



Behind Closed Blinds

Mother comes to stay with jilted and lonely son

Chapter 1

'I haven't heard from you in a while, Steven. Is everything okay?' read my mother's message. Immediately I was reminded how long it had been since we last spoke and of how I must have been the world's shittiest son.

I'm that guy who isolates himself when depression and stress take their toll. I don't think about how long it takes to get back up to speed. All I care about is that nobody feels burdened with me. But when home becomes the problem, a trap for all my prevalent insecurities, I tend to hide at work instead.

My work ethic had already cost me my fiancée, or so I'd thought. She not only took with her the ring I put on her finger, she took it and pawned it so that she could "help" to pay off her secret loser boyfriend's debts.

How about that? Not only does Carol fall for a bigger piece of shit than I allegedly was, she leaves me for a complete dead loss; a social and emotional parasite who will no doubt leave her in utter ruin. Good luck, Carol. Enjoy that while it lasts.

So I bade good riddance and moved on the only way I knew how. I got sick to death of making myself miserable and

ploughed through my work. When my mother got in touch, I was quick to see the light of day. I had a lot of making up to do...

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I called her. 'Hi, mum, I'm sorry I haven't spoken in a while,' I said, wasting no time.

'Been keeping yourself busy no doubt; keeping your mind off the bitch?' she asked.

'I should have listened,' I began to apologise. She wouldn't have it, though.

'I never really disapproved,' mum asserted. 'You were so happy with her.'

'But you had your doubts...'

'But I hate being proven right, Steven,' she said apologetically. 'Forgive me?'

'There's nothing to forgive, mum,' I assured. 'It was my choice. And I never stopped loving you or wanting to speak

to you. I just didn't want to appear as pathetic as I've felt lately. I don't like being seen miserable like I've been.'

'I have next week off. I could come and take up some of that newly acquired space of yours,' she slyly jested. My heart immediately lifted at the suggestion. 'We could keep each other company. I'm not really getting back into this singles game like I thought I might.'

'I'd love that,' I beamed. 'I could introduce you to a new cuisine I've been trying out. It's called "Sad Beans a la Tin Can".'

She gasped and struggled then to hold back. I could hear the faint hint of a giggle batting from behind her pursed lips. 'I'll cook as always. Want me to bring anything?' she asked.

'Just your beautiful self, mum,' I smiled, and notably for the first time in a while.

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My mother's name is Sara. At forty two she's seventeen years older than me. My father didn't stick around. Rather than count on the system to raise me for her, she worked her ass off and went to night school to study accounting, and

rocketed me through college while working her ass off even harder to provide for the both of us.

We've had a unique relationship through the years, growing up, and as an adult. Being that we went through a short line of potential suitors for husband and replacement father figure, I guess you could say I matured pretty quickly, and also grew fiercely protective and loyal to her. We're also pretty liberal-minded. She had her flings as well as her boyfriends, and so she was never in a position to deny me that either, but it was never a priority for either of us.

For the last few years Sara was engaged to an older guy, Oliver, who seemed to be the real deal. That was more or less the situation that gave me the push to get out onto my own two feet and to go make something of myself. He was the last man to lead her along. After that she grew tired of trying.

Sara is 5'5" with wispy blonde hair and glows with fair skin, and with few lines and faint creases other than laughter lines. Stress takes its toll, but in her case I think it just expresses character. She always somehow thrived off stress, unlike me. She has a lot of character, and something of a dual personality that's as motherly as it is carefree. I wish I was only as confident as she was in herself. It's meeting and trusting new people where she lacks confidence, and now I see why.

She also has a great figure with all the right curves and just enough cuddle where it counts. God knew I was counting on those cuddles. She wears these sleek silver-rimmed glasses that ever so slightly magnify her cool blue eyes. When she smiles I forget everything else around me.

Mum planned to drop into town on the Friday. That gave me enough time to talk my situation over with the boss so that I could grab a week off for some much needed de-stressing. Ron asked me what took so long, stating that he could see that I was struggling and that my work was suffering. He was quick to give me some time off. So mum wouldn't have to sit around bored waiting for me to get home every night.

I met her at the terminal at 4pm with a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek, grabbed her luggage and drove her to the supermarket to grab some amenities, and then home where immediately we opened the white wine as she flew about the kitchen preparing some much needed home cooking, the way nobody else knew how.

There was nothing like my mother's cooking. After living off of tinned food and microwave dinners, the heavenly, hearty, aroma of the spaghetti and meatballs, bolognese sauce and garlic bread had my stomach grumbling anticipation as I tipped back the wine, watching mum work her magic. And the wine was getting to me quickly - empty stomach!

'It's nice to see a real woman in the kitchen again,' I said without thinking. She thought that over and laughed to herself.

'No contest,' she said immodestly and grinned as she sampled the sauce and then brought the spoon to my mouth. The rich tomato, garlic and herb flavours might have brought tears of joy to my eyes had I not already felt the alcohol's effects. I groaned my full approval and nodded.

'Good?'

'Amazing,' I declared gratefully. I was up in an instant, wrapping my arms around my mother and holding her close to me. 'I'm sorry,' I muttered discreetly into her shoulder, 'I can't help myself. I'm happy to see you again.'

'Okay,' she said with a slightly startled tone. Behind me one arm stuck out at an awkward angle as she tried to keep her wooden spoon at a safe distance. Light-heartedly she warned, 'let's not get saucy...'

I took a step back, awkwardly looked at her, and then when she moved my attention to the tomato sauce-covered spoon in her hand, I abandoned concern for laughter. Setting the pans to a lower simmer, she turned back to me, took my cheeks in her hands and kissed me full on the lips, soft,

warm, and full of love. I fell right into it and reciprocated with a loving smooch, inhaling her and pulling her into me by her shoulders.

'I've missed that,' I told her.

'Me too,' she consoled. Then, 'why did you stop talking to me? I was afraid I'd done something wrong.'

'Stupid me, I guess,' I said, offering a half-wit expression. 'I think I was more afraid that I'd want to quit my job and run back home.'

'And I'd have been fine with that,' she remarked, tipping up her own glass and swallowing before kissing me on the cheek. 'I do miss having a reliable man around. Independence doesn't boil down to an empty home, you know. I always gave you your space.'

Shortly after, we sat down to eat.

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When I snapped out my food coma an hour and a half later, I was reclined in my leather chair in front of the television

and feeling great, aside from the slight hang over. Wine did that to me. It hit me so easily and then the comedown was just as quick. But just the ability to relax and not worry about work; to appreciate what I had made all the difference to my mood already.

The clock now read 8pm, which I barely made out through blurry eyes. Then the next thing I could make out was the rattle of pots and pans in the kitchen. She was cleaning up, no doubt having grown restless as I napped. Some things never changed, not that I was ungrateful.

'I'm so sorry, mum, I'd have done that,' I said, hurrying into the kitchen to pick up the dishcloth, but she was already done. Now she stood rolling her eyes at me as if to say, "sure... sure you would!"

'Want to feel useful?' she asked, 'open another bottle of wine and come snuggle with me on the couch.' With that she threw me a flirtatious wink and the corner of her mouth curled up.

'Honestly is that all I'm good for?' I exaggerated.

'No,' she replied, 'it's just all I think about!'

Then the thought struck me like a bolt of lightning. I hadn't felt this excited in so long and I knew she would love to see it. 'I've a better idea,' I smirked. 'Why don't we dress a bit more comfortable and then I have something to show you. Then we can relax and snuggle.'

'Wine, mystery, and surprises - how can a lady resist?' she asked.

I chased her up the stairs with the glasses and wine bottle in my hands, mum whooping like a teenager; probably not the safest stunt but I might as well have been running with scissors in asking Carol to marry me, as it turned out.

Seeing mum to the spare room, I disappeared into the master bedroom to change into a pair of clean sweatpants and a loungewear t-shirt before filling our wine glasses again. I saw the blinds were still open then and strolled across the room to close them. God knows some of my opposing neighbours have roaming eyes.

'Oh wow, a queen-sized bed,' mum purred approvingly.

I smirked and basked in her approval, my back still turned to her. 'I knew you'd like it,' I remarked. I'd only bought it recently, throwing out the bed I shared with Carol, wanting

every intimate memory out of my life, especially while she was now rutting with some diseased little fuckboy.

'Well guess where I'm sleeping tonight.'

'You? Sleeping?' I quipped.

But I couldn't take my eyes off her from the moment I turned to face her. She waltzed around barefoot, from one side of the bed to the other in a purple satin negligee that showed enough cleavage and thigh to set my heart thumping.

Even without the cleavage I'd be in danger of a premature heart attack. Sara was blessed with a 30F bust, which swayed seductively beneath the tight, shiny fabric as she waltzed around the large bed. The look in her eyes, the acknowledgement my reaction, so immodestly spoke of mutual approval.

I just for the life of me could not tell if I was overdressed or underdressed. Not to worry, I thought. 'I figured it would beat squishing up together on the couch like two seals on a shrinking icecap,' I explained.

She climbed onto the bed, padding along on all fours - and somewhat teasingly - towards the middle of the bed before

curling up on her side and demanding her wine. I handed her both glasses, almost straining to reach her, before climbing up close and leaning up on one elbow at her side to drink mine.

'I need this in my life,' she said longingly.

'No new men in your life, though?'

'No,' she said happily, sipping her wine and enjoying the firm comfort of the bed's firm new mattress. 'There's nobody worthwhile,' she explained briefly, and then, 'I take it you haven't been thinking about women and relationships lately.'

'Well it's not that I haven't been thinking,' I said loosely, 'but I'm not the rebounding type, and I just don't know if I could bring myself to trust anyone right now.'

I was quick to drain my glass and roll back to the bedside table to stand it there, then offered her more wine to which she shook her head contently. Then I returned to my mother's side. 'That makes me sad,' she said.

'Don't be sad for me,' I dismissed.

'I'm sad for both of us,' she said. I sidled in closer to hold her to me. The fresh, floral aroma of her skin and hair, the moisturiser she used and her natural scent was subtle but heady. It did wonderful things to me, as did the feeling of having her near to me again.

'Some fools don't know a good thing, even when it's right under their noses,' I mumbled.

'Mm-hmm,' she agreed, eyeing me intently from under my nose. 'You don't have that problem do you, sweetheart?'

'Of course not, mum. Do you?' I nudged her playfully, rolling her back suddenly and digging my tickling fingertips into her ribs. She laughed aloud and tried to combat my stealthy move by pulling me on top of her and suddenly I was very aware of how our bodies felt pressed together that way.

I kissed her then, in the way she had kissed me in the kitchen earlier, without reservation and without any real boundary, but not forcefully. There was a feeling of rejoice. Old feelings came closer yet to the surface.

I knew the look in her eyes all too well, the look of feelings having been gone too long but never forgotten. 'Stare too long and you may go cross-eyed,' she said inappropriately

and began to laugh. Then purring she begged for another kiss and demanded with approval that I hold her closer. I did, moulding the contour of my body to hers, and we held each other and made small talk.

Time went by...

'I missed you,' she said with a glint in her darkened smouldering eyes. 'The things like this have been the hardest to live without, or to try to replace.'

Two more glasses of wine emptied and we were getting all sentimental. We were embraced in a gentle hug, bodies pressed together side by side and cheek to cheek. I didn't know how my hand caused the back of her negligee to rise up over the curve of her bottom, but I came to realise then that she was wearing underneath as my palm came to rest on her bare tailbone.

'I missed you too, and all of this,' I affirmed, now pleasantly more than just buzzed.

'What else do you miss?' she asked.

'I miss not caring so much,' I said heavily and sighed. She clutched tightly at my hands, her eyes baring her concern as they searched mine.

'Well then don't care so much,' she simply stated. Then prodded insistently, 'what else do you miss?'

I knew what she was getting at. I couldn't contain myself for how hard I tried. A grin crossed my lips and I rolled onto my back and studied the faint cracks in the ceiling. I was instantly aware, as well, of one flat hand now smoothing across my flat belly, making little circles back and forth in the direction of my lower abdomen. 'I miss that too...'

'And for a moment here I thought she'd turned you into a prude.' The irony of those words...

Though Carol had gone frigid over the last two years, where I had made the effort, she had been the one fucking somebody else behind my back. It made me question the validity of the principles I'd worked so hard to maintain.

Beneath the confines of my sweatpants I felt myself begin to stiffen and rise to the occasion. Imagine that your own mother could have such an effect, and that you never even had to hide it. I could try to hide it, but she knew what she did to me. It was the extension of who and what we were as

family now, though we'd tried to stop it and to be ordinary, boring, mother and son.

In the end I guess we are what you always were; all of us. 'Shall we get into bed?' I asked.

'Is that all I'm good for?' she asked dreamily.

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Sometime into the small hours I came around to find mum moving restlessly under the covers. It was hot under there. Thanks to the alcohol we'd fallen asleep spooning, pressed tightly together. I opened my eyes to nothing but the black silhouette of her face, the curve of her throat, and then as she moved back the duvet, the mound of her breast. Then she adjusted the straps of her negligee, but somewhat awkwardly.

'Are you okay?' I mumbled.

'I'm sorry, darling,' she whispered. 'Could you turn the bedside lamp on? I haven't the faintest idea what I'm doing...'

Sleepily I rolled over to the opposite side, grabbed the lamp's base and fumbled for the switch, squinting as the bulb snapped to life and all but blinded me. Next to the lamp, the clock read quarter past three. I turned back around then only to be faced with a visual that left my eyes poking out instead.

Mum had somehow twisted herself up in her negligee, the shoulder straps having fallen down, leaving her bare fair-skinned 30F breasts squeezed out over the neckline. 'I'm just going to take it off,' she said absently. 'It's hot enough under here already...'

And then she rolled further back the duvet to show her exposed thighs, hips, and the neatly trimmed triangle of dark blonde fur above her pussy. Slipping out of her negligee, I lay mesmerised by the stark reminder of just how desirable she always was.

'Is there anything I can get you?' I asked dutifully. Mum shook her head, dreamily gazing at me, then took my hand in hers. 'I'm just really hot right now,' she said and then, 'here, feel...'

She took my hand and placed it on her soft, smooth belly, smoothing my forearm with her free hand. 'You're hot too,' she noted. 'You must be boiling in those clothes.'

'Well I only sleep naked these days, really,' I pointed out, 'so I am quite warm...'

I drifted, watching her lift my hand from her belly to her ribs, and then moving from one elbow to her shoulder. The back of my hand brushed the side of one ample breast on the way past, leaving my eyes to study the faint shine and glow of her milky skin there. Her nipples were still pink, though a darker shade maybe.

'It's nice to sleep naked. Good to rely on body heat,' she insisted, though I was already well in the know. 'Take your clothes off. I'm naked. You might as well be,' mum suggested. 'We can snuggle some more.'

I slipped off my t-shirt without hesitation, then raised my backside off the bed and clasped the waistband of my sweatpants. All the while she watched as a little more skin came into view. When my cock sprang out, semi-erect and growing, a yearning look overcame her. She pulled herself towards me then and wrapped herself around me; a thigh gliding smoothly over my hip, her arms snaking around my neck to pull my head to her breast.

I puckered my lips gently to kiss her sleep-heated flesh and heard her gasp. Still I grew and grew and her hips bucked to rub her pubic mound back against me in response. My

mother - there was no other, and nobody in the world who would understand what we had.

'That's nice,' she breathed as I kissed her breast again, inhaled and exhaled heavily against her. 'Can I kiss you?' she asked, loosening her clasp on me.

'Of course you can, mum,' I said, lifting my head up until we were face to face and centimetres apart. We gazed, her hands stroking my cheek and neck, and then her lips parted to couple with mine, tempting me with an unspoken question. Our lips parted again, only for hers to return eagerly, to make her message clear. And still I grew against her.

'Can I kiss you back?' I asked. She nodded, her eyes remaining on mine, wide and all-aware, and when I moved into her, our mouths opened and our tongues began to dance and to writhe like snakes - languidly, seductively, sexually...

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Time became a blur as we kissed and spoke sweetly of each other, rekindling our lost incestuous passion. Her sex bucked against mine as we writhed together, moistening me with her lustful love for me. And although it was inevitable that we were headed towards an act of love forbidden and reviled by most, still there was to be no doubt.

She stopped me in the throes of passion, the palm of my hand wet with her pussy juices, the air scented with her arousal, and while her hand too was sticky and wet around the shaft of my solid cock. 'I want it,' she said, jerking me firmly. 'Will you fuck me like you used to?'

'You want me in you?' I asked. She nodded, begged like a starved nympho.

'I've been dreaming of the way you used to fuck me, obsessed with the feel of you, the look of you,' she gushed hopelessly. 'Please, God, I want it and I want you!'

Lust took over, pure and relentless, like a force of nature. Like a shot I was halfway down the bed, forcing her thighs apart, where I dove like a duck to water. Her pussy juices, the lubrication of my mother's own sexual arousal, were delicious; both salty and sweet. I had to have her wetness all over my face. I had to have her see and feel me as I drove my hot tongue along the rut of her vulva and labia and paddled teasingly at her bulging clit.

Soon my chin was dripping with those juices, mingled with my own saliva, which I drove into her with deep licking strokes, before blissfully licking her out, and sucking her dry. She writhed, bucked, nervously twitched against my mouth as I kissed the very lips that separated to bear me twenty-five

years ago, and all she could do was completely lose her shit, go giddily and delightfully mad, as I did that and then delicately sucked her off to intense climax.

'Let me do something,' she begged as I pinned her down by her plentiful hips. So I stood up, stroking my thick hard pole before her, and then shot to the mattress beside her, lying back.

'Ride me,' I demanded. 'Feel how slick and smooth it'll be now.' Id' had a lot of practice eating pussy since we used to have sex. Back then we were more or less practicing on each other, or slamming out quickies to get over the inevitable frustration. Now she said she wanted me to fuck her like I used to, but she was in for a surprise. I was going to fuck her like she'd never been fucked before.

Mum straddled my hips, her thick thighs wrapping me up, and coddling me. My size meant there was thankfully never any fumbling, and almost in one smooth motion, she positioned herself over the head of my cock, and then sunk down to the hilt with a satisfied gasp.

'Jesus Christ, you weren't kidding,' she said, wide-eyed and pleasantly overwhelmed. 'That feels so good...'

'Mother,' I said with a smirk, 'you are hotter and wetter than a summer thunderstorm right now.'

'Does son approve?' she winked, adjusting herself and beginning to slide against me. I held her hips, my hands soon roaming up to her soft breasts to squeeze, and gently pinched at her nipples. And between my mother and I, the mother of all scenic views, her slippery silken sex canal dripped incessantly, coating my long glistening shaft, as she swallowed me up and spat me out in glorious repetitive plunging movements.

And she rode me to bliss for endless minutes upon endless minutes, talking about how the imagination is usually supposed to romanticise and make the memory better than it was, but how fucking her own son was now too good to be true. So I rolled her over, still between her thighs, and voiced my opinion on how the feeling, and the sensations, was mutual.

We got lost in each other, deeply, hotly, wetly, and gratuitously, once like a couple made out of convenience, and now like seasoned lovers, slick with perspiration and ragged in breathing. And I'd never kissed my own mother as much - I don't even think I did my fiancée either - as I had by this point, as we rode her to more orgasms, and more.

'What's it going to take to make you cum?' she asked as we slowed down the pace. I rolled her to the side and slid back into her burning gash from behind, taking slower, shallower strokes, to tease her where she was most sensitive.

'I'm sorry, I'm getting carried away, trying to make up for lost time,' I realised.

'Don't be silly,' she chirped, catching her breath all the same, 'we have a whole week to catch up, and to fuck like rabbits...'

'And to cuddle-fuck,' I suggested.

'Mmmm,' that sounds delectable, she purred. 'And maybe some soft, slow, intimate sex by candlelight?'

'Making love?' I asked. 'Mum, you really have been fantasising a lot!'

'Mm-hmm,' she hummed agreeably. 'But tell me yours. What would it take?'

I thought what the hell. The more I bared my soul to her, the tighter she seemed to embrace me. I repositioned myself on top of her and we sweetly made out and took the time to

recuperate, basking in each other's furnace-stoked body heat. 'Do you really want to know?' I asked.

'You think I can't handle it?' She did ask for it...

'I fantasised about making you pregnant,' I confessed with a belated smirk.

'You're joking,' she insisted. I wasn't. I shook my head slowly.

'I fantasised a lot about going too far, about not pulling out, but deliberately sliding all the way in and cumming right up against your cervix-

Mum's shocked, almost offended gasp, cut me off. So with that, and without breaking eye contact, I guided myself back into her, slowly invading her soaked, used pussy, and began to screw her slow and deep as I waited to tell her my fantasy in full. And as her motions began to match mine, her thighs gently clamped around me, and she laced her fingers together around the back of my neck.

'All I have to do right now is to think about that, about seeding you deep, taking you all the way, wondering how good it would feel to cum inside you, the way dad did...'

'And that would make you cum right now?' she asked out of disbelief. Again I nodded, bumping and grinding against her raw clit as my thick cock impaled her and stretched her out to be bred. 'You filthy bastard,' she cussed.

'But oh God, I'm so close,' I groaned and felt her thighs tighten around me. And there was a hint of a smile hidden behind her cool eyes. 'I could cum gallons of spunk into you right now...'

'You wouldn't fucking dare,' she moaned, then clamping her eyes closed, and biting her lip. And again her grip on me tightened. Was it just me or was this fantasy instantly about to make her cum too?

'Squirting endless shots of hot white spunk into your womb, filling you up,' I teased, or was I teasing? 'That must feel so good, mum...'

'You'd really want me to get pregnant with your baby?' she begged, still moaning, faster and louder. I didn't answer. But of course I wouldn't. If anything it was the next step into the taboo, and the fear that went with it. All the while I could imagine the beauty of that moment and its afterglow, of the true coming together of two genuinely loving people, and

the heavenly anguish of falling hopelessly in love with the woman who finally carried my seed.

And so I rode her and I rode her, fucking her deep and with reckless abandon, sending the full length of my cock to the deepest recesses where I knew I wanted to stay, and to breed my own mother, to fulfil that fantasy.

The point of no return came, and I didn't stop, or pull out. And then the moment came where I should have pulled out and bathed her with my seed. But still I stayed, because suddenly I was gripped so tightly by more than just the orgasmic wave of panic and lustful release.

Towards the path of least resistance, deep down, I throbbed and twitched, pumped and spurted, and cried as I emptied my load; my entire hot, sticky load.

Deliberately my mother held me tight. She wouldn't let me go. And as I came and came again, she convulsed and quivered, drinking me dry...

Jesus Christ, I was so hard!

Chapter 2

I wasn't new to pregnancy scares. I certainly wasn't new to the terror associated with them, and the long, hard downhill tumble from highest ecstasy to desperation. I wasn't really the anxious type. Panic silenced me, froze me rigid. And now I was frozen rigid, hard as a baseball bat inside my mother's cum-drenched pussy!

My heart hammered like a locomotive but I was going nowhere. Her thighs still gripping me, her hands stroked and patted my backside as we looked at each other in the morning gloom.

'Well, you got what you wanted,' she said finally, having caught her breath. Still her breasts pushed into me in slow, incredibly calm heaves. 'Jesus, you're like a rock inside me...'

'What were you thinking?' was all I could think to ask, incredulously. 'Do you realise what we've done?'

'Well,' she paused, and licked her lips. The way she looked at me, I couldn't believe that she actually seemed to be well aware and very conscious of her decision. 'If it happens then it happens. And I guess it happened.'

She squeezed me tightly with her vaginal muscles, just a little spasm, but it felt like a nudge, a slight budge to urge me on. And here I was devastated while my mother just seemed

to accept that she had forced me to cum inside her. 'You know what you just did,' I repeated.

She let out a little sigh, parted her lips and subtly rolled her hips to coax the monster buried deep. And then, 'we'll deal with it later, I guess, but if I am pregnant then we might as well make the most of it, seeing as it clearly turns you on.'

I gasped.

'But it does, doesn't it,' the rabbit hole tempted the rabbit. 'Knowing what we just did, the danger and the sheer wrongness of it all turns you on. I always knew you had that in you.'

'Mum,' I started, only to be cut off.

'You might as well make sure we're certain,' she reasoned. 'Spurt your hot, sticky come into your mother's womb some more. Make it all the more worthwhile.'

And she kept rolling and rocking her hips under me. I could feel her hot, slippery sheath sliding up and down my shaft. I couldn't lie. For as great a headfuck as this was, and I was petrified, I was also the most turned on I'd ever been in my entire life, against all odds.

'How fucking turned on are you right now?' I asked. I then met her halfway, carefully plunging back inside her, lubricated mostly now by my own sticky hot load. 'You don't seem the slightest bit worried.'

'My own son just marked me as his own and filled my belly with his seed,' she declared huskily. 'I'm about to go over an edge I never even knew existed.' And the intensity in her eyes when she said that was truer than anything else so far. It left me ragged and breathless, straining harder against her cervix.

The kiss we shared then, it came with a passion and gave into a nature that I didn't fully understand; full of guilt, and yet shamelessness; so filthily erotic and yet not without that familial instinct. If anything I imagined that it was the kiss that Bonnie and Clyde last shared before they went down in a hail of bullets.

Our lips stuck together dryly, and desperately, in the moment. Our hot, stale tongues scraped and swirled against each other, a last-ditch mating ritual of the damned as we began to synchronise together again. The monster that I now knew I was took over as I struck home like a heat-seeking missile, gliding towards its target with terrifying precision.

My mother reflected that in me, forcing herself down onto me with every soggy, squelching plunge into the deluged recesses of her sinful flesh. We were still mother and son, but now we were also a heaving, hot mass of delicious corruption, copulating orgasmically to the soundtrack of harsh colliding breaths and wet, slapping skin on skin.

'I am going to fuck you until your womb explodes,' I growled.

'Yesssssss,' hissed the serpent that seduced first born man and woman, brother and sister no less.

'And you're going to give me a daughter in nine months time,' I improvised, losing my mind for the vile filth that was to spew forth from it. 'And then two decades later her loving, consenting, hungry adult pussy will be riding up and down the long length of the very thing fucking you to completion right now; squirting and gushing all over my balls, just like her mother/grandmother did!'

'For the love of Jesus's basketball sandals, holy fucking Christ,' Sara choked, her eyes suddenly wide and scared. 'Are you actually fucking serious?'

I don't know where that came from, nor the insane strength that came with it. Racking her legs over my forearms, I bent

down and scooped her up, rolling back onto my knees. Hoisting my mother up against me, her slick, well-sweated body slipping up and down against mine, I carried her up and down on my upturned cock and watched as her eyes rolled back in their sockets.

The thick, rubbery nipples of her full, glistening breasts rubbed up against my chest, somehow causing every hair to stand up on my body that wasn't matted down with every hot rivulet of sweat. God, my own mother, such a perfect little fucktoy. I blasted her full of spunk there and then, crying at the sheer effort that it took not to collapse. I absolutely had to fuck her for as long as I could stay hard inside of her, but I was burning out.

I growled, seethed, hissed and hulked like a savage. Somehow she understood. As much as she seemed to love being fucked that way, helplessly and hopelessly manhandled as I seeded her deeper, Sara forced her weight onto me, found her footing against the mattress and wrestled me onto my back with sudden and shocking strength and agility.

'More,' I groaned, my cock red raw and straining. I was still oozing come. I was sticky and hot, and when she knelt down to suck me clean, I grimaced at the extreme sensitivity I was experiencing by that point. I almost wailed, 'you're killing me!'

'No,' a calm, motherly voice cooed. 'Calm down now, baby,' she soothed. And as the monster began to recede back into the murk of my consciousness, I lay there in her arms as she ever so gently and elegantly rode me the rest of the way. It was bliss, all cuddled up in her curves, her breasts mashed softly between us. The tired, well-fucked, fair-skinned blonde atop me soothed and cradled me as she coaxed and milked me to my shuddering final death.

'I don't know what just happened between us,' she said uncertainly as she kissed the sweat from my eyelids. Every breath we took, heaving together, was like a final extension of our primitive incestuous act. 'But maybe now's the time to tell you that I've had my tubes tied.'

I was too exhausted to respond. But good, and thank the heavens - or whoever else - for the woman they left me with. I breathed, and I breathed, and I breathed...

'You evil cow,' I muttered. I managed a short-breathed laugh, and then a little more. 'You scared the shit out of me.'

'And what was that about your future daughter?' she hinted, pointing out that she was no less innocent.

'I was making it up as I went along,' I offered bleakly. 'Sorry?'

'I didn't say to stop though, did I?' Sara kissed my soaked brow, my cheek, and then settled in to make out tender and slow. Oh my god, what were we? 'And we definitely didn't stop...'

'So you're not pregnant?' I asked, peering into her eyes through the blur of my fatigue. She shook her head.

'I wanted to surprise you,' she smiled mischievously. 'And I had it done just for you and me.'

'Well...'

'Surprised?' mum asked.

I chapped my dry lips together and took a deep breath. Just as I did, my spent, poor cock finally plopped out of her oozing, burning love canal and dropped dead against my inner thigh.

'You could say that!'

Chapter 3

1

Where to begin after a night like last night's? When I came to, Saturday, I should have been tired and sore. In fact I should have been ruined, being that my mother and I had fucked each other into the morning like old lovers, which we were -- no doubt about that!

Aside from the dull headache which only lasted about as long as the fifty push-ups I cranked out on the bedroom floor, I was wide awake and full of energy, surprised at myself evermore when I realised it wasn't yet half-past ten.

I heard Sara in the bathroom with the distinct snap of the shower cord sounded and the rush of a torrential downpour lashing the bath's basin hard, and then more acutely her feet creaking along the floorboards before she stepped under the shower head. I needed no encouragement. I was there in a shot, naked and willing.

Already mum was wet from head to toe behind the folding glass screen, hot water running down her fair-skinned curves in waving rivulets, her hair like molten gold as it slithered down her back and curled at the ends. I was treated to the whole godly view as I stood there in the doorway, my

cock straining and rising to the occasion like a hydraulic crane.

The sensation of my body next to hers, and then coupled with hers is heavenly. There's little to no modesty there, just intimacy and security. In the throes of passion, making sex together when the animal takes over, every inch of flesh is fair game.

To see her naked, standing up, assuming a pose such as this -- twirling under streams of water and steam as she lathers her hair with shampoo and strains it, letting the soapy lather wash her naked form like milk -- she is the living Greek statue of a goddess, no gym membership necessary.

There is muscle and there is flesh and there is artistic structure and it doesn't conform to the glossy pink celebrity ink standard that boys will masturbate to until the day they realise they're lusting over narcissistic obsession, systematic starvation and emotional instability.

My mother is still my mother, but she's more than that. She's a woman in every, but she's more than a woman too. She's the golden motherly standard, the golden standard for beauty, and for sexuality, and to drink in such a sight is akin to drugging oneself to overstimulation.

Beyond the taboo of wanting her, and that of having her -- many times and for many years -- I now face the challenge of balancing the roles of loving son and lusty motherfucker, not to forget myself or what I love about her.

Sara flashed me a grin, which spanned from ear to ear when she saw me standing at full-mast and grinning back. Next thing I was in the shower behind her, and she was leaning back against me, as my soapy hands romantically slipped and slid over every hot wet curve, from her heaving breasts to her hips, and the generous V leading to that place I loved so much, between her thighs.

'You just can't help yourself can you?' she purred, her own hands roaming my muscular arms. She gasped and her whole body spasmed as my fingers found what they were looking for; that stiff little panic button located under the hood of the cockpit.

'No, but I can help you,' I teased, flicking the sensitive skin of her neck with the tip of my tongue before planting a kiss there. Her head rolled back against my shoulder, and another louder gasp came as she trembled against the gentle circling of my fingers around her clit.

'Oh behave,' mother chuckled and then hissed pleurably through her teeth. So I took my roaming hand back north

over her belly, but she immediately grabbed it by the wrist and put it back to work. 'I didn't say stop.'

This time I ran two fingers between her fleshy labia and melted into that slippery, silk vestige of motherhood -- met with a single breathless moan. My cheek was rested against hers then, as I gloated over the ample valleys of her soaked and glistening breasts. Feeling her breath against my mouth, now that she had moved her head so that she was looking up at me with glazed, lusting eyes, I craned my neck to move my lips to hers.

'I just have to,' I murmured before engaging her willing mouth with mine, withdrawing only once to say, 'I just want to snog you all day.'

'You're pleased to see me,' she said, a hand gripping my straining cock, and then we were at it again, pleasuring each other as we kissed beneath the steaming torrent.

'As soon as I try to get myself clean you want to make me get dirty again,' Sara chuckled some time later, looking up at me with love and mirth, her arms tight around my chest, squashing her beautiful body against mine. I loved to feel her breasts slipping and sliding up against me that way. The only problem, always, was that there was no place for my hard-on to go. But then, a wicked thought...

'Well I'm going to be a good son and let you get clean, for now,' I said, and then whispered in her ear, 'but only because I'm going to be cruel and make you wait until later...'

'You're just awful,' mum said, offering a mock scowl, before blushing and grinning again as I stepped out of the bath tub.

'The absolute worst,' I agreed on a gleeful whim and blew her a kiss.

2

I took us out to lunch in town that afternoon, while the weather was nice. It had been a while since I hit the city centre on the busiest day of the week for shoppers. I'd grown disdainful of it all the longer I spent time in my own company. Nobody wants to be alone any town, any afternoon, and for any reason.

Couples and groups walk with the enthusiasm of a funeral procession. To want to just go do your own thing makes you the arsehole that's always in a rush, always bumping into people, and otherwise always swearing under your breath when you're stuck in human gridlock on even a relatively empty street.

Today was my opportunity to become the pain in the arse that was causing the gridlock, taking his sweet-ass time escorting his date around, and it was the most wicked fun I'd had in a long time with my clothes on. Don't get me wrong, I have respect and manners for the mutually minded, but if you're like the girl we encountered that day with the face like a raging bull, you were in for an experience out of whatever way you were used to having.

Mum liked to visit the curiosity shops and little department stores, now rare, and kept alive by the alternative crowd who sought their shady corners to socialise from. I didn't believe she'd ever been to a shop that sold nothing but drug paraphernalia like bongos and pipes.

Already the owner/sales assistant didn't seem too thrilled that we were treating his lot like a museum, even though the place was a bit heavy on the Che Guevara and Bob Marley. Nothing like a bit of golden age communism to mellow your mother!

We were headed for the door, which I took the lead and opened for mum, when this wide-bearing, hoodie-wearing girl with black lipstick and metal in her face started whining about the fact she didn't need a man to open the door for her, that she was perfectly able to do it for herself. I couldn't believe my ears.

I turned to mum with a queer grin, then turned back to the girl, assuring her, 'I didn't do it for you,' blocking her entry while Sara came out from behind me with a polite smile. The girl tried to push past. I didn't let her. Instead I made a point to close the door again, until the glass pane was inches from her offended little upturned nose, so that she could open her own damned door.

'You're welcome,' I said.

'Misogynist prick,' she said at my back as we walked away.

'When's the last time you think she had a prick?' mother asked.

'I don't know, but I don't think the drugs are working either,' I said and smirked as I looked back. We were honestly surprised we didn't see her at the Ann Summers store twenty minutes later, screaming at "The Elite Guard of the Royal Dong"...

I hadn't ever been to one of these places before. The crazy bitch (the ex) and I ordered online, never daring to expose our private lives to the world. Mum had been to the local one plenty times with her friend, Elaine, so she confided with her

arm linked to mine as she dragged me through the sliding doors.

There was just something so comical about the place, with sex toys and lubricants stood on their little pedestals like someone had swapped the signs and products of a JD Sport but didn't bother changing the layout. Now I was the one feeling like I was in the museum, but for all my effort not to blush beet red and laugh consistently from start to finish, I couldn't help but feel sorry for the retail assistant here.

One, they were nearly all "college girl age", awkward looking girls between 18 and 21 selling sex to trendy couples -- all but for the supervisor, a woman dolled up to look more like a uniformly flight attendant, who seemed to take a more clinical approach to her job.

And then there was the security guard, this near seven foot tall black brick wall standing at the centre of this circular display wall, a hundred premium-priced dildos, vibrators and dongs all staring back at him like the crowd of a coliseum. Mum was taken aback by the sight, as was I, and because for how deadpan (if not apathetic) his expression, it was his duty to protect the prize dongs, as though they were the crown jewels of this prestigious and magical dick palace.

'Does he guard the dicks then?' mum asked and it was goodnight from me. Once I started laughing I couldn't stop. Meanwhile I was trying to pay attention to the selection of massage oils on display. I was having some seriously x-rated thoughts about what the weekend would have in store for us.

'He appears to be like a tactical version of the Beefeaters, mum!'

'O, like an elite dick guard?'

'I think we're going to get kicked out here,' I had to warn her as one uncomfortable looking wallflower started to magnetise towards us with some hesitance. Her nametag read, "Shauna".

'May I help you with anything,' Shauna asked plainly. Mum was quick on her heels.

'I was just wondering if that large black specimen over there is actually guarding a vault of dicks or if he's for sale too,' she said equally plainly. I snorted, forced it hard to the back of my throat. I heard the same from somewhere else in the store and had to turn away.

Embarrassed, Shauna was too heavily caked in skin foundation to be seen blushing, but mum quickly disarmed her. 'I was just joking, love. My son and I are wondering which of these massage oils you'd recommend...'

3

'May I say that I am really glad that I stepped in and convinced her that you were just in a pranking mood,' I said as we hurried away from the store, Sara in tow and barely keeping up in her mid-heel boots. 'Jesus Christ, you gave me a heart attack!'

'Can we drop by the H&M before we head back?' she asked, and I could hear the laughter in her tone, loud and clear. So we went there next and while my mother perused the skirts, I stood around hands in pockets, cheeks burning from that close shave with utter shame.

Mum liked her skirts long and flowy. I liked skirts for ease of access, but I wasn't about to mention that before we ended up having another unlikely conversation with another retail assistant. Mum found a skirt she really liked -- a white one with a dark red flower print -- and pulled me over to stand in front of the changing cubicle curtain.

There I stood, like the Elite Guard of the Royal Dong himself, arms crossed and staring into space as a few women started to line up in front of me. Just how weird was my day out on the town going to get?

'Could you give me a hand here, Steven?' she said from behind me. 'I'm having a bit of a silly moment...'

I don't know why my eyes then met with the woman standing face to face with me, but we both smiled politely at each other before I turned to oblige my mother, whatever was going on now. Discreetly I inched out of sight behind the curtain to find her stood in skimpy white lace panties and otherwise bare from the waist down.

My tightly packed cock stirred in my jeans, but little did I know that she was experiencing something the same. Before I could ask what was up, she grabbed my hand by the wrist and with the other free hand she yanked forth the crotch of her panties and stuffed my hand inside.

My mother was feverishly hot and leaking that slippery natural sex lubricant I was so well accustomed to. Immediately my fingers went to work, while her teeth went to work on my shoulder to stifle her gasps.

'There you go,' I said helpfully, anxious of what might be heard beyond that thin curtain, or what might not be heard enough before someone started to ask questions. Hopelessly I couldn't think of what else to say as my fingers worked her into a daze, her pussy throbbing and clinging to me tightly every time I stroked her stiff clit with my thumb.

'Thank you, darling,' she said unsteadily, and with sinful mischief plastered all over her tightening face, her mouth open but silently moaning. 'My fingers just don't seem able to work for me lately...'

'Well that's what your son is for,' I replied with a dutiful tone.

'I need more than your fingers, son,' she whispered close to my ear, her palm pressed flatly against my growing erection as it straightened downward against my inner thigh. When we stepped outside of the cubicle and back into the store, I noticed as did my bounding heart, that the woman waiting at the front of the queue had turned ashen white, eyes wide open as they evaluated the both of us. As we walked away I saw her put a hand to her mouth. She had heard everything. I'd never felt such a thrill and such a jolt of terror at the same time.

Town had been quite the experience with my mother. As we drove home, now happily just us with no prying ears or eyes, we could be more open about what neither of us could seem to stop thinking about. It was becoming evident that old animals had been re-awoken and that the following week was going to consist of not much else other than having sex -- shamelessly committing glorious, pornographic incest with each other!

But I couldn't just let this go, the dangers and the risks we were taking like never before. It was as if my mother was becoming a completely different person, and that she felt no shame in wanting to be sexual around her son in public.

'Do you have no fear at all?' I asked her. 'I notice you're being very casual about us now. I know times are changing, but the laws aren't.'

'Wasn't it a thrill though?' she countered me, and I couldn't deny it. She was right. I was stiff in my pants now and the head of my cock was throbbing and twitching, threatening to make me unload there and then. That look of mischief was still there too. I glanced over whenever possible, feeling the pressure build in my loins with the desire to bottom out and breed her.

'Seriously, you really have been doing a lot of thinking lately, haven't you?' I tested as I navigated the traffic. I couldn't put too much thought into it right now, playing chicken with the taxis that didn't seem to care which lane they were supposed to be in. So I decided to be the one to ask the questions for the meanwhile.

'Fantasising is more like it. I thought it'd get better once I'd had you again. Well... it is better, definitely better, but...'

'But now you can't stop?'

'You disapprove?' she tested. I shot her a smug frown, smiling all the while. Some call that Trump-face these days.

'I can't stop thinking about sex when I get started,' I admitted candidly.

'I never stop,' Sara hinted. I looked to her with a hopeless grin. She winked at me with that mischievous look. 'I'm on Literotica every day, morning and evening, reading every Mother and Son sex story ever written, and I think about us.'

'Tell me more,' I said, suddenly short of breath. The needle on the speedometer began to rise as the ride home took on greater urgency. I had to get us there.

'I got Elaine into it too!'

'You're fucking joking,' I yelled out of sheer disbelief. Elaine, who I'd mentioned earlier, was my mum's best friend. At 48 Elaine had only two adult daughters, so none of that business was happening under her roof, but I was truly taken by surprise to hear that the conservative divorcee could be coaxed into such an acquired kink.

'She is! She's not the prude you think she is, you know? We talk about our favourite stories and what turns us on about them,' mum assured with the argument to back it up. 'And do you know what my fantasy has been lately?'

My mouth ran dry as we ate up the miles, faster and faster, the road ahead of us crumbling into ruin where the council had abandoned it the last winter. The ride soon became bumpy, forcing me to slow down again.

'I want her to know about us!' she admitted after quite some silence.

How could I process such a huge thing? My mother who had pushed my fat baby body out of the canal that I was now more used to sliding my hard cock in and out of might have put me in my place and assured me that anything was possible when done right. She might have done a U-turn instead and assured me that it was not some whimsical desire to flirt with destruction.

But this was different in so many ways. This was a whole new level of daring and dangerous. This was not something you did for a cheap thrill. It was something you did in great faith and endless trust. It was something for which trust was near impossible to find.

When my mum and I started having sex, it was in great trust and faith that we were more than just okay with what we were doing. It was partly educational, and it was partly frustration and loneliness -- not just on her behalf. We were both consenting and it had built up through a matter of months after I'd turned 18. I was in college, I still wasn't courting with girls, and obviously I was still a virgin.

For the record, the first time it became physically sexual, mum was paying me a lot of attention after learning that I liked to fantasise about her, by way of finding a pair of her used panties under my pillow. Slow and cautious masturbation turned into mutual masturbation. That

eventually led to her daring to give me a blowjob, which led to mutual oral.

It was only a matter of time before one day she picked me up from college and, on the drive home, asked me to go into the pharmacy and buy a pack of condoms. I cannot recollect in words how big a deal that moment was and how incredible, though brief, the first time we had sex was.

The act leading up to it, the act of stripping and getting intimate with her, with that in mind -- the act of rolling a condom onto my erect cock with the intent of sliding into her pussy and experiencing sex for the first time WITH MY OWN MOTHER...

It was a huge step in our relationship. Getting over it, learning to live with it, and then deciding that we wanted to carry on was a huge deal too. Learning to hide what we were doing as we became closer and more comfortable, more emotional and intimate, all of it was a huge deal.

I never would have imagined though that Sara, my mother, would want to endanger what we had by confessing not just her fantasies to anyone other than me, but also by letting someone in on our secret.

