



Erotica Collection

sunburycd

A Bit on the Side

We came into money.

Since I was sixteen, Mom and I had shared the expense of a weekly lotto ticket; and when we had the fortune of winning, it wasn't "the big one," but it was enough to ensure our comfort, (if well managed) for the remainder of our lives.

I wasn't idle however. Finishing school, I studied economics and computer science and with my financial backing, invested in a then little-known and emerging form of currency. Namely Bitcoin.

I admit, I did well.

My mom and stepfather... well, you'll see.

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I was still on the phone to a client as I pulled into the drive of my mom and stepdad's house. I should say, mansion. Whereas I'd invested in secure bonds and tech I understood, my stepfather had decided to buy an overpriced eyesore in the Hills. The very definition of a Beverly Hillbilly, he'd parked his Mercedes behind the partially opened gate and was battering at the sliding mechanism with a hammer.

"...okay, when I've arranged a new assistant, I'll have them schedule a meeting," I said as I left my car, attempting to get off the line as soon as possible. Gerry acknowledged my arrival with a nod and I grimaced at the voice in my ear before they finally ended the call.

"Work?" Gerry asked.

"Uh-huh, I'm flying solo. Misty and I broke up," I admitted, breaking the news of the end of my relationship with my partner and receptionist.

"Ooh," Gerry offered. "Yeah, working with her would've been difficult. Pity though, she was a looker."

I nodded whilst watching him attempt to solve his dispute with the gate, eager to move on with the conversation but he lingered.

"A real Georgia peach," he added, alluding to her heritage and I guessed, knowing Gerry, her ass. "That ass! But I suppose work and play don't mix."

"Oh-kay!" I shuddered, though I agreed with one part (well many) of his assertions, working with her would've been difficult under the circumstances; but it left me with a pressing need for her replacement. It was my stepfather I had to thank for his suggestion.

"What about your mother?" He posited, slamming the hammer against the steel.

"What?"

"You need a new receptionist, right?"

"Yes. Urgently."

"Well Lydia does nothing all day. And she's your mother so there won't be any temptation if you know what I mean?" He stopped his hammering to give me a wink.

It actually wasn't the stupidest idea he'd had. That would have been the house, and I focused on that as I finally questioned what indeed he was doing, letting the line about my mother slide.

"Ah, the fucking gate's jammed again," he bemoaned as he gave a concerted, clearly frustrated swing which seemed to do the trick, the large

steel gate beginning, unhappily, to open before us. I looked at the cracked concrete of the driveway, fissures in the retaining wall, all that had appeared not long after settlement. If he'd taken my suggestion and had the house inspected before committing, I'm sure he wouldn't have purchased. "There. Good as new," he delighted in his handiwork, before looking back at me. "Is that why you're here? Your mother. To offer her the job?"

It wasn't, and I told him. I'd merely been in the area and stopped for a social visit, but now that the idea of Mom working for me had been implanted, I was surprisingly coming onboard.

"Well, she's inside," he informed me. "Was taking a shower when I left, but she'd be done by now. Go on up."

"What are you doing?" I asked, Gerry depositing his tool in the trunk and getting back in his car.

"There's a fairway with my name on it," he gestured to the golf clubs in the rear seat and I found myself waving him goodbye.

The path now clear, I drove up the curved driveway to their palatial residence, (it would never be 'just a house.') The large front doors unlocked, I made my way into the entranceway proper and immediately heard my mother's voice. Her call was muffled and from some distance, figuring it to be from upstairs, I made my way to the grand staircase when she called again.

"Gerry!" She yelled and I headed up the stairs to the first floor, noticing the railing on the staircase was wobbly in the process.

"He's gone out Mom," I shouted back. "It's only me here."

Her response was muted.

"Oh."

I paused at the top of the stairs waiting for further or her eventual appearance and began to head up the hallway when neither came, stopping outside her open bedroom door when I found it empty. "Where are you?" I called.

"Um," came her still muffled response. "Where's Gerry?"

This time I narrowed down her location to the en suite and recalled Gerry having told me she was having a shower.

"Out. He said golf," I explained to the empty room.

"Oh," she repeated.

The whole thing was confusing, and frustrated, I walked closer to her bathroom door. "What's going on?"

Once more there was a pause before she finally spoke.

"It's...it's embarrassing," she delayed explaining and my mind began to imagine scenarios. "I've been calling out for ages. I'm stuck in here," she added.

"What?"

"The door. It jams," she detailed, and I assumed she meant the en suite door.

"Oh, is that it? I can open this," I took hold of the handle in preparation of shouldering the door open.

"No, the door in here," she elaborated and I paused.

"What?"

"Oh," once more the delay I was becoming used to. "Oh, just come in."

I turned the knob not knowing what I was expecting to find once I entered, and as the large marble tiled room opened up before me, it was admittedly one of the scenarios I'd imagined seconds before. Well sort of. There was still steam hovering at the ceiling and condensation on the walls, the room remaining warm. The moment I saw her, I directed my eyes away but the damage had been done. Mom had indeed been having a shower. She remained in there. And yes. She was naked.

As I shielded my eyes with my hand, the image of her through the glass remained. Wet hair, one hand tucked between her upper thighs to cover her pussy, the other arm and hand used to protect her breasts from view. I could feel the blush creeping to my face and tried to remain composed, aware the vision of her nude would be with me now forever.

"What's happened?" I laughed.

"It's this freaking glass door," she began. "It's broken again. Like everything else in this house."

I risked a look at the large plate of glass she alluded to and could see it was slightly askew, moving closer to the problem. The wall-to-wall shower screen was ceiling height, the ability to pass a towel removed, and as I dropped to my haunches to examine the lower hinge, Mom backed slightly away on the other side.

"I'm gonna have to..." I referred to my hand covering my eyes and protecting her modesty and she quickly permitted.

"Oh, of course Darling. Go ahead," she condoned and I lowered my shield. Once more I was witness to her nudity. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd seen Mom in a swimsuit, so the impact of her exposure wasn't lost on me but I remained mature, attempting to take it in my stride. Looking at

the door, I couldn't see anywhere I could gain leverage, my fingers unable to fit under the pane and I risked a look up at Mom for guidance.

"You say this has happened before," I remarked. "How'd you fix it?"

"Well, Gerry did it," she began. "You have to put your hands on the glass and push and lift or something."

I tried as she described and nothing seemed to be happening, before she once more spoke up, moving forward.

"No, it was higher," she explained and took her hand from between her legs to press up on the glass. With one thigh crossed over the other, her pubis itself was obscured but the shadow of dark hair came to eye through my indirect gaze. I rose to stand before her and as I did, her inhibitions seemed to dissolve, her other hand rising to the glass to show me exactly where to press.

I admit it caught my breath. Her unfettered breasts presented to me the other side of the glass. I could feel my face burning as I raised my hands to match hers, looking directly at her naked body, boobs that I only now comprehended the impressive size and then, as she seemingly relaxed and uncrossed her feet, a clearly manicured thatch of brown pubic hair.

"Sorry Honey," she managed to chuckle. "I'm embarrassing you."

"No!" I refuted but my face gave it away. "So, what, I just push and lift?"

"Uh-huh," you can't do it from this side you see," she once more backed away as I followed her instruction and with an effort, the heavy glass panel seemed to slip back into its hinge, aligning once more with the screen.

"That's it," Mom applauded and reached out to open the door, now seemingly more than comfortable to be naked in my presence.

I stood aside as she slipped from the shower and headed toward the towel rail and a hanging robe, catching more than a glimpse of her exposed rear and cursing myself for not immediately offering them to begin with. As her ass was taken from my view, I looked back inside the stall. A collection of soap and shampoo bottles gathered upon the wall-long bench seat attempted to obscure another item that stood out from the pack. Immediately recognizable, the flesh-colored dildo was long enough to have its attached balls showing behind the conditioner and the bulbous head stuck out behind a shower puff. My mother had been masturbating!

Lightheaded with the revelation and with face aglow, I turned immediately from the discovery and gazed once more upon Mom. She hadn't dried completely in her time trapped and as the thin white satin robe covered her body, her wet flesh showed through. Nipples hard and pink protruded through the silky material. The shadow of her pussy for an instant before she wrapped and tied the belt. Her face devoid of makeup, hair still dripping wet, she was beautiful. The sudden appreciation of her as a woman was shocking and even more so was the stirring in my pants.

Confused, mortified, I tried to focus on something else. "You really need to get that fixed," I stated the bleeding obvious and Mom scoffed.

"I'll add it to the list," she chuckled as she headed out into her bedroom and I followed. I didn't know what was wrong with me but I looked at her ass once more as she walked, buttocks swaying with each step. That I was aware she was naked beneath just adding to the wonder. It was then my erection really came on.

Black jeans, I was comfortable I'd get away with it as we headed through the house, as long as she didn't look down there directly. To be honest, I was happy to get away from her bedroom, the bed far too suggestive. It was then

I metaphorically slapped my face. The bed suggestive? Look down at my fly? Why would she? She was my mother. Nothing would ever, could ever happen. She had no interest in the contents of my pants, be they hard or soft! I was being an immature idiot and I felt like a creep for even getting a hard-on in the first place. Two days without a girlfriend and I was thirsting for my mother! What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Careful of the banister," Mom warned as we descended the staircase. "It's loose."

"This place is a deathtrap," I managed to dismiss my incestuous thought process, coming back to the real world. "I told you not to buy it."

"Oh, and you've tried talking Gerry out of something when he has his mind set?" Mom laughed as we entered the kitchen. "Coffