers.

We made love often over the next two days, and into the next night, so often that even I got a little sore, and Greg had to wear a shirt to protect his back, which had taken a real beating from my nails. At the back of my mind, but continually being ignored was the thought that there could be consequences stemming from this weekend. There had to be, how could we keep it a secret from everyone, someone must eventually find us out.

Which brings us again to Sunday, August the second, our last few hours together before Greg had to return to Uni, and I had to go to work early. I didn't know if it was the emotion of our time together, or the emotion of having to say goodbye, but all that I could feel was, just that, emotion. I was close to tears as I looked at Greg lying alongside of me.

Soon I'd have to say goodbye to him, something that was always very hard to do, when he left me to go back to Uni, almost six hundred kilometres away. If it was hard normally, it was going to be a thousand times more difficult in the morning, and with me having to make a special presentation at work, I couldn't even be here as he left. I had to be gone by seven, no excuses would be accepted.

The silence was shattered by my alarm, Greg reached for me, I thought to make love one more time, but he, knowing how important that my presentation to management was to me, was pushing me out of bed. I looked like shit in the mirror, and that's how I felt too.

My mind was screaming INCEST at me. With the day I had in front of me, it was going to be hard to get that thought out of my mind. I hoped that it didn't affect me too much.

I needed to spend time running the water down my body to ease my pains, but there was no time, I had to get out. I'd lain out my clothes the night before, which helped. Greg made my breakfast and watched as I ate it. Every mother should be served breakfast by a naked waiter, especially if it's her son.

He said that he'd clean up before he left, but I asked him not to, I wanted to do it when I came home. He asked me why, I shrugged, there was no reason, in fact I can't even tell you why now, it was something that I just wanted to do.

I cleaned my teeth, and then, it was time to go. No long farewells, no going back for another hug. That was it, one last quick suck of his cock, and...gone.

"Hey, look Ma, lipstick on my dipstick." I turned to look, and sure enough, there it was, bright red for all the world to see at the base of his shaft, I floated out to my car with that thought in my mind,

I sat on the train in silence, I looked around at the regular passengers, two that I'd seen before smiled at me, I nodded in recognition, but made no attempt to talk.

I was sure that people could tell when they looked at me that I'd spent the weekend totally naked making the most beautiful love with my son. Surely it was obvious to everyone what I'd been doing, it must show on my face.

Finally, I got to work, and started out the last minute checks for my presentation, several people told me that I looked like shit, that really helped me.

As soon as I started my speech, the adrenalin kicked in and I knew that I'd be ok, even though I couldn't get Greg out of my mind. Even as I was presenting, I thought of him, and when I'd finished, I was thinking of him. All day I thought of him, it was a miracle that I did any work at all.

At least my brain had stopped yelling INCEST at me, for the moment at least.

As I returned on the train that night, I was exhausted but happy, the day had gone very well, a reward for my not leaving everything until the last minute. All the groundwork had been put in, and the response from my manager was positive, maybe there would be a promotion in it for me, at least she said she'd put me forward for it.

I stopped for take-away on the way home, there was no chance that I was going to cook tonight.

When I got home, I didn't want to go in. I had to wait at the door to get up the courage to enter, but eventually of course, I had to.

As soon as I walked inside, the emotion of the past few days hit me, and I burst into tears, I'd been sure that Greg would be there, but he wasn't. The house was cold even though it was in the middle of summer. There was something wrong, I felt as though Greg had died, not simply left to go back to school, as he'd done many times over the last four years.

I'd asked him to not clean up as I wanted to do it for him, but that backfired on me big time. There were his breakfast dishes, a pair of shoes that he'd decided to not take back with him, or just plain forgotten, and as I walked through the house, I saw so many things that reminded me of him.

I went upstairs, my bedroom door was closed, my heart skipped a beat, maybe he'd not returned to Uni, but was waiting in there lying naked on the bed ready for me.

I opened the door, and no surprises, he wasn't there, but still my disappointment hurt me, the bed was unmade but the room empty. And then I saw them, over on my dressing table was the biggest bunch of flowers that I'd ever seen, they were enormous, and must have cost him a fortune.

I cried buckets, I sat on the bed with my head in my hands and sobbed like a baby. The room was filled with their aroma, which is probably why he'd closed the door. As I controlled myself, I walked closer to them and seeing the card almost obscured amongst the foliage, pulled it out and broke out crying again as I read the words, 'To the best mother in the world, who has now become the best lover in the world'.

I don't know if I was still crying, or if I'd started again, but the tears were flowing freely.

I was happy, but then again, depressed, my emotions were all over the place, I walked round in a daze. Eventually, my mind came around to food, but by this time the Chinese had gone cold. It matched me; it was shit, and the word incest was back in play again.

The doorbell rang, I wasn't expecting anyone, my heart missed a beat, it must be Greg, he'd changed his mind and decided to return to me. I ran and opened it, there stood Max with a smile on his face, and a small bunch of flowers in his hand.

I'd forgotten about Max.

"Hi Mel, sorry I didn't ring you, I must have lost your number, can I come in?" He looked at my face, and sounded genuinely concerned as he asked, "Are you all right, you look awful?"

I didn't need that at all.

"Oh, hello Max," that was as far as I got, and then I froze, what was I to do, I certainly wasn't in the mood to have sex with him, or anyone else for that matter, after the weekend that I'd just had. My biggest problem now apart from anything else, was coming to terms with who I'd had sex with over the weekend.

Max stood there uncertain, it wasn't the greeting that he'd expected.

I didn't want to be hard on him as I'd really lead him on a fair bit, but sex was totally out of the question.

Still he stood there, the reality showed on his face that things weren't going to go as he'd hoped.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to lay it out for him, so looking him right in the eye, I started speaking without having any idea how I was going to handle it, but the further I went, the easier it got.

"Max, I'm terribly sorry, a whole lot has changed over the weekend, it's such a shame that we met when I was out with my son and his mates. If I hadn't been...well, I think that anything could have happened." I was on a role now and was going to be ok. "But over the weekend, I've realised that...that...that, I'm still in love with Ken, and I'm just not ready to take the huge step of being with someone else just yet.

The last part of the sentence was delivered at gabble speed.

There was a silence as he digested my words, before he said, "That's not what Cathie told me."

I made another note to kill my sister.

"No Max, she's the one who thinks that I need a new man, I'm still to be convinced, and it wasn't until after I came home that I realised I just wasn't ready yet."

"Have you talked with Cathie about me?"

"Yes," and without thinking my eyes dropped down to the bulge in his pants.

Max caught me looking and smiled.

I mentally kicked myself and aimed another one at the absent Cathie.

Max stood there, but now with the flowers almost hidden behind his back. After quickly glancing at his watch, he said, "Ok, Mel, I thought we'd be pretty good together, you know with..." his hand waved in the general direction of his zip. Then with another quick glance at his watch, said, "Ok I'm disappointed after what Cathie told me about you."

My sisters' life was definitely over.

But Max wasn't giving up yet, "Are you really sure you wouldn't like to... you know...try it?" Again, he waved his hand at his groin.

I shook my head, "Sorry Max, maybe last Friday, but not now."

"If you change your mind, Cathie's got my number."

"I'm sure she has."

As he walked away, he again looked at his watch, and now had the flowers around in front of him, I deduced that I wasn't Max's only option that night.

As soon as I closed the door my phone rang, joy, oh joy it was Greg at last. He'd driven more than a half way to Uni and had stopped at a small motel. We talked about everything and nothing as lovers do, when we finally hung up, it was almost ten thirty. I was so exhausted from the big weekend, my early start and the presentation that I'd made, that I went straight to bed without eating. A quick shower, and I was unconscious as soon as I hit the pillow.

I awoke very early, before five, I'd thought that I would have slept right through, but not so for some reason. Then it hit me, why was I so upset that he'd gone back to school, what we'd had was so good, but it was also so wrong. I was the adult here, and I should have been the one to act like it. But here I was behaving like a teenager with my first love.

The word, 'why,' kept going across my mind. Why was I acting like this? Why could I not pull myself together? Why had my son made such an impression on me? Why did the legal aspects of our situation not concern me as much as it should have?

On the train to work I decided that there was no way that I could answer any of those questions, my decision making was completely compromised, and the only thing that I could do was to go with the flow. The reality was that he would soon realise that I was an older woman, and in the course of time the differences that that brought, would impact him. He'd eventually find someone his own age, settle down, get married, have children, and live happily ever after, if that actually still happens these days.

For my part I was going to enjoy whatever the gods gave me, for as long as I had it. Even though I knew that in the end, I'd most likely get hurt. Don't they say, better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all?

Unfortunately, that was easier said than done because just after lunch, the emotions changed again. The adrenalin levels must have dropped, and I hit

the reality wall. I was sure that people could see when they looked at me that I'd suddenly become a bad mother. I was having difficulties accepting that I'd been the one who'd driven the entire escapade. I saw continuously the panic, even fear, that had been on his face initially. Fear that I'd just ignored and driven the whole thing forward, because I'd needed sex so badly that I was prepared to sacrifice my only child, to satisfy my lust.

Two of my co-workers commented that I didn't look very well, so it was a relief when the day ended and I could go home. I managed to catch an earlier train than normal, it wasn't as crowded as usual, so it wasn't too hard for me to sit away from anyone else. I needed time and space to get my head around my new situation. When Greg and I talked that night, I was so close to telling him how I was feeling and that I thought that what'd happened between us was wrong, and that it mustn't happen again. I didn't tell him because I wanted to make sure of what it was that I wanted. If only I'd taken the same cautious approach on Friday night.

My late Mothers' words came crashing into me back from the years, when she'd said many times, "Decide in haste, and repent at your leisure, because you've got the rest of your life to get it right afterwards." Like a lot of people, I should have listened to my mum, she didn't know everything, but she did have a lot more wisdom than I do, even now.

I'd managed to pull myself together a little before we talked, and speaking with him helped a bit, but I was still not ok as I went to bed.

The next morning, I was still no better, and so on the train I made a determination that I was not going to make any decision for a little while, but I was going to just go with the flow and see where it took us to. The good thing was that as long as he was at Uni, the temptation was away there too. I wasn't sure what I'd do when he came back home, but I'd have to deal with that at the time.

For all of that day we exchanged text messages continuously from about eight am, and as soon as I was home, I was on Skype to him, I'd again bought

Chinese and this time I ate it hot whilst talking to him. When I finally went to bed, I realised that I still hadn't cleaned up the mess that I'd told him to leave for me. 'Tomorrow," I confidently told myself, but of course we were on Skype again when tomorrow came, and then every night for the rest of the week, so it wasn't until Saturday that it got cleaned up.

Having rationalised the extreme feelings that I was having about my son, I started to really immerse myself into the relationship. I knew that it was wrong, but I'd decided to just ignore that, and get on and get as much from it as I could. In the back of my mind I knew that at some stage I was going to get hurt, but I put that out of my mind too.

The silly thing was that the 'L' word kept flowing through my mind, and even after I'd realised that that was so crazy. The 'l' word was never too far away either.

There had been several calls from Cathie during the week which I'd either missed or ignored, none of which I'd returned. I wasn't sure how I'd respond to her interfering in my life, even if it'd been well meaning. I also wasn't sure what I would do if the subject of Greg came up, would I lie, or would the truth just burst out from my eager mouth.

It wasn't a surprise when Cathie called around on Saturday afternoon, I thought that she might do so because I'd ignored her calls. Nothing was said about them after I'd apologised for not calling back. I just told her that we were very busy at work, and I'd come home exhausted every night. I was very cautious of what I said, and very careful to analyse every question before answering it. She only stayed an hour or so, and I was really glad when she left, in case the truth of how I'd spent my time with my son came out.

The rest of my weekend was awful, my life was so empty, it was no different from any other weekend in that I almost always spent them alone, but somehow after the last one, I felt so flat. Greg and I Skyped all the time until I blew my download limit and had to buy more.

On Monday I got a shock as I got my period, I'd completely forgotten about that with all the other things going on in my life. For a brief moment, I felt sad that Greg hadn't got me pregnant, God knows there must have been enough little wriggly things swimming up there to do the job for him. Soon however the sadness left, and reality kicked in, as the problems it would have created ran through my mind. The next day I saw my doctor and got the pill. I'd been lucky this time, better not chance it again, because I was sure that there would be a next time, son or no son, I wasn't going to let go of him that easily.

The next week, and the week after that, were both the same, as was the week that followed those. I was going to go crazy before he came home if we stayed apart like this for much longer. I was back to masturbating, and hating it, my brain was out of control continually.

Then on the Monday of the next week, as soon we spoke, he sounded excited as he asked, "Mum do you know where Belldale is?"

"No, why?"

"The Uni just had a jobs expo where a lot of employers came to check out the graduating class, and one of them wants me to go to their head office there. It's about a hundred kilometres away, and they want to see me for two days, Monday and Tuesday next week. I can get away early on Friday, and I thought...you know." He hesitated a little. "I thought that it might be nice for us to... you know... meet and... you know... spend the weekend together."

My body got all warm and fuzzy just thinking about us being together again, and the ants and spiders were back running amok.

"I can make it," I said quickly, not even being aware of how, or even if, I could get off early on Friday.

The next day, I almost begged my manager to allow me to take the time off. She wasn't happy about it, but as my presentation had been so well received, and for now at least, I was the flavour of the month, she finally relented.

I texted Greg, and got an ecstatic response from him, we'd soon be together again. I'd a feeling that this week was going to go very slowly indeed.

Later that day my manager came back to me, stood there wagging her finger accusingly at me, but smiling and saying, "There's a new man in your life now, isn't there?"

I know that I looked embarrassed, and could only shrug, knowing that I was blushing.

"I've just noticed how differently you look since you got your leave approved. You should've told me before, I'm not that cold hearted as to deny you the time, if that's the case."

I looked at my calendar, it was Tuesday, Friday was a long way away at this point. But at least I'd got something to look forward to. Greg and I Skyped again that night, and not for the first time since he'd returned to campus, I masturbated thinking about him. This time it was more enjoyable knowing that I'd see him in only a few days' time. I didn't care if the neighbours heard me or not, in fact I wanted the world to hear me, and know how happy I was, because right then, noise equalled happiness.

PART 2

At last it was Friday morning, I'd packed on Wednesday, checked, and rechecked on Thursday, and ended up with at least twice the amount of clothes that I'd need, given that I was most likely to have no need for clothes

at all most of the time, if all went according to plan. But at last it was now Friday, and I was on my way.

I'd cut out early from work to catch the earliest flight possible, and by six thirty, was in the lobby of the Rex Hotel in downtown Belldale. Which was a small but seemingly thriving community, with several hotels, shopping centres, and multi storied buildings. There was ample evidence around of the company that Greg had his interview with, as they'd started here, and were a major institution in the area, I felt good about that.

I didn't realise it, but entering that hotel, I was about to embark on a weekend that would be another one that I'd never forget, it would be a weekend that would again change the course of our lives forever.

The receptionist smiled as I introduced myself to him," Ah yes Mrs James, of course, how are you today?"

"Well thank you Brad," I said looking at his nametag, "And yourself?"

"Fine thank you Mrs James, your husband said that you'd be here first, and he'd be a little later, around seven thirty, is that still the situation?"

I smiled and nodded, a warm glow had been flowing through my body all day, which accelerated noticeably, and came to a central point when he called Greg my husband, I liked that.

"There is just one thing Mrs James, you will be leaving us on Monday morning, is that correct?"

"Yes, I have to return to work on Tuesday."

"Fine, we have a major convention starting on Monday and they've booked the whole of both the second and third floors in this tower where you are. We've kept most of the other rooms empty to allow our staff to get them ready, so there's only going to be around five or six rooms taken near you. You'll find it very quiet, but if you wanted to stay beyond Sunday night, we'd have to move you to allow the convention guests to have all their rooms together. We have them every year, they're good business for us, but can we just say that they get a little boisterous, and you may not get a lot of sleep if you were to be in that room at that time.

"Thank you Brad, but we'll be gone early Monday."

"Thank you, when I explained this to your husband, he was fine with us cleaning your room at seven thirty, is that ok with you Mrs James?"

I nodded that it was.

As I got into the elevator, I got a text from Greg to say that he'd been held up and was still an hour away, I was reading it when a lady behind me whispered in my ear, "You may like to know that you've got a run in your stocking, the right one."

"Thank you."

She smiled, "You're welcome," and then seemed to spend more time than was necessary looking at my legs. She smiled at me again, I knew what she was saying, and turned away. I wasn't offended, just not interested, I'd got other plans.

The first thing that I did as I got into the room, was to go to the toilet, and whilst seated, remembered to take off my damaged hose. As I did, my knickers came off with them, I stood up and looked at myself in the mirror. As I'd come straight from the office, I was wearing my best, smartest fitted, and

just a fraction tight, business suit with a skirt that was about a half inch away from being immodest.

I loved wearing it, and knew that I looked damn good in it. But the best thing of all now that I was naked underneath, was the feel of the satin lining rubbing against my bare thighs and buttocks.

I took off the jacket, the blouse and the bra, and looked at myself in the mirror, my boobs had dropped a little over the years, but it'd been compensated for by them becoming bigger, so they still looked pretty good I thought.

Then the devil in me took hold as I put the blouse and the jacket back on, leaving the bra on the floor with the knickers. It was going to be a little hot to wear the jacket all night, but then again, depending on how horny I got, I may not wear it all night.

I shook myself at the waist, saw how my breasts wobbled about, nodded approvingly at what I saw, blew myself a kiss, turned out the light and went to wait for my date to arrive. That was to be the way that I'd greet Greg, I hoped that he'd approve. I sent him a text to say that I'd meet him in the restaurant, and went there to wait.

As I walked, the satin lining slid sensually across my bare skin, there is something about being out in public without underwear, only women know what I'm saying, men can never know. The thrill of that moment when I first decide to go without covering, the rush, just before I step out of the door, then the moment of no return as I leave and close it behind me. And of course, every man that I meet who I can look in the eye, and maybe even smile at. They think that I'm attracted to them, they've no idea that they are all a part of turning me on.

Even though I knew it wasn't true, I felt that every eye in the place was on me. I was sure that they all could tell that I was naked under my suit. Surely the way that my unrestrained bits were wobbling gave it away.

The place was quite busy as I got a drink and sat in a horseshoe side booth, it wasn't long before I realised that I'd attracted the interest of a group of men in suits. Every woman knows them, or their type at least. They're away from their wives for a night out with the boys after work, and after only a few drinks thought that they were Gods' gift to women.

Men really are pathetic, but perhaps on the other hand, my wobbly bits might have got their attention. Getting ready for my son had got me just a wee bit horny, so to pass the time, I thought I'd have a little fun with them.

I made sure that I looked elsewhere as I turned around in my seat. This allowed my legs to part when I was looking away from them. My skirt was very tight so they couldn't actually see anything, but every one of them knew what was up there that they could almost see, or at least fantasise about. In truth if it had been possible to have got my legs open further, I would have let them see it.

Their reaction was priceless, their eyes lit up, they started grinning and nudging each other. They were like a bunch of little boys, who made no attempt to disguise what it was that they were looking at.

I was just starting to enjoy myself, when fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, despite my being very glad to see him, Greg arrived, walked across and gave me a lovely wet kiss. We talked for a while, kissing and holding hands, both clearly delighted to see each other, before Greg said, "Back in ten," then turning away, disappeared towards the lobby.

I made the most of my allotted ten minutes, not only keeping my legs apart as far as my tight skirt would allow, but suddenly finding an itch on my side that required me to open my jacket to be able to scratch it.

The 'little boys,' were now aware that I wasn't wearing a bra, and maybe with a little luck, others may have seen it too.

Somewhere deep inside me, my inner exhibitionist was rampant.

It was just so good to see Greg when he came back, I guess I attracted some attention to myself by lifting both feet off the ground as I hugged him ever so tightly, that he complained that I'd hurt his neck. From the kiss that I gave him you wouldn't know that he was my son, people saw me for what I was, an older woman in love with a younger man.

Oops, there's that L word.

The eyes of an elderly lady at the next table crinkled as she watched me embrace him. She said something to her equally elderly companion, which sounded like, "Nice work if you can get it Mavis."

This was the first time that we'd been out in public as a couple, and of course we were far from home, which let me relax a bit, maybe a bit too much, but who cares. I smiled at the ladies as I sat down, I'm sure that they would have seen something of that L word in me as I did.

We had a lovely meal, although it could have been fried cardboard for all I cared. I held Greg's hand all through it, so that we both had to eat with one hand once the meat was cut up.

A glass of wine each, and then it was time to go. We nodded goodnight to the ladies, Greg held my hand for me to rise, and I made sure to again spread my thighs for those men to see as much of me they could. The only person more excited than them, was me, I loved the effect that I'd had on them.

I managed to catch the side of my jacket as I turned, and once again let them see my braless breast. They would also be able to work out that my nipples had gained a life of their own.

As I walked past them, they were silent. I made eye contact with one of them, who could best be described as a grinning oaf, in fact, from only the cursory glance that I'd had, they all were grinning oafs. I was by now somewhat wetter than when I'd arrived at the table, not that that was going to be a problem anytime soon.

Greg walked behind me as we made our way to the elevator. He stood behind me as it took us to our floor and held my hand as we walked to our room. He opened the door, I took two steps inside, and before I could even turn to at last get to kiss him as I wanted to, he said, "I'm guessing that you're not wearing underwear tonight, are you?"

I twirled around as I shook my boobs at him, "How do you know, are my jubblies, jubbling?"

He laughed out loud, "No, but you do have a rather large damp spot on the back of your skirt."

"No way," I put my hands over my face. "No way."

He nodded, "Yep, about that big," he indicated the area of two fingers.

"I wonder how long that's that been there?"

"Probably since you took then off, but Mel, it doesn't really matter now does it?"

Giggling, I threw my arms around his neck and gave him the big kiss that I'd missed since he'd returned to Uni. It was a kiss that assumed a life of its own as it just went on and on and on. Our arms were wrapped around each other, our tongues intertwined, and our bodies welded together by our heat.

Finally, as we broke apart, he said, "I want you to take all your clothes off right here," and started to undo my buttons. I didn't try to stop him, why should I? Then I realised that the blinds were still open, and asked him to close them first, before I went into the room proper.

"No, I think that I want the world to see you naked."

What, where'd this come from, how long had my boy had this in him?

He was quite calm, as I went into shock.

"Not a chance Greg, I know we're a long way from home, but there are some things that I just will not do, and that's one of them." But even as I spoke the exhibitionist in me was stirring again, as I'd been here several times before.

"I bet I can talk you into it."

"No way," I was playing hard to get, but was now less than convincing.

"I've heard all about the times that you've let yourself become 'accidently' exposed, when you've been away from home, so I know you like to show yourself off, I hear that you really put yourself totally on show when you were in America."

He knew more about me than he should, it had to be Cathie who'd told him, whatever thoughts that I had about killing my sister ramped up a notch.

I should perhaps digress slightly to explain what it was that Greg was talking about.

A few years ago, my uncles' will was finalised, and Cathie and I came into almost fifty thousand dollars each. Cathies husband Jimmy had recently left her, so she paid all hers off her mortgage. Ken and I, being in better financial shape than her, decided to take a trip.

We'd waited until two days after Greg's eighteenth birthday before we left. Cathie had offered to take care of Greg whilst we were away, and they both took us to the station for us to board the overnight train to the airport, where our plane left from the next day.

I guess the money had gone to our heads because we'd booked a first class sleeper cabin on the train, it was nice, but was it worth the extra money? I don't think that we considered it, or even cared.

Within about a quarter of an hour of the train leaving the station, I was ready for bed. As I got undressed for the shower, I saw a gleam in Kens' eye, and immediately that I was naked he put the blinds up, even though we were still in a built up area. A little thrill ran from all parts of my body until they met as usual at the top of my legs.

It felt delicious, I was, not for the first time in my life, on show in public. The train was going faster now, but even so people would have been able to see me clearly, only for a brief moment, but they could see me.

I wondered how many people out there whirled around to their friends and said, "Did you see what I just saw?" I got quite warm at the thought of all the people who might walk past me in the future, but wouldn't know that they'd seen me totally naked.

Ken turned me around and pressed me hard against the window, I can remember the shock of the cold glass against my warm body. I tried to pull away, but he stopped me from moving, and then after a while, I didn't want to move anyway. I wanted for as many people as possible to see me. I was cold above the waist, but below it, I was smouldering hot.

I guess I should think of myself as an exhibitionist, as I never moved away too quickly if I saw that someone was looking down my blouse, or up my skirt. Like a lot of women, I went through a period when underwear was an optional extra. As I've previously stated, only a woman knows what it feels like to be naked like this.

Many of the moves that I'd make would be calculated to show off a bit more than I should, and then I'd worry, either that I'd shown off too much, or maybe not enough. Whichever of the two it was didn't matter, the object of it all was to get me turned on, and that, it never failed to do.

Ken came behind me and pushed one hand between the window and my breasts, and the other one he slid down over my stomach, over my pubic hair until it disappeared between my legs.

"Jesus Mel, I can't ever get over how wet you are, sometimes I feel like the little Dutch boy who had to put his finger into the dyke to stop the flood." His breath was hot on the side of my face as he spoke into my ear. "Are you ready for this little Dutch boy to put his finger into the hole to try to stop the flood?"

I didn't speak, because I couldn't, instead of waiting for my answer he'd pushed, not one, but two fingers into me. My usual reaction to any type of

invasion there, was to moan, and I was moaning now. Far from stopping a flood, he was making it worse.

I don't know how he'd done it, but Ken was now naked, I'd never felt his clothes come off, it seemed like he was instantly naked, except for his socks. He pulled me back from the window, put my hands onto the sill, bent me over and started to take me doggie style.

By now we were getting out of the built up areas, into the suburbs, and then amongst farms and fields, it didn't make any difference to Ken, he just kept on doing his thing...me.

At one point, we went past a man coming out of a shed only about thirty metres away from the line, he stopped, I pushed myself again hard up against the window...and waved wildly at him.

The man automatically half raised his hand in greeting, but then froze so that only his head moved as it followed the progress of the train, which had for a brief moment, brought a naked me into his life, and was now, at the same high speed, taking me out of it.

Since that time, I've been past there on the train several times and I never fail to pick out that building, I've never seen him, or anyone else working there, but I often have hoped that he enjoyed it as much as I did.

For the rest of our journey, Ken and I remained naked. We'd made love after seeing the man, and again up against the window as we were coming into the outskirts of the city in the morning. I know that there were several people who saw us for a moment, as the train had slowed right down at that time, but that only added to the buzz.

We'd planned to renew our membership of the Mile High Club on the plane, and knew from past experiences that the first hour or so would be filled up

with people with a genuine need to go, and some eager new club members gaining their entrance qualifications.

We waited until a couple of hours into the flight as night was falling before making our move. We'd got no shyness at all, walking down the aisle together as if we were just out and about in the high street. Ken found an empty toilet, held the door for me, I went in, Ken followed, I dropped my slacks and bent over, Ken entered me, and as I watched him in the mirror, he very quickly came inside of me. I love to watch a man's face as he comes, the expression is priceless.

There isn't much room in an airline toilet for two people, so we'd long ago decided to get in, get it on, get off, and get out. We weren't there to make love, we were there for a quick screw, just to say we'd done it again, and we had. We then checked that each other's dress was ok, and opened the door to find an eager younger couple waiting there. They knew what we'd been doing, and we knew what they were about to do.

Ken said, "Have fun."

"We will, if you did."

"We did."

But by then, the door was closed. We saw the young couple several times during the flight, and once when walking through Times Square a couple of days later. We smiled, they smiled back, but we kept walking.

When we got back to our seats, Ken got out the suggestion forms from the back of the seat in front, and started to fill it in. I watched as he suggested that the plane manufacturers should install a number of two person toilets to cater for those who went when they only had a need for privacy. He signed his correct name and address, but never heard back. I guessed that this

wasn't the first time that they'd had this suggestion throw at them. However, being in the holiday mode, we both thought it hilarious.

We had five days in New York, just not enough, but that was all we had, we were on holidays and made love every night. Sometimes we were tired, but still made love, always with the light on and the blinds open.

What a buzz, we'd done it before many times, and it never failed to get me going.

We had six fabulous days in San Francisco, and then another equally great six days in L.A. Whilst in both cities we made love with the lights on, and the curtains open almost every night.

We went from L.A. to Vegas, but only because HE wanted to go. I'm more of an art gallery type, and flashing lights do nothing for me. The things a woman does to please her man.

From there on it was, yawn, yawn, yawn. Until I discovered the hotel with the glass elevators on the outside of the building that takes you up to, I think it's called the Voodoo Lounge, or something like that.

As the elevator started to move up the side of the building, a group of men were standing there watching it ascending, it took only a short while before I realised that they were trying to look up my skirt. Any moral, decent righteous woman would have been outraged, but that definitely did not describe me, I was hooked, suddenly Vegas didn't seem so bad. Ken read my mind, nodded and smiled, he knew that we'd ride this elevator more than once, but it was a great disappointment for me when we came down, and there was no one there looking.

I wasn't however disappointed enough to put me off going again, I was back bright and early the next day, and this time wearing an almost too short skirt,

and no knickers. I was first in the door and moved quickly to the back, turning to face my adoring fans. As soon as it rose into the open, I pushed my hips towards the glass and almost wet myself as there were four men craning their necks looking up at me. As soon as they saw me, they were elbowing each other to make sure that they all knew that 'it' was on show.

Unfortunately, these elevators move very quickly and so I was only on show for a few seconds, but that was enough for me. I was hooked. A lady spoke to me saying that I should be careful as the management took a dim view of people doing that. I took that on board, thanked her for her advice, but there was no way that I wasn't coming back for more. Actually, I didn't believe that the management would frown on my behaviour. This was Vegas, where what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas, in short anything goes.

Besides, I like people looking at me like that. We were there for another three days, and I went up and down at least twice every day.

Then Ken heard about something called the Fantasy Festival somewhere in Florida. So even though we only had two more days left, we had to go there of course.

What a great event, it was almost a clothing optional party from what I could work out, we spoke to an eighty two year old woman who'd had her boobs painted to look like Dachshund puppies. She was wearing tight gold slacks, shoes and nothing else.

There were many more examples like this, such as the younger woman who had fabulous breasts which had archery targets painted over them, and another who had a bikini painted on her skin, but was seemingly otherwise naked.

We walked along streets where women were sitting on benches, sometimes raised above head level, quite openly showing people that they weren't wearing underwear, and in most cases letting men look, and even take photos of them.

The main area that we ended up in was around what looked like a replica old English pub called The Bull, where ninety percent of the women sitting there, weren't wearing much in the way of underwear. A very attractive, forty something lady was sitting with her legs wide open, and holding up her skirt on demand, she was catching every one's attention. The husband beside her was wearing a kilt, also with nothing on under it, although no one paid him much attention.

I was so annoyed, because I'd come in shorts and wasn't able to take them off, but the next day, there I was wearing the shortest skirt that I had. We'd come in on the bus, so I'd worn knickers but was sure to remove them at some point. Not being a native, I wasn't quite certain of the protocols.

When we arrived in the early afternoon, the place was in full swing and all the seats where ladies could expose themselves were taken. We walked around a couple of times, then Ken asked me if I was going to do it. I nodded, "You betcha, I am. I'm not going to miss this for anything."

"Where are you going to take them off?"

"Right here honey," as I hooked my thumbs into the elastic of my knickers, squatted down and stood up in one motion, shook my feet free and walked away leaving them on the ground behind me.

I was as horny as I've ever been walking around with a skirt that covered me to about four inches below my pubic area. We looked back to see my underwear still lying on the ground, no one had seen them yet, I hope whoever found them would make good use of them. We just kept walking, leaving them behind for some lucky guy to find, and when he did, there'd be evidence for him that somewhere in the street was a very turned on woman. Although it was difficult to believe that I would have been the only horny one.

Still we couldn't find a seat for me, so Ken went and spoke to a guy sitting on the first level between two women. He nodded at Ken, called me to stand in front of him, and made a sign for me to raise my skirt.

I was in heaven as I quickly held it up, other men were turning around to look at me. The guy nodded, smiled, and motioned me to join them. When I did, he asked me to again show him what I had. I did, and now satisfied, he moved away after introducing me to his wife sitting next to him. I looked down at the throng of men and women standing there, only a short distance below me, many with cameras in hand, waiting for me to go on show.

The blood was hammering in my head because I was holding my breath with anticipation. Until with a great exhaustion of air, I opened my legs, I was so wet, I was on fire, all I could think of was, what I was going to do to Ken that night in our room. People, both men and women, were staring at me, they were openly looking at my sex, pointing me out to others, I found that I was again holding my breath, and reminded myself to breath.

"First time?"

I looked at the woman who'd been introduced to me, and whose name I'd instantly forgotten, and nodded.

"Yours?"

She shook her head, "Nah been here seven times now, still turns me on as much as the first time. He likes people looking at me, I like people looking at me, I get horny, he gets horny, and we go home and bang ourselves senseless, same every year."

"What do you do for the rest of the year?"

"Bang ourselves senseless anyway." She shrieked with laughter.

I wasn't listening to her anymore as a big black man had reached out, and put his camera as close as he could to my sex, and was taking a picture, in fact he took several.

He stepped back and called over the noise of the crowd, "That's a nice one, we don't see many with pubic hair around here, it's different."

I stayed there for about two hours, Ken bought me food and coffee to keep me alive. The woman next to me left, presumably so that she and her husband could start to bang themselves senseless. Only to be replaced immediately by another woman, who couldn't wait to sit down and show herself to the world.

Then I heard that the top floor was clothing optional at night, I almost screamed in disappointment, as by that time, we had to leave to catch the plane home. I swore that I'd come back for more next year, but we'd put it off, then Ken had left, and the opportunity was lost.

I tell you that story, so that you know that when Greg wanted me to make love with him with the blinds open, he was playing my song.

"Greg, I don't think I want for anyone to see my face if we do it, after all I am your mother, and if this somehow ends up on the internet, we could be in strife, so if you can get something for me to put around my head...you're on,"

He almost ran to my case, grabbed a light scarf, brought it back, wrapped it around my head, found some tape from somewhere to secure it, and walked

me into the light. Being only light material, I could still see through it. Five seconds later I was totally naked standing in a hotel room with my son, on show to anyone who happened to look my way.

Greg pushed me gently backwards until my legs hit the bed and I fell, with him standing over me looking down at my body. He picked up my legs, used them to turn me over and push me backwards, until my head was on the pillow. He then spread them wide so that he could see me, before moving away so that everyone else looking could see me also.

I knew that I was now in heaven, because I was moaning. Ken had said for years that my parents should have called me Mona, rather than Mel.

I watched in wonderment as my son removed his clothes, taking them off slowly, as he knew that I was watching. Christ he was gorgeous, the thought flashed across my mind, did I really make that man inside of me?

When naked, he moved to lie on top, bringing his mouth to the back of my ear, and started to kiss all the way from my ear to under my chin, I made the noises that told him that I liked that. After some time, I realised that I was holding my breath, the emotion was so great.

Greg took both of my hands as he kissed me, and brought them to be spread out at ninety degrees from my body. He was now on top of me, gently sliding himself slowly along me, it was clear that he was as turned on as I was, as his cock slid between the cheeks of my bum.

I felt his hands running along my wrist and forearm, kissing them as he went, especially spending time on the skin on the inside of my elbows, somehow, he'd found another of my responsive spots. before repeating the procedure along the other arm. He rubbed them so gently as he continued to kiss my neck, before he slid his mouth down to nibble at my shoulder. I moved my hands to try to roll over to be able to hold him, only to find that I couldn't, they wouldn't move,

My head spun to look first at my right arm, and then at my left. The scarf restricted my vision, but I could still see that they both had been placed into restraints. His eyes were sparkling, and I guessed that mine most likely were too. Along with being a bit of an exhibitionist, I don't mind a little soft bondage, but how did he know that? I'm damn sure that I'd never told him, and then the penny fell, the culprit was sure to be my sister, it didn't matter anymore, as I'd already decided to kill her.

Grinning, Greg slid off me, took my right leg in his hand, and slipped on a restraint, and then did the same for the left leg, adjusted all four so that I was as wide open as possible. I didn't try to resist him. I didn't even make a token protest, this son of mine seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and certainly was the one in charge. A couple more quick adjustments, and I was spread out wide unable to move much at all, and oh so very much on show, for all the good folks of Belldale to see.

"You set this up when you came up here after you'd arrived, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"You didn't think that I might object?"

"Go ahead, object."

"Later...maybe."

Greg then went and sat in a chair casually doing something with his phone as I luxuriated in the knowledge that anyone only glancing out of their window, could see me, and I was totally unable to do anything about it...even if I'd wanted to.

Eventually, he moved across and sitting alongside of me, used the fingers of both hands to alternatively pull the lips of my vagina apart, and said with a gleam in his eyes. "Do you realise that about a half of Belldale are looking at you right now, and some of them might even be filming it, so that this time tomorrow, we could be on the internet?"

I hadn't really considered that even though I'd said it before, but the thought of it made me all warm and wet inside, which is where he now put his fingers, as he began to make love to me. Just as every other time that we'd been together, I was amazed at his knowledge of a woman's body, and soon I was moaning and shaking just like he'd always made me do.

After the first time he'd made me come, he undid the restraints holding my arms. I noticed then that he'd moved his body around so he was lying parallel to me saying, "Why not give your audience a thrill, with a sixty nine?"

"No way buddy, not even for you."

After the second time he'd made me come, he again asked, "What about that sixty nine that we were talking about?"

"That you were talking about pal, see my previous statement," but I did have his penis in my hand, and was gently stroking it. I was soon surprised to find that I had it in my mouth, and was sucking on it like a champion, how it'd got there, I've no idea, but having sucked him before, it wasn't too hard to do it now.

I wasn't drunk this time, but I was as horny as hell, and told him that I needed to feel him inside me now, there'd be time for sucking later. Greg didn't need to be told twice, instantly slid down my body, undid the restraints, turned me back over, and put my ankles over his shoulders. I love it like this as it opens me right up and allows a man to really go hard and deep inside me, causing

his penis to rub my G Spot. The other thing that I like is that as he thrusts himself into me his balls slap against my wetness, I go very deep into sex when I hear that.

Greg then proceeded to take me to an almost mystical place within myself as he pierced my already apart lips, and entered my vagina.

Every time that he did this, I was in heaven, my son was back inside of me. I was so fulfilled, nothing else in life mattered as he thrust himself again, again and again into me, until he made me come for him again. Thankfully, his enjoyment followed immediately after mine.

We curled up together for a long while, almost going to sleep, before once again making love spurred on by the hope that the good folk of Belldale were getting off, as we got off. The thought that out there, there was someone filming this wasn't the worst feeling that'd happened to me today either.

After we'd made love this time, we took a moment to gather our breath, before rising to our feet and taking an exaggerated theatrical bow to anyone who was watching us, and then turning off the lights to close out the evening.

When morning came, I was kissed awake by Greg with his head between my legs, so what else was a girl to do but show him how much I liked it by siting on his face in return. What a lovely way to start the day. Thank God that we'd thought to put the do not disturb sign on the door.

After a late breakfast/early lunch we went out to explore the city and ended up at a small town set up as a nineteenth century village with a mining theme. This was to reflect the origins of the area, and was run by the mining company that Greg had his interview with. It was in fact where they'd started out from.

One thing that I really enjoyed was, even though the mine was no longer viable commercially, they still mined a small amount of ore regularly so that they could show visitors how gold was produced, and then they made jewellery and trinkets for people to buy. I was tempted to get something as I thought that the prices were quite reasonable.

I watched as several people bought things and suggested to Greg that a souvenir would be nice, but he didn't seem to be at all interested, so I dropped the idea. I was just so happy walking along holding his hand, that I only wanted to do the things that he wanted to do.

It was nice to notice the looks that we got from other people, particularly older ladies, I saw several of them comment to presumably their husbands. Some looked and smiled, but two made comments that were obviously crude, which made the ladies angry, but at which the men laughed.

It was a good day, and indeed helped Greg to know a bit more about his prospective employers' history. After about an hour we needed the toilets and for some reason when I came out, I had to wait quite a while for Greg to reappear. This is unusual as most times ladies take far longer than men do.

When he arrived, he was a little out of breath as if he'd been running, and explained to me that he'd seen a friend from Uni, and had been chatting with him. I was a little concerned that we may be seen together and that could cause problems for us. Greg was totally unconcerned about meeting his friend, and said that he would have simply introduced me as Mel, and not elaborate further. I wasn't convinced but went along with it as I'd no alternative anyway.

We returned to the hotel in the early evening, and after a quick shower, changed and went to dinner.

When we returned to our room, I was excited as we would now, I knew make love, something that had been in the back of my mind all day. As soon as we were in the door, and before turning on the light, Greg pulled the scarf from the night before out of his bag, waved it at me saying, "You game?"

"What a silly question," as I started to undress. Soon I was once again naked and on show to the world, or at least to Belldale, with my son lying on top of me grinding himself into my groin. I opened my legs wider to accommodate him, but he didn't try to enter me, he seemed to be content kissing me at that time.

Greg rolled off me and picked up the restraints from last night, they were still attached to the bed. His eyebrows raised asking the question, there was only one answer that he was going to get, and he knew it.

He put several pillows under my stomach before attaching, and then tightening the restraints, they were much tighter than before, but I didn't complain. Here I was helpless with my bum up in air, soaking wet, and on show, not only to the world, but more importantly, to my son.

Greg came and put his head on the pillow next to mine, "I could now do anything that I want to you, couldn't I?"

"You don't need to tie me up to do it, you know that, don't you?"

His face was so close to mine that I could feel his warm breath on me, "Mel, I want to do the most outrageous sexual things to you, I want to make you come again, again and again, and then come some more. I want to tie you up and leave you there naked on the bed with all the doors open, while I go for a half hour run."

I shuddered, not just at the thought of what he wanted to do to me, but also at the memory of one of the times that Ken had done something similar,

except that he hadn't gone for a run. He'd tied me spread wide open and naked on the bed, pulled the door closed just enough, and then invited Mike from next door in for a beer. One beer turned into two, after which they both needed to pee. Can you imagine what I felt like as both of them walked past my bedroom chatting, as they went to the bathroom, with my door only just shut enough to prevent Mike from seeing me.

Men don't try to disguise the noise that they make in the toilet as women do, so whatever heights I'd reached went up a notch hearing them pee. I lay there fantasising about Mikes cock, its length, its thickness, how it would feel inside of me. How it would feel as his cum shot deep into me. Not knowing if Ken would bring him into the room or not was such a turn on. Deep down, I knew that he wouldn't, but the thought of it made me wetter than ever.

When they came back past me lying there, Ken knowing exactly what he was doing, asked Mike his opinion of the painting on the wall opposite our door. They stood there discussing it for only about a minute, but it was enough for me. It sure as hell worked because even by our standards, the sex that we had later was off the scale.

I didn't tell Greg what it was that'd made me shudder, but the fact is there aren't many new things in the world where sex is concerned, so that if he thought that he'd given me a new thrill, who was I to bring him down? A mothers' job is to make her son feel good about himself, and that was what I was doing, just being a good mummy.

We were both now very comfortable with each other's bodies, and making love together. Like anything else that we'd tried, I would be as up for that as I was for being tied up.

I was a bit lost in the thought of being tied up whilst he went for a run, that I didn't process the fact that he'd got up and moved behind me. Imagine my delight when he got a handful of my hair, pulled my head back sharply, and gave me four hard clips on my bum.

I yelped, not so much in pain, but more in surprise. However, the second time he did it, there was no pain or surprise, just a warm glow spreading throughout my body. He seemed to know not to overdo it, but used it to get me almost instantaneously to the point of release, when he said. "You like anal, don't you?"

It was not a question, but a statement, instantly I was on alert. I turned my head to him and shot out, "How the hell do you know that?"

His face went into shock, and he muttered and mumbled something for several seconds, before telling me that his father had told someone at the golf club when half drunk one night, and Greg had overheard him.

I was hurt that Ken would tell someone about our private things, and hoped that no one else knew, these things are very personal and shouldn't ever be discussed with others, especially other men. This wasn't at all like Ken, as even though he liked me to be on show, it was always for him alone, and on the basis that he knew that I'd never stray. Maybe he got off somehow knowing that other men knew these things. Who knows?

It was doubly strange, because at the same time as he got pleasure from me being on show, he was quite possessive, and could get jealous very easily. From my point of view, it was something that was, or should have been between the two of us alone. For me to think that he'd disclose something as personal as that to someone else was a shock, and I wondered who it was that he'd told, and who else he might have included in the discussion, and obviously what he'd said.

The hurt slowly went out of my mind as Greg pulled my hair, slapped my arse and then ran his fingers over my back passage, at the same time as he slowly moved his penis between my cheeks. There would be time enough to be hurt later, right now I'd other things to take care of.

Greg went to his bag and returned with a small plastic bottle. "What's that?" I asked.

"Lubricant," as he poured an amount between my cheeks, all thoughts of hurt immediately left me, like most things, I was up for anal anytime, and especially now, as it was with my son. He'd thought to prepare for everything, he must have been very sure of himself to have gone to a store and bought some lubricant in advance.

He used the lube and his fingers to prepare me well, taking his time as he always did. I wondered, not for the first time where my son had learned these things. It must be the internet, isn't that the source of all knowledge for the younger generation these days?

I was acutely aware that it was so easy for anal to become 'painal' that I was quite concerned at first, but soon I was so well prepared that when he slowly and gently entered me, there was no pain, no hurt, just that lovely warm sensation throughout my body. If I'd only one option available to me, then it'd most likely be anal.

Soon he was deep inside of me pulling hard on my hair, slapping my bum hard, and his breathing had become quite ragged. The next noise that I heard was my joining him in a moaning duet. I really liked anal, and he was finding out just how much. "Fuck you're tight there Mel." I liked it when he used my name. Clearly our relationship had moved to a different level.

He moved slowly at first to make sure that it didn't hurt, because of course anal needs to be done with care and love, as a woman is so much tighter there. Then as the hard thrusting started, I knew that he would soon be ready to come inside of me, frantically I pushed back against him as I also sought release. Greg, God bless him, helped me to get there by moving his hand underneath me to run his finger over my clitoris. The spasms that rocked my body caused my arms to collapse and I fell onto the bed, pulling Greg down with me.

My face was pushed into the bed, but even so the noises that I made were loud. He never missed a beat, continuing to slam his hips against me. He was desperate to come, thankfully his climax followed a few short seconds later. It seemed that his mothers' noise level inspired him, as he reached his peak, he was very, very loud. I wondered which one of us was the most noisy.

Greg stayed on top of me breathing raggedly, and after a few moments started to suck the skin at the base of my neck. It took a few moments for his intention to become clear to me that he was in fact marking me again as his property. I've never really liked to see that on someone, as it always seemed to say cheap.

As if he knew my views, he only put a couple of them onto me, before untying me, to take me in his arms, and we drifted off to sleep. When we awoke, we went and had a shower. Greg was out before me, and when I got to the bed, he was lying naked smiling, and proudly displaying another erection.

"What do you think you're going to do with that thing young man?"

He made a kissing motion, so I knew what he wanted. I knelt on the bed, took it into my mouth, and started to work my head up and down. Just before he came, he said, "I'd heard that you didn't much like to suck dick, which is a waste because you do it so well." I said nothing, because he was starting to come, but there again was a personal thing that no one else should have known, I was going to have to find out how he knew all of these things about me.

I did enjoy sucking his dick, and deep down I knew that the only reason that I could do it was because it was my son, but for a moment I wondered if I'd been able to do it more for Ken, would he have still left me. The problem that I had, was that the thought of it in my mouth turned me off, unless I was ten tenths horny. But now the thought of it in my mouth turned me on, and made

me horny anyway. Perhaps I should thank Ken for going, maybe send him and his new wife a Christmas card. It was a nice thought but would never happen.

Greg didn't bother closing the blinds, he just turned off the lights afterwards. and we went to sleep in each other's arms.

The next day, Sunday, we again played tourist and enjoyed our time together. I was more conscious today of Greg being my son, and the fact that he would soon have to come and live here in Belldale if he got the job. I wondered if that would be the end of us as a couple, so it became important for me to enjoy the remaining time that I had with him.

Even though I was deliriously happy in his company, the word incest was never far from my mind. For that reason alone, this affair would have to end soon, and I'd probably end up as Max or Alex and Rick's plaything if my sister had anything to do with it. I wasn't sure that that was something that I was looking forward to. After being seduced, loved and cared for by Greg, the thought of becoming nothing more than just a fuck to them didn't appeal much.

I wasn't happy that I was going to lose Greg, even though I'd told myself that it would have to happen sooner or later, so maybe Max, Alex or Rick may be the only option. I'd soon be forty five, and maybe too old to find a man to take care of me.

That night in the room after dinner Greg pulled the blinds across saying, "Tonight is different, tonight I'm not willing to share you with them. Tomorrow I have to be in top form for my interview, but before that I have to say goodbye to you. So, what I want to do is to ask you, have you enjoyed our time together?"

I thought, here it comes, this is goodbye, fuck off, thanks for the sex, but you can't expect me to do this forever when there are women my own age out

there. I need to make a life for myself with someone anyway, so let's end it here.

Max, Alex and Rick here I come.

Tears welled up in my eyes as these thoughts ran through my mind. "Yes, I have enjoyed it, more than I should." The words struggled to come out due to the knot in my stomach and the lump in my throat.

"I've enjoyed it too, and I don't want it to end now, so..." he said, getting up and walking to his bag on the chair from which he took something, and shielding it in his hands, came back to sit next to me.

"So, what I'd like us to do is for you and I to be exclusive to each other, you know what I'm saying, I don't want to be with anyone else, and I don't want you to be with anyone else either. It's not going to be easy for either of us, in fact I guess there'll be some really difficult times, but if you're willing to try it, so am I."

I'd no idea where this was going, my mind was in a whirl going at a million miles an hour. I knew that there were tears running down my cheeks as he opened his palm to reveal a dark red jewellery box, which he opened to show contained two matching wedding bands.

Greg taking the smaller one from its slot, took my left hand and brought the ring to it, saying, "Will you wear my ring for me? If we work at it really hard, I know we'll be all right, but I cannot bear the thought of you being with anyone else, and I don't want anyone else either. Please Mel will you wear it, can we be exclusive to each other?"

I could only nod, I couldn't speak, I was sobbing so much as he slipped the ring on my finger, I looked at my son, tears were streaming from his eyes also. "I love you Mel, and I don't want this to ever end." At last the L word was out in

the open, I'd wanted to say it so many times since that first Friday night together, but had thought it was a step too far, and I didn't want to scare him off. But now he'd used it so that was all right.

When we finally regained control, he explained to me that he'd bought the rings from the shop at the mining village yesterday, and that was why he'd been late coming back from the toilet, not because he'd seen someone from school. He told me that he'd taken one of my other rings from my bag to get the right size.

I told him that I loved him too as I put his ring on, we were both crying again by now, so we just clung to each other as we kissed each other all over, which of course led us to making love.

Before we'd got too far into it, he said, "Lie on your stomach." Before reaching down for the restraints, attached and adjusted them so that I couldn't move, and then lay on top of me with his erection firmly between my cheeks. At which time he started to put love bites all along me

shoulders.

No baby, I don't like that."

"You told me that I could do whatever I wanted to you, whether you were tied up or not.

"Please stop, I know what I told you, but I just don't like that, and I've told you that before."

He ignored me; I was helpless under the restraints.

My complete surrender to him came with the words "Please baby, not where anyone can see them then."

I've had them before of course, Ken had put them on me often alongside my sex when I was engrossed in making love, and didn't realise what he was doing, but I've never willingly let him do it to me.

I lost count of the number of bites that Greg put on me, but they eventually covered my shoulders, my back, my buttocks, and my thighs. After only a short while, I began to realise the amount of love that he was expounding on my body, he must have kissed, licked and sucked every square inch of me, culminating at that point between my legs, that he was always going to end at.

Greg got off me and picking up his phone moved back between my restrained legs.

"No baby, no photos, please."

Again, as before, he ignored me, men can do what they want to you when you've let them tie you up.

He took two photos from the right side, where my face couldn't be seen from, then turned my head around and took two from the left, before using two fingers to spread my lips wide apart and taking two more.

He came around to my right, got on the bed, "You're marked now Mel, you're really mine now," he said kissing me.

"I was before."

"Do you mind them now?"

"No, anything that makes you happy, makes me happy."

He untied me, "Come and see."

We walked hand in hand to the bathroom, he turned me around and in the full length mirror I could see that he now owned every part of me, I must have been marked about a hundred times, none of which could have been seen when I was dressed.

I was fascinated by them, they were a work of art almost, I've never liked them, but somehow these didn't look cheap on me.

"From now on, there will never be a time that you don't carry my mark."

I nodded, it felt good to be wanted again so deeply.

We walked back, again holding hands. The skin on my back was tingling from his sucking it, but it was alright, it was a further expression of his love.

He kissed me, we made love, and afterwards we slept safe in each other's arms.

The next morning his alarm went off at six, as he was being picked up for a breakfast meeting at seven. I looked at my new ring sparkling in the morning light. Greg was laughing as he kissed me, "Good morning wife," he said as he quickly sprang out of bed. I lay on the bed with my legs wide open, obscenely inviting molestation.

He leant down, kissed and licked it for about ten seconds, just enough to get me to the point that I knew that I'd have to take care of it when he'd gone. Then laughing he said," Gotta go wife, our future rests on this meeting." I liked him calling me wife, it was something that I could get used to without too much trouble. Like many women, I'd always felt good being married. I'd always felt secure, and I think that that was the worst feeling of all, when the initial hurt subsided after Ken left. Not only had my husband left me, but he'd taken away my comfort and security with him.

When Greg had had his shower and was moving around packing his bag, I did nothing to help him on his way by keeping my legs wide open and playing with myself. Even though he had to hurry I still got his attention, so that he stopped twice to kiss it, but soon it was ten to seven and he had to go.

He kissed me on the mouth, and then between my legs again, before licking me several times, and rubbing his face in my juices. "I want your taste in my mouth for as long as possible today, it'll calm my nerves, I'll just have to remember to not clean my teeth all day."

He looked down at me more seriously as I was still playing with myself. "I love you, and I love your pubic hair too, it's different."

"Do you know many other women who have pubic hair?"

"No, only you and Cathie."

"CATHIE!!"

As soon as he'd said it his eyes filled with tears, and he bolted for the door.

"GREG YOU GET BACK HERE RIGHT NOW!!"

Oh fuck, sorry Mum, I've gotta go, they're waiting downstairs for me." The sound of the door closing ended my calling out to him.

I jumped from the bed and ran to the door before realising that I was naked. I ran back, wrestled a sheet off the bed, wrapped it around myself and threw the door open. To be greeted by a lobby full of men from the convention, who seemed to be pleasantly surprised to see a woman appear in front of them, quite obviously naked under a sheet.

Ignoring them, I called out to Greg to come back, but at that moment the doors opened and he went inside. When he looked at me his face was ashen, and tears visible before the doors closed. I went to call his name, but he was gone. I was shattered, he'd obviously had sex with my sister, the bitch. She'd probably taken advantage of him. When had this happened, how long had it been going on, had he had sex with her in my house, maybe even in my bed?

My sister was dead meat now, if she hadn't been before.

"Anything I can do for you sweetheart?"

I looked at the speaker, as he and most of the others started to laugh. It looked like the grinning oaf from Friday night in the restaurant.

"Fuck off," I snarled at him, and giving him the finger, slammed the door in his face. The cheer that came from the others could be clearly heard through the reverberating door.

I sat on the bed in tears, "Fucking bitch," I yelled at no one in particular, and then added, "Fucking slut," for good measure.

Grabbing my phone, I called Greg, but it rang out and went to voice mail, so I gave him an earful of bad news, using words that a lady should never use, and certainly not to her son. But I was hurting and pissed off like I'd never been before.

"What was I just another piece of meat to him, just another fuck?" I asked myself, but there was no one to even hear me, much less to answer. The two wet spots on the sheets seemed to silently laugh at me. I started to cry again, what a fool I'd been, treated by my own son as just a fuck, just another notch on the old six shooter.

Then the phone rang, "WHAT!!?" There was a short pause before a voice said calmly and very carefully, "Oh Mrs James, it's Sarah from reception here, I'm just calling to remind you that we need to clean your room at seven thirty."

I'd forgotten about that, "All RIGHT!!" and slammed the phone down.

The ring on my finger was now a symbol of his betrayal, so it was ripped off and thrown into my bag with an, "Arsehole," for good measure.

I didn't care about the room being cleaned, but I did need to get out and away from my shame at being used purely for sex by my own son. So as quickly as possible I showered, threw on some clothes, tried to put my clothes back into my bag, got angry again, as of course they'd been packed carefully before, and refused to be just shoved in any old way now.

It was as if the bag knew of my distress, and was deliberately being obtuse. Eventually, by kneeling on the top and jumping up and down I finally managed to get it closed.

Then I saw the box that the rings had come in, it took me two tries, but it ended up in the toilet, and was flushed away. If I hadn't had such trouble getting my bag closed, I think I would have opened it again, and thrown the ring in as well.

As I left the room two ladies with a trolley loaded with room supplies were waiting against the wall. "Thank you Mrs James," said one cautiously as they both dropped their eyes demurely. They'd clearly been told of the fire breathing bitch who was coming out. I was momentarily embarrassed at the thought of them seeing the two wet spots, but quickly pressed the button for the elevators.

I gave reception a miss, going straight to a cab which took me out to the airport. Once there I checked in, called Greg again, who didn't answer, I called Cathie and hung up before she answered. What I had to say to her was better done in person anyway, a lady just cannot say those words in a public space.

On the plane I managed to find a seat away from anyone to allow me to stew some more. Somewhere above thirty five thousand feet, I remembered that I'd left the restraints behind still tied to the legs of the bed. A little shudder went through me as I visualised the two maids as they had to remove them. For a brief moment in time, a smile crossed my lips, and a warm feeling went through my body, but they quickly disappeared, and I was back to being, 'Thunder Cloud' again.

When we landed, I almost ran to my car, I don't remember the drive to Cathies house, it was a miracle that I didn't have an accident. I did however, 'accidently' drive over her Petunia beds, I slammed the car into park almost before it'd stopped. The front door was open, which was just as well, as I would have probably charged right through it. I stormed in, she was sitting in a chair, staring at me with a blank expression on her face.

I started yelling at her, I remember calling her a lot of names, all of them preceded by the word fucking. I also threatened her with death and

destruction several times. The tirade must have gone on for a couple of minutes before I finally ran out of steam, after which I burst into tears, and fell into a chair. The out pouring of long held in emotions had drained me. When she saw that, she got up and said, "Coffee or brandy?"

I said something unkind in response. She nodded, "Probably brandy then." It dawned on me that she was obviously expecting me and my outburst, it was three pm, Greg had had plenty of time to ring and warn her.

I took the brandy, I must have needed it as I drained the glass in one hit. Without asking she refilled it and said, "Take more time with this, you'll make yourself sick." Suddenly I felt exhausted, the emotions involved had drained me, and I burst into tears again, trying to drink the brandy a little more slowly this time.

Cathie left me to it for a while and then said, "You probably need to know what it's all about, don't you?"

"I know that you fucked my son, that's the one thing that I do know, you bitch. Now I just want to know how long it's been going on for, and why did you take advantage of him?"

"Ok, sit there, shut up, stop yelling at me, and I'll tell you everything, ok?"

Not speaking, I glared at her.

"But you have to stop yelling?"

Reluctantly, after a moment I said, "Ok, talk bitch." She took no offence at the word, sisters often fight, and the word bitch is always one of the nicer things

that they say to each other, we were no different, both had called the other bitch at one time or another.

She started slowly at first as if testing the waters. "It happened when you and Ken went to New York, the second night you were away we had pizza and a couple of bottles of wine. After we'd finished the first one, we opened the second, and were about a half way through it when Greg put on some music, and asked me to dance. I guess I knew what was coming, but it was nice just being held by him, and swaying together. We danced like that for a while, then one thing led to another and he suddenly grabbed my bum with one hand, slipped the other hand between my cheeks and kissed me, as his hands went to work.

"I'd wondered about it when we'd first started to dance, but wasn't really expecting it, but I didn't resist either. I'm always horny and even though he was my nephew, the opportunity to have sex with a young stud wasn't something that I was going to let go by. I was just getting back into action after Jimmy had left, so I was taking everything that was standing to attention for me. Putting it simply, I just took the opportunity to have someone fuck me senseless.

"You're going off at me for having sex with your son, what you need to know was that he was the one who took advantage of me, and my always ready state, not the other way around".

I said nothing but just glared daggers at her.

She continued, "We just went at it on the floor, the sex wasn't very good. I didn't know what I expected from an eighteen year old boy, but even so, I was disappointed. I wasn't used to a man just sticking his dick into me and coming in about five seconds flat. Greg thought that he was a real hero because he'd got laid, all it did for me was to make me more horny. I felt that it was nothing more than a form of foreplay, and now as far as I was concerned, I was ready for the main event. So, I took him upstairs and spent the rest of the time that you were away showing him the right way to look after a woman's needs.

"Like all young men he had a great deal of stamina, and an equal amount of trouble with his self control. That took a while to work through, but one day, it all seemed to fall into place and he just got it. From then on, I was pleasantly surprised at what a good student he'd become. You'd call him a natural learner, I guess. It was a most satisfying two and a half weeks for both of us, so much so that you would have expected me to be looking forward to you returning, but I wasn't."

I went to say something, but she waved me away, "Let me finish!! Greg wanted to continue seeing me after you came back, but I wasn't sure that it was right for him to sneak around here to see me, when he needed to find someone of his own age. Besides, he'd started to tell me that he loved me, and that wasn't something that I wanted to get into with my nephew. I didn't think that sleeping with him when he was living here was so wrong, but to continue doing so after he'd moved back home, was. It would have been taking advantage of him, just for the sex. It was a hard thing to do to tell him no, as I'd shown him where my hot spots were, and the sex was now intense...and often. It's amazing how quickly they can get it up again, and keep it up too at that age, but I guess you know that by now."

Her eyes pierced mine and a long pause followed as the realisation struck me that this was my sister, telling me directly, that she knew that Greg and I had been having sex.

I sat staring at my drink, unsure what to say that wouldn't make the situation even worse.

Cathie paused and was perhaps aware that some reality was now sinking in, and I was taking time to process it.

She eventually continued, "Even after you came home, he still came sniffing around for a long time, until I really had to lay it out for him, telling him the

problems that it would cause in the family, if it came out, and your reaction today proved me correct.

"Soon after this however I started to see Mark, which hurt Greg I know, but at least he had to accept then that our time was over. You had such a hard time when Ken left that you never noticed how much it affected Greg, he was devastated, not only for himself, but for you also, and after he'd lost me as well.

"As time went on, he started to get more and more angry at Ken for leaving you, which overrode his own hurt. So that every time he came here, he ended up in tears because of the hurt that you were feeling. It was also obvious that there were now other feelings which were muddying the waters, and he was starting to see you as available.

"He was aware too that a couple of his mates had tried it on without success. So, if it was ok for them to see you as a desirable woman, what was wrong with him also wanting you. You have no idea how many times he's poured out his heart, siting right there in that chair.

"Mark by now had moved in with me, and one day when the two of them after a couple of beers started talking, he straight out asked Greg if he'd developed feelings for you that perhaps he shouldn't have. Greg broke down and confessed that he had, and if he ever saw Ken again, he'd be likely to punch him in the mouth for what he'd done to you. He thought that you were the most beautiful woman ever, and the sight of you being hurt was devastating for him.

"All that he wanted to do was put his arms around you, kiss you and make love to you. This was no surprise to Mark as he'd worked it out already, but to hear him speak out so raw and emotional was hard for both of us to hear. So Mark told him that if that's the way that he felt about you, he should just go for it. He told Greg, if you get a chance, don't die wondering, don't have regrets. I did it with Cathie, I took a chance, and look how happy we are, I can't imagine being with someone my own age now.

"Greg told Mark that there was a difference because you were his mother, but Mark told him that you were a woman before you were a mother, I backed him up, and so that was how he set about making his move on you.

"I've never been so happy in my life, I'm like a twenty year old. Mark thinks to bring me flowers and chocolates, he opens doors for me, and holds my chair when I sit at the table, and Greg is just like that for you.

"With my husband Jimmy, he was most likely to walk through a door first and let it slam in my face, and as for holding my chair, bringing me flowers or chocolates just forget it. In fact, if there were ever chocolates in the house, he'd be the one to eat them first, leaving me to put the wrapper in the bin for him.

"I must admit that I found myself pushing Greg's' case to you from time to time, because I wanted you to be as happy as I am with Mark, it's not my fault if you're too stupid to get the message, I tried, I really tried for both of you."

It was all starting to take shape now, how Greg had said that he'd dreamed about making love with me, his knowledge of a woman's hot spots and the other personal things that turned me on. His ability to make love, and to make it good for me, it all made sense now.

I was processing all of this when Cathie said, "He loves you totally, will never cheat, and will never leave you for another woman. So what if he's your son, a half of the women in Caesars court had sex with their sons and they weren't the first nor the last. History is loaded with stories of incest, particularly amongst the aristocracy. You know the people in the history books that we look up to, if they weren't fucking their mothers, their sisters, or their brothers' wives, they were into their cousins or their aunties."

I didn't know what to say, I was confused, my mind was screaming a million different things, none of which made any sense to me at all. I so desperately wanted to believe what Cathie was saying, but firmly fixed into the back of my mind was the burning fact that, SHE, THE BITCH, had fucked my only son. I wasn't rational enough at that time to admit to myself that I'd done the same thing. The difference of course was that in my case, I'd broken the law. Cathie hadn't really, she'd only overstepped the boundaries of good taste and family protocols. I could go to jail, she wouldn't.

Then it hit me like a speeding truck, the fact was that I was jealous, I was jealous of my sister because she'd had sex with Greg.

I'd been impressed with the way that he'd made love to me, and with his knowledge of a woman's body. In the back of my mind several times I'd thought that he'd probably had a mature woman somewhere along the way. If I'm to be honest about it, I'd been quite proud at that thought, and had sometimes wondered if it might have been someone that I knew. Little did I know how well I knew her, THE BITCH.

My default position at this time seemed to be tears, which flowed freely down my cheeks, and onto my breasts. I can't tell you any particular thing that I was crying over, there was so much going on in my mind at the time. I was just crying at anything and everything. For no reason at all, other than to vent, I yelled, "FUCKING SLUT."

She didn't react, just sat there looking sombre.

Finally, she said, "Well do you want to hear the rest of it?"

"THERE'S MORE??? What the fuck else have you done to my son?"

"Nothing, just listen to me. I rang Greg on Friday when he was driving to meet you in Belldale. I knew that there was something going on as every time I'd

rung him for several weeks, he was so evasive about what he was doing. I kept on questioning him until he finally broke and told me what'd happened a few weeks ago, and that you and he were meeting up to have a weekend of gratuitous sex.

"He then said he was happy that I'd called as he was worried that he wouldn't make it as good for you as it had been the first time, as you'd been so horny then. He asked me what were the things that I knew really rang your bells. So, I told him that you liked to be tied up, have your hair pulled, be gently spanked, that you liked to be put on show, and could easily be talked into anal if the moon was in the right quarter.

"I told him all about the time that you went to that festival thing in Florida, and what you did there. I know that that was a private conversation that we'd had, but I was so keen for you to realise that he was the right one for you. I wanted for you to be as happy with him, as I am with Mark."

"You bitch that was private stuff between sisters."

"Did he ring your bells?" She was grinning as she asked.

I couldn't help myself, and started grinning back, I nodded. "You're still a Bitch."

"Ok now?"

"Ok, I guess,"

She looked at the clock, "It's five thirty, I think someone else needs to talk to you."

"Of course, he'll be worried sick, I'll call him now."

"No, he won't answer you, he's been shitting himself all day, I'll have to call him for you."

As soon as his phone started ringing, he answered, "Yes?"

"Talk to him," she said as she got up and walked away, leaving me in private.

I think it took me about ten minutes to say anything intelligent, as all I seemed to be able do was cry, and if I wasn't crying, Greg was. We talked for two hours, I hadn't realised that Mark had come home, as Cathie had got him to come in through the back door, so that I wouldn't be disturbed.

I told Greg that I'd left the restraints still attached to the bed, and we both roared with laughter as we tried to imagine the reaction of the two maids.

Greg said that he didn't think that he'd impressed his prospective employers as he'd had nothing in his mind but us, and been a bit vague, but he decided that he'd tell them tomorrow that he'd been worried because his wife had been unwell.

I liked the thought of being his wife, it sounded just right for me.

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SO WHERE ARE WE NOW.

Greg got his job, he had to work in Belldale for six months being inducted into the company, before being sent into the field. He'd applied for, and got a posting overseas, which would get us away from there. I used a lot of my annual leave going to see him on a regular basis whilst he was being inducted.

I always stayed at The Rex Hotel, and wondered if the maids who found the restraints in the room recognised me. My manager wasn't happy about me being away so often, but I didn't care as I planned to resign as soon as he'd got posted away.

I knew that Greg was going to introduce me as his wife, so I went on a diet, used lots of, 'look younger in 14 days' cream and worked out in a gym to get in shape.

We got lots of strange looks at first when we were together, but our 'new' wedding bands worked for us, plus I'd got new credit cards with Mrs Mel James on them. Most women don't want to be seen as being owned by a man by having, Mrs, on their credit cards. But if it gave people the information that I was, 'owned', then that's fine with me. So, I let people get a good look at my credit cards with Mrs on them.

Then, it wasn't too long before they just accepted us as a man and his wife, and of course other women wanted to know how I got such a young catch. If anyone probes any deeper, we just tell them that I'd been married before, but that he'd left me for someone else. If they ask about children, I tell them that I have a son who was overseas working.

Many people hearing that my first husband left me say something along the lines of, he must be an idiot. I keep using the, 'look younger in 14 days' creams, and work out at the gym as often as I can. I want them to continue to think that.

While Greg was in Belldale, I spent the time selling up, I had to give Ken a half of the money we made from the sale of the house, and he rang one day to ask why I was selling. I told him that I'd found someone else and was moving away. This seemed to catch him off guard, he was silent for a moment, then said, "Oh, I never thought that you'd go with anyone else". He seemed quite put out, I liked that, he never rang back.

I lived for a couple of weeks with Cathie and Mark, and then when Greg got his assignment, we were away, and haven't been home since.

We've travelled a lot of the world in the last ten years. Mineral exploration isn't conducted in the major cities, it's done in isolated communities, many in developing countries, far from prying eyes, which suits us fine.

I don't know who gets the most admiration from our friends, me for getting a younger man, and keeping him still interested, or Greg for getting a sophisticated older woman, and keeping her still interested.

We worked in South East Asia at one point, and one day when having a break in Cebu City in the Philippines we went and renewed our vows in one of the many Catholic churches there. We got a nice multi coloured certificate, which is framed, and proudly displayed in our lounge room. They never asked us for our first certificate, a hundred dollars U.S. buys a lot over there. I didn't like the Philippines, the poverty and rubbish in the streets was really depressing.

Greg has done very well, and has been promoted into a departmental managers role, analysing samples and data, which is good for me as it means that he doesn't have to work out in the field, and is home more. He's been told that he'll soon be promoted to a position back in Belldale. It's good to be seen as someone with a future, but there is no way that we would ever go back home now. It's a problem we'll face when we have to.

Cathie told me that Ken, came looking for me. She'd already heard that his new wife had left him for a younger man in Paris. He'd not taken it very well, and trying to show her that he still had what it takes, had made advances to a much younger woman, who'd accused him of inappropriate behaviour. Todays' climate being what it is in that area, they very quickly showed him the door.

He'd asked about Greg, but she told him that she'd lost contact with him. Ken said that he'd try to email Greg, but we never heard from him, which suits us real fine, thank you.

Are we happy you ask? Absolutely, I'm glad that I'm so much older than Greg, it means that all things being equal, I'll die first, I couldn't possibly live without him.

After we'd been together about a year, I realised that I no longer thought of Greg as anything but my husband. When people ask if we have children, we say that I have a son from my first marriage, but he's working back at home.

The only setback came a couple of years ago now, when Mark left Cathie, he suddenly realised that he was getting older and wanted children, so he was honest with her and moved out. When it was clear that she was hurting badly, he moved away so she could get on with her life more easily.

She didn't cope with that well at all. Her girls have both got married and moved away, and she's on her own still. The age difference between her and the younger men that she's after has got greater now, and they just aren't interested in her any longer.

It's sad really, and I worry about her being alone, but she doesn't seem to want someone her own age. I must admit it unsettled me also and I worried that Greg might decide that he wants children too, but that's out of the question for me now.

After Mark left, Greg kept telling me that he would never leave me, he told me so many times, that I began to think that he was telling himself as much as he was reassuring me. Instead of making me secure, it made me worry that the thought was now in his mind too. We're still together, but as time passes, my breasts get more sag in them. I work as hard in the gym as I can, but a little more weight naturally comes on with age, and I become a little more insecure. It doesn't seem to worry Greg, and we still make love often, but it's still in the back of my mind. I just can't let it affect our relationship too much, as I have everything invested in him.

He continues to mark my skin which is something that surprisingly I now like, I've gone from thinking it looked cheap, to feeling very comfortable with. Most of the time I only have two or three on me, mostly around my groin area, but the care and love that he puts into them make them very special to me.

From time to time, often when I'm tied up, he'll spend a lot of time putting them on my back, as he did that first time in Belldale. I think back to how I didn't like them then, but now they're as much a part of our lovemaking as anything else that we do.

So that's about it I guess, now all I have to do is get up the courage to let Cathie give the ok to post this. It's going to be a big decision, but I know that I'll feel better when it's out there. I just need to tell someone about my life with Greg, and as you're reading this, I've obviously found the courage to make that decision.

So, if you're in the same situation as Greg and I were, and you're not sure what to do, I hope that when you've read this, that it helps you to make your decision.

However, the next time you see a woman married to a man who looks young enough to be her son, don't say, "Hello Mel," because that's not my real name.

Love, "Mel."

I'M NOW A FUNCLE

Mum called out, "Your sister'll be round shortly, she wants to use my sewing machine to adjust a dress for a ball that they're going to, so please try and be nice to her for once."

"Fucking wonderful," I muttered to myself.

"I heard that David." She hadn't of course, but knew that I'd say something along those lines. My sister was only two years older than I, but she and I weren't close any more, and hadn't been for some years now.

"Bye love," my mother called through the kitchen window, she was laughing as she spoke. "Bye Ma," I called back as she walked towards the car. I heard my Dad say something, then Mum relayed it, "Your Dad says goodbye."

"Bye," I yelled, hopefully loud enough for him to hear. Seconds later they drove away to his mothers' house for the weekend, leaving me in peace. Mostly I was required to go with them to Grandmas' whenever they went, but this time I seemed to have dodged the bullet.

Almost instantly they were out of my mind, and I went back to sharpening my new hunting knife. When I say new, it wasn't new, new, it was my Dad's old knife but was still a good one, a Diamond Blade Pinnacle Skinner. I'd lost mine on a hunting trip last week, it'd been just an inexpensive starter knife, the brand of which I'd long ago forgotten as the badges had fallen off. I thought that I must've dropped it on the trail somewhere, but didn't realise it'd gone missing until we'd got home. After I'd pulled everything apart and there was still no trace of it, Dad then reached into his bag and gave me his.

I choked with emotion as I knew how long he'd had it, and it'd been a present from his Dad. When I hugged him, and said thanks, he shrugged and

said, "I just want an excuse to buy a new one, what you need to know about the Pinnacle is that once you get it sharp, it stays sharp for ages, but once it loses its edge, it takes a lot of work to get it back, and as that one's pretty blunt, you'll have some work to do on it."

I didn't care, I'd decided to try to save the money to buy my own, but as they go for around $400 progress was very slow. They're handmade and the very best that you can get, but $400 takes a bit of saving at my age. So, since he'd given it to me, I'd spent almost every spare moment using a stone to bring up the edge, and if I was to be honest, it was as sharp as it would ever get, but still I worked on it.

Just this morning I'd cut a sheet of paper that I'd held up in the air, and then shaved some hair from my forearm, but still I needed to give it one last rub. I was so engrossed in my knife that I failed to hear a car pull into the drive, and only realised it when my sister Carol walked in from the patio.

"Dork," her normal greeting to me.

"Bitch," I spat back, again normal, I'd forgotten that she was coming, and would have hoped to have been left in my own space.

She and I weren't close now, but had been earlier, when due to financial circumstances we'd shared a bed, top 'n tail, until she was about ten, and I was eight or so, when our parents decided it would be better if I had my own mattress. It was on the floor of the same room, and nothing at all changed for a while, the mattress was just ignored. Then something happened which caused Carol to make the decision that I should now use it, I worked out later that she was, 'a woman,' now. It wasn't long after that, that we were able to move into a bigger house and I'd got my own bedroom, I was pleased about that, but did miss crawling into bed with her, I guess I got over it ok though.

As we'd got older Carol could always get me to do what she wanted, mostly because even though I'd nothing much that she wanted from me. She had

something that I was vitally interested in...tits, which by the time she'd got to be eighteen were large and very firm. She'd let me play with them from time to time, but only when she said so, which was of course only when she wanted something from me.

Most of my mates thought that I was crazy because I'd washed her car almost every week. One time I washed it before she'd even asked me to, hoping to obligate her into letting me play with them, but of course she'd said no as I'd already washed it, and now I'd got nothing to bargain with her over.

There's a lesson somewhere in that for all of us.

We hadn't seen a lot of Carol for the last couple of years after she'd married Eric. I'd tried to hate him, especially when I thought about him having exclusive access to her body, but as he really was a good guy and went out of his way to become a part of our family, it was hard not to like him.

Carol'd changed a lot after she'd got married, she'd always been a know all bitch but now she was even worse. She never missing an opportunity to give me the benefit of her knowledge on just about every subject up for discussion, and to be frank I was getting a bit sick of it all, especially as now that she was married, her tits were totally of limits. Just sometimes all that I wanted to do was punch her in the mouth, and that's why I wasn't too pleased to see her today.

"What brings you here anyway, you're a long way from home, bitch?"

"I want to try on Mums' red evening gown, we're going to a ball in two weeks, and if it fits ok it'll save me buying one, or adjusting an old one of mine. I hope that you're not still wearing Mums' clothes when you're here alone, because if you are it'll have stretched, and be too big for me." I clenched my teeth with anger as I recalled the night that she'd come home early and caught me wearing one of Mums' skirts and a blouse, luckily Carol didn't find out that I was wearing her underwear.

Carol was such a total bitch, and as this was of course was right up her alley, she'd used it to get me to do all sorts of stuff for her, just to ensure that nothing was said about it to anyone.

This went on for months and months, making my life a total misery. Eventually however, I grew some balls and told her go and get stuffed, and that if she said anything I'd deny it, and that I'd already made something up about her to tell them. She'd had a good run out of it, and it took a while for her to realise that the fun times had ended, but eventually she had to let it go and never mentioned it much after that. It was only on the odd occasion when she wanted to wind me up that she started on it, and when she did, I got embarrassed and then angry, and now I was embarrassed and starting to get very angry.

I just so wanted to punch her in the mouth right now. "Fuck you." I was really pissed.

"Wouldn't you like to?" She stood in front of me, legs apart, tits thrust out towards me. I said nothing, just sitting there realising all over again why I hated her so.

Having had her little stir of the pot, she seemed quite content with herself and came over smiling towards me. "Anyway, whatcha doin' Dork?"

I held up the knife and stone, "What the fuck does it look like you idiot?" There was a sharp edge to my voice, which I don't think impacted on her as she moved closer and looked at the knife.

"Oh, your new knife, it's Dads' old one isn't it, how long is it anyway?"

"Ten inches," I said guessing, and then instantly regretted it, as I knew where this was now heading.

"Wow little brother that's the first time ever that you've had ten inches of anything in your hand," she said in her best bitch voice, emphasizing the word, 'little'.

The next instant was just a blur as I leapt from the chair and went towards Carol with the knife in my hand. She saw the knife and perhaps also something in my eyes as she backed away quickly. I followed her, eventually corralling her in a corner of the kitchen where two benchtops meet.

There was fear in her eyes now, "Bro...David...FUCK..." her voice became shrill and then trailed off as I put the back of the knife to her throat. I was pissed at her, but not enough to use the sharp edge. I only wanted to scare the shit out of her and get her to shut up, I didn't want to hurt her, but I guess it was just all the years of taking her shit that I wanted to end, and I of course couldn't punch her in the mouth, much as I wanted to.

"David!!" she said sharply, but the words were cut off as I put more pressure on the knife, forcing her to lean further back over the benchtop. As she did it caused her hips to thrust forward, and as I was pushing against her, it brought a new and different reality to the situation. One where if it worked out ok for me, I might get my hands on her tits, maybe for the last time ever, but it was worth a try.

"Fuck you David, stop it this instant, that knife looks really sharp, you'd better not cut me or you'll be in big trouble." Her voice was rising as she spoke, so that by the end she was almost screaming in fear, and the whites of her eyes were very prominent. I wouldn't have been surprised if she'd wet herself right there and then.

The main point though was that I was just tired of her always being in control, and taking the advantage. I knew that she liked to have her breasts

touched, as she'd told me so when she first let me play with them. But this crap about only when she said it's ok, pissed me off big time. Now of course she was married and the chance didn't come along very often, it had in fact been years since the last time, and I had to content myself with just looking, wishing, and remembering.

Apart from my being the one now in control, I was also enjoying having our hips jammed together. I of course was aware of it, but I think that she was too preoccupied with the knife and the danger that she was in to realise it.

"David, my back...it's hurting my back like this." She sounded in pain.

I moved slightly, and to take the pressure away from her back she put her elbows onto the benchtop, this caused her breasts and nipples to become even more prominently on show. She caught me looking at them but said nothing, she'd no idea where this was going, and to be honest neither had I. When I'd got out of the chair, my aim was to shut her up, but now this was into uncharted territory.

With her eyes welded warily onto the knife she said in a shaking and not very assertive voice, "All right David you've had your fun, you've frightened me, you've made whatever point it is that you've wanted to make, now just stop this nonsense and let me up." I was having none of that, this moment had been a long time coming, and I wasn't going to let go of it any time soon, but I was going to make her sweat for a while longer yet.

So, taking the knife from her throat I ran it down the swell of her right breast, making sure to always have the back of it against her dress, her eyes got wider as she felt the blade stop at her nipple. "No David, stop this right now, it was just a bit of fun, I didn't mean to make you angry, if it'll help...you can touch my breasts like you used to, is that what you want?"

I saw this for what it was, my sister trying to get back a measure of control of the situation. At this point I was definitely going to be playing with her breasts

anyway, and as I sure didn't need her permission, I just ignored what she'd said.

To be honest I hadn't thought about it too far ahead, I'd no idea what it was that I really wanted from her, but the thought occurred to me that if she was prepared to let me play with her tits, without my even asking, what else was she prepared to allow happen? At least her tits were a good place to start, and then we'd see where that would lead us to, and so for the first time since she'd got married, I put my left hand softly onto her breast and gently stroked it. My fingers eventually found the hardness that was her nipple, her eyes told me that despite her fears she was in serious danger of liking it. Or maybe the fear element was helping, people can be a bit strange where sex and its various deviations are concerned.

Pushing my hips into hers might have helped that effect on her as well. Unfortunately, it also was influencing me and so out of her sight I had to, 'rearrange the furniture,' and then went back to pressing myself between her legs.

Sensing that the combination of the knife, pulling on her nipple, and grinding myself into her, was aiding my control over her for the first time ever. I pulled back and very deliberately moved the knife down to the first button of her dress, paused for a moment for effect...then cut it off. Her eyes opened as wide as saucers. "Fuck you David, this's almost a new dre..." her voice trailed off as the knife moved back to her throat; she had that fear in her again.

Having gained her silence, the knife was moved down again until it reached the second button, which was dispatched in the same way as the first. Carol moved as if to say something, and then thinking better of it backed down. The third button, the fourth, and then the fifth, all followed the first two.

This brought me to the next button which was right over her groin, I didn't use the knife for this one, but instead moved it back to her throat, and then used my fingers to undo it...and carefully made sure that as often as possible my fingers slipped between her thigh gap. I dragged this out as long as possible,

so that eventually I was just rubbing between her legs, the button having long ago been undone.

"David, stop that, I don't mind you touching my breasts, but touching me there is just not on," she sounded angry, and it appeared that her anger had overcome the fear that was in her, as this wasn't how she was used to being treated. Normally she was the one who made the decisions but not now, and her eyes showed she wasn't happy about it at all, but with the knife against her throat, her options were restricted

Several times she moved as if to get me to stop, but the knife held her in check, she didn't know that it was the back of the blade and that she wasn't in any real danger. But when a man has a knife at your throat, even if it is your own brother, in today's world you can't put too much time into trying to work out exactly how crazy he is, can you?

Being as I was enjoying touching Carol so much, I decided to undo the last button by hand also, after which I slid my hand between her legs, along the silky-smooth skin of her thigh until it was once again resting hard up against her crotch. The underwear that she was wearing was just what I would have expected of her, being a very sexy satin triangle of not very much at all.

