

Charity Begins at Home

You may have heard of me. I achieved relative fame in the media and the moniker, 'personal trainer to the stars' when I took on the plus sized model Lauren Brooks and an up-and-coming Hollywood starlet as clients. A short lived relationship with a well known underwear model; an appearance on TMZ and some paparazzi photos on a gossip website helped me to build my brand; all to the point where I was turning away business for lack of time. So, when my father called and asked for help in the garden, my immediate inclination was to offer to pay for a landscaper; but when he clarified the work was for my mother's birthday, I made a time to visit.

"You see Kyle?" Dad gestured to the browning foliage of three shrubs beneath my parent's bedroom window. "I only planted them last summer and they're already dying."

"They're getting too much sun I guess."

"Exactly, I told her that when we put them in," Dad agreed. "Anyway, I bought some rose bushes for your mother's birthday. You know she loves them."

"So, you want me to dig these ones out and plant the roses?" I asked. "Mum will notice! She'll see me working, won't be much of a surprise."

"Oh, she knows about it," Dad replied, placing his hands on his lower back and stretching. "I'd do it myself but my back, you know."

I did know. Thing about my father was, if there was a way to get out of doing hard work, he'd take it. Even if it meant foisting it off onto his son. His back pain always seemed worse when he had to exercise or manual labour was involved.

"Ah, here she is now," Dad continued.

My mother rounded the corner of my childhood home holding a tray with three glasses. Fifty at the end of the month, her face retained a youthful glow. Her body however was showing the signs of my father's sedentary life rubbing off. A pear, she carried her weight on her hips with an equally impressive bust to match. I looked not out of any libidinous desire, more from the perspective of my profession of course.

"Hello men," Mom smiled as she approached. "Thought you'd like some refreshments."

The day had become hotter than expected and the drink was welcome.

"It's not soda is it Mom? You know they're full of sugar." I explained as I leaned in to kiss her cheek, her hair wet beside her face, having just come from the shower or possibly splashing water on herself to stay cool.

She rolled her eyes at me towards my father. "Oh I wouldn't dream of it. It's just flavoured mineral water."

I looked at her skeptically but took a glass despite my doubts.

"So go on ask him," Dad directed toward my mother.

"Alright Love, give me a moment," Mom glared back as I took a sip and realized just what the liquid was flavoured with. I'd need to run an extra block that evening to work off the sugar I mentally made a note. It was then I noticed the brochure on the tray.

"So I've entered this charity run," Mom began. "Well, my girlfriend and I entered; you need a partner you see. But she's injured herself. Fell in the shower can you believe it? Nearly broke both wrists so I hear.."

"Cut to the chase Vanessa!" Dad interrupted.

Mom scowled but went on. "Well I was wondering if you might do it with me Honey? It's for charity. Oh, I think I said that. And I'm sure I'd get lots of sponsors with your name beside me. I can't really expect your father to do it of course..."

"Well my back you see.." Dad began and Mom and I smiled at each other. She finally made note of the brochure on the tray and I took possession of the pamphlet.

'The Mud Run.' Was the name of the event and I knew it well. A fun run of sorts, it was held out of the city on a rural property. One mile of obstacles, hundreds of competitors, a way of exercising whilst

socialising, fundraising and getting extremely dirty to boot. I'd participated once a year or so back and many of my clients I knew were competing this year as well. I was more than a little surprised at Mom's decision to enter and put it down more to her friend than her. Whatever, if it got her active, I was in full support.

"It's this Sunday," Mom continued. "I know it's short notice and I'll understand if you can't do it.."

"Of course I'll do it!" I interrupted her. I had planned on leaving the Sunday free for myself anyway so without the need to consult my calendar, I knew I would be available. "It'll be fun. I'll put your sponsor link on my social. I'm sure that'll give you more donations. I'm looking forward to it!"

And I was. I always enjoyed those kind of events and seeing how happy it had made my Mom, it was adding to my sense of fulfilment.

"So when can you do the garden?" Dad asked, reminding me of my initial reason for being there. Taking out my phone I checked my calendar, apart from Sunday, my schedule booked out for days. A two hour window the next afternoon was probably the best time for me and promised I'd be around to at least get started on the plants. Mom and Dad were grateful for any time I could spare and it made me think I had probably neglected them the last couple of years. I knew they understood, what with my heavy workload but at least the next few days would begin to balance out some of that time differential.

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6am and my mid-morning appointment with the aforementioned Hollywood starlet was cancelled by her personal assistant. It opened up the day perfectly. I could head to my parent's early and spend most of the day working in their garden. Allowing myself the luxury of sleeping in, I rolled over in bed and closed my eyes.

