

THE BALL GAME

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A crowded bus ride home leads to Mother & Son bonding.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

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"What? Like...today?" I flicked a bit of eraser and sent it careening off into the corner of my dorm room. It landed somewhere in the shadows between my mini-fridge and my gym bag, briefly illuminated by the rays of light that illuminated my small cell before vanishing into the void.

"Yes, today!" My Mom's familiar chirp always shone through when she was trying to get her way. "I'd really like it if you came. It's in a few hours, actually. Is that alright?"

I pretended to thumb through my nonexistent calendar for a second before inevitably replying. "Uh-huh, yeah, that works for me."

"Really?" Mom's voice perked up even more. "Oh, thank you, honey! You know how I hate waste, and throwing these tickets in the trash would have been the spoiled cherry on my woefully melted sundae."

I chuckled, entertained by my Mother's imaginative comparison. Not wanting to be that spoiled cherry, I was happy to oblige her request.

My Dad's birthday was a week ago, and Mom had bought them two tickets to watch his favorite team play the Yankees; a game that my Father ensured me would be a real treat. He had recently broken his leg after he fell off a ladder while fixing the gutters and was forced to miss the game, but the tickets were non-refundable so Mom's attendance was set in stone. Mom promised Dad that we would record as much as we could, but he said that would basically be like watching it on an even smaller television than he usually did.

Though I wasn't much of a baseball fan, I recognized that Mom would have been somewhat crushed to abandon the chance at a fun afternoon out so I wanted to be the one to brighten her spirits.

It had been weeks since I had seen my Mother and, though we occasionally talked on the phone, I was looking forward to the chance to have fun like we used to when I was younger. My Mom was always the goofiest parent at the PTA meetings and though some of that chaotic energy had spread to me, I had recently been feeling the burden of my undergrad longing to drag me down into an endless abyss. A day out was as necessary for my mental health as it was for the cabin fever she contracted from spending all day tending to my Father.

No, he didn't need the endless help she provided, but Mom was always keen to play nurse when one of her boys was sick or injured. Her tendency to "over-mother" was something not lost on me or Dad, but we loved that about her.

Mom quit working a couple of years ago, thanks to the large pension provided by my Father who was nearly ten years her senior. Her early retirement meant that the two of them had been spending more and more time with each other. Though they were still very much in love with one another, her brand of independence can disappear after so many years with one person. Giving up

work to live on my Father's -- admittedly enormous -- pension had given a blow to that independence, so any reason for an adventure was one she would gladly take.

While I knew she was enjoying the freedom to garden at her leisure, I was sure there was an even greater desire to get out in the world and connect with people. My Mother was a social butterfly and, being that I felt sequestered to my cocoon most days, I was thrilled to be getting out of the house for something other than a casual beer with my friends.

Mom continued to excitedly plan our outing while I looked through my laundry for anything salvageable. I didn't usually go out on laundry day, but I knew "I have no clean clothes" was not an excuse she would accept. My choices were sparse; a pair of menacingly thick sweatpants (a quick glance at the pavement melting in the heat outside told me to keep searching) or the baggy cargo shorts I had sworn to burn in a barrel next time I saw one alight. I seriously considered my options, and concluded that a fashion faux pas would suit me better than a fatal heatstroke. Cargo shorts, here I come.

"Does that work for you, Muffin?" The mention of my childhood nickname snapped me to attention.

"Does that...does that work for me?" I repeated, hoping to buy some time without revealing I was busy rifling through my dirty laundry for something salvageable. "Uh, yes! Yes, of course it does."

Without finding so much as a pair of semi-clean boxers in my dresser, I was forced to accept defeat. Going commando, here I come.

Mom giggled excitedly. "Oh thank you, baby, I'll see you in about forty minutes."

Mom said something about finally being able to wear a new "flowery sundress" she was excited about before she hung up. If I hadn't dropped the phone while trying to tighten a belt around my horrifically ill-fitting shorts I might've heard her, but I don't focus well in a rush.

Thirty-nine minutes later my phone buzzed with Mom's signature ringtone. I was going to the bathroom to avoid using the dreaded communal nightmare known as "the public urinal", so I had to rush to grab my phone before I missed the last ring. I would have missed it if not for my incredible reflexes. Well, perhaps not so much "incredible reflexes". A more accurate phrase is "my disastrously impulsive rush, resulting in a zipper jammed beyond repair".

"Shit!" I vocalized my frustration, gripping the zipper and yanking it upwards with all my might as I answered the phone.

With a sudden release of tension the small piece of metal snapped off in my hand. I stared at the black rectangle and clicked my tongue with disapproval before tossing it into the trash bin. My fly was left irreparably agape, so I knew I would have to keep that in mind if I wanted to avoid embarrassing myself in public. "Piece of junk, you are."

"I'm sorry, I must have misheard you." Mom's voice lost its typical chipper. "I'm a what?"

My stomach sank. "No! Oh my god, no. I'm sorry, Mom. I broke my damn zipper and-."

"Dang." She corrected me.

"Oh, right, I broke my damn dang and now my shorts-."

"Evan!" She hollered. "I know you think you're being funny, but that kind of language is simply unacceptable!"

Beat.

We both burst out in a fit of laughter, neither one of us winning the game of chicken she thrust us into.

"Almost had me, Mom." I lied. Half my mind was running the numbers on how likely I would be to keep my dick in my pants without a proper zipper, but nothing came to mind.

"Damn right, I did! Now, get your ass down in this car before you have to bring my remains home in a soup bowl." I could hear the A/C blasting in the background, so I knew she wasn't kidding about the heat.

Is it really that hot outside? I groaned to myself, stifling any hope of survival if I opted for sweatpants instead of my newly zipperless shorts. I begrudgingly tightened a belt around my waist and folded the front flap so it stayed closed; the single line of defence stopping my dick from flopping out the front.

Just relax, nobody is even gonna notice it. Who needs boxers, anyway? They're totally overrated, just sit still and don't shuffle around too much so you don't blah, blah, blah...

This kind of internal assurance ran laps through my head until I stepped outside into the familiar warmth of summertime air, at which point I was too distracted by Mom's outfit to keep any other thoughts in my head.

My Mother was adorned in a bright white sundress dotted with vibrant yellow flowers that stopped just above her knees. The hem around the bottom sported a subtle, delicate frill of lace that was nearly thin enough to overlook, with a thin, brown braided belt stretching across her tummy that held the whole thing together. Her arms were slightly pudgy, legs sturdy but not chubby, and her cream coloured skin reflected the light in such a way that the word "angelic" would be an understatement. When compared to most women her age -- hell, even half her age -- she was immaculately put together.

Her shoulder-length strawberry blonde hair, as naturally vibrant as you could imagine, sat loosely from her face and blew freely in the crisp breeze. She had been rocking the same matronly haircut since I was a kid, but it framed her beauty in such a pronounced way that I would consider it a crime against nature if she were to style it differently. Sure, maybe I was biased, but she looked great and she knew it.

"Wow, Mom. You look fantastic!" I tried in vain to swallow a mouthful of sand. I didn't remember Mom as such a captivating woman, but with the sun lighting her from behind and peeking through her golden locks I found that I could not take my eyes off of her. "Does Dad know you left the house like that?"

Mom gave a sarcastic curtsy before she rolled her eyes to the heavens. "He knows that he has a cooler full of beer at his feet and the game on his TV. Do you really think he noticed what I was wearing when I left?"

"I didn't think the game had started yet? Are we late?" I pulled my phone out to check the time.

Mom rolled her eyes. "No, the other game. Whether it's from last week, or even this decade, I simply do not know. All I know is that he was watching baseball when I left, and he'll be watching it when I get back -- though the beer will be long gone."

Yeah, that sounded like Dad.

Mom and I caught up on the way to the game, stopping for coffee to enhance the speed at which we could soar through conversation topics. By the time we reached the bus terminal we were knee deep in a tale of Mom's sleepless night spent waiting for me to get home from my friend's house, and the ensuing scene she caused when she mistook me for a burglar sneaking in through the garage.

The longer we talked the more I felt like I was shedding layer after layer of residual anxiety. My Mother was such a tremendous comfort to me, and had been for so much of my life, that I felt suspended between reality and escapism just by spending an hour with her. So much of the stress and woe that plagued me, overlapping like layers of graffiti, were being scrubbed away to expose the person I remembered before I succumbed to the pressure of my studies.

As our conversation went on, I only felt closer to her. That's meant metaphorically, but for Mom it was quite literal. Every laugh was an opportunity for her to squeeze my forearm, every moment of sincerity accented by her head on my shoulder. For her, listening to me talk was an excuse to gaze into my eyes so lovingly that I couldn't help but lose my train of thought. I chalked it up to nostalgia, and having not seen me for such a long time, so I wasn't surprised that she was so affectionate. I never remembered seeing this side of her so strongly, as she pulled back on how dotting she was after I hit puberty, but I was hooked on it. It felt like being on a first date with someone whom you click with such rapid intensity that it feels like you've known them for years.

I was so distracted by her that when Mom pulled up to a bus station, I had some serious questions. I had even more of them when she pulled the car around and parked in the underground garage.

"Uh, Mom?" I jerked my head around like I was trying to spot a surprise party hidden behind a nearby cement pillar. "Do they play baseball here? This place looks kinda...I dunno, like a parking lot?"

She chortled sarcastically "Ha ha, Muffin, how very astute of you. We are going to the stadium, but your Father said this is how he always did it when he went to games."

"Why would he park in a lot that's nowhere near the actual game?" I arched an eyebrow.

"He said, and I quote," She puffed up her chest and spoke in a lower, husky register with her brow tensely furrowed. "Kitty, you gotta take the bus, cuz the stadium is gonna be a nightmare when everybody rushes home. I've seen those busses packed so darn tight it makes sardines look lonely, but it's still better than fighting the traffic!"

"Well, that sucks, but in other news you're apparently crushing your impersonation of Dad." I finished off the last dribble of my coffee. "Do you think it's possible that, after getting pretty shitfaced at a game, Dad might not be left with the option of driving home? Are you sure you wanna take the bus?"

Mom pondered this for a second before throwing her hands up in defeat. "You might be right. He did say it was "part of the experience", though. Either way, we're here now so there's no time to

think about just what kind of experience he meant. Driving down there now would be an awful waste of gas, so let's just make the most of it?"

Now that sounded like a reason she would truly insist upon; my Mom was nothing if not frugal, so I knew I would be buying all the drinks and snacks today.

The idea of public transit wasn't my favourite. I'm not a fan of enclosed spaces and once you add in strangers it just gets even messier. "You'd better have several games of twenty questions loaded up, otherwise I'm gonna get cagey."

"Fine, I'm thinking of everything I can to tantalize those juicy brain cells." Mom searched through her purse one last time to make sure we had the tickets, and raised them to the sky in a clenched fist once she found them. "Ready to go, Muffin?"

I thought I was, but no. I was anything but ready for what happened next.

"Mom, the flash is on." I leaned in and tapped the lightning bolt icon.

She sported a huge, cheesy grin before quickly hiding her phone. "Do you think 57 saw?"

I looked down at the pitcher who, from our seats, looked like a small, white weed amid a field of brilliantly manicured green grass. "I think he's got enough going on, you're probably safe."

She breathed a sigh of relief.

"What would Dad say if he knew you were fawning over the enemy, hmm?" I teased.

"Ah, the King of Envy, as he's known?" I saw nothing but white as Mom rolled her eyes to the back of her skull. "He'll be fine, he's a big boy."

As the first inning came to a close I felt my stomach trying to stage a war against hunger, and it was gaining ground. I asked Mom if she wanted anything from the concession stand and she paused to think.

"You know what?" She beamed with self-satisfaction.

"I couldn't possibly."

"I think I want a hot dog, it's that weird?" She scrunched her nose into an adorable pout.

"I think you might get some strange looks, but why not break the mold and- wait, nevermind, that guy has a hot dog." I dialed the sarcasm up to eleven. "If you wanna join the 'Cult of Dogs Hot' you could probably ask him."

Mom stuck a twenty dollar bill in my face. "Will this buy your silence, funny man?"

"Whatever you give me is coming right back to you, Mom." I took the bill from her out of her left hand and passed it back to her right hand. This was a game I knew she would play, and though her offer to buy the treats was appreciated it was empty at its core. She just wanted to see if I would let her pay, and I wasn't going to fall into her trap. "Let me pay, it's the least I can do."

More self-satisfaction spread across her face as she relished the presence of my undying chivalry. "How noble of you, Muffin. Let's make it two hot dogs, then?"

I tilted my head as if to question her spending habits on ballpark meat, but she insisted: "One for each of us, you goofball."

Fully prepared to play the hot dog delivery hero, I raced off towards the concession stand.

The line wasn't as long as I had expected: maybe I beat the rush? I wasn't allowed to be alone with my thoughts for long before I felt a tap on my shoulder. Wondering why she would have left her seat, I turned around expecting to see Mom standing there. Instead, there was a guy roughly my age standing with a dumbstruck look across his face.

"Dude," He spoke slow, as though he wasn't sure if I spoke English. "How did you get that fucken smokeshow to come to the game witcha, bud?"

My brain ran an analysis and came up short: who the hell was he talking about?

"I think you have the wrong guy, buddy." I spoke firmly and began to turn around in the hopes of cutting the conversation short.

He waved his hand back and forth as if to fan the remains of my answer out of the air, then grabbed my shoulder. "No, dude, I have the rightest guy there is."

Before I could ask what the fuck he was talking about, he gestured back towards the stadium.

"That fucken blonde hottie that's sitting next to you in there!" He was practically jumping up and down, like he had wrapped the present for me and was bursting with excitement watching me open it. "She's with you, no?"

"Well, yes, but also... no?" We shared an expression of equal bewilderment.

"Oh, damn, I see you." He hastily scanned the room to see if anyone was listening to us, as if we could discern anything besides each other amid the sea of shouting parents and crying children. "So she's like...a hooker or something?"

Irrational anger replaced the blood flowing through my veins. "Excuse me? Who in their right mind would bring a prostitute to an afternoon baseball game?" I now turned to face him and shook his arm off my shoulder. "That's my Mom, you dickhead."

"Oh, no I just, like -- I mean I didn't -- aw, fuck...I'm sorry, man." His eyes relayed an apology that his mouth was stammering to convey. "I didn't mean it like that, she's just a lil' older than you and she's got that nice dress on, so I was like-."

"I get it," I snarled. "Thanks, man."

My new friend seemed to no longer be concerned with offending me now that he had been snapped at. "Whatever, bro, I'm just sayin' that your mom is wicked hot. Shit, she's lucky she's not my mom, you know?"

Disgust gurgled in the pit of my stomach worse than the hunger, and I knew I couldn't resist the urge to taunt this guy. I intentionally raised my voice louder than necessary for conversation of this nature. "So, if she was your mother, you'd just... What? Fuck the shit out of her?"

Again, he scanned the bystanders in a panic to see if he was about to be made a spectacle. I thought I had dissuaded him from pestering me further, but he seemed encouraged to continue.

"No, bro, listen," He moved in close and wrapped his arm, clad unapologetically in dried paint, around my shoulder. "I'm just saying that if you gotta do you, you gotta do you, you know? A woman is a woman, end of the day."

Never in my life had I witnessed a human being speak so confidently about such utter bullshit.

"You're a bit off-kilter, aren't you?" I scrunched my nose as if the sheer odour of his character repulsed me.

He half-shrugged and rolled his eyes. "Maybe, but I think the real psycho is the guy who doesn't tear into a beautiful woman like that when he gets the chance."

By the mercy of every deity that humanity has ever worshipped, it was finally my turn to order. I paid and said goodbye to my wisdom laden life coach and tried to rid my head of his words.

The only problem? I couldn't stop hearing them.

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I sounded like a broken record, saying the words "excuse me/sorry/pardon me" so many times that they lost all meaning. After my trek across many a nacho-covered lap, I plopped back down beside Mom with a huff.

She scanned me up and down in search of something. "Beers?"

Oh...oops. "I meant, you didn't ask for them." I winced, hoping she would accept the non-apology.

"Evan, it's a baseball game, I shouldn't have to ask." She put on the most dramatically sad face she could muster. "This better be the best hot dog I've ever had."

Shockingly, it wasn't, so I was back up to buy the forgotten beers by the end of the next inning.

The heat was staggering, but Mom and I were having such a good time that we hardly felt it. Every laugh felt like it shook my entire body, loosening the worries that had built up over the past few months from burying myself in school work.

The whole afternoon seemed to pass by in a blur, though that may have been thanks to the four or five beers I bought for us. I didn't see my overly friendly comrade again, but his words still echoed in my head every time I went back to refill our refreshments.

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I knew it was total bullshit. But, if that were the case, why couldn't I stop thinking about it? I laughed at the idea of trying to discern whether or not a random lunatic had fundamentally changed the way I viewed my Mother, though an argument could be made that I was trying to laugh away the nerves.

I must have blinked, because suddenly we were nearing the end of the game. It had evolved into a nail-biter, giving every single seat a reason to stay packed until the final moment and thus making our departure from the venue that much more difficult. That, and the effects of alcohol on a blisteringly hot day, made it quite a chore to try and escape the crowd.

"All that and they didn't even win?" Mom whined, laying her head on my shoulder with a defeated sigh. Her face was turned towards my chest and I felt her breath tickling me like a warm breeze. "Now I'm happy I didn't tape it for your Father. It would've sucked to see his team lose on his birthday."

The nostalgic scent of Mom's mango shampoo lit up fireworks in my brain, bringing me back to a time when I would smell such an aroma and know I was home, wherever I was. I wanted to bury my face in her hair and hold her so tight she popped.

Mom lifted her head and fanned the air in front of her face. "Oh, I'm sorry, honey. I probably smell like one too many drinks."

I vigorously shook my head and dove in with too much enthusiasm. "No, Mom. You smell as amazing as you look." I might have overdone it.

Mom tilted her head and birthed a coy smile, eyes searching my face for any hint of how she should respond. If I didn't know better, I'd say I caught her blushing. "Uh, thank you, sweetheart?"

I took her by the arm and we stood up, each fighting the swaying legs that refused to support us. Mom pressed a hand against my chest for balance and the soft pads of her fingertips dug in like she was trying to find a light switch in the dark. The exit was already flooded with patrons and I didn't want to get caught leaving the stadium when the sun came down, so we pushed along with the crowd until we reached the aisle.

"Well, we went big. Time to go home." I mimicked the same impression of my Father that Mom had used earlier.

Mom chortled in a decidedly not-so-cute way, and I thanked the alcohol for bringing down her walls enough that she felt comfortable snorting like a piglet. "Your Dad used to say that all the time. Still does, actually. Still says it. He loves saying it, he says that *all* the time."

Now it was my turn to deliver an ugly snort, something that only served to make the two of us laugh even harder. One of us (ie. Mom) laughed a little *too* hard and had to reach out a hand to steady their balance.

"Oh, jeez!" Mom yelped as she missed the next step, narrowly grabbing the handrail as she turned a disastrous fall into a reasonably graceful stumble into an empty seat.

She stayed seated for a second, like she was pondering something. I thought she was collecting herself before taking another attempt at it, but her face bore too many mixed emotions to get a read on.

"You okay, Mom?" I reached out a hand and she accepted it, lazily climbing to her feet with a look of worry scattered across her face. She didn't let go of my hand, and I didn't care how tightly her grip became as she leaned her weight onto me.

Mom whispered something into my ear with a giggle before pressing her face into my chest like she was trying to hide in embarrassment, but I couldn't quite make out what she said. I'm sure she

was aiming for my ear, but her aim placed her tepid breath against my neck and gave me the strangest goosebumps I had ever felt.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I said; I sat in something slimy!" Mom took hold of my hand and moved it an inch below her dress, pressing my hand against her soft skin. My entire throat was now occupied by my heart, but I was so entranced that I let time slow to a crawl as Mom guided my hand against her thigh. Her perfectly smooth skin was glass to the touch, and I would have had time to scold myself for that curious analysis if I hadn't discovered the 'slimy' she spoke of.

"What the *hell* is that?" I yanked my hand away. "What is that? What am I touching?"

"You tell me!" Mom insisted, turning away to bend over in front of me. We were still surrounded by people leaving their seats so I prayed they were too busy with their own lives to see the gorgeous blonde woman nearly exposing her bum for the whole crowd.

I stared at my Mom's backside like a man possessed. I wasn't sure what I was looking for but I didn't want to say anything that would convince her to turn back around. The definition of Mom's shapely legs was boldly displayed from the low heels she had on, every curve like a perfectly toned sculpture of brilliant white marble. Her dress was doing everything in its power to stay below her generous curves, but the bottom swell of her chubby cheeks was clearly visible from this angle.

Small, narrowly visible lines were imprinted in the juicy meat from sitting on her underwear for so long, giving the doughy globes the allure of a fluffy memory foam pillow you would sink into like a cloud. The faint, nearly invisible peach fuzz caught the fading sun and halted a breath in my throat, striking me with the desire to press my face against the hauntingly perfect skin and succumb to its impossible softness.

Vivid images of digging my fingers into her delicate, plump curves filled my head and I heard voices telling me to tear the whole garment off of her. I almost listened to them before shaking myself out of the drunken haze.

"See?" Mom wagged her butt back and forth, no doubt clueless to just how provocative such a move looked.

It took me too long to notice it, but to be fair, I was deeply distracted. Now I was keenly aware of the enormous streak of mustard that trailed from Mom's knees all the way up until it disappeared below her dress.

I swallowed a couple times to try and fight my dry mouth, idiotically asking, "How far up does it go?"

"All the way up! I even think my underwear is dirty." If she caught the strangeness of my question, she didn't let on. A frightening realization struck her and Mom's face soured. "Evan, I can't sit on a crowded bus like this, I feel disgusting. It's all...mustardy."

"What should we do?" Again, brilliant question.

"I've got wet wipes in my purse, I'm gonna go to the bathroom and get cleaned up." We both knew that leaving later than we already were would mean a fully packed bus on the ride back to the parking garage, but sitting in a pool of mustard would have been a whole new nightmare for Mom. We begrudgingly trudged to the bathroom so she could rid herself of the horrid yellow sauce.

I stood outside the bathroom as Mom cleaned up, watching the crowd balloon in size until they were bottlenecked at the exit. I scanned the crowd, looking for the gentleman whose words still swam in circles around my brain, but he was nowhere to be found. I didn't know why it was so hard to shrug off his "advice", if you can call it that. I had never felt any particular attraction to my Mother, and while she was an objectively good looking person I never imagined I would feel such persistent butterflies from the simple act of touching her thigh.

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A woman is a woman, end of-

"Oh, my god, shut up." I cursed the inner voices while I pinched the bridge of my nose in frustration.

"I didn't say anything, goofball." Mom came shuffling out of the bathroom, clutching her purse like the next passerby was going to rip it from her hands. She hadn't been so protective of it until now, and I amused myself thinking of what treasures she had hidden inside that she suddenly wanted to shield from the public. "Come on, we can still grab the next bus before it leaves."

"Sure thing." I looped an arm through hers. "M'mother, shall we?"

To the surprise of nobody, the bus was inhabited by countless bodies trying to pile in at once. Nobody wanted to wait for the next ride so Mom and I had to push our way to the back to fight for the single unoccupied space in the back corner.

"Is that all that's left?" I asked with a lump in my throat, gesturing to the isolated spot at the very back of the bus. I suppose nobody wanted to take a single seat in the back corner, and I admittedly felt a tinge of claustrophobia creep in as we moved towards it. I realized how closely we would have to sit to make the spot work. "We aren't gonna fit beside each other, Mom."

"Maybe not *beside*, but let's get creative!" Mom gleamed, untroubled by either the chaos erupting around us or the lack of adequate seating. "Here, you sit down first and then I'll just sit on your lap."

I almost burst a muscle from trying so hard to keep my jaw attacked to my skull. "Uh, I guess, sure. If you're okay with that? I mean, if you're cool with that, then I'm cool with that."

"Only if *you're* cool with this fat caboose crushing you to death." Mom rolled her eyes and gave her butt a playful swat. "Hurry up, Evan! I'm getting knocked around like a friggin pinball over here."

She was right; the rowdy passengers were making it tough to traverse the aisle, each shouting something more obscene than the last as they all vented their collective frustration.

The seat wasn't exactly comfortable, and even with nobody behind us we were essentially trapped in the chair by the gentleman sitting next to us. He was deeply enthralled with a mystery novel so we had to fight for his attention to allow us to squeeze into the tiny space. He sighed like we were asking him for a million dollar ransom, but ultimately lifted the shoulder bag sitting next to him so we could wiggle into the seat.

Moments after we sat down, he returned to his book as if we weren't faced with a cavalcade of angry sports fans trying to win the "loudest passenger" contest. The shoulder bag acted like a wall between us, and based on his generally not-so-cheery disposition that was probably intentional.

The bus roared to life and we all lurched forward as it pulled away from the sidewalk, leaving a horde of wailing bystanders on the sidewalk to wait for the next pressure cooker to pick them up.

Mom was resting squarely on my lap, and I chastised myself for thinking that it was anything notable. Weird, foreign thoughts entered my brain that I could not escape, and I ironically took to thinking about baseball to distract myself.

The bus chugged down the bumpy streets, coming to repeated stops as the hulking metal tube made its way through copious, unending lines of traffic. Mom and I made light chit-chat to distract ourselves from the monotony, but you can only watch skyscrapers pass by for so long before it starts to all blur together; before the overlapping patterns of architecture inch you towards sleep like an industrial lullaby.

We were both drained from a day in the heat and drinking too much, so the conversation quickly dissipated as we calmly watched the streets, pedestrians, and buildings passing us by as a hazy portrait of city life. Even the boisterous swarm of fans surrounding us weren't enough to keep Mom from relaxing with her head against the window, making her full weight rest on my crotch as her muscles turned to jelly in my lap.

Mom hadn't noticed that, when she sat down, her dress had not come with her. The fabric had bunched up around her waist when she sat down, giving no barrier between her skin and my lap. I suppose she didn't notice, but I certainly did and I was in no rush to tell her. Thank god for her underwear being the sole thing keeping her from resting her bare bum against my lap.

"Are you comfy, honey?" Mom cooed, craning her neck to look back at me.

"As comfy as I can be, I guess. I don't know where to put my hands, I feel like an awkward statue." This was true. They had been resting motionless by my side ever since Mom climbed on top of me. "Oh, just put them here, goofball." Mom placed both my arms around her tummy with a reassuring squeeze. "I'm pretty close to falling off, anyway. You'd really think they would get somebody to pave these roads after so many years."

"*This is nothing.*" I repeated in my head. "*You're just drunk, stop being a weirdo.*"

It came as no surprise that I was doing very little to dissuade my arousal from creeping in. I had a beautiful woman bouncing on my lap, and regardless of *who* that woman was, it was having a profound effect on me. It just so happened to be my own Mother, but recognizing that only seemed to compound the sickeningly intense arousal.

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A woman is a woman, end of- SHUT UP!

Defiant to the core, my brain seemingly used my anxiety as fuel to incite my greatest fear. I felt a stir in my balls and that only meant one horrifying thing. I tried to hide the panic through some aimless shifting without being too obvious. I pinched my legs together to pin my stiffness down, but putting pressure on it did the exact opposite. The floodgates were open now, and each time the bus jostled around I felt more blood rushing to my lower half.

"Need some room, Muffin?" Mom cooed. She raised her bum off my lap so I could shuffle around and, no longer held down, my rigid member sprung up from between my legs and poked directly

through the small window where my zipper should've been. If Mom wasn't on top of me, my dick would have been clearly visible to any prying eyes. Without the help of a zipper to seal it away I would need a miracle to escape without alerting Mom.

My brain tingled at the taboo; having my Mother feel my naked erection push between the swell of her globular ass cheeks was quickly becoming a dark new fantasy. I halted the words in my throat before I could audibly condemn myself for getting so hard over my own Mother.

"Is that better?" Mom chirped with her ass still hovering above me.

I wouldn't be able to keep her in the dark if she sat back down; she would plop directly onto my bulging erection and everything would go to shit. After such a great day together, I didn't want *this* to be how she remembered it.

"J-just a second." I fumbled fruitlessly with my pants, trying to manoeuvre within the small space between my lap and Mom's bum. I couldn't arrange myself in a convincing way, but I knew I had to do something so I furiously tugged at my shorts as if it would make a miracle happen. The missing zipper made it impossible to securely hide myself, leaving me with an open door where I could feel air nipping at my balls. I desperately scanned to see if we could find another seat, but my fate was sealed.

"I'm sitting back down, Evan. This position is hell on my legs and I'm not trying to do squats on the bus." Mom didn't mean to sound threatening, but given the stakes her tone came across as such.

My whole life flashed before my eyes as I watched Mom lower her bottom onto me, unable to think of an excuse that wouldn't scar our relationship. I watched in horror, powerless to stop my Mother's as her ass landed in my lap again.

There were a few seconds, however faint, where I convinced myself that it wouldn't be an issue. Maybe she wouldn't feel it, or maybe she would write it off as my phone, or something equally unlikely would happen to stop my life as I knew it from ending. Mom paused once her bum flattened against me, curious about the familiar stiff shape lodged between her cheeks.

She shuffled a bit. She bounced a couple of times. She froze in horror.

Mom's whole body became stiff as a board. Neither one of us were willing to break the silence first, we didn't know how. There was no precedent informing our behaviour. We were in uncharted waters, neither of us bold enough to speak their mind, but she grew impatient before I did. "Evan..."

"What?" I whispered. At least I think I did, but I'm not sure if the words ever left my mouth.

"I feel, uh...I think something is poking me?" Mom started to lift herself again but I instinctively wrapped my arms around her midsection to tether her to me. She knew what was happening, but lacked the will to say it aloud. "Honey, is that-."

"I'm sorry, Mom." I choked out. I buried my face in her back in shame and took a deep breath that was saturated by her intoxicating aroma. "I don't know what happened, I swear! I didn't mean to-."

Mom hushed me, eyes darting around the bus to see if anybody was paying attention. Even the man next to us was ignoring our corner, so she felt safe enough to turn her head towards the window and whisper to me with sincere, unexpected desperation. "Evan, please. You need to make it go down **-now-**."

My guts were twisted in a thousand knots, but she was right. "I-I can't, the zipper is broken and I don't have enough room to hide it."

"You have to, seriously. Please, Evan, do something. Make it *stop*." Mom wasn't able to stop the anxiety from peppering her words, but she took a deep breath to steady her nerves before she explained the stakes. "I-uh, I took my underwear off at the arena because of that *fucking* mustard."

"You did?" I bit down on my tongue, unfazed by hearing my Mother utter a word I rarely heard her use.

"I'm basically naked down there!" She spat through her clenched jaw as quietly as she could. "There's nothing between us and I can feel...*it* on my bum."

Mom's revelation stunned me, but I realized she was right. I was too panicked to notice it earlier, but she was telling the truth. The open zipper did nothing to separate us, and without any barrier of clothing between us I could clearly feel the immense heat emanating from between my Mother's legs. It was a dense, muggy heat that felt like it was threatening to spill lava all over me. I was on the edge of a volcano, and if asked I would have gladly thrown myself right into it. As much as I hated the situation, part of me wanted - no, needed - to see what would happen next.

If my heart had been in my throat before, it was now my entire stomach that threatened to come spilling from my gaping maw. I didn't register the presence of the world around us as my heart thumped like artillery in my ears, drowning out anything and anyone that wasn't seated directly in my lap.

We hit another big bump and Mom squeaked as she tried valiantly to minimize any unnecessary movement. It seemed like no matter what she did, no matter how she twisted and turned, it all served to bring my straining bulge closer to her vulnerable center.

Mom looked down as if to confirm her fears, but since her dress covered the two of us she had to be sure of what she was feeling. "Do you feel that? I-I think it's almost going in me, Evan. Every time we move it just- *AHH!*"

The entire bus looked back at us as Mom leapt to her feet, their attention summoned by Mom's response to the bump we had just hit. She offered a meek wave before she abruptly sat back down too quickly for me to react. Mom lowered her head in shame to try and avoid even a shred of eye contact.

To her horror, she had repositioned me by standing up. I knew I was no longer sandwiched between her ass cheeks as I felt a soft tuft of hair tickling my bulging crown. I couldn't see it, but I knew my entire cock was now between Mom's thighs, lodged against her slippery petals. Without her dress, my dick would've been clearly seen poking up from beneath her thick thighs, mingling with the wet fur that tickled my exposed plum.

I could feel her lips half-encircling my shaft, and I dared not ask myself why Mom was already so wet. A trickle of her honey ran down the length of my pole at a snail's pace, tickling me on the way down as it trailed towards my balls.

If I was a smidge lower, that one bump may have been enough for me to slip inside. Thankfully, my dick was slightly too long to allow that, and instead the fat bloated head only managed to push through her fluffy runway of pubic hair. For now my length trudged through her meaty, honey soaked slit as she continued to baste my cock with her juices.

Mom whispered to me through clenched teeth. "Evan, what do we do?"

I had nothing to offer her. "I don't know, but I can't get off the bus like this, everyone will see me. It's not going to go away." My voice was as hollow and empty as my head.

Another dip in the road caused Mom's legs to come together as she braced for the impact, firmly securing my dick against her sweltering box as she tightly constricted her thighs around me. Her supple thigh meat no longer simply teased me. They were now using the coating of Mom's slippery syrup to effortlessly slide over me, mimicking my vision of what she might feel like inside. As we jostled around, the smallest movements made my dick rub against her slit and pushed me through the small gap between her thighs, treating me to the velvet sensation of her supple skin jerking me off. I figured my cock head was probably glistening with all the nectar she was dripping onto me, and the ease with which I slid between her thighs confirmed that.

Mom's legs were closed around me so tightly that it felt as though she was drawing me into her, unconsciously dragging my cock further towards her entrance with every minor shift. I ignored the part of me that saw the obvious signs. The ones that I saw earlier, and the ones I would be seeing now if I wasn't currently inches away from entering my Mother.

I knew the steps I could take to end this. I could stand up, rush to the front of the bus and get off at the next stop to grab an Uber. Hell, even Mom could have stood in the aisle if she was truly opposed to grinding on me, but she didn't. She wasn't.

I told myself that she was saving me the embarrassment of being stuck on a bus with a visibly throbbing erection, but the slow, methodical pace with which Mom rocked back and forth told me there was something else at play. I didn't know if it was intentional, but it felt as though it had to be. I couldn't believe such a fact, even when it was reinforced by the uncontrollable flutter of her breath.

I couldn't ignore the way her body tensed every time my throbbing stiffness nudged against her sensitive button, and I surely couldn't ignore her when she took to subtly humping her backside against me, even when there were no bumps to motivate her. I couldn't tell if she was doing it consciously or not, but I was too enthralled to care.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, adjusting to the reality that we were experiencing. I had never wondered before what my Mother's vagina felt like, and now it was a sensation I was actively fantasizing over.

My bulging head pressed against Mom's tiny, pink nub and she impulsively reached her hand down with a soft whimper as she tried to make a wall between the two of us. She wedged her hand amidst the fluff of her dress in a frantic search to shield herself from me, but instead found the head of my cock throbbing against her fingertips.

Her first touch was timid, but whatever was holding her back quickly dissipated as she toyed with the spongy helmet between her legs. I pulsed in response, eager for another touch. In the reflection of the window, I could see her awe-struck stare as she let her fingers gingerly prod against the mass hidden beneath her dress. She knew what she was doing was wrong, but she likely felt the same powerful draw towards curiosity and confused lust that I did. Her teeth dug into her lower lip as she wrapped her entire hand around the helmet.

Mom's palm encircled the head with her thumb gently brushing my frenulum as she held my dick like she was admiring it. Despite the obscured visual, I got the impression that Mom was trying to

memorize the shape of my cock with her hands. Never had I felt myself explored with such intrigue, as though I was being relished with affectionate lust.

Perhaps she felt less averse to touching me because of the dress, or perhaps she was just *that* curious of what she couldn't see.

The dress was so thin I could feel her tracing the prominent vein that bulged out on the side. She followed it from the root of my cock and up the rigid, flexing pipe until it ended just below the head. "Evan," She muttered under her breath. "What are we doing?"

That last part seemed to be directed more at herself. "I don't know, Mom. But I can't get off the bus like this." I knew I was overplaying my hand by repeating myself, but it seemed like all she needed was a nudge to help her pick her path.

Mom knew the answer, but had to ask anyway so that she had time to comprehend the severity of what I was implying. "Okay, honey, I get that it's embarrassing for people to see you like this. Are you *sure* it won't go down on its own?"

"It never does, I always have to...well, you know." Even with my dick marinating in the gooey folds of my Mother's vagina, it felt strange to talk about masturbating.

"A-always?" Mom's voice got stuck halfway in her throat. I was reading excitement in her voice, like she had been issued a challenge, mixed with nerves powered by the acceptance that this was only going to end one way. "Can I, uh, h-help you, Muffin?" I didn't reply, so Mom continued without removing her hand from me. "I've never seen one so...I mean, you're so *hard*, honey. You poor thing, does it hurt?"

"You're making it feel better, Mom."

She started letting her palm work up and down the head in a small spiral. Between her rubbing the head and stroking my shaft between her plump, honey-covered thighs, I felt like I was already at my limit.

I had never felt such a relentless erection in my entire life. It was unfathomable that this was a reaction to my Mother sitting on my lap, but it was true nonetheless. As much as I felt like I was at the brink of orgasm, a mental block manipulated me from ever reaching that point, urging me to hang on just a bit longer. I knew that if I came, this would all be over. No matter how sick it made me feel, I was too curious about this side of Mom to let things end that quickly.

Mom leaned back so her head was resting on my shoulder, eyes closed but pointed to the ceiling as her hot breath rolled across my neck. "Just remember that I love you, honey. I know this is a very strange thing for a Mother to do, but I...well, I have an idea." She took a look around to see if anyone was watching, but we were as alone as we could be, given the circumstances.

She let her head fall back like she had fallen asleep, resting it on my shoulder so she could whisper right in my ear, "Do you trust me, Muffin?"

"Oh fuck. Yes, *Mommy*." It was a reflex, one that I couldn't catch, but she punctuated her question with a tight squeeze and my brain spat out the first thing it was thinking.

Mom's hand kept moving, but I felt the stillness in the air as she weighed the implications of my outburst. Reality had come crashing down at the mention of her motherhood, and I feared I had ruined the moment.

Mom tilted her head so her lips brushed against my earlobe, sending an eruption of electricity down my spine. She bore down with her hips and focused her strong, slow rutting on the base of my cock. Mom grabbed my shaft while stroking the underside of the bulging helmet like she was tickling a hair trigger. "Yes, honey. I...I want to hear it. Do you trust *Mommy*?"

"I do, Mommy. I trust you. W-what are you gonna do?"

Mom planted a tender, loving kiss on my cheek that lingered for a moment. She pulled off as slow as she could, letting me feel her saliva cling to my cheek before going in for another passionate peck. "Mommy needs to put you inside of her, okay?"

My spine was a pine tree whose needles tingled all over my body. Every nerve was on fire and aching for the same affection Mom was showing to my cock, alive with energy and teased to the point of implosion.

"Mom, are you serious? But...but we can't." It came out as an excited whimper, lending no credibility to my resistance.

"I know, I know. It's okay, baby. It'll be okay." Mom nodded with a half-hearted smile, clearly wrestling with some intrusive thoughts of her own as she prepared herself to mount me.

Mom's bare bum rested its full weight on my lap, bulging her fat bottom out at the sides as she sat down on me. The creamy dough overflowed in my lap and formed to me like Play-Doh. I longed to sink my fingers into the pudgy meat, but I was content for now to hold onto the spillage from Mom's pillowy ass.

Mom reached under her dress from behind and grabbed the base of my cock, keeping herself hesitantly raised above me. The warm opening of her sticky honeypot greeted me as she dragged my cock head through her slit, enchanting me like a cobra to a flute, bending to her every whim. I would have easily fit inside without the teasing, but Mom was taking her time. I didn't question it, but if I had, I would realize that she was just as excited as I was, and just as afraid to show it.

We both sharply sucked in air as Mom lowered her hips. The tip of my cock nudged against her entrance, fitting neatly inside the small hole before it was swallowed up. Mom slowly embedded the bulbous head within her buttery hole, clenching just under the crown when she felt the plump egg ease its way into her pussy. Mom worked her hips up and down, focusing on greasing the head before she began her descent. Her vice tightened under the inflated helmet, gingerly squeezing below the ridge. Once she felt her muscles get a grip, she raised herself to drag the tightened ring over the pulsing, purple knob like she was methodically trying to extract the cum out of me.

Mom no longer had to hold me in place now that I was secured in her tight grip, and the only place I was going was "deeper". She braced herself against me, both arms rooted to my thighs for balance as she slowly pushed down my cock. There was no more illusion of a bumpy ride, Mom was guiding herself now and needed no convincing to finish what we started.

Mom was already in a pattern; lowering two inches, then raising up one. Her walls clung to me on the way up, but oozed around me like pudding when she bore down and pushed my cock through her sweltering pussy meat. She was a lioness playing with her food, as we both knew that no effort would be required for me to fit inside of her. Mom was practically oozing syrup over both of us, drowning my balls so that even her impossible grip could not stop me from sinking deeper.

Finally, she allowed her legs to spread open a little and accepted the remaining few inches all at once, swallowing the girthy pipe until my balls rested against her juicy pussy lips. Mom slumped against my chest and drew heavy breaths as her starving tunnel gorged itself on my entire length. She gave a little quiver when I pressed against her cervix, as if she was expecting more but knew she had nowhere left to put it. By some miracle of genetics we were perfectly tuned to each other's size, leaving me to throb against the deep, spongy wall while I felt her lips tickling my tightly pulled balls. I hadn't met many women that could fit me so perfectly, but the more Mom massaged me from balls to tip the more it seemed like she was designed to do so.

All her weight was resting on me, and a serene sense of safety overtook me. I'm usually not fond of small spaces, but with Mom I was fully at peace. I was buried under her, and inside of her, and the all-encompassing exposure to my Mother as a sexual being was pushing every button I didn't know I had. I felt vulnerable to the world; having sex in public will do that to you. But still, something about the familiarity of my Mother being close to me was making it easier. Sure, we had never been *this* close, but Mom's presence was quelling my anxiety in a way that only a Mother can.

Mom was emitting short, quiet grunts as she bucked her hips. I could feel her cervix tickling the tip of my cock and felt a tinge of pride knowing that I fit inside my Mother so perfectly. I hadn't been managed to bottom out inside any of my previous girlfriends. Not properly, anyway. Mom was different; my Mom was *deep*. With my length perfectly encased in her velvet walls, I knew we were a match made by fate. Her fleshy tunnel squeezed its walls around me in a tender, swampy hug while her pussy lips tickled my balls.

Mom rocked back and forth with all the subtlety she could muster. There was a really good chance that someone would glance in our general direction and see the unmistakably facial contortion of a woman passionately riding a dick, so Mom kept her eyes closed and tried to keep focused. One slip up and our charade would be revealed with dire consequences.

I wanted Mom to start bouncing as though wildfire fueled her. I wanted the sound of skin slapping against slickened skin to fill the bus as she fucked me to her utmost desire. Beggars can't be choosers, I guess, which is why I was thankful for every pothole that gave Mom an excuse to bounce on me. As soon as the bus hit a bump, Mom's hands pushed down on my thighs and gave herself just enough room to pull a few inches out of her fleshy pocket. Her landing was always accentuated with a guttural groan that I could feel reverberating through her whole body. Anyone looking would think that she had been overserved at the game, but we knew she was fighting back the primal urge to yelp like an animal whenever I pushed through the layers of slippery pussy that surrounded my cock.

In between those bumps, while counting the seconds for another one, Mom patiently ground her hips back and forth in my lap. My hands were rooted to her thighs so tightly that I was sure I would leave a permanent mark, but it would have taken a tsunami to rip them off her. Our bodies fit together like two long lost puzzle pieces, like a cliff face being reunited with a slab of stone that it had given to the ocean many years ago. It felt right being connected to Mom like this, and little by little the societal implication of our misdeed became a trivial background detail.

Mom moved one hand firmly against the seat in front of her to provide something to push back on as she tirelessly rode me. Her head tilted back until it was resting on my shoulder, touching our cheeks together. Her back was pressed against my chest so tight that I could scarcely draw breath. It felt like there was not a single iota of space keeping us apart as our bodies melted into each other. With her face touching mine, Mom lifted her other hand to my face and gingerly rested it on

my cheek with her nails raking through my hair. She lovingly caressed my jawbone with her thumb while stroking my temple, letting what little anxiety remained blow away like sand in a storm.

Her motherly touch brought me back to early childhood memories that I hadn't thought of in many years, but with my Mother grinding her body against me it still felt completely natural when accompanied with her gentle, welcoming embrace. I longed desperately to touch her back, but knew it was too risky. Anything could be happening under her dress, but grabbing a handful of boob would be far less sneaky than what we were already doing.

"Is this...okay, honey?" Mom held her cheek against mine as we gyrated. Her voice was fluttering, and so quiet that I would have missed it if her face wasn't so close to me, but it was this proximity that made her comfortable enough to dig a little deeper with her questions. "Does this-um, I mean is this helping you? Do I feel-I guess..."

"What, Mom?" I urged.

Her fiery red cheeks singed mine as she fought for courage. "Does Mommy *feel good*?"

"Oh my god, yes, Mom. You have no idea, your pussy feels incredible." My words were hot air, barely making a peep as they rushed from my lungs. Between Mom's hand stroking my face, her entire body weighing on me, and her sweltering pussy eagerly clinging to my throbbing cock, it felt like my entire essence was reduced to a puddle. "You're so *hot*, inside, I can't believe how good you feel."

"Really?" Mom wiggled her bum side to side in my lap, brimming with what seemed like pride. "It's just that...your Father and I don't do this much anymore, I haven't taken anyone inside me for a while."

"Really?" Now it was my turn to be skeptical.

"It's been...a long time." It was surreal to hear my Mother admitting things about her marriage while her dripping vagina was hugging me on all sides, but it flicked the same intensely feral switch inside me that started this whole thing.

"Tell me. Please, Mom?" I kissed her shoulder.

She hesitated, as I knew she would, but after wrestling with it for a moment she revealed that it had been over a year since she was with Dad. She had even stopped using toys because it felt like admitting defeat.

"I know it's weird, but so is *this*." Mom convulsed and peppered my cock with a series of heartfelt squeezes, relishing our collective lack of normalcy. "I didn't know if it felt good in there anymore, I guess. Are you sure Mommy feels good enough for you, Muffin?"

I held a groan in my throat as I clenched, violently fighting the urge to cum. I was unwilling to let this moment escape me just because I popped too soon. Through my gritted teeth I mumbled; "You feel *fucking* amazing Mom. Your pussy is so fucking *tight*, I don't know how I ever came out of there."

There was nothing I wanted more than to spend an eternity with Mom's walls caressing me, but my impending orgasm was demanding attention of which I could not deprive it. I had managed to keep it at bay so far, but there had not been a second of relief since Mom started riding me and she showed no signs of stopping.

"What about when I cum?" No, my faculties were not all with me, so I did not speak with tact.

"Just stay hard for Mommy." She urged with an undeniable swoon to her tone, like she was trying to seduce my cock into giving her everything it had. I had never heard her call herself 'Mommy' so many times, even as a kid, so I knew the sheer taboo of our actions was giving her just as sick, perverse pleasure as it gave me.

Mom wanted me to know, she wanted to remind herself. She wanted us to be aware at every possible second that it was her, my Mother, riding my dick like a woman starved.

I don't know when it happened, but at some point Mom gave up on pretending she was "helping me". She was doing herself a favour as much as she was doing...well, *me*.

"But...what about when I cum?" I gritted my teeth and tried to ignore how the mere mention made my whole body want to release in a single moment. "I can't...I mean, I shouldn't-."

"Yes, of course you can, sweetheart." Mom cooed, pushing her fingers through my hair and running her fingertips across my scalp. Whether it was experience, or the alerting sensation of my rigid cock flexing desperately against the bottom of her vagina, she knew exactly what I was hinting at. "No mess, okay? You can just put it all inside Mommy."

"R...really?" I whined, taken aback by her insistence. We were already in new territory, but I was now being offered a first that I had desired for ages. "Mom, I've never finished inside someone before. What if you get pregnant?"

"Mmmmm, is Mommy gonna be your first?" Mom ignored the pressing question and sought to tease me. That, or she was getting off on the thought of being the first woman on Earth that her Son would ever fill with cum. She was reveling in the control she had over me, and I happily gave her the reigns. I could hear the way her lips parted in a wicked smile when she said: "Just cum whenever you're ready, okay? Mommy is ready for you."

I grunted an affirmation, still trying to hold back the inevitable so that I could savor one more precious second inside my Mother.

"Are you feeling close yet, honey?" She was hesitant to ask, likely because she didn't want to hear a "yes".

I thought about how to answer her. "Do you *want* me to be?"

Mom didn't respond right away. She mulled over the thought, aware of the game I was playing by trying to get her to admit that she didn't want to stop. To my surprise she admitted it freely, but was shy in doing so. She gave her head a small shake, and when I didn't acknowledge it, she finally said; "No."

"No, what?" I tried to regain some sense of footing, to put Mom on the back foot. I wanted her to say it.

"No, I don't want you to cum yet." She hissed into my ear, wagging her ass from side to side so my bulging cock head dragged against her spongy cervix, basting every last inch of my dick in buttery pussy juice. "Not yet, *please*."

The "please" sent a surge of adrenaline ricocheting throughout my limbs. I was shaking with anticipation, but felt safe and protected. This feeling of invincibility drove me to hastily dig my hand

under Mom's dress. She nervously checked the bus for voyeurs. If there were any, she didn't notice them. Mom swiftly unbuckled the belt that was keeping her dress tight to her tummy, leaving more than enough room for me to explore her.

Had we been alone, I would have spent this entire time simply gorging myself on the intricate details of her body. I could feel so much, but my eyes able to see so little considering the breathtaking display I knew would have greeted me had I been able to undress her in private.

I began at her belly, gently filling my palm with a greedy handful of chubby muffin top that squished through my fingers. It was a surreal feeling to fawn over the same belly I had grown inside of over twenty year ago, where Mom felt me kick and squirm for months until she finally pushed me out. I pictured Mom doing the same thing, happily massaging her tummy while I lay waiting inside. Did she like feeling me kick from inside her womb? Did she miss it? I vividly imagined her massaging her heavy, bloated stomach in the hopes of settling the tyrant in her tummy, wondering what her son was going to be like when he grew up.

I bet she never expected *this*.

From over her shoulder, I had a blessed view down my Mother's top. The pudgy breasts jiggling inside needed nary a nudge to start shaking like pudding, so even Mom's tiny gyrations were making them ripple like a stone thrown in a pond. In my head, they were bouncing free and uninhibited by the boundaries of clothing, and this arresting mental image was all I needed to prompt an investigation.

I ran my hands up her stomach until I reached the bottom of her bra. I was greeted by a large swell of lace, and before I could ponder how to get under it I had Mom whispering for me to "go under" and satisfy my curiosity.

With how easily my hand slid under it her bra was either too large, or she planned for this. I was amazed that Mom's enormous breasts could ever be contained by something so loose, but thankful that her choice led to me filling my hands with a handful of tender, doughy breast. Her breasts were exhaustingly heavy, weighing down my arm like I was trying to curl dumbbells, but softer than the most delicate feather pillow money could buy. The jiggling meat rolled around in my hands, refusing to stay in place.

The heat trapped below her breasts was just like her pussy; overwhelming in a way that only made you want more. My hand was draped with a heavy blanket of plump breast meat, sweating underneath the ferocious warmth that completely enveloped my fingers and palm. I lifted the enormous milk bags from her chest she breathed a sigh of relief as the weight was taken off of her. I turned my hand towards the sky to support the overwhelming size of her breast as it spilled out of my palm like a half-cooked pancake -just enough shape to stay together while still managing to ooze between my fingers.

The rubbery surface of Mom's firm nipples grazed against my fingers and, though I couldn't see, I could tell that her areolas were large enough that I wouldn't have been able to fit the whole thing in my mouth. The pink caps stood at attention, aching for me to give them the same love and affection I was showing to her mountain of creamy flesh. I gently closed two of my fingers around her nipple, tugging it just enough to make her squirm.

My mind was ablaze with images of me suckling at her plump breasts, tantalized by the idea of how her fresh milk would taste and cursing myself for lacking a memory to draw from. How many times had I nursed from her as an infant? We had gained an inseparable bond, growing together as I was

graciously fed from her beautiful, drooping udders and sustained solely from the love, and delicious cream, that only a Mother can make.

"Why are you so *tight*?" I asked in a dreamy haze.

"I'm doing it for you, Muffin." Mom held her lips against my cheek for a long, drawn out kiss before preparing to pull the rug from under me. "*This* is what I feel like when I don't clench."

Mom instantly relaxed her muscles and, with trembling legs, raised herself up until only the tip of my honey-saturated crown was still inside her pussy. A thousand radiating sun had spent what seemed like hours enveloping my cock with unwavering dedication, so when the dense cocoon of sultry pussy meat finally relaxed around me it was like hitting the brakes on a rollercoaster-while blindfolded. My soul was temporarily goaded into staying within my body, but another unexpected move like that from Mom would be too much.

"Puh-lease, Mom, that's so cruel!" I was begging, nearly groveling for her to play fair.

"Does my little boy want to go all the way back inside his Mommy?" Mom had completely lost herself in this new light, throwing away any degree of decency to fully commit to our new relationship. Mom giggled with an evil grin, well aware that she once again possessed the upper hand and ready to see how far she could go with it.

I whined like a puppy with partial sincerity, knowing that it would trick her into wanting to spoil me like the dotting mother she was, while being genuinely desperate enough for such a whine to fit my mood.

Mom began to calmly work her pussy back down my length, taunting me with while she fed one fat inch of throbbing cock after another back into her endlessly hungry pussy. She taunted me with a sing-songy voice while she plunged my cock head through her gooey folds, slowly letting more of me enter her as she teased. "It's so very warm in there, honey. Mommy's pussy is snug and cozy, and because of *you*, young man, it's very, very wet."