Carol shook her head and said, "Please no, please don't do that again." As she didn't sound very convincing at all, I ignored her, and continued to massage her groin by running my index finger all the way from the front, to the back of her lips. It occurred to me that those very same lips were now much softer and warmer than they'd been before.

Just saying like.

Again, I ran the knife slowly across her breast and down to her nipple, which was as hard as a rock. I repeated the move four more times, and each time her eyes went wide as she thought that I was going to cut it off. Then with a

look of real pain on her face, she said, "David, please, my back is still hurting me bent backwards like this."

I didn't want to move as I was quite enjoying pressing my hips against hers, Actually I wasn't pressing my hips against hers, I was pressing my erection against her mound, and I wondered if in fact this was what was causing her to want to move.

Again she said, "Please David, it's uncomfortable and I'm starting to get a cramp."

I nodded my understanding and reaching down with my left hand, grabbed her right leg, and with the knife still against her nipple, raised her leg for her to lie on the benchtop. I was still between her legs, with her left foot now well off the floor.

This was more comfortable for her than before, but of course she was now far more open and vulnerable, and I could see from her eyes that she was aware of her position, it also probably added to the fear in her. Disappointingly she didn't even thank me for moving her leg, even though she was now able to lie back and relax.

I moved the back of the knife again to her throat, and her eyes filled with fear. "Please David don't hurt me, you're starting to frighten me now."

"Good," said the bad fairy inside my head.

Me? well I just smiled. I liked the thought of my sister being frightened, so to enhance that state I returned to running the blade across her nipple. It worked, she started to shake, she was seriously trembling and the effect that this had on her breasts was interesting to say the least, they were like large plates of jelly.

I then used the knife to slowly move first the right side of her dress from her breast, and then moved the left side away too, at which time I paused to admire the view. They were a magnificent 36C, I knew this from the many times that she'd told me so. Ok so from time to time I'd borrowed her underwear if you must know, what's so strange about that? I could have used Mums', but I'm not that sick, some are, but not me.

Several times I ran the back of the knife across her breast, pausing as it reached the nipple, before running it down the other side, I was enjoying this a lot, probably because she wasn't. But soon, I couldn't control myself any longer. I just had to see her naked breasts, so I put the knife between them under her bra, and with a quick upwards movement sliced clean through the fabric connecting the two cups.

Carol yelped, "That's a new bra, I only bought it last week, fuck you David."

I looked at her without speaking, and then slowly brought the knife to touch the inside of her left breast, and then almost with reverence using the point, unveiled first one breast, and then the other. I caught my breath in wonder, all thoughts of my anger or the knife, or anything else went out of the window.

"God they're beautiful," was all that I could bring myself to say.

"You can touch them if you'd like David." She had a very false smile on her face.

This was the bitch that I knew all too well, what she was doing was to again try to take back control of the situation. She knew damn well that I was going to touch them, and with a knife at her throat I didn't need her permission to do so.

She gave me a nervous smile as my hand reached out and again with reverence, caressed first one breast, and then the other, and then as I caught her nipple between my thumb and forefinger and pulled, the smile was replaced by a more haunted look in her eyes. As I pinched it again her breathing became ragged, she was also biting her bottom lip nervously.

For my part, I was in seventh heaven. How long had it been, two years, two and a half, maybe three, or was it even more? Whatever, it had been too long, and I was going to enjoy it accordingly.

It was obvious to both of us that her attempt to take back control had totally failed, and I was beginning to realise that as she was almost naked now, with the only thing still covering her that small triangle of satin, her chances of changing that were not great.

I, still in awe of her breasts continued to worship them openly, running my hands all over them in admiration, if anything I thought that they may be even bigger and firmer than before.

Continuing to hold the back of the knife against her throat, I leant forward and took her nipple into my mouth sucking on it softly. Without lifting my head, I raised my eyes and saw that she'd pushed her head back onto the benchtop, and had her mouth wide open as the sensations from her nipple being sucked spread throughout her body.

Her eyes were closed, but opened again as I used my hand to push her leg on the benchtop further away from me, spreading her wider. Then taking the knife from her throat, I moved it all the way down until the blade was just lightly touching the satin triangle, and then very slowly, and very, very, carefully ran it up and then down what I hoped was the absolute dead center, where I thought that her slit should be located.

The knife didn't cut the satin all the way through, but breached the fabric enough for me to see that my aim was good, and also that I hadn't cut her. So, with some help from a finger to assist the knife, the opening was

completed, and the finger pushed through, to be greeted by a warmth and a wetness. The warmth was as one would expect, but the wetness? Was that how she always was, or was this starting to affect her, as it was me?

Soon I had two fingers inside her, curled them up and found her G Spot. She liked that, or at least her eyes and her hips gave me that impression. Again, gently using the knife I enlarged the hole, until I could liberate the whole of her lips from within their satin prison. They seemed to enjoy being freed from their confinement and spread out wide. I helped them along by taking hold of them one at a time and pulling until I could pull them no more and they slipped from my grip with a snap. I guessed that I was hitting the correct spots, as she continued to respond to the stimulation.

Was I imagining it or was there a soft humming sound coming from her throat?

Now that she was almost totally naked, I had a burning desire to complete the process, and so taking the knife, I slipped it under one of the pieces of elastic at her hip, and cut through it, before repeating the motion on the other piece. The small triangle of silk was only now held in place either by her lips still protruding through it, or the wetness coming from them. However, a quick flick with the point of the knife, and the triangle flew away and disappeared.

She put out her hands as if to grab the knife, and then realising the consequence, quickly averted the action by spreading her fingers as wide apart as they would go, and then sucking in her breath at the closeness of the call. The reality of her situation seemed to hit her, and she started to tremble again.

"Fuck bitch you're built." It came out involuntarily, it was a compliment, and I hoped that she took it as one, and then I noticed something else...pubic hair.

"I'm shocked, you're not shaved, but you used to be?"

Carol dropped her eyes, bit her lip, but said nothing.

"Have you stopped shaving?"

Again, she said nothing, just shaking her head slightly.

Sensing that she was hiding something from me, I dragged the knife across her stomach, and holding her gaze firmly, moved it slowly along the crease at the top of her legs, before putting the handle at her opening. She was still trembling, and seemingly more so than before. Her hands were shaking and her fingers again reaching out as if to grab the knife away from me, only for the danger of that action to impact on her, and she froze them in midair, then withdrew them back onto her stomach.

Seeing her submission, I then used the knife handle to spread her lips, and was intrigued to see her slime making a bridge from her to it...she was indeed very wet!

Continuing to gently move the handle up and down just inside her, I turned my eyes to Carols', they were closed, was it in fear? I thought probably not, as if it were to be fear they would have been wide open. Other emotions were maybe at play inside of her.

I couldn't help myself, and my eyes returned to admire the body of my twenty four year old sister lying naked, fully on show, legs spread wide, no kids marks on her flat stomach, large breasts, pretty fit, and despite the anger that had been in me, I had to admit that she was fucking hot. In fact, that anger had dissipated some time ago, probably about the time that I started to push myself into her mound. It struck me that whatever turns the rest of the day took, I was the one who would make the decisions that I wanted to make, not her.

Still running the handle along between her lips, I brought my hand down and ran my palm over her pubic hair, I was fascinated by it. I'd of course seen photos of women with hair before, but had never been with someone who'd actually let it grow, absolutely everyone that I knew shaved, even Carol, or so I'd thought.

Again I asked, "Why haven't you shaved?"

She shook her head, or was she still trembling?

"Tell me why you haven't shaved?"

Her silence indicated that she'd no intentions of telling me.

For all of this time, I'd been moving the handle gently inside her, and running the palm of my other hand across the hair. It was soft, not at all unpleasant or prickly as I'd thought that it would be.

On the window ledge, a few feet away from me were two small plastic pump bottles, one was Mums' hand cream for after she'd done the dishes, and the other was soap for her to wash her hands. My eyes opened wide as I saw the soap.

"You should be shaved, and I'm going to do it."

"NO!" she screamed at me, and then again, "NO!"

I'd obviously hit a nerve with that one, one that ensured that no matter what she said to me, or how firmly she said it, she was going to be shaved.

This was payback time. "Oh yes my pretty sister, you're going home to Eric as bald as the day that you were born."

"NO!" she again screamed. "Please don't, I'll do anything that you want, but please don't shave me," she tried to get up only to be met by the knife once again pressing onto her throat.

Her fear was making her frantic now, which made me even more determined to go ahead with it. It didn't matter how often, or how loudly she yelled out, she was going to be shaved. Whatever it was that was bothering her, made it even more appealing to me to make up for the years of torment she'd put me through.

She sat up and all at once became assertive, "Don't you dare even think about it pal, if you shave me, you'll have to answer to Eric." Now Eric wasn't a bad guy, but physically he wasn't in my league, and I knew that he'd never last even one round if it came to a punch up. I pulled the handle out of her and said, "And if you don't lie back and shut the fuck up, you'll have to answer to Mack The Knife."

She failed to see the humor in that, the only emotion in her was fear, as she begged me, "Please don't, Eric's the only one that can do that to me."

"No he's not, with this knife in my hand, I can do whatever I want to you right now." As the knife pushed harder against her windpipe Carol was forced to move back until she was lying flat on the benchtop again. To help her to realise that I was going to do as I wanted, I ran the blade down across her breast, stopping at her nipple where I worked it back and forth, back and forth several times. Before running it all the way down that lovely flat stomach, over her soon to be removed pubic hair, then once again allowing the handle to enter her.

"Do we understand each other now?"

With tears in her eyes she nodded.

"No more bullshit from you now?"

She shook her head, the tears running down her cheeks, causing her mascara to run all over her face.

My bitch sister Carol was now mine, maybe the last few years had been worth it, because I knew that wherever this went, I would enjoy the rest of this day, and would remember it with great fondness forever, guaranteed.

I took the handle from within her, put it down on the benchtop between her thighs, and then used the time for the fingers of both hands to further explore Carols most private place. Fuck she was wet.

"Are you always this wet?"

Her eyes flicked to meet mine, and then dropped down to her chest, avoiding contact, her silence told me the answer.

She was as wet as I could remember any woman being in my life as I continued to enjoy the ownership of my sister, and as it was obviously only temporary I ran my hands and fingers all over, and in and out of her body making the most of the limited time that I had.

Was she actually getting wetter? I certainly thought so as her mucus refused to let go from my fingers. Strand after strand stretched from her to me hanging on like an umbilical cord. She was certainly now starting to respond a little by raising her hips to meet my invading fingers and her breaths were coming in shorter sharper bursts.

My hands were soaked.

Eventually the urge to shave her became too much to resist, so I went across and got the soap.

Carol must've felt me move as her eyes opened, followed me across to the bottle, and all the way back, before saying in a frightened pleading voice, "David...please don't, only Eric's allowed to do that."

It seemed to be a last attempt to sway my mind, and when I showed her the knife she knew it wouldn't work, but she'd had to give it one last try, after which she simply lay back and closed her eyes, as if resigned to her fate. But she did continue to shake her head, and whispering said, "No, please don't, only Eric..."

I put the soap onto the benchtop between her legs to allow me further time to invade her private space, soon I had two fingers as deep inside her as they would go, with my thumb skidding across her clitoris, lightly at first, but with more and more pressure, until the little button was popping out, complete with a gasp from Carol, and a thrust of her hips.

This was now officially good fun, as we'd moved to a position of not only my being in control, but of my sister almost out of control, the noises and movements that she was making made that clear. Obviously, my fingers inside, and my thumb working her clitoris over were getting to her as well, this made it more likely that she would put up less resistance when the time came.

It was at this point that I realised that there was a very real possibility that I was going to fuck Carol, that would be so much better than punching her in the mouth, and would have a much longer lasting, and a more profound effect.

Ceaselessly my hands and fingers continued to invade my sister, until I took up the knife and after running the palms of my hands over her pubic hair softly, tenderly, and almost lovingly. I replaced my palms with the side of the blade, running that over the hair. I wasn't trying to shave her whilst dry, but simply sliding it over her silky down.

I did this several times, and then for some reason things suddenly changed, so that there was now a different Carol lying there. One who moved her hand from her side, ran it up and over her breast, stopping to pat her nipple with her palm several times. She then ran the hand up her face and though her hair, before moving it back to her breast. Clasping it firmly three or four times she then found her nipple, which she proceeded to pull as far away from her body as she possibly could get it, until it tore itself from her grip, causing her to gasp.

She repeated this maneuver several more times, seemingly stretching it even further every time until it reached its limits, and then the next time when Carol stretched it, it went even further away again. If I'd done that to her it would have been classed as domestic violence, but in this situation, it just served to underline the close relationship between pleasure and pain.

She was in pain, and loving it, the noises she was making proved that.

What had caused her to do this? What'd changed to make her this new person who was actively participating, in what only a few short moments ago had seemed to be absolutely the worst thing that could possibly happen to her? It was clear that pulling on her own nipples as she was, was only going to stimulate her more. It was going to make it even harder for her to achieve any level of control of herself, let alone me. It was as if she was encouraging me to do whatever I wanted to with her.

As I watched her I knew that anything was possible now, she was an awesome sight as she abused her body in that way, effectively playing right

into my hands. I was fascinated at the turn that this had taken, I couldn't take my eyes of this person who used to be my sister, but was now this new person putting on a show for me like no other.

Eventually of course, all good things must come to an end, and so almost with reluctance, because the show that she was putting on was so riveting, I spread her lips open wide for one last time to admire the pink and wetness of her insides. I held them open for a few seconds more before setting about the task at hand...removing my sisters' pubic hair.

Carol was still pulling on her nipples as I picked up the soap, pressed a measure into the palm of my hand and spread it over the hair. Her eyes flickered open briefly as I made contact, and then she went back to doing what it was that was she was doing to herself.

Two more squirts and the lather was sufficient to cover all the offending thatch, and when it mixed with her slime it really started to foam up.

I picked up the knife, "Keep still."

Weakly she protested, "Please don't," without moving her fingers from her nipples.

She and I both knew that it was futile, she was going to be shaved, and we also both knew that at this point Carol had accepted as fact the inevitability of her situation. She stopped pulling on her nipple as she steeled herself for that inevitability, however she made one last feeble effort of, "Please don't, David I of beg you."

I choose to ignore her.

Even though she knew what was going to happen, she still flinched as I used the thumb and index finger of my left hand to tension her skin before I moved the knife down, her body again flinched as the first touch of steel registered in her brain.

"Don't cut me for fucks' sake David...please"

I knew that I'd done a really good job of sharpening the knife when it glided over her skin as if it were silk. Like a lawn mower removing grass from a lawn, my Pinnacle Skinner removed the pubic hair from my sister. Slowly and carefully one stroke at a time it came away clean.

When the knife was full of foam and hair, I reached up and wiped it off on her empty bra cup. Carol raised her head and looked at my deposit before sinking back, the fear in her eyes was gone, replaced by a more haunted look. It wasn't just a look of acceptance, it was much, much deeper than that as she continued to torment her breasts.

Her skin flinched again at the next touch of my hand on her stomach, and then she did a strange thing, she put her hand over mine as I pulled the skin tight, and then proceeded to lightly run her fingers over it, almost lovingly.

This was a new development.

Having started the job there was no hesitation on my part in continuing, more and more strokes with the blade meant less and less hair on Carol. Three more times I left a pile of foam and hair on her bra, but she never looked up. She did however take her hand back to resume the abuse of her nipple.

Soon it was finished, I walked over to the rail to get Mums' hand towel, Carol knew that I'd gone but she no move at all, remaining spread open wide...and bald. With one hand still pulling on her nipple she slid the other one down

over her stomach, paused, and then moved beyond to cup her baldness in her hand.

She had tears in her eyes, "David, you shouldn't have done that, I wanted Eric to be the one."

For the first time, I felt a pang of regret, "Maybe if in the past...?"

She cut me off with a wave of her hand, "Yeah I know, but that's how brothers and sisters have always behaved, I asked you to not do it, and you just ignored me, FUCK YOU."

The yell startled me, and as I cast my eyes down, I noticed that she wasn't just cupping her mound, her fingers were actually stroking herself.

Moving back to between her legs I moved her fingers away and used Mums' towel to wipe the last vestiges of soap and hair from her, and then stood back to admire my handiwork.

"Happy arsehole?" She snarled.

I nodded, but looking again more closely said, "No damn it, I've missed a couple, I'll need a minute more and then I will be." Retrieving the knife, and making a big production of taking one hair between my thumb and forefinger, I pulled it as far as it would stretch from her body, before taking the knife and severing the hair as close to her skin as I could get.

Her eyes were like saucers as she felt the skin being stretched, and then the knife sliding along it before the release from the hair as the blade did its work.

"Now for the next one," I looked and saw that she was biting her bottom lip quite hard, so hard that if she kept it up, she was certainly going to bleed.

Once I'd identified the next hair, I didn't pull on it, but held it tight and waited. Not knowing what I was doing her eyes opened, and it was at that instant I pulled and then removed the solitary hair. I had eye contact with her for a brief moment before her eyes closed again, she put her head back, and moaned.

As I picked out the next hair and pulled on it, I saw her hips rise as if drawn by the hair, again, and again as I pulled the hair up, her hips rose. As I sliced that one off, her hips again rose, followed by the now expected moan and then a sudden slight spreading further apart of her knees.

When she did that it was possible for me to see the true extent of her wetness, a small stream of frothy white liquid was slowly moving down into the valley between her cheeks. As I watched, Carols' right hand slipped between her thighs and lightly rubbed her shaved area, and again moaned softly.

I let her rub herself for some seconds, accompanied by more moaning, before moving her hands away, and then selecting another wayward hair to be subjected to the knife treatment. This was the last one that I could see, it was so close to the actual lip that I had a lot of difficulty getting hold of it due to her wetness. As a result I ended up pulling on her lip, stretching it out from her body before letting go as it slipped through my fingers...there was that moan again.

I figured that as she seemed to like that, I'd do it again, which I did, with the same result. She liked it so much that I then used both hands to alternatively pull her lips as far apart as they would go, with the same result. The effect of this was to cause her to lift both of her legs off the benchtop into the air, arch her back, shudder and then call out.

This was now the time for me to remove the last hair.

To this point in my life I'd never even imagined that anyone could become as involved as this, I'd been so totally consumed by making sure that she didn't manage to gain control, that the possibility of taking my sister sexually had never even entered my mind...until now.

Sex with ones' sister is not the sort of thing that most of us would ever consider, perhaps only in the more uncouth moments spent with drink and friends, would a comment be made. But I wasn't drunk, and I wasn't with anyone other than Carol, who seemed to have now warmed to my presence.

By now the shaved area was quite red, so I went and got the bottle of Mums' hand cream, squirted a long line of it from her chin to her groin area, repeated it, and then again for a third time.

Carol watched me warily, but any thoughts that she had remained hers, as I brought the knife back up and used it to cut through the last parts of her dress still in place, the two pieces over her shoulders.

Running my hands up over her stomach I spread the hand cream all over her, from her shaved area to her shoulders, and back again, up and back, up and back, spending the appropriate amount of time on her 'good bits'. She seemed to appreciate having the insides of her thighs massaged all the way from her knees to the crease at the top of her legs. Several times I made as if to actually touch her vagina, but pulled away at the last second. She liked that too, raising her hips to meet the non-invading fingers.

Knowing that I would eventually have to make the move on her, I decide that the time was fast approaching, so I started to pat her lips. Just softly at first, but then a little harder, and then a little harder again until I was using quite an amount of force for such a sensitive area, striking her up and down, and across both ways. Her crotch, already red was getting redder by the second as more and more blood rushed to the surface.

Carol started to shudder as the effects of the spanking took hold on her, and after I placed two fingers inside her as far as they would go, with my thumb sliding hard on her clitoris, and the other hand still patting her shaved area, the whole of her body became red as she launched into her first ever climax with me, her brother.

Again, and again her body bucked as the shocks ran through her. I stopped slapping her, and stood back fascinated at the display of raw sex, and as I did so her right hand snaked down, pushing mine away. Three of Carols' fingers disappeared inside herself, and were seemingly used to then lift her hips up from the benchtop like a crane, time and time again, only to crash back down. The sounds of her landing on the benchtop was like a hard slap, but she seemed oblivious to it, she just had to come.

Carol was fighting for every breath as she took her time coming down, and when she did, she turned her face away from me. She may have been just a little embarrassed by her level of involvement, and response. I moved to be alongside of her, sliding my hand over her lower stomach and the tops of her legs. Again, surprisingly her hand came down and covered mine before softly running her fingers over it several times. Even when my hand covered her shaved area, hers came with it and stroked mine. After some minutes, the pressure of her hand on mine increased, and then became more insistent, as she made her intentions clear. She needed fingers inside her again, so I pushed first one and then another harshly into her, she moaned her approval again raising her hips in greeting. Carols' other hand moved to her breast, found her nipple, and again pulled, as if it were elastic.

After giving her some time to enjoy the full impact that this was having on her, I softly dropped my slacks and shorts onto the floor. She heard them fall and knowing what they were, opened her eyes, saying, "Please don't," but without a whole lot of conviction.

Maybe my two fingers inside her, and she, inflicting 'domestic violence', on her nipple may have influenced her as well. So that when I took my cock and ran it several times up and down her opening, her hips pushed forward to meet me. But just as the tip entered her, she, struggling, raised herself up,

rolled over to her left, reached out her hand and said, "David come to me, if this is going to happen, I want it to be good for you too."

This was not the Carol that I knew, so I was wary at first, but with my testosterone levels being where they were, I moved to her, let her take my cock into her hand, and then pull it into her mouth. It was only then that I realized the potential for her to inflict serious injury onto my pride and joy.

I guess the thought mustn't have entered her head either as she slowly and sensually enveloped the head of my cock with her lips. I think that the moment of entry, whether into mouth or a vagina is the absolute best feeling ever. That moment when the warmth and wetness welcomes you inside the woman's body, is the most exquisite feeling that I know.

As her lips slid down my shaft and her tongue flicked the head, there was nothing that I could do to stop myself from coming. The sexual tension between us had been going for some time now and I had no resistance at all. Other than putting my hand onto the back of her head, I could do nothing only thrust myself harshly into her mouth as the electricity ran through my body, bolt after bolt, as spurt after spurt shot from me into her.

As soon as I started to come I saw that she was pushing it out of her mouth and onto the benchtop. Soon she had a large pool of me, in and on her mouth, her cheek and shoulder, as well as the benchtop. I'd heard her say that she hated the taste of cum, so that must have been as far as she was prepared to go for me, and she wasn't going to swallow it.

Eventually my ecstasy subsided and my still hard cock came from her mouth with a soft plop, I stepped away slightly, as she lay on the benchtop covered in my mess. She seemed quite happy with herself, she even had a slight smile in her eyes and on her lips.

Our eyes met, "Happy now?" She sneered. I wondered if what'd happened had been a way that she could at least have had a measure of control.

I nodded, "That's me taken care of, now it's your turn."

She shook her head, "No please don't, it's ok, I'm fine thanks."

I saw that the slime from between her legs had now started to form a slight pool on the benchtop. "No Carol, you've done me and now this one's for you." As I moved my hand down, my fingers slid easily inside of her and I then started to stimulate her with them, and with my mouth. After a small protest, she put her hand onto my hip and raising her own hips to meet me, gave a guttural moan and said, "Oh fuck, ok I guess, if feel you have to."

"Not only do I have to, but I want to." I really just wanted to continue the control that I had over her for a moment longer,

She must have been as ready for it as I'd been, because almost the instant she lay back she started to come. The instant that she'd accepted what it was that was happening, she gave in to her feelings and let the shudders rack her body. She must have been holding it back as long as I had, as the volume and intensity of her climax was just as great as mine had been.

But of course, being a woman she didn't need more than about thirty seconds of respite, during which time my fingers remained sliding slowly and softly inside her, and my thumb ran equally slowly and softly over her clitoris, so that by then her body was ready to betray her once again.

Her third climax came a short time later, time I'd spent carefully touching, licking and pinching all the sensual parts of her body, I payed special attention to pulling her lips as far away from her as they would go until her wetness caused them to tear themselves away from my fingers, if she'd been ready for the first ones, it was as if she was overdue for this one.

As she showed no signs of being sated, I allowed her a short moment where I only ran my thumb softly over her lips and clitoris time and time again, until her body started to respond. I must say that I was fascinated to watch this woman in the throes of ecstasy, I couldn't believe that this was the same little girl that I'd grown up with over so many years, she was wild beyond belief.

I found that to get her to the highest point, it took a combination of licking her clitoris, stretching her lips with my teeth until they would stretch no more, whilst at the same time she was pulling on her nipples. This drove her single mindedly onto her next climax, and after another further bout of foreplay for several minutes, she came yet again.

As her cries died down and she seemed to finally be spent, I looked at her, she was truly fucked in every sense of the word. Her hair all over her face and her mascara running everywhere gave her a somewhat tragic look. Her mouth hung open, with the remnants of my cum all over her teeth, her chin, her neck, her shoulder and chest. Her nipples and breasts, long abused were a mass of angry red blotches which might take some explaining away later. The whole of her torso and groin area were covered in a mixture of hand cream and her secretions. Her clothes of course were long ago shredded, and in part hanging down over the edge of the benchtop.

I touched her on her clitoris, she jumped, and then waved me away, saying, "No more...I'm done...finished...all over."

I now realised that I was fully erect again, and had been stroking myself for some time as I'd made her come for me, and I was now ready to come again for her. So, I pulled her inert wrecked body towards me, it slid easily on the dress still trapped under her. I lifted her legs, put one over each shoulder, and without taking any time at all slid quite roughly inside of her.

"NO," from somewhere she found the strength to yell out and swatted her hands at me as she pushed herself away so that I slid out of her. "I told you not to do that, you arsehole?"

As Carol fell backwards after stopping me from going inside her, my hand reached out and I ran my fingers along her lips. "Please don't David I don't need any more touching there, I'm finished, I just can't come again."

"But this is what I want to do" I said, emphasizing the 'I' and reaching for the knife let her see it in my hand. Carol shook her head, but having to accept that I was still in charge, closed her eyes, lay back, gave a big sigh and said, "Ok if you have to, just get on with it, but I'm really sore and sensitive now."

I knew then that I almost had her, and so with her legs still hard against my chest I brought three fingers between us and ran them over her lips, before putting the tips of them slightly inside her. Her eyes opened, she met my gaze, shook her head in resignation, then closed them again.

With the fingers just inside of her, I slid my cock under them and pushed slightly so that the head entered less than an inch inside, she didn't notice, so I slid a further inch in. Still she didn't notice, but I did, I noticed the difference in the wetness and in her heat. By this time, I'd absolutely no control at all, and I was just so ready to blow as I thrust myself hard into her.

Carol took a few seconds before she realised what I was doing, I'd thought that she was totally spent, but from somewhere she found the strength to raise her head and yell, "NO DON'T, FUCK YOU, I BLEW YOU, ISN'T THAT ENOUGH FOR YOU?" As she shook her fist threateningly at me, she struggled to get away, but with my arms wrapped tightly around her legs over my shoulders, she was unable to, in fact her struggling to get away was just another form of stimulation for me.

All in all, it must have only been about five seconds before I came, this time not in her mouth, but in her vagina. As soon as I started thrusting, her struggle became even more and more frantic, and her cries and yelling much louder. But I wasn't going to be denied, hugging her legs to me even harder, as more and more electrical current flowed from me into Carol.

By the time I'd finished squirting my load inside her, she'd put her left hand around my neck, to assist her to sit up, so that she could push me, trying to get away. With her face only a few inches away from mine, punching me in the back of the head, and on my shoulder, she yelled, "I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO COME INSIDE ME, THAT'S WHY I BLEW YOU, I HATE CUM IN MY MOUTH, BUT I DID IT SO YOU WOULDN'T COME INSIDE ME, YOU FUCK!"

Spent, I stepped back letting her legs fall, and then pushing her back along the benchtop as my cock fell out of her with a soft plop. "What's wrong with that, you're on the pill..." a horrible feeling swept across me, "aren't you?"

"NO I'M FUCKING NOT, we've been trying to get pregnant since we first got married, and I've just about given up. The doctor tells me that I'm too tense because I'm trying too hard, so I wanted to let Eric shave me tonight, because when someone else shaves me I get as horney as all fuck. I get totally out of control, I don't give a fuck about anything else...AS YOU FUCKING SAW."

That horrible feeling in my gut got worse.

With tears in her eyes she yelled, "I BLEW YOU SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T COME INSIDE ME, BUT YOU STILL WENT AHEAD AND FUCKED ME."

The feeling in my gut got even worse as she again yelled at me.

"I'M FERTILE RIGHT NOW, YOU ARSEHOLE."

"Fertile...fuck really?"

"YES REALLY." She fell back crying with her face in her hands.

For a moment, I was about to shit myself, and then the realization hit me that the problem; should there be one; wasn't mine. Maybe I'd just got the ultimate revenge on my sister for being such a bitch.

"I wonder Carol, am I going to be a father, or an uncle?"

Her response was to curl up in the fetal position and scream, what you'd call a primal scream, as it came from so deep within her.

As soon as Carol curled up, my eyes were drawn down to that most prominent part of her body, her sex was protruding from between the tops of her thighs, and it was bright red. All the different aspects of our sexual activity had caused the blood to rush to the surface, so that all that I saw was red raw flesh. The shaving and the protracted periods of slapping and other sexual stimulation had left her lips engorged, open and raw. It just looked so beaten up, I thought that if I were to touch her there she would have screamed in pain.

And then I saw it, starting slowly at first, just a touch of white, and then it got a little faster, until a trickle of cum ran from between her inflamed lips and then over the back of her leg, before falling down onto the benchtop. This was confirmation, if any was needed, that I had just bred my sister.

As if to acknowledge that it had happened, Carol once again gave out a deep gut wrenching guttural scream.

"I'm in a quandary Carol, what should I be, a Father or an Uncle?" I asked her, and after pausing for a moment, said, "I know I think I'll call myself a Funcle."

I don't think that she appreciated my sick attempt at humor, as she too busy screaming again.

S'WRONG SON

CHAPTER 1

"It's been a great night," I said to myself, "a really good night, and I'm just about ready for bed."

It was one thirty a.m. my sister, my brother and their families had left before midnight as they had small kids to consider, and the last of the guests for my father's forty sixth birthday celebrations had left a half an hour ago, leaving the back garden looking like a bomb had hit it. I'd spent the past fifteen minutes picking up the rubbish, and was now almost finished.

I picked up the last half eaten plate of food, threw the scraps on the lawn saying, "that's for you Bozo, and it's all you're getting tomorrow since you've eaten enough for four dogs tonight."

Bozo raised his head, showing only mild interest in whatever it was that I'd thrown onto the ground, before falling back down and starting the process of going back to sleep. What a difference to the attack dog that he normally was, who from the first scent of food treated anyone trying to eat it as his sworn enemy, even knocking over a young boy tonight who'd had the audacity to think that the sausage in his hand, was actually his.

Bozo was a Labrador who despite our attempts to put him on diet still seemed to get fatter every day. Now, he just couldn't even be bothered getting up to look at what it was that had fallen into what was nominally his exclusive territory. Anything that fell into it was his, animal, vegetable or mineral, it didn't matter to him, he had his reputation to defend, so he'd make a very serious attempt to eat it, or at least bury it

I turned off the outside lights, closed the patio door and the curtains, then turned to see my mother with her elbows on the bench top, her face in her

hands, and her eyes closed. She'd had just a little too much to drink, she wasn't drunk, but she was what you might call, 'relaxed and mellow.'

I looked across into the lounge room to see the birthday boy asleep on the couch. He was super relaxed and more than just mellow, he'd had more to drink than he should have. He was drunk, and likely to stay on the couch for the next few hours.

Richard Angus Martin the Third, known when he was in the good books as Richard The Third, and when he wasn't, as Richard The Turd. Mostly he was called Richard The Turd, or simply just, The Turd, and he'd managed to wipe himself out, again.

I looked back at Mum, who still hadn't opened her eyes, went to the bench top facing her, put my elbows onto it, and softly placed my forehead against hers. She opened her eyes slowly, pulled back to allow them to focus properly, and then seeing that it was me, smiled and returned her forehead to be against mine before closing her eyes again.

What she hadn't realised was that as she'd moved away from me, I'd put my hands onto her forearms, so that when she'd moved back, her breasts had landed nicely on top of the backs of my hands, she didn't notice.

"Been a good night Ma."

"Mmmm, it certainly has, where's Richard The Turd?"

"Passed out on the couch."

"Good."

"Good?"

"He won't annoy me."

"Doing what?"

"He thinks because it's his birthday, that he's going to get sex, but I really am too tired tonight. Normally I'd be good to go, but this party has taken so much to organise, it's drained me." Still with her forehead against mine she yawned to prove the point.

"So do you want me to turn everything off so that you can go to bed now?"

"Yes please hun, give your old Mum a goodnight kiss, and I'll shuffle off." For all of this time, I'd been quite enjoying the feelings of her nice heavy breasts on my hands. Mum had quite a pretty face, but the thing that attracted men to her was her body, nicely shaped solid breasts, envious women might say they were a little too big, but what would they know? She also had a really tight arse, and killer legs, that is if their eyes got that far south.

Mum inclined her head to the left and my lips lightly brushed against hers, she mustn't have felt the kiss as she stayed in the same position waiting. So I moved my mouth back onto hers and kissed her again, a little harder this time.

I'd kissed her many times before, but for the first time ever I noticed how soft her lips were. Mum made no attempt to move her mouth away from mine, so I continued to kiss her. After about ten seconds of this, her lips started to move as she responded to mine on them.

Another ten seconds later they were still pressing against mine, neither of us made any attempt to involve the tongue, it was just the lips. I wondered how long she'd allow this to go on for, as she seemed to be in no hurry to bring it to an end. It went on for what must have been at least a full minute when she realised what we were doing. Slowly she pulled her head back a fraction, so that I could still feel her breath against my mouth as she spoke. With her eyes only half opened she said, "this's nice," returned her lips to mine, closed her eyes, and recommenced the kiss.

The kiss was slow and languid, like launching a canoe into a slow flowing river that just drifted along at its very own pace through fields of flowers. There was no hurry with the river, and no hurry with our kiss.

It was about a minute later that she again moved back a few inches, "Where did you learn to kiss like that?" I again could feel her breath on my mouth.

I grinned, shrugged, and with a show of bravado said, "Oh I've been seeing an older woman for a little while now, she's addicted to kissing, and if I don't get it right the first time, well, she makes me do it over until I do."

"Wow, an older woman, so who is she, do I know her?"

"That's our secret, and of course a gentleman never tells." The reason that I couldn't tell her was that it was Jane Clarke who lived in the street behind us, and a few doors along. I wasn't sure what Mums thoughts would be about that, as her husband was off in Antarctica studying penguins, or ice flow, or something like that.

Jane told me that he'd given her permission to be with someone else if she needed to, as she was always ready for sex. According to her anyway, he knew that she wouldn't be able to go without it for the entire twelve months that he'd be away, and so him telling her not to, would have only been ignored anyway. From the first time that we were together, it was obvious that she was never going to be able to go that long without sex, and I

actually convinced myself that I was doing something for him, as at least I wasn't trying to take her from him permanently.

"Mmmm, you'll have to introduce me to her, if she kisses that well, I might just try playing for the other team...where's The Turd?"

"Unconscious, why?"

"You sure?"

I moved my head to see him, nodded yes at her, and moved my face back to be about two inches away from hers.

"Good," and with that she moved her mouth forward the required two inches so that it once again reconnected with mine. This time she wanted to be in control so that she became much more aggressive, totally outside of the parameters of soft and sensual that had guided our first kisses.

I pulled back, she looked surprised, "what?"

"Mum you need to kiss as if you're sampling a fine wine, just using your lips and your tongue. At the moment it feels as if you're eating a Big Mac."

Her eyes were glazed as she moved her mouth back towards mine, and just before they met, said softly, "it's been a while since anyone's eaten my Big Mac."

Her eyes closed just a split second before our lips touched, but mine didn't, they were wide open in shock at what I'd just heard her say.

What the hell was I supposed to read into that?

She seemed to slide right back into the soft and sensual very easily, she was obviously affected by alcohol, and most likely wouldn't remember much in the morning. But if she did, she'd likely be horrified by her actions.

I was enjoying kissing my Mum. I'd never ever considered her as someone who'd actually be good to kiss, or someone who would enjoy being kissed, and certainly not by her son.

She made no attempt to pull away, as we launched another canoe into the river, and allowed it float along with us in it, so I let it go on for as long as she wanted. She was enjoying our shared moment, and so who was I to deny her the pleasure of a simple kiss?

Soon she was pushing her mouth harder against mine and moving her jaw slightly. Nothing outlandish, nothing overt, but soft and sensual seemed to do it for her, now that she'd accepted that that was the way that it had to be.

I pulled away very slightly from her, but she was having none of that, and her mouth followed mine, pushing firmly to ensure that she quickly established contact again. Now I became aware that she was making small sounds of appreciation in the back of her throat.

This was starting to become interesting, very interesting indeed.

As I pushed back at her, I took her bottom lip between my teeth and bit it ever so lightly, I felt her tongue slide across my top lip, curl up and run over my teeth. I continued to bite, and then stretch her lip as far as it'd go before letting it go, and then reclaiming it again several times. She seemed to not really be aware of what was happening, as for the whole time she was making those noises in her throat.

Softly at first my father stated to snore, softly, and then louder and louder. Until my mother became aware of it, pulling sharply away from me. I opened my eyes and a second later, she did also. It was as if Dad was protecting his property, right at the moment that she was showing signs of really enjoying it, he'd broken the spell, and once that'd happened, it was going to be hard to rekindle the flame.

She was frozen like a rabbit caught in the spotlight, her face away from mine now. She was blinking her eyes quite wildly, and I think that she was trembling just a little. She shook her head as if to wake herself from a dream. As the snoring got louder, she became more and more aware of her situation, and continued to move away from me.

Mum then became aware that her breasts were resting on the tops of my hands, and that my thumbs had slid up and were resting on her nipples, well not actually resting, more like rubbing them softly...and also pressing them down so that they sprung up hard and erect every time my thumbs released them. Her nipples, buttons that were visible most of the time anyway, had responded to the stimulation, and were showing real signs of being interested.

"No Alex, s'wrong."

I shook my head, "no it isn't, you're enjoying it?"

"No I'm not, you've taken advantage of me, I'm very drunk and you shouldn't have done that." She was lying of course, it was a classic case of someone refusing to accept responsibility for their actions, and blaming anyone but themselves.

She was lying, but her nipples weren't.

At this point, Dad let out one of his best snores, which you thought might have even rattled the windows. She moved further away, the moment was clearly over, the mood was lost, and our little escapade had come to a screeching halt.

Mum continued to move backwards still shaking her head, and now nervously wringing her hands. I had no idea what I was supposed to say, and stood quite still, just holding her gaze.

"No," she said sharply, "it is wrong." Then turning away, she cast a glance at my father and walked unsteadily to the stairs, supporting herself on any items of furniture as she passed them.

I let her get out of sight before adjusting the erection that seemed to have arrived unannounced. I had no idea what was going through her mind, but I knew for sure that mine was racing. What'd happened did so at the speed of light, one moment I was standing there with my forehead against hers, and the next I was kissing my own Mother, stretching her bottom lip with my teeth, and of course, rubbing her nipples with my thumbs.

I went and sat in a chair with a glass of water, running things over and over in my mind. The whole thing was a blur, and yet it was so clear as to what'd happened. What was also clear was that I wanted it to happen again. As I sat there I could still feel her lips contact on mine, and her nipples under my thumbs. I of course, still had an erection to assist with the memories.

There seemed to be no reason to sit there forever, as it was almost two a.m. so I thought that I should go to bed. I made sure that all the doors were locked, turned out all the lights except one for Dad. Then after standing there looking down at him, wondering what might have happened if he hadn't disturbed us by snoring as he did. "Bastard," I shot out, as I threw a rug over him, and followed Mum up the stairs.

When I got to her door it wasn't quite closed, but the room was in darkness. I walked on to my own room, closed the door and after turning on the light, stripped down to my underwear. After sitting on my bed for about a minute, I said to no one in particular, "no damn it, I won't let it end like this, she was as involved in it as I was, and I'm not going to wear the blame on my own."

I walked back to her room, my father was now snoring like a world's champion, so I thought that he wasn't going to come up and disturb us anytime soon.

Pushing open the door, with the light from my room behind me I could see that she was facing away. I went around to face her, she could see me, but her face was in the shadows. I knew that she had to be awake, there was too much emotion in what'd happened just moments ago, for her to have gone to sleep so soon.

"Mum."

"Go away."

"No, there's something that you need to know, I never set out to kiss you like that, it just started, and then assumed a life of its own. I know that you may have had a bit to drink, but so have I. You aren't so drunk though that you didn't know what we were doing. Be honest with me please, admit that you're angry at yourself for the way that it developed, and also angry, because you enjoyed my kissing you more than you should have done, isn't that correct?"

"Go away and leave me alone."

"I'll go away and leave you alone, when you admit that there were two of us down there, and we both enjoyed it. Admit that and I'll go away as you ask, but you did enjoy it didn't you?"

She was silent, the only sound, that of her breathing.

"Admit it and I'll go."

Still she was silent, I waited, but she said nothing.

"Mum I need some honesty from you, I'm not going to take advantage of you now, but you need to accept that what happened tonight is a shared responsibility, we were both there, it wasn't just my fault." I moved my mouth to where it just touched her ear, and whispered, "you did enjoy me kissing you didn't you Mum?"

Still there was silence.

"Didn't you Mum?"

There was another short silence, and then in a whisper came the word that I wanted to hear.

"Yes."

"Good, now at least we can accept that it wasn't something that was wrong."

"But it was wrong, I'm your mother, we shouldn't be doing that, and you shouldn't have touched my breasts as you did."

I ignored the point about her breasts, as that probably was taking advantage of her, and I couldn't win an argument on that front anyway. But my thought is that when you're confronted by temptation, the best way to make it go away, is to give into it and the temptation will go away, and so that's what I'd done.

"Mum, we did kiss, and we both enjoyed it, so let's accept what happened. It can't be wrong when two people who love each other as much as we do, show each other affection, it just can't be wrong."

She didn't answer me.

"You do love me as much as I love you, don't you Mum?"

There was of course only one answer that she could give. "Yes, of course I love you, but it shouldn't be in that way though, it just cannot be that way, ever."

"Alright, but are we ok now mum?"

After another long awkward silence, she gave a sigh of resignation, "ok, yes of course, but that can't happen again."

I slipped my hand under the blankets and found hers curled up between her breasts, her fingers grasped mine eagerly, probably so that she was able to control what I could and couldn't touch.

"Are you sure that we're ok now mum?"

She nodded, and then realising that in the dark I may not be able to see, softly said, "yes, yes we are." She seemed slightly happier now.

"Good, then can I get a goodnight kiss before I go?"

"Get out," she sighed, shaking her head, "you just don't give up do you?"

Slowly, I moved my mouth down to where I thought hers was, and with my chin, moved her face around so that eventually I found what I was seeking. Her lips were still as soft and warm as I remembered them. I persisted, and she began to respond. Her tongue was the one to break through those lips, and in only a few short seconds, we were back, almost as we'd been downstairs.

Soon she was moaning that soft, soft sound, and she was now the one pushing her face against mine. Somehow one of the fingers being held in her hand found its way to freedom, and wrapped itself around a very hard, erect nipple, which responded to the pressure applied to it.

Then I felt her hands pushing me away, "please stop, you said you wouldn't take advantage of me if I was honest with you, please keep your word, don't make me regret my honesty."

Before I could reply, I became aware of my fathers footsteps on the stairs, he mustn't have been as drunk, or as asleep, as I'd thought that he was.

I jumped to my feet making for the door, but was too late to get out of the room. Just as the door opened, I was only able to slip behind it hoping that he didn't turn on the light. Mum for her part didn't move, just lying there as if asleep. It was silly really, as I could have said that I'd just popped in to say goodnight to Mum, and nothing more would have been thought of it. But I didn't, feeling guilty about what had happened, and the thoughts that I was having, I hid from him, and it was my guilt that made me do so.

Thankfully he didn't turn the light on, but pushing the door almost shut staggered in the dark until he found the bed. Sitting on it he commenced to undress whilst mumbling to himself about things only he could understood.

Thankfully, the room was in total darkness so he couldn't see me, nor I him.

He dropped his shoes noisily onto the floor, and climbed into bed. Just as I thought that I'd try to sneak out, maybe twenty seconds or so later, Mum said, "please Rich, not now I'm very tired."

"Jesus babe, you're so wet, you must have been waiting for me to come up, don't tell me you're too tired, you must have been thinking about what I was going to do to you."

Dad's words told me exactly where his fingers were.

"Please not now." was her somewhat unconvincing response, which was followed shortly by the sounds that I'd heard coming from her throat just a few short minutes ago, not as loud, but they were there. I wondered if she knew that I was still in the room, maybe she thought that it was better to let him have her, rather than running the risk of him turning on the light.

Other than sticking his finger in her, there didn't seem to be anything else in the way of foreplay, but she was moaning softly, which said that she was ready for him anyway. So after some rustling of the sheets, it was clear that he was on top and inside her.

The noises which followed had no other interpretation than that they were having sex.

Dad was grunting, Mum was still moaning so softly that I could only just hear her, and I was standing alongside the door with an erection that was starting to burst. As he thrust harder into her it was obvious that both of them were close to coming. Not thinking of the consequences, I brought my cock out of my briefs, and with only a few strokes, fired off streams of goo across the room. It landed with a soft dull sound onto the carpet. At the same time as I came, my mother did also, her sounds were muffled as though she had her face pressed into his shoulder to suppress them, and within a few seconds, Dad fired his load into her. Mums climax was very muted as if to reduce the noise level, as I was sure that she knew I was still in the room. Dad of course made no attempt to hide the sounds of his pleasure, he was just noisy. I'd heard noises in the night before, so this wasn't new, just louder, and far more stimulating to actually be there in the room, even if I couldn't see them.

Not able to afford to stand there for very long in case he turned on the light, and with my heart thumping so hard that I was sure that they could hear it. I quickly and quietly, before the noises died down totally, made my exit from the room, opening the door as little as possible and then, after sliding through, pulling it behind me quickly, and as quietly as I could.

Trying not to make any noise, I stood outside for a few seconds to see if they'd heard me, when Dad said.

"What was that?"

"Nothing Rich, what did you hear?"

"I saw a light, what was it?"

"I didn't see anything, you must be imagining it."

"But I'm sure I saw something."

"You're drunk, you're imagining it."

"Uh, oh ok, all right then, I just thought that I saw something," and then there was silence.

I crept the few yards down to the bathroom, opened and then carefully closed the door behind me, before turning on the light and then shaking my head as I looked at myself in the mirror. How the hell had we got to this? A half an hour ago I was finishing off clearing up the mess, and then had spent the rest of the time since, kissing my mother, running my thumbs across her nipples, and was then in the bedroom as she and Dad had had sex. At the same time as they were having their sex, I masturbated onto their bedroom carpet. The potential for disasters to have happened every step of the way cannot be overestimated. To say that the shit would have hit the fan was the understatement of the year.

Standing there the events of the evening ran through my mind like a video loop. As they did, I started to smile at my reflection, how many boys had wanted to do what I'd just done, and it'd never happened for them? But here I was, I'd done it and got away with it. At least as long as the stain on the bedroom carpet didn't come back to bite me on the bum, as that would be impossible to explain. The face in the mirror smiled back at me, we were both proud of ourselves. I felt as though I'd got one over on Richard The Turd.

A lot of my emotions were pure relief, but as I reprised the evenings events, a new emotion made its impact on my body...lust. The memory of the sounds of my mothers coming, was replayed continuously in my mind. Before I knew it, my hand had again taken control, removing my cock from my briefs. I walked to the sink, looked again at myself in the mirror, and in no time at all was shooting another load into the bowl. As I did, I imagined the plug hole to be my mother's mouth, and tried to get as many of the spurts as possible to go directly into it.

As the force lessened, the spurt became a dribble and finally stopped. I then used my finger to push the rest of it down the sinks side so that all of it finished

up in her 'mouth.' By this time my legs were shaking, and I was starting to feel bad about the thoughts that I was having about my mother. I wasn't worried about the disrespect to my father, but Mum was a special lady, that I'd always respected, and taken care of.

Making sure that there were no tell tale residues left behind, I walked to my room, got into bed, and tried to sleep. It was impossible, as the video loop of my mother coming under my father kept replaying over and over in my mind. So that after another hour and a half, my sock replaced the plug hole as the proxy for my mothers mouth.

When I caught my breath, I opened my door and listened but there were no noise coming from their room, Dad was most likely passed out again, but I was sure that Mum wasn't asleep. I was so aware of her lying there, thinking about me, and what we'd done tonight. I was sure that she knew that I was in the room when they'd had sex. I hoped that my semen on the carpet would be dried by the morning, as that would take a bit of explaining. I found it really difficult to get to sleep, as the memory of her lips on mine, acting as adrenalin, kept me awake.

I went to sleep eventually and when I awoke the next morning there was silence in the house, I looked at the clock, eleven a.m. and the first thought that I had was the memory of kissing my mother, surprise, surprise I had an erection, which had to be taken care of before anything else. It wasn't rare for me to have an erection first thing in the morning, but somehow this was different.

The memories of the previous night were so very strong and real that I could still feel the softness of her lips against mine, the warmth of her breath on my face, and the hardness of her nipples under my thumbs. All of these formed the basis of my morning fantasy.

I lay there thinking, and after a while one thing in particular came back to me every time. It was when Mum had said it'd been a long time since anyone had eaten her Big Mac, After hearing how he'd just stuck his dick into her, it

was obvious what she meant by that. I guessed that as she seemed to be always ready, he probably thought that he didn't need to waste too much time on her with foreplay. My time with Jane had however taught me that as a woman got older she needed more foreplay, not only for the stimulation, but also so that she could feel still loved. It was the interaction and the contact, the giving and the sharing of love more than a sexual thing. All that sex needed was a stiff dick, Dad obviously had that, but seemed to have forgotten the rest of what love making was all about.

Just after midday Mum and Dad came down, he entered the kitchen first, "morning," I said in my best cheerful voice, "how's the birthday boy today?"

"Shit," was the answer. It also described how he looked, years of drunken weekends were taking their toll on him.

"What's the matter Daddy, didn't you sleep well?"

He just grunted at me.

"You haven't been eating carpet again have you?"

"Fuck you," he snarled, giving me the finger.

"Rich, you know I don't like that language," and she punched him in the shoulder to emphasis the point.

"Yeah whatever, just get me a coffee."

"Of course dear," she said sweetly, and then sarcastically added, "but only because you said please so nicely."

All of that was totally lost on him, "Whatever," was his response as he fell into a chair, and to put the exclamation point to his being uncouth, he sat there scratching his balls.

For the first time Mum's eyes met mine, she looked embarrassed. Was it because of our kisses, my playing with her breasts, because she knew that I was in the room as they'd had sex, or because Dad was being an arsehole again this morning?

When I thought about it, she probably had a bit to be embarrassed about.

Walking behind Mum to help make the coffee I ran my hand down her hip, she looked at me. I gave her my best smile, to which she gave me a strained, somewhat embarrassed look, and pushed my hand away. She looked as ragged as he did. I guessed that she'd had less sleep than anyone.

I cast my eyes at Dad who was just staring out of the window and said very softly, "you ok?"

She nodded, and then after also looking at him said, "you saw didn't you?"

I shrugged and nodded, "yes, I saw you and Dad."

Tears filled her eyes and she turned away embarrassed.

Taking her arm to turn her around, and before I'd had time to think about it said, "I wish it'd been me."

Fortunately Dad wasn't looking at us as she punched me hard in the arm, there were more tears in her eyes now, and she was visibly angry. "Don't ever say that again, the only reason that I gave him sex was because I knew that you hadn't had time to get out of the room, and if he started an argument or turned on the light he would've seen you."

I looked at Dad and he seemed to have fallen asleep so it was ok to continue this conversation. "Do you mean to tell me that you went off like that when you didn't actually feel like it, he almost raped you, and you still came?"

Despite the anger in her she looked a bit sheepish, shrugged and moved away to turn on the kettle.

As soon as she was out of striking distance I said, "even more so now I wish it'd been me with you."

In a flash she was back to being angry, her eyes blazed at me as she mouthed, "NO, stop it."

Grinning I blew her a kiss, she ignored it turning away as Dad called out, "Mary, what's happening with that coffee?"

"It's coming, be patient."

When she brought it to him, I was deliberately standing in the way, so she pushed me roughly to get through, I thought that she was pissed at me, but when she came back I could see her face and she had the start of a smile on it. She couldn't stay mad at me for long.

Mums are like that.

After we had breakfast, or lunch depending on your point of view, Dad as you'd expect fell asleep in the chair, Mum then decided to do the washing. I, being persistent if nothing else, waited a moment for her to get into the laundry, and then followed her quietly so as not to disturb Dad.

She must have heard me coming and turned to face me, standing for a moment, before saying, "I hope you're going to behave yourself, I don't want any more of last night, thank you."

I put my arms around her waist pulling her to me, "Mum, I can't stop thinking about you, and how your lips felt against mine." She didn't pull away, simply putting her hands on the backs of my shoulders.

"Alex, it's wrong we shouldn't kiss like that darling, even though I had to admit to you that I enjoyed it, and I did, but it's still wrong. So it has to stop, it just has to."

"If I don't kiss you right now Mum, I'm going to explode." My hips were pressed against hers, as I pulled her closer to me, she had to feel my hardness. I looked down at her nipples, "and it looks as if I'm not the only one about to explode."

I got a sheepish grin from her, "damn things, I should have them cut off, they give me away every time." She looked behind me, "what's he doing?"

"Sleeping it off again."

"I thought he might, and if I'm honest, when I came in here, I knew you'd follow me if he did. Ok then kiss me like you did last night, but this is the last time, it really does have to end ...soon."

Her hands were now on the back of my neck, and she used then to pull my head down so she could claim my mouth with hers. Even though the kiss was as soft as she wanted it to be, she'd now become more assertive.

I opened my eyes as we kissed, hers were closed, I pulled back on the pressure slightly, but her mouth followed, again seeking mine, even with her eyes closed I could see the rapture on her face.

The kiss, as always, was just another canoe launched into the slow flowing river, the only things that changed were that instead of her hands being behind my head, her arms had replaced them, so that her body was now fully pressing against mine, and my hands had slipped down from her waist to cup her cheeks.

When she finally surfaced for air, a shudder went through her body, as she pressed herself against me, seemingly trying to get the last drop of emotion from our embrace.

Shaking her head in amazement she said, "I can't believe that my own son could unleash these feelings just by kissing me." Then she realised that I was cupping her cheeks, and moved my hands. "I wish you wouldn't do that, it spoils it."

Quick as a flash, I replied, "if I don't do that again, can I kiss you whenever I want to?"

Mum paused to consider my question and then said, "ok but we'll have to be careful he doesn't see us, it's still not right, but as we're both enjoying it," she shrugged and gave a little wiggle of her body against mine as she hugged me to her. "You'll just have to remember that you're my son, and keep your hands under control."

I nodded agreement, not being as sure as she would have hoped that I actually meant it.

We kissed again, it was obvious that I was on probation, any move towards her good bits, and the deal would have fallen through. It was hard but I was taking a more long term view, as it was obvious that she was actually now the one getting to be the most involved.

When she at last broke away, her eyes were alive, and she whispered, "thank you, that was nice, and you didn't spoil it by groping me."

For the rest of the day nothing much happened, all three of us were feeling a bit second hand, and sat around not doing anything, and then went to bed early.

Dad went up a couple of seconds before Mum, I called out, "goodnight Dad." True to form he just grunted.

Mum stopped at the bottom step and turned to me, as if waiting.

"Goodnight Mum."

"Goodnight Alex," by this time Dad was at the top of the stairs.

Softly I said, "do I get a goodnight kiss tonight, or what?"

She looked up at his retreating back, "I'll be up in a minute Rich, ok?"

He said nothing, just waving his arm at her.

Mum moved back into the kitchen smiling, she had one last look back at Dad to ensure that he was still heading to the bedroom, and then stood about three feet away from me.

"This isn't going to happen every night, but it'll be a nice way to finish the weekend." With that she moved into my arms, whilst putting hers around my neck, so that she could then pull my mouth down to meet hers. Just before our lips met she said softly with her breath again hot on my face, "Kiss me softly, just as you did last night."

It was different kissing her standing up like this, she was giving me a full body press as she had in the laundry, her breasts and her hips pushing hard into me. Just as I could feel her breasts and her mound, she must have been able to feel my erection.

We kissed for two, maybe three minutes, all the time soft and sensual, again she was the one whose tongue broke through our lips, it was just inquisitive, looking around seeing what it may find. A small noise started again in her throat, as before. When I thought how Dad had just stuck his prick into her, I could understand why she found our way to be more enjoyable, and wondered how she'd respond if I could get her alone. For the first time, this became a part of my thinking.

I was prepared to stay like this until morning, but she had to go to bed with Dad. So eventually she pulled back slightly, and giving a big sigh, she put her head onto my chest saying, "I don't think that your dad has ever kissed me like that." As she turned away I said, "I don't want you to go to him."

Mum walked to the stairs, turning around with tears in her eyes, and in a soft voice said, "neither do I." She looked down at my erection and with that cheeky grin of hers added, "did you have one of those to take care of last night?""

I nodded. "two of them actually."

Her face brightened, she moved back a couple of feet towards me saying, "Two, that's pretty good. I had something to take card of as well after he went to sleep. Knowing that my son was watching us was such a turn on for me, I think that helped me to come with him. What he did just wasn't enough for me, I was just on fire like I haven't been for years." She then turned and disappeared from view, I moved to stand at the bottom of the stairs looking up at her, she stopped at the top and looked back smiling.

I made as if I was trying to look up her skirt, she smiled more broadly at that, and then as she turned to walk away stopped, raised her skirt well above her waist and walked on. It was clear that she wasn't wearing much, if anything at all underneath. Just before she moved completely out of my view, she turned around and blew me a kiss.

For the next two days, whenever we were able, we found the time to be together and would kiss passionately, often in the most romantic places, such as the garage, the basement, the laundry, and of course my personal favourite, the garden shed. I didn't know that fertiliser was an aphrodisiac, it must be as the two times that we were in there together, I came out with an erection.

Every time that we were alone, our eyes would lock, and we'd move together. No words needed to be spoken, it was all in the eyes, a quick glance around to make sure that we really were alone, and off we'd go. Mum was obviously getting aroused, but what really pissed me off was that as soon as I tried to touch something that I shouldn't, she'd move away, say no, and them want to come back into my arms and start the process again.

The only time I'd got away with anything had been the night of Dads party, when I got to play with her nipples for a while, then again in her bed before she made me stop, and of course when my hand cupped her cheeks in the laundry. At these times of course she'd no realisation of what I was doing to her, until we'd stopped kissing.

Oh and did I mention that I had a lot of erections.

Several times after we'd kissed, Mum tried to find out who the older woman was that I was seeing, she tried really hard but I refused to tell her. I was still unsure how she'd react about my getting involved with a married woman with a husband who was away for a year, even if Jane had told me that her husband was cool with it.

On Tuesday night Mum was reading the local community paper when she said, "damn, The Wolf Of Wall Street's finishing tomorrow night and I wanted to see it, will you take me please Rich?"

"No," he said without even looking at her. "It'll be on cable in a couple of weeks, why do I pay fifty bucks a month for that and we still go to the movies? It's just a waste of time and money, besides, I want to watch the wrestling, sport, that's what we have cable for."

"Please, you know that I like the cinema, I like the big screen and the surround sound, it's so much more exciting."

He didn't even look at her, "NO."

She turned to me and said, "Alex would you be a darling and take your old Mum to the movies tomorrow night please?" She had her back to him so he couldn't see the great big grin on her face. It was like looking at a Cheshire cat, she'd set him up beautifully, and he'd fallen for it.

"Dunno, do you think I should Dad?"

He didn't look up as he grunted, "It's up to you, just don't wake me up when you come home."

"Ok, we'll make sure to be quiet."

Mum blew me a small kiss.

The next night it was hard to know how to dress, I wanted to look good for Mum, but didn't want to overdo it. However when I thought about it, I knew that she would present herself well, and thought that I should also, and if Dad was true to form, he most likely wouldn't even notice.

It's a lot easier for men, we just put on nice pair of slacks, a clean shirt, clean shoes, and we're set. But women have to have everything just right, and just right she was. She wore a simple green Thai Silk dress, it wasn't new, we'd seen it before, but it was special. It had about a dozen small buttons all the way up from the bottom to the top, a fairly low neckline, short sleeves, and a belt at the waist. It stopped an inch above her knees. The one thing that it did do was to emphasis her three best features, her breasts, her legs and her rear end, she looked sensational. I'd taken a bit of care, but compared to Mum, I looked like a workman just home from the factory.

As I saw her my jaw dropped and I hoped that she didn't hear the soft, "fuck!!" that escaped my lips. I wondered if she'd overdressed as when he saw her, Dads head turned round for a second look, before going back to watch the wrestling. By the time we'd said our goodbyes, he would have forgotten about us.

I was in a dream, when we got to the car in the garage, I looked at her in awe. I opened my mouth but no words came out, and then without engaging my brain, my mouth let out softly, "fuck you're hot."

Normally she would have voiced her disapproval of the language, but the only sign of that, was as she slightly screwed up her mouth, however the light in her eyes showed that she took it for the spontaneous complement that it was. I drove, we took her car, as it was clean, mine never was. We drove mostly in silence, there didn't seem any need for words. Before we'd got too far down the street, she without looking at me, placed her hand softly over mine, and left it there until we'd arrived and I'd turned off the engine. We parked in a quiet side street near the theatre, and as the engine died she looked at me in the dark saying in her softest voice, "is this a date, is this our first date?"

My heart was pounding and I already had the start of an erection as I looked at her, leaning across and just before kissing her softly, said, "yes and you're the most beautiful date that I've ever had, first or otherwise."

As we were early for the theatre, the kiss, like all of our kisses, just drifted on and on, as if we were a million miles from anywhere, and in no hurry to be anywhere else. When we broke apart, and looking at me with tears in her eyes and her voice cracking with emotion she said, "no one has ever kissed me like that, no one ever."

We paused for a moment so that she could dab her eyes and fix her lips, and then until we got out into the lights we walked holding hands.

The theatre was almost empty, there were only three other people in as this was the last night, so we sat as far away from them as we could. When the lights went down Mum leaned against me. I took it as a sign that she wanted my arm around her. As I pulled her towards me, it was too easy for me to place my hand softly onto her breast, she gave me an exasperated look, then moved it to her shoulder. But I wasn't happy about that and moved it down to her hip, which I rubbed softly several times, then saying, "what beautiful material."

"Thank you," as she placed her hand over mine, was it affection, or was it to stop me again touching something that I shouldn't?

Soon we settled down into what was a more comfortable position for both of us, with Mums head on my shoulder, her arm across me, and her forehead just under my ear. This seemed to leave my hand now with complete freedom to roam wherever it wanted to.

I started by running the tips of my fingers lightly over her arm, her shoulder, and then her throat, until it came to rest casually on the top of her chest, with the tips of my fingers just burrowing slightly into her soft cleavage. She said nothing, but she did rub her forehead against my jaw, before lifting her face and kissing me under my ear, then moving back to focus on the film.

Naturally my hand slid down to cup her breast, my fingers seeking out her nipple, it was already thick and hard. The change to her breathing told me that she was getting pleasure from it, Mum was also pressing her forehead into the space under my jaw.

We were only a few minutes into the film and she'd now abandoned all pretence of watching it, and had her face hard against my neck, kissing all the way from my jaw to the hairline behind my ear. Her hot breath and mouth on my neck made me think that we were getting a bit too far down the track for a mother and son in the cinema, so I pulled away slightly.

"What's wrong?"

"We're going to get arrested."

"Then take your hand off my breast."

My response was to press her nipple harder between my thumb and forefinger, the pain caused her to bite her bottom lip, but she didn't say stop. Her eyes sparkled with fire, and we then kissed, just a short one, not at all like one of our standard five minute 'canoe in the river' kisses. The film by now being largely ignored and forgotten. As was now the routine, her bottom lip

seemed to have found its place between my teeth. She seemed to like having her lip bitten and stretched away from her, until it would stretch no more, and spring back into place. Sometimes I bit her slightly too hard, and she'd draw in her breath, but never told me to stop.

I of course was watching to see if anyone had noticed what we were up to, as best as I could tell, no one had to that point, Mum just didn't seem to care.

As the kiss ended, Mum put her mouth back against my throat and went back to nibbling my skin. I made several unsuccessful attempts to slide my hand inside her bra, but she was sitting twisted which made it firmer against her skin. So that the best that I could do was to get two fingers in far enough to capture her nipple, but that was all.

She ignored my struggles and continued to kiss my neck, then after a short time got up. My heart sank I thought that she'd had enough because I'd pushed her too far.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I need the bathroom."

I wasn't interested in the stupid film, and waited impatiently for Mums return. She slid back easily into my arms, my hand rested for a moment on her chest, but something was different. Moving downwards inch by inch, it slid very easily further into her dress, and cupped her now naked breast. She'd removed her bra, and her entire beautiful, naked breast was mine to enjoy.

It was warm and firm to my touch, I couldn't fit it all in my hand, so I compromised by cupping as much as I could, to be then able to run my thumb across her nipple with ease. Both her nipple and I enjoyed that arrangement.

Looking up at me, she smiled the look of love that only a mother could have for her son, saying, "I hope I don't regret that."

"You won't," I replied continuing to cup her breast in my palm, and then squeezing her nipple softly between my thumb, and the base of my index finger. "Nice?"

With a look of ecstasy on her face, and half hooded eyes she bit her bottom lip, and nodded, "Very."

"Then you're not regretting it?"

She shook her head, "not yet at least," and went back to kissing my neck. So that was the way we watched the rest of the movie, with Mum sometimes having to bite her lip to stop everyone in the theatre from knowing how much she was enjoying her son massaging her breast and nipple.

The only time we changed anything was when Leonardo De Caprio's character, kissed Joanna Lumley's character, when we showed them both how a kiss should really be. I read in a magazine that they'd needed about thirty takes before these two big time stars got it right. They should've used Mum and I, we got it spot on first time, every time.

We just continued to kiss and cuddle from there on, she kissed my neck and I of course played with her beautiful naked breast, or at least as much of it as I could get into my hand.

As soon as the final music started we moved quickly from the cinema, not stopping in the foyer in case someone who'd seen what we were doing inside recognised us. When we reached the dark, we again held hands all

the way to the car, and of course as soon as the doors closed behind us, we were kissing again, with my hand instantly onto her breast.

Mum pulled away saying, "we're going to have to pull back a little from now on, if we don't it'll go too far and your Dad'll work out what's happening, ok?"

She was right of course but that was something that I didn't want to hear.

"Do we have to?"

"Yes of course we do, it's gone too far tonight really," and as she softly stroked the side of my face, added, "but I've enjoyed myself more than I have in years."

"Maybe we can do it again soon."

Still stroking my face she said, "I think that'd be nice, let's start to talk about it in front of him and see what he says, now let's go as we all have work tomorrow."

Mum again put her hand on top of mine all the way home, only removing it when the car had completely stopped in the garage. She said, "better not kiss me here until we know if he's still up or not." I was disappointed, but had to agree, it made sense, even though sense wasn't something that I was too interested in at the time.

We moved quietly to the bottom of the stairs from where we could hear him in bed softly snoring. I put both my arms around her and cupped her breasts, but she pulled away saying, "oh I've left my purse under the front seat, it's got my make up in it and I'll need it in the morning, would you be a love and get it for me please?"

"Do you really need it now?"

"No, not now, but I will in the morning, please be a darling and get it for me."

"Ok wait here, I'll be right back."

Not really seeing why she needed it right now, I went to the car, and then returned. When I did she wasn't there, but neatly folded over the back of a chair was the green Thai Silk dress, with her underwear on the top.

Grabbing them I ran to the bottom of the stairs.

She was standing naked at the top. Christ she looked sensational in the light from below. She smiled and held her hands out from her body with her palms facing to me as if saying, "you like?" Her big black nipples and thick bush of pubic hair stood out in the half light.

For the second time tonight an involuntary, "fuck!!" escaped my lips, but she was too far away to hear, thankfully.

I started to climb the stairs, but she shook her head, gave me a firm, "NO," before gliding silently to the door of their room, pausing only to look at me briefly, before closing it a few seconds before I arrived.

I put my mouth against the door, I knew she was leaning against it and could hear me as I whispered, "please open the door Mum, please open the door for me."

There was silence.

I asked her again to open the door, but there was still no response, the only sound was that of my father snoring. It was obvious that our night was over and that I'd no options other than to lock up and go to bed, unfortunately alone. Going back down stairs, and standing there my mind in a whirl, I looked forlornly at her clothes in my hand, before eventually turning off the lights and climbing the stairs again.

Stopping silently at their door and listening intently, I was soon able to hear those unmistakable sounds of sex. To stand there and have to listen to Dad taking her brought tears to my eyes. It hurt me to think that after the night we'd just had, to be as we'd been, to have Mum give me access to her breasts as she had. And when she'd been home less than five minutes, she could be in bed with Dad screwing her.

Yes screwing her, because that was all that he did, just stick his dick into her, dump his load, turn over and go to sleep. No one could think of that as love making. The fact that I thought that I heard her come for him, was totally down to her being always ready, it'd nothing at all to do with him, or indeed love.

It was now clear, that the role that I played in her life was as a warm up man, getting her ready for him, I was the foreplay that she desperately needed, and he wouldn't, or couldn't be bothered giving to her.

I put her clothes on the floor, got undressed, and then standing in the passage with my back against the opposite wall, I masturbated, firing my seed across the hall, hitting the door, and leaving a snails trail from it to me. There was no love from me to her in that, in fact my feelings were as far from love as I could get.

When I got to my room my legs were shaking, and I was really angry, I felt such a fool, I'd held her hand, I'd kissed her and held her in my arms, so that

all she'd got from me was affection. I'd given her a whole evening of true love.

And what was my reward? Absolutely nothing at all, perhaps you might regard removing her bra and letting me touch her breasts as a reward, but you'd be more realistic if you accepted, that this was just a way for her to become more aroused for my father to get the benefit of. The only person who'd got rewarded was Dad, the man who was totally ignoring her emotional needs, he was just, not to put too fine a point on it, simply fucking her.

Sitting there too emotional to go to sleep, I examined her clothing, sinking my nose into the back of her dress were she'd sat down. Her scent was so strong, had she been so stimulated that she'd left the dress for me, knowing that I'd do this, and know how turned on she was? If there were any doubts about her state of arousal her briefs dispelled it, with the thick coating of slime lying there. I ran my finger through it, it attached itself to me like glue, to leave this for me to find was like sticking a knife into my gut, it let me know just how turned on she was, and what it was that I'd missed out on.

Unable to help myself, I greedily licked it off my finger, replaced it with more, licked that off also, only to repeat the exercise for a third time. Before then burying my nose as deeply into her briefs as I could, breathing in her overpoweringly, heady aroma. Her deposit stuck to my face and hands.

Standing there naked with her underwear in my hand, and an erection, it was inevitable that I was going to fire off another load, which I did, to be honest more in anger than lust, choosing to use one of the cups of her bra. I didn't use her briefs as you can only do that once, and then all they smell of is you, they then become worthless for my purpose.

Just as on Saturday night after the party, I couldn't sleep, I kept running over the evening in my mind, and so at just after twelve thirty, I fired another load of my best issue into the second bra cup, again as much in anger as anything else. It never occurred to me that she hadn't expected me to use her

underwear for this, what else could she have had in mind, but was this my consolation prize?

Somewhere after that point, I resolved that if I was the one getting my Mother hot, then I needed to get some reward for effort. That I'd put aside my anger, and set about the process of having her, and damn the consequences.

The next morning, I of course woke up with an erection and this time her briefs were the recipient of that load. In the shower I said to myself, "For a young man who has a red hot forty six year old women, who's husband's out of the country, and is hot to trot, you're jerking off far too much. You need to go and see Jane real soon." I resolved to call her later that day.

It was hard to get a moment alone with Mum when we were having breakfast, as we were all running around with the organised confusion that was our normal morning rush. Dad also always seemed to be in the way, so other than a few moments of eye contact, and a couple of grins, we were unable to really communicate. Except when she said in an aside, "did you like your present?"

"I'd have liked it better if you hadn't gone and closed the door."

She didn't notice that there was sharpness in my voice.

"Just can't happen," she said shaking her head, and as she filled up with tears, her voice dropped down very low, "you know, THAT, just cannot happen."

"Mum, we both want it."

"No, I don't, no it just can't," and as she walked away, turned back to look at me from about ten feet away, "you know that it just can't, don't you?"

I nodded, mouthing, "yes it can," but before I could pursue the matter further, she'd left to go to work. I'd consciously decided to ignore my anger, and keep on with my attempts to make sure that, THAT, did happen. Prior to the last weekend, I would have laughed if anyone had told me that I'd have set my sights on my own mother, but here I was with her dominating my entire time and thoughts.

Talking aloud to myself I said, "The good news is, as least I'm getting her sexy, all that I have to do is find a way to replace my father between her legs." As soon as those words left my mouth, I regretted them, it was very uncouth, the sort of thing that my Father himself would've said. As my mother, she deserved better than that from me. But what it did do, was to show me that the hurt I felt by her having sex with Dad after we'd been together as we had, was very real, and still in me.

What hurt the most was that I'd committed to her more quickly than I would normally have done with a new woman. I'd committed to her totally, and of course forgotten the small matter of her having a husband, who coincidently was my father. No matter how much better our kissing was, no matter how horny she got with me, she was still my Fathers wife.

During the day I got a call from Jane, wanting to know why I hadn't been around to see her. I told her that there was a bit on at work, but that I was going to call on the way home. The best thing about an older married woman was that there was no beating around the bush, no bullshit, it was straight to the point, and the point was...sex.

I called Jane first and then left work at two p.m. telling the boss that I had to buy a birthday present for my niece, and had some other stuff to take care of. He was cool with that as he knew that I'd make up the time without him having to worry too much about it. As long as the job got done, he didn't worry about too much.

I went straight to Jane's house, knocked on the door which opened immediately, but there was no one there. This was common practice, I walked in, the door shut behind me, and there standing behind it wearing nothing but a smile, was Jane.

We kissed each other from one end of our bodies to the other over the next two and a half hours. The sex, as usual, was outstanding, and again as usual, when I left her we were both wrecked, but something this time was different, something was not quite right.

I'd kept thinking of Mum all of the time that I'd been with Jane, I was still angry at her for screwing Dad, and used that to justify my being there with Jane, when I was showing signs of having feelings about my Mother. As I drove home, I couldn't get Mum out of my mind, I felt as though I'd been unfaithful to her. The more I thought about it of course, the more that I realised, and had to accept as fact, that she was married to Dad. And as such they had every right to screw each other stupid every night if they wanted to, and if the sex wasn't as good as she wanted, that was then her problem.

Anyway she seemed to have put up with it for a few years now, and was quite used to letting him do her, and then flying sole afterwards. It seemed so very wrong that when Mum was as hot as she was, she was still happy to accept second best from him. What I couldn't and wouldn't accept was that I'd been the one who got her horny for him, and he'd got the benefit of that, not me.

That night Mum and I were able to speak more as I helped with the dishes; she looked over her shoulder at Dad in the lounge room saying, "can I have my dress back please?"

"Of course...eventually."

"Did you wear it?"

"No, that thought never even entered my head."

"Can I have my underwear back too?" This, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"But do you really want them back?" I returned the twinkle.

"I don't know, you tell me, do I really want them back?" The twinkle was totally evil now.

"Not really, you can't, anyway I'll need them again tonight."

Dad then came and sat in the kitchen to read the paper, so that stopped any more banter between us, and when we'd finished the dishes and went into the lounge room, he again followed, and so that killed any chance of quality time alone together.

Mum had tried so hard to get me to tell her who the older woman was that I was seeing, and by this time I was almost ready to tell her. She'd been at me everyday, in fact I thought that she was making herself available for me to kiss her at times, so that she could then push me harder to find out Jane's name.

I looked forward to the next day, Friday, as that was Mum's day off, and I started late at work, so we'd have some time alone together, hopefully quality time. Unfortunately Dad stayed home doing paperwork before going to his normal Friday afternoon meeting at the office, and he only left a minute or so before I had to.

Mum said, "I thought he'd never go," as she melted into my arms. We kissed for as long as we could, our kisses had progressively developed a little more

urgency, and her tongue came across immediately every time. She was in fact taking that more assertive role, we weren't kissing in the way that I thought that Dad kissed her, like eating a Big Mac. She was however being somewhat more forceful than before. Eventually, of course I had to go to work. We just kissed right up to the last moment and I ran out of the house so fast, that I almost took her tongue with me. I absolutely had to be at work by ten thirty, without fail, particularly as I'd cut out early yesterday. At least she never asked for Jane's name this time, she never had the time to.

Mum rang me during the day to say that they were going out that night and also the next night, Saturday, this was cool with me as I played basketball Fridays, and was going to a friends thirtieth birthday the next night.

When I awoke on Saturday morning, it was later than normal, almost eight o clock. Mum and Dad both normally had things to do on Saturdays which required then to be out early. I just accepted that they'd changed their plans and I got up to shower.

After a few minutes the water pressure dropped sharply, and I knew that someone had gone into the other shower. I'd got out and started to dry myself when there was a knock on the door. After wrapping the towel round me I opened it to see Mum there, she said, "can I come in this shower please, we've slept in, Dad woke first and went into our shower knowing full well that I've got to be out before he does?"

"He's an arsehole," I said, and then added, "of course, you go through," stepping aside, and then pulling the door closed behind me.

Mum didn't argue the point of him being an arsehole, so we at least agreed on that.

I walked away three or four steps before realising that I hadn't closed the door fully, and the fan in the room had caused the door to open slowly inwards. Giving in to temptation I went back to look at Mum in the shower, the glass had misted over, so I could only make out her shape.

Not wanting to get caught by Dad, I went to their room, made sure that he was still in the shower, and then went back and stood in the doorway watching her bathe. I could only see her outline, but when she turned into the right direction, I could make out the dark patches created by her nipples and pubic hair. Those beautiful thick, black nipples that I'd held between my fingers in the cinema, and the pubic hair that I so badly wanted to touch.

After some twenty seconds or so she stopped moving, and I knew that she'd seen me standing there, she waited, immobile for several seconds, and then reaching up, redirected the shower head onto the door.

There she was in all her glory, naked, totally naked, the view was a little vague as the water ran down the glass, but what I saw was enough to capture my attention totally.

We both stood there looking at each other, before my instincts took over and I was drawn into the bathroom, moving forward propelled by an invisible force, I opened the shower door and there she was. Her expression was one of fear, the water running down her body in rivers made some of her skin very red, and other parts not so.

My eyes ran over her entire body, her breasts hanging down a little seemed larger than I expected them to be, her nipples also bigger than expected. Her pubic hair, totally wet and matted, clung to her thighs. It looked blacker than I'd expected, but being wet, had lost it's thickness, and with it the ability to conceal. Even from above I could see that her lips were hanging down and visibly apart.

We stood, looking at each other, my erection pushing out the front of my towel showed how aroused I was. Mum was licking her lips and blinking her eyes nervously, she was also running her hands up and down her hips. Added to that her rampant nipples and opened lips, gave an indication that I wasn't the only one aroused.

Still we stood without speaking staring at each other, when my hand with a mind of it's own, reaching out cupped her breast. Her eyes opened wide, and her nostrils flared, as feelings ran through her body.

Her breast was warm and wet, as you'd expect in the shower, but the feelings were more than just that. There was something quite different, that I can't describe in words, it was a level of emotion that I've never even imagined was possible.

The hand still being taking directions from outside forces, after paying homage to the nipple once again, slowly moved down her stomach, over her navel and started on it's final journey, Cupping as it passed the small tummy caused by my birth, then running under it, until I could feel her pubic hair. The water on her body made it soft and slick, and so without even a moment's hesitation my hand slid between her legs, to cup her opening.

As Mum's breath drew sharply in, a look of panic took over her face, it was obvious that she wasn't in control any more than I was. I stood there for perhaps five seconds cupping her in my hand, before slowly raising my middle finger, which encountered no resistance at all, the shower wasn't the only thing that was making her wet, it helped, but wasn't really necessary.

As soon as it entered her, my finger slid upwards along the front of her cavern, looking for her G Spot, slowly and sensually it slid up and back, up and back, up and back several times. Mum had her eyes closed and was trembling. She moved her hand down to cover mine, but made no attempt to remove it from her.

I was now racked with indecision as to where this was going, I had her mound in my hand and my finger inside stimulating her. Mum had her hand covering mine as if to keep my finger inside, and then in an unconscious move, turned to face me more front on. She then put her other hand on my shoulder to

steady herself. Her eyes opened momentarily to meet mine, before closing again, as her head dropped down onto her chest.

The spell that was being cast over her was broken by a sudden increase in the water pressure from the shower, she didn't realise for an instant, but when she did, knew that Dad had finished his shower and turned off the water. I stepped back sharply from her, as I did, my towel dropped to the ground.

My eyes went to hers but she was looking down at me, she drew in her breath, and a small sound came from her throat. Then her eyes reluctantly came up to meet mine, but she wasn't able to hold my view, and they again dropped down, this time staying there.

"I have to go Mum, I really do have to."

Without raising her eyes she nodded. Holding the towel in my hand, I closed the shower door and walked into the hall pulling the door behind me. Not wanting the moment to end, I walked to their bedroom and listened, the shower fan was still going telling me that he was still in there, probably drying himself.

Fortified by that information, I walked back, opened the door, and stood there again looking at Mum. She'd dropped down onto her knees, had her left hand on the wall to steady herself, and her right hand was between her legs as she gave herself relief. The noise that she made was far in excess of what she'd made with Dad either time. Without stopping, she slid seamlessly into a second orgasm, before raising her eyes to lock with mine. She knelt there, making was no attempt to hide what it was that she was doing, she'd had to get herself off, and I'd caused her to have to do that.

Our relationship had moved through another frontier, and I wasn't sure that either of us were now in control of it, it'd assumed a life of its own, and who knew were it would take us?

By this time, the shower had fogged up again, and my Mother was just a vague outline, so I went to my room, locked the door, and engaged in a bout of high level self abuse for the next hour. By the time I came out, both Mum and Dad had left.

We didn't see each other for the rest of the day, as we were both out and about, but the events of the morning kept running through my mind again and again. Mum rang at six thirty to say that they were leaving to meet up with friends. At the same time she asked when I'd be home from the thirtieth. I told her that I had to be home by one a.m. as I was playing golf at ten thirty next morning. She seemed satisfied with that, said have a good night and hung up. There was no mention of this morning, maybe Dad was there.

Right on one a.m. I pulled into the garage, and was surprised to see that their car was already there. This must have been the first time ever that Dad had got home from anywhere by one, he was hard core where a party was concerned.

Quietly I moved past their room which was in total darkness, and went into the shower. I wondered if they were all right as they'd obviously been home for some time, and were now asleep.

After the shower, I wrapped the towel around me and went to my room. As I started to dry myself, I heard a noise behind me and turned around to see my mother standing there.

My mouth dropped, she looked so beautiful, she'd obviously taken a lot of time to present herself, was it for me? I hoped so.

Her make up was spot on, her hair the same, and she was wearing the most gorgeous Jade Green nightgown. When the light shone from the right quarter, it was totally transparent, everything was visible. But when she

moved and the light came from another angle, the only things which were noticeable were the dark patches that were her nipples and pubic hair. It was far more arousing to see her like that than if she'd been totally naked.

I was stunned, I just stood there staring, my heart was hammering away, and I was totally unable to speak. I stared at her breasts with those big brown nipples, were they the best nipples I'd ever seen? I thought they just might have been.

Speechless, I sort of waved a hand at her, and then managed a vague, "the nightdress."

"Like it?"

I was only capable of nodding.

"I bought it for you this morning."

Again all I could manage was to nod, and then a feeble, "nice, thank you."

Our eyes met, "I like what you're wearing too."

I was of course naked and my erection there for her to see, she moved towards me, took it in her hand and said, "it feels nice, just as nice as I thought it would. It's been a few years since I've seen it, now this is the second time today, but it's been worth the wait."

As she'd moved, her gown had flowed along behind her; she looked regal and majestic. Her eyes were sparkling, she glowed from head to foot, and had an aura about her that I'd never seen in any woman before.

Still holding me in her hand she pressed her body against mine, and then releasing my cock, put both her arms around my neck, saying, "do you realise it's sixteen hours since we've been together, I hope you've missed me as much as I've missed you."

As we kissed her hips pressed my erection hard between us, her breasts felt hard and heavy against me, and her nipples bored into me like drills.

I was used to kissing her for long periods, but there was something worrying me and so I broke the kiss. She stepped back looking concerned, "is there something wrong, don't you want to kiss me?"

"Of course I want to kiss you, it's just that, well, what about Dad?"

"He's got too drunk to even walk so he's sleeping it off at Dave and Rebecca's house, Dave'll bring him home at eleven, on his way to the football."

"How did that happen, I thought he behaved himself with his work crowd?"

She dropped her head and looking at me from under her eyebrows, with the most angelic look on her face saying, "it wasn't easy, I had to keep topping up his glass all the time when he wasn't looking. Then just to make sure, I poured myself a triple brandy and left it within his reach, he saw it there when his glass was finally empty, took it and drained it in two swigs."

Mum then moved back so that her body was again pressing against mine, "now are we going to stand here talking about him all night, or do you want to kiss me."

I of course wanted to kiss her, and of course she gave as good as she got. Eventually, a little more urgency came into play as my hands roamed her body. For the first time ever she didn't move away, remove my hands, or say no. Mums hands were doing a little roaming of their own too.

She was now as ready to couple as I was.

She stood back, "do you want to take my nightgown off?"

"It seems a shame, sometimes it's transparent, and you're on show, and then it's not and I've got to use my imagination. You look so beautiful in it, and you'll be just as beautiful out of it."

I reached out, put one finger under the strap on her right shoulder, and then very slowly pushed it until it was hanging down, no longer doing its job. My attention went to the other strap and even slower than before, I pushed that until finally it was freed also, and the nightgown, the beautiful Jade Green nightdress, slid down like a parachute pooling at her feet. For the entirety of this exercise, our eyes were locked.

Stepping back, my eyes took all of her in.

"Fuck, you're beautiful."

Tears filled her eyes, "you're not just saying that, you do mean it don't you."

I was back to only being able to nod my agreement with her.

Both now naked, we came together again, holding each other tightly, there was no reason to kiss, no reason to touch anything other than the others back

and shoulders. Communication by touch alone is one of the very special expressions that lovers alone can use.

Less than half a minute later, we were laying in each others arms, I looked at her. Here she was, with every part of her body mine, to touch, feel, kiss, explore and worship. Her mouth, her breasts, and thighs, all the parts that make a woman just that, a woman, were now mine. My mother was now about to give me the greatest gift, other than life itself, that she could.

There was now no hurry, and so the kisses lasted longer, the hands that slid across both of our bodies carried an extra electrical current that caused shivers to rush throughout our bodies.

I raised myself up to again look at Mum lying there, running my hands across her breast to capture the eager nipples, which were standing up hard and proud for me.

"Alex, would you turn the light off for me please?"

"You don't like to make love in the light?"

"It doesn't bother me mostly, but this is a special occasion, and I want all my senses to be concentrated on you, I don't want anything to distract from what you do to me. It's been a very long time since I've been made love to, and I want to sink totally into you. I want to immerse myself into you, and you into me."

I turned out the light, and then starting at her feet kissed her all the way up to the top of her thighs, giving a lot of attention to the crease at the top of her legs, doing everything other than touching her opening. Mums entire focus was now on my touch, she didn't seem capable of getting involved herself, it'd been so long since someone had worshipped her body that she wanted to abandon herself to the feelings that I'd brought for her. Her moans and

sighs accompanied by shifting her body trying to get my mouth to cover her mound, showed that a release was close.

I proceeded up her stomach to her breast, as I kissed the side of one she moved her body offering her nipple to my mouth. I avoided taking it, but she used her hand on the back of my head with a handful of hair, to force herself into my mouth. The urgency of her calls made me realise that not only was she ready, she was in fact desperate for release.

As I rolled her nipple across my tongue, I slid my hand down, and as soon as I touched her clitoris, her body jerked violently. The hand on my head ground my face into her breast as the electricity slammed into her, attacking her body. It's difficult to distinguish between the sounds of pleasure and pain, the cries and facial expression cannot be separated, they are total.

Her release was completed by aftershocks, and more aftershocks. She needed only a moment to catch her breath, before she was holding my hair again and dragging my face to hers. "If you can do that to me every time, I'm yours forever, but can you do that every time?"

"Of course I can, you know that it's in you already, you only needed the right person to bring it out."

"Your Dad used to do it for me, but now he's more interested in the drink and a quick screw. He knows that I'll come with him, so doesn't bother much about anything other than himself now." There was a catch in her voice, and then she said, "can you do it again, please," as she pushed my mouth down to her waiting breast.

Amazingly she responded as soon as my lips enveloped her nipple, from where they travelled down across her stomach. After spending time kissing the crease at the top of her legs, I said, "did you say something about no one eating your Big Mac for a while."

She lifted her head giggling like a schoolgirl, "I did say that, didn't I, I wondered if you'd picked up on it." Then she fell back with her arms and legs wide apart, offering herself to me totally.

I knew that I was now in control, and took my time with her, using my mouth and fingers to get her almost to the point of release, before easing back. Then starting on her again as softly as I could, then again stopping just short of allowing her release, only to start again, almost letting her get there, and again, and again, and again. Until finally she got to that moment that I'd been waiting for, when she called out loudly, "please let me go, please, I need to come, I need to come now or I'll explode."

I played a game with Jane that she called climax denial, which meant that I wouldn't let her get there until she begged me for release, and this was now what I'd done to Mum.

So the moment came, that we would be bonded together forever when I gave my mother another climax with me. I slipped first one and then two fingers inside her and slowly worked them in and out, working on her G Spot as my other hand massaged her clitoris.

Her orgasm started somewhere deep inside of her and roared out like an express train, spewing out with enormous force. It was like nothing I'd heard before. It wasn't a cry, a call, or a scream, as I'd heard from other women. It was a deep roar, a base sound, a primal call, an utterance more in keeping with an animal in the jungle than a human being. It went on until all the breath was expelled from her lungs with a hard rasping sound. Harshly and noisily she dragged in more air, filling her lungs to the maximum, so that the first explosion was quickly followed by another, a second just as deep and emptying of her lungs, followed by another harsh demand for air which allowed her to climb to the top of the mountain a third time.

Even after I stopped stimulating her she continued to hump and jerk her body as if wired up to an electricity supply, she was incapable of getting back under control.

The noises that she made as she jerked and spasemed in her frenzy were a mixture of words and non words, wild and uninhibited they showed the depths that her emotions had taken her to. The sounds ran on and on and on, until there was no more air left in her lungs, and then there was a quiet, a deathly silence that reverberated around the room.

I was frozen as the sounds expelled from her washed over my body, I still had my fingers inside of her, I moved them, but there was no response from her. I figured that she was spent, that she'd held nothing back, and now had nothing left to give. Then I realised that she wasn't fighting for breath as I'd have thought that she would, in fact she wasn't breathing at all.

I sat up panicking, I could see the tabloid headlines running before my eyes, 'Boy fucks mother to death.'

I turned on the light calling out, "Mum, come back to me, breath for Christ's sake, please come back to me, please," as I shook her violently. Finally and thankfully, she started to drag in deep breaths, six, eight or more before she got herself under control.

"Thank God, I thought I'd killed you, you weren't breathing." She was unable to speak, as she was still not as she should be. "Are you ok now Mum?"

"Huh hu." Still breathing deeply.

Eventually she got herself back to normal, and when she did I looked at her, she was a mess, her eyes were bloodshot, her hair everywhere. Of the carefully applied make up only about a half of it was still on her face, the rest streaked, on her hands and arms, or on my pillow.

I saw a look of fear in her eyes, as she croaked, "what the fuck did you do to me, you took me to a place that I've never been before. Your Dad and I had a pretty good sex life for years, but there was nothing ever like that. This woman of yours must be something out of this world."

I wasn't sure what to say, so I sat there feeling proud of myself, I'd done something for her that Dad had never been able to do.

Again her eyes bored holes into me, and then with all the emotion that her body could muster, spat out, "FUCK!!!"

I was in shock, the worst that I'd ever heard her say was shit, under her breath. I'd ignored the first time that she'd used it but this time was so blatant, that I was shocked.

Smiling broadly she said, "it seems that the first casualty of our new relationship has become the purity of my mouth, but sometimes you need a word to describe your innermost feelings, and fuck just about covers it right now. Actually when I'm with the girls at work we swear worse that the men do, and in my thoughts as well I'm just as bad. I just wanted your Father to respect me, which seems like a lost cause now anyway."

She moved into my arms for a moment, holding me as tightly as she could. Eventually, she raised her head from my chest asking me, "do you want the light off too when you take me?"

"No way, I want it on, I want to make you come again, but this time I want to see your face as you do."

She stroked the side of my face, as I slid down her body only slowing for a brief moment to worship her breasts before continuing over her stomach, in my haste to sample her taste. My brief encounter with her underwear after

the movie night had only wetted my appetite for the real thing, and I wasn't disappointed.

She was coated in a thick layer of mucus, not only her opening, but all around her pubic area, along her thighs, and then running down until it reached the sheet. Her hair was matted and flattened against her stomach and thighs.

For the first time now I allowed myself to fully savour not only the aroma, but the taste of her. Her hand had moved to the back of my head, as she gently stroked my hair.

Jane loved me to eat her, as most women do, and mum was no exception to that. Her hips told a story of their own. She was ready again, after several intense minutes of stimulation.

I was in heaven, like most young men of my age I've used my mouth to stimulate women to the point that most of them had found it enjoyable. But this was different, this was my Mother. I raised my head and took in the most wonderful sight that any boy could possibly see. That sacred place from which I'd entered this world. I drank in the view as I ran my fingers lightly across her lips, before putting both index fingers inside, opening and holding them wide apart.

"Are you looking at me?"

"Yes."

I cannot describe the sound that then came from her mouth, but that, and the handful of hair that she grasped, told the story that she was responsive to my gaze on her.

"Can you kiss me there like you do my mouth?"

"Of course."

As I did, her other hand came to rest on the back of my head, it too grasping my hair. The indescribable noise was now a constant flow as my tongue went to work inside. I tried to pull away as I wanted to work on her clitoris, but she pulled me back down, she was in such a good place that she wanted to stay there as long as possible.

Eventually her grip on me relaxed, and I was able to feel her clitoris under my tongue. I gently licked and sucked it, at the same time as I ran my index finger around and around the inside of her swollen lips. Mum started those moaning sounds of approval, and I knew for certain that she was ready again. When she lifted my head saying, "I want to put you inside of me, I want you to take me, I'm ready for you now." I was also ready for her.

It was now my time.

As I slid up her body, her hand reached down and took hold of my cock, guiding me to where her wetness was waiting for it. As soon as she felt contact with her she let just the tip of it inside, before using the head to rub against the inner lips several time. This was clearly something that she liked, I have to say that it wasn't the worst feeling that I'd had that day either.
"Nice?"

Her soft smile and nodding head was her only answer, before again closing her eyes to fully enjoy the moment.

I felt her pulling me inside, but that wasn't all. As my cock went in, her index finger, which was lying on the top of it entered her along with it. She first slid her finger to the right as far as it would go, so that the tip of it was actually right under my cock, before moving it to the left, again as far as she could, so

that now the tip was touching the very same spot as before, having reached it from the other side. She was circumnavigating my cock with her finger, a way for her to feel me inside of her. Two, three, four times Mum repeated this exercise, before opening her eyes, smiling, and saying, "s'nice too," again closing her eyes, and going back into her own world.

I let her go on with what she clearly enjoyed, when she opened her eyes again saying, "that's something that we used to do back then, and I'd forgotten about it, my young lover has brought back the young lover in me. Now what I want is for you to look directly into my eyes as you come inside me, will you do that for me?"

I nodded as she took her finger out of her and put her hands onto my back, I could feel the wetness of her right hand, as it slid along me.

"Alex, please take me in the way that you kiss me, softly, slowly and gently."

"Ok Mum," as I slowly pressed myself into her I put my elbows either side of her neck just touching her shoulders. I clasped my hands together above her head, forming a halo around her, she looked biblical, even saintly. There's a line from a Beatles song that I like, something about, Mother Mary come for me, at least that's the way I'll remember it forever now.

I wasn't far from coming, and she sensed it, "keep your eyes open for me, I want to see you as you come into me."

I'd only pressed myself into her for a short time when she called out, "eyes."

I'd closed them again.

And then I came, it was hard not to thrust wildly into her, but I was able to hold back for her. The most amazing thing was that with our eyes locked, the emotion flowing between them was stronger than the most hard core sex I'd ever had, because it wasn't sex, it was love. I'd returned to the place where I was born. My journey was now completed, it was a homecoming in every sense of the word.

And what a homecoming queen she was to welcome me, the most warm, wild, wet, wonderful, welcoming responsive women in my life ever. A woman who loved me without question, and would do so forever.

Right at the height of my climax I couldn't stop myself from thrusting harder into her as I finally lost control with my intensity, this was ok with Mum, as she now knew that she'd received my seed, she also knew now that we were completed, just as my journey home was.

Then she came for me. It was intense, not as intense as the last time that I'd made her come was, but her body and cries told me that she'd enjoyed it. The look on her face, the pure ecstasy of coupling with her son meant that she'd enjoyed it totally, she and I were joined and fulfilled.

As we lay together in the silence, that beautiful after sex silence, when you've shared a spiritual bonding with someone that you love more than anyone else in the world. I held her to me, and she, me to her. Mum was shaking with the emotion of the moment. Silence was all that was needed, words would have been an unwelcome intruder resented by both of us.

When she moved her head and our eyes at last met, she looked so serene. I said to her, "you came with me, it seemed all right, but it wasn't as good for you as before, I'm sorry."

"This was your time Alex, you'd done me so completely, like no one else ever has. You needed to receive something from me to be as powerful as what you did for me. It's ok though, if you'd turned out the light and let me focus

totally on what you were doing to me, I probably would have come as hard as before. But then again, I'm not sure that this old body would have been able to take another one like that. It was so very intense, it was a total experience for me." There was so much love in her as she said, "you will do that every time for me, won't you, please?"

I nodded, I was feeling pretty good about myself.

"Now," said Mum, thinking that maybe my guard was down, "who's this woman that's taught you to do these things to me, what's her name?"

I laughed, seeing right through her, "Her name's Jane."

"Jane?"

"Jane Clarke."

"Do I know her?"

"I don't think so, she lives over in the next street."

"Will I meet her?"

"Dunno, maybe at some time, but now I have to ask you something."

"Yes, of course."

"What's brought this on, you know, you and I?"

Mum closed her eyes, contemplating her answer for a moment, then said, "a lot's been happening in my life for a while now. Since I've turned forty I've found it hard to accept my age. Society makes a woman feel as if her life's ended at forty, and yet I don't feel old, even though your Dad keeps telling me that I am. I think he does that because he does feel his age, and he wants to bring my self esteem down. I've found it harder and harder lately to say no when other men hit on me, especially when your fathers idea of sex just isn't what it used to be, and it certainly isn't what mine is anyway."

"Mum, if what I've heard for the last two times that you've had sex is how it's become, you've certainly got something to complain about."

"Two times, you've heard us twice. I knew that you were in the room on Saturday night." She paused thinking, "so then you must have heard us after you and I came back from the cinema?"

"Yes I did, and I need to know why you let him have you that night, for me it spoiled the evening that we'd just had, that was our night, a very special night, and hearing him having you just shattered me, why did you do it with him?"

"Alex, I wanted to make love with you so, so much that night, but I just couldn't bring myself to take that huge step then, so I left you my clothes as a sort of consolation prize. But I hadn't thought it through completely, because of course, when I got into the room, I was naked. I didn't want to wake him up going into my drawers looking for a nightgown, so when I got into bed and he turned into me, he felt that I was naked, and thought that I wanted sex, so how could I explain it away if I didn't let him have me?"

"But you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, I always enjoy it to some extent, but you saw tonight just what I can be with some real love and attention applied to me, didn't you?"

"Yes, there's a bit for me to work with that's for sure."

Mum then looked down, "damn there's a wet spot," and then getting out of bed, started walking towards the door.

"Where're you going?"

"I think that you and I have some unfinished business in the shower from this morning, and then because of that wet spot, we're just forced to have to sleep in my bed." She turned smiling, "but only if that's all right with you?"

"That's cool ma, in fact I think I'll like having you in that bed, even more than in mine."

"I thought you might somehow. Now, when am I going to meet your lady...Jane, right?"

"Yes it's Jane, but why do you want to meet her?"

"Oh I just thought it might be fun, this is the new me, I'm forty four in two months, and I think it's about time I had my mid life crisis, you know try some new things. Look for new horizons, that sort of thing, I'm sure you can understand that. But for now it's time for us to revisit the shower, are you coming lover?"

She stopped as a thought struck her, "Lover, it's got such a ring to it hasn't it? My lover my son, my son my lover, yes a very nice ring to it, if I may say so."

Like every good son, I never argued with my Mum, I just agreed, and of course, my Mother my lover, my lover my Mother, sounded just as good to me.

CHAPTER 2

As I walked behind mum, my eyes fell down to her rear end which looked just as good naked as it did clothed. I couldn't resist reaching forward to cup her right cheek in my hand as she walked. She turned, gave me a spectacular smile, and wiggled her bum in my hand.

When we got to their bathroom, she turned and said, "I need a pee first," then went to sit down, but I grabbed her, "not yet ma."

Her eyes opened wider, "Alex, I need to go, and I need to go now. Darling, when ladies have had babies, they need to pee when they need to pee, not when it suits one of those who've caused the problem in the first place."

"Not yet," I said, holding her arm tightly with one hand and turning on the shower with the other.

"Oh great pal, I need to pee, and you start the water running, I hope you're prepared to mop up the mess that I'm about to make."

I ignored her until the water temperature was right, and then pulled her into the shower, closing the door behind us. Her eyes went wide and a grin dominated her face.

I dropped to my knees and said, "you can let it go now."

"I don't think that I can with you watching me."

"Yes you can, because we're staying here until you do."

It took a while but eventually it got the better of her, and she had to let it go. After a few seconds I spread her thighs wider so that I had a better view of it flowing out, and then slipped first one, and then a second finger inside her. Her hips moved out to welcome my fingers, needless to say she was wet and they encountered no resistance at all. The yellow liquid was now running down my arm and into the shower base.

"You're sick, you know that don't you?"

I nodded, overly enthusiastically. "Yeh, yeh, yeh."

"Is that something else that you've learned from this woman of yours?"

Again I nodded, just as hard as before. "Yeh, yeh, yeh."

"Is she as sick as you?"

"Yes, and I just happen to be a very willing student."

She rolled her eyes to the heavens, pulled me to my feet, and then put her head onto my shoulder. She nestled into my neck, her hips were moving, and it was clear that she was on the way again as my fingers did the work that fingers do. But I had other plans for her, so I removed my them. She showed her displeasure, "do you mind, I was enjoying that."

"My turn now," as I stood back taking my cock in my hand and pointing it at her.

Her eyes went wide with alarm," Alex don't you dare do it on me." She tried to get to the door, but I held it closed. Then it was too late, as the stream started to flow from me I directed it at her feet first, and then, started moving it higher. Mum moved her feet apart, "don't do it on me, you shit," but she was laughing as she said it. As the stream moved higher, she got onto the tips of her toes to get away from it, holding her hands palms down, to shield her from the spray.

"Don't, don't, don't you dare," but her smile and her eyes said something else.

Did some go on her? Yes of course, an amount would have had to have, it wasn't deliberate, and I did stop the main stream before it reached the tops of her legs, but urine from a penis goes everywhere, she must have felt it, but said nothing. In fact from the look in her eyes, I think that she welcomed the feel of it on her.

I was a little disappointed though as I'd hoped that she would have let it hit her hand, as I'd done with hers. Next time maybe? Because hopefully there would be a next time.

"Mum we need to get clean now and we can continue this in bed, ok?"

"Ok, but only if you wash me."

"Ok, but only if you'll wash me too."

"Deal." We shook hands very formally.

So we started to wash each other, which of course turned into foreplay, complete with, as you would expect, a very slow, soft, but non the less, very passionate kiss. I really loved the way that her breasts, wet from the shower water, slid against mine. As I broke the kiss, it was clear that Mum wasn't the one controlling the situation, as she again showed her displeasure, "why did you stop?"

"We need to dry ourselves." Mum still wasn't happy until I explained, "the sooner we're dry, the sooner we're in bed."

That brought the smile back to her face, so then we started to dry each other, which of course again turned into foreplay, complete with as you would expect another very slow, soft, but non the less, very passionate kiss with Mums arms around my neck, and those lovely wet breasts again slipping across me. At this point I abandoned the drying process, sliding my hands under her cheeks and lifted her off the ground. Mum then wrapped her legs around my waist and I carried her like that to their bed, my cock sliding up and down the crease of her arse as we went.

We ended up collapsing onto the bed still welded together by her arms and legs around me, from there it was easy to slide back into the kiss, the beautiful, long, soft, and drawn out kiss, our canoe launched once again into the slowly flowing river. As the kiss drew to an end and I pulled away from her, Mum put her mouth to my ear and whispered, "kiss me, there."

Her hands on the top of my head, pushing me down her body showed me what it was that she wanted kissing. I moved down to her breasts and those bullet nipples. I sucked on them quite hard for a while, and then after enclosing her left breast in both my hands and squeezing it tightly to make the nipple stand out even further, I ran it between my teeth, biting quite hard. It must have been painful for her, but in any sexual situation the divide between pain and pleasure can be blurred. The noises she made indicated which side of the divide she was resident in at this time.

I ran my teeth down her nipple for a second, third and fourth time, before turning my attention to her right breast, again squeezing it hard in both hands. A soft, "no," came from her mouth as I ran my teeth down this nipple even harder than the one before. I thought that her, "no," wasn't meant as a deterrent, otherwise why did she put her hand onto the back of my head, and grind my face into her breast, every time I ran my teeth down her nipple?

She again moaned, this time a word that I couldn't quite hear as I went back to her left breast. I rolled my body off hers as I worked on that breast, and looked down to see that her legs were quite wide apart, and she was moving her hips upwards, searching for some form of contact, presumably with anything available. Carefully I let go with one of my hands, repositioning it in the air, to just an inch or so above her slit. The more that I ran my teeth down her nipple, the more her hips raised up looking for contact.

Mum was now moaning continuously, pleading, as she sought some relief from the pressure building within her. I knew when I heard her say, "please," that she was getting into a good place, a place where it was just a short step to her release.

Another, "please," more demanding this time, was followed by a third more drawn out and insistent use of the word. I knew that this was now the time, and so softly I ran my finger slowly along the entire length of her vagina. She drew in a sharp breath, firing her hips up higher, and pushing my face as hard as she could into her breast. I could feel her hot breath on the side of my face as she said, "touch me again baby, please, touch me there again."

She was at that point again were she was now needing her release, the time in the shower, the washing and drying of each other, and the kissing, had in fact been one long foreplay which had bought her to this point where she was now ready, not just ready, but demanding of her pleasure.

Again, and then for a third time, I ran my finger slowly along the opening, which brought from her the same responses of moaning, writhing and

demands for release. Could I make her come for me as she'd done before in my bed, and if I did would it be too much for her to take?

Wanting to make it as good as I could for her, I withdrew my fingers and went back to just kissing and licking her, she moaned her discontent at their removal, her hips once again demanding intrusion into her private space.

The thought uppermost in my mind was, is this going to be a once only thing, I knew that I'd want her again, and again into the future, and I worried that maybe in the cold light of day, she may think, what the fuck had she done, and would that then be the end of it?

So once again I brought her to the point of, 'almost there', and then withdrew, then again, and then again for what would be the last time, as she could stand it no longer, and grabbing my hand, thrust it into her time and time again, as hard as she could, just like a dildo.

As Mum came, the obscenities of orgasm spurted from her mouth, reverberating around the room seemingly for ages, until there was nothing at all, only the sounds of silence, in which even the slightest noise was magnified a thousand times. It was broken intermittently by her erratic gasping for breath, and the hard banging of her heart. My head was on her breast, and so the noise was transmitted directly into my ear.

This was the mother that I'd never seen, I actually wondered if anyone else had ever seen her like this. She was clearly not as out to it as she'd been the previous night, as she soon started to move, rolling over until she was enveloped in my arms. As she did she started to sob ever so softly.

"Mum, what's wrong?"

Still she continued to cry.

"Are you alright, did I hurt you?"

She raised herself up on one elbow as her tears fell onto my chest. "No darling, it was so beautiful, I've been thinking about this all week, I knew that it was going to happen between us. After Wednesday at the movies, it's all that I've had in my mind. I thought it was going to be good between us, but the reality far outstripped my expectations. I feel like I've been reborn, but please tell me that I'm not just a..." she paused for a moment, "I'm not just another fuck to you, am I, I know all about every boy wanting his mother, and I hope it's not a one night stand, you know, just another notch on the old six shooter?"

"Mum, the problem you've got is that now I've had you, I'm going to want you again, morning, noon and night, I want to get you to the point that you tell me that you can't make love again because you're just too sore."

Laughing she pushed me back down and put her head onto my chest saying, "I've thought about nothing else but this with you since Wednesday, I've been so turned on, I think that if any man had even touched me I would have raped him, I was so ready all the time. I'm just so sorry I didn't let you have me after the movies."

She raised her eyes and looked at me, "do you realise just how close you came to taking me then. All the way home I was trying to find a way to avoid us having a good night kiss, because if we had, there would have been no fight in me, none at all, I would have been yours on the floor, or anywhere else that you wanted me.

"Was it worth waiting for?"

"You be the judge," as she settled down in my arms, and eventually we must have drifted off to sleep.

When I awoke we were cupped into each other, Mum was still asleep and at some point during the night, one of us had pulled up the blankets, so that I was quite warm, but had a burning desire to empty my bladder.

As I came back from the bathroom, Mum had rolled over onto her back, but was still asleep. I stood over her just looking, her chest was rising and falling slowly. I reached down, gripped the blankets and carefully slid them all the way off her so that she was now naked.

Both hands were on her stomach, one slightly above the other, her head was to her left, and her hair was all over her face and the pillow. I looked at the clock, six twenty three, the sun was up giving me just enough light to see her clearly, she looked so small and vulnerable lying there. I must admit that I got quite emotional looking at her, she was completely at my mercy, she'd committed herself to me in a way that very few mothers ever have to their sons. It wasn't a sexual commitment alone, although that was at least a part of it, but the emotional aspect was a separate issue again, and cannot be understood by anyone who has never been in our situation.

Why you may ask did I get emotional about her lying there? Simply put, just as she'd made her commitment to me, I realised then that I'd made the same commitment to her, I knew that I wasn't going to be able to walk away from what had happened between us last night, and again just now. The future was going to be very interesting indeed.

I allowed my eyes and my thoughts to return to my mother lying there, her feet were apart, and her right leg slightly bent at the knee, so that as I moved to the end of her bed, her most intimate place was on show. I've never studied the body of a sleeping woman so closely before, and I wondered, was it normal for the lips to be open when she slept, as hers were now, there also appeared to be some wetness glistening, waiting in there for me.

My moving back to stand alongside her shoulders must have disturbed her as she drew in a deep breath, let it out, and then stretched sensually, like the feline that she was.

"Did you enjoy the view darling?" She knew what I'd been doing.

I nodded.

She looked at my cock, now semi erect only some twelve inches away from her face.

"And I'm enjoying my view too," she said, as I moved it a little closer to her mouth. "You want me to suck it don't you?" Not believing where this was going, I was only able to eagerly nod my response.

She raised herself up onto one elbow, leaned across and planted a kiss onto the end of it, then looked up at me saying, "you need to know that I'll love sucking your cock, but I'll hate it if you come into my mouth. I absolutely enjoy the power that my mouth gives me over a man, but the one time that I tried to swallow it for your dad, I had to run into the bathroom and throw up, I just hated the taste. So if you promise to tell me when it's coming out, I'll suck your cock for you."

I nodded eagerly, which boy wouldn't let his mother suck his cock, even if she wouldn't swallow, fuck, could this night get any better?

I moved closer to her, but she said, "no, lie besides me," and my beautiful mother then showed me a talent that I'd never even imagined that she could have possessed. When she talked about the power that she'd have over me, she certainly knew what she was talking about. I've no idea how many times she brought me to the brink of climax, before easing off and starting again. She was doing to me what I'd done to her. She used the tip of her tongue, her full sensuous lips, and what got to me every time was when she ran her teeth

up and down my shaft, nibbling at it, before laying it in her hand and then softly biting the underside all the way from one end to the other.

It was too much for me, "coming, mum I'm coming now." She moved her face away, and using the nail of her right index finger gently massaged the very bottom of my cock, right where it meets my scrotum. This took me to a place that I'd never been before, I could talk about bolts of lightening, I could talk about waves crashing onto the shore, planes breaking the sound barrier and volcanoes erupting, it was all of that and more. I was now the one blacking out, I was the one whose only movement were trembling and spasms.

I opened my eyes to see Mum over me, looking down smiling, "did I get one back on you, did I son?"

I was left shaking my head, "Ma, I'm never letting you go, you're a keeper."

"Thanks, that's nice to hear," as she ran her finger through my semen, putting a small amount on it and bringing it up to her mouth, she looked as if she was going to lick it off, but at the last minute pulled away saying, "no, no, I can't do that, not even for you can I do that."

"But you waited until the very last second before you moved your mouth, that I thought that you were going to take it all in for me."

She shook her head sadly, saying, "I wish that I could, but I can't, don't ask me to, because it will never, ever, ever happen, ok?" Disappointed, I had to accept that it wasn't going to happen.

Most girls of my age accepted that head was a part of a full sexual relationship, obviously Mum being of an older generation didn't share that view.

She then pulled up the sheets, and we dozed again in each others arms, but eventually had to get up. I went into the shower while she changed their bed, and while she was in her shower, I changed my sheets.

I took everything down to the laundry and had started to make our breakfasts when Mum came down the stairs. My smile told the story, she was wearing a tight fitted top, which was designed to emphasis her breasts and the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra. She matched this with a denim skirt which ended mid thigh, both garments were just a bit tight, she looked so sexy, and boy did she know it, her radiant smile told me so.

Standing doing the laundry after breakfast I asked her, "Mum, are you fully dressed?" Hoping that she wasn't wearing underwear.

"There's only one way for you to find out."

I moved behind her and raised the denim skirt to see...white cotton panties, "Wow, white cotton panties Mum, they're my favourites, they're so much better than those silk triangles and dental floss that women wear today, these show off a woman's shape beautifully." As I spoke my hands were rummaging under her skirt, running all over her buttocks, cupping her cheeks, and sliding my fingers between them.

"I know they're your favourites," mother said dryly looking at me from under her eyebrows.

"What do you mean?"

"I noticed when I put them in the basket; they disappear more quickly than any of the others, that's why I'm wearing them for you today."

"How long have you known?" I should have been embarrassed, but for some reason I wasn't. Perhaps because she didn't seem mad at me, and was talking about it as if it were an everyday occurrence in polite society.

"How long have you been taking them?"

"About a year?"

"Liar."

"Would you believe two years?"

"No."

"Would you believe three?"

"That's more like it."

"You didn't mind?"

"No, actually when I was pissed off with your father for whatever reason, I'd leave them and then check on the basket to see how long it'd be before they disappeared, sometimes it was only a few minutes, and they'd be gone. Sometimes I knew that they'd still be warm from my body, and that gave me a big thrill too."

I had no idea what to say, and so I stood there grinning sheepishly.

"Do you know what I liked the best though Alex?"

"Tell me."

"When you brought them back and there'd be some of yours mixed with that of mine, I'd stand about right here and get hot thinking about what you'd done with them."

The sexual undercurrent was now back with us.

"What did you do then?" I'd moved very close to her and was hoping that she'd admit that she'd masturbated.

As I watched I noticed the thumb of her right hand was rubbing gently around the corner of the old washing machine, I say old because it was her mothers before hers. It was made more than twenty five years ago, before things were designed to last two weeks past their warranty period, and then fall apart. It was old, but bulletproof, it never broke down, it just got noisier, and rattled more every time that it was used.

Dad had several times complained about the noise and told her "just buy a new one," but she'd refused, I thought it strange as Mum didn't mind spending money at all. At the moment it'd just started the spin dry cycle, and was shaking so much that you thought that it may actually take off.

She seemed unsure of what to say next but continued to run her thumb around the corner of the washer.

"Well, tell me what did you do then?" I thought that I knew the answer, and wanted to push her to admit it.

Her eyes dropped and she said, "I can't believe that I'm going to do this in front of my son." With that she raised the front of her skirt, put her hand down those sexy white cotton panties, appeared to use her fingers to adjust herself, and then placed her clitoris carefully against the vibrating corner of the machine.

She then reached across to the far corner of the washer and pulled herself up, so that when her feet were completely off the ground, her entire body was lying along the top of the washer and she was shaking violently.

Mum turned her face towards me, and I could see it in her eyes, she was 'gone' already. Her mouth was slightly open, her tongue showed, and a small amount of saliva was collecting on the lid already, as it came from her mouth.

As for me, well I was just as into what was happening to her as she was, so I moved behind her, raised the now totally inadequate denim skirt, pulled down those white cotton panties that I loved so. And there she was, completely exposed, her lips were wet, open, and fluttering wildly, even her pubic hair was moving like an insects antennae.

I touched her, this served to intensify the feeling for her and she moaned in appreciation. In an instant my shorts were around my ankles and my cock was as far inside her as it would go.

The feeling, oh the feeling of being inside her as the spin cycle did what it wasn't really designed to do, but what it did so very well.

Neither my mother nor I were going to last very long at all in this situation. The feelings were the most exquisite that you can imagine. Neither of us were moving at all, the old washing machine was banging and clattering away, doing all the work for us.

I briefly thought about my father, and realised that we'd given him no thought at all, in fact, If he were to come home now, I'm not sure that I would have been able to pull out until after I'd finished with his wife.

As it was that didn't take long, I don't know who came first or if in fact anyone did, maybe it was a dead heat, the only thing I did know was that my mother made more noise than I did, she was awesome. It was a good thing that the door was closed or the neighbours would certainly have heard us.

Who knows, maybe they did anyway, but at that point, I really didn't care.

As I'd then finished I pulled out, but Mum of course was able to continue riding her mechanical lover, looking for even more relief. I stood behind her, just enjoying the view of her complete abandonment. As she shook and vibrated away, I saw the first signs of my semen being shaken out of her, there wasn't much, as I hadn't had much to give her, but there it was slowly snaking its way to freedom. Proof, if I needed any, that I'd come inside my mother once again.

My mother was just about to come again when the spin cycle came to a shuddering abrupt end. The silence was deafening, but the look of sheer frustration on her face quickly turned to one of sheer horror, as the next sound we heard after the machine stopped, was the front door closing.

My father was home.

Mum was in no condition to go and meet him, as she was still shaking, so it was up to me to quickly haul up my shorts, leaving my shirt out, and with Mum still draped across the top of the machine, trying to collect herself, I made my way out to intercept him.

"Hi Dad, how are you?" I sounded cheerful and hoped, sincere.

"Crap."

"Anything you want?"

"No, I haven't slept much, I'm having a shower and going to bed," and that was the last time I saw him for over two hours.

Mum then put her head around the corner, it was a good job that Dad didn't see her, as she was spaced out. Her eyes were wild, and she looked as if she were from another planet.

"I can't believe that I did that for you," she seemed to be in total shock.

"I'm glad you did, it was different."

"I don't know what came over me, you know, I really think that this is going a bit fast for me."

"Have you done that on the washer often?"

She looked slightly embarrassed, "for years just about every wash day, and some days I washed when there was no need to. It was also a way for me to have sex when your father couldn't have sex, if you know what I mean. At that time of the month, I used to get even hornier than ever, so I did a lot of washing. But do you know what the best thing about that machine is?"

"No Mum, what?"

"I don't have to pretend to be interested in talking about some bullshit nonsense afterwards." She walked away laughing uproariously, she was getting back to her normal self.

When my father finally surfaced we were on the patio having a late lunch, he didn't seem to be interested in us, or what we were doing, although he did take a second look at the legs on show.

As we were all pretty tired we were in bed early that night, Dad went up first, Mum followed after a few moments, but then came back about two minutes later. She went to the place on the bench top were this whole episode had started, put her elbows on it, closed her eyes and waited.

I needed no second urging, I was there in a flash, she never opened her eyes even when our lips touched and our tongues crossed, it was however quite difficult kissing a woman who was grinning broadly.

I pulled away, "Mum."

She pulled back herself, looking annoyed, "what!!?"

"Nothing," and moved my mouth back towards hers, puzzled she moved to meet it, when she realised what it was that I'd made her move for. Her breasts had landed on the backs of my hands, and my thumbs were massaging her nipples, just as they had last week. Press and release, press and release, press and release. But this time there were no complaints from her about it, none at all.

We kissed, just as we had last week, this kiss, as the other one had, went on for several minutes, when Mum pulled back and then moved away shaking her head slowly.

"Something wrong?"

"It's been a big eight days."

I nodded.

She walked further away, and again as she had last week steadied herself on the furniture as she passed. A half way across the room she turned looking pensive. "There's a lot to think about Alex."

Again I nodded.

She stood there standing still, choosing her words carefully before speaking, before finally looking at me and saying, "I love you Alex."

"I love you too Mum."

"No Alex, I love you, do you know what I mean by that?"

I froze, not sure what I was supposed to say to that, so I went into my fallback mode of just nodding, as if I did understand.

Her eyes were piercing as she said, "I don't think that you do son, I don't think that you really do."

When she got to the stairs, she turned looking very seriously at me, "no I don't think you know what this weekend has done to me, you see, a man only needs a place to make love, a woman needs a reason, and you've given me that reason."

I was beginning to realise that there was more to this than just a good weekend of great sex. I then understood what she meant when she said, "I love you Alex," in that instant, I knew that there was more to this than either of us had intended. Neither of us had thought it through beyond last night, and neither she nor I knew where it was going to end.

After locking up and saying good night to Bozo, I went to bed also. As I pulled down the sheets, I saw that Mum had left me a little present, the white cotton panties that she'd been wearing today. She'd placed them so that I could see that, as she put it, "some of mine had mixed with some of hers."

This was too good an opportunity to miss, so I slept in them, and in the morning, added a lot more of mine to hers. Then as Dad was still getting ready for work, made a great production of walking past Mum in the kitchen saying, "I'll put my dirty clothes in the basket." Her eyes flicked down to the bundle that I was carrying, and saw that her underwear was placed on the top, spread open for her to see just how much of mine I'd added to hers.

That night when Dad came home from work he was very subdued, saying very little at all, and not eating much of his dinner. There was clearly something bothering him, so mum gave me the nod to go out. When I returned over an hour later, Dad was in bed. Mum then told me that Dad's boss Jason, who'd been at the party on Saturday night, had called him into the office and given him a warning that his performance wasn't up to standard.

Apparently Dad was going into work every Monday worse for wear, and then not doing much at all, often making mistakes. When Jason had seen how drunk Dad got at the party, he knew what the problem was, and told him that if he showed up hung over again, they'd let him go.

This had Dad worried, as he was now forty six, and wasn't sure that he'd be able to get another job, and certainly not one as good as he had now. Mum

had talked with him about it, and they'd decided that the best thing for him was to try to give up alcohol, by cutting down significantly, starting now.

He knew that this was going to be hard, as even though he'd said for many years that his drinking wasn't a problem, he knew deep down that it was, and he was now faced with that reality, and it was going to be hard for him.

After Mum and I'd talked, it was almost ten thirty, she went up to check on Dad then came back and sat next to me. I put my arm around her, she put her legs over mine, and then her arm across my waist. This allowed me to cup her breast in my left hand, and then slide my right one along her leg to go under her skirt. finally resting it on her bare buttocks inside her underwear.

"Alex we really needed for you and I to talk about us tonight, the weekend was so intense, but it's incest, no matter how much love there is in it, it's incest, and that's wrong"

I looked at her curled up in my arms and shook my head, "no Mum, there's nothing wrong between a mother and her son."

"It doesn't matter which way that you look at it, it's still wrong."

We talked around the subject for a few minutes, and then she started to yawn as it was time for bed, we kissed for a while and then she got up and went up the stairs, only to reappear a minute later, with her briefs in her hand. She used her thumb, and two fingers of the other hand to fire them across to me, "They're not white, and they're not cotton, but I'm sure they'll do the job for you, and if you look at them closely you'll find out how much time I've spent thinking about you today." She turned and was gone.

As she said, they weren't white and they weren't cotton, but they were bright red satin, which were my second favourite pair. I didn't have to look closely

at them at all to see how much she'd been thinking about me, the evidence was clear to see, and sticky.

I of course wore them that night, and again in the morning drew attention to the fact that I was putting my laundry into the basket, with her present to me on the top, so that she could see what value I'd got from them, and what the return on her investment was.

For the next two nights Dad only had one beer after his dinner, and seemed to not know what to do with himself, and on both nights when he went to bed, he made it clear that as he was going, he thought Mum should go as well.

Then it hit me, jealousy, I was jealous of Mum sleeping with Dad in case they had sex, I thought that his going without his beer may turn his mind to other 'vices'. Mum told me the next morning that she'd had the same thought, but he just rolled over and went to sleep without even saying goodnight. She then made the obvious point that at some time, he would want sex, and she'd eventually have to give it to him, as she said, "how many headaches can a girl have and still be believed?"

The only positive at this time was that Mum was leaving me a 'present' every night in my bed, and I of course was putting my laundry into the basket for her every morning.

On Thursday morning I overheard Mum telling Dad that she'd swapped shifts with someone for that day, and as she'd be starting work late, would be home late also, so she'd be doing the washing before she went to work.

Dad and I drove out together, and I followed him to the end of the street, before pulling over and phoning the office saying that I'd be late as I'd got a puncture and the spare was flat too. I then did four left turns and parked the car in front of next door, walked up our drive, through the side gate, and sat on the bench on the back porch, under the laundry window and waited.

Ten minutes later Mum started the washing, and was moving around inside the house singing to herself, right until the spin cycle started, when she came back into the laundry. At this point, I knew exactly what she was doing, and exactly what I had to do.

I ducked under the laundry window, slid open the patio door, and moved into the kitchen, from where I could see the laundry door. It was only open a fraction, but enough for me to see the top of Mums head as she lay on the washing machine. She was shaking noticeably by now, and the machine was banging away loudly.

Quickly I shed my clothes, moved to the door, listened to the machine for a brief moment, and then slowly pushed it open. She saw the movement and her face registered her shock.

"Holy fuck," she said as she went to get up and then seeing that it was me, looked slightly embarrassed, but went back to enjoying the feelings that she was receiving.

As the door opened fully, I saw that she was totally naked, having put a small towel over that important corner to make it more comfortable for her lips. Her eyes flicked down to my erection, and she smiled.

"How did you know?" Her voice sounded strange with the vibrations affecting her throat.

"I just knew, and that's all you need to know." I moved behind her and stood watching as the pressure built up inside her.

"Are you looking at me, Alex?"

"Of course, your lips are open, wet, and fluttering with the vibrations."

She moaned and said, "I love you looking at me there, that's such a special place for us both, it doesn't belong to anyone else now."

I looked at my erection, "yes, and I like to look at you, as much as you like being looked at."

I saw the muscles start to tense as she pushed forward against the corner, I put my long finger inside of her, and felt the muscles grab at it, and then as I moved that finger around the perimeter of her opening, the little brown hole started to wink at me. She was on the way now, soon she was calling out those cries that cannot be misinterpreted as any thing other than a climax ravaging someone's body. I knew that the machine had done it's work as she ground her hips hard against the corner, as I might grind my hips as I came inside her.

A moment or so after she'd finished, just for a few seconds she moved away from the corner, repositioned herself back against it, lay again on the top, and recommenced her enjoyment. This was then my moment to enter into her, I stood there, not moving as before, but letting the vibes take care of me, as they were of her.

There was absolutely no way that I could hold off, or deny the feelings that were flowing into my body, and I wasn't even going to try, so that in less than ten seconds I was thrusting into her, depositing millions of little tadpoles, which of course would die in that special place of ours, as my mother was on the pill.

At least I hoped that she was, the thought hit me that I might just want to check that, but of course, it was a bit late to start worrying about it now.

I pulled out and once again watched as the first evidence of my deposit started to flow from her. Then she called out, "are you watching me Alex, because I'm coming now?"

"I'm watching Mum."

She had this thing about me looking at her, just the thought of it sent her off into a greater frenzy than before. She was grinding her pelvis into the corner of the machine, so hard that it seemed to me that she was at that point where pain becomes pleasure.

Finally she was spent, and as the cycle wasn't finished yet, she almost fell down onto legs shaking so badly, that she had to put her hand onto the laundry trough to steady herself. Her eyes were glazed, her skin bright red from the blood running to it, and she was panting as if she'd just run a marathon in record time.

Eventually she got a level of composure. "I was thinking about you and what we'd done in here on Sunday when the door opened, it was a shock, I didn't know if I was imagining it, was it a dream, or were you really here?"

Mum then came into my arms and we shared a few moments together before I knew that I'd have to go to work. She wanted to clean my cock for me, but I wanted it left as it was with her still on it. I did however need to empty my bladder, so she came to watch me. The look on her face was one of pure anticipation, I asked her, "do you want to hold it?"

She nodded eagerly, I slid down my zip, and then let my arms drop to my sides. Mum reached in and took my cock from out of my slacks. Her eyes were alive, and as the flow started, she made two figures of eight, and then splashed it up and down the bowl until the flow slowed, and finally spluttered to a stop.

She looked disappointed, "is that it?"

"Until the next time." That seemed to satisfy her.

"So what are you going to do now Mum?"

"Oh, I'm sure there's more washing around somewhere, I'm just going to have to look hard and find it." Not having the time to help my mother rid our house of the health hazard present in unwashed laundry, I then went to work. Work which for some strange reason, was very difficult for me to concentrate on that day.

On Saturday afternoon I told Mum that I was going to have a coffee on the front porch, and would she like to join me. I chose the front porch because Dad was mowing the back lawns and it was quieter out there.

After five minutes or so, a large German Shepherd came bounding up the street, and seeing us turned up the drive. Mum was wary at first but it seemed friendly enough, and was more interested in playing, 'you sniff mine, and I'll sniff yours,' with Bozo.

"I wonder who it belongs to, it's too nice a dog to be running around loose," said Mum.

At that point a rather attractive middle aged woman came running up, the first thing that I noticed were that her large breasts were bouncing, there's a theory that big breasted women shouldn't run, but I don't subscribe to that at all.

Our eyes met for a moment, she paused, her eyebrows raised, she then smiled, looked at the Shepherd and said "there you are you bitch, I'm sick of

you getting out." The dog only sat there with its tongue out, dribbling, and wagging its tail at her. "Sorry folks," she said laughing, "she's a real Houdini, I just can't seem to keep her in... Her voice trailed off when she looked at Mum, "I know you, you're Mary Wilson, aren't you?"

Mum looked surprised, "well I used to be, but now I'm Mary Martin, I'm sorry though, I don't recognise you."

The woman stuck out her hand, "I'm Jane Clark, but you knew me as Jane Norman, we had the furniture shop in High Street, and you went to school with my brother Peter."

Mum introduced me to her long lost friend, we smiled at each other, shook hands, and from then on I was as much use as sun block in a snow storm, they just ignored me. Then followed the normal shrieks of laughter as they played, "hey do you remember this, and what happened to the red haired girl with freckles?"

Dad hearing the commotion came out and asked, "what's going on?" I told him, "you don't want to know," so he went away, just in time to miss Jane saying, "unless I'm mistaken, didn't my brother get your cherry?" This was met with more shrieks of laughter, as Mum punched her in the shoulder looking red faced at me.

"Mary don't be embarrassed, someone had to get it," this then sent them off in gales of laughter again. Jane continued, "don't feel that you're special, he got more cherries than anyone around at the time as he had the biggest dick that anyone had ever seen, he was deformed."

Mum still red faced said rather wistfully, "oh yes I remember him well."

"Of course you do, we all remember him for that."

There was silence, and then Mum said, "we?"

"Yes, he was poking it into anything with hair around it, and I didn't see why I should miss out, just because he was my brother." Mum was again blushing, but not enough to stop her joining in more shrieks of laughter, at that point I left them to it.

Later Mum came in still red faced, saying, "she's terrible, I'm glad you left because some of the things that she told me she's done, well, I don't think that I could've sat and listened with you there." The spark in her eyes, and the sounds of her laughter told me that she'd enjoyed the woman's company more than she cared to admit.

"Did you exchange numbers?"

"Yes but you're not getting hers, I'm keeping her away from you," she looked around to see if anyone was able to hear her, and then whispering as if it were a state secret, "she had sex with her own brother, that's inc..." Her voice trailed off as she realised where she was going with it.

I raised my eyebrows to her, as she, not for the first time today looked like a beetroot.

"What's happening?" Dad came in the door.

"Nothing, I gotta pee," as Mum fled, taking her red face from the room.

Dad shook his head and went to the fridge for a beer, and for the fourth or fifth time today looked annoyed at himself, slamming the door shut. He was rationed to one beer a night, and three a day at the weekend. It was hard for him, but it was all his own fault.

The next day, I announced my intentions of taking Bozo for a walk, and asked Mum if she wanted to come with me, she said she wasn't sure, until Dad looked at her arse and said, "it might do you good." Some things never change do they?

So just after lunch I got Bozos' lead, and we walked down the street, with the dog not on the leash, just ambling along in front of us. But when we got to the corner of the next street, he took off running.

"Come back," called Mum, but of course dogs come back when they feel like coming back, and Bozo didn't feel like it just at that moment.

As we turned into that street, it was just in time to see him running into a house further along, so there seemed to be no reason to chase after him. When we reached that house, there he was with the German Shepherd from yesterday, with its owner, Jane, sitting on a chair in the front garden. "Well hello you two, I didn't think you'd be too far behind Bozo."

"Oh hello again Jane, what a coincidence, I haven't seen you for twenty years, and now it's two days running."

"Yes, put the dogs out the back Alex, and then come inside for a coffee." I did as Jane suggested, and the two women then moved inside. I went in the back door, and just as they'd done yesterday, they giggled and shrieked about things that had happened a half a lifetime ago, which were funny to them, but not so much to me now.

After about a half an hour, Mum said, "I guess we should be going, I've got stuff to do." We all got up and carried our cups to the sink. As we got to there, Mum must have seen the smile and the look that past between Jane and I because her eyebrows went up, her mouth fell open, and she whirled around to look at me, before turning to face Jane. The realisation had hit her of who

Jane was, "Jane, you're Jane, you're Alex's Jane, aren't you, you're Alex's Jane?"

"No Mary, I'm Malcolm's Jane actually, but as he's off fucking around with penguins and snow in Antarctica, someone has to take care of me. So for the moment you're probably right, I am Alex's Jane, and I'm not sure that I'm in any hurry for Malcolm to return anyway as your son is a very fast leaner. Have you any idea just how good he is in bed now?"

Mum still somewhat taken aback by her discovery, and without thinking said, "yes, yes I know."

There was silence in the room as Jane's eyes went up, and her jaw dropped.

"You know!!?"

The back of Mum's neck suddenly went bright crimson, as Jane looked at me, "so that's why I haven't seen you as much recently as I used to, is it?"

She took both of Mum's hands, held them out from her, and appraised Mum's body. "Hey not bad, not bad at all, how old is she anyway?"

"Forty two."

Hmm, two years older than me, but still in her prime. So am I to take it that your mother is the beneficiary of all the on the job training that I've given you?"

I was grinning far too much to speak.

"Well ain't you the one, you sly dog?" said Jane shaking her head in amazement.

Mum was slowly coming back to life, pulling her hands away from Jane's and mumbling something about us having to go now.

Jane asked, "Do you really have to go Alex?"

Still grinning I shook my head.

Jane turned to Mum, ran her hand down the side of her face, "this may not turn out too badly after all, what do you think Mary?"

Mum only seemed to be capable of mumbling at that moment.

Jane put her mouth right up against Janes ear and whispered, "have you any idea just how satisfying a threesome can be, a ménage a trios' as the French say?"

Mum's mumbling only got worse at that thought, but my head was racing, my feelings for my mother were being subverted by the carnality and potential of Jane's suggestion. My erection of course made rational thinking obsolete. The prospect of having both of my ladies in a bed at the same time was mind blowing.

To go with it or not, that was the question? And it seemed from Mum's inaction, that it was being left to me to decide, as Jane was defiantly up for it. This was not a decision that any twenty two year old man should have to make, so I didn't. I watched to see how Mum would react, if she protested at all, then we'd leave, but if not...?

I didn't know if Mum was thinking about Jane's suggestion, or just frozen in time. I knew that Dad had neglected her for years, so maybe that hot women, long submerged and ignored was up for another new experience. When you think about it, after letting your son take you, there can't be too many more taboo's to break through.

Still Mum said nothing, so Jane after a long look at me, smiled and moved forward to stand very close to Mum, who moved back about two feet, still saying nothing, and then moved back again as Jane became pressed hard up against her.

Unfortunately she didn't get to go back much further, as I was only about a foot behind her. Mum looked over her shoulder at me with concern in her eyes. "Alex," she said, the concern in her voice matching that in her eyes. And then she spun around with her mouth open in shock because Jane was pinching the nipple of her right breast.

"Jane!!" And then spun back to me as I slipped my hand between her buttocks and fondled her.

"Alex!!" she called out as she then spun back again to face Jane who's other hand slid between Mums thighs to touch mine in the gap under her skirt.

Mums eyes and mouth were wide open, because Jane had now moved her hand from between Mums legs and was undoing the buttons of her blouse. Mum seemed to be incapable of speech as she looked down wide eyed at Jane's fingers as they went stealthily about their work. It may have helped that one of my hands was still between Mums legs, and the other had taken over from Jane, pulling on her nipple.

For all of this time, I was watching to see if Mum showed any signs of distress, but she didn't, it was more fear of the unknown I thought, but I also felt that I saw something else in there as well...was it lust that I could see? I thought that

if she'd been going to do or say anything, she surely would have done so by now.

"No, please Jane, I don't think that I like women." She got out at last.

"That's not what you told me last weekend, Mum. You told me that you wanted to meet Jane, and that if it was as good with her, as it was with me, that you might consider playing for the other team."

"Yes, but that was just in the moment, I didn't really mean it." She tried to turn to face me, but couldn't as she was now jammed between us with both pressing our hips hard into her, "I didn't mean it Alex, I didn't mean for you to take me literally."

I knew that the moment had come for me to be sure that Mum was cool with this, it wasn't about Jane who was now off and running. It wasn't about me, as I could be convinced either way, although I must say, I was very much warming to the direction that Jane was taking us.

I put my mouth close to mum's ear, "Mum, are you ok with this, because we can stop it if you're not?"

She paused for a moment, closed her eyes, put her mouth to my ear and whispered, "I'm scared, I've had to suppress my urges for so many years, I know I could have tried so many more things, and been so much more, and really thought that we would until he started to drink so much that he just became a different person. I'm scared of where this'll take me, but I'm exited at the same time. You will look after me won't you Alex?"

"Of course I will, but once we start, I may not want to stop, in fact I may not be able to."

Her eyes had that mixture of fear and excitement, as she paused again for a long moment, before sighing, and then turning back put her head onto Janes shoulder, her mouth against her neck and started to suck on her neck.

It seemed that we were away.

At this point Jane had the buttons undone, and pushed Mums blouse off her shoulders, I completed the process from behind, and after dropping the blouse onto the floor, unsnapped her bra, and threw that away also, she was now naked from the waist up. It was noticeably that despite her protests, my mother had made no real attempt to move from between us.

"Great tits Mary," said Jane, "to say that you've had three kids, they're fabulous," as she bent down to suck on one of them.

My hands then slid around to the front of Mums skirt, unclipped it, and the wrap around fell to the floor around her feet. The stripping of my mother was completed by my pushing down her underwear, which to my great delight turned out to be white cotton panties, so that they ended up anchored just above her knees. I left them there as I thought that they looked much more erotic than if she was totally naked, if anything she looked so very sexual like that, as it emphasised her nudity and vulnerability.

My fingers now slid back between her legs and into her slit, only to find that Jane's hand was already there, so we played finger hockey inside of my mother for a while. Mum was now no longer showing any reluctance towards us, the level of pleasure had overridden her hesitancy to let Jane touch her. She was in fact doing nothing but moaning and moving her hips, with her hands now on Janes forearms, and her nails digging into them, as she continued to mark Jane's neck.

Jane stepped back looking appraisingly at Mum, "not bad at all Alex, we've sure got a bit to work with."

I nodded agreement, moving my hands to Mums breasts, cupping them, and caressing the nipples gently, as I did I slid my erection between her legs, moving my hips to continue her stimulation. Jane stepped forward, pressing her entire body against Mum, as she did she touched my mother between her legs, only to find that my cock was already there.

Jane then dropped to her knees and put her tongue between Mums thighs, not only licking Mum, but her tongue was just able to reach the tip of my cock as I pushed it between my mother's legs. If there's a heaven somewhere that's as good as this was turning out to be, then I'm volunteering to go there. This was just so far beyond my expectations, and the sex hadn't even started yet.

As Jane stepped back again to digest more of Mums body, I slid my hands down the front to her groin, and then used the index fingers of both hands to spread her lips wide apart. My eyes met those of Jane, we nodded to each other, a nod that said there was now no resistance expected, we now had my mother where we wanted her, or more likely where she herself wanted to be.

Any doubts disappeared as Mum rolled her head back onto my shoulder, with her mouth against my ear. The short sharp shuddering of her breath, and the softly spoken words, "don't hurt me, please don't hurt me," confirmed that we'd taken possession of her.

"Mary, look at me," when she did, Jane said," bedroom...now!"

Mum nodded several times, reached down to pull up those white panties, and then followed Jane up to her bedroom.

Jane stood by the bed, turned to face Mum, and started to take off her own clothes, she had a good body, to me not as good as Mums, but still pretty

damn good with those big breasts and wide hips, thankfully she didn't shave her pubic area.

Mum was uncertain what to do as Janes clothes hit the carpet one after the other. She'd never been with a naked woman, about to have sex with her before, so it was a whole new ball game for her, if you know what I mean.

As soon as Jane was naked, she stood there letting Mum and I look at her body, Jane was not at all self conscious in any way. In fact I knew from first hand experience, that she quite enjoyed showing herself off to complete strangers, wether in the house or outside. Mum took her eyes off Janes body, turned to me with fear of the unknown in her eyes and again asked softly, "please don't hurt me, promise you'll not hurt me."

"Mum," I said, "you told me that you loved me, and then said that you didn't think that I fully understood what you meant by that, well, I'm going to show you how much I love you by giving you this experience with Jane. When you leave here later today, you'll never be the same again, but we won't hurt you, will we Jane?'

"Not a chance, We want you to come back again, wether, it's with both of us, just me, or just Alex, this is your house for sex, at least until Malcolm returns, and even when he does, who knows?" Her eyebrows went up.

I was quick to scotch that, "no way Jane, I don't mind sharing Mum with you, if that's what she wants, but another man, not a chance."

Her eyebrows went up again, "really, well what about your father then?"

That really hit home and I didn't know what to say, because of course, she was still his wife, when Mum said firmly, "I'll deal with that when I have to." For someone in the throes of sexual excitement, her response was surprisingly resolute.

"Great," said Jane, and then added, "now do you want to remove those for me?" Indicating her briefs.

"No Jane, come here and look at this," as I turned Mum around, "look at her arse, I love her in white cotton panties, I just want to eat my way through into her when she wears them. They just follow the contours of her body better than anything else."

Jane came and dropped to her knees before gently fondling Mums rear, "just beautiful," she said as her hands cupped Mums cheeks, "I'll bet my brother wouldn't mind sticking his nine and a half inches into that again after all these years."

"Not a chance Jane, she's mine now." I put my mouth on Mums ear and said, "you're mine now aren't you?" as Jane's hands and fingers continued to explore Mums body.

She nodded, but that wasn't enough for me, not only did Mum have to admit it to herself, but Jane had to realise that she was the only one that I was prepared to share her with, and maybe only this one time.

"Say It for me Mum, I need to hear the words from your mouth."

"Yes Alex, when I said I loved you, I knew then that I was yours and yours alone. I think what you want me to say to you, is that you own me now." She looked at me with tears in her eyes, and repeated, "I'm yours."

By now Jane had removed Mums cotton panties and her face was buried deep into my mother's pubic hair, with her hands behind Mum, massaging her cheeks, and at the same time running her fingers between them,

touching and stimulating her. Mums hands were on the back of Janes head, with her own head was thrown back, her mouth open, and her eyes closed.

Jane stood up, took Mum by the hand, lead her to the bed, then turned her around so that her back was to it, and then taking both of Mums nipples between her thumb and forefinger, pushed her backwards onto the bed.

Mum yelped as her nipples stretched as far as they could before tearing free of Janes fingers, the fear in her eyes had to be seen to be believed. She fell, her legs wide open, crying out, "please don't hurt me Jane," she turned to me and repeated her plea, "Alex, don't let her hurt me."

Jane put her mouth right against Mums ear and in a stage whisper said, "oh you're ok, we never tie people up the first time."

I almost burst out with laughter, but Mum thought that Jane was serious, and started to whimper, "tie me up, no please don't do that."

Jane being very serious said, "I told you, not the first time, but when you come back again, we will."

I could see that she believed everything that Jane was saying. It'd be interesting to see if she would come back again, but I guessed that only time would tell.

Then Mum in her little girl afraid voice said, "not this time then, but you will if I come back again?"

Jane added, "yes and every other time you come back."

Mum nodded, that seemed to appease her, but that wasn't the response that I would have bet the rent on coming from Mum. She was looking to be assured that we weren't going to tie her up this time, but failed to realise that she'd almost admitted that coming back again was an attractive proposition to her.

As Jane moved to lie on top of Mum she said, "I think if you're anything like your son you might be into kissing," and before she received an answer, her mouth captured Mums, and they were away in their own canoe, on that slowly moving river. Mums arms were around Jane's neck, and it soon became clear that she was as involved in that kiss as she'd ever been with me. The kiss, as ours did, went on and on. Like most men I'd fantasised about being with two women making love, but this wasn't a fantasy, this was happening right in front of me.

To see two women kissing and deeply into each other is just so erotic that I wanted it to never stop. They did their best to make that happen, as the kiss went on and on for several minutes, Jane seemed to be in control, she was kissing Mum who was just lying there, letting it happen to her. The only sounds coming from her were moans and sighs, indications of a greater commitment to come, when I saw Jane's hand slide down Mum's stomach, heading for the pubic area.

As soon as Jane's hands slid between Mums thighs, her legs sprang wider apart, she was totally exposed, but didn't seem to be aware or even care. Mum was completely involved with Jane to the point that she reached down, took hold of Janes hand and guided it until her fingers slipped inside of her.

Jane and Mum were still kissing passionately, but Mum still managed to moan loud enough for me to hear clearly. As Janes fingers worked their magic, Mums hands were all over Jane, and eventually found their way to between her legs. Our eyes met briefly, but she was seeing nothing at this point, her entire being had been high jacked by the attention being payed to her by Jane and I, but mostly Jane at the moment.

It was at this point that I realised that I had in fact become surplus to their needs again, I was now a spectator, and as they showed no intentions of asking me to join them in their fun anymore, I went to a chair in the corner, and enjoyed the view of my mother in her moment of complete abandonment.

Fuck it was horny to watch as Jane had her way with my mother, who was now spreadeagled legs wide open as Jane worked on her. I knew from my time in Jane's bed, that she at one point, when Malcolm had been away before, had got so desperate for sex that she'd gone with a woman, and found that it wasn't that bad at all, and from then on she was happy to play both sides of the ball.

This previous relationship with that woman had continued, with his agreement, after Malcolm came home. Right up until the other woman moved interstate two years later, and now she was using that experience on my mother to great effect.

Mum was on her back, when Jane swung her leg over her and they were then into the sixty nine position, although it was clear that the nine was doing much more work than the six. Mum was just lying there doing very little at all, only moaning, leaving Jane to do all the work. I soon saw why this was the case, as my mothers body was now a bright shade of red, and was starting to shake all over.

She was approaching her climax, and as I sat in the chair and watched her, she came, her body convulsing as the shocks slammed into her body. Time after time, after time it jerked up, only to fall down again, and then jerk up, to fall down again.

Soon she was calm, but Jane continued to gently invade her private space with her fingers, Mum now started to show interest in performing some stimulation of her own on Jane, and to do that she pulled Jane's body down, so that she could use her tongue and fingers, as Jane had done on her.

I was to say the least, rock hard erect, and now needed to gain some relief from somewhere, anywhere, I just didn't care, I simply needed to get off. What I really wanted to do most of all though, was to come inside of my mother; it was after all her day more than it was Janes, or mine. But when I got to where Mums opening was I couldn't get into it, as with Jane on top working her magic, her head was in the way between Mums legs.

By this time, I was so desperate for release, that I went to the other side of the bed, pulled Janes hips up and away from Mum, and rammed myself into her slit as hard as I could. Mums eyes were wide open as she watched her sons cock enveloped by Janes wet and welcoming lips.

I was ramming myself into Jane when I felt the most wonderful feeling ever, Mum was sucking my balls as they swung above her face. There was nothing else for me to do, so I came. Thrusting hard into Jane, and calling out as never before, I pulled Janes hair until she had to look back at me as I emptied my load into her. I expected to see Jane looking back at me, but instead saw only an animal with her lips curled back showing me her teeth in a snarl that any animal in the jungle would have been proud of. Then finally, I was spent, my hands reached down to the mattress for support, and I let Janes body take all of my weight, as I fought for breath.

Eventually, I was able to get under control, slid out of Jane, and stepped back to be able to see my mothers face. If Janes was that of an animal, Mums matched it equally, she'd been less than a foot away as I'd serviced myself on Jane, and I could see that it'd had a major effect on my mother. Jane now had gone back to working on Mum, and so that the sexual experience she was undergoing kept on happening for her.

Then I saw it, I think just a split second before Mum did, my semen started to run from Jane. It seemed to be in slow motion as it ran down her opening, falling in a string down towards Mums chest, when at the very, very last possible instant, after waiting as long as she could before making her decision, her tongue flicked out, caught it and took it down into her mouth.

It was only a small amount, but it was a very big moment in our relationship.

Her gaze moved up to mine for a moment to make sure that I'd seen, and then returned to ensure that she was able to catch the next white rope that fell from Jane, also taking that into her mouth.

Mums gaze was fixed firmly on the opening just above her as she waited for the next stream of white to appear, and soon she was rewarded as a third worm slid slowly down Janes lips. It seemed to be suspended in mid air for an eternity, the tension built as Mum waited, holding out her tongue, and silently willing it to fall, so that she could harvest, and then devour it. Eventually gravity won the fight, and it fell, to be caught in mid flight by Mums tongue, which was that of a lizards flicking out to catch an insect.

There seemed to be no more coming for a time, and not prepared to wait any longer she went looking for the next lot by dragging Janes body down to her face, and burying it into her crotch. She feverishly sought out more of the precious liquid, so that before too long Mums face was covered in the juices of both Jane and I.

The net effect of this was to make Jane come, her head dropped down as she ground herself into Mums face. For all of this time I was in shock, as for the first time in her life, my Mother had swallowed cum, and it was mine.

When Jane was finished she rolled over exhausted, with her legs wide apart. Normally if there's a woman with her legs open, any man will look at her, but not this man, and not now.

My eyes were fixed on Mum, I knelt besides the bed, put my mouth next to her ear and whispered, "Mum, you swallowed it, you swallowed my cum."

There were tears in her eyes when she said haltingly, "there's nothing that I won't do for you Alex, nothing at all, because as you said before, there's

nothing wrong between a mother and her son. And the next time that we make love, I want to do sixty nine with you, I'll show you that there's absolutely nothing at all that I won't do for you."

She then held her arms out to me indicating that she wanted to be held, I moved to the bed, and she came into my arms. I looked behind her at Jane, our eyes met, but she was now surplus to our needs, just as I'd been to theirs just a few short moments ago.

Mum put her mouth to my ear and said, "this is how it could have been, and should have been with your father, but he chose alcohol over me. For the last fifteen years, I've just been nothing more to him than what you young people call a cum dump. He's taken care of us financially ok I guess, but that's all, and money isn't everything anyway, my emotional and physical needs have just been completely ignored. When you kissed me last Saturday night, all the old feelings came back, and I knew that not only was that the way that it used to be, but that's the way that it should be still. I don't know what the future holds for us, but if I have to make a choice, I'm not going to lose you. I think the term you used was, you're a keeper."

As she finished speaking Mum put her face against my neck and I felt the hot tears falling onto my shoulder, tears that I knew to be of happiness, because she could now see a way forward with someone who could and would appreciate her, as she should have been appreciated for all of these years.

We stayed with Jane only for a short time more after this, as Mum and I wanted to be able to talk about what'd happened. As we walked back home, with Bozo on the leash this time, she slipped her arm through mine, and let it rest on my hand. It was such a beautiful moment.

As soon as we entered the house my father broke the spell by yelling at us, "just where the fuck have you been?"

Shocked I looked at Mum and then at him, he was drunk, he'd finished off his three beers for today, and had worked his way through until about Thursday.

"Where've you been, you've been gone over three hours."

The passage of time had had no impact on us, we looked first at him, and then each other. We'd been so involved with each other and Jane that time was the last thing on our minds.

I'd no idea what to say, but Mum saw attack as the best form of defence getting right into his face, telling him how we ran into Jane, that we'd sat and have coffee with her, and then blasting Dad for not calling us if he was concerned, as we both had our phones with us. She finally rounded it out by pointing out that as today was Sunday, tomorrow would be Monday, and he'd be going into work hung over again, and that Jason was going to sack him, as he'd threatened to do.

This point got through to Dad who went white, and his eyes filled with tears, "oh shit Mary, I never thought of that, I was just so desperate for a drink, no one was here to notice it, no one was here to stop me, so I just had one more, and then one more, and before I knew it... his voice trailed of and his hand waved vaguely towards the seven empties on the table.

"Alex, take him into the garage put him on your walking machine for an hour, try to walk it out of him, we'll have an early dinner and he can go to bed to try to sleep it off."

I went to set up the walker, as I did I heard Mum yell, "Rich, get the fuck out of my sight before I hit you with the fry pan."

Dad came into the garage looking shocked, "Your mother just swore at me, I've never heard her swear before."

"You lose your job tomorrow, and you'll hear a lot more of it from her, now get on the machine."

He did as he was told, I set it at a pace that he could handle, and went back to Mum, "walking won't sober him up...will it?"

"Maybe, I don't know, I just want him out of my sight." Then I noticed her tears. "I've just had one of the most beautiful days of my life, I walked in the door so full of love and contentment, to be greeted by drunken abuse, it's brought me right back to earth with a thud." She looked towards the garage, "once an arsehole, always an arsehole."

I put my arms around her for a while, then made us a coffee, and we sat drinking it, holding hands for half an hour, then Mum started dinner.

When it was cooked, I got him from the garage, he'd been walking for over an hour and completed almost six miles. His work involved sitting at a desk so he wasn't fit at all, and after this exercise, he looked stuffed. He asked me the same question that I'd asked Mum, "will walking sober me up?"

"It helps the body to absorb the alcohol." I sounded as though I knew what I was talking about, so he nodded, "ok, although all it's done is to make me tired."

Mum had made Nasi Goreng, Dad didn't like Nasi Goreng, in fact Dad hated Nasi Goreng, but after only a brief hesitation, he ate it.

He may've been drunk, but he wasn't stupid, you thought that about now he may be starting to regret yelling at Mum. We ate ours, and then she sat with a very satisfied look on her face right through to the end as he struggled with his."

"Well!?" she said as she took his plate.

"Thank you, it was very nice."

Then the solid gold, diamond studded bitch that's lurking in every woman surfaced as she said,

"that's good, I made a big pot of it, so we'll be having it again, at least for tomorrow, now go to bed and sleep it off."

As he climbed the stairs, Mum said, "I think from now on, he might just do as he's told, if he knows what's good for him."

After an hour she went up to see him, came down and said, "out to it and snoring his head off."

Mum sat very close to me, as before, I put my arm around her, she put her legs over mine, her left breast found its way into my left hand, and my right hand skidded along her leg, under her skirt and into her briefs, where it found a home cupping her rear end.

Mum put her face under my chin against my neck and started to nibble at the skin. I squeezed both her nipple and her rear end, she murmured her appreciation.

"Would you like to make love, if Dad's so far out of it?"

She shook her head, "no Alex, sometimes there's more love in just being together like this, as we are now, in each others arms. Sex is nice, and very important to both of us, but our relationship has room for everything."

She raised herself up to look at me, and said, "You need to know that I meant what I said about you owning me now, so tell me, is there anything else that you want me to do," she paused, and then added, "if we go again to Janes, and you tie me up."

The words 'fuck really', were on the tip of my tongue, but I thought better of it. So after thinking for a moment said, "well Peter Norman got your cherry, I'm getting your throat cherry next time, that means that there's only one more cherry to go."

She sprang back, "No way Jose, there's no way that you're doing anal with me, never, ever, ever, and she looked as though she meant it."

"It's funny you know Mum. but that's what you said about swallowing my cum, do you remember that?"

The evil in her reappeared as she looked at me from under her eyebrows, and then with a big smile on her face said, "yes, I did say that, didn't I?"

F.F.S. DON'T DROP THE BOWL

"Ricky come quickly, I'm about to drop Grandma's crystal bowl."

"Shit, hang on ma I have to put some clothes on I'm just out of the shower."

This wasn't strictly correct as I'd been out of the shower for some time, time I'd spent lying on my bed fantasising about a pair of breasts that lived four doors up the street.

So, what, I'm 20, what else do you need to know.

I grabbed my slacks from where I'd dropped them last night and pulled them on as I ran to the kitchen, it wasn't until I was half way there that I realised my belt was missing. I'd taken that off first when I came home.

Too late to worry about it now the important thing was that Mum didn't drop the crystal bowl. It'd been her mum's and was the biggest crystal bowl you have ever seen, of course being very big it was also very heavy, too heavy for Mum to lift really. But she insisted on moving it from one place to another on a regular basis for no valid reason other than she wanted it moved to another spot.

I ran in holding up my slacks and took the bowl from her, "where are you moving it to?" I asked.

"Back into the corner."

I was about to make a smart arsed comment about it being better in one place permanently, when I felt my slacks now without any means of staying up, start to slide down.

"Mum my pants..." was as far as I got before they slid down into a pool around my ankles.

"Mum please pull them up for me". It was a plaintiff wail which was all I could manage, standing there naked in front of my mother for the first time in many years.

Mum, being a smart arse wasn't going to let me off as easily as that, Dad and my two sisters were all out so there was no one going to come in and see me, and she knew that.

"Very impressive", she smiled at me, "you take after your Dad and his Dad as well, very impressive indeed."

"Ma please pull my pants up, with them around my ankles I can't walk anywhere to put the bowl down."

"All right, I suppose I don't want you to drop the bowl so I have to help you."

"Anyway how do you know Grandpa has a big dick"? I asked.

"He was a bit sneaky when I first met him and liked to show it off, always by accident of course, but after the third 'accident,' I just enjoyed looking as it was probably even more impressive than yours."

By now she was kneeling in front of me with the waist of my slacks in her hands, but instead of pulling them up she looked up at me with an impish grin and said "I'm sorry but I have to do this, it's been about 19 years since the last time." With that she moved her head forward and planted a very light kiss about an inch away from the base of my shaft.

If I was impressive before, I was even more so now.

"Ma, for fuck sake what are you doing, and what do you mean 19 years since the last time?"

If you saw this in a movie you just wouldn't believe it, but here I was naked, with an erection and my mother on her knees in front of me, kissing me an inch away from my dick.

She said, "You'll probably find that most mothers have kissed that area of their sons when changing their nappies at some stage. Many will deny it but most of us have done it. As a matter of fact my sister has also kissed your there on one occasion as well."

"Cheryl has kissed my dick?"

"No not your dick, close but no cigar", she burst out giggling with the realisation of what she'd just said, "Even though it's a very nice cigar, just don't tell her I told you about it."

I was now rock hard, I'd never had sexual thoughts about my mother even though she was very attractive with a pretty good body for a woman of forty. But her sister Cheryl was another matter, she was in the top ten on my bucket list. She was nine years younger than Mum, only 11 years older than me and very, very sexy indeed.

"Mum please pull my pants up for me, I'm embarrassed."

Still she knelt in front of me with that glint in her eyes. "Nothing to be embarrassed about son" she smiled. "I've told you that it's very impressive, and it is."

"Ma please."

She looked directly into my eyes as she said "I love the taste of semen and by the look of you there's a load that's going to go to waste, either in a handkerchief, a sock, a tissue or down the bathroom sink. It's been a while since I've tasted a 20 year olds so I'm not letting this opportunity pass." The glint in her eye was now something more, it was just pure devilment.

She moved her head forward and at the last moment before putting my cock into her mouth said, "for fuck sake don't drop the crystal bowl."

Ten seconds later she had a mouthful, she didn't have to use her tongue, her teeth or her lips. What she did have to do was to work hard to swallow it all because it burst out of me one massive spurt after another.

I was struggling to stand on my feet, I was thrusting so hard it was a miracle that I didn't drop the crystal bowl, but somehow I managed to hang onto it.

Just.

I felt shudders go through her body as her tongue went to work seeking out the very last few drops.

Finally I was spent and when there wasn't any more for her she pulled back still with that glint in her eye saying "Mmmm very, very, impressive indeed, taste, texture, quality and quantity, I can see why older women like younger men, I might get myself a toy boy."

"Or two", she quickly added.

As she got to her feet she pulled my slacks up and held them as I walked on very unsteady legs so that I could put the bowl where she wanted it.

She then went to the door and said looking at my groin, "it looks as if there's still going to be a big waste of semen."

I was still very much erect.

She turned as she went out, "I'm going to meet your father at the garage, he's taken his car to be serviced and then I'm bringing him home.

If you play your cards right, you might want to make a move on Cheryl, she's up for it if you are. Their marriage is over and someone needs to take care of her needs, the way she tells it she needs a lot of sex. But I don't think that'll be much of a problem." She smiled again at my groin and then she was gone.

I stood there in a trance, what had just happened was just a blur.

Then the door opened again, "You might also like to check out her sister in law Jennie, she told Cheryl she wants to fuck your brains out, you might even convince them to try a threesome, they're both into just about anything."

She stood there still with that great big grin and then said, "this has been something special but it's between us, and it's also over, no more, never ever again. It was nice and I enjoyed it, maybe not as much as you, but I did enjoy it. But it's over, something to look back on, not something to look forward to. You'll just have to make do with Cheryl and Jennie."

Then she was gone again.

Still I stood there in shock, my mouth was hanging open, my eyes bugging out and I was frozen in time.

Again the door opened and she still with that smile said "thank you for not dropping the crystal bowl."

GREGS' MUM

"Ma, when are you going to get yourself a boyfriend?"

"I might have one already for all you know Larry."

"Yeah right, and where are you hiding him, because if you had one, I'd know."

"I'm hiding him in plain sight, he's just so easy to see, but you're just not looking in the right places."

"Yeah right ma, it's been two years since you and Dad split and he wouldn't mind, he's got Sarah now and you two still get on all right, you just drifted apart. You waited until both your kids had finished high school. We never

heard you arguing even, and now you need to find someone else and get on with your life, you're not even forty five until next year."

Just then the patio door opened and Greg from next door walked in, "Hi folks do you mind if I hide in here for a while, world war three has just broken out at my place?"

"No come right in Greg, what's wrong this time?"

"Thanks Jane, it's their wedding anniversary today so Mum booked dinner at a flash restaurant for tonight, and then he told her this morning his boss had just rung and told him he has to fly out on business this afternoon. Well when the boss rang back a little while later, mum took the call, and he told her he was really pleased that dad had volunteered to go, so she's pissed at him."

Greg and his family had lived next door for three years, and for about a year after he moved in, he'd dated my elder sister until she met the man of her dreams, got married and moved to the other side of town. He was pretty cut up about it at first but surprisingly got over it quite quickly, and we're still good friends and see a lot of him.

We sat and talked for about a half an hour, and then we heard a door slam followed by a car starting and then driving away. Mum jumped up saying "I'll go and make sure that Bess is ok."

She came back an hour later saying, "we're going to have a Bar-B-Que tonight to celebrate Bess' anniversary, not his though. I'm not going to let her sit at home by herself on such a special day. We've got about a dozen people coming over, it's all we could get as most people are already going out on Saturday night."

So we set about making salads and other stuff for the Bar-B-Que, before long people started to arrive, we finished the preparation and carried it into next

door. As always as soon as I walked in my eyes were drawn to Gregs' mum Bess, she was something special with a head full of red curls which fell down all over her shoulders. She had a great body for a woman who'd had two kids, I'd had the hots for her for ages and sometimes I thought she knew and responded to me a little, and then she seemed to draw back, and I then knew that I'd almost made a fool of myself, thank god I'd never made a move on her, all hell would have broken out if I had.

It was a fairly low key affair but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Greg and I did the cooking except for a few minutes when he danced with my mum, and then came back and said that he thought that I should dance with Bess.

As I did, I told her how nice she looked, she was a pretty woman who seemed to always dress well. She was wearing a tight fitting silk dress which showed off her figure very nicely. She said very softly "thank you Larry," she then put her head on my shoulder, but looked a bit embarrassed.

Most people had come in casual clothes, in fact Greg, Mum and I hadn't even changed, so if anything, she was overdressed but given that she always dressed a bit better than anyone else I just accepted it.

When I went back to Greg I said, "Your Mum always looks pretty but she looks extra good tonight, has she made a special effort for some reason?"

"Yes I think so, she certainly has come up well."

"Someone?"

"Could be."

"Who?"

"We'll probably find out later."

I looked around to see who it may be, but couldn't see anyone who wasn't with someone, maybe I'd missed something, or someone, I looked forward to finding out who the new interest in her life was, she was of course married to his dad which didn't seem to bother Greg at all.

Just after 8:30 a thunderstorm which was forecast to go 100 miles to the south hit us hard with high winds and driving rain. People came running in, and as the storm showed no signs of abating, they started to leave, as many had left windows open or were concerned about pets.

So that by 9:00 all had left, which sat well with me as I wanted to see a soccer match from Spain, Barcelona were playing Real Madrid, always a top show. Dave knew this and turned on the television just as the game was starting, I sat down and Bess bought me a beer and some nuts, so I was set.

The other three sat to one side talking for about fifteen minutes when mum started to yawn and declared that she was going to go home. Bess said, "Greg walk Jane home and then come back to watch the game with Larry."

"Right Mum, come on Jane let's go."

Bess came and sat next to me and we watched the game until half time when I realised that Greg wasn't back yet.

"Where's Greg?"

She smiled at me, "He's not coming back tonight."

I looked blank, "What?"

"He's not coming back tonight, he's staying with Jane."

I sat with my mouth open, not quite prepared to allow myself to accept what it was that she was saying to me.

"What do you mean he's staying with Mum?"

"He's staying with Jane, haven't you worked it out yet?"

I was in shock, I sat there mumbling something about not understanding what was going on, whilst at the same time fully realising what she was saying, but my brain was refusing to accept the fact.

"Staying with Mum, my Mum, tonight, together?"

"Yes."

"How long has this been going on?" I demanded angrily.

"Almost two years," she said with a smile on her face.

I sprang to my feet, "He's been fucking my Mum for two years, and you never thought to tell me?"

"First of all he isn't just fucking her, and I don't like that word anyway thank you Larry. What's happening is that they're making love, he's a kind considerate lover who looks after her, and respects her. The age difference means there's little chance of it lasting forever, but right now they're good together, and are just enjoying their time with each other, and as for telling you Larry, well is it any of your business?"

"Bullshit I'm going over there now to put a stop to it, once and for all."

"That's a bit hypocritical isn't it Larry?"

"What do you mean?"

"You thought you were such a super stud when you were screwing Aileen Macgregor from your work, when her husband was away, and that's all it was, just screwing, nothing more, nothing less, just screwing."

I sat down, chastened, "how did you know about Aileen?"

"Doesn't matter, I know, and your Mum knows, just hope that Ray Macgregor never does."

In a small voice, almost a whisper, I said, "but it's been going on for two years now."

"Yes."

"How often?"

"Oh two or three times a week, sometimes here sometimes there, whatever they could organise."

"And you've known all along?"

"Yes, from day one actually."

"Doesn't bother you?"

"Not one scrap, as a matter of fact I often go out so that they can be together here."

"Now I know why he got over my sister so quickly."

"Yep, it was a big help for him."

"So what am I supposed to do now, just sleep in my room and listen to them banging away?" I was starting to get angry again.

"Well no," she paused, "you can stay here, you've done that before," again she paused, and then quickly added as if to get it out before she changed her mind, "there're three beds and you can pick which one you want to sleep in."

I looked at her and she smiled back at me, it was very difficult for me to look her in the eyes because as she spoke, her nipples were now poking out a full half an inch. She was also a bright shade of red.

We were silent for some seconds as I pondered what she'd just said.

I turned to face her, "let me get this right Bess, I have a choice of any one of the three beds in this house, is that correct?" At this point my heart was racing at the possibilities running through my mind.

"Yes it's up to you which one you sleep in." It was obvious what was happening but I needed to make sure that I wasn't going to make a fool of myself.

"So what happens if the one I choose has a body, already in it?"

She looked almost embarrassed as she said softly, "would that be so bad?"

I paused for a moment before answering her, "no not at all, as a matter of fact I'd love to stay with you." I was sure now which direction we were heading in. "I've looked at you so many times, and thought what a lucky bastard Phil is, does he realise it Bess?"