Which one of us was crazy, or the most crazy; her for thinking that it was perfectly safe to tell her friend and neighbour that she was enjoying a years' long on and off sexual relationship with her son; or me for thinking that nobody in the world was that trustworthy just because they liked to fantasise here and there?

Fantasy was one thing. Reality came with terms and conditions, and very real dangers.

6

'I just... I'm not sure you appreciate how quickly even the tightest friendships can end, mum,' I tried to make her see what scared me. 'Look at where I am, please. The things people love about you they always use against you the moment they decide they hate you!'

'Baby, please don't panic,' Sara said as she fixed herself a cup of tea at the kitchen counter. The sex itself was forgotten, for now, because panic had taken over. The mood was on ice, although she seemed perfectly calm and content. 'Like I said, it's just a fantasy. Do you even know how dirty her mind gets when she gets warmed up?'

'Do you?' I asked, my face contorting to humour her while I wrestled with my anxieties over the matter.

Sara raised her eyebrows suggestively and pouted, then blew a stray wisp of her fringe away from her face. 'I know her inside and out, you might say...'

'Huh?'

'You didn't know your dearest mother was going to bed with another woman in your absence,' she confessed further, 'because I was saving that story for the right time.'

'You and Elaine?' I needed to sit down. Instead I leaned against the kitchen table and swooned as my mother smiled adorably and nodded her affirmation. 'How?'

'Oh she was the one who got me reading erotica on that website I told you about,' Sara said matter-of-factly. 'Only Elaine's big deal was that she developed an addiction for nothing but lesbian love stories. It was a huge deal for her to confess to me, because she'd known nothing but the same boring husband until he left her for an equally boring woman. Then she knew nothing but fantasy and she didn't want another man. I told her to try the taboo stories. She was addicted to those soon enough...'

'But how?' I repeated myself a little louder, hinting at the last damn thing I'd asked her.

'Well you were gone, no men were stacking up to your standards...' That part inflated more than my ego. I think my expression at that point gave that away. 'And she got me curious with her love stories. I just told her that I wouldn't mind trying it out with a likeminded woman -- someone I enjoyed the company of -- and so we made love one afternoon and it was quite beautiful really.'

Her smile in its wistful reflection melted me and forged me to hardness all at once, coupled with those words. God, all she had to do was talk about making love and I'd take her there and make it a reality the moment she showed her willingness.

'We made a habit of it, you might say, whenever we had nothing on our calendars. It'd never be a public thing. We don't want the lifestyle. We just like to make love and to feel good together. It was only a few weeks ago that she came out and said that you'd be the luckiest son in the world to be able to make love to his mother.'

'But you didn't tell her!'

'No, but I entertained the fact that she was so honest and real about it. You know Elaine. She's such an admirable babe. She comes from the heart. And part of me wishes that she could

see what she feels become both a real-life fantasy and an actual reality.'

I looked at my mother long and hard, hard in both senses. Damn me if I wasn't sold, despite my former reservations. Sara wasn't love-blind or naive. Neither was I, but maybe there was a way that my mother could fuel her own fantasy and Elaine's while just testing the waters.

After a thoughtful pause, she put down her teacup, licked her lips and said, 'my tea needs a while to cool down, are you hard for me?'

7

'Take your pants off,' Sara said as she closed the blinds over the living room bay window. I did as I was told, eager to free my hardness from the painfully tight confines of my jeans. Within seconds I was reaching for the sky, so to speak, while my mother turned to look at me with expectant eyes.

She hitched up her skirt and stripped off her panties, letting them fall down to her booted feet, then stepped out of them before perching herself on the edge of her chosen seat, the two seater-sofa right underneath the window now behind her.

'You know when I'm alone and horny and thinking about you, I daydream of us making love all day long, non-stop,' she told me. 'It's like a perfect sex scene on loop, all the best bits; just you and me sliding together and kissing and being so... fucking filthy...'

I said, 'We have all week, never mind all day!'

She nodded appreciatively and threw me another suggestive wink. 'Oh yes we do, don't we?'

I approached her, knelt at her feet, and raised her skirt to rest at her upper thighs, exposing her delicious trimmed blonde sex. Her labia had blossomed like flower petals, opening to me before I'd even touched her -- again. Her womanly aroma filled my nostrils, the smell of arousal that begged for me to couple my sex with hers.

'You know, mum, I've noticed,' I started carefully, and she listened with fascination as I went on. 'We've never been this intense before. It's like we've grown to a new feeling, or gone to another level.'

'After last night, especially,' she agreed. 'May I feel your tongue, and I'll confess something else to you?' I didn't need

to be asked twice. Her powerful feline pheromones were calling to me.

Lifting her suede booted feet to my shoulders, I pushed her back down onto the sofa and passionately began to make love to her with my mouth. As always, she was deliciously savoury to my taste. Especially since she had stewed in her state of arousal all afternoon, waiting for this moment, she was hot enough that I could blister my tongue on her and still lap away like a starved dog -- but I held fast and treated her to a show.

Side to side I turned my face, my tongue and nose nuzzling those blossoming fleshy petals. They were stiff and hot to the touch and her clit stood out prominently, staring me straight in the eyes. She was so wet in fact that against my movements she squished and I ate her like a ripe mango; no teeth, just my tongue and lips now dripping with her juices.

'Wow,' she cooed, 'I'm forgetting myself here.'

Recapturing eye contact with her, I smiled with just my eyes as I made my tongue into a spear and penetrated her slowly, then curling the tip to stroke upward into her as she whimpered helplessly.

'If I could have your babies, last night would still have been no different,' she then said in an emotional, shivering state. I stopped dead in my tracks. She told me not to, so I carried on, adrenaline now surging through me like crazy. 'I'd have gladly had your babies. Does that sound crazy?'

'How long have you felt like that?' I asked, licking my fingers to massage her pussy while I carved a niche through her slit with my burning tongue.

'I haven't. It was in the heat of the moment that the feeling took over, and then all day it's all I could fantasise about, other than Elaine knowing about us. I suppose.... shhhhh-shit that right there!!! I suppose it's just as well. Not to complicate what we have...'

'Just the thought of the conscious act of making a baby with me,' I supposed, now harder than I thought possible. Mother nodded. 'I'd love to make babies with you all day long, mum,' I confessed, though she already knew that. Just being able to say it in broad daylight was such a turn on for the both of us. To confirm she felt the same she uttered a guttural sigh of the utmost satisfaction.

'That sounds so good to me. I want you to take me to bed and make babies with me,' she gasped as I snogged her pussy to orgasm, her thighs trembling and convulsing at my ears.

Burning with passion, fuelled by apprehension and adrenaline, so besotted and turned on by my orgasmic mother, I don't know what else led me to say what I did when I held out my hand to lead the way, but I swallowed my heart and said it anyway.

'I want something else for you, mum,' I said, holding her heaving body to mine and staring uncertainly into her wide and searching eyes.

'Whatever could it be?' she asked breathlessly.

'If you want to tell Elaine, then you can. I want you to!'

8

'Are you sure about this?' mum asked and instantly I nodded. We were on the bed. She was propped up on a pile of pillows and I was between her legs, running my swollen pink knob up and down the hot wet crease of her pussy, getting myself nice and slick for the moment.

Both of us were stripped fully naked by that point. I couldn't help but lean down and to play with her full tits, to suckle

on her hard brown nipples and to tease her further with the tip of my tongue, before we kissed long and lovingly.

Parting with a hungry smooch, Sara searched through her phonebook and scrolled to Elaine's number, her wide-parted thighs absently bucking in unison with my up and down movements.

'I'm shaking so much I can barely work this thing,' she joked, but I could see her hands trembling clearly. I didn't know if it was apprehension, or doubt, or the sheer thrill of going through with it, but she showed no sign of backing out.

'Shall I put her on loudspeaker so we can both hear her?'

'Do it?' I dared with a grin. She grinned back, almost shrinking away from me for a moment.

'Oh god,' she whispered as the call tone began to ring. Just for starters, I began to ease my glans inside, just the tip, just a preview of what was to come. We really were going to do this. Almost encouragingly, mother's pussy hugged deliberately at the tip of my hard cock and she blew me a kiss.

'Hello Sara. How are you, lovely?' Elaine's familiar friendly voice called.

'Hello lover, miss you already. Are you up to much?' mum asked with a cheeky smirk.

'Hmmm, no I'm just alone at home, reading a story or two,' Elaine hinted. 'Enjoying your weekend with Steven?'

'Oh yeah, very much so,' mum said, and her pussy squeezed at me again as I inched in a little deeper, tempted by just how easily I could melt into her at that point. I withdrew a little and then gave her an inch more, but more or less helping myself as I waited. 'It's kind of why I'm calling,' she continued and then with baited breath, 'I need to share some thoughts with you; see what you think...'

'Oh really,' Elaine said and sounded more than intrigued. 'Of the, err, naughty kind?'

'Like you wouldn't believe,' mum said. Again, I leaned over and helped myself to her tits, taking each one into my mouth, the head of my cock resting inside the crown of her love canal, and kissing, licking, and suckling quietly as I waited for her word. Until then I worked to steady my speeding heart and listened to the tremors in her voice as she spoke.

'I'm all ears, love,' Elaine spoke secretively.

'Imagine that you're me...'

'Yes?'

'You're lying in bed on a Saturday afternoon after a day of shopping...'

'In bed after shopping,' Elaine echoed with a humoured tone, 'right?!'

'You're in bed, because your stud of a son took you to bed, and he's making love to you just like he did twice the night before!'

'Fffff-fucking hell, Sara,' Elaine gasped. Ironically, so did my mother, as at the same time I decided no longer to wait. Between taking long glances at my thick veiny cock sliding deliciously into her hot, slippery depths and enjoying the look of intense pleasure in her eyes, I whispered, 'I love you, mum, don't stop...'

'That makes me instantly wet,' Elaine stammered. 'Are you planning on going through with it?'

'D-do you th-think I should?' mum stuttered as I slowly bottomed out over and over again, before alternating the depth and starting shallow again before taking another full-length plunge. Mum bit her lip.

'Does it feel right?' Elaine asked.

'Oh god it feels like it was meant to be,' Sara groaned, gyrating her hips to literally screw me back. The fact that Elaine was actually game, that I could hear her with my own ears, drove me to insane levels of excitement. Listening to the slick squishing of my mother's juicy pussy yielding to me threatened to drive me over the edge. Mum's eyes widened when she felt me expand inside her. Teeth gritted I held off with all my willpower.

'If it happens, babe, I'll be so happy for you,' Elaine cooed. 'Fuck! That word picture, though.'

'Elaine?'

'Yes, Sara?'

There was a tangible pause, like time itself had stopped.

'I meant what I said,' mum confessed. 'We made love last night like I said -- twice!'

'Oh Sara,' Elaine cried ecstatically.

'And it's happening right now,' she hissed through bared teeth, eyes closed. 'We're having sex right now,' it all spilled out. 'His cock is so deep and delicious, he's fucking me oh so slowly; oh baby I wish you could feel it!'

'Oh my god, Sara!'

'Hi Elaine,' I chuckled, unable to help myself. Taking Sara's legs up over my shoulders for deeper penetration, I leaned in to kiss my mother, to swap spit, to taste tongues and to plant the loudest smooch on her lips. Meanwhile as I drove home with all I had, savouring in the beautiful embrace of my mother's sex, her moaning made it clear that this was no prank.

'I have no words right now,' Elaine stuttered as she worked herself over furiously. Back home where I used to live, and just a few doors down, one of my other teen fantasies -- who my mother had also apparently made love with -- was jilling

herself off to the fact that her friend was now making love to her own son, and I was trembling with the possibilities of what it meant.

'You need no words, love,' I assured. 'But maybe rather than imagining you're my mother right now, you'd like to get together some time?'

'You're on,' Elaine blurted without hesitation.

'And, err, until then,' I suggested, 'mum can fill you in, and tell you all about us -- the real us!'

I heard Elaine chuckle then. I knew that tone in her voice, surely, and I was right. 'You know, part of me realised long before now? But I was never going to make an issue out of it. I think it's beautiful and I know you love each other.'

'Thank you, Elaine,' I replied gratefully. 'That means everything.'

'Now you put the phone down and we'll talk about that get-together another time. I'm going to need both hands right now,' she said with a hint of frustration.

'I'll be your hands again soon enough, lover,' mum chimed in and took over. 'I'm going to take a few photos now so you have some ammunition for your little vibro-fest...'

'Oh please do, I'm going to come buckets over those,' Elaine promised before saying her goodbyes.

9

There was a relief between us, an elusive weight lifted. In my elation I lay there in complete stillness, just gazing into my mother's eyes, as she looked back in amazement and admiration.

'Well there it is,' she supposed, tossing the phone aside. A total of fifteen photos had been taken between us; some adorable and sweet, some that left nothing to the imagination, and others that showed everything Elaine needed to know in up-close and intimate detail. We could only imagine the frenzied state she'd be in come the next hour or two.

'There it is,' I echoed back, and we began to kiss with a depth and closeness I'd never felt before. We really were different now that this had begun. And we had gone so far within a matter of hours, not even a whole day.

'Where were we?' I asked as our lips departed from each other once more.

'We're making babies,' Sara recalled.

'Yes we are,' I teased, letting my length slide lazily into her. 'Making babies together, all day long...'

Mum gasped as she accommodated me deeply. She felt like pure molten liquid around me as we melted together once more. 'Every day, baby,' she crooned as our bodies began to synchronise and become one.

'You won't be needing anymore fantasy material then?' I joked as we slid deep together, quite romantically. As her feet stroked my buttocks, her legs wrapped around me gently, she looked at me silently one more time as we made sex together.

'Maybe...'

'Name it,' I said.

'I fantasise that you fall in love with me,' my mother said as we rutted together in the most disgustingly sensuous way. And oh god did we take all day and night making babies together. I wasn't just addicted to her now. I felt it in every inch of flesh.

And I'd gladly give her every fantasy that I could. I would do anything for my mother within reason, and sometimes beyond the reasoning of society's norms. I would kill for my mother, so I believed, and yet no authority mattered other than what she desired of me.

I was going to give her every ounce of come that I had and I was going to love her for Elaine too. No doubt she'd want to see me with Elaine, judging by her expression when we were talking on the phone. The one fantasy I still couldn't give her though...

'That's not fantasy, mum,' I told her before engaging her in the sweetest lover's kiss I could summon. 'I am in love with you.'

I know, so her smile said. Not for the last time that day, or ever, we slid deep and locked together in a breathless unified gasp, my mother and I deep in love, deep in each other, making babies...

Chapter 4

1

Mum's last day...

If there was one way mum loved best to recover from a vigorous day of shagging, it was with a hot bath the next morning. Little did she know that since it was the last day before she went back home, I'd prepared a treat to really wow her with; something to leave her extra sad to have to go.

In a way I suppose that was me projecting my own feelings onto her, but only because I wasn't physically able to go with her – not at that time – otherwise I would have. No, she would have to go and we would have to rein in our deepening feelings for each other. It would be akin to two hearts being glued together and having to be torn apart. It was going to hurt.

Now Sara splashed and tunefully hummed to herself in the tub, late that morning, and for a while I stood on the landing, smiling to myself and straining in my shorts, because I knew what my plans would lead to, eventually. I'm a bad little boy at heart, it's true, but I liked to leave a good impression in the end.

I opened the door, wafting thick day-lit steam as I went, and when I saw my mother filling the bath with her voluptuous form – particularly those luscious big boobs all wet and glistening the way they were – I beamed a smile and commented how happy she sounded.

Contently she smiled back as if to say that I should have known very well why she was happy enough to be singing. 'Feeling awake and refreshed?' I asked.

'Mmmm,' she purred, 'I'm fine, darling, but you haven't half left me stiff and sore after these past few days.' Still her eyes said thank you – a big thank you!

'Well it just so happens I have something for that,' I pitched in as I knelt beside the tub and began to trace a finger from her perspiring shoulder, along the curve of the breast closest to hand, and then around the nipple. 'Something to work the kinks out...'

'Hmmm, sounds interesting,' Sara responded dreamily.

'Finish your bath, towel off, and come into the bedroom when you're ready, and I will treat you to something you will definitely enjoy,' I told her, and then kissed her on the

forehead. I left her to it, hearing the loud sigh fill the bathroom behind me as I closed the door. It was almost a moan. Again I grinned to myself and went to prepare her surprise.

2

The men who sit at computers for a living get a bad reputation, I believe. Or maybe the problem is that we lack reputation where it counts. Because I "push pencils", or push buttons to be more acute, you wouldn't expect me to have any real practical skills or talents.

I don't follow trends and I don't play a guitar. I don't have aspirations other than to please the women (or woman) in my life. I'm boring to the outside world even though I do like to give as good as I get when drama rears its ugly head.

One thing I do have is a very capable pair of hands when it comes to pleasing the opposite sex, and it occurred to me that whereas my mother was no stranger to them, and sexually, she had never experienced the full-body massages that were once reserved solely for the woman who eventually betrayed me.

Shortly after Sara showered off the bath water and then dried herself off, she came sauntering into the bedroom wearing

nothing but a towel on her head. I stood there still grinning, trying to be as proper as could be expected of me, dressed down in a vest and a pair of lounge shorts.

On the bed lay a few fresh white bath towels, duvet neatly folded away. And on the bedside table lay the last bottle of massage oil that I had bought but didn't get to use some months back. I told her to lie down on the bed, face down, and to relax. The central heating was on just enough to keep her warm, but strategically also to stop me from sweating all over her once my muscles were getting a good workout on her.

Mum pouted, smiled only with her eyes, approving of my plan. She climbed onto the bed, making sure I got a good eyeful of the goods – her swaying tits, her curvaceous bottom, and other things. No, I reminded myself, this is not going to turn into another incest porno. For once I may have been right. It wasn't long before mum was off in her own little world.

I warmed some oil in the palm of my hand and began to go to work, starting at her legs and thoroughly greasing her up to the top of her thighs to the soundtrack of her pleased mumblings.

Though Sara is a voluptuous woman, soft and desirable and plentiful in her own beautiful way, she carries it all on the frame of a strong and independent woman. I consistently groped and pinched and kneaded for a long time at her calf muscles, and then her thighs, easing the tension out of her hamstrings and keeping her well-oiled.

And though it wasn't the most erotic thing, nor was it intended to be overwhelmingly erotic, I hoped that she was enjoying the sense of intimacy that I was, and especially as I moved up to begin at her bottom, which would require a LOT of attention from yours truly.

And then my mother starts to murmur, in a way that is irremovable of the many times in history that Homer Simpson found himself thinking about donuts. Well, there was one thing that separated her and Homer, at least. Even through the fruity aromatic scent of the oil I was certain that I could sense her arousal...

You try getting your mother's juices going for a few good years and then you tell me it's a forgettable scent. Hers always made me dizzy with desire, and that was what I was starting to feel by the time I'd worked my way up her spine to her shoulders and groped her into a coma.

When I asked her to turn around and to lie on her back, she uttered a naughty giggle under her breath and she asked me if I was sure I wanted that. 'Massage parlour rules,' I told her. 'I can't extort you for a job well done if you force me to finish with only half a job done.'

When she turned onto her side to adjust her position, I could instantly see why she was apprehensive of having to move. Her pussy had saturated the towel beneath her, leaving a big wet spot behind. Her face was a picture of sleepy bliss. Maybe, I thought, she didn't even realise just how turned on she was at this point.

'Enjoying it so far, mum?' I probed.

'Hmmm,' I never realised just what wonderful therapeutic hands you have,' she said almost deliriously, before obediently lying on her back and shaking the weighty feeling out of her hands. 'I may drift off...'

'You go right ahead if you want to,' I encouraged. 'I'll wake you later if you do. You deserve a good rest.'

'Hmmm,' she agreed, already slipping away. So next I started with her arms, specifically from the fingers and hands upward. As I did, now I could gauge her reaction by her face. And as I did that, I found myself drifting for a while.

Sara clearly delighted in the feel of having her hands played with, which she signified with a whimsical smile – eyes closed.

I oiled my way up the wrists, to her elbows and to her shoulders, taking extra special care to be gentle, more emphasis placed on the power of touch rather than force. For some reason I just could not prevent myself from brushing up against her heavy breasts – her nipples now thick and erect – and becoming mesmerised by their responsive movements.

I stifled a mischievous chuckle. Immediately so did she. It was time to move on. 'I'm going to work on your feet now. If they get too ticklish, feel free to tell me to stop,' I said. For the next twenty minutes I had a perfect view of her exposed pussy, which gleamed wetly with her not so modest arousal.

Rather than do the gentlemanly thing of climbing between her legs and fixing her plumbing with my wagging tongue, I decided – fuck it, but not that way – I was going to leave her horny like an evil bastard instead. That was the plan. I was going to stick to it.

But my willpower waned as I once again made my way up her legs and gradually found myself wrestling with her gorgeously thick thighs. One hand working the outside of

each leg, and the other working the inside, her legs were now spread to allow me ease of access. And as I worked my way to the very top of her thighs, the knuckles of one hand could not avoid grazing against her wetness and stirring her up, leaving her to wrestle with her own urges.

For those long minutes her deep and even breathing had turned to near-panting and whimpering. Rather strategically I moved up to her shoulders and neck. 'You rrrr a wicked tease,' she slurred. Her eyes seemed closed at first glance, but upon longer inspection, I could make out that she was ever so slightly peeking out through the thinnest slits in her eyelids.

'I don't know what you mean, mum,' I said innocently, thumbing gently along the sides of her neck and up to her ears behind the jaw. Those were amongst her special places, along what's called the great auricular nerve. Know how to use your fingers right and it works for everyone. Work that part well enough and you have yourself one sleepy customer.

'Oh what the hell,' I mumbled to myself when her light snoring became apparent. Mum's breaths were deep and even, her breasts heaving up into the air and back down again, like the waves on the ocean.

I took the bottle of oil and liberally poured it over her naked torso, from just above her belly button to the valley between those magnificent peaks. I no longer cared about making a mess. I stealthily began to distribute the oil across her torso, but mostly over and around her breasts, and shivered at the feel of those thickened nipples as they tickled the slippery palms of my hands.

Either time slowed down or I was there for a very long time, cupping those soft, heavy mounds, squeezing them, squashing them together, and thoroughly pinching and pulling at those nipples. I was tempted to take them into my mouth, to suck on them and nibble them, and all manner of other things, but just in awe at the sight of my mother's oily, slippery body, as she snoozed away – just the sight of her ample delights – all curves and contours – glistening in the afternoon light, I became mesmerised again and continued to play away with those beautiful tits.

I was disturbed some time later by a polite cough, and Sara looking at me, then down her naked body and back to me. I didn't stop. 'Those aren't muscles, dear,' she informed me.

'Shhh, mum,' I silenced her. 'I'm making milkshakes!'

Surprisingly, I cannot say whether my plan worked or whether it spectacularly backfired. That night after a rather ordinary family day of dinner in town and a movie that evening – Trains, Planes & Automobiles was a strange choice of film to watch that time of year, but it's still one of our favourites – mum announced that she would be sleeping in the spare room to make sure she was up early enough to prepare for the trip back home.

Yes, I wanted to tease her a little before she left so that we would have something to look forward to when we met again. Well I'd clearly confused myself as now I was kicking myself. By bedtime I was thinking how I wanted to shag her brains out while I still had the chance, but she was too happy to have herself an early night... alone.

Sleep took me at around 1am, I think, and whereas I did enjoy the extra sprawl space here and there, I woke up at half six with one seriously hard and throbbing case of morning glory. There I lay flat on my back, not thinking too hard about what to do with the thing – the window open, the birds outside singing, and the sunlight of a dazzling day glowing brilliantly against the slightly parted blinds.

I always kept a bottle of lubricant handy in the bedside drawer. It wasn't long before I was treating myself to an absurdly pleasurable slippery masturbation session, one hand pressing down on my mons as I thrust up my pelvis

for maximum length, and the other making full use of every inch I had.

I'm proud of the fellow, I am, but my self-love sessions aren't to the point of having a cock fixation. I'm just happy that I can use very well what I have to work with, and that I have plenty of it.

I heard her purr her approval from the open bedroom door some time later. It was just as well that I was planning to make playtime last. Once upon a time I'd have lurched in horror and scrambled to hide innocently beneath the covers, as if I had nothing to hide. Now I simply looked over to her, mildly surprised to see her awake so early – and wearing that same sexy nightie that she had the first night – and I treated her to a little show.

I cracked open the bottle and drizzled more lube over myself, like ketchup and mustard to a hotdog, and there was a lot of it by the time I was ready to continue. And as I started over, gripping my sticky, slippery shaft in my fist and slickly sliding up and down over it, she joined me in my sleepy gasps of delight.

'You're up early,' I figured I'd mention after all, the straining head of my cock squishing loudly between my thumb and forefinger.

'So are you,' was the double-entendre. Sara's eyes were fixed on my jacking motions. 'Go slower or you won't last.'

I took her advice, also making a point of giving her the best view I could. 'I don't have a problem lasting, ' I informed her, as if she wouldn't know anything about that.

'No but it's hotter,' she admitted.

'Are you just going to stand there?'

'Mmmhmm,' she nodded, grinning. 'What would you have me do?'

'You know what I'd do,' I told her straight, 'but you could join me if you wanted to...'

Sara chuckled softly, still refusing to play along. She was playing her own game now, the deceitful minx.

'Or...'

'Or?'

'We could squish our bits together until they squirt,' I suggested filthily.

'You dirty bastard,' she laughed. 'Where is my son?'

'Not in your pussy that's for sure,' I groaned, arching my back and lifting my hips off the bed as I increased pressure and tempo once again. She laughed to herself and walked away, and frankly I was beyond belief. The lock of the bathroom door clicked then and soon she was singing in the shower.

4

I saw my mother off to the train station after lunch, but not before she surprised me with a long and terribly teasing blowjob, then reminding me of all I'd have to look forward to if I decided to move back home. She knew that the deal was as good as done and that I was done with my current job. She knew that I was miserable here on my own, and especially with the prospect of having to see "The Bitch" around town with her replacement cuck.

I was no cuck, let me make that perfectly clear. If I was, she would still be here and my life would have jack shit going

for it – no, the manipulative cunt had moved on because I was not the complete pushover she grew to mistake me for.

Just because I loved her enough to suffer as so many strong women suffered for the men they loved, I had tried to walk the straight and narrow and to maintain what we had. I was a fool, not a cuck. I didn't need to be reminded either.

As blind luck would have it, the reminded came to my front door three weeks later, and in fact while I was in the midst of packing up, getting ready to leave.

Everything was finalised with work. After trying everything to get me to stay, my manager had replaced me quickly and let me get on with things at home, so I ordered a skip and filled it with all the shit I didn't need. I was going to start afresh, taking only my clothes, my paperwork, and my entertainment.

I was none too pleased to see Carol and in spite of what she was doing here, she didn't seem too happy to see me either. She had to swallow a lot of pride to ask me how I was doing, to pretend to be interested, and to say that she was wrong to do what she did.

That didn't make any of it alright, or acceptable, or forgivable – at least not to the point that I would invite her in, which was what she wanted.

I remember very clearly that she somehow looked darker all over, and in an unhealthy way. She had the slight appearance of black smudges around her eyes and seemed pale by contrast. She had bags under her eyes too, and thinner cheeks. She'd clearly lost weight.

I should have felt sorry for her, but thinking about it since she had left me, I could only feel that she had brought it on herself and that she would not change for anyone. The only thing that had changed was her loyalty, if she had ever truly been loyal to me.

'Listen, it was a mistake and I've been kicking myself ever since. I think you owe me that-

'Whoaaaaa!!' I halted loudly. 'I don't owe you anything, Carol. I'm moving away. I'm done with this city and I'm done with this house and I'm done with you,' I went on. 'Now I'm glad you've seen the error of your ways, but those are your ways and I'm not accountable or responsible for them.'

Her upper lip curled up in utter detest for me. I could see that what little patience she'd had, or what little chance she knew she had, was already up.

'Oh yeah that's right, run away,' she spat bitterly. 'Do you know why I left you?'

'Because you were fucking a walking talking dick wart and it was all you ever dreamed of?' I challenged. Her head bobbed madly on her shoulders at that. Offence muted her for a glorious few seconds, while she burned red with anger.

'I gave you all the chances you needed and you just kept taking me for granted,' she screamed. The professional, calm and calculated Carol was now gone. Here stood the real thing before me. I was now only sad that I'd fallen for it all along. The nonsensical bile streaming from her mouth meant nothing to me. 'I practically mothered you. I'm surprised you lasted this long on your own. But no, you just turn your back on me like you always did?'

'Like when?' I asked out of sheer disbelief. 'Tell me when I ever turned my back on you?' She had no answer. I searched deeper, hacked my way beyond the surface to see whether this was really just some twisted perceived reality of hers, or if she was as full of shit as I thought she was. 'I'll fucking tell you what I did. I turned a blind eye to your bitterness, your

nitpicking, your petty fucking arguments, and I even told myself a thousand times that you weren't the kind of horrid bitch to be fucking around behind my back; telling myself over and over that I was just pathetic and paranoid!

'Well,' she murmured, close to tears. She crossed her arms and snarled at me. 'Well...'

There was nothing left to say, except; 'There's your shit in the skip. If you need money you can drag it to the Cash Generator up the high street. Just remember that I owe you nothing and that I never want to see you again!'

'Please,' she whimpered. I might have fallen for it only weeks ago, had her tear ducts not already dried up. 'Give me a chance. Please. I'll make up for everything. You'll see.'

'Carol,' I said, restless with impatience, but then I had to laugh it off – even if defensively – before I concluded; 'There aren't enough antibiotics or antidepressants in the world to make taking you back remotely humanly possible.'

Okay, so I'm not a bad boy. I'm an evil shit. But then you reap what you sow!

Home again...

I couldn't have been happier as I was the day I strolled up the garden path to my mother's house for the first time in what felt like forever. The old neighbourhood hadn't changed at all, so it appeared on the surface.

The suburbs back home were gloriously peaceful. The sun was shining. I had so much to look forward to, and so much I'd already left behind. I guess you could say that I was in a sunshine state of mind.

I had my old keys in my pocket, ready to open that door again and to waltz into my mother's life again, but instead I decided to ring the doorbell. I wanted to see the look on her face as she opened the door to see me standing there, grinning with that bulky travel case stood beside me.

Almost hysterically she greeted me with a shower of manic kisses, her arms squeezing the life out of me. 'I'm back,' I groaned with what little lung room her bear hug afforded me.

'Oh son, I couldn't be happier or more excited,' Sara beamed as she shook me from side to side on my feet. She wasn't the only one. We went inside, closed the door, and for a very long time we silently hugged and held each other.

Originally we had planned to invite Elaine to dinner the day I arrived. Many of you may understand what these situations are like. Nothing ever goes to plan. These affairs are usually drawn out as a result of shyness or circumstance.

It was understandable, in our situation, that meeting Elaine would be a little awkward, to say the least. I mean what civilised things does one talk about when you're in an intensely sexual relationship with your mother and where your mother is also in a secret bisexual relationship with your guest?

I was a bit relieved initially because it would give me more time to work out in my mind how the immediate future could possibly play out to everybody's advantage without ruining the potential it had.

I was more than eager to bed the MILF-next-door fantasy of my teens. Even though she was clearly wanting sex with a younger guy, specifically the son of her secret lover, it had to be under the right circumstances. I didn't know what those circumstances would be as of yet. Time would tell.

Elaine's excuse that night was that her two daughters were taking her out to dinner to celebrate some mystery – part of the surprise by the sound of it – and so that left mother and I with time to get settled into our new life.

Mum went shopping that afternoon and was adamant she would go alone. She wanted to make us a nice dinner. She wanted to surprise me and in her own words she couldn't exactly surprise her man by dragging him to the market. So I stayed home and unpacked, then read a bit of a book in my bedroom before taking a shower.

I was not disappointed that evening. I had never seen a sirloin as big as the one served up to me at dinnertime. It was two inches thick, seared on all sides, seared and cooked to perfection with just the slightest hint of red at the centre. We salivated and moaned both our approvals as we ate our steaks with stuffed Portobello mushrooms and grilled tomatoes. Then followed ice cream and food comas!

Later we milled around, chatted, hugged on the sofa and watched TV. It was a nice return to form and welcome home. As night approached we got onto the subject of Elaine and how we might go about that fantasy a reality. Come to think of it, everybody in that potential little love triangle had their own designs it seemed.

Yes, I wanted to bed Elaine, as previously mentioned. Sara also wanted at some point the opportunity to watch. Oh but also Sara and I both wanted for me to see her, my mother, having sex with Elaine. And Elaine wanted to watch me with Sara. The possibilities were dizzying. Maybe there was even more to it, once boundaries were comfortably crossed.

'The problem is who makes the first move?' I asked.

'I don't see any problem,' was her reply.

'I just mean how do we get to that point, whichever way it goes?'

'We'll work it out,' Sara said without a worry. 'We're all interested and we're all consenting adults. I suppose we could-

The doorbell interrupted us. We looked at each other. Seconds later we were at the door and who else but Elaine had called in to welcome me home. It was all very natural and friendly, as if there was nothing beyond friendly neighbours chatting away on the off-chance. My smile never faltered, and for that matter, neither did my gaze.

Elaine as I have previously mentioned was 48 years old. A tall brunette with wild curly hair that ran down to her middle-back, friendly grey eyes, and a hint of Greek – think an older and softer Angie Harmon from Rizzoli & Isles with more motherly hips.

'So are you settled in now Steven?' she asked me with a grin a mile wide, and it was easy to see that spirits were high. She'd had a few to celebrate her oldest daughter Anna's engagement. Dutch courage and happy thoughts – why not drop by and break the ice?!

'Happy to be home again,' I beamed back at her, reeling at the thought that this woman knew more than just my relationship with my mother. So it was easy for Elaine to rock me on my feet with what came next.

'We'll talk soon,' she assured. 'Sara has my number, obviously, and she will pass it over to you so you can call me when you're free. It's nice to see you again and I'll be going home to pass out now!'

That she did.

'Well that's that, then,' mum said and uttered a short burst of laughter, touching her blushing cheeks. In fact she was a little more than red in the cheeks. Radiating colour and

holding her hand to her chest, she was highly flustered. 'This feels unreal.'

'Doesn't it just?' I agreed. She smiled up at me with just a slight devilish twinkle in her eye.

She sighed. 'So it looks like you'll be getting to know one another quite well, and quite soon!'

'I love you, mum,' I declared off the cuff. 'Thank you for being shamelessly you always!'

'Well,' she supposed, pushing herself into me, boobs and all; 'If you can't be yourself then who should you be?'

I cupped her cheeks in my hands and planted a big wet smacker on her lips at that. 'Either way, all yours,' was my answer. She kept her chin tilted upward, inviting another. I kissed her softly, inhaling her sweet scent.

'I'm getting ready for bed,' she said and made her way upstairs.

And shortly after I followed suit, locking all the doors and windows, turning off the lights, heading up the stairs and

towards my room – that was when she heard the floorboard creak and called my name.

'Where are you going?' she asked from within her bedroom.

'I'm going to my room,' I said innocently.

'Then you're going the wrong way,' she replied. I pushed the door open and crossed the threshold, wandering in to find her. She stood at the window wearing a white satin robe that shimmered in the bedside light. That devilish twinkle was still there.

She closed the blinds, blocking out the night and turned fully to face me, then after a pause she padded barefoot around the bed and came to a standstill before me. 'This is yours now,' she said with a voice as soft as smoke. 'Your room, our room... your bed...'

'Our bed,' I responded to finish her sentence. At that the devilish twinkle grew into a wickedly smouldering smile as she nodded.

'And it's our first night together in our bed, so...'

The robe slipped easily from her shoulders, leaving me lost for words at what hid beneath – lost for words, lost for breath, lost for where to begin.

My mother now stood before me in a see-through sheer black lace bodysuit, and I had never seen her wear anything so exotic, or erotic, and it hugged her form perfectly, from her curvaceous hips, to her soft shapely tummy, and – not least – her heart-achingly beautiful big tits.

I couldn't tell which of us was overdressed for what was about to happen, but as I immediately tightened and strained against the inside of my jeans, neither of us would be clothed for very long.

7

She let my hands explore her body for a long time as we stood there pressed together. Face to face, my hands roamed the contours of her back and bottom, feeling her skin through the ultra-thin lace and hearing from her lips in light whimpers what my hands did to her.

'Do you like it?' she whispered in my ear as I planted kisses along one shoulder.

'I can't tell if my heart is in my pants or in my throat,' I confessed.

She cupped the hard bulge forcing its way along the path of least resistance, namely at the thigh of my left leg, and felt for a pulse. 'I think I've found it,' she quipped. With a few well-practiced movements, my belt was undone and the front of my pants were wide open. Sara then whipped the t-shirt off my body, right over my head, and proceeded to explore my torso with her hungry hands, as if for the first time.

I kicked off my shoes and returned to my mother's body to compliment her exploration of flesh with my own. And I could not get enough of her in that bodysuit – the only woman I could still trust with my happiness and with my deepest feelings. Her body was a ripe piece of fruit, ready to be peeled naked, to drip with the sweetest juices, to be licked and sucked and devoured.

She had the same thoughts about me it seemed. Handling my hardening cock she fished it right out of my pants and took it in both hands, loving it carefully like a fine sculpture and feeling it all over. She directed me to our bed, lay me down, and proceeded to pull off the rest of my clothes before initiating the slowest and most sensual bout of cock sucking I had ever experienced with her; all the while maintaining eye contact with me.

I dared not to close my eyes or to look away. There was nothing else to see anyway, but for the way she worked me with her warm and gentle mouth. That and the sensation of her lace-encased breasts sliding up against my thighs had me giddy and fighting not to speak gibberish over the sweet words she spoke to me when her hands replaced her mouth.

'We've gone so far – crossed so many lines and boundaries – haven't we, son?' she asked. 'Lived out our fantasies with each other...'

'We have,' was all I could say, and breathlessly.

'Learned each other's bodies inside and out and shared so much,' Sara went on. 'And I've fallen in love with you over and over...'

'I fall deeper for you every time,' I gushed proudly, and so happily. The smile my mother radiated then melted my heart and aroused stirrings within me all the same. She climbed my body and rested her body upon mine, leaving me with a full frontal of her heaving breasts, now squeezed tight against me.

'So then I'm guessing you want what I want, more than anything else right now,' she hinted with that smile. Which was; 'To make true love with you mother in our bed?'

No longer in my pants, my heart came hard, bursting against my chest with a gasp. The long passionate kisses we shared in that moment were enough to drive me over the edge already. I was so hard for her, and pulling aside the gusset of her lace lingerie, I found her to be exceptionally juicy.

Sitting up, my mother lowered the stringy straps of her body suit off her shoulders and made a show of slowly peeling the garment from her breasts, gauging my reaction; which was to stare intensely until her hard nipples became exposed, whereupon I bent to latch my lips to them – one at a time – and to suck like an overgrown baby.

Together we peeled off the rest, exposing my mother's sweet pink sex, her eyes following mine down her body to where she dripped with feverish steam heat, waiting to be fulfilled.

'You love your mother's pussy so much, don't you?'

'I love all of my mother,' I declared, my hands all over her, and she pushed me back down to straddle me.

'And you're going to,' she purred. 'But first...'

Perfectly hard and pointing to the sky, I throbbed and ached for her, conveyed my hunger to her through my eyes. Immediately she impaled herself on me, slowly sinking down until we were reunited, and coming back down to embrace me in her arms – nurturing me with her breasts – and to kiss with me as we mated.

I lay completely in awe of how my mother loved me for the next half hour or so, languidly riding us to bliss with a graceful purpose she had never shared before. There was a renewed youth and passion and one of a completely different nature, even after our week of "making babies together" a month ago.

After laying down to recover a little while I treated her to a lovingly deep and slow licking, turned on by the fact that I could taste my own essence in her pink love pot. And then before long my cock was melting deep into her, feeling her squeeze and suck around my length as she gazed admirably up at me.

'I love being with you sexually, like this,' she cooed dreamily. 'Having you moving around inside me, the way you make me come. It's like giving birth to my baby over and over again. I can't tell you how it feels.'

That gave me an edge, a new found hardness which I used to best effect. I slowed down and resolved to seduce her sex, her love, her whole being, with my masterful deep strokes, holding her in my arms and kissing her like a long-time lover; which she was.

'I feel so safe and loved inside you, I don't ever want to stop,' I told her and felt myself tempted towards the point of no return.

'Come with me,' mother urged, sensing the build-up. She led the way, her gasps leading to moans leading to the sweetest cries. Her body bucking under me, back arching and breasts ballooning against me, our hips found their natural conclusion – the ending to their mating dance – and soon I was right there with her, our burning sexes fusing in frantic soaking copulation.

'Mother,' I whispered with a short ragged breath, which took us both over the edge when its meaning hit home. I blasted her womb with a full load – such an intense and deep satisfaction to seed your own mum – and didn't stop until I was bone dry and she logged and oozing with my come.

Of course, we had all night to make love again and again, at the end of which my fully satisfied and loved up mother,

Sara, kissed longingly and tenderly with me, before whispering sleepily in my ear...

'Welcome home, lover.'

Chapter 5

1

The very next morning I awoke lying on my side, spooning Sara, my mother. I was first aware of myself being semi-erect and sensitive to the heat generated between my body and hers. I was pressed against her full apple bottom, nestled between her buttocks, and not daring to move and to rouse her just yet I revelled in all that I was feeling in those waking moments.

The night prior I had made love to my mother in her bed like never before - "our bed," as she'd said.

It was not just meant as a consummation of how we felt about each other, but as a stronger bonding moving forward in life. A new kind of relationship was opening up, one in which we were going to explore adult life together with less of society's stupid standards.

I was back home, but I was now also coming around to the reality that I was now the man of the house, her man, her lover, but to the outside world a confident mama's boy who didn't care what the Carols of the world thought or said.

In a way it was overwhelming to think about, but we weren't being stupid about it. We weren't fucking around with thoughts of getting married, thinking we could get away with something like that.

We were loving each other the way some families do, just very, very intimately!

Right now life was strange, strange but undeniably great. The dark days of unhappiness in a doomed relationship were gone. My mother and I had been in a physical relationship long before Carol, but now it was different. Absence had made the heart fonder. Past encounters romanticised on account of loneliness had fuelled something greater, more confident, unabashed.

But the bonds were tighter, the love stronger, the expression of that love unlimited. I could love her like I tried to love Carol, who for some fear of intimacy with me ran off to fuck the worst kind of parasite. I was not going to suffer her. Sara was not going to let me.

Sara wasn't afraid of that level of intimacy, of embracing what we had. We weren't going to let each other go to waste, to suffer fools.

Family to my mother and I now meant giving each other what nobody else could, which was really just like an infinite cycle when you think about it. Not even spouses in this day and age give each other the unconditional love a mother and son develop for each other.

Thinking about that long and passionate night, I could still feel it in my flesh, my blood, the tingling nerves that had explored her, caressed her, penetrated her, and fell prey to her prowess and sexual appetite as a lover.

My sex throbbed as though the afterglow of that burning love still remained, and fondly I found myself back in the familiar old territory -- that sexual limbo where to be sated left me forever hungry for more.

For moments I just lay there, feeling myself harden hopelessly against the smooth flesh of her rump, and thought about the next time she would invite me to couple with her. And happily I thought the rudest thoughts about us as I watched her shoulders rise and fall with deep but silent breaths.

The morning air was cool though bright sunshine pierced the blinds of the bedroom bay window. If I could have hazarded a guess, the vivid golden hue and the angle of the light told me that the sun was still low in the sky. I heard no traffic, only the chatter of birds, but I didn't dare look at the clock.

Moved by another inevitable urge, I gently pulled away from Sara and eased myself out of bed, heading to the bathroom to relieve myself, and after some quick thought I crept down to the kitchen to make coffee, revelling in the refreshing chill against my sleep-heated skin, even as it caused my cock and balls to "shy away" a little.

After helping myself to a cup and feeling stimulated and relaxed at once, I headed back to the bedroom -- to our bedroom, and to our bed -- and slid back in under the duvet to relish both the cooling of the cover sheet and the welcoming warmth of my mother's voluptuous naked form.