Mom rested in my lap again and we breathed a collective sigh of satisfaction, her head lazily resting on my shoulder. It felt like coming home, and I never wanted to leave again.

I planted a kiss on the nape of her neck as I let my eager fingers wander further down her body. Below her pudgy stomach I felt a tidy cushion of delicate fur tickle my fingertips, now dampened from the thirsty maw that drooled freely between her legs. I couldn't resist letting my hand trail between the incredible thighs that had once suffocated my dick - now open wide to ensure that she wasn't leaving any of my cock exposed. Her upper thighs were a slippery mess of honey, generously coating every nook and cranny of her lower half to welcome my adventurous fingers.

I ventured through the neatly trimmed patch of fuzz and slid a finger between Mom's slit, instantly meeting her feverishly pulsating clit and eliciting a stifled yelp. "C...careful." Mom begged me in a hushed whisper, refusing to use anything other than words to persuade me. She didn't want me to stop, but she didn't want to be caught, either. Now it was up to me to push the boundaries.

Mom sat motionless in my lap as I navigated deeper between her legs. Her honey swarmed my fingers and had them dripping before I had even reached the molten core between her luscious lips. It was an unparalleled feeling; to be lodged inside my Mother's warm, gooey vagina while she treated my cock to a flurry of tense, delicate squeezes that I could feel from the outside as I

prodded her. I touched the outer lips where I could feel my cock disappear inside of her, amazed at how she stretched around me.

Mom constricted her tunnel like a velvet tourniquet-so tightly that I was amazed when I felt a surge of blood inflate the helmet against the mouth of her womb. There was no room left inside her, but Mom was such an expert at tightening her pussy that I didn't know if I would be able to handle anything more. If she had been bouncing at a regular pace, the way she wanted to with nobody around to stop her, it would have been mere seconds before I exploded and plastered her walls with a thick dose of baby butter.

My cock tensed as my own fingers brushed against it, seemingly so occupied by being marinated in Mom's warm, gooey hugs that it didn't even know I was there. This thing truly had a mind of its own today. The veins sprawling up the side like intricate spider webs were throbbing as though it was not blood, but pure nuclear energy, that coursed through them.

I poked and prodded long the ring of her pussy, marveling at how wickedly sinful it was to explore her so intimately while I was still inside of it. Her lips quivered at my touch, ignited by my curious manipulation and encouraging me to keep the light pressure on her engorged nub. "Keep going, baby. Please, just keep doing *that*."

I was fueled by a new focus; making my Mother orgasm. Never in my wildest dreams did I envision being able to make *anyone* do so while riding public transit, let alone my Mom, but the possibility lit such a fire under me that I knew it had to be done.

"Do what, Mommy?" I made sure to riddle my tone with faux ignorance. We had been swapping authority rapidly but at this point it was all mine, so I instantly succumbed to the power trip.

"Do...th-that again." Mom's knuckles were bright white, arms shaking as she tried and failed to steady herself against the seat without making it too obvious why she was doing so. I dragged her pink pearl between my two middle fingers, making sure not to press too hard, and focusing around the edges where I knew I had a bit more freedom to toy with her.

"*That!*" Mom spat out the command, ignoring the clear dynamic shift that gave me the courage to be more playful. "I think-oh my God, Evan, I think you're gonna make me cum."

I kept up my pace, but didn't quicken it, to lull Mom into a drawn out orgasm. It wasn't a race, but Mom came flying to the finish line like she was trying to break a record.

With unforeseen patience, Mom moved with a very deliberate slowness to bend forward and bite down hard on the seat in front of us, turning her head to the window to be as subtle as she could. She seized up like she touched an electric fence as the whirlwind force shook her entire body. Low, primal grumbles and strained grunts erupted from my Mother as her orgasm ripped through her. Her breathing turned to sharply drawn inhales as she fought to stop the groans from getting loose. The squishy ring suffocating my cock tightened like a noose, pumping the base of my cock like it wanted to take the bloated invader just one more inch.

Mom was a leaf, narrowly holding on to its branch as it is whipped around in the wind. Every second that passed gave Mom an open window to convulse around me, and though she tried her best to downplay it I could tell she was struggling to stay composed. The space between her tight squeezes was extremely small, giving her very little time to relax and take a breath before another uncontrollable spasm rocked her to the core. Mom's limbs were as hard as diamonds, unflinching as they anchored her to the seat as she was dominated by her orgasm.

I hoped nobody else could hear the faint whimpers she was making. In part because I wanted to keep our cover intact, but mostly because knowing those sounds were just for me was filling me with a justified sense of pride. I tried with all my strength to tether my Mother to me, one hand feverishly rubbing her clit while the other wrapped around her tummy like a seatbelt.

Mom unclamped her teeth from the seat, unfazed by the degeneracy of such an act as she basked in the come down. She cooed softly under her breath, detaching one hand from its anchor position to place it on top of mine. We embraced around her midsection, fingers intertwined, with echoes of her orgasm still making her tremble.

Mom's hand lovingly stroked my arm, silently expressing the passionate love that was sizzling between us. In response to an unexpectedly strong surge, she tightly clamped her pussy one last time and accidentally let the tail end of a yelp escape her lips. We didn't even look up to see if anyone heard, we were beyond caring.

"I've never..." Mom let her words hang in the air, showing no intention of finishing them. I didn't need her to; I was simultaneously experiencing so many "firsts" that it would have filled a novel, but the unspoken bond between us led me to believe that nothing needed to be vocalized. We just knew each other *that* well.

The tension in Mom's body dissipated and she slumped against me like a sandbag, refusing to relinquish her grip on my cock. "I can't believe that just happened."

"Me neither." I kissed her neck.

"I can't believe that just happened." Mom repeated, but the words still would not sink in. "Did you..."

"No." I cut her off, perhaps too sharply. "Not yet, Mom. But we can stop if you -."

"I *need* to feel it, baby." Mom was far beyond teasing. "Are you close?"

"Uh-huh." I grunted.

"Tell Mommy what to do." Mom demanded, undeterred in her quest to let her Son breed her. I was afraid that maybe, after experiencing such an orgasm, Mom might have come to her senses. As selfish as it was, I was worried she would realize how insane it was that she just came on her Son's cock, but the exact opposite was happening. Rather than running into some sense of clarity, Mom doubled down and fully embraced her incestuous fantasy.

"Mommy wants you to cum, sweetheart. Can you do that for me, please? Pretty please, for me? I want to feel all your babies squishing around inside me, I miss it so fucking bad. Oh, *fuck*, make me a Mother again, honey. Good boy, breed Mommy, put a little brother in Mommy's belly."

Holy shit! Mom was getting into this more than I was, but I loved every second of it. Something hidden had awoken in her, something that had been starved for a long, long time. It couldn't have all happened this afternoon, right? How long had Mom been waiting to-

"I *said* this is my fucking stop!" A voice boomed from the front of the bus, rattling the window. "Let me the fuck off, or you're gonna have to throw me off."

Mom and I whipped our attention to the bellowing ball of anger that now captivated the entire crowd. A large man, roughly two-twenty and six feet tall, was making his presence known. He and

the driver began bickering back and forth with animosity rising in their voices, and whether or not it was justified was lost on us.

A couple do-gooders got out of their seats to try and back up the driver, but that was not taken well. Within seconds of reaching the front, the giant antagonist struck one of the wandering patrons in the jaw and dropped him to the floor like a wet towel. More, equally angry, people got out of their seats to confront the display of violence, forcing the driver to pull the bus to the side of the road.

It all happened so fast, and before I knew it the bus was packed with balled up fists being flung around like medieval flails. Suddenly, even less attention was being paid to our small, insignificant corner of the bus. Nobody paid attention to *anybody* that stayed in their seat to watch the fray, and even fewer were privy to a Mother bouncing on her Son's lap. We both came to the realization at the same time; we had an opportunity, and we needed to use it before the window closed.

"Remember that you can finish inside my pussy, okay?" Mom gave my thigh a reassuring squeeze without looking back at me, faking interest in the brawl to keep our cover. "Try and come quick, Muffin."

Mom arched her back to create a new angle for us, isolating her ass so she could hold herself up with the seat while she twerked and bounced her bubble butt on my cock. The first deep stroke was so intense that it nearly sent me over the edge, putting to shame the subtle bump and grind that had gotten us here so far.

It was only obvious to me, but the sound of Mom's naked ass slapping against me could finally be heard as she vigorously pumped her hips. The fat, doughy cheeks clapped together every time she plopped back down and drove my cock into her sweltering depths with palpable urgency. Mom sought to rid herself of the pent up frustration that came with biting our metaphorical tongues for so long, and she was content with taking it out on me. I sat in a blissful fog, seeding control to Mom so she could expertly milk my balls.

Having scratched her deepest craving, Mom's wild abandon slowly turned to an intentional effort to make me cum. She clenched her ass cheeks together as she pulled her pussy off me, her muscles contracting so hard that she put divots in the sides of her once plump, doughy mounds. She couldn't help from leaving strands of shimmering juice to glisten on me as she rose up, and I swear I could hear her soaking wet pussy squishing every time she drove her ass onto me. Her warm tunnel pulled up my length like she was trying to literally pull an orgasm from me, and it was working.