"People change over the years, what's important today is less so tomorrow, we all can take others for granted and perhaps not value them as much as we did before." As she spoke a small tear slid from her eye. She continued, "he's such a good man in so very many ways, but he's so different to the man I married, he says he still loves me, but just doesn't seem to be able to show it. Sometimes I think they're just words, I try to present myself so that he'll be proud to be seen with me, but he just takes me for granted, I wonder sometimes, is it all worth it?"

A second tear followed the first landing on her breast, which allowed me to drop my gaze and see that her nipples were still looking for attention.

I smiled at her, and taking her hand in both of mine said, "you bet it's all worthwhile, you always look a million dollars, I've seen other men look at you, and not just one or two, I mean lots."

"What about you Larry, have you ever looked at me like that?"

"Yes of course, all the time to be honest Bess, the last time was after we'd danced tonight, I just thought, wow, you always look so special, I don't know how I've managed to keep my hands off you. I don't know if anyone's ever told you but you've got a great arse. No not a great arse, a world class arse, a Worlds Champion Arse, if we're being really honest about it."

She smiled at that and then looked serious as I pulled her to me and kissed her just below her ear before running my tongue along her jawbone and then putting my hand onto the side of her face, gently stroking it. I then moved her mouth around so that I could kiss it very gently.

She pulled away slightly, "are you sure that this is what you really, really want, you won't regret this in the morning, and go around town telling everyone about me?"

"Yes and no", she looked puzzled.

Yes I'm sure it's what I want, and no I won't regret it in the morning, I'll probably prove it to you again then, and as for telling anyone, well that just won't happen because you need to know that I'll want it to happen again. Bess you have no idea how long I've wanted you in my arms."

We kissed, it sounds just so simple, we kissed. But what a transfer of passion and emotions that brought for both of us. Tongues flicking, hands caressing and fingers moving all around her, from her back, to her breasts, her arse, her face, her hair, her legs, she responded very passionately.

She broke the kiss, stood up, turned off the television and walked to the door, turning and saying as she did, "turn the light off for me please," and then moved away, leaving me to follow.

I watched as she walked away.

Did I imagine an extra swing to her hips as she moved?

When she got to her bedroom door she turned with a concerned look in her eyes, and in a small voice said, "aren't you coming?"

I smiled and said, "of course, I was just looking at your 'Worlds Champion Arse', trying to find the right words to describe its movement, but unfortunately, words fail me. You've rendered me totally illiterate, twelve years of schooling obliterated."

She gave me that shy smile and moved on into her bedroom.

I got up, turned out the light and moved in the darkness to her door, by the time I got there she was already in bed.

"You got undressed quickly."

"Two items don't take much time to remove."

"Really, I know you had on a bra so I'm guessing you never had any pants on, do you do that often?"

"Never done it before, but this was a special occasion for me."

By this time I'd shed my clothes and was in bed with her, "I wish I'd known."

"What difference would it have made?"

"I wouldn't have wasted almost an hour watching a stupid football game."

We both laughed which was stopped when we kissed. As soon as our lips met and we'd moved together she made it very clear from the start that she was in control, grabbing my cock in her hand and moving her mouth down to my nipple. She had her other hand on my shoulder and used it to push me down making it obvious that she didn't intend for me to move.

She worked her mouth down until I could feel her hot breath on my cock, she almost, but not quite, had it in her mouth.

Her tongue came so close to touching it, but not quite.

For my part it was only a matter of time before I shoot a full load all over her face.

As if realising that, she pulled her face back from me giggling all the time. "This is what I really like," she said as she raised her body up, swinging her leg over me, so that she was then in a position to lower herself down, just a little at a time.

She raised herself up again before I was all the way in, and then down, and up again,` as if she didn't want to take all of it inside her until she was ready. Time and again she slid up and down, until it was getting very hard for me to

exercise control, she again seemed to realise what she was doing and whilst still keeping me inside of her, she lay on top of me bringing her mouth to meet mine.

It was becoming obvious that she was very heavily into kissing as they were lasting longer and longer and her breathing was becoming very ragged.

As she lay on top kissing me, I ran my hands all the way down her back, going past her hips and cupping her arse cheeks. I then slipped both my hands between them so that my index fingers were parting her lips, which were as you would expect very wet, as I was still hard inside her.

It was very stimulating to feel my cock as it filled up her opening, I was aware however that if she didn't come soon, I would, as I was just so close, I was right on the edge all the time.

There'd been no foreplay at all, she'd just put me inside, and started to ride me. It may have been ok to do that with an older person who had some control, but I was only twenty, and ready to fire up at a moments notice. I'd be ready to go again soon after, but the first time never took long at all, and that was my immediate problem.

We continued to kiss as I spread her wetness all the way along the valley between her cheeks until I got to her other hole, and as I slowly moved my finger around it several times, and then, after sliding it inside her, she started to come.

It was stimulating for me to feel my cock with my finger through the thin membrane of skin separating the two passages. I tried to hold off as long as I could, but it was a lost cause. Fortunately shortly after I came, she followed, strange noises coming from both of us as our inner animals came to the fore.

I didn't know how long it had been since Phil had 'taken care of the business', but she never missed a beat. Almost as soon as her shuddering was finished, with only a momentary pause to collect her breath, she was moving her hips again.

Being only twenty I never totally went soft, and our combined juices flowing from within her meant, that there was sufficient lubrication to ensure that I was soon rock hard again for her.

Soon she turned around so that she was facing away from me, still with me deep inside of her, this of course offered an opportunity for me to again access her small hole even better than before.

As she felt my fingers moving between her cheeks, she leaned forward to allow me easier entry, she knew what I was trying to achieve, and she was looking for the same thing.

With her bent over as she was, it was just so easy for me to fully enter her brown hole, I let her do all of the work, rocking backwards and forwards at her own speed, she was totally in control, which is why she'd gone on top in the first place, I knew that it was all about control for her. Again I could feel my cock through the thin membrane separating her two canals as I slid in and out of her. I was now in a position of being able to take longer with her. I always went fairly quickly the first time, but after that, I was 'good to go' for as long as she needed me to be hard.

And of course what she needed from me was someone to let her find out what it was that she could achieve if left to her own devices. I only had to lie there for her so that she could move at her own pace, fast or slow, long or short, whatever it was that she needed at that moment in time.

Soon she came again, and after more of doing what she wanted to do, for a third time, the last one, well, she seemed to be reaching for the heavens with

that one, as her body was racked by shockwave after shockwave which ran through her.

Finally she fell forward onto her face, and then rolled over onto her back, legs and arms wide apart, hair everywhere, gasping for breath as if her life depended on it.

Then, after what seemed like ages, she brought herself under control, and in a strange voice said, "I need you inside me again so that I can feel you in my arms as you come into me."

She pulled her legs back against her body to allow me to better enter her, locked her heels behind as her lips enveloped my cock, so that as I came hard and thrusting inside of her, she was again able to climax for me.

Afterwards she lay in my arms, her heart pounding and her breath ragged.

She eventually raised her head and looked at me, "that's how sex used to be for me, can you do that for me every time?"

As she spoke, I couldn't see her face at all, it was covered by the explosion that had previously been her well tended head of red curls.

"Bess, there's only one way for you to find that out."

She again gave me that shy smile. We drifted off to sleep in each others arms, we awoke at three thirty am, already deep into the sex act, and at nine o clock we made love again.

Eleven o clock found us having breakfast together like an old married couple, all she wanted to do was touch and kiss me, it was as if she was about fifteen again. I had on my shorts and shirt from the night before. Bess had on one of Phil's extra large tee shirts, nothing else, just the tee shirt. As she kept kissing me, I found it impossible to not play with her arse. Nothing was said, we both knew that this was something that we would do again. To say that we'd both enjoyed it was an understatement, we would have to work out an arrangement similar to what Mum and Greg had, we may even give each other an alibi.

The only thing bothering me was how was I going to behave when I met Mum and Greg, that was something that had to be faced. It was eased a little by them being out on our back patio eating breakfast as if they'd been doing it all their lives. They saw us and waved, just as good neighbours always do. We waved back, and the ice was broken.

Bess said, "Let's go in there, don't be embarrassed, just act as if everyone in the street swaps their sons all the time."

For some reason Greg and I shook hands, where we congratulating each other?

Mum and I kissed, there was a brief moment of awkwardness, but after that we just talked about the party and then things in general for about a half an hour, until Bess said, "Come on Greg, we have to go, there's a small chore that I want you to do for me before lunch."

As they moved away, Mum came up behind me and said in a whisper, "You need a shower, you stink."

"Bess?"

"Bess, and sex in general." She was laughing, her eyes were alive and twinkling, more than I'd seen them for years.

I went upstairs to the bathroom with her following me, a half way up there's a window that looks over the fence into Bess' back garden. It's just at the right height to see over their fence but still be able to see under the roof of their veranda.

Greg and Bess were standing facing each other by the patio door with their arms around each other and smiling, I paused to look at them, as I did, Greg moved his head down to his mother and kissed her on the mouth.

Nothing strange about that I thought, right up until she put her arms around his neck and kissed him back, hard.

Nothing strange about that except that the kiss was very much more involved than the normal kiss between a mother and her son should be, and it went on for far longer than a normal kiss between a mother and her son should go.

Much, much longer that a normal kiss should go.

My jaw dropped, I turned to look at Mum who was standing behind me with her eyebrows raised, and a smile on her face, as if to say, "isn't that behaviour normal between a mother and her son?"

I didn't know wether to look at her, or them, I decided to look at Bess and Greg, who were still clinging onto each other as if their lives depended on it. I glanced quickly back at Mum who still had that smile on her face, she didn't seem to be at all surprised about what she was seeing.

When I looked back, Greg's shirt was now on the floor, and Bess' tee was joining it, she was now naked. As I watched she undid his belt, so that his shorts and underwear then followed the rest of their clothing onto the pile.

Still kissing they moved to just inside the door and then went out of sight, I turned to mum making "well, err, what, err, but, err, how, noises."

Still smiling, and eyes twinkling she nodded back towards Bess and Greg.

When I turned back, I could see Greg's legs only from the knees down in the doorway, he was lying on the floor and from the back and forth movement of his feet, Bess was riding him hard.

That was all that I could see, his legs from the knees down, moving.

I looked back at Mum, and then thinking that I could look at her for the rest of my life, but the chance to see Greg and Bess making love may not come around again, turned back to watch.

Because it wasn't long since they'd made love, Bess was able to go for ages and Greg stayed the course right to the end, and when she flopped off, and he rolled on top of her, it was obvious what was happening. I could only again see the bottom of his legs as I guessed that she'd pulled hers back to allow him better entry into her.

As his thrusts increased in intensity and then stopped completely, I knew that he was then coming inside her.

They were motionless for some moments, and then as he rolled off her, her feet flopped down into view.

They lay without moving for a long time, I thought that they may have gone to sleep but eventually, they moved away and disappeared from my sight.

At this point I had nowhere else to look but at Mum.

She looked a little more serious when she said, "we probably need to talk about this."

"Yes," I croaked. Not sure that there was anything that I could add, even if I had been able to speak.

We went and sat on her bed and she started to speak. I just listened, I think that by this time my mouth was closed, but I'm not sure.

She began, "It all started the day that your Dad and I parted, even though we'd agreed to do it, it was still hard for both of us, we still cared about each other, but the marriage was over. We hadn't told you or your sister, we didn't want her racing across town like a crazy person, as she'd just got married, so your Dad went over there to tell her face to face. You of course had the interview for your job, so we didn't want to distract you from that, and so I was left to deal with it alone. Your Dad and I hugged, we kissed and cried, it was sad, but it had to be done, and then he drove away."

"As soon as he was gone, Bess came in, she was the only one I'd told what was happening, when she got here I cried some more, and she joined in. After a while, we calmed down, and Bess said, "What you need young lady,is a drink what do you have in the fridge?"

"Nothing Bess, we're right out, I haven't thought about shopping lately, I've been tied up with other things." That broke the tension a little and we at least smiled at that.

Bess walked to the fridge, "wrong, wrong, wrong we're in great shape," as she held up a six pack of Bacardi and Coke. "It looks as if old, what's his name, your ex, has left us a present. He must have forgotten them with the emotion of the moment."

Before I could stop Bess, she had the tops off two of them and we drank them right from the can, no glasses, no finesse at all, straight from the can, normally I'd hate it, but for the moment, it was just right for me."

"The first can didn't take long, and we were a half way through the next before I started to take stock of my situation, the big problem was that I was drinking on an empty stomach and still very upset, so it all went to my head. By the time we started on the third can, the emotion of it all got to me and I started to cry again. Bess came and put her arms around me, she cried too but after a while we settled down."

"I was a half way through the third can when I started to cry again, I think that it was now the drink more than anything else. Bess came back and comforted me again; it felt so nice and secure in her arms that even when I stopped crying I stayed against her. She kissed the side of my face and told me not to worry, that I had a great body, and a pretty face, and I'd soon find someone else to be with."

"She once again kissed the side of my face and then kissed me on the lips, I was a bit drunk by now, so I kissed her back. Before I knew it she had my breasts out and was sucking on my nipples, Larry you have no idea how sensitive my nipples are. Once she started on them, that and the B&C went straight, well not to my head, but to between my legs. Apart from a bit of 'experimental fumbling' as a teenager, I've never wanted to be touched by a woman, but I guess the emotion, the alcohol and the fact that Dad and I hadn't made love for about three months kicked in, and I was hers."

"Before too long, I was naked, with Bess' face in my pubic area, and both of her hands pulling on my nipples. I was just at the point of release when the patio door opened and Greg walked in. Bess had told him that your Dad was

leaving, and he'd come over to see how I was. I went to get up but Bess held me down and continued to eat me out, still pulling on my nipples, and then suddenly, I wasn't going anywhere."

"I put one of my hands onto the back of her head to help grind myself into her face, whilst at the same time holding Greg's gaze, and then extending the other hand out to him, I was officially welcoming him to our little party."

"He moved quickly over to me, but he didn't take the hand that I offered, instead moving his mother away from me, replacing her mouth with his. The transition from Bess to her son was completed long before I had the chance to move away, even if I'd wanted to, which to be honest, I didn't. I just wanted to come, I needed to come, I'd been so close just before he'd arrived at the door, and when I did come it was long...loud...and hard."

"Afterwards, between them they carried me to my bedroom and took turns with me, kissing, licking and touching me all over. They just took complete control of me, they knew that I needed as much love as I could get from them, and they just gave it all to me. They spent over an hour on me, sometimes one of them, and sometimes both at the same time. By the time they'd finished I was wrecked completely, I...could...not ...move."

"As if on a prearranged signal, they turned to each other and kissed. They told me later that there had been a bit of sexual tension between them for a while because of her complaining to Greg about Phil always being away, and making no attempt to hide the fact that she wasn't getting any sex from him. But they were both surprised at the way this went. I was able to drag myself into a chair and let them have the bed to themselves."

"Larry, I don't know if you've ever seen someone making love before, I don't mean having sex, I mean making love, this was just so deep and intense. A mother and her son together is just the most beautiful thing that you can imagine. I sat and watched with tears streaming down my cheeks. Greg took so much time with her, she came three times before he entered into her, and

then came himself, it was just so beautiful, I can still picture it today, and I still cry, as I think of that day when she gave herself to her son."

She looked at me and, yes, she had tears in her eyes.

"After they'd finished they took me back onto the bed, and we all started kissing and touching each other for what seemed like ages We finished up in a triangle with Greg and I kissing, Bess' mouth on my mound, and Greg coming inside of his mother."

"We'd had a just few moments to compose ourselves before we heard your motor bike coming up the street. They ran through our garden naked, carrying their cloths into their house, and I ran into the shower after locking the bedroom door. I had the quickest shower ever, on the shakiest legs of all time, I just made it out of the bathroom as you came up the stairs, you'd got the job and that was all that you had in your mind, you didn't notice anything about the house, you didn't even notice the six empty cans of B&C, you were so full of your success, and that was very convenient for me."

As she looked at me, her eyes were ablaze, "so now you know all about it, how do you feel, what do you think?"

"Dunno, I'm still coming to terms with Bess and I, and now it's Bess and you... Greg and you... Bess and Greg... Bess, Greg and you..., how am I supposed to feel? It's a lot for me to process at one time, what else is next for me to have to deal with?"

We'd been talking for over an hour at this point. Mum nodded, "yes I suppose it is a bit full on for you isn't it. Why don't you go and have a shower, you may feel better cleaned up?"

Unable to think straight, I did as I was told and went into the shower washing off the scent of Bess, I must have been a in long time because the door

opened and Mum came in. She stood there with an evil look in her eyes and wearing a smile on her face, "Larry, if you stand there much longer, you'll run us out of hot water. Time to get out pal, you're as bad as you were as a six year old."

She turned and left the room, I jumped from the shower and started to dry myself as fast as I could, but after less than ten seconds I stopped, said, "fuck it," threw the towel on the floor, and ran from the bathroom.

You see, when I said that she had an evil look in her eyes, and was wearing a smile on her face.

A smile was all that she was wearing.

I moved quickly down the passage but stopped as I came to her room, because there lying on her bed were Bess and Greg. They hadn't waited for me to arrive, and were locked into the sixty nine position, she on top of him. I'd got to the doorway just in time to see Greg come into his mother's mouth, he thrusting hard into her, and she sucking madly to ensure that she didn't lose any of his juice.

As soon as he'd finished he went back to using his mouth on her, she by now sitting upright, moving her hips faster and faster as she approached her release.

A movement to my left caught my eye, I turned to see my mother sitting in a chair with a leg over each arm, she was wide open and touching herself. Briefly she looked at me, but then returned her eyes to Bess and her son.

Not waiting for an invitation I moved quickly to my Mother, removed her fingers from inside her and replaced them with my mouth and tongue, she moaned and put both of her hands onto the back of my head.

Soon she was responding to my stimulations and when I put first one and then two fingers inside of her she came for me, grinding my face into her slit, it must have acted as a spur for Bess as she came also only a few seconds after Mum.

Both of them were very noisy, followed by a silence which found everyone looking at each other, uncertain what the addition of me to their group meant. It was a somewhat awkward few seconds before Greg shrugged and said, "so now you know it all, welcome to our little circle."

Bess and Mum were both looking at me waiting to see my reaction. What else could I do but grin, I'd asked Mum before what else was there for me to deal with, now I knew, and I felt pretty sure that that question would never need to be asked again by me.

Bess looked at my very rampant erection and said, "come on Heather, there's still one final act of initiation for him to go through, before he's truly a part of us."

I looked at Mum, she was smiling with tears in her eyes as she reached down and gently fondled my cock. "On the bed please darling," she said. I got up and Mum walked besides me, still holding my cock in her hand. As I went to the bed Greg got off and replaced my mother in the chair, his cock coated with his mother's saliva, but not yet flaccid.

I knelt on the bed facing Bess who took me in her arms and kissed me softly, "you've no idea how long we've wanted for you to join us, but weren't sure that you'd accept us in this relationship, but I think you're happy to be with us now, aren't you?"

I nodded and she then kissed me as passionately as she could, her arms around my neck, and her tongue invading my mouth, as she did I felt my

mother press her body into my back, sliding her arms around me to be able to take my cock into one hand and my sac into the other saying, "and you've no idea how long I've wanted to hold these in my hands, the only thing better will be when I feel you come inside me."

"Speaking of which," said Bess, "lie down please Larry."

My initiation into their little group was completed with Bess sitting on my face, my Mother facing her so that they could kiss passionately, and me with my cock inside of Mum, where it set about doing the only thing that my Mother thought was better than holding it.

As Mum felt me starting to come, she pushed Bess away, "Bess move back, I want to see his face as he comes into me." So Bess moved back and knelt on the floor, with her body on the bed and her face about two feet away from mine.

I saw Greg move from the chair and kneel behind his mother, she looked back at him, and then put her arm behind her, obviously holding his cock. She seemed to concentrate for a moment on what she was doing, and then satisfied put her head back on the bed, again about two feet away from mine, our eyes met but she wasn't seeing anything at this time, she was concentrating on what Greg was doing to her.

I looked at Greg, but he was also concentrating on what he was doing to his mother, I saw him push his hips carefully into her, and then in a soft voice said, "you're so tight in there Mum." Her reply could best be described as a moan of agreement, as she took my right hand into hers, and put her left hand onto my forearm.

I felt her hands squeeze mine and then relax, squeeze and relax, squeeze and relax, as Greg pressed himself into his mother. My eyes again met Bess' and this time she gave me a smile, she was just so radiant as she coupled with the most important man in her life.

We were now all locked together in a union of love, we were four individual parts, but we were now a completed entity also.

As my Mother put her hands onto my shoulders, she brought her face down to be as close to mine as she could, and watched intently, as for what I hoped would be the first of many times, I came inside my Mother.

*

THE MIRROR

CHAPTER 1

I smiled to myself as I heard my mother call, "Donny, would you come here for a moment please? I'm in the bath." Normally she had a shower, but recently had started to have a bath, mostly when my father was on night shift.

As I entered Mum was sitting with her knees drawn up trying to cover her breasts. I say trying to, because they were quite frankly, large, all of the women in her family had big breasts, but even in this exalted company, she stood out. Her breasts were known as her, 'magnificents.'

It may be that it's because she's my mum and every boy is in love with their mother, but I think that for the rest of my life, I'll always see her body shape of flat stomach and large breasts as being perfect. She didn't work out at all, this was just her natural build.

"Yeah Ma what's up?" I didn't really need to ask as we had the same conversation every time that she'd called me into the bathroom recently. "Can you wash my back for me please love, your Dad's at work and I can't reach, when you've washed it can you just scrub it a bit with the loofah, not too hard, just enough to get the blood going please?"

I'd done this several times recently, and always when Dad was on night shift, I saw nothing in it until I realised that she never asked me to do it when he was home, and I'd been waiting to see if she'd call me this week.

She had called, and on the very first night he wasn't there. I wondered what her thoughts were, and if I could push the boundaries a bit and challenge her, just for the fun of it of course.

I got the soap, worked up a good lather in my hands and started to wash her back working in an all around motion, straying just a little bit onto the side of her breast, the action could be seen as perhaps an accident due to their enormous size. I held my breath as I continued with the circular motion once again running my hand down the side of her right breast.

There was no acknowledgment from her that anything untoward had happened.

I ran my hand wide again almost pushing it between her breast and her arm, nothing was said so I did it again, and then again. She must've known what I was doing but chose to ignore it every time.

As I'd done most others nights previously, I dropped the soap so that it went down behind her. Also as I'd done previously and without thinking about the consequences, I plunged my hand under the water searching for the soap but quite openly running my hand across her bum.

It was obvious to both of us what I was doing, she let it go for a while and then said, "I'll get it," however to do so she had to move her right hand under the water behind her, and twist her body so that her magnificent right breast was now fully exposed.

She appeared not to notice, or care, and even when she handed me the soap her breast was still on view. She didn't engage eye contact, I thought that that was significant as she knew that she was on show but took no action to cover her breast, or try to catch me looking at it, which I of course was.

As soon as I had the soap back, I again worked up a good lather and went back to moving in wide circles, not always touching her breast but doing so every second time or so, still she said nothing.

Eventually I thought I should stop and I got the loofah, pressing it against her back, quite softly at first but increasing it a little, and then a little bit more until Mum started to push back against me, whilst arching her shoulders.

The net effect of this was that both her breasts were no longer contained against her knees, but were almost on display. As she pushed harder against my pressure, I reduced it slightly so that she had to push more to get the feeling that she wanted, and her breasts became even more on show. I thought that she must have known, but she said nothing.

Eventually however she called out, "ok, ok that's enough, enough already, my back's starting to hurt." I had to stop looking at her breasts because they were now back to being at least partially hidden against her knees. I was shocked as I looked down at her back, it was very red, "sorry Mum I pressed a bit hard, I didn't realise."

"No it's ok, I stopped when I wanted to, is it red?"

"Just a bit, not to bad," I lied.

"Ok it's stinging a bit but it should be all right, I guess." I poured several hands full of water over her back but it was still redder than it should've been.

In the past I'd then gone out of the room and left her to enjoy her soak, but for this time I'd planned ahead and thought out a couple of topics that I could discuss with her.

I sat on the floor and started to ask her advice about a nonexistent problem that I had. She started to answer, and then realising that as I was now on the floor and below the level of the bath, she could lay right back, so that the only part of her that I could see as we talked, was her face.

The conversation, as many do, moved into other directions and she seemed quite comfortable to be lying there naked talking with her son as if that was quite normal. I let her move the conversation in any direction that she wanted, and she seemed happy to talk. That was ok with me, as this was what I'd wanted to happen. When out of the corner of my eye I caught a movement to my left.

My father had hung a mirror on a hook on the wall at the end of the bath, so that he could shave whilst under the shower, and the mirror had slipped around so that it wasn't facing where it should have, but was hanging down at an angle, and the movement that had caught my eye in the reflection was my mother, as she settled further into the bath.

What had grabbed my attention was that I was now able to see her pubic area, and as she had her knees parted slightly I could see her very clearly indeed. As I watched I saw her hand come down and rest over it. She continued talking as normal, I found it hard to know where to look, at her, or the mirror. By looking almost, but not quite directly at her, I was able to see the mirror out of the corner of my eye. Peripheral vision is a wonderful thing.

Now her other hand came into view, slipped between her legs and spread her lips wide, not only could I see the movement of her hand as she gently rubbed herself, I could also hear as the water lapped against the side of the bath caused by that rubbing.

She had no awareness of the noise, she was talking and teasing herself at the same time, and as all of her senses were occupied, she just didn't hear it. Mind you, if I hadn't been able to see the mirror, I wouldn't have known what the noise was anyway.

This went on for a couple of minutes when as she was speaking, and on an impulse, as many things in life are, I got up quickly, moved to the side of the bath and said, "we have to get you out of there, you've been in for ages, and you'll end up like a prune."

She had no time to move anything other than her hands, and was totally exposed, as she said "eerr, ah well, aarr, umm, son, I'm aahhh, not sure about this, I'm your mum and I'm not sure I should be with you...you know, like this."

"Come on you'll be cold I'll get a towel and dry you". I said, ignoring her protestations. I threw the towel over my shoulder and bending down pulled out the plug, then took both of her hands in mine to lift her out. All the time I was talking about how she'd look like a prune, how cold she'd be, anything to prevent her from getting a word in to try to stop me.

With an unsure look on her face she just did as I asked, as she'd no idea what to do or how to handle it, and then there she was, standing naked in front of me, with water dripping from a large bush of pubic hair and both of her long brown nipples. Her 'magnificents' were hanging there right in front of me, enormous, pure white and shining beautifully, coated in water. I didn't even try not to look at them openly, I just stared.

"Truly magnificent, Jesus Ma, you're not bad for forty five, all of the other mums of your age are fat, odd shapes and sizes, or all of the above, but you are indeed truly magnificent." I murmured as if to myself.

She just stood there rooted to the spot.

"Stay there I'll get the mat," as I bent down to put it on the floor I raised my eyes slightly and had a wonderful view between her thighs which showed me that her lips were out, wide open, and obviously wet, touching yourself does that for a woman.

Standing up I took both of her hands in mine, moving backwards, so that she had to lift her leg over the side and step out, or fall over. There she was stark naked and still dripping wet. I got the towel in my hands, "turn around I'll do your back first."

She turned without a sound and I dried her back, I was still talking, rambling on about everything and nothing, I worked my way down to her bum and then skipped all the way to her feet to start working my way back up her legs.

As I did her feet, my face was only inches away from her bottom and the view between her legs was as clear as day, everything could again be seen, especially her lips which were still swollen and hanging down.

I took my time doing her feet.

This was going better that I could've hoped, in fact I'd originally had no plan other than to see how often I could get my hand onto her breast. This far hadn't even been in my thinking, but you can't look a gift horse in the mouth as they say, so I pressed on.

Now I was working inside her thighs and moving upwards, taking my time as if this was quite normal. Soon I had the top of my hand, covered by the towel of course, hard up against her lips. I moved my hand as if drying her but then moved it away leaving the towel stuck between her thighs and pressed against her. Mum hadn't said anything now for at least two minutes and seemed to be frozen into her uncertainty.

I was now the one with the problem, what to do, how far to go, how far would she let me go. What would the repercussions of this be, now, or if it got out of hand, and of course how far was I prepared to let it go? Questions, questions, questions, I didn't have the answers in fact I didn't even understand the questions my head was spinning so much.

I was ready to stop with the towel the instant that she showed any signs of being uncomfortable , but deciding to push on, I left the towel between her legs, and using her hips, turned her around to face me.

Getting another towel I stood up and looking straight into her eyes dried her face and shoulders, her arms and hands and then quite openly, her breasts which required both hands attention as I couldn't contain them in one. I made sure to work her nipples as much as I could.

By now she had a really weird look in her eyes, and had remained silent for a long time, I felt that she wasn't really that comfortable with what was happening, but was unsure of how to retake control of the situation..

After her breasts, I moved down her stomach and then her legs, all the way down to her toes, leaving her 'sex central' with the towel jammed against it to the very last.

Then standing fully upright. I threw the second towel over my shoulder, looked straight at her, and then without breaking eye contact, ran the back of my hand slowly down her stomach, across her pubic hair, rubbing it twice, before slipping my fingers into the towel jammed between her legs, and pulled it very, very slowly upwards, so that it dragged along her already swollen lips. She gasped and bit her bottom lip, her eyes were still wild and she trembled noticeably.

I held eye contact with her for several seconds more before dropping the towel at her feet. Taking the other towel from my shoulder I started to dry those swollen lips which was impossible because the more I 'dried' them, the wetter they became. I was still looking deep into eyes, "please," she said softly in a strained and trembling voice.

I'd been waiting for a sign that she wanted me to stop and thought that this was it, so I stood up, and after putting the towel around her shoulders, walked her to her bedroom door, making sure to get a full view of her rear as she walked. "Nice, very nice," I murmured as if to myself, but loud enough for her to hear clearly.

We got to her bedroom door, where she seemed to be in a state of shock, turning around she said, "thank you" in that very low soft voice and before she could close the door behind her, I repeated, "nice, very nice." She sort of nodded at me with her eyes blinking and going everywhere, and then without saying another word, closed the door silently.

I moved to her door to listen, and soon heard the first of her six climaxes for the evening, she must've had her face in the pillow as the sound was muffled, but she could still be heard, it's very difficult to disguise that sound. When she went off for the sixth time it was very loud, and the head of her bed banged hard against the wall, so that even with her face in the pillow, I think that I would have heard it in my bedroom.

Dad came home at 6:00am as usual whilst I was in the shower, Mum was still in bed. He went into the shower as I came out, and after exchanging a few words with me, went to bed. Mum never surfaced and I think she may have given him a fair work over, as when I went to work at 7:00am they were still in bed.

Nothing was said when I got home, mum was normal, in fact both she and Dad were laughing at something that only they knew about, I guessed they must've stayed in bed long after I'd gone to work.

Almost as soon as Dad went to work that night Mum headed for the bathroom, called me in, and we went through the same procedure as the previous night. Right up to the point that I again pulled the towel up across her vagina, she was trembling, as I thought she was anticipating it, and so after pulling the towel for only a small distance, I stopped, looked into her eyes, and then recommenced pulling it very, very slowly. She responded by blinking her eyes, licking her lips, with her breath coming in short rasping bursts. As soon as the towel was clear of her, in a voice of authority I said, "Bedtime."

She nodded meekly and walked naked to her door, I stood there watching and as she got to the door, she turned to me as I again said softly, "nice, very

nice indeed." She had no idea what to say, gave me a weak smile and closed her door behind me.

I hung up the towels' moved to my room and lay on my bed as we both ended our nights in the same manner, my thoughts of the previous night were correct, that even with her face in her pillow, I could hear her cries of pleasure, and the bed head banging. This of course heightened my arousal.

When I came home from work the next night her eyes were twinkling and she gave me the warmest smile. But before she had time to say anything I told her, "no dinner for me tonight Mum, I forgot to tell you, I'm playing squash with Jimmy, and I'll get something to eat at the courts. The smile went totally from her face to be replaced by disappointment and before she had the time to work out a reply I was on the way to my room to change.

I had a shower at the courts after we'd finished playing and when I arrived home at 11:30, I thought at first that I saw a light in the house, but when I got inside, the place was in total darkness. I always sleep naked and as I slipped into bed, the normal feeling of shock as the cool sheets hit me wasn't there. In fact my bed was warm, I got out and drew back the sheets, as I did it allowed the unmistakable scent of a woman to rise to my nostrils. If I was in any doubt about who'd been in there until only a few moments ago a very small, faint wet spot gave up its secret to my touch, to my nose and then to my tongue.

My mother had been masturbating in my bed and may have even fallen asleep to be woken up by my homecoming. It was interesting to ponder what would have happened if she hadn't woken up in time.

The next night was the last he was to have on nights for three weeks so I again waited for the call and sure enough it came.

"Donny."

I ignored it until she called a second time, I didn't answer but walked to the door, I knocked and walked in at the same time, without waiting. Mum must've heard me coming as she was starting to sit up, she turned to me, "can you do my back please but not as hard with the loofah as the other time, it was sore all the next day?"

She'd only lifted her knees about a half the way up, so from the start her breasts were mostly on show and she had a smile on her face and her eyes were alive. She knew exactly what she was doing, and I knew what she was doing also, she was using me to get her horny for Dad when he came home.

But that's ok two can play that game, besides, I now had a plan.

Last year I heard Mum say to her friend Lois, that he thought that all she needed was for him to have a stiff dick, and about a month later I heard Dad telling his mate Kevin how highly sexed Mum was, and that all he had to do was touch her and she fired up, "like an old 427."

At the moment I was pissed off at him as he'd put a large scratch in the side of my car whilst putting the mower away. He'd refused to pay for it telling me to claim on my insurance, this was the latest in a number of 'fuck you,' moments in the last year. To be frank he'd become a real pain in the arse for some time now.

Since I'd been working full time, he seemed to think that he had to show me that it was still his house, and he could do as he wanted, so the thought of me getting Mum ready for him got right up my nose, but I now had a plan to get even. If it worked, it would be my 'fuck you,' moment to him.

"Right," I said to her, "I can do that without any trouble Ma, lean forward," as I got the soap. She did so but didn't bring her knees up any further so her breasts were still on show, which I was sure that she was aware of.

The other nights had either set the standard for what was acceptable, or given us a baseline from which we could start to move the boundaries outwards. I thought she was more about the former, and I about the latter.

Let's see who's the stronger, did I intend to have sex with her? Hell yes, that was the plan, but not tonight, I'd wanted her to become comfortable with me in the bathroom with her naked first, and we'd accomplished that quickly. I wouldn't even try to get into her tonight, but who knows what the future held if I played my cards correctly?

I soaped up my hands and used them to massage the muscles around her shoulders and neck and then down her spine to the water line, I paused for a moment before continuing on, so that soon I was massaging her arse, she made no comment or move to stop me, and I hadn't even had to drop the soap this time.

The bath was the old type in the centre of the wall, with a shower curtain around the end that I could push out of the way, and get to the end of it, to be right behind her. In this position I could run my hands up her sides all the way to her armpits, obviously cupping the sides of her breasts as I did.

My fingers and thumbs were massaging as they went, so that if she commented I could claim to have misjudged the distance, but she said nothing. and after three runs my hands came around the front, and ran up her stomach stopping just as the tops of my thumbs touched the bottoms of her breasts.

What I was doing was asking her permission to touch them, or giving her the option of saying stop, but nothing was said. So I moved all the way around and cupped both her breasts for about five, maybe even ten seconds, I squeezed and bounced them in my hands as I'd seen my mother do to test cantaloupes in the supermarket many times, the difference was of course that these 'cantaloupes' had nipples which my thumbs and forefingers sought

out, I squeezed them quite hard, and then without any sincerity at all said, "sorry Mum," removed my hands, got the loofah and started to work it on her back.

"Not as hard as before, remember the other time was too hard."

Was that all she had to say?

I'd just cupped her breasts in my hands squeezed her nipples several times, and, nothing was said, nothing at all. The other nights had not only set a minimum standard, but had opened the door fully for me to access more of her body.

Touching her private parts with my hand in a towel was one thing which could maybe have been explained away as accidental, but bare hands working on bare breasts and nipples, were there going to be any boundaries at all? She must have believed that at the moment of truth she would still be in charge enough to say no, we were going to see about that, but not tonight.

I of course had a plan.

She didn't push back quite as hard this time which allowed me to work not only her back, but also the area of her body between her arms all the way up, making sure that the sides of her breasts were included, and then as her skin started to go a little red I moved the loofah around the front and several times ran it firmly over her nipples. The rough surface caused her to draw in her breath quite sharply.

Thinking that I'd pushed far enough tonight, I poured water over her back several times, running my hands over her shoulders and then her back. I ensured that I went all the way below the water line to the cheeks of her arse, and then up to cup her breasts again, making sure to pull on her

nipples, leaving no questions in her mind what I was doing. I was feeling her bum and her breasts quite openly now.

As I finished with the water I stood alongside her looking at her body, "I have to say Mum you've held up pretty well, you know most of the women I see aren't in your class at all, not an ounce of fat on you. I think from the photos I've seen, you must still be at your wedding day weight".

"Four pounds over it actually, I weighed myself only last week," this as she sat wearing only a smile, and leaning a little more backwards, I could see all of her body very clearly.

"Mum that water must be cold by now."

"It's getting there."

"I suppose you're waiting for me to dry you?"

"No it's all right, I can manage." But she was smiling as she spoke.

"Come on you know you like being dried, it takes you back to being a little girl when your daddy dried you." I was standing by the bath but she made no attempt to cover herself as I pulled out the plug, and then got the bathmat for her.

She stretched herself like a cat and running her hands along the side of her face and across her ears, said, "s'pose I should get out." Without my helping her she stood up, then held her hand out so I could assist her from the bath.

Again she stood there naked with water dripping from her. She had a smile on her face as I looked openly at her. "Boy dad's a lucky man, if you ever came on the open market you'd fetch ten sheep, and at least four goats."

She still made no attempt to cover herself as the water again dripped from her bush, breasts and very erect nipples, putting her hands on her hips and adopting a models pose, she said, "only four goats."

"I said at least four."

It was surreal standing there with her naked, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, doesn't every mother stand naked in front of their son?

"You must be getting cold, would you like me to dry you now?"

"I am a bit, so yes please."

So we went through the same procedure as before, turning her around drying her back down to her waist, moving to her feet and then up to her arse, doing the inside of her legs until touching her lips, I wasn't waiting for her to say no, or don't tonight. As I moved my hand upwards, she responded by moving her hips slightly.

I knew that she thought she could control it as she'd done before, so I moved my hand against her with a little more pressure as if drying it but she, and I both knew what I was doing. She'd dealt with it before and thought she'd be able to again tonight, and as I wouldn't move on her tonight, she'd be correct. But why would I not make my move tonight? Well, because it was a part of my plan to own her long time, not just once.

I stopped and turned her around, her eyes were wide open when she looked at me, all of her was dry now, even her face and breasts. But I started on her again holding her gaze as I had before, not only as I dried her face but as my hands went again to her breasts, I still held her gaze as I pulled down on her nipples again and again. I dropped the towel and just kept pulling her nipples which were thick and long. There was no pretence now I was playing with her breasts out in the open, nothing underhanded about it. I continued to pull on her nipple with my right hand and then ran the back of my other hand down her stomach and then lightly across her pubic hair twice, she was trembling, and her eyes darting all around the room, she was by then unable to hold my gaze.

I knew that I'd have to stop soon before it got out of control so holding her face I leant down, gave her a light kiss on her mouth, held it for a moment, slid my tongue lightly across her lips, and then picked up the towel, put it around her shoulders and walked her into her bedroom.

Her eyes were wide open, she'd no idea what I had in mind, and I knew that I could've taken her there and then. Instead I said "better get your nightgown on, you don't want to get cold," as I casually fondled her arse.

As any son would.

She dropped the towel, got out her nightgown and put it on, as it fell I let her see me looking at her body, "shame you have to cover up, you look fabulous, maybe in the right circumstances...well perhaps it could be different." She got into bed and I left, I knew she'd masturbate again tonight, but I didn't care.

My plan was coming together very nicely I thought.

My father and I work in the same industrial estate, in separate streets about a half a mile apart, I work in a garden supply yard, I'd started as an eighteen year old straight out of school, and now three years later I was still there.

He's a computer technician in one of the country's smaller banks. They'd decided to pursue an aggressive expansion policy over the last five years, buying three smaller home loan companies, and had now decided to move into the world's fastest growing area of South East Asia, by opening a branch in Jakarta. But before they could do that a lot of work had to be put in by my fathers department which meant that his night shift went from one week in six to one week in three. They had to work at night when no one else was on the system.

One day four weeks ago as I was getting lunch at the sandwich shop in the estate, two women came in wearing the banks uniform and started talking about one of them, Doreen, having had to get her passport as she'd been chosen to go to Jakarta for the launch. She and three male colleagues were to set up the new computer systems, and they'd be away for three weeks.

One of the men was called Matt, I wondered if that was Dad, but probably not as everyone called him Mathew. That night I asked him if he was going to Indonesia and he said he didn't know as the decision hasn't been made yet.

Mum asked Dad if he thought that he may go, and if he did, should she get her passport to go with him, so that she could see the sights whilst he was at work. But he said there wasn't a chance that he would go as he wasn't senior enough. He again said that the decision hadn't been made yet. I almost said what I'd heard at the sandwich shop, but held back.

The next day at the same time I waited for the two women to arrive, before going in and standing behind them listening as they talked about Jakarta and what Doreen would get up to. I was close enough to hear most of what they said, but I'd brought a small book with me so that it looked as if I was more interested in that than what they were saying. I also had my phone set on to record poking out from under the book.

Doreen made it quite clear that she and Matt were going to sleep together as they'd been seeing each other for the last year or so, it was becoming a big thing in her life, not just an opportunity to have sex, and now that they could go away together, who knows what it may lead to? I was beginning to realise that this Matt was dad, and I also knew that he was lying to Mum about the decision not being made, and of course, why he was lying.

I made no attempt to move the phone and left it recording, even though it was almost right under their noses, they were so into their conversation that they didn't notice. I wasn't really listening as I knew I could hear it all later, even though they were speaking softly.

When I got back to work I sat away from everyone else and listened to the recording, Dad had told Doreen that he and Mum didn't have a sex life, he claimed to have told her that he'd lost his sex drive. Both the women laughed when Doreen said, "I know where it is though, I swallowed it. It must be hard for her though" said Doreen, "Matt tells me that she's always ready, anytime day or night."

"So what's the problem, why isn't he screwing her?"

"She doesn't suck his dick and I do," again they both laughed Doreen then said "apparently one thing she and I agree about though, is that we both go crazy for anal, and he does it really well."

Ten days before his colleagues were to go to Jakarta, Dad came home and said that one of those chosen wasn't able to go, and as he was the only one with a visa for Indonesia he'd have to go in their place.