I didn't bother calling ahead to let them know I'd be early. Knowing Dad would be at work anyway and even if Mom wasn't home it didn't prevent me accessing the back yard and the tool shed. I arrived a little after 9am and immediately set to work. I found what I needed in Dad's shed and set about pruning the longest of the branches of the shrubs to give me better access. The sun rising warmed my back and before I set about digging around the roots I remembered my drink bottle in the car. Upon retrieving it and having a healthy draught, I placed it on the extended brick work below my parent's bedroom window. What I did then wasn't intentional. I noticed the drapes were yet to be drawn, however a small area between the two was open. Glancing, not even purposefully looking I saw into the room and the flash of skin.

I had no interest in peeping. I want that to be clear. The reason, and the only reason I looked again was the position of the body I saw therein. Knowing I would see their bed from the location I was standing, the position of the bare feet that hung over the side were out of place. Sideways in fact, not the way someone would purposely lie on the bed. This, and the fact the person was face down and the legs were twitching made me inclined to think they were seizing or having some kind of fit. Alright I admit I didn't know what the hell I was thinking to be honest and the fact I moved quietly as I edged closer to the window suggests to me my actions weren't completely noble.

It was my parent's house. There was no harm in me looking through a window I reasoned as I peered inside, a clearer image of the goings on in the bedroom presenting itself to me. The legs were clearly my mother's, and I was right that she lay horizontal on her bed. Again the idea she was having some kind of fit struck my mind as her feet straightened, her toes pointing in my direction and her rear lifted up off the mattress only to fall and repeat. I raised my hand to knock on the glass before the rational part of my brain stopped me. She's not having a fit you idiot. I told myself.

It was then I realized what I was actually witness to. The dark blue nightshirt or oversized t-shirt she wore crept up onto her bare buttocks even as I watched. At that point surely I should've averted my eyes but I looked on, mesmerised almost. Seeing only the back of her head and 'it' pointed in the other direction I was sure I wouldn't be observed as I watched her. Again her feet straightened, her toes curled. My mother's now completely uncovered ass; wide and pale, writhed up and down, back and forth into the bed below her and as her legs parted slightly I saw the fingers that pressed to her sex between.

I was watching my mother masturbate.

In that instant I didn't know how I felt. Was I disturbed, possibly grossed out? I cannot tell you. All I knew was like a car crash on the freeway, I couldn't look away. The room was too shadowy to allow me to see everything between her legs, to make out her pussy as her fingers delved but as if she'd heard my thought her other hand reached behind to spread her buttock, allowing light to penetrate. That I was looking

upon her anus even for an instant wasn't lost on me. My mother's holiest of holes, spread before me, only a pane of glass separating us.

From pawing her buttock, her hand swept out reaching for a pillow at the end of the bed. For an instant I thought she'd finished and I prepared to leap away from my position before she lifted her hips and placed the pillow between her legs, sealing it beneath herself. Her pussy now hidden from my view it did little to lessen the beauty of the moment. A half naked woman pleasuring herself against a pillow. Not any half naked woman; my mother.

Her ass gyrating, her legs squeezing around the makeshift sex toy, it wasn't long before her feet again straightened and her body shuddered before lying still. There was no doubt in my mind, my mom had just cum.

My breath had been held for I didn't know how long and finally I expelled it as I saw her begin to sit up. Diving away from the window I made for the spade and plunged it into the soil at the base of the first of the shrubs. From the corner of my eye I saw no movement at the window, nor did the curtains open. I was confident I hadn't been caught and as I began to breathe normally again and the spade cut into the dirt a second time, I realized I had an erection.

The soil around the dying shrubs was healthy and easily dug. Without overly concentrating on my actions I'd exposed the root ball and began the process of digging out the plant all the while my mind focused on what I'd seen. My reaction to it, even now my vivid recollection of her movements, her skin, her ass. That big, yes fat ass. Spreading for me. Her son.

Minutes passed and still no sign of Mom. I was sweating heavily and threw down the spade to remove my t-shirt, lifting it above my head just as the drapes in the window of my mother's bedroom flew open. She stood there completely naked, her arms Christ like as she held open the curtains. The look on her face told me she had no idea I was there, but it wasn't her face where my eyes ventured. The thatch of pubic hair at her groin caught my attention, thick and dark, it was no wonder I hadn't been able to see her pussy moments before. I struggled to raise my eyes from her groin but only made it as far as her unfettered boobs, so heavy, her pink nipples proudly erect.

Even from outside, the window closed; I heard her swear. The drapes pulled shut instantly, her privacy restored I was in two minds as to what to do. Did I go inside, apologise for seeing her naked? What for though? She didn't know I'd been spying on her earlier, it was only an accident she had opened the curtains like that. Neither of us was to blame. I threw my t-shirt down on the grass and was all of a sudden aware of my own partial nudity. Nothing like my mother's of course. Jesus. I thought to myself, I've seen her...everything!

I only had to wait another minute for her to emerge from the house. With a light dressing gown on and her hair in a towel turban she approached barefoot. "My god Honey, I didn't know you were here!" She explained as she neared. "I'm so sorry."

I leaned on the spade handle as I watched her, her face a fiery red. Mine possibly similar. "Ha, don't worry about it Mom. I didn't see anything." I stated, obvious to both of us I was lying.

"What are you doing here so early? You said it would be in the afternoon." She asked, now only a few feet from me, the smell of her soap from the shower hitting my senses. I took in her body, her nipples still hard and poking through the thin material of her gown. The gown itself tied tight around her waist, hugging her hips and revealing to me she wore no underwear. She was still naked under there. That hairy pussy only an arms distance away. Ridiculously I could feel myself hardening. Could she tell? My jeans were tight. Would she be looking? I don't know what I was thinking but I willed her eyes to lower. To look down and see my hardening cock and to know it was for her.

"Yeah, I guess I should've called. My client cancelled her workout. I had the morning free so I thought I'd get started early. Sorry. I probably should've warned you I was here."

"No not at all," Mom declared. "It's your house too. You can come and go whenever you choose."

There was an awkward moment of silence between us as, gripping the handle of the spade with both hands I lowered it across my torso, the muscles in my chest striated, my arms flexing. The action was deliberate to highlight my body while not overtly posing. Her eyes I noticed, followed the trail of the handle to my abs and stopped. Was she forcing her eyes not to lower, I wondered?

"Um about what just happened..." She struggled to say, her eyes again looking up to mine.

"Mom, seriously. It's no big deal. I've forgotten already!" Again I lied, her hirsute snatch, her tits, her exposed asshole still front and centre in my thoughts.

"Just...maybe don't mention it to your father," she concluded.

I hadn't thought of Dad. There was no way I would have even dreamed of talking to him about what had happened. What made Mom think I would and more to the point, in her mind, what would be so bad if I did?

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By 2pm, I'd removed all three of the plants and felt twinges in muscles I infrequently worked on. Mom had laid low, venturing back out only once (fully clothed mind you) to check if I needed a drink. As I pulled my t-shirt back on she appeared again, this time holding her phone.

"It worked Honey," she exclaimed smiling. "I have ten new sponsors for the mud run! All links from your social media."

I smiled broadly back at her. "I told you it'd help." She kept her eyes down on the phone and I wondered if she was still embarrassed about what had happened? Of course she was, I told myself. I also wondered if the only reason she came out when she did was that I'd put my shirt back on. Had she been watching me? Get a grip Kyle. I told myself. The only one thinking impure thoughts here was you. She's your mother and she has no interest in looking at your half naked body! But what

about my completely naked body? The devil on my shoulder quickly added.

"So I can't plant the roses today Mom, I've got a three o'clock."

"Oh that's fine," she offered. "There's no hurry. Just come by when you have the time."

I took the spade and shears back to the shed and Mom walked me out to my car.

"So I'll see you Sunday?" I stated.

"Yep, thank you for doing this. It means so much to me," Mom admitted as she kissed me on the cheek. Was her kiss closer to my lips than usual? Did I usually feel her breast against me when we hugged? "Oh and your father said he'll drive us."

"Oh great," I remarked as I entered the car. "Remember to bring a change of clothes. These things get messy!"

She laughed as she waved me away and as I drove back to my apartment I repeated the words to myself. "These thing get messy." Yeah, I thought. Fantasising about your mother could get messy. For everyone involved.

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Two nights later and I still had her image in my head whenever I closed my eyes. Saturday night, in an effort to rid myself of this new found incestuous fascination, I crossed the line and accepted the advances of a client. It was a rule of mine not to mix business with pleasure and I promised myself it would only be this one time. Dixie Chester was a wealthy middle aged socialite I'd just taken on. Her ass was wide, her breasts pendulous. From behind, with her auburn colored hair she could have been my mother. Was it the reason I surrendered to her advances? When I had her lie on my bed face down and masturbate while I watched from behind, I had no doubt.

I should never have done it. The dalliance didn't sate my desire, it merely fed it. Come Sunday morning I was more eager than ever to see my mother, to spend time with her, to find out what she'd be wearing. I jacked off to relieve the tension and it was her standing naked in the window I envisioned as I came. I now had no doubt, I was obsessed.

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"So, you ready for this?" I smiled down at her, her small hand still in mine as it had been for the last fifteen minutes. A sign of our affection but also a means for us not to become separated in the throng of lycra clad participants. Not unexpectedly, I'd spent most of the time acknowledging those I knew, many envious looks directed towards my mother before introducing her as such. Mom herself was dressed to my approval. I'd hoped she'd be in lycra, instead wearing white running shorts which hugged her ass well and featured splits up the outer side of the leg. A pink tank top in support of her chosen charity completed

her ensemble and I was delighted to see her nipples standing to attention in the morning air. Overall nothing to disappoint.

The gun sounded the beginning of the event and before she could answer my question, the crowd around us were taking off. We began at a more leisurely jog as others activated their sports watches and raced towards the first of the obstacles. Knowing Mom would never keep up with my pace, I matched her speed and soon the majority of the field were ahead of us. The first obstacle was a tire run and it was when the hysterics began. Countless times my mother misstepped, falling backwards, forwards all to the accompaniment of fits of laughter. Her joy was infectious and as I held an arm around her waist to steady her progression I couldn't recall ever having this much fun with her.

We found ourselves amongst other couples in the race for the same reasons. Not to compete or set the fastest time but to enjoy ourselves; spend time with our loved ones and raise money for charities in the process. Another short running section and we hit a cargo net. Horizontal; we had to crawl across the top. Harder than it looks and great for the core, I was impressed as Mom made it most of the way without falling, only losing her footing, her legs dropping down between the ropes just before the end. I jumped off and ducked beneath to boost her up from below, grabbing her sneakers and lifting, I took a moment to admire the way the rope pressed into her crotch, pushing her pussy mound outwards. I thought of the pillow between her legs and felt a stirring in my own loins.

Between bouts of laughter she made it off the cargo net and I made sure she was fit to go on. Both of us sweaty now the sun was higher in the

sky, I noticed a trickle run from her neck into her cleavage. I felt the desire to drop my face to her breast and lick it up, to kiss my way up to her mouth and show her how I was feeling. To declare my love. Of course I suppressed my impulse. I was being an idiot. I'd need several more sessions with Dixie Chester to get this out of my system I determined.

Staff were on hand to provide well needed encouragement and refreshment and Mom passed me the water bottle she had just drunk from without a thought. In my delusional incestuous mind I wondered if it was a sign or even a test. Either way I was eager to drink from where her lips had pressed and as I did so she pushed me back and ran on ahead giggling like a schoolgirl. I watched her ass sway as she ran then took off behind her, catching her in no time and smacking her playfully on the buttock as I overtook. She squealed excitedly and tried to keep up and after a moment I jogged backwards to allow it to happen. That, and to stare at her bouncing breasts as she closed the gap on the uneven terrain.

We hit the first of the mud obstacles and it was another cargo net. This occasion the idea was to go under and there was no way not to get wet. It was easiest enough at the beginning, crawling on all fours with the net above us, but as we hit the middle the mud seemed to become deeper until finally we had to lie on our backs and pull our bodies along to make progress. The mud was warm in the morning sun and wasn't unpleasant. I didn't have a problem with it but Mom lacked the strength in her arms to effectively make it herself so being the gentleman I was, I was there to help her out. Our bodies by this stage were completely covered in mud and Mom was using up more energy laughing than exercising.

It was then I was thankful she wasn't wearing lycra. As I helped pull her along, her shorts filled with mud and began to slide down over her hips. This had her in hysterics and releasing her hold on the rope in an attempt to pull them up had her falling backwards into the pool entirely. Before her body went under I saw the top of her pubic hair and it took me back to her image in the window.

I reached for her immediately and with my help she rose up above the surface spluttering and wiping the mud from her face before resuming her laughter. Pulling her and myself along we made it towards the edge of the net with Mom turning at the last moment to climb along my body. For a moment I was unsure of her motives, so sexual was the action. Her breasts pressed to my thighs and slid across my groin up onto my stomach. With her hands on my chest her own crotch pushed against mine momentarily to follow the course of her boobs and only then did I see her motive. Once again she gained her own minor victory by rising up and finishing the obstacle before me. Raising her arms in the air as I joined her from underneath the rope cargo net. "I win!" She joyously proclaimed and as I gazed upon her muddy water logged clothing, the darkness of her pubic hair visible through her shorts, her nipples hard behind the stained tank top, it was me who felt the winner.

Mom was wrong however, it wasn't the end of the obstacle. The cruel designer of the course had installed a ramp of which the base sat in the mud at the end of the pit. The rest of the competitors having long departed, others far behind, we were left alone to conquer this new challenge. We stood together completely lathered in sludge as we regained some energy. After wiping mud from each other's face we tackled the ramp together. More like a slide, it would have been difficult but not impossible to mount earlier before it was covered in mud. Now it was an exercise in futility. We tried climbing together,

getting half way before sliding back down into the mud. I went up alone and lay down gripping the rim as Mom tried to use my legs to climb up. Again her arms weren't strong enough and we gave up this approach.

Finally I suggested she climb first and I would push her up from below. This worked fine with her body up above me until I lost my grip on her sneakers and she began to slide slowly back down. In an attempt to stop her my hands slid up onto her calves, followed by the backs of her knees. The mud coating her legs and my hands lubricated her descent and as my fingers pressed the backs of her thighs she still slid towards me. I probably should have let her go then but I was looking up between her legs and was again mesmerised by the sight. As her ass descended my hands slid up under her shorts legs and one hand cupped an ass cheek. The other, my right, was more fortunate. With my hand flat against her leg my fingers kneaded her buttock but my thumb slid between her cheeks. Without intention on my behalf my thumb eased inside what I immediately knew from its position, was her asshole.

So easily it entered her body, the nail, the first knuckle. I instinctively of course tried to withdraw it but as her body weight descended, it just went further in until my thumb was fully inserted to the webbing up her ass. It seemed to be in there forever, her sphincter squeezing around me, so warm inside. In reality only a second, and as we fell back together it dislodged and Mom ended up on top of me back down in the mud. She looked over her shoulder at me for a moment before we both broke out in convulsions. What could have been an extremely uncomfortable moment made wonderful. I lay back laughing and enjoyed the feeling of Mom's body between my legs, her back to my swelling cock.

Still laughing she turned between my thighs, making no mention of the fact her tits rested upon my semi erect penis. With her hands placed on my stomach she looked me in the eyes. "I think that's something else we'd better not tell your father!" She grinned and I acknowledged, we now had two secrets.

"You can go around you know!" An attendant shouted at us from the edge of the obstacle as other couples began to attempt the challenge. If we hadn't been interrupted would something have happened, I wondered? Again I wanted to slap my face. She's your mother Kyle. She doesn't want to fuck you. And a part of me conceded it. She'd done nothing to encourage me. We were having fun together. A mother and son. Not a couple. None of her actions even hinted incest.

That is, until they did.

We completed a few more dry obstacles before hitting a rope swing, again across a mud pit. Swinging across first I threw the rope back and Mom attempted the crossing. Her legs wrapped tight around the rope, she released too early and went splashing into the mud. I entered and pulled her out, her shorts finally giving up and falling half way down her legs. I couldn't help but stare at her damp pubic hair, her muddy, wet thighs glistening in the sunlight. She was slow to raise them and looked me in the eye as she did so, I thought it seemed, almost enjoying my eyes on her nudity.

Without another word about it we walked the rest of the course and crossed the finish line hand in hand. Outdoor showers had been set up

and fully clothed we joined others beneath the cool water. As Mom rinsed the mud from her hair and the color came back to her pink tank top she turned to me beside her. "Our first shower together!" She joked. Her shorts were transparent. The dark of her pubic hair so clearly visible. My lycra compression tights did nothing to hide the outline of my penis. The cold water the only thing preventing me from obtaining a full erection. I took off my tank top and wrung it out beneath the flow of water and Mom watched every movement.

"I love your muscles Kyle," she confessed. She'd never commented on my body before. Well maybe when I was a teenager and began working out. Back then it was primarily jokes about 'not taking steroids' and 'girls like brains too.' She blushed noticeably as she raised a hand to my chest and touched my pecs. "My god you're like concrete!" She chuckled as her hand slid down to my abs. I clenched them as she ran her fingers across my eight pack. "Now I know why they call them washboard," she laughed but as her eyes climbed back to mine I saw an intensity grow in her, in me.

I was going to pull her to me. Screw who was looking. My clients, paps. Fuck it, I wanted to kiss her and right then and there I had no doubt she wanted it too. Imperceptibly slowly her hand began to lower.

"Jesus look at you two!" Dad's voice broke into our moment together. Mom's hand immediately withdrew from my stomach and we turned as one. "Thank goodness you've got a change of clothes. You wouldn't be getting into my car like that I can tell you!"

"Honey," Mom shrieked and quickly abandoned me in the showers, running to my father. "Oh we've had so much fun." I watched as she

threw her arms around him and kissed his mouth. The public display of affection sickening me and even taking my father by surprise. For a moment I hated her but then I hated myself for even thinking it. What was she to do? She'd just been discovered in an almost compromising position with her own son, in public no less. I forgave her immediately and joined them. "Didn't we Kyle?" She asked.

I smiled and nodded my affirmation. "Yeah, it was great. You'll have to do it next time Dad," I added, knowing full well his response.

"Oh yeah I'd love to. It's just my ba..."

"Your back!" Mom and I said in tandem and shared the joke.

"My back. Yes." Dad concluded furrowing his brow at the two of us.

Mom extracted herself from my father and in front of him took my hand. "Really Kyle. I had such a good time." It was then I became aware of the hand she was holding. The hand that had touched her bottom. And more to the point the way she held it. Her fingers around the thumb that had entered her ass. "I hope we can do it again." I felt her squeeze my thumb even further. "Would you like to do it again?"

I almost choked on my words as I dared consider her possible double entendre. "Um, I'd love to," I offered. "If that's what you want." My answer I thought was enough for her to read between the lines. It dawned on me that we were both in the same position. She had to be

sure I was in the same boat, so to speak. As I'd told myself before, incest could get messy.

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The rain began Sunday evening and continued through the night. I cancelled all of my Monday appointments when I woke the next day, citing the weather. I hadn't had a chance to talk to Mom alone since the showers but I'd informed them both I would be around as soon as possible to finish the garden. Knowing Dad would be at work I hoped Mom would be home and as I pulled into their drive I was relieved to see her car parked in the garage. I strode into the back yard hoping for a repeat of the show I'd been witness to previous. Sadly her drapes were fully open and no sign of her inside. Collecting the tools from the shed, the sun breaking out and the air stiflingly muggy I lined up the rose bushes in their respective positions and surveyed the now sodden, muddy ground.

The holes I'd widened from the previous plants were half full with water. The turned earth around them, as muddy as the obstacle course. As if my thoughts had conjured her, Mom rounded the corner of the house. "Hey Kyle, I thought I heard your car."

She was dressed in what looked to be her night clothes. A white tank top and matching long pyjama bottoms. Her feet were bare on the soggy grass and I guessed she was yet to shower. She was beautiful. Why did it take me seeing her naked to convince me of that? I knew we'd have to tip toe around the situation between us. Nothing good is ever easy. "Yeah, I cancelled my clients because of the weather. Thought I'd come and finish what I started."

Mom looked at the muddy ground around my feet. "It's not too wet?" She remarked.

I looked back at her. "It's better when it's wet isn't it?" I felt like slapping myself at the corny line but it seemed to work, Mom's mouth smirking. She moved closer to the holes I'd dug and ran a toe across the muddy ground.

"Careful you don't slip," I warned her and as I reached down for the shovel my own heel slid on the mud, my foot dropping down into the hole and my ass landing down in the dirt with a splat.

Mom raised a hand to her mouth half out of shock and to cover her scream as she burst out laughing. My hands dug into the muddy soil to steady myself and I too began to share in her revelry.

"Oh Honey, are you okay?" She offered, delighting in my predicament.

I looked down at my muddy jeans and up at her laughing, her white pyjamas pristine in comparison. "I don't know why you're laughing, you're just as dirty!" I stated.

Mom looked down at herself as if maybe she hadn't noticed something and I threw a handful of wet soil in her direction. She jumped back but not in time to avoid flecks appearing on her pants. "Oh you!" She laughed before dropping onto her haunches. Her legs spread before me, her crotch pressed tightly to her pyjama bottoms. I watched as she

dropped a hand down into the hole and scoop out a handful of the wettest mud.

"Mom, I wouldn't." I warned her as the smile spread on her face. "I'm telling you. Don't start something you can't finish!"

Ignoring the threat she made the mud pie in her palm and seemingly happy with its consistency she stood back up. The smile now broad on her face she moved a little closer and raised her arm.

"Last chance," I feebly warned her and then it hit me. My t-shirt taking the brunt of the blow, my neck and arms splattered.

She seemed so happy with herself and I'd never seen her look so gorgeous. "Right," I stated. I was quick. Too quick for her to do little more than turn in her attempt to get away. My hand reached out and grabbed hold of the back of her pants as she screamed in delight and shock. Dragging her back toward me I inadvertently pulled her pyjama bottoms and underwear half way down her buttocks. My other hand had scooped up a large amount of mud and quick as ever I slapped it against the skin of her exposed rear, releasing her in the process.

She turned to face me but did nothing to pull up her pants, the top of her pubic hair exposed. Her face was red from laughing. "Oh you are in so much trouble young man," she threatened, stalking me as I slinked backwards further into the mud behind me.