I wrapped myself around her lovingly, and instantly she began to respond, first with a hiss as my cooled flesh contrasted her hotness, and then with a delighted moan as our bodies writhed together to spoon deeply.

I became instantly hard again, my cock erecting itself like a flower in time-lapse, only seeking the sun where it didn't shine. And as I grew between her upper thighs, as she

wiggled and gyrated her bottom against me, aided by my hand now gripping her exposed hip, we both sank into each other and just loved for a while the feeling of sleepy, naked, smooth flesh on flesh.

I leaned back away from her, spasming into a hard stretch, forcing out a happy yawn, which made my hard length brush up against the once taboo place that I was now all too familiar with. Her pubic hair tickled the sensitive tip of my penis, which was now so hard that it shone like a little pink balloon.

I felt more like a horse drawn to water, seeking moisture, and angled myself differently to rest at a warmer, damper spot. Mother gasped sleepily, prodded back with the weight of her posterior, and then hissed again, betraying my position.

I knew better than to push too hard just then though. I didn't want to drill for water, I wanted it to come to me. So with the slightest movements I nudged at her hot spot with my throbbing hardness over and over, listening to Sara's faintest gasps multiply and fall into the very rhythm with which I teased her.

It wasn't long before her round backside rolled toward me, and it was me gasping as first I was met with the sight of one gorgeous plump 36F breast spilling over, the thick punk nub

of a nipple, almost as erect as I was, and then her lazy blue eyes smiling at me from beneath the bed-ridden mess of her blonde hair.

At first she propped herself up on one elbow, regarding me with what appeared to be mirth and a sexy shyness I didn't know she was capable of at this point in our lives, but as her eyes rounded, became more alert, and her gaze penetrated me, she then relaxed back into the pillows and together we just gazed away in silence.

She took her lower lip into her own mouth, bit down softly on it as her cheeks began to flush, and there again was that shyness, made all the more apparent when her shoulders hunched. She relaxed and took a deep breath. I made my move.

Leaning across I snaked my exposed arm around her waist and slid my lower body toward her while pulling hers into me. Her leg slid up to rest on my hip as our faces next began to close the distance.

Playfully I blew her messy blonde fringe away from her forehead, eliciting a soft, almost soundless giggle from her smiling lips. I gazed wantonly, as though I could psychically project my thoughts and feelings onto the fore of her conscious mind.

And with that it became apparent that my own free hand was not the only one at play. I felt her fingers wrap themselves around my thick hardness, the tips blindly but knowingly walking the trail of pulsing veins as my pounding heart fed the organ with which I fully intended to love her again.

Without a word it was she who communicated her thoughts, her wants. Smirking all too knowingly, Sara closed the gap so that we were gently pressed together as one, slid one covert leg underneath me, spread her thighs wide, and effortlessly rolled me on top of her so that I was in the position to enter her at will.

But we just lay there, accustomed to each other's respective frame and weight, playfully breathing into each other, drinking in the sight of each other's sleepy but loving expressions, and said nothing. All the while her hands were cupping my cheeks now, as we adored each other wordlessly.

2

'I've been thinking about Elaine,' mother said quietly.

Whatever change I sensed was about, a change of mood, a change of mind, I chose to start as I usually meant to go on - with humour.

'I'm right here, mum,' I responded, inferring of the implications. 'I'm right here, on top of you in our bed, and you're thinking of someone else?'

Sara giggled, slapped me playfully on one bare shoulder. I knew the score of course. Things were anything forgettable around here and getting more interesting by the day.

'You do know that I fully intend for you two to end up in bed together,' she said.

'Do you really think she wants me that way?' I asked.

'Do you like her that way?' she deflected, at least for the meantime. My mother was not the type to ever leave questions unanswered.

'I'm feeling very preoccupied with the woman I love,' I declared and planted a welcomed soft kiss on her smiling lips.

'Which reminds me,' she responded and kissed me back before saying, 'get this inside me and come cuddle.'

Taking my length in hand and seductively swirling the swollen tip directly between her slick labia, she kissed me once again and hummed me the signal I needed to hear. I clenched my butt muscles, arched my back and used my middle weight to slide slowly into her, seeking the hot liquid centre radiating from within.

I spread my knees outward, my mother's thighs tilting upward with the curving of her hips so that I could hit bottom with ease. With that she moaned into my mouth, and we shared one more kiss before holding onto each other, cheek to cheek.

Ever so slowly when we enjoyed slow intimate cuddle sex, we would cradle each other's bodies and rock gently into each other, flexing the muscles of our sexes to tease each other, especially when we were as sensitive as we now were, following more vigorous sex.

We would just breathe into each other, whisper loves into each other's ears, kiss and gaze, and just revel in the fact that we were who we were. That morning was different, and because there were important questions to be asked and answered.

'So do you like her that way?' she asked again.

'I think you already know I do. But I've been thinking that we've yet to really gauge the feeling between us.'

'What do you mean?' mother asked.

I kissed her cheek and raised myself up a little so that I could penetrate her eyes as deeply as I was now penetrating her soaking vulva. My mother's pussy was completely friction free. Such was the level of wetness that our pubic mounds might as well have been French kissing. She groaned, her eyes rolling. My hungry lips caught her mouth wide open and I coaxed the tongue out of her mouth with my own, before playfully sucking on it.

All the while we screwed slow and easy, our hands needfully grabbing at each other's spare parts. Her hands went to my fleshy buttocks and kneaded them like dough. I did the same with her under me.

'I want you more than anything.'

'More than anything?' Sara asked, her brow arched above an expression that dared me to prove her wrong, like she knew something I didn't.

'Well...'

'I know for a fact that there's something else you want other than just me.'

Open minded as I was, I could prove nothing if I couldn't at least provide food for thought. With a wicked smile that I could feel tighten even the muscles at the back of my neck, I propped myself up onto my knees and stole two pillows from my side of the bed.

I slipped them under her bottom, causing her to whoop and giggle. God, the scent of her sex instantly filled my own depths with lust. As I bent to lap at her glistening pink sex with the pad of my tongue, earning me a violent tremble in both her body and her cries, I could feel the feverish heat from within her begging to be broken.

'What's that then?' she murmured, shaking as I licked her again and again. I smooched the hood of her swollen clit just the same as I would kiss her lips, just a taster for now because I had other plans.

I rose up again in full view before my mother, my rock-hard erection aimed down toward her dewy pouting flower. I was turning an angry purple, veins thick and prominent and straining to dive into her deepest recesses.

Eyeing her so that I could see in her hyper-aroused expression that she knew very well what I was about to do, I dipped down and began a deliberate and agonisingly slow plunge back into my mother, then pinning her knees back so that she could see it all happening.

'I want to see you make love to her,' I confessed to her helpless trembling moans, before angling upward to drag the head of my cock and taut foreskin over her sweet spot on the way out. And when I was at that point, halfway withdrawn, I held the angle and plunged back in.

Sara almost leapt off the bed, her legs kicking loose to hammer the mattress and push herself up and then back down onto me. With a lough laugh she begged, 'what the fuck was that?' with an astonished look before pulling her knees back into herself, signalling for me to repeat what I had just done.

So I did, over and over again, as we talked about our friendly neighbour Elaine, my mother's other lover.

'I want her to know it. I want her to be with the both of us if at all. I want to be there in the moment, but most of all I want to see my mum make love to her girlfriend.'

'Fuck!' Sara gasped as I maintained those slow, firm strokes into her.

'You swear a lot more than you used to,' I observed with a suppressed smirk.

She blushed at that. 'This is a bit too much for me right now, baby,' she panted, and I could tell she meant it. Her cheeks, her neck, her chest, were beginning to blush furiously, setting off a stark contrast against her smooth fair skin. 'Come and cuddle again?'

How could I refuse? I threw aside the pillows, letting my mother flatten out again, and lovingly resumed cradling her in my arms as we went back to making love.

We rolled, her on top of me now. She deliberately squished her breasts against me as her sex cradled mine deep within and she held me in her arms and smooched at my lips and cheeks.

'Well this might shock you, son, if anything still does,' Sara resumed, 'but I know damned well, for a fact, that Elaine is well up for getting fucked by you. And we already talked about the possibility of doing it together at some point.'

I was already struggling to keep our lovemaking going for as long as I could, as you may imagine. But out of nowhere, it seemed, I had the urge to blow my load, thinking about the amazing sex to come with both women.

I announced myself with a rising moan. Mum sat up, arched her back, and fixed her eyes on me, her own big orgasm seemingly planning on synchronising with mine. 'Are you coming?'

'Oh fuck yes,' I panted in the utmost urgency. I could already feel the heat surging up through my pipes, my cock swelling to stretch her coaxing vulva to bursting point. I rose up onto both elbows fast. Instinctively Sara pounced onto her haunches and tightly grasped the root of my cock.

It wasn't going to stop me. I swelled up fatter than I'd ever seen, my cock soaked with the juices of her heightened arousal. Every nerve in my glans screamed, every muscle tensed. When my mother's dripping pussy poised just at the tip of my cock, she let go and yelped, laughed adorably, as I began to spurt, splashing every which way -- coating her

pussy, myself, splattering her swaying, glistening tits, landing all over my chest, even my face.

We were both in the middle of a shared orgasm, shaking and holding onto each other, mostly so that mum didn't fall over, but as I kept coming and spunking all over the both of us, she growled the sexiest growl and fed my pulsating cock back into her pussy and began to brazenly gyrate with it.

We were now slick inside and out with my cum and I was still going, tense and shaking, letting it all flow.

'Baby,' she purred, and then began to hiss and shudder to another orgasm right off the back of the one she was still having. I fucking envy women being capable of multiple orgasms, usually. But somehow Sara managed to coax another one out of me before the pleasure inevitably intensified to the point of pain.

We collapsed into each other, laughing, slick with so many natural salty bodily fluids, and before sleepiness began to creep back over us, we were kissing and licking the cum off each other, and then swapping it with our lips and tongues.

'I still cannot believe we do this,' she said after a long silence and began to giggle heartily once again.

'There's nothing I wouldn't do with you if you wanted it,' I said. It was a token statement, said in utter contentment.

'I know,' she said almost timidly, resting her head on my heaving chest, one hand lazily exploring the contours of my damp, heated body.

'I love you, mum,' I said, my eyes already closed. I needed this power nap. I was going to need a lot of rest soon enough.

'Before I forget, you should smooch at her clit just like you did to me just then. She'll go wild for that," my mother's voice said from further away.

A delicate kiss on my cheek was the last I remembered.

Chapter 6

1

Unaware of the time I awoke to a familiar digital ping. The rudely insistent vibration of a text message followed from the sideboard. I hadn't paid attention to the time before falling back asleep with Sara snuggled tightly into my side. I could now hear her tinkering around in the bathroom cabinet, no doubt with her eyebrow pencils, eyeliners, and mascaras. I dreaded the day being late and so opened my eyes to the bright day beyond the bedroom blinds with a groan, and manoeuvred my feet out onto the floor.

Phone already forgotten, I stood up and stretched, reaching for the ceiling with the tips of my fingers, hands and feet paired close together, and made fists of both, grimacing at the delicious crackle and creak of recovered muscles and rested joints. On my way around to the door beside my mother's side of the bed, I caught the time -- 10:38am, not so awful.

'Mmm-hmm, good morning again,' she purred as my arms snaked around her at the bathroom sink. She was already dressed, casual but sexy as hell in a tight pair of faded jeans that highlighted her ample but heart-shaped butt, and a tight

black bodysuit that showcased her impressive front shelf with a sheer mesh preview.

From behind her I continued to just hold her, pressing myself against her, and with my cheek to hers we smiled at each other in the mirror. She smelled like citrus and peaches. I inhaled deeply, savoured her, and then with a playful swat I smacked her lightly on the bum and turned to start up the shower.

'You look fantastic, mum,' I complimented. 'Out to impress?'

'Oh you know, lunch date with the MILF next door,' mum teased. 'Gossip to catch up on,' she teased further when I didn't answer. 'I don't know if you've heard, but I'm planning to set her up with this sweet young thing...'

The shower on, I drew the splash guard out and stepped in under the warm water, groggy and yet grinning from ear to ear. As far as her teasing had gone so far, there was not much to it. It was decided already to let it happen by itself, but not without a good hard push from mum's end.

'Oh yeah?' I asked playfully, lathering a handful of shower gel between both hands before going straight for my ripening armpits. All the while she had plonked down the

toilet seat and now sat there taking me all in. 'Who's that then? Do I know him?'

Sara seemed for a moment more content with just watching. And why not? There was no doubt in my mind what she saw in this shameless late morning display -- a fit and virile twenty-nine year old toy-boy dripping wet from head to toe, soap suds and bubbles oozing everywhere, adhering to every visible muscle on his torso.

All too aware I reached for the shower gel bottle once more, lathered up, and slowly began to soap up my tender and slightly swollen genitals, making a steamy show of it for her. Mum was now struggling to snap out of it, her eyes fixated as I lathered the length of my cock and then pulled back along the shaft to really get under the skin with one hand. I freed one hand up then to gently massage my testicles, before removing the shower head from its brace to rinse off.

'He's a real stud muffin,' Sara said after a lengthy absence from reality. At that I snickered before taking another dollop of shower gel and vigorously scrubbing my face. Temporarily blinded, I heard her stand up, open the bathroom cabinet, and replace her makeup box on the lower shelf, before sitting back down again.

'Enjoying the show, mum?' I asked when she didn't continue to talk to me. Eyes shut tight, I threw my face under the cascading warm water and rinsed again before applying another handful of gel between my buttocks.

'Mmm-hmm,' was all I got out of her at that point. 'Just sitting here and wondering if she's as much the sharing kind as I am,' she added, now chuckling to herself.

'Seriously for a moment though,' I reluctantly snuck in, opening my stinging eyes to meet hers, 'this isn't going too fast is it? You don't think she'll crap out?'

My mother was sat smirking at me through the steamy splash-studded window of the shower screen. I was too preoccupied right then to realise that she was watching my cock grow to a semi-erection as the fingers of one soapy hand swirled around the smooth sensitive perimeter of my rectum. Hell, I was too preoccupied receiving pleasure from doing that to myself to realise I was doing it in front of her.

Sara shook her head with maybe too much confidence. 'This isn't something to be rushed, is it? Maybe I've been too eager to make it happen. But...'

Again, I unhooked the shower head and proceeded to rinse off, enjoying the sensation of the water jets hitting my back

door just the way I liked it. I turned around and gave her a head-on view of my soaked posterior, and threw in a playful wiggle.

'Butt???'

'A very nice butt indeed,' mum chimed in.

'But?'

'But it is going to happen,' she replied. 'Just trust nature to take it's course. And trust your mother.'

'I fully trust my mother,' I assured her, now fully rinsed off. I turned off the shower and stepped out onto the foot towel I had placed on the floor. Eager to meet me, she stood, bath towel already open and inviting. I stepped but a foot into her arms and accepted it around my shoulders.

'Careful or you'll have me dripping as well,' she warned.

'Don't worry, I won't ruin your makeup,' I said through a faceful of towel as I began to dry myself off. Dryly she chuckled to herself again. I realised then, that wasn't what

she'd meant. Grinning I shook off my bath towel, braced her by the shoulders and planted a wet kiss on her lips.

'Brush your teeth, darling,' my mother said before finally leaving.

2

Feeling fresh from my teeth to my toes I wandered naked through the first floor of the house and into my old bedroom. Yes, my mother and I now slept together, but it wasn't even a question that my belongings remain where they always had.

Bare bones, we were happily engaged in a consensual adult sexual relationship. There didn't need to be a conversation about such details. We were smart enough to avoid building on any telltale signs that might have been more obvious to any outsiders than we might comfortably have reason to comprehend.

I kept my clothes there, and all other belongings. And besides, my mother's wardrobe was ample enough that adding my own would only result in her moving her own things into my room to compensate.

That day I dressed down in jeans and a brown plaid flannel shirt, sleeves rolled to three-quarter length to negotiate the undecided weather. Whereas the sun was coming on strong lately, there was a chill coming off the river.

When I went back to our bedroom to grab my phone and check my messages, that last thought suddenly seemed quite ironic.

"Steven I'd like you to drop by my office, I think there are a few things we need to talk about," was the sum of it. I'd ditched the old bastard's number weeks ago. It seemed only a matter of equal treatment ever since he'd done a number on me. It was the least I could have done.

The old bastard in question being Carol's dad, who had forced me out of my job after SHE had cheated on ME!

Was it panic I was suddenly feeling? I could sense my anger flaring. My breaths were too shallow and slow one moment and then both rapid and deep the next, inconsistent and unhelpful as my stomach tied itself in knots and my mind filled with a multitude of nasty things that I wanted to scream at him. I felt nauseous. My mouth was suddenly dry, tasted metallic.

'Derek?' I texted back. 'Anything you think you have a right to say to me you can say it in text. It'll probably all get the same two-word response.'

I hit send and suddenly wanted to throw my phone at the open window. Instead I tightened my fist around it and fought internally to think of something unrelated.

'Sideline the bastard, just like he did to you,' I thought to myself, and actually earned myself a hint of satisfaction. And then-

Ping!

Derek, again! There was another message from an unknown number, a different number, but for the time being I ignored it in case this once-suppressed nastiness might spill over and start ruining everything else.

"I probably deserve it too," Derek's follow-up read. I had to read it twice to be sure I wasn't seeing things. "But I mean it. Come by the office when you're free, I'll let you say what you have to say, but we should talk."

Introducing Derek Stephenson, ladies and gentlemen. Sixty years old, father of five, solicitor and cold, calculating son of

a bitch. For the record I had tried hard to like Derek beyond empty platitudes, beyond brevity, and beyond obligation. For a man whose rich bread and butter was won by dutifully caring for the protection of others, he showed all the emotional intellect of a vulture.

It pained me to no end that, despite gaining their blessing in getting engaged to their second youngest daughter, that both Derek and his wife Margot somehow felt otherwise and either unable or else unwilling to open up beyond shallow social etiquette and strained platitudes. Affection was not their thing, I had accepted that as being the way some folks just are.

I had laid it down to being part generational and part upbringing. Both typically took after their Boomer parents. Margot was a dying breed, a dutiful housewife whose only links to the outside world were her husband's armchair politics, the BBC, and the gossip of her mostly absent Catholic sisters. Derek on the other hand had to be in control of everything to justify his place in life. For Derek, sentimentality was for stiff silences, which he bought from his own grown-up children with cold hard cash. And for that matter, love did not seem to come into it at all. At least I hadn't any evidence to support him being a soft old shit on the inside.

I had wanted to like him, I had worked hard to find ways to even instil a little pride in him. Simply put, he'd already been through the wringer with three of his daughters married. Been there, done that, I need employees more than I need sons in law.

Margot did not think for herself. She was a mouse -- as mortified at the idea of a future son-in-law trying to be friends with her as she was the time her middle child Charlotte had saved up her father's bribes to pay for a boob job.

Of course, back then, before the stress of working for an old man impossible to please, and then suspecting that my fiancée was not the woman I thought her to be, it had all been a comedy of errors to me. I had thought the both of us, Carol and I, were in on the joke.

As it happened, I was the only one not in on the joke. The punchline being that her entire dysfunctional family could not have cared less even if they'd tried.

And now the son of a bitch who'd dealt the so-called coup de grace, putting me out of their cheating daughter's misery, was asking me what exactly?

My mind was a mist of red -- anger, confusion, uncertainty... guilt?

I bet right there and then my own left testicle that this was more about Carol than it was about him, which as you'd know if you knew Derek, was a hell of a gamble. Derek had never attempted to buy my silence in the past, unlike with his five daughters. But he had been under the impression by the end that he had negotiated ownership of my soul.

The question was: Was I about to allow myself to be hooked and reeled in to whatever this was, just so that I could prove myself right?

Well, I had a lot of time on my hands and a mean streak to lay to rest. A mean streak that I didn't believe belonged to me, that had no place in my heart, and needed to be returned to its rightful owners.

So I asked myself another question: If I went down this road, would I be tempted with revenge?

I felt nothing upon wondering such a thing. No thought came to me. I was either stalling, or this whole thing rearing its ugly head from out of nowhere once again had rendered me dumb.

'Sure, I'll drop by,' I quickly texted, aware enough that my fingertips were doing the thinking for me by that point. 'I can be there at five.'

"If you must," came the delayed response. As I had waited, I perused the message from the other unknown number. The dolt that I was, it came to me that my mother had texted me Elaine's number, but I hadn't yet saved it to my contacts list.

Wanly I had smiled at the contents of the message, but I was too troubled now to give it the attention it deserved.

"I'll let Margot know I'll be home later than usual," came the message that broke the more favourable reverie of the two. So that was that. I really was about to shove my head into the lion's mouth and dare it to bite back. And for all the games played in the past, I was going to make sure I deserved it.

3

Noon struck and I was filled with something I didn't like. My chest felt inflated in a way that made it hard to breathe. I wasn't holding in my breath and yet I felt full of air to the point of straining, like a football fit for a hard kicking.

One moment I had been righteous to the point of cocky. Now I was beginning to feel the dread of walking into something that I had every right to win, but not the qualifications to ensure that I would.

I stood in the hallway just at the porch door, beyond which the sun continued to shine, and I stared myself down in the mirror opposite the coat rack. 'Ever the stoic,' I quietly berated myself, and out of the grimness of my fighting scowl, I resigned with a deep sigh and smiled at myself.

Phone in hand once again, I called my mother. Dial tone gave way to the sounds of a busy café -- a dozen background conversations from which the unmistakeable music of teaspoons against china tinkered and chimed.

'Hello love, is everything okay?' Sara asked and her soothing voice came through as musical as the throng taking place beyond.

'Hi mum, everything's fine here,' I replied more out of obligation than anything. More enthusiastically I asked, 'how's your date with the hot MILF next door?'

'Mmmmmhh, very promising,' she near moaned in response. 'You know how these cream teas can be -- sweet lips, sticky fingers, slippery tongues!'

I began to laugh, but not as loud as my mother. Reflexively I strained an ear to hear for a reaction from Elaine, but couldn't make one out. 'Mum, I got a text from work. I have to pop out over the water...'

After a sudden pause once my words had set in, mum's voice came back more serious in tone. 'Oh? What about?'

'Wasn't very clear, I'm afraid,' I replied, still trying to sound positive. 'But, err... let's say if I were to twist off Derek's jam jar-shaped head and throw it into the river, would you still wait for me to get out of prison?'

A precursor to admonishment, her warning tone said everything when all else she did was utter my name. 'Steven?!'

'I'm just going to go talk to him,' I promised. 'And some of the choice words I've got in store for him will decide whether or not he's capable of human emotion. That's all!'

'Darling, is this really a good idea?'

'Mum, it's his idea not mine, so probably not. I promise, I'm just going to go and see what he has to say. And chances are I'll laugh in his face, but I feel like I really need to do this.'

Another pause came. More background muttering and interpretive crockery percussion.

'Just don't incriminate yourself.'

'Love you, mum,' I chirped. 'Please let Elaine know I have her text and I'll reply when I can.'

'She knows,' mum replied simply. And with that, 'love you too, baby!'

In the following silence I slipped my phone into the back pocket of my jeans, checked for my wallet in my right pocket, and reached for the door.

4

"I wonder why Sara's looking flushed and smiling ear to ear this morning," read Elaine's text message, signed with a wink emoji and three X's.

I'd chosen to take the trains to meet Carol's dad at the office. On the train into the city centre underground I had plugged my ears and listened to a few songs to keep the mood light. From there the next train took me across the river, and once the signal came back, I received another message.

Thinking to myself that Derek had best not have backed down before he got more than he might have bargained for, I felt more than relief when I was met with a picture message from mum.

I felt a rush of southern blood as my eyes feasted on the both of them posing for a selfie at Emily's Patisserie -- mum smiling up at the camera lens and most likely aware that she was threatening to bust out of the mesh fortified plunging neckline of her bodysuit.

Elaine had done something different with her hair since the last time we had met. Her lush salt and pepper hair was as long as it was ever, and still wore it with a side-part, but now with the right side of her head shorn close, as was the growing trend amongst artistic types, punks, and girls who either batted for the same team, or both.

I found myself fixated on her, wondering had she done it to hint at her secret side, or had one of her daughters done it for her. A means of bonding, trying something new, maybe.

She sported an intricate and larger than life tattoo of a rose across the right side of her neck, adorned with thorns and other more subtle patterns, which extended from the trap of her shoulder and ended just beneath her earlobe. Both that and the tattoo complimented each other greatly, I thought.

As I recall she'd had that tattoo maybe ten years, and that she'd had done after accompanying her youngest daughter Anna to her own first tattoo appointment. It left me wondering if nobody other than my mother and I knew about her bisexuality.

I had known Anna to a fair degree. Being next door neighbours doesn't always ensure close relationships, even if you're on good terms with their parents. I guess we all just go about our own lives and see what luck brings us, but I had never had a bad impression of Anna. She was just a girl who kept herself to herself, and otherwise didn't hang around home often.

What if, I wondered, Anna knew about her mother? Maybe the door swung both ways? Maybe Elaine had such a close bond with her daughter that embracing such a thing as a

young girl's sexual orientation had led to Elaine herself going down that same path later on.

Maybe I was just hyper-sexed, obsessed with the act so much that I saw the potential in everything. But my mother and Elaine hugging cheek to cheek and smiling for their selfie spoke volumes of things that were definitely no figment of the imagination.

I was inspired. I opened up Elaine's earlier message and, after adding her to my contacts, I replied: 'Love the photo, love what you've done with your hair. Mum's smile is still a mile wide. Might be wondering how much cream she can get in her all in a day lol.'

"LOL."

'Tell me I'm wrong lol.'

"Thanks for the compliment honey. Do you really think so? Anna did it for me."

What can I say? Sometimes a wild guess is worth as much as a well-informed one.

'You don't even look 50 but she's definitely shaven the years off you. Looks awesome with the tattoo. I love it. Shaved hair on a woman is sexy, you look wild xx'

"Oh yeah, living the wild life right now drinking tea, doing laundry, and catching up on Breaking Bad lmao xx pop round later for a cuppa if you haven't been arrested xx PS -- I'm not 50, cheeky! xx"

'Lol will do,' I texted back. 'Promise I won't kill my ex's dad.'

"You better not, or she'll stalk you forever and ever! X"

'She will either way' I replied, famous last words.

XX

5

Watson Industrial Park beckoned. I'd fixated so hard on staring at the photo of my mum and Elaine at Emily's, and texting Elaine, that I hadn't seen the last few train stations pass by. Here I was, swaggering across the river to unload on my ex-fiancee's dad with both figurative barrels and my first move on foreign soil was to bolt for the closing doors,

embarrassing myself in front of countless other commuters; people I'd never known and never would!

The panic was gone though. Instead of filling my head with useless what ifs and whys, a calm quiet came over my mind as I sauntered onto the lot of my former employer and passed security without a care in the world.

An unknown in a high-vis vest, bearded and bespectacled, popped his head out of his monitoring booth and summoned me with a brash "Oi!"

'What?' I asked, without stopping or turning to face him.

'Are you supposed to be here?' the guard asked.

'Ask Derek,' I called back as the distance grew.

'Who the fuck is Derek?' the guard yelled from his open window.

'Exactly,' I laughed and entered the building. It was quiet, quieter than I had ever known. To support my observation and disarm any implication that I was just becoming

paranoid or nervous, I noticed that the receptionist was gone.

Not absent! The whole downstairs reception area was no longer!

I climbed the two flights of stairs up to the next level of the industrial apartment, half-expecting security to come stumbling up behind me. When I reached the main office, I was dumbstruck to witness how the silence persisted.

On the other hand I felt drawn now, magnetised, compelled by an invisible force. No longer was I pushing forward toward the outcome of a fateful meeting. I was being reeled in as I had suspected long before my decision to be here at all.

A phone rang from within my old department. A room that held all the admin support, and where I used to take care of the accounts. Still no sign of life made itself known. There could have been up to ten people sitting in there, quietly busying themselves with their workloads, but I didn't care to look for myself. When I had left this place I'd wanted to see the back of it, even the people I'd gone so far as to call friends.

Instead I charged forward, Derek's office door now in sight at the end of a deceptively long corridor, closed and yet

hiding the only sign of life I'd noticed thus far. A phone call, I could hear his frustration through the closed door, things were not going his way to say the least.

I was starting to get ahead of myself, thinking that maybe this was about him, not about Carol. Derek had fucked one man too many and now he was sinking with the ship. Please God, let it be so, I thought to myself as my hand reached for the doorknob.

'Fine... fine... listen, I'm sorry you feel that way but...'

Dead silence followed. I had hoped to enter the room and seat myself in front of my ex-employer and would-be father in law while the inaudible diatribe was reaching its end, to gently place the final straw on the camel's back. Maybe I was relishing this too much, what was to come. I held myself in check, drew in a breath, and entered.

Derek's eyes landed on me immediately, wild, flustered -- a proverbial deer caught in the headlights.

'That's okay, stay seated,' I said, the sarcasm very much intended as he sat back in his expensive leather office recliner.

'I didn't know it was that late,' was Derek's attempt to outdo me. I sat down with a polite smile that may or may not have been pleasant, but by now you might have guessed that it wasn't my intention.

'Oh it's late,' I insisted pointedly. 'Why am I here?'

'Because I asked you to be,' Derek answered haughtily. He might have had me by surprise there hadn't he followed it up immediately with, 'you have grown a gob on you since you walked.'

'Since I learned who I can trust,' I corrected, resisting the urge to let completely loose. 'Why am I here? It isn't because you say so, Derek. What couldn't you say with a text message or a phone call?'

Carol's dad studied me with a look I'd seen on his face only one other time in my life. It was the evening I was first introduced to Derek and Margot. We'd had dinner and were discussing work and life-related things. Derek had pulled a question out of the blue, asking me about the future and what I expected of Carol.

I didn't know how to answer the question. In my shoes, in my own experience, there was no answer for what lay ahead that wasn't a careful one. I planned to work hard, earn a

living, and look after my wife and family as a man does. As for what I wanted from her? I was more interested in what she wanted that I could give her.

That's how I remembered it at that point, not to mention the sly interrogative look he gave me before telling me that I had no ambition, and that people with no ambition lack direction or control of their lives.

Right or wrong, if he disapproved so much he didn't cancel our plans after that evening. He had merely put me in a position to be walked all over, which is what both he and his daughter had done to me in the end. But I never forgot that look, one of disdain and disapproval, and I wasn't about to start playing the role of an unwanted son desperate to gain favour with the father for whom nothing was ever enough.

It was too close to the bone, so naturally my intention was to cut back twice as deep.

'You think having a pair of balls makes you a man. It makes you maybe twice what you were the last time I saw you,' Derek hacksawed onward, trying to make me smaller than he was. 'You still lack this up here,' he said, pressing a finger up against his balding skull.

'Oh and that's why you're asking me for help, yet trying to make it sound like I owe you. The truth is beneath you, is that it?'

'Well I see you've done some thinking,' Derek came back hard.

'No, in hindsight you're just that transparent. Why am I here, Derek?' I pressed harder.

'I never wanted this,' he said, and immediately his tone had changed. Was it possibly just a really terribly expressed attempt at remorse I was hearing? Or was he circling me like a narcissist races around the honesty trap trying not to get caught in it?

'Well, you make your bed, you lie in it. Why am I here, Derek?' My patience waned.

'Did you hear me? I didn't want this,' he said, his voice lower.

'Neither did I. Goodbye, and don't message or call me again,' I said, getting up and turning around to walk.

'I'm sorry... Steven...'

Inside myself at that moment I felt filled suddenly with a kind of triumph I hadn't ever felt before in my life. I allowed myself to smile a smile that he couldn't see. Derek the Impossible, bullshitter of bullshitters, had said to a lesser human being that he was sorry.

A pathetic sorry, with no conviction or context, but an apology nonetheless. I reserved judgment and sat back down to face him, the smile replaced with a face too straight for poker. 'I don't get what you're sorry about. You never liked me, you treated me like an intern, you couldn't wait to see the back of me. The way you treated me when your daughter left me for a crackhead wasn't massively different to when things were going good.'

'You don't actually know, do you?' Derek asked after some consideration.

'I know that you keep avoiding the question as to why I'm here, like you don't know what you want. Maybe you expect me to just know. Maybe I already do, which is why I'm here to tell you to go fuck yourself, face to face, so that you'll never forget it.'

'When's the last time you saw Carol?' Derek had then asked. Having dismissed my last response, the words seemed to weigh too heavily on him.

'Finally getting to the point,' I replied, figuring it was only fair game that I derail the conversation this time, since he wouldn't talk straight with me.

'Steven, stop,' Derek interrupted. But I didn't.

'So this is about your daughter, who is now notably no longer of any concern to me. I told her that to her face maybe two weeks ago now? Haven't looked back since. Haven't wasted so much as a brain fart on her.'

'Steven...'

'You do know it was her decision to leave me, oh but you were all too happy to help.'

'That's enough!'

'As for you, you weren't even a bad taste in my mouth, Derek, hard as I tried by you,' I went on, effortlessly, letting it all pour out in one measured stream of blissful indifference

to what effect these words were now having on him. And because I didn't think him capable of feeling anything, and I was proving myself correct.

'She came back asking me to give her another chance, and just like her flaky old privileged Napoleon complex of a father, she had it in her head that it was me who owed her. Imagine!'

'I blamed you. I was... wrong!' Derek interjected the moment he saw the opportunity. Silence loomed sudden and large.

What the fuck was he going to say next? More skirting around the facts? More avoiding responsibility for his cruel actions? 'Carol had a... a track record... a past...'

'Oh boy, here we go,' I groaned inwardly, and sank unnoticeably further into my seat.

'We'd forgotten about it. We all deserved to move on. Nobody wanted the past having a negative impact on her life moving forward.'

'Great story, do I win a prize if I guess Carol's secret past?'

'Her mother and I haven't seen her in maybe a month.'

'She's an adult with her own life. A month is not a long time.'

'She is... was... a recovering drug addict,' Derek then said, and I felt my guts turn painfully as though wrapped around a barbed 4X4 spinning on the end of a power drill. I suddenly couldn't speak. I felt my eyes begin to sting, a champion in tatters moments after assuming victory.

'You never knew this, did you?' Derek asked me.

'Why am I here, Derek?'

'You didn't, did you?' he asked again. I shook my head, my throat too tight to allow for words. I was somewhere now in between anger and remorse, though I didn't know why I felt the latter at all. Why hadn't she ever told me this?

'It was a long time ago, but...'

For fuck's sake, now even Derek was starting to crack. I wanted to get up and walk away for good, that more than anything, and my legs wouldn't move.

'Listen, I thought I was protecting her and I was wrong. I came down hard on you and I gave you no quarter because I blamed you for what I was seeing, because she wasn't telling us the truth. We knew she was abusing again. We asked, we tried to intervene. She even allowed us to for a time, but she was lying to us, twisting the truth...'

'I wonder who she could possibly have taken after,' I said, wanting nothing more than to hurt Derek for what he was putting me through, now that I had escaped and then allowed myself to be lured back into their dysfunctional bullshit.

And beneath that I also knew that I was being selfish, even childish. The one time the old man had bared himself to me, proven that he did feel something, I was using the opportunity to slip the knife in, as only the lowest would.

'For fuck's sake, Steven!' he lashed out, his face flaring an unhealthy looking red, his cold grey eyes burning hotter than had ever seemed possible. And then the hidden rage was gone as swiftly as it had revealed itself.

'Do you think I don't know that?' he pleaded, near demanded of me.

'There's no denying this changes the way I can look at what happened,' I offered, not wanting to say any more, but knowing that this was just the beginning, if Derek thought he was going to be back in control of me. I hadn't fallen for him despite realising that his emotions were at least consistent with what he was saying.

Right then Derek thanked me for my response. Frankly I wanted to throw it back into his face. Instead I waited, listened.

'Did she tell you where she was staying when you last spoke?' Derek asked.

'She didn't need to,' I responded measuredly, trying my best to keep my own hidden anger in check. 'Your family already knew who she was seeing. Literally tried to make me take her back to save her from making her own mistakes.'

Derek turned red once more. I even braced myself for the oncoming barrage of noise and rage that up until now I hadn't thought him capable of. Maybe he really was coming apart due to all of this, but amazingly he managed to swallow it all and keep his composure.

For a moment I felt that I even respected him for being able to handle this nasty side of me. I knew for a fact though that

I didn't respect myself for kicking a man while he was down. I wanted to add, 'you didn't know this?' Again, I bit down on my tongue.

'We've both tried to speak to her. She won't answer calls anymore...'

'I want to know more about this past of hers nobody told me about,' I said. Something clicked inside. I knew for fact that I would never, ever -- no matter the story -- trust Carol and her family again. But something inside me wouldn't allow me to walk away with my head held high if I didn't at least show Derek, my once upon a time would-be father in law, that, yes, it took more than a pair of balls to make a man.

I wasn't going back home until I had shown him that I had a conscience, and that it was completely my own and nobody else's.

6

'Mum?'

Sara answered swiftly. 'Baby, are you coming home?'

Ironically I had set out to be home hours ago. It was now seven-thirty and I was stood on the waterfront, albeit finally back on our side of the river. Beneath the rippling murky waters of the pier head, masses of eels roiled and boiled, black-skinned and seemingly formless as they writhed in their masses.

'Err... I don't know exactly when but I'm slowly making my way back around,' I replied, still out of it, practically speechless all these hours later. I had finally left the office at half-three and was back in town less than an hour later. And for all this time I had gazed into the beyond as my past life came crashing back into this new reality.

Now I didn't know how to feel. I couldn't decide which reality was stranger -- the world that my mother and I now shared, or the one made apparent by the truth unveiled by the father of my ruined fiancée.

'Steven, just tell me you're alright,' mum pleaded.

'I am,' I finally said, unable to mask the sadness seeping out of me and into my voice. 'I heard things about her...'

'You mean...' Even she didn't dare utter Carol's name at this point.

'Yeah, I'll tell you later, when I get home, or tomorrow, depending how I feel.'

'How about I order your favourite pizza? I'll call in about an hour? Will that give you enough time?'

'That sounds great actually,' I near sobbed. 'I haven't eaten all day. Argued so much with Derek, I feel drier than a pack of crackers.'

'One pot of fresh coffee on standby,' mum responded dutifully, 'check!'

I don't recall what made me say what I did next. All I wanted to do was cry, but I felt too emotionally used up even for that. 'I promise I'm not doing anything to hurt myself, okay?'

Mum was quiet for but a few seconds before her talented tongue sprang once again into action. 'Of course you're not, love. You're too clever for that. You have an answer for everything. Even if not right away, you always know the right thing to do by the time it matters.'

'And I'd never hurt you,' I insisted.

'Well...' she considered aloud. 'A bit of spanking never went amiss!'

I laughed, eyes still fixated on the dancing eels performing their lurid display some ten feet below me, muddying the water's edge. 'I said I'd pop in on Elaine when I got back for a cuppa. I don't think that's going to be happening but I don't want to let her down.'

'I'll let her know for you, baby. Just come home, okay?'

'I will,' I assured her. 'I'll be there shortly,' I promised and hung up. And then I began the long walk back to the underground.

Chapter 7

1

'Have you been thinking about what you'll do?' my mother asked. Her voice practically dripped with sympathy in the silence. And the silence had hung so thick in the air for so long that she oozed like honey into my addled mind. Soothing in a way I cannot describe, but also in a way that treated the symptoms but not the cause.

It had been four days now. I was undeniably depressed. I lay there on the plush leather living room couch, one forearm covering my eyes, protecting me from the harsh light of day that had been a friend until the day I had gone to confront Derek. And that had been my fight, not hers. My responsibility, not hers.

I cleared my throat to speak. It came out as dry and sore as I currently felt. 'I've been thinking how stupid I've been.'

'I don't believe that for a minute. Don't forget the way she treated you.'

'I haven't forgotten,' I replied, dragging out the words like they hurt me to even think of.

'I just don't want you getting dragged back into all of that. That's all,' she said. 'Whatever you decide, don't think you can fix what you didn't break to begin with. This is not your fault.'

'You're right about that,' I replied. 'But it's on my conscience that I didn't know. If I'd known I might have known the right thing to set her straight, at the very least sent her back to her parents to take care of. Something like that!'

'And don't you think she'd have gone back herself, had she wanted that?'

'Apparently she already did,' I answered, unsure or not of whether I had told her or left that part out. 'Didn't end well.'

'I don't doubt it,' mum said.

In the silence after I heard her shuffle out of her shoes, kick them to the floor, and then practically tiptoe across the laminate wooded floor to where I lay on the couch. The arm behind my head compressed with her bodyweight then, and then her fingertips began to trace a line across my brow.

'Just don't mistake conscience for responsibility,' she near whispered. 'I had the feeling long ago that Derek was always a control freak, that Margot was terrified of doing anything other than she was told. If you think about it like that, considering what you told me about this old boyfriend of hers...'

'Matthew!'

'If you think about it, all things now considered, their help is probably the last thing she wants.'

'So she had the nerve to come back to me, acting like I owed her a second chance, for all she was supposed to have done for me,' I contemplated bitterly. And then, 'that's the part that still makes no sense to me.'

'It seems inconsistent with everything else, yes,' mum agreed.

'So what don't I know?' I asked.

'I'm with you,' was the reply, and seemed double-edged. Yes, my mum was with me, all the way, in every way. In mind, body, spirit, and completely in the dark. With my free hand

I reached out and took a hold of the hand she was touching me with, and blindly I brought it to my lips and kissed it.

'Maybe bring it down to irrationality? Desperate self-preservation?'

'That's the thing, mum,' I said tightly. 'Is that really her fault, or what's become of her after all that was said and done to her? Is it really irrational to be the way your experiences have shaped you?'

'I think you might be jumping the gun there, hun,' mum warned. 'The only way she's ever helping herself is by seeking professional help.'

I let go of her hand, sat up with a creak, a crack, and a pained groan, as all my bones and joints remembered that they belonged to a living, functioning human being. Without missing a beat my mother slid down into the vacant space beside me, warm with my body heat, and we wrapped ourselves up in each other.

She ruffled my hair, kissed my cheek. I squeezed her closer, responded to her kiss, bringing my lips around to the corner of her mouth. Before skin touched skin again, her lips met mine and parted.

It was a chaste kiss at first. Well, motherly, meaning nothing other than love and reassurance. But then our eyes met, hers smiling, and we connected again, this time with more of a hint of the transcendent love we now shared. Back and forth those kisses went, as did our hands -- in each others', and to where else skin could touch upon skin.

'These things take time,' she assured me once more. 'Don't stagnate or you'll be exactly where it left you last when the time comes to deal with it. Move on, do you understand me?'

Taking both her hands in mine, to express simply what had since possessed me, I promised her, 'I already have though, haven't I?'

2

I think it's true what some people say, that no matter how good you get at anything you get nowhere without luck. Some people have it and some people don't. Some of the most intelligent people I have known have gotten nowhere in life while others seem to have life handed to them on a silver fucking platter.

Me, I don't currently know where I stand. I've thought myself unbelievably lucky in life and then deliberately had the rug pulled from underneath my feet, but I've managed to dust myself off and move on with a smile.

Still, can I call my experiences sobering, since I was blinded by success but not drunk on it? No, I don't think so. I think that luck has played a great part in how the chips have landed outside of my bad experiences, and maybe also in the fact that those experiences served to open my eyes, but that intellect and purpose would help me to make the most of it.

Here I was, entering my late twenties, living at home with my mother, out of a job, not even wanting to count on that son of a bitch Derek for a reference to future employers. I had money, I didn't want to count on the department for work and pensions to prop me up. I wanted to find my own opportunities and I didn't care how little it'd pay off so long as I could say that I'd done it for myself.

The best way, I figured, was to find an opportunity to help others. I was considering maybe working for a charity. Things were so bad right now that charities were competing with each other no different to supermarkets and fast food brands -- like overlapping caulk in a crumbling old wall.

Mum was adamant that I don't try too hard so soon, that I keep one foot in the familiar while dipping my toes into new experiences. I had a lot of free time on my hands though so I visited our old community centre to see what was free to use, and joined a Tuesday-weekly guitar group, and a writer's club, Thursday-weekly.

My music teacher in high school claimed that I was a natural at the guitar, all those years ago. I'd started to take lessons at home during my college years. Why I stopped came down to two excuses eventually. For one, I had the talent to learn easy songs, but rhythm seemed all I could do. The stuff I wanted to learn frustrated me to the point of stagnation. Secondly, as my studies started to demand more of me, as did the future, my hobbies got pushed aside and my social life became my second priority.

As for the writing, I had always enjoyed playing with words when I was younger. People say that you've either good with numbers or with language. Whereas there was no doubt that I could have done a lot better verbally with self-expression, also negotiating with certain difficult people, I could always write what I couldn't say when it mattered most.

With something to occupy myself better in my spare time, it was a happy medium considering what my mother was suggesting -- not stagnating, moving on, not putting myself in a position to be used, if such a thing became likely.

And typically my confrontation with my ex's father proved not to be the last I'd hear from him, after all, which I had expected, and dreaded all the while.

3

The following Wednesday was dull and wet, felt more like the slumbering kind of Sunday in the backstreets when sandwiched between bank holidays. So far my friendship with Elaine had remained purely textual. She had sent a few encouraging words to support me during my little depression and I had replied sparingly.

Elaine being at work most days, and having family visits or social events here and there, didn't compliment where I currently was. Typical excuses, being that we're neighbours, but with me now filling up my time with various other activities, the opportunity to socialise just wasn't to be rushed right now.

I think we both wanted to become accustomed to each other in person rather than with a digital buffer zone between us, as it would have felt bizarre -- knowing what we both knew about each other and our dynamic with my mother Sara -- getting sexual beyond the odd flirtatious joke.

After all Elaine had been our neighbour for so long, I had known her since before I came of age. Just as I couldn't let go of the fact that Sara was my mother as our relationship matured into something both sexual and romantic, it would have been alienating for all of us, to dismiss the past in its entirety.

Regardless of the weather, I knew that Elaine would be home that day, and so gave myself reason to venture out into the world. And that reason was simply beginning as I meant to move on.

I left the car at home that morning and took a train up to the retail park, dropping into TK Maxx and a few other untypical places. I bought a basket and filled it with luxury scented candles, soaps, and sweets that I'd gathered she would enjoy, based on everything I'd picked up from my chatty mum's conversations.

After noon I rang her doorbell and stood in the rain with her gift basket, with a silly lopsided smirk on my face, and was greeted with the loudest, 'Hiiiiii!'

'Come in out of the rain,' Elaine hasted, tucking herself behind the open door to allow me room. Now that her bare tanned legs were just about out of sight, I could keep my gaze at eye-level. I might have caught her either jumping in

or out of the bath. She was wrapped up in a snug-looking white terry cloth robe.

'I'm not interrupting I hope,' I said, 'I took a chance you were home. Mum's at work.'

With Elaine's eyes now fixated on the basket of fancy goods I cradled in my hands, I held out my offering and assured that I wouldn't get in her hair if she had things to do. 'I just never took the opportunity yet to thank you for keeping mum company. She's told me you like to spoil her.'

'Not at all, you're welcome, thank you,' she gushed, as I closed the door for her, hands now free to do as I pleased.

'Oooh, Sand + Fog, I love these candles,' she marvelled, though with a hint of hesitation. 'They're not cheap either.'

'Neither am I,' I chuckled as Elaine reached up on her tiptoes to kiss me on the cheek. I inhaled as she did and ascertained that she had already bathed. She smelled of macadamia soap and hair conditioner, clean and sweet.

'Anyway I mean it, I'm sorry I didn't do this sooner,' I apologised heartily. 'The past week I've had my head up my arse. I don't think mum knew what to do with me.'

'It looks like she knew exactly what to do,' Elaine said disarmingly, then offered me that long overdue cup of tea.

If there was any awkwardness on either of our parts I'm certain it was all mine. Upon following Elaine into the kitchen I was now also following her lead conversationally, feeling a little directionless. I wasn't here to seduce her or even to deliberately get the ball rolling. I wanted to feel her out, reconnect, and I suppose maybe see where she was within herself, at the most.

'This is great, thank you so much,' she said as she carefully placed the gift basket out of the way. Thinking twice, she took out a box of French cookies I'd added to the pile, and tore them open for us to share over tea before asking what I was doing with myself.

When I told her that I was now in a writer's club, she seemed to perk up to another level entirely. 'I didn't know you liked to write!'

'I was... always good at it, I think,' I stammered. 'I used to enjoy it when I was younger. I wanted to get back into it and see if it might do me some good.'

'I love writing,' she beamed as a low rumble began to sound from the belly of the electric kettle.

'I know,' I wanted to say, but wondered if it might make things awkward.

'Other girls wanted to be Barbie, or ran around with toy prams, pretending to be their own mothers,' she recalled and couldn't help but laugh. 'I wanted to be the old woman from Murder She Wrote.'

It was my turn to laugh now as her curveball completely threw me off. 'Jessica Fletcher?!'

'Yes!'

'I loved those shows. It was Columbo for me,' I confessed.

'You wanted to be Columbo?' Elaine chuckled dryly.

'Ha! No, I wanted to be Magnum PI.'

'It was those tiny shorts, wasn't it?'

The kettle was now simmering. Elaine had a breakfast bar in the kitchen with a couple of tall stools, that we both mounted to nibble at cookies. I was on her right side and couldn't stop stealing glances at her, and I didn't care whether she noticed or not.

Frankly I'd had no shame in many of my teenage masturbatory fantasies being focused on her. Although that was a long time ago, it's not something you forget when you're in my position and she knows things that would have the village folk carrying burning torches and pitchforks.

'Your hair really is awesome,' I told her, though previously had already. 'It really compliments you.'

The shorn side of her head was as fine as suede up close. She ran a hand over it and smirked, accentuating the deep dimples either side of her mouth.

'I might keep it a while.'

'You should. I haven't seen it suit anyone else any near as well as it does you,' I bumbled onward.

'Flirt!' Elaine jabbed playfully. 'So what do you want to write?'

I thought about it maybe for the first time since I had signed up for the community group, and felt myself become a little flustered, to my surprise.

'Err, I hadn't actually given it any thought. I think they just pick a theme and let people go with it,' I explained, and then wondered if Elaine had deliberately put my inner thoughts under the spotlight. 'Any suggestions?'

Beside me Elaine hummed and to me it sounded mischievous. The kettle finally boiled, that gave her a convenient cue. Slipping down off her stool, she circled the bar and began soaking the teabags in our cups, while maybe thinking about what she wanted to say, and contrarily what she would say.

'You might read something of mine sometime,' she said slowly; 'food for thought?!'

I let the silence build and build, gazing at her, taking all of her in, as she stirred our drinks, swirling steam with her magic fingers of legend. She glanced over at me with a hint of a smile, implied mischief greater in presence now, and I knew that was my cue.

'I already have. Food for thought indeed,' I said and felt the corners of my mouth tugging, my teeth baring. 'You know my mum, caring is sharing.'

Another dry chuckle escaped Elaine, throaty and husky, and so far the sexist thing yet to come out of her mouth.

'The thing is, about that,' she responded, and then a purposeful pause, 'there's writing fantasy and then there's living it, aaaand...'

'Why write it when you're living it?' I asked, hoping to have the answer to her question. Elaine flicked both eyebrows in response, her own teeth baring as her sexy little smirk stretched into a wide and yet bashful smile.

'Well?' I asked, 'did it stop you?'

'Oh god no,' she replied, sliding my cup of tea over to me, before making her way barefoot back to her own seat beside me. 'You haven't read my new stuff.'

'How do you know?' I asked, so full of excitement inside and now so flushed in the cheeks that I doubt it showed that the first sip of tea had burned my tongue and the roof of my mouth.

Turning to face me, Elaine nibbled playfully at a cookie, and I caught her just as her eyes were giving me the once over. 'Because I haven't had the guts to publish it yet.'

I turned fully on my stool to face her in kind. 'Can I ask you a personal question?'

'You can,' she said expectantly but not without hesitation. Then she pouted, but the corners of her lips remained upturned. 'I might not answer though.'

'What does it feel like, showing somebody your feelings that way -- when you wrote that story for Sara?'

Silence!

Eyes locked, time had momentarily lost all consistency. If it weren't for the steam swirling up from the brims of our cups, I might have believed that time had shunted to a complete standstill. Then finally Elaine heavily breathed her response, as though it had been a weight on her chest, and I believe that I had felt the weight lift my very self.

Two simple words: 'The naughtiest!'

I smiled, though I felt my eyes boring holes into hers now. Could this have become something sexual right here and now? Possibly, but I didn't think it was the right time. It seemed that chemistry was something we both had a firm grip of, and it seemed right to give it a garden bed, let it build up and grow wild of its own natural accord.

I liked the idea that sometime in the future, I or my mother, or both of us would ask Elaine if she wanted to take things further. There had to be something there first, other than base desires, for it to be safe and meaningful.

'It was definitely the naughtiest,' I agreed, almost at a whisper, and firmly stifled a laugh as the memory of her literary skills and hidden desires exposed returned with clarity.

'So far!' she corrected me, and then added, 'there was the danger, as well, of you finding out and not taking it well, which I didn't want.'

'Actually I couldn't be happier,' I confessed, which disarmed whatever doubts might have remained by this point. 'You've made her the happiest I saw her in years.'

Cautiously sipping her tea, Elaine was careful not to splutter her reply. 'Just me?'

'Well now I think she's just spoiled,' I half-joked. 'But I think if things hadn't taken that turn between you, things wouldn't be as they are now, and she wouldn't be as open and forthcoming and... emboldened... as she is now.'

'I'm going to have to have a think to myself about that,' Elaine laughed.

'And I'd be depressed and living in an empty house, hating myself and being bitter at life,' I admitted more candidly. 'So really, thank you. Keep being you and doing what you do.'

'And you, Steven,' Elaine thanked me in the best possible way I could imagine.

4

I guess I couldn't have hoped for better, that my phone began to ring once I had drained my cup, kissed Elaine goodbye, and returned home. But when I was expecting to see the name Derek atop the call screen, my blood temporarily ran cold and then instantly began to grow hot.

I answered the call, defiantly sank myself into an armchair in the living room, to stop myself from turning rigid and defensive, and sat in silence, waiting for her to speak.

'Steven?' she asked, though who else could it have been? The tone of her voice implied that she had been building herself up to do this. I denied myself the temptation of thinking "to do this to me." I didn't want my own selfishness on my conscience. I wanted this to end, for the better.

'Spoken to your dad?' I asked. It was a cold response, the best I could manage. The alternative had been fire, wrathful and righteous. I didn't like that side of me, never let it out. I was growing used to swallowing some of my own feelings, whether I could digest them or not.

'No, why would I?' Carol asked, her words seemingly tasting as bitter in her mouth as the thought of the word "dad" was in her mind.

'Because he's been trying to get you back home, to make things right.'

'Look, I wanted to talk,' she said, trying to avoid the subject. Who did that remind me of? And why did I feel like this talk was going to be as frustrating as the one I'd had with her dad?

Utter coldness. 'Why me?'

Ragged breathing. 'Because I hurt you.'

Blood simmering. 'Hurt is when you say things to knock people down. What you actually did was much worse,' I wanted to say. Somehow I didn't, in hindsight because of that damned righteousness I now hated about myself.

After a deep breath I told her that I had spoken to her dad, face to face. She did not like that at all, and I was tempted to hang up just to remind her where the line had last been drawn.

'He told me everything,' I said, now staring into space, still for the most part unaccommodating.

'Everything about what?'

'Stop dancing around the context, Carol. Everything means everything about why we are where we are,' I near snapped.

'Oh,' she sobbed. Crocodile tears or not, I felt nothing for her silent crying. 'So are you living with your mum now?'

I did snap. 'You stay the fuck away!'

'I was just asking, sorry!'

'You should go home too, Carol. Get the help you need.'

'I don't need their help,' she seethed.

'I mean professional help. They just offered you a roof over your head while you rehabilitate.'

'I have a roof over my head.'

'Then get help, for god's sake,' I groaned. I was pinching the bridge of my nose, eyes closed, listening to the cogs working in her mind, wondering whether she was so desperately trying to get me to cling to her, make it mutual, or if she was so far gone out of her mind that she didn't know what she wanted.

'Why can't you help me?' she finally asked.

My stomach churned. My mind swam. The room spun.

Because I wasn't a fucking health professional? Because I wasn't a moron either?

'Dad said he'd give you your old job back,' she said, and now I was disgusted again that either of them was trying to bargain me for reclamation of what? My body, my soul, my self-worth, my self-respect?

'Promises,' I muttered. The word rang true.

'Promises what? I'm trying to make things right. What will make you forgive me?'

'Oh, something about the road to hell,' I wanted to say.

'Move on! Unfuck yourself! Look back in five years and promise you'll never do this to anybody ever again,' I did say, thinking that it sounded reasonable. Her crying grew guttural, unbearable, maybe like a baby that had swallowed something it shouldn't have.

The very thought made me sick then, thinking of what her father had told me. Carol was in hell right now. I had believed that she deserved to be, too. Lesser deserving people had been there, died there.

About that though -- for as long as she would remain there, things would never be right by her, there would be no forgiveness, and I feared that she would drag me to hell with her for as long as things continued this way.

'Listen,' I said, more calmly, 'I can forgive your past, that... isn't something I could live with either,' I reached, 'and that's what this was all about, right?'

'I just want things back the way they used to be,' Carol sobbed.

'Pretending?' I begged. 'You want to go back to hiding things like that? You manipulated people to hide this.'

'I'll never do that again, I promise.'

'I know, tell it to the guy who makes everything right one day,' I responded, near green in the gills. 'It isn't me. There's no going back, don't you get it? There's only forward. I deserve that too.'

'You deserve everything,' she agreed, but I knew her words meant nothing now. So long as I didn't give her the answer she wanted to hear, what I said meant nothing at all. The possibilities chilled my blood all over again.

'For the record your dad was too proud to offer me my job back,' I said in all finality. 'Don't do anything stupid, go get help,' I said, and hung up.

5

Best intentions, I thought to myself, and the irony struck me sick. It didn't matter how innocent I thought I was in all of this, no matter how simple it could have been -- my part in this absolute shitshow -- I seemed to come away feeling like saying No just made everything worse.

Against my own gut feeling I messaged Derek immediately after, told him about the call, what was said, and what I did and didn't think had sunk in. I disregarded everything he had sent back, didn't even bother to read it.

No surprise that lies had still circulated between them. Pride might have been the end of them had it not made them so stubborn.

I finally told him that my part was done in all of this, but that I'd keep tabs from time to time, and that he would tell me -- truthfully -- that he was trying to help Carol to move on, to get help, and to keep her away from me.

"She loves you very much, you know," Derek had replied in the end, never one to leave a wound unsalted. And if that was how their whole family showed love, I was all the more relieved to have avoided becoming one of them. "She'd do anything to change things."

'I know she would,' I texted back, angry again, 'I've seen first-hand what you'll all do to have your own way.'

Chapter 8

1

Somebody calling my name. Too far away. Obscured by the confusion of murky dreams. Nothing seems as it really is from beneath the membrane of sleep, just as the light and the colour and the sounds of the surface world are not the same to that beneath the sea.

I don't even recall what I was dreaming. For a time even the sound of my own name made no sense. I was hearing another language altogether, or maybe I was trying to block it out. Maybe I had been an eel, no different to that which I had witnessed muddying the waters of the pier that one

recent day. Just one senseless part of a greater writing mass, seeking meaning, or maybe happy for a complete lack of.

Gradually 'Steven,' began to mean something as the dream changed shape, colour, tone, sound, touch. She began to sound familiar, her hand pulling me out of the depths, snatching me from this silly troubling feeling that I did not belong where I was.

'Steven,' she now hushed, her hand gently rubbing my bare shoulder. I inhaled my first breath in what felt like a lifetime, opened my eyes to the stinging wetness of saltwater. Sweat, not tears. Covering me from head to toe. Oily, hot, suffocating in its own strange way.

The room was dark but as I rubbed the blurriness and the wetness from my eyes, I could see the faintest shade of blue touching the bedroom blinds.

'Mum?'

'You were having a bad dream, nearly shouting.'

'I'm sorry,' I murmured.

'It's not your fault,' mum assured. 'I'd have let it run itself out but you stopped breathing.'

'Ughhh...' I groaned. 'I've soaked the bed. What time is it?'

'Half five,' she groaned also. 'I've got to be up in two hours.'

'I'll get up and shower,' I said, sitting up at the edge of the bed. 'I'll make sure you don't sleep in.'

'Are you sure you're okay?' mum asked sleepily. 'Poor baby...'

'I can catch a nap later,' I assured her as I stood up unsteadily before shuffling out of the room.

2

Fresh from the shower I dressed down in a vest and loose drawstring shorts for the morning. I had my writer's group to attend at noon. Before then I wanted to air out and relax, and not much else in particular. Over coffee I checked my emails in the dining room study. 7AM came quickly, and with thoughts of waking my mother for work, other thoughts...

Barefooted I climbed the stairs, the warm sunlight of a more promising morning coming from the bathroom window, painting the landing in a vista of golden beams pushing back the shadows of night, their residue clinging on in jagged black streaks amid the texturing of the white artex walls.

It was my turn to gently shake her awake now. In the fading dark of the bedroom, her golden hair a mess of troubled rest, her eyes still behind heavy lids, her open mouth pouting, I heard no sound, no breathing, and stood deathly still as I made out the gentle rise and fall of her chest.

Helpless to stop myself, to do anything else, I bent down, brushed the hair from her brow, and kissed her forehead, causing her to stir. Again Sara lay still, and again I kissed her, this time over one shut eye. Again she stirred, took a deeper breath, awakening.

'Seven o'clock,' I whispered, kissing the tip of her nose. Mum's eyes tightened shut, crinkling the bridge of her nose, and mischievously I kissed the tip of her nose again. Mum rolled from her side and onto her back, her unfettered breasts rolling to join the rest of her at their own pace, but beneath the covers I saw only a trace of their outline.

I was tempted to more rudely awaken her. Instead I sat at the bedside facing her and leaned into her, this time placing a kiss on her cheek, near her mouth.

'Mmmm,' she hummed, still somewhere between dream and reality.

'Coffee's in the pot,' I breathed into her ear. A tiny shudder passed through her, ended somewhere down below.

'Can't I just stay in bed today?' she pleaded sleepily, from between lips that barely moved.

'If I was your boss I'd let you stay in bed all day,' I chuckled.

'But?'

'But then so would I and the business would go under and we'd end up squatting in the garden shed.'

Sara's eyes opened, the shade of the bedroom enough that she wouldn't strain her eyes to look at me. 'Feeling better?'

'Oh I'll make up for it,' I said, clasping both bare shoulders as I bent down to kiss her on the lips.

'What time is it?'

'I already told you, it's seven,' I laughed.

'Hmm, I must have been dreaming,' she replied, eyes closed again as my lips returned to play with hers.

'I'd better get up and shower now or I'll be all over the place today,' mum said, excusing herself. I had grown aroused down there. Sneakily I lodged myself into a more comfortable and less visible position, and stood up to give mum her space.

'Be back with you in fifteen,' she excused, freeing the nipple and walking butt-naked to the bathroom.

3

It was now 7:25AM, Sara was sat drying her hair in the vanity mirror. I came back from downstairs after letting her shower, and stood watching in the doorway. Business clothes hung on the wardrobe door, she wasn't even wearing knickers yet.

I stood enjoying the view of her beautiful heart-shaped backside and the hourglass figure it created in tandem with her broad but nicely toned upper back.

'Come and sit behind me,' she said invitingly, shaking her bum at me atop her seat. It was a handcrafted wooden bench, backless, plenty spacious so that she could sit between my legs without falling off.

Quietly from there I could enjoy the touch of her nakedness as she expertly gave herself the once over with her eyebrow pencils. Intently I watched, enjoying the fleeting moments where her eyes unfixed from her reflection and flirted with mine. Meanwhile, hopelessly, my hands roamed from her shoulders to her sides, and from there to her thighs.

Playfully she nudged back into me with her rump, and found my loins growing with interest at the close proximity.

Mum stopped doing all else that she was doing then, and a knowing smirk tugged the corners of her pouting lips. 'What time is it now?'

'Seven-thirty...'

'Half an hour to decide what lipstick,' she said to herself, but then after a double-take, I realised that had not been meant just for herself. I smiled, rested my cheek next to hers.

'Hungry?' I asked, our eyes locked in the mirror reflection.

'Mm-hmm,' she hummed deeply, slowly, hinting, then leaned back into me, pushing her breasts out as she arched her back.

With her hands, she took mine off her thighs and brought them upwards until they enveloped her soft, squishy, undeniable treasures, and she gasped into my mouth before our lips and tongues met and began to touch affectionately and then to dance.

I don't know how she did it without knocking the dressing table off its feet but one moment she was gyrating against my inner thighs, rubbing up against my growing need, and the next my shorts were down, and she was feeding me to her feverish sex, trying her very best to cause my abdomen a very intimate carpet burn.

Possessed by the growing intensity of both of our needs, which had been put to one side for maybe a week, I lifted us both up into the air, legs straining to stand straight, and swivelled us around 180 where I playfully threw my mother

onto the bottom corner of the bed's mattress, still sunken all the way inside her.

I pressed her knees back, grabbed her ankles so that I could control the show. Mother gasped, partly because she was finally getting exactly what she wanted, and also because of how lewdly the position left her so wide open, able to see everything as it happened.

I withdrew. She mewled. I injected my full length back into her at a snail's pace, listening to her breath grow ragged. I reversed the process, sliding out slower before quickening my return plunges into her silken vulva.

And her legs began to tremble. It was no matter of positioning, resting on a nerve. I could feel her churn and pulsate around me and the movements all matched up. Her moans now seconded what I already knew, as did the wet sloshing of our coupling sexes.

Mum had both hands full of cover sheet and was scrunching it up in fistfuls as her breathing deepened and sped, giving me a glorious view of her bouncing tits as I thought about how much backed up cum I was about to pump her full of.

Nothing was said, our eyes connected intensely when we weren't otherwise enjoying the sight of the business end of

our incestuous lovemaking. And towards the end we remained eye to eye, moaning, gasping, pleading.

'Ahhhh,' we breathed in unison as our orgasms met, and I finally slid back home to let loose inside my mother. Minutes later I found myself on top of her, we were both giggling like naughty teens, and gazing into each other.

'I think we both needed that,' mum said. Silently I agreed, nodding as I caught my breath.

'Five to eight,' I said, and yet I was too reluctant to leave her. Still my hard cock throbbed almost as if I was still ejaculating into her. Slowly I pulled out.

'Knickers,' she demanded, opening and closing the fingers of one hand. I laughed, got up off the bed and threw her the pair she had selected, hanging from the same clip-hanger as her matching beige bra.

Legs in the air, mum hooked the knickers around both ankles, slid them up her tantalising legs, and pulled them tight up around her hips, letting them go with an elastic snap. I giggled still, licking my lips.

'Sitting up at the bedside now, still flushed from her face to her chest, mum gave me a dirty look, and whispered, 'I love having your cum dripping out of me at work all day.'

I stood astride her, mouth agape, ever amazed by the nastiness of the woman I still somehow managed to refer to as "mother." Frozen to the spot, my eyes could not look away from the gusset of her underwear, where a dark wet patch already began to spread.

I could only think now about how she would be squirming all day because of it, squeezing her thighs together, feeling the evidence of our breakfast quickie seeping out of her, slippery wet - in fear of leaving a stain on her skirt, or in the middle of her office chair.

'Now I'll be thinking about that at the writer's group,' I responded, pulling my shorts back up, hiding my still long and swollen baby-maker from her hungry eyes.

'Good!' she said, and held my gaze again momentarily. 'Maybe I'll probe your imagination tonight after dinner,' she suggested with a wicked smile.

Chapter 9

1

Well, they say that every story has a beginning, middle, and end, and not necessarily always in that order. So, famous last words; I knew what I signed up for when I put my knickers on this morning. It seemed a good idea at the time. I have only myself to blame...

And I would do it all over again!

Apart from the five times I had to visit the office bathroom morning alone that Thursday morning. In case you missed it, my boy, my man, my lover, my son Steven, had vigorously pumped his mother's pussy full of cum before 8AM had reared its ugly head.

We hadn't had sex in maybe a week before our impulsive little half-hour lovemaking session. During his final feverish strokes I had felt him expand and throb, I had felt him pulsate inside of me in that most exciting telltale way that signifies his masculine sexual release, and I had counted nine times...

Nine generously big spurts, as my vulva twitched and throbbed in loving synchronicity with his long thick penis, as we came together, as I drank him dry of his delicious hot seed. I could feel it fill me up, making me feel like I was melting on the inside. I lived to accept his DNA back into me, to embrace the man I had made on a particulate level.

I knew there was a lot of cum swimming around deep inside me, but my god I didn't imagine just how much until maybe my third visit to the bathroom. By that point I was sneaking my handbag off with me.

I needed my wet-wipes to try to make the stains disappear, and to wipe up the excess still seeping out of me. The gusset of my knickers looked like lumpy cake icing strained through a sieve. Oh but whenever I rubbed up against myself to get rid of it, I was becoming ever tempted to keep going, teasing my swollen labia and clit hood through the thin wet material.

I had managed to hold off, not to make a beast of myself, for the most part, though I didn't know whether to feel disturbed at how ramped up my libido was that morning, or to be impressed by it.

From the moment I arrived at my desk, my office neighbour Barbara was commenting that I looked flushed, worked up.

Tight-lipped, I had negotiated no reason for suspicion. Gradually my increased bathroom visits had given her the impression that I might have been coming down with something.

So I went with that, and why not? It was convenient. And it was amusing to no end that I had her unwitting but unreserved sympathy for the abuse my cunt had taken that morning. It had been easy to keep a straight face until eleven, when I received a message from Elaine, asking if I minded that she join Steven at his new writer's club.

'Get to know him better by all means,' I had replied. I would later discover that Steven had told Elaine about his new thing, that Elaine had talked to him about her own thing (her sizeable collection of sex fantasies on Literotica, some inspired by me), and that this had led to them messaging back and forth more, using the craft itself as their excuse.

Frankly I was beginning to anticipate the evolution of this connection that they had now established as I passed time contentedly in the background. It was nothing short of arousing to think that I had these two secret lovers, and that they now had the chance to develop a flirtatious rapport all of their own. I could just imagine the chemistry.

'Also I was thinking, what if I cooked you both dinner? Nothing planned, just enjoying each other's company. Am I overthinking?'

'That sounds great,' I typed back to offer her my encouragement. 'Depends what you're overthinking though. Are you two sexting yet?'

'NO! LOL'

'Why not?'

'Wouldn't want to distract him too much lol xx'

'It'd only make him hornier than he already is,' I reasoned. 'Won't hear me and my soaked underwear complaining xxx'

'I'll start sexting you instead if you're going to be so reckless with your words, young lady xxx'

'Sara,' Barbara suddenly interrupted my reverie, 'could you pass me the stapler?'

Rudely awakened, I near threw the damned thing at her.

'How's your tummy?' she asked.

'Where it ought to be, for now,' I replied and then offered her a cup of tea. On my way to the kitchen, phone in hand, I speedily typed back to Elaine what I was really thinking.

'Or say the word and I will text Steven right now that you told me you could use a good seeing to and to invite you in after your writer's club.'

:-o

;-p

XD

'Maybe I've got a taste for you right now,' Elaine replied.

'Well I currently taste more like him, so...'

Kettle filled and switched on, I set up the cups, dunked in the teabags, set the milk to one side, and stormed back off to the bathroom once again. I was a woman possessed now,

heart racing, hands restless, lungs breathless, thighs slimy and slippery.

Once in the bathroom I made for a cubicle and slammed the door shut, flipping the lock and isolating myself. With shaking hands now I tugged up my skirt, dropped the seat, sat down and took off my strappy heels.

I spread my legs wide, running the fingers of my right hand over the drenched crotch of my knickers. All of me began to tremble now. I had to bite down on my lower lip to stifle my moans. Sexual energy rippled through me, my filthy thoughts like skimming stones disturbing the surface of a deceptively calm lake.

I don't know what now aroused me more, the thought of me and him, the thought of me and her, the thought of her seducing him, all three of us...

The possibilities endless, I gave up settling on any one of them, what needed to happen right now was already occurring by my own hand. I rubbed and rubbed at myself through the thin wet fabric, swirling the circumference of the sensitive little nub responsible for these intensifying feelings right now.

With my left hand I hooked my fingers under the gusset and peeled it to one side, exposing my glistening pussy, and as I commenced the same seductive motions that already nearly had me frothing at the mouth, I did moan now as my slimy slickness practically sloshed aloud.

I was already on the edge of orgasm, but one that threatened to last a dangerously long time. Shamelessly I crammed three fingers inside, hooked upwardly, and began to tug with abandon at the crevice in which my G-spot hid. From the back of my throat rose a deep gargling moan. I had picked the wrong time to tip over the edge.

I forced it all back down my throat again, suppressed it, near choking myself. The bathroom door creaked loudly, swung open with force, just as I was about to peak and level off this crazy horniness. Maddeningly I clamped down hard on my dripping sex as if it would stop the orgasmic dam from bursting completely.

'Sara? Are you okay?' came none other than my boss's voice.

'I will be,' I tried to say, but due to my state it came out a queer strangled sob.

GO AWAY! I screamed internally.

'Barb tells me you haven't been feeling well,' Jude relayed.

'Just a bit of a cold on my bladder I think,' I lied.

GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

'Oh right, well...'

If Jude had been a man this poorly situated conversation wouldn't be taking place by now. Thank god she couldn't see me. The last of Steven's cum, still warm and sticky, was plastered all over my hands and thighs. Then I realised how pungent the smell was, and my heart near stopped.

'I'll be fine,' I urged. 'I'll be right as rain after lunch.'

'Okay,' Jude said. She sounded uncertain, maybe even unhappy. I didn't care by that point. The best self-served orgasm in recent memory had just been utterly ruined. Now disappointment slowed my pulse, and I had backtracked away from that blissful release.

Composing myself eventually, I exited the stall and vigorously washed the cum from my hands, then returned to the kitchen to make the tea.

One missed message from Elaine. I read it, I smiled to myself, I responded. 'What virile male wouldn't want to see that? I'm game!'

Chapter 10

1

Again it felt like a Sunday on our sleepy side of town. Call me traditional or maybe even a romantic, but what wasn't to love about a lush roast dinner in a cosy candlelit dining room as the evening outside hung enshrouded in mist and drizzle?

I've always taken pride in my culinary skills but whereas I have to admit that Elaine has me beat when it comes to roast potatoes and chicken gravy, there could be no complaints from me as there's nothing better than being served a highly anticipated dinner that you yourself didn't have to make.

'Can I help with anything?' Steven called from his seat at the table through to Elaine's kitchen. The aromas on the air had my stomach growling at this point. I hadn't eaten in six

hours. Five more minutes should have been no big deal, but I was overcome by a terrible hunger.

Which may or may not have been the result of my horniness that morning, and afternoon, and the rudely interrupted masturbation session that nearly had me gushing all over the bathroom floor.

Amid the rattle of pan lids and baking trays, Elaine's voice sang back, 'no, nearly done!'

And as much a thrill as this day had been, from that delicious morning sex with my boy, having him dripping from me all morning, and the back and forth teasing with Elaine, I was all the more relaxed now for having showered and dressed down in a thin low-cut white tank top, long flowing white summer skirt...

Not to mention fresh underwear.

As we waited on Elaine I not so absently stroked the back of one of Steven's hands, which had been resting on the tabletop. He turned to look at me, his eyes dark, but with the reflections of two golden candle flames flickering warm and brilliant within.

Unexpectedly but far from unwelcome, he took my hand and turned it up towards his lips, and lovingly left his mark on me. Sliding out of his grip, I flicked my fingers come-hither and turned in my seat to meet him.

Mischievously we smuggled a kiss back and forth before I whispered in his ear to think about this later: me, him, in bed, no clothes on, lots of kissing, and of inevitably the complimentary ins and outs of sharing a bed with his mother.

We were actually interrupted whilst sharing a more chaste kiss as Elaine began to bring in the food. A sly flit of the eye, I caught her stealing a glance and my instinct was to pull myself back into Steven and kiss him again, just a peck again but this time a loud wet one before dinner caught our attention.

'Look at that! Oh, mum, those Yorkshire puds,' Steven practically fawned as the serving plates began to pass him by to settle upon the dining table. Roast chicken, potatoes, mashed carrot and turnip, Yorkshire puddings, stuffing balls, proper homemade gravy straight from the roasting pan sediment -- we were about to die salivating and enter hog heaven,

Elaine's grin was already stretched from ear to ear as she finally managed to sit down and join us. 'Serve yourselves,' she invited as she unscrewed the cap on a bottle of sparkling white and began to fill three flute glasses.

We sat in silence for the next ten minutes, with the exception of satisfied moans and groans as Elaine's cooking stole the show.

2

'So how did the writer's club go today?' I asked the both of them. I didn't need to. I had already asked Steven to make conversation when I got home earlier. I wanted to see where we could take this conversation though, considering some of the things Elaine and I had texted each other.

'It was great, a lot of fun,' Elaine replied animatedly as Steven meanwhile surgically worked his knife and fork through a chicken leg. 'Not the kind of thing I'm used to writing...'

I smirked covertly at that, wondering whatever could she mean?!

'They have this game at the end,' Steven began to explain. 'It's called "Writing On Your Toes."'

I snickered. 'Sounds like it tickles,' I remarked, tearing up a Yorkie to mop up my gravy.

'They give you a theme or a sentence left open to interpretation,' Steven explained. 'You have ten minutes to write on it without any planning.'

'Wow, like a brain teaser,' I replied.

'I failed miserably,' Elaine admitted. I didn't want to believe it.

Apparently neither did Steven. 'No you didn't. Yours was great,' he insisted.

Elaine blushed, unable to keep his gaze. I watched, certain that I was already seeing something between them.

Inside I felt funny.

Butterfly funny.

'It was terrible, I'm a perfectionist. I need half a day sometimes just to write the hook to a short story, and that's usually nothing more than two sentences or a five-line paragraph.'

'You literally won,' Steven chuckled. 'They voted yours the best.'

'What was the theme?' I dared ask.

'A kiss is just a kiss,' Steven said before Elaine could say, or avoid. 'You should have heard it, mum. The windows nearly steamed up.'

Laughter circled the table for a moment. Elaine blushed furiously and hid her face behind one hand.

'That's why then,' I teased. 'She's a pro with the romantic stuff. She just won't admit it.'

By now we were all but finished with our meals, every plate practically cleared. Elaine sidelined her light hazing to offer us leftovers to take home. Steven remarked that me might take the leftover wings since he might not be able to walk home.

'So, going back next week?'

'Maybe,' Elaine spoke first, depends if I get that day off.

'I'm going back, sure,' Steven came next, and then, 'Elaine, I hope you will, I think I learned as much from you as the old-timers.'

'Well, you don't need to wait for Thursdays,' I suggested, eyeing the two back and forth. The faintest silence returned. I felt it hang in the air and dissipate quickly. Was it reluctance? Not a chance in hell.

'If Elaine isn't busy,' Steven put out his cue.

Again, the faintest silence. It was hesitation. The air thickened between my son and my secret girlfriend, like a thunderhead but without threat.

'I could teach you a thing or two, sure,' Elaine said a little timidly. As god is my witness, I saw the spark in her eyes. I knew it well enough. After all, she had promised to teach me a thing or two once upon a time...

And hadn't yet disappointed!

We were drinking coffee in the kitchen some time later. It was somehow already twenty to nine. We had teamed up to wash and dry the pots, pans, trays, the crockery and cutlery etc.

Surprisingly, and this hit me right between the eyes so unexpectedly, the subject got onto the relationships of other people from Elaine's older daughter now being married and pregnant with her own first child.

Elaine had asked if Steven thought of having children. It was an innocent question, and frankly that much was to be expected in conversation socially when a man was outnumbered by older women. Rather comfortably Steven had commented that with the right woman he would. But since the last woman turned out to be the wrong woman, he felt disinclined to wonder about it.

From there we ended up talking about the social difficulties of younger generations of the day and age, and the likes of the LGBT community, and how the younger ones' lifestyles didn't particularly bear children in mind.

It was then that Elaine confessed that her youngest daughter, Anna, younger than my Steven, had recently come out to her mother as gay.

'I thought you already knew,' I interjected, taken aback but curious more than anything.

'I already knew a long time that she wasn't fixated on boys, and then men, and that she was always with a girlfriend. I suspected but it was hers to decide to tell me when she was certain...'

'I'm embarrassed now,' I blushed, laughing awkwardly to cover my own tracks. 'I swear you'd already told me about it, to some extent.'

'Ten years later,' Elaine quipped, raising her cup as a toast. 'Couldn't be happier, actually.'

'You won't have to worry about her getting with the wrong man,' Steven remarked with a cheeky grin. Elaine readily agreed, though I was sure that was never her worry.

'She couldn't have asked for a better mum,' I assured her, felt myself swelling with pride. That was it, the water board was calling. I was in danger of springing a leak. Both eyes. We

hugged and kissed. Honestly I didn't mean to kiss her on the lips, but it happened, right in front of Steven.

And again it hadn't been sexual but it had opened the door to more. Everybody exchanged glances, not particularly awkward glances either.

'So,' I said, grinning at my son -- I guess ironically -- blushing like a shy schoolgirl, and wrapped my arms around Elaine's trim waist to hug her tight, 'what do you think of your mum's girlfriend?'

'You're a really cute couple, actually,' Steven said unabashed.

My expression surely straightened, as did my posture. 'Cute?'

'Oh you're both sexy as hell, but you're a cute couple,' he corrected himself without missing a beat, but then crumbled instantly after. 'I know what I mean, shut up!'

I looked up, Elaine being taller than me. She was blushing furiously now. All the while, her hands refusing to let go of me, I felt her body covertly swoon against mine, her knees kinking as she failed to think of a comeback.

'Gimme a kiss, girlfriend,' I said, gazing up at her with starry eyes and a tooth grin from ear to ear. And I cannot express how it pleased me that, without hesitation, Elaine craned her neck to press her smiling lips to mine.

'Well, I can go home and die happy now,' Steven quipped, thanking Elaine for dinner. Conniving bitch that I can be, I told him to shut the door behind him, that we had something to discuss in private, and that I would be home soon.

4

I wrapped my arms around her waist again, tummy to tummy. I was more occupied in the moment with what was going on behind her eyes, behind her knowing smile, but there was no denying the way feeling my body against hers made me.

I have an undeniably voluptuous figure. I'm not fat, but not all my curves have been earned with hard work. I consider myself blessed genetically, though in terms of beauty the discerning eye might expect to find me at a life drawing class rather than blowing hard at a gym in search of a dating profile body.

When I feel Elaine's tauter body against mine, it's a slightly softer contrast to that of Steven's. She had the build of a

ballerina when she was younger, but that hasn't changed much.

In a strange way it's the same mating ritual. It's hard on soft, it's two opposing kinds of flexible. It's dominant and submissive, AC and DC. I feel the nerves beneath the surface of her skin and muscle thrumming with anticipation, live, grounded, electrified...

I don't know what I'm saying anymore!

I have been taken to heaven and back with her in control and leading the way, living out her curiosities, her fantasies, while allowing me to realise mine. She can have me if she wants me, and that's why I want more than anything for us to become a triangle, of love or lust or both. A sexual trinity of unrealised potential. Maybe more if fate allows it.

Giggling nervously, it came deep from my throat, and sounding rather perverted, at least to me. I smooshed my breasts against her and stifled a moan that threatened to rise from the deepest recesses. I was indeed hypersexed, a maniac on the loose, my only apparent evidence the ability not to tear off my clothes and descend into an animalistic nymphomania at a moment's notice.

Well, so I think, personally!

'So,' I started, 'you're were going to teach Steven a few things...'

'Patience is a virtue, haven't you heard?' Elaine whispered huskily. There was a wicked look radiating from her eyes and I was feeling, as I have stated, submissive.

'Change of plans?' I breathed, gasping as I suddenly felt her thumbs seeking to tease my erect nipples through my snug tanktop.

'Mmmm, just... reorganising the playlist,' she replied, shamelessly toying with me now, her whole hands caressing the curve of my braless girls.

'Oh?' I gasped.

'Haven't had our desserts yet,' Elaine hinted, her eyes leaving mine to venture down the valley. And so I did what any caring companion would do in such a lewd adventure. I pulled down the shoulder straps of my top and revealed our next destination.

I've never been much of a climber. I don't have the natural body for it, so I think. When it comes to sex though, I might dare you to show me a table I can't climb, let alone a climax I can't peak.

Everything that happened next happened in a blur of excitement. One moment I was crawling backwards up onto one of the stools at the breakfast bar, practically scrambling to feel my nipples between my lady-lover's lips. The next I had climbed up onto the bar itself, my skirt was up around my waist, my racy black thong was being peeled completely off, and I was battling for air in short ragged breaths as she lovingly devoured my lips and lapped thirstily of my sweet nectar.

'Ohhh,' I gasped, 'ohhhh, I have missed you,' I sobbed. 'You won't believe how turned on I was at work today!'

'I've missed you too, sweets,' Elaine affirmed as she began to lay smooches around my hooded clit. My legs began to tremble in anticipation of how intense this was about to feel, for how bloody sensitive I had been during that helpless interlude in the office bathroom.

'And I've missed this,' she added, her long tongue suddenly curving upward into a hook by which to reel me in. And she

did just that. Fixated on her eyes, her face, her lips, her tongue, with a birdseye view to the greatest pie eating contest on earth, I growled my encouragement to my dearest friend, my bisexual lover.

And when she attacked my clit head on, the tip of her tongue near blasted me through the wall. Unable to control my part in this any longer, I came hard, bucking up to meet her thirsty lashing strokes, juicing myself upon her skilfully contorting mouth.

'Ohhhhh fuck!' I cried aloud. She was making my whole body shake and convulse. I was out of control, no deliberate motor function whatsoever other than the porn star nonsense spewing from my mouth.

Repeatedly I began to insist, 'bedroom, bedroom...'

'Seem happy enough here with your ass in my hands,' Elaine remarked evilly, giving my butt a jiggle with both hands. Again, she dove in, sucked on my labia, worked her tongue deep into me, enticed wave after wave of orgasmic tension out into the open, and sucked it all up.

'Oh god, save some for Steven,' I moaned, and hearing myself say that I began to laugh uncontrollably.

'Save some pussy for Steven?' she asked. 'Or save some tongue action for Steven.'

I was almost howling now. 'Oh god both, but all in good time,' I explained, 'but...'

I propped myself up onto my elbows, 'I want my dessert too and I want it in bed,' I said, staring her down.

'Don't need to say that twice,' Elaine purred, standing up straight and offering me her hands to take.

I sat up, took her hands in mine, and let her guide me back down to earth. We kissed soft, deep, hungry, hinting. She peeled off the rest of my clothes then and there, and then I followed her up the stairs, my hands on her bottom and next underneath her yoga tights.

Emboldened now beyond belief for what was about to happen, I wanted nothing more than to show her first hand how my son ate his mother's pussy. Proud to say, I had never before blessed Elaine with a climax quite like it.

I recall noting how extraordinarily my face ached as I stood blushing back beneath the kitchen lights, pulling my skirt back on, stuffing my big boobs back into my top, strapping my heels back on atop the stool where Elaine and I had started to indulge in such intense sex.

My jaw stiff from so much moaning, not only that but then having returned the favour and licked and sucked her to multi-orgasmic bewilderment. My tongue felt strained, my throat hoarse. I tingled all over with such sexual satisfaction that I now wanted more. But now I wanted another kind of sex altogether.

The anticipation was driving me insane. What should have taken the edge off somehow seemed to add to the feeling inside that I was still climbing to that aforementioned peak.

Right now Steven was at home watching a video clip, recorded on Elaine's phone, of two familiar women doing something you would only see everyday if you lived in the lesbian category of any porn site you might come across.

Elaine had recorded the clip her very self, since my arms as well as my legs had turned to rubber upon discovering what "tribbing" was.

It must have been an inside joke, a reference that only Steven and Elaine understood. She had sent the video to me, and requested that I caption it.

"Food for thought"

-E