I held onto her waist, the way I had with so many girlfriends before, but it felt instinctively fulfilling to have my Mother be the one riding me. My hands fit perfectly under her chubby muffin top, giving her the balance she needed to fully engulf my cock in the depths of her hot, soggy pussy with every relentless stroke. On her way down she released her tension and slammed her ass into me, bludgeoning my bloated cock head with the spongy wall of her cervix. My eyes eclipsed and I swear I saw the front of my brain.

I couldn't resist the opportunity of a lifetime, and I didn't know if this particular type of opportunity would ever grace me again, so I took action. It would have been polite to ask, but knowing my Mother, she would have said "yes".

My hands gripped the bottom of her dress and, completely ignorant to whether or not we were being watched, I lifted it. Mom whipped her head around with daggers in her eyes that only lasted

a brief second before softening. She knew the risk, but she could clearly see how her Son was being controlled entirely by fervent lust and didn't want to stop me.

Two eyes weren't quite enough to fully appreciate the nuances of Mom's beauty. Namely, that of her incredibly buxom backside. With her dress out of the way, I soaked in the sight of Mom's ass quaking like jelly as her pussy swallowed my cock up again and again. Every detail, like the dim outline of short, feathery peach fuzz covering her juicy ass cheeks, was one I needed to memorize.

The bunched up fabric of my pants had made an imprint on her supple, malleable skin that made it look like a maze with no solution, but I searched for one endlessly. I could see a dent made from where one of my buttons had dug into her, and with her doughy ass meat I honestly believed I would have been able to read the lettering off the imprint if I had a closer look.

I could make out the faintest hint of light peeking between her creamy, cushiony ass cheeks and illuminating her bright pink, tightly puckered asshole. The lips of her vagina visibly clung to my shaft as she lifted away from me, stretching away from her like she was vacuum sealed to me. Her pussy was begging to be reunited with the meaty cock they had now become so friendly with, and she listened to it.

Mom scanned the crowd to make sure everyone was distracted and, when nobody returned her gaze, she said at her loudest volume yet; "Ready to give Mommy another baby, baby?" The fight was still in full effect, so I knew this was the only chance I would have.

I didn't have time to respond, but she wasn't waiting for one. Mom gave her final thrust and planted her ass soundly back in my lap once she felt the telltale signs pointing towards an orgasm. She sighed with guttural satisfaction over her accomplishment and returned to her familiar pattern of gentle, firm squeezes while she engulfed the full length of my throbbing cock.

A heavy burst of cum erupted from my dick, and if Mom hadn't been holding me down I surely would have jumped to my feet from the force of it. The first hot burst of sticky paste blasted against the ceiling of her pussy, leaking down to the floor of her vagina in a sticky puddle of thick goo. Mom planted her ass in my lap to ensure the rest would fill her depths, welcoming a second eruption that was aimed directly against her waiting cervix.

Mom coaxed me the whole way, swaddling my cock as she gently rocked to and fro. "Good boy, just like that. Mommy wants to feel you get her pregnant."

Mom's pussy eagerly accepted the third dose, tenderly convulsing alongside me as she squeezed in time with my impulsive flexes. The buttery glue saturated her mushy, pink walls, draining down to her deepest reaches, guided by my dick as it ushered every drop of cum towards her womb. The gooey globs of cum being churned around inside my Mother were churned into a froth, glazing my cock with the viscous, bubbly nectar we had made together.

Mom giggled excitedly, surely impressed with herself for getting such a violent reaction out of me, but that giggle was immediately followed by a wide eyes and a slack jaw once she realized how much cum was being emptied into her. "Are you still - holy *shit*, baby. Keep filling Mommy, that's my special boy."

I shuddered in bliss for longer than I meant to, emptying whatever remained in my balls into Mom's hungrily waiting vagina. I sat motionless, tightly secured to my Mother, but totally still, losing myself to the unyielding spasms that kept me from feeling like I'd reached the end.

Mom kept clenching her pussy until she felt me start to soften, which took noticeably longer than normal. My dick was marinating in a cocoon of cum and pussy juices as it rested inside of her, acting like a stir stick to turn the warm paste into a foam that effortlessly ran out of her and trickled down my balls.

We were a mess below the belt, and if not for the distracting fight I was sure someone would have picked up on the undeniable scent of wet pussy and cum that we smelled of.

Neither of us spoke, as there was nothing to say. Mom gasped and briefly gripped my arm when my softened cock finally slid out of her, but beyond that she was silent. It took a minute, but finally she said; "Evan, I think it's leaking out of me."

As though there was nothing strange about it, I reached my hand between my Mother's legs and slipped a finger through her loose, dripping pussy. There was tons of cum leaking out of her, making a large puddle of creamy liquid on the floor as she tucked her legs in to try and keep my cum from dribbling out of her.

"Yeah, you're dripping, Mom." I noticed that people had started to evacuate the bus. "I think we should get off."

Mom chortled. "Again?"

"You know what I mean, Mom." I felt my heart pang with guilt as I named her. A name that was now unavoidably tainted with rampant lust. My mind started reeling as reality set in. "What -oh my god, Mom. What did we just do?"

"Not here." Mom grabbed my hand and stood up, pulling me to my feet. A long stream of cum ran down her inner thigh, leaving a trail in its wake as the slimy bead descended until it dripped onto the heel of her. "We can talk about this at home, okay?"

We said nothing else to each other for the journey off the bus. My heart sank as I noticed just how much of my cum was oozing out of Mom, leaving an obvious trail of guilt should anyone be inclined to follow it. Nobody would see unless they looked closely, but I knew what to look for, so I saw the undeniable trail of sticky, glistening cum running all the way down her leg.

What if I really got her pregnant? What the hell would we tell Dad? Mom seemed unfazed, but I couldn't get a read on her until we were finally back in the parking lot.

Sitting safely inside the car, we finally had a moment to ourselves.

The lot was completely still. Dim lights kept select corners lit, but generally it was dark and forgotten. The quiet was punctuated when Mom rolled the windows down to get some air, but she didn't turn the engine on. She was waiting for something.

"Mom," I began. I wasn't sure where to go next, but I couldn't look even stand to look at her with all the guilt I was harboring. "I love you, so much."

"I love you too, honey." She turned her body in the seat and fully faced me. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay, I guess." That wasn't a lie, but it wasn't exactly true. "What about you?"

"Me?" Mom thought for a beat, staring intensely at the dashboard. "I'm full."

"Full?" I raised an eyebrow and turned to face her.

Her smile was as wide and bright as ever. "Very full, actually. You and your Father, I swear, have the biggest loads of any man I've ever seen."

"What..." I gawked like a fish out of water.

"I'm serious, honey." Mom sat back in her seat and reclined it, lifting her dress up over her knees to bring her soggy, cum-drenched vagina into view. She lifted her knees so her dainty feet rested on the steering wheel and spread her lips apart. The low, flicking light above us barely highlighted the juices glistening in her matted pubic hair, making the tidy tuft look soft and delicate. Her lips were bright pink, reflecting that same soft light just enough to reveal the thick layer of slippery honey that still coated her petals.

Mom pried her lips open and I sucked in a sharp breath when her rosy wings spread to reveal the nectar soaked peach at the center. "Can you see, sweetheart?"

Globs of thick, gluey cum were being slowly pushed out of Mom's pussy. She clenched until the hole shut tightly, giving birth to a fat glob of cream that spilled out and landed on her dress. With no hesitation, she wiped it off with her thumb and lifted it to her mouth, letting her lips touch it before her tongue slithered out and let the salty goo hit her tastebuds. Mom licked her lips, toying with me.

"See how much you gave to Mommy?" She gave me puppy dog eyes that were drenched in melodrama. "I could feel it the whole way back, you know. Warm, sloshing around my pussy, dribbling down my leg. I missed it."

I was stunned, to be honest. Here I was racking my brain to try and decide if I could ever return to a normal life, and Mom is busy dwelling on the fact that she can feel my cum squishing inside her when she walked.

"You...miss it?" I replied late, but my brain was doing a lot of processing.

"I told you," Mom averted her gaze. "Your Father and I haven't had sex in over a year. I miss feeling...sexy. I miss feeling wanted, I guess. Feeling like someone desires you so bad that they can't stop themselves from taking it."

She rubbed her belly lovingly like she was admiring the possibility of growing out child inside her womb. "Feeling that desire turn into this amazing warmth that spreads through your whole body. I miss it, Evan, and I missed you."

"I missed you too, Mom."

"How much?" She countered, still spreading herself open for my unwavering eyes. Mom plunged two finger into her pussy until her knuckles disappeared, gently stirring the concoction that saturated her insides.

"So much that I think I should come back to see you again soon." Before I could finish Mom was already pulling her finger from her pussy and slurping off the baby butter. "Uh, maybe *really* soon?"

Mom nodded enthusiastically. "Maybe I should get tickets to the game next week, too?"

"I don't think that'll be enough." I said with a grin. "In fact, I think we're gonna need season tickets!"

Suddenly, I was the biggest baseball fan on Earth. But the next time I saw her, we wouldn't have any time for the sport...