Mum tried to get a passport but there wasn't enough time, he'd travelled a lot before they were married, but Mum had been nowhere and kept saying, "I must get a passport, you never know when I might get the chance to go

overseas." Now Dad told her "I said you should just get one, but you never listen to me." This was bullshit, as neither Mum nor I had ever heard him say that.

When she asked him who was going he said, "Oh Kenny, Peter and Peters' woman Doreen, he's been poking her for over a year now, and pulled strings so that she can go and they can sleep together for the entire time." Mum was really upset to have missed out, she'd really wanted to go and was pissed that she hadn't got her passport in time. "Next time" he said with a laugh." I smiled to myself, I was about as upset about it as he was, but for a different reason.

Two days later it was her birthday and he asked me what he should buy her, "Dunno, maybe some of those massage oils her sister got for her birthday, Mum thought that they smelt very nice.

When he gave them to her she said, "you'll have to use them on me."

"Sure" he replied, "but it'll have to be after I come back from Indonesia."

For the last four nights before they left dad worked night shift, and every night mum called me in to wash her back, she made little or no attempt to cover her body, and got out to let me dry her without being asked. Standing there totally naked, with the water again dripping from her bush, breasts and nipples, whilst I gently dried the whole of her body, a process that took longer every night. To indicate that her back was dried, I softly kissed her on her arse, and to tell her that her front was finished I softly kissed her belly about an inch above her pubic hair just as softly.

On the last night, we again went through the whole procedure, right up to the point where she expected me to pull up the towel, but tonight was special as this was to be the night that I pushed the boundaries a whole lot further. So that instead of pulling the towel upwards, I slipped my hand inside the pocket that the towel had made, and used my index finger to probe

between her lips, whilst at the same time using my thumb to massage her clitoris. If the towel hadn't been there it would have openly been foreplay, as it was there was no mistaking what it was that I was doing. It was foreplay but of a different sort. She knew what it was, I knew what it was, and her eyes told me that she knew that I could see that she was being affected by it. I kept it up until her knees began to tremble and then said, "that's it for tonight, go to bed now please" It was an order and she obeyed it.

She moved as if in a dream to her bedroom door where she turned, still totally naked and with the towel still hanging between her legs. She said something that I couldn't work out. It may have been thank you or good night, but whatever it was, it was really irrelevant, so I just smiled and nodded at her. Before she was fully through the doorway her hand was running down her stomach heading to between her legs, and it wasn't long before the muffled sounds of her pleasure again caressed my ears.

Finally the great day came, there was a whole lot of, have you seen my...do you think I'll need my...did you get some...for me.

As soon as the taxi pulled into the drive he grabbed his luggage and almost ran to the car, I hung back to be sure that Doreen didn't recognise me, and then he was gone,. The taxi drove out of our drive and down the street for a ten pm flight, we were left all alone. I saw tears in Mums' eyes. "What's the matter Mum?"

"He never even said goodbye to me, he just waved his hand, but who was the one in the blue dress?" Mum asked.

"Doreen, I think she said, why?"

"Did you see the body language between them? He's been acting a bit different lately, I suppose I'm just sensitive, because I really wanted to go with him. But when I saw him pat her on her arse twice, not once but twice, that was confronting. The first time I thought it was an accident, but after he'd

done it they both looked at me right in the eye, smiling as he played with her again. After that he just waved his hand to me as they got into the cab. He was playing with her arse and letting me know about it, and now I know why he's been strange lately. They must have been laughing at me all along, I feel such a fool, but I never suspected anything at all."

"I didn't notice anything Ma, anyway, she doesn't compare to you, her arse is so much bigger than yours. Don't worry about a thing, if a man wants to play around he doesn't need to leave the country to do it. Dad would be stupid to get involved with someone else, especially at work, look what he's got to lose. Of all the people in this world, I'm someone who knows what he has to lose."

It was a reference of course to the fact that I'd seen what it was that she had for him to play with, and of course for him to lose.

She gave me a funny look as soon as she caught on, almost smiled, shook her head and then choosing to ignore what I'd said, started to beat herself up again adding, "so are her tits bigger than mine."

I laughed, "No one has bigger boobs than yours, anyway yours are better, much firmer."

"Thank you Donny, but I think you may be biased, anyway you know what?"

"What?"

"I don't think I really care any more if he's screwing that slut or not, I'm so hurt that he didn't take me with him, I've always wanted to travel, and that may have been my only chance, and because of him I've missed out."

"Forget about them Ma, they're gone, we're here, and tonight we're going to have a pizza, with a good bottle of wine. You my dear mother are not going to cook on your first night of freedom. Not only that I'm going over to the one on Casey Street where they're wood fired, and you like them from there."

"Great," she said "darling that'll be awesome."

"I'll leave now as there's always a long wait."

"Ok, drive carefully".

I ordered the pizza and a nice white wine to go with it, and was back home in just less than forty minutes. As I walked back in Mum turned the television off leaving only a small light in the room. We sat and chatted as we ate, and then drank the wine, we both became quite relaxed after a while.

At ten o clock, coincidentally, just as his plane was taking off, she said, "I think I'll have my bath now," this of course was what I was waiting for.

"Ok, call me when you want your back done."

"No don't worry, just come in now and bring the rest of the wine with you."

I followed her in and after turning on the water, without any hesitation she undressed, and bending over placed her clothes onto the floor. As she bent over, her feet were apart and the view between her legs showed me that her lips were open and hanging down. She then got into the bath, it was obvious that she was by now very comfortable being naked in there with me.

I looked at her briefs lying wide open on top of her clothes and noticed that they were glistening wet. Her eyes caught mine and she gave me a shy smile and then dropped her eyes, but she knew what I'd seen.

I sat at the foot of the bath, from where I could see clearly between her legs, as we talked and drank the last of the wine, she didn't seem to care. She turned the water off before the bath was filled and started to wash herself, it was as if she was in a hurry to get finished.

"Do my back for me please, just a quick one, I'm very relaxed from the wine and I want to get out soon." After only about 30 seconds she said, "that's all, get me out please," as she pulled out the plug herself , and then stood up without waiting for my help.

Quickly she was out and I was drying her, spending most of the time on her breasts, stomach, legs and arse, I was happy to play with her good bits, but there was a different emphasis now to what we were doing, so that when she took the lead and said, "I'm dry enough now, let's go." I followed her through the doorway.

She walked naked ahead of me into her bedroom, and without turning on the light reached for her nightgown, but didn't put it on choosing to stand there with it in her hand. I knew that the massage oils he'd bought for her birthday were on her chest of drawers unopened, so I said, "did he ever use those oils on you that he bought for your birthday?" "Nah," she laughed, "they're an absolute waste of money, they'll never get used."

"Why not?"

"They just won't, I don't know why he bought them", she said standing there with her nightgown still in her hand. "I'll probably give them to my sister she went through hers in record time."

"Would you like me to give you a massage with them?"

"No, I don't think that'd be right."

"Why not?"

"I don't know really."

"Give me three good reasons."

There was silence in the room as she stood there naked, fully illuminated by the light behind us. Her breasts seemed to be even more prominent tonight, perhaps it was her nipples which were standing up trying to attract attention to themselves.

She stood still and then ran her hand nervously down her stomach, resting it just above her pubic area, before running it up, and then down her stomach again. Her eyes were darting around the room and she was swallowing nervously, both of us had known that we were going to get to this point eventually, but she had to make the big decision, and she alone.

"Three good reasons? Christ I can't even think of one," as she threw her gown onto the bed. "Where do you want me?"

"Put the towel in the middle of the bed and lie on your stomach."

She took the towel from me, spread it on the bed and then lay down. As her legs weren't tight together the light behind me fully illuminated the gap between them. I stood in silence looking at her for several seconds, until she asked, "what're you doing?"

"I'm looking at you." Instantly her legs tensed and pressed hard together. "No," she said quite sharply, "don't look there."

"My dearest mother," I said "for the last two months you've called me into the bathroom whenever he hasn't been here, I've seen every square millimetre of your body many times over, and you knew then that I was looking at you. Not only that, but when I've dried you, I've spent ages touching you and both of us have enjoyed it, and you also knew then that I was dragging it out as long as I could. If you cast your mind back, on more than one occasion I've openly played with your nipples, and you've never protested, so why tell me not to look at something that I've seen, and enjoyed looking at many times over these weeks."

She was silent as she pondered the logic of my argument.

With only a small sigh of resignation she relaxed her legs, and was again on display to me.

"It's very dark in here Ma so I can't see you clearly, can you spread them a little more for me please?"

That excess weight that like all ladies she carried at the top of her legs, gave me evidence that her body was trembling, and then slowly her feet moved two or three inches further apart.

"It's still too dark for me to see."

Her feet moved another few inches apart.

"Not quite wide enough for me to see you clearly Mum."

Realising that she wanted to be seen, as much as I wanted to see her, she abandoned all pretence and spread her now noticeable shaking legs further apart. She was finally wide open, and fully on show for me.

I dropped to my knees, put my hands onto her calves and kissed both of her ankles. Shudders ran through her body, and as I looked up between her legs, as if by magic, and right on cue, her lips slowly parted for me, they only opened a fraction at first but as I watched, they spread slowly wider, it was caused I thought by the shudders running through her body. I fully expected the Twentieth Century Fox theme to be playing in the background as her curtains opened and the show began. Her wetness glistened in the light from behind me.

I got up moving across to get one of the bottles of oil, her eyes followed my every move. Making sure that I held her eyes, I slowly and deliberately took off my shirt, my shorts and then my briefs, throwing them carelessly onto the ground in front of me.

I was now naked.

Her eyes quickly left mine and travelled down to my cock. I stood there letting her enjoy the view, she bit her bottom lip, and then her tongue poked out for a brief moment to lick both her lips, then a slight moan escaped her throat, as she once again bit down onto her bottom lip.

After letting her eyes drink in the sight of my rigid cock, I moved behind her, got onto the bed putting her left leg between both of mine, which allowed my sac and cock to rest on the top of her thigh. I then started to pore a little oil all along her spine, not stopping until just a very small amount was starting to run down between her cheeks.

I moved back to the top of her spine and taking my right thumb nail, ran it hard all the way down until it stopped just short of her first hole. Just as when I'd used the loofah on her in the bath, she arched her back against the

intrusion into her skin, by this time her only communication was by whimpers, sighs and body movements.

Again I ran my thumb nail hard down her spine, again stopping just short of the brown hole, her hips raising to meet my thumb showed me that my stopping was the only thing that she was disappointed with. So that when I ran my nail hard down her spine for the third time, I didn't stop but went all the way down to, and then right into her little hole, as far as it would go. Right where she obviously had wanted it to be.

Putting it quite simply, she exploded, calling out strange noises, banging her head into her pillow, and clutching at the doona with ten nails that threatened to rip it to shreds, all the while pushing back at my intruding thumb, which was so far inside of her that my index finger was actually pointing straight up to the ceiling. My hand was totally soaked and it wasn't all from the massage oil.

I waited until I thought she'd finished coming before slowly removing my thumb from within her. This caused even more currents and tremors to attack her body as it withdrew, and I then watched with fascination as her hole closed slowly after it.

Taking the bottle again and after pouring three more drops between her cheeks I said to her, "it says on the label to not let any of this get onto the doona as it'll stain it, ok?"

She grunted to show that she'd heard me.

"Ok Ma?"

"Hu hu"

My thumb and fingers were all now tingling so it would appear that there was something in the oils to get the blood flowing, I wondered what that was doing to both of her holes as I watched the oil slowly move down across one, and then on to the other, her already wet lips seemed to twitch.

I squeezed out two more drops which rolled easily between her cheeks, following their trailblazing cousins across her very swollen, openings. As my thumb nail returned to its journey down her spine, to once again stop just short of the first hole.

Sharply I called, "Hey Ma don't let the oil get onto the doona, it'll stain it badly. Hearing my words she slid her hand down under her body for it to appear between her legs to catch the oil before it stained anything.

This was what I'd been waiting for, quickly I grabbed her hand and then her index and middle fingers, forcing them as far inside of her as they would go. Her body jerked at this intrusion, and a small gasp escaped her mouth, but as I continued to move her fingers in and out for her, her body took over and soon she needed no help from me at all, she'd done this to herself many times before, and knew exactly what to do to herself, to do herself.

As soon as she was in the groove I took her other hand and guided it over her cheeks, moving the middle finger of that hand to the other hole, instantly she knew what I was suggesting, and her finger slid easily to be as deep inside the now well lubricated passage as I'd been previously.

I was rock hard as I watched my dear, darling, beautiful, pure as the driven snow Mother, as she rubbed one off, working on both of her holes, calling out as if in great pain, and then still not satisfied went seamlessly into a second climax, and then just as seamlessly, and just as noisily into a third.

When Doreen had said that she went berserk for anal, I'd no idea that it would be so intense, no one could even have guessed.

I became aware that I was starting to leak an amount of semen onto her leg, unable to restrain myself my hand went down onto my cock, gripped it, and instantly a large rope of cum shot out of me to land on the back of her head, hanging off the strands of her hair. Followed by another spurt, not as big this time, and then another two coated her arse before the pressure dropped and the rest of my load dribbled out, I moved up so that the last of it fell onto her hands. She was made aware of what was happening by the noises that I was making.

Before I'd properly finished, and was still depositing the last drops onto her, I used my other hand to drag as much of my semen as I could down her back and then watched as it rolled slowly down between her cheeks. I again ran my hands across her back and buttocks spreading the rest of my mess all over her.

She must have felt it oozing between her cheeks and her fingers started to work again, they seemed to be trying to push as much of it as possible inside both of her holes, which started her off again, moaning and pumping her hips as if this was her first climax, and not her fourth.

As she finally finished, and still with both hands inside her she rolled over onto her back, any thoughts about staining anything long gone from her mind.

She was gasping for air, and coated in perspiration, her hair everywhere, she looked truly fucked already. I hadn't even started on her yet, and I was still rock hard.

I sat on the bed and watched as she regained her composure, finally she took her fingers out of herself and brushed her hair from her face, she tried to look embarrassed at first, but her broad smile made that difficult to achieve. I was in awe of the display of pure sex that I'd just witnessed, "how the fuck could he walk away from you for that fat slut Doreen?"

"Who cares? But don't spoil our time together by talking about him, he's gone for now so let's just enjoy each other, just give me a couple of minutes and I'll be ready for you to be inside of me, but for now just hold me in your arms." She moved closer to me and laughed as I 'stabbed' her, "soon big boy, soon," she said patting it.

Well 'soon' arrived pretty quickly, and before I knew it I was kissing my mother, this was the one thing that I hadn't been at all sure about, but all that I can say is if you get the chance, don't miss out.

I kissed my mother as if there was no tomorrow, or should I say she kissed me. It may have helped me that she was the aggressor and I soon became sure that this was something that I was going to enjoy, my mouth was being raped by her tongue and the back of my neck was suffering from an attack of the killer nails. If I'd been unsure about kissing her, it was obvious that she'd given no thought at all to it, and was I glad. Kissing is the most important part of the sex act if you really care about someone, and we cared about each other, as our mouths set about proving.

As my hands roamed all over her body, so hers roamed over mine.

As my hands sought her sex, so hers sought mine.

Before I knew it she'd pushed me back down and was swinging her leg over me impaling herself on my cock, she was very wet so I slid in easily. Almost instantly I was close to coming when she stopped, saying, "no that's not what I really want, this is."

She then raised herself up and moved forward the width of one membrane, sliding me slowly into her other hole.

She was very well lubricated, and I was also from my being inside her, she took it slowly but with no real effort at all she was soon sliding up and down

on my pole, so that when she landed down onto me it was with the sound of her wetness hitting me. As she slid up and down she leant back to get a different angle to give her a different feeling, and that meant that I could now put my thumb against her clitoris enhancing the sensation for her.

Soon the moaning and whimpering started to grow until we reached our climax together. When it turned into a loud scream from her, it was so totally all consuming. She with her hips pumping back and forth, me trying to impale her further, or as it seemed to me at the time, maybe even trying to buck her off.

As she finished she fell sideways off me and seemingly gallons of my juice exited her body. Her eyes were alive with fire as she moved to drape herself over me.

When she finally caught her breath, she said, "I know that you've wanted to do me for ages, but you've no idea how long I've also wanted to feel you inside me."

I was stunned, I thought that I'd been the one who'd chased her, "really, what're we talking about here, a couple of months or what?"

"No," she said, "about five years."

"Five years!!?"

"Yes, every time that I did the washing, I'd notice when you'd had sex and I'd get jealous."

"How'd you know that I'd had sex?

"There are stains and aromas that told me, and..." as she poked out her tongue and made a licking motion.

"You licked my underwear?"

She nodded, "and don't tell me that you've never licked mine also."

My silence and my grin condemned me. She continued, "I know you have, from time to time I noticed a pair missing, I figured it was you or your father, and I was damn sure that it wasn't him."

"You didn't mind?"

She raised herself up onto one elbow, "no, I didn't mind, you see the entire emphasis of mother son sex is geared towards fulfilling the son's fantasy. The old saying is that every son wants to have sex with his mother, but no one ever thinks that it might be that it's the mother who wants to feel her sons' cock inside of her."

I was blown away as she told me that she'd had the hots for me for five years, "so Ma what's happened to bring it to the surface now?"

"As your father's neglected me, it's been harder for me to control it, he and I have gone from two or three good sessions a week to maybe about once a month, if I'm lucky, and only when I insist and force the issue. Sometimes I almost have to rape him to get some action. Soon I stopped looking at him as my only source of supply, I wasn't prepared to get involved with anyone outside, or at work, and so I let my feelings for you take over, and taken over they have, haven't they my dear son?"

She continued on, "now I guess we've got this situation to deal with, in case you aren't aware, we've just had sex, it's not uncommon for it to happen between a mother and her son, but it is wrong, and also illegal."

I told her, "we both wanted it to happen, right or wrong doesn't matter, we both enjoyed it, and both know that it'll happen again." My tone now got harsher. "You need to know that as long as he's away you're mine, whenever I want you, morning noon or night, and even when he comes back, you're mine. You also need to know that I'm not sure that I'm prepared to let go of you without a fight. He's lost you as far as I'm concerned, he doesn't deserve you as far as I'm concerned, and I'm going to fight like hell to keep what I've just had. You know that I've wanted you forever, and now that I've had you, I aim to keep you. You... are now mine... all mine."

Even in the dark her eyes showed that she wasn't sure that she'd thought this through as a possible outcome. From her point of view, it'd all been caused by his neglect, and the fact that she was always ready, as Doreen had said.

"You," I repeated, emphasising my words by stabbing my finger into her nipple, "you...are now mine."

The only sound from her was a small gasp, and then, "no, no I didn't mean for that to happen, I just wanted to try it once."

I told her in still in the same harsh voice, "you knew that I'd wanted you for ages and you played along with it because of what you alone wanted. Now I've got you, and I intend to keep you, you may not have been playing for keeps, but I was. Old story baby, play with fire, get burnt. Now you're mine." I repeated, and again pushed my finger harshly into her breast, and this time for further emphasis pulled her nipple down hard, "all mine."

"Oh Christ, please don't hurt me."

Slowly I said " Beverley, oh my Beverley," as I held her face in my hands, and looking deep into her eyes added, "I won't hurt you, but before I'm through with you tonight, the neighbours may well think that you're being murdered," as I slipped one and then two fingers deep inside of her. Her body responded to this, and I could feel her muscles grabbing at them.

Her hands grabbed at mine trying to get them out of her saying, "no more, please, no more," but I continued to move my two fingers inside her. At first she didn't have the strength to remove them, and then as they worked their magic on her, she didn't have the resolve to do it either. She started to move her hands harder against mine and then she took over completely, using my hand as she would have a dildo, pushing it hard into her and at the same time raising her hips to meet it.

"Mum, can you see why we have to continue with each other?" Her eyes opened. "He never takes this much time with you does he?" She shook her head. "He thinks that all he needs is a stiff dick because you're always ready, he's never tried to see where he and good sex could take you, has he?"

There were tears in her eyes as she shook her head slightly, and so softly that I could only just hear her said, "no."

"Tell me Beverley, has that piece of shit, soon to be ex husband of yours ever tied you up?"

Suddenly the room was lighted by the glow of a thousand suns, as she smiled, "tied me up?"

"And spanked you." I added.

"Spanked me, oh God," she moaned. "I've asked him to do it for years and he just plain refused. The last time I asked was only about a month ago when I actually begged him to do me like that."

I already knew about that conversation, as I was standing under their bedroom window masturbating, as they were having a bout of their infrequent sex.

"Why not?" I asked, "why would that piece of shit, soon to be ex husband of yours refuse to give you the pleasure that you craved?"

Her hands now moved away from mine and she used them to push me over onto my back, slid her face down my body, and just before putting my cock into her mouth said, "he wanted something from me that I wasn't prepared to give to him. But when I think about it, it's probably going to be a pretty good deal for both you and I now." After sucking on my cock for only a few seconds, she took me out of her mouth and said, "I'm warming to the other idea also."

"What's that?"

"Ex husband."

"Good, fuck him then."

"Never again my darling boy, never again."

That was all that she could say at that point, because Beverley, now of course and forever, my Beverley, was such a well brought up lady, who'd always been told by her mother, never to speak with her mouth full.

Don't you just love it when a plan comes together?

There was no chapter 2 yet

THE SECOND LAPTOP

"The funeral's the easy part, you might not believe me but it's true."

"Jesus Colin," said Mum, "I hope not, I want it to get easier from here, not harder."

"No," said her brother, "I had to clean out Dad's stuff, that was the hardest thing I've ever had to do, and you Tim, will have to do that for your Dad."

"Thanks Uncle Colin, it's a hard enough day without that to look forward to," I said.

"Tim, it's just the cycle of life, we look after our parents, and our kids look after us, if we're lucky."

"As a matter of fact, his Mum's the person I'm most concerned about, Bill was her entire life after his Dad died, he doted on her and she'll miss him so much, you'll have to keep an eye on her. He had dinner with her most Friday nights and often slept over when she was a bit down, as you know, and she'll miss all of that."

That's the only thing I remember about Dad's funeral, everything else is just a blur, and so even knowing that it had to be done, I kept avoiding doing his stuff. But three months later, I had to start going through it, as like most men Dad had a very impressive collection of rusty old screws and bent nails, broken and blunt saws and screwdrivers, not to mention, "things that'll come in handy one day if I can get the parts to fix it."

Mum came to help but after continually saying, "oh don't throw that out please, it has memories for me," I decided to give up, and do it when she wasn't there.

After the first day of the clean up, I'd thrown out a fair bit. She must have noticed, but as she didn't know what it was that I was throwing out, didn't comment. On the second day, at the bottom of a cupboard under two dusty phone books, I found his old laptop in a bag.

Dad had said that it was lost two or three years ago, and went out and bought another one.

He was very proud of his new Mac, showing everyone who came for the first few weeks. He must've forgotten he'd put the old one there. When he'd passed forty he'd said he thought he was losing his mind and maybe he was.

It looked pretty clean, as it should be, in a bag and under the phone books. I took it out and to my surprise it started, how long had it been, two years, three?

At least two years I thought, and yet it fired up ok. I wasn't going to have it on when Mum came, so I closed it down, putting it back under the phone book, and meaning to come back for it later.

I remembered the next day and took it to my room that night. I started it up and looked through his files, there wasn't much on it but what was on was all fairly new, all in the last two and a half years. It was all porn, I laughed, so this was how he kept it from Mum, this was why he spent so much time in the garage, "doing stuff."

The next day we got the call that Grandma had died, she just didn't wake up that morning, the cause of death was old age but we all knew that she'd died of a broken heart, she missed her son so much. As Colin said "how do

you bury your child, it's got to be the hardest thing you'll ever do". It was, and it proved too much for her, she just couldn't go on.

I forgot about the laptop for a couple of days, and when I remembered, returned to it.

On closer examination it wasn't all your standard porn in fact there were only three films on it, but all of the files, eighteen in total, were stories, erotic stories, and I thought, what the hell is Literotica anyway?

Two hours later I knew exactly what Literotica was, and I knew a lot more about my Father's furtive, secretive life.

The three films were all from the Taboo series dealing with incest, and the stories were all about incest also. The most astonishing thing though, was that the stories were all written by him, in the first person, about his relationship with his mother.

Different things they'd done, places they'd gone to, different places they'd made love, different ways they'd made love. They were all claimed as fictional, but it was easy to fit members of our family into the picture as I read the stories.

The feedback from his readers was very good as the stories were well written, I felt proud of some of the comments that were posted, he had a lot of loyal readers. But I mean, shit, my father had had a sexual relationship with his mother. That was a whack between the eyes, was it ever, and how was I going to deal with this?

I watched the Taboo movies and found that I was enjoying them more than I should, especially the first one where Barbara goes into her son Paul's room.

I played it several times telling myself that I was trying to better understand my father, but in fact the films were so well made, and so very erotic that they kept me intrigued for hours, so much so, that I copied them onto my computer to keep, along with his stories.

I looked through the family album and when you know what to look for, you can see it. In every photo he was holding her hand, his arm was around her, her arm was around him, her arm was through his and her breast was hard against his arm, or she was looking at him deeply with love in her eyes. Just a mother and her son photo? Yes absolutely, until I read his stories, I would've thought so also.

From the album I looked at photos of Mum when they got married, and saw a real resemblance between her and Dad's mother when she was younger. When I mentioned it to Mum, she laughed, saying "yes, it was something that was commented on at the time, she looked more likely to be my mum than his."

How long had this been going on anyway?

Over the course of a week I reread all of his stories several times, so that I almost knew them off by heart. I was able to judge that it'd been from a year after his Dad had died, right through until quite recently that they'd been involved. I must confess I found it changed completely my view of everyone else in my family, who else was having sex with whoever else, I tried to picture my father and his mother making love.

Every night now I had dreams about my Father making love with my Grandmother, which over several nights developed, until then Mum joined him in my dream. A few nights further on, and I joined the three of them at it. After that Mum started to be missing some nights, and then disappeared from the dreams completely, and then it was just Dad and I with Grandma.

The whole of this was like watching a movie filmed through a blue mist.

Dad and I seemed to be in conflict as to which one of us would make love to Grandma, I thought it was wrong for him to be making love with his mother, and tried to stop him by making love with her myself. When he won he turned and taunted me, and when I won, I turned to taunt him, but there was no one there.

On the times that I won, as I made love to her, Grandma put her arms around my neck squeezing as hard as she could with her mouth against my ear calling out, "I love you son, you're the best son a mother could ever have," and she looked into my eyes with the love only a mother could have for her son.

Even through the blue mist I could see and feel the emotions. Obviously she thought that I was Dad. These dreams went on for many weeks, almost every night. I had to start wearing bathers and bike pants to bed, as on the nights that I won and made love to Grandma, it turned into a 'wet' dream and I tried not to mess the bed.

Was I screwed up? You be the judge.

My biggest problem was how was I to deal with it, it's ok to say just ignore it, no one needs to know. But I knew, I was being affected by it and found it hard to handle, I'd worked for the same importers for five years, but found it hard to go about my normal business doing what I'd been doing for all of those years.

One day the boss spoke to me, "Tim, what's wrong, to be frank, you've become a fair pain in the arse lately."

"Nothing really Bruno, thanks for your concerns, I'm just not sleeping since Dad died, I'll get over it soon I hope."

"Soon, I hope." echoed Bruno, as he walked away.

What could I tell him? How about this for starters?

"Well yes Bruno, I do have a problem since you ask, you see I'm having sex all night, every night, with my dead Grandmothers memory."

Any half decent psychiatrist would have had me incarcerated in a heartbeat, and become famous for identifying a new mental disorder.

I'd been seeing a really nice girl for over three months, but she just got sick of me and walked away.

What really affected me badly was not being able to talk about it with any one.

I asked Mum how she and Dad had met, she told me that he'd seen her on the train and started a conversation, she thought he was just an ordinary guy, nothing special.

He was on the train every morning, and asked her out several times until she ran out of excuses and finally agreed. She said it must've been meant to be or she would've thought to change carriages or even trains.

After their first date he kept at her for a second date, and then a third. On the third date he told her that he loved her and would marry her, she laughed and said she had no intention of marrying anyone yet as she intended to travel first.

He was very persistent and after a year and a half they were married. She said it was just impossible to resist him, he kept buying her flowers and other gifts and telling her how much he loved her, she'd never had anyone be so persistent and so she just stopped resisting.

When she finished talking she looked at me and asked. "What's wrong, why did you ask me that?"

"Nothing's wrong I just wanted to talk about you and Dad that's all," I turned and walked away. Nothing's wrong, yep, I'll believe it if you will.

A couple of months later Colin came to me in the garage and said, "what's wrong Tim, your mum's worried sick about you, she says there's a problem, and you won't talk to her about it, you just won't let her in. She's had a bit on her plate with first your dad and then his mother dying, and this is more than she can take, she's at her wits end. You'll just have to tell her what's wrong or she'll most likely join them."

This shocked me, I've been selfish only thinking about how it'd effected me and not how my behaviour was affecting her, so that night I talked to her and said, "sorry mum I've had a bit to deal with at work, and that girl Heather that I really liked, went off with another guy."

I really tried but nothing changed, I was still having dreams about Dad and I fighting over who would make love with Grandma. Sometimes in my dreams again, all three of us were making love together.

One day I went to the photo album and got one out of Grandma taken in the garden many years ago, she was kneeling looking up at the camera, with two garden tools in one hand and her wide brimmed hat in the other.

She had such a lovely smile on her face, and whoever had posed her had got her blouse just a little opened with the slightest hint of her bra showing, it was perfect. I took it and put it into the drawer by my bed.

My grandmother had died at the age of eighty, but the full of life woman in the photograph would have been no more that a half of that age, and that was who I was making love with every night.

Before getting into bed I would kiss the photo and tell her, "see you in a little while."

Sure enough as soon as I fell asleep, I was dreaming of her, and as time went on my father appeared less and less, so that it seemed that I'd at last beaten him out, and she was now mine. When this happened the love making became more intense, to the point that I now knew every inch of her body, because I'd kissed it so many times.

Her right nipple which was long, thick and black, was very sensitive, I'd lie across her body and spend ages just sucking it until she called out with pleasure, whilst pushing my face hard into her breast at her moment of release.

At other times I'd hold her legs wide apart and spend the time kissing her on one or the other of her thighs, at the very top, right alongside her entrance. Sometimes I'd suck her skin until it bruised, and the next night the mark would still be there, so I'd put another one alongside it.

Soon she had a collection of love bites which were in various stages of development or fading away. Love bites are the way that lovers mark their territories, what I was saying to my father was, "this is now mine, keep out."

Many times after laying down claim notices a half the way down to her knees, I only had to move my head a few degrees to start mining my claim,

looking for the rich veins of pleasure that I knew were hidden in there, cocooned deep within her velvet oyster, far from prying eyes.

But not too far to be impervious to the probing tongue and fingers, which searched for the small islands of skin, and the nerve ends, which I needed to reach to be able to communicate the messages of warmth and electricity to the receptors in the brain, which in turn sent their own messages of pleasure, to great effect.

It was so very real, and every night I had to get up, go into the bottom bathroom and clean myself up.

Our lovemaking was so very intense and I can still see her today as she opened her legs so wide and welcoming to allow me to enter, her lips swollen, wet and slightly parted in anticipation.

Then as soon as I entered her, her arms and legs clamped around my body, imprisoning me inside her, and as she came, I'd put my ear against her mouth, so that I could hear those beautiful words as she told me, time and time again what a good son I was, and how much she loved me.

She still thought that I was Dad, but I knew who it was that I was making love to.

Things happen in dreams that cannot in real life, and one of them was that as I was making love to her, I would depart from my body and move down to between her legs, as the camera would have done so, as it sought out 'the money shot.'

From there I would see as I thrust myself into her, until the moment that I fired streams of high voltage liquid electricity inside her.

Only to then move back into my body again, to be able to feel the effects as the sparks did their work, and were then sent back into me by her finger nails spearing deep into my flesh, as she did some mining of her own.

We made love in every position that I knew of, it was all so languid and sensual, there had never been a coupling like this since Anthony and Cleopatra.

Sometimes in the bathroom cleaning myself up, the feelings were so very real that I'd look at my back in the mirror expecting to see her nail tracks, and blood on me.

Sometimes at work I would think about her, and be able to still taste her in my mouth.

Often many hours after the dream, I could still feel her sharp nails digging into my flesh, and I wouldn't have been surprised if someone had said to me that I had blood on my shirt it was just so, so real.

The weeks passed and the dreams continued, so that they just became a part of my life, it was a routine. I would kiss her photograph, say "see you in a little while," go to sleep, have my dream with her, go to the bathroom, clean myself up, go back to sleep, and sometimes dream again. It just became a part of my life, and after a while it seemed so normal.

I thought I was dealing with it a lot better, but four weeks later Mum came to me at night just as I'd got into bed. "Tim, something is still bothering you what is it? Please talk to me about it."

I just burst into tears, I never cried, nothing got to me I hadn't cried at Dad's funeral, nor Grandma's. But now I did, and like a baby. She just sat there, and after a while said "please tell me."

"I don't know if I can."

"Please tell me, you'll find it won't be as bad as you think when we both talk it out."

She put her hand on my arm and said, "I'm your Mother, you can tell me anything, no matter how bad, no matter what you do, I'll still love you."

She needed to know, and I needed to tell someone, but I couldn't tell her, so I went and got the laptop.

"I thought that was lost", she said as she saw it.

"So did I, but I found it amongst Dad's stuff'." As I started the laptop, and then opened the files.

"Don't worry about the movies now mum, you can watch them later if you wish, just read the stories, they're in chronological sequence, and have more relevance."

I lay on my bed and watched her for thirty minutes or so as she read two of the stories without expression, then she stopped and looked at me blankly. "I guess I knew all along, without really wanting to admit it. My bridesmaid Mary said that she thought that as he couldn't have sex with his mother, he'd got a mummy clone in me. They're not the words she used but you get the drift."

She continued, "He'd started to see her on Friday nights when I worked late at the supermarket, she fed him and I got something to eat from work, and that helped me out. When my shifts changed, he continued going as she was

missing his Dad so much, and from time to time he stayed overnight when he claimed that she was really bad."

A long silence followed before she looked at me and said "I don't want to talk now, I need time to process all of this, I'm going to bed. I'll take the laptop as I'll need to read the rest of it tomorrow. I hope you're feeling better now. We'll talk tomorrow."

I'm not sure if I felt better or not but I did dream about making love with my Grandmother again that night, I won and she still thought that I was her son, the lovemaking reached its usual frenetic intensity, and again I had to use the bathroom to clean up.

I had to leave early the next morning before Mum was up, and when I got home I said to her, "did you read any more of the stories?"

"Yes all of them, twice."

"What about the movies?"

"The first one."

"What did you think?"

"Interesting to say the least, what did you think of it?"

"Interesting to say the least."

"How many times did you watch them Tim?"

I smiled, "several."

She returned the smile "and still going?"

"Yes."

Mum and I talked more about the hurt that she was feeling than the mess that I was in, she felt she should have said something to Dad, but really it was only a feeling in her gut rather than something concrete, so there was nothing for her to talk to him about.

We talked for a couple of nights more, and then it just seemed the best to let it go and move on.

Me? Well I still had to wear the bike pants every night.

The days turned to weeks, weeks to months, and the year sped by. Mum never talked much about Dad and Grandma, and I never brought it up in case it stirred the memories up for her.

It was still hard for her though, all the special days were hard, his birthday, her birthday, Christmas, wedding anniversary, everything was just so hard.

Then the first anniversary of his death crashed down onto us.

We knew that 10:20am was the time he didn't feel well at work, 10:25 they called the ambulance, 10:26 the office called mum, 10:45 the ambulance arrived, 11:05, he arrived at the hospital, 11:15 she arrived, and 11:50 he was pronounced dead.

The cold hard facts from last year, but colder and harder to live through this year, as I watched the clock minute by minute all through the morning, and then through for the rest of the day. Whatever time it was, I knew exactly where I was and what I was doing at that time.

Mum went to bed at 9:30 that night. She said that as she'd struggled through the anniversary, she'd had enough, as I had.

But I wanted to stay up to the end of the day at midnight. So I settled down in one half of a twin recliner and watched television, as usual everything on was shit.

Soon I gave up on the television, and quietly moving past Mum's darkened room got a memory stick with his stories and the Taboo films on it and plugged it into the television. I didn't want to watch the films but I did want to read his stories again.

So with only a small light on so that Mum wouldn't notice I prepared to say goodbye to the first year without my Father.

Starting with the first story, then the second and halfway through the third one, the door opened and Mum was in the room before I knew it, as the light was very low and I was concentrating on the stories.

Before I could hide what I was watching she was alongside me. It was a warm night and she was wearing a light robe over her short nightgown.

"I heard you go past and I thought you may be watching these."

"Sorry Mum but it just seemed to be what I needed tonight."

"Do you mind if I join you?"

"No, of course not," I said moving along so she could sit in the other half of the recliner, she pushed it back, and before she sat down, I took the opportunity to make sure my dick was flat along my stomach, I thought it may let me down and embarrass me anywhere else, she then sat down and reclined back with her hands behind her head.

"What are we going to watch Tim?"

"What would you like to watch, does it have to be something to do with Dad?"

"Yes I think so, this is the last day of the first year, tomorrow we move on, but tonight is still his."

"One of his stories do you think?"

"No I've been reading them all day."

"Taboo?"

"I might get embarrassed."

"It's up to you, would you like to get a different film altogether?"

"No, put Taboo on, I'd like to think that Barbara and Paul, are Dad and Grandma as the film is just so beautifully shot, it's not like... ugly porn."

As the film started she rolled over and put her arm and her leg over me, "you don't mind do you?"

"No of course not, if it helps you that's ok," as I put my arm around her.

We watched for a few minutes and she moved closer "You and I are all we have now, so let's try to take more care of each other, ok Tim?"

I saw it for what it was, an attempt to end the effect that this had had on me, and then on her.

"Yes Ma."

As she'd moved closer her leg had moved further up along mine. The reflection of the movement in the glass window of the television unit caught my eye, and it showed me a view right up under the robe she was wearing, she had no underwear on, she was naked, and fully on display.

The robe was all right when she stood up, but lying down with her leg drawn up, it was too short and she was wide open, with everything on show.

As the film progressed, my vision was drawn repeatedly to that reflection, my first thought was did she know, and if she didn't, what should I do, move so that she would also move, tell her, or just enjoy the view?

Convincing myself that it would embarrass her if I told her, I stayed put and just looked, and looked, and then looked some more. To my eternal shame I ran my hand up her lower back, which moved the hem of her robe even further up her leg and exposed her even more.

Actually I wasn't ashamed at all, as I could now see better.

I'd seen the sex scenes in Taboo many times but it was a different matter watching with Mum in my arms, and on view, so I started to become erect. She had to have seen it as it was right in her line of sight, but she said nothing.

As the scenes finished, my erection reduced a little, but not much, and of course as the big sex scene where Barbara goes into Paul's room approached, I started to rise again, quite noticeably.

The light in the room was almost entirely from the television which of course was shining right on her, the reflection was very clear, her lips were slightly open and glistening with moisture, had they been before, or was this a new development?

The most stupid thought of, thank God she's cleaned the glass passed through my mind, so much better to see you in my dear.

As the big scene started she said "this is the part I like, I can see Dad and Grandma in it."

As Barbara reached across to take Paul's penis Mum asked "is this one for me?" and followed Barbara's lead putting her hand onto my penis.

She told me afterwards that as she'd watched and read so much about a mother son relationship for so long, and so often, she was just accepting of that type of thing, it simply validated it for her. It just didn't seem wrong to her in any way, any more.

We watched for about ten more minutes, until the end of the scene, with her holding my now very hard and very erect penis, when she said. "Turn the television and the light off, we don't need them any more." With her hand on my dick I wasn't going to argue.

With only the moonlight for illumination we stood up, and as our clothed pooled quickly on the floor, we embraced. Her breasts were soft between us, as you would expect from a forty eight year old woman. My penis was rock hard between us as you would expect from a twenty eight year old man.

Hers were the lips which sought mine, hers was the tongue which pierced those lips seeking mine, hers were the hands that roamed my body, it seemed that she felt the need to be the leader, saying to me that what was happening had her approval, it may not have been right, but she was the one who was leading us down this path.

We slid down onto the aptly named shag pile carpet, kissing and touching each other for many, many minutes of foreplay.

She particularly enjoyed my mouth between her legs, being content to hold my head in her hands, guiding me to where she got the most pleasure. I lay so that she could take me into her mouth, which she did, not really sucking it but just holding me between her lips with her tongue working the head.

I ran my fingers across her little hole, that was something she enjoyed, pushing back against me. So that when I entered one and then two fingers into her, her entire body reacted to it, sending her into a frenzy of spasms and shudders that wracked her entire body, going on and on, seemingly endlessly.

She responded to her thick nipples being sucked, and when I put love bites in the fold of her groin, she didn't seem to mind me marking my claim, but seemed to lose all control as I did it.

I wasn't sure if she'd had one big climax or several in a row. But the film had certainly done what those kinds of films are designed to do.

I knew that she was now ready for me, and as she spread herself wide for me to enter, her lips engorged, wet and open, the big old Grandfather clock in the hall started to chime midnight.

The clock had been his fathers and Dad really loved it, always making sure it was wound up, it was his clock. I obviously had taken the clock over, along with many of Dads other duties. I thought its chiming was as if he was ending our first year without him, and sending us our own path with his blessing. I hoped so.

As we made love it was just like the dreams that I'd had when I made love to Grandma, in fact I was still so screwed up, I couldn't believe that this was real.

Or was it? My eyes were playing tricks on me, I saw the blue mist come in, and then it was gone, then back again.

Where was my reality, what was reality anyway?

As I emptied my seed into her, she wrapped her legs and arms around me calling out "I love you son, you're the best son a mother could ever have," she looked into my eyes with the love that only a mother could have for her son.

There was no reality at all in what was happening, it was as if it were just another of my dreams.

After my mother bucked in my arms and called out for the final time that night, the clock chimed 12:30am, we'd said goodbye to him in a way that I hoped he'd have approved of.

Later as she lay in my arms with the only light in the room from the moon through the skylight, I looked at her on her side facing away from me. It must have been a blue moon as it replicated the mist of my dreams.

As I stroked her face, I once again I saw in Mum the resemblance to Grandma, when BANG, I sat up as if a bolt of lightening had hit my body.

"What's wrong" said Mum sitting up and turning to me, "it's all right don't worry, everything will be all right in the morning, you'll see."

She'd thought that I was worried about what had happened between us, but it wasn't that.

I'd been hit by shock of the reality, that in my dreams, I wasn't fighting my Father for his Mother...I'd been fighting him for possession of mine.