"Mom, whatever you're thinking. Don't!" I again mockingly warned but it went unheeded. She pounced upon me, her pants pulling back up somewhat in the action and landed straddling my stomach. Her hands either side of me delved into the soil and came up muddy. Feebly I attempted to protect myself but allowed her to slap the mud against my chest and face. "Oh. It's war!" I declared.

Scooping up mud I slapped a handful into her own face and smeared, followed up by repeating my initial attack and diving a hand down the rear of her pants. This time I allowed my hand to linger, rubbing the mud across her cheeks and tentatively pressing into her crack. We continued to laugh but it was laboured as our breathing became more pronounced. I swore I could hear my heartbeat (or was it hers?) as I again gained handfuls of mud. I'll do it, I thought. Throw caution to the wind.

With her hands in the process of gathering mud for her own attack I placed my palms directly onto my mother's breasts. I left them there as I followed her eyes. First looking down at her own breasts in shock, my hands upon them. Along my arms to my face to see the intent in my own eyes, the desire. An eternity seemed to pass. The laughter had stopped. I may not have been able to hear her heartbeat but I could feel it, passing through my right hand, syncing with my own. The corner of her mouth turned up and her eyelids narrowed. Ever so slightly she moved her body forward and I felt one hand loosen my pants before the other, laden with mud, pressed down onto my semi erect penis.

As I'd done with her breasts, she left her hand upon me. Waiting for a reaction perhaps. And she needn't wait long. The feeling of her muddy hand on my cock was indescribable. I swelled against her palm and her

fingers enclosed me. In turn I squeezed her breasts, finding the nipples and working them between my thumb and index fingers. Her mouth fell open as I pinched and she slowly worked her fist back and forth along my growing erection.

I sat myself up and she slid down into my lap, her hand not leaving my cock as fully erect it pressed against her rear. Our faces drew near and I felt the heat of her breath. My lips to hers and then touching, not kissing. Still she held me as I attempted to raise her top, finally realizing she needed to let go of my penis to be unclothed but reaching back for it immediately as if being separated from it would end this reality. Her breasts were now mine, to feast my eyes upon for only the second time in my adulthood. Her hand continued to stroke me. Tighter she squeezed and faster she pulled as I wrapped my arms around her back to draw her into me, her breasts against my chest. Again our mouths touched and I whispered into hers. "Are you sure?"

Her response was to kiss me. To kiss me like I'd never been kissed. The wanton lascivious kiss of a mother for her son. Her tongue danced with mine. I could taste earth but cared not. Her hand furiously stroked my cock against her butt and I took a breast in my own and squeezed as I came upon her back, biting down on her tongue, sucking it into my mouth as jet after jet of spunk sprayed her spine, splashed my own arm. If I'd had a better hand-job I couldn't recall it. If I loved anyone on Earth more than her, I hadn't met them. Her tongue slipped from my mouth despite my attempt to prevent it, not wanting to end our kiss. "Let's go inside," she whispered.

* * * * *

I stood naked in the shower behind my mother as she adjusted the temperature of the flow. My mud slathered cock stood erect against her comparably smeared ass. I wondered if I'd ever be soft again in her presence, so turned on was I. Satisfied with the water and with my hands on her hips she turned to face me, smiling before playfully spitting a mouthful of water into my face.

"Oh you just don't quit do you?" I laughed, pulling her to me, the water cascading and the mud washing away as mother and son we held each other. Her belly so soft against my hard-on, her breasts, cushions against my chest.

"How are we here?" I whispered into her neck as I kissed below her ear.

"It's nature Honey," she sighed as my kisses descended, crossing her chest to take a nipple in my mouth. "Every mother dreams of making love to her son." I placed a hand between her thick thighs and cupped her pube covered pussy. "Mmmm...but so few ever do.." She whispered.

A hand was placed on my shoulder and pressure applied. I had no doubt the intention of her subtle hint and I kissed my way between her breasts, down her stomach and buried my mouth in her mass of wet pubic hair.

My tongue caressing her labia, back and forth along her folds as she raised a leg up over my shoulder and pulled my face into her vagina. Inside, my tongue ventured. Deep into my mother's welcoming entrance. Dining out on her sweet strong flavour. The taste of mommy

cunt, seasoned with the piquance of incest. With water streaming down my face I found her clitoris and this pleased her; her groin grinding into my chin and lips as I attempted to suck and nibble her tiniest of buttons, her moaning increasing until finally she shuddered, her pussy twitching against my mouth.

Grabbing my hair and pulling my head back from her crotch she looked down upon me. "Oh Baby, come and kiss Mommy."

Standing and taking her tongue into my mouth, my erection sat snugly between her thighs. Her hands ran up and down my arms until stopping on my biceps. "Flex for me Kyle," she whispered.

I pulled back smiling and did as commanded, posing for my mother as she looked on approvingly. "You're chiseled Baby," she purred.

"You made me Mom!" I proclaimed, taking her hand and pressing it onto my bicep. Her small fingers followed the contours of my arm up onto my shoulder and joined by the other hand caressed my pecs.

"Mmm..this is what I love," she hummed as her hands ran down my abs, my hairless navel and pubic bone, to encircle my engorged cock. Not teasing; prolonging, she removed her hands and took up soap, turning me and lathering my body. My back; my glutes; my thighs; massaged by the small loving hands of the woman who raised me, who bathed me as a child. With my hands against the wall of the shower, I looked down at my cock. Had I ever been as hard? I wondered. I turned to face her and she lathered my chest and arms before dropping to her

knees. The soap abandoned she took hold of my dick. "And now this.." She smiled up to me.

Her tongue licked from my hairless balls to the tip of my erection. Kissing the head, tasting the pre-cum before allowing my organ to enter her mouth. Her lips enclosed around me, her cheeks sucked in and her hand masturbating my length. The sight was too much, the feeling too pleasurable. Fighting off orgasm I pulled from her to her shock, dismay even. Explaining myself, I pulled her up to her feet. "Mom." I declared. "I have to fuck you. Right now!"

Her face lit up. Her wicked smile returning as I lifted her from her feet. Pressing her to the wall, my cock found her opening without aid and entered. We breathed out as one. Pleasure, relief, happiness we were finally connected as mother and son should be. Joined at the crotch, my dick deep inside her, her breasts sandwiched between us, my hands cupping her ass. "Cum in me Kyle!"

My feet spread for balance, her thighs over my biceps, I rammed into her. The slapping of my groin into hers, louder than the shower. Mom's arms wrapped tightly around my shoulders, we stared into each others eyes. "Cum in me Kyle," she repeated. "Fill my pussy Baby. Fill Mommy's pussy with cum!"

I moved my mouth to hers and she drew my tongue into her, biting into me as her pussy squeezed around my cock. I increased my thrusts and felt my orgasm approach. Surging from my balls along the shaft to burst forth into my mother. She grasped the back of my head and pulled it alongside hers, whispering into my neck. "Oh God, I can feel it. Good boy," she purred. I continued thrusting, slowing with each

surge of cum. "Good boy," she repeated, the last of my cum flowing from me. I allowed her legs to drop from my arms and I lowered her to the shower floor. My erection sliding from her in the process. Her hand went between her legs and cupped her pussy, collecting the excess to smear across her pubes.

I joined her hand with mine and washed my semen from her, my fingers again delving into her thatch. "I love this," I admitted, combing her dripping pubic hair. "From the first moment I saw it."

She rolled her eyes and looked bashful, recalling the window incident.

"Oh my God. I was so embarrassed."

I slid a finger along the length of her pussy. "You shouldn't have been. You looked beautiful. And before then.."

She pulled back from me slightly, looking into my eyes. "What?"

"I saw you Mom. Through the window. On the bed."

She raised a hand to her open mouth. "You didn't!"

Nodding, I pulled her body again into mine. "It was the hottest thing I've ever seen. I wanted you from that moment."

Her bashful look was replaced with a sexual confidence. Her cheeky smile returning. "I love you so much," she stated.

Wrapping my arms around her I cupped an ample ass cheek and kissed her mouth. "And I love you Mom."

* * * * *

Sitting in my car, my jeans were hidden from Dad's view as he stood beside my mother. "So it was too wet to plant the roses?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'll be coming by tomorrow though. Might have time to do it then," I replied.

"Oh! Dropping by again; what for, if not the garden?"

Mom was quick to answer. "Kyle's going to be my personal trainer!"

Dad looked surprised. "What? I thought you only did the stars."

I smiled at Mom. "There's only one star as far as I'm concerned." We shared a knowing glance and I turned my attention back to Dad. "You're welcome to work out with us as well Dad," I added, knowing all too well his coming response.

"Oh well yeah I'd like to it's just my ba.."

"Your back!" Mom and I chorused, laughing.

"Tomorrow? I hope you're ready to sweat," I said to Mom.

She smiled in the way I was becoming familiar, mischievous and sexy all in one. "I'll be ready. And don't worry about the sweat, I like it messy!"

As I drove away, I adjusted the erection in my dirty jeans. "God," I asked myself a second time. "Will I ever be soft around her again?"

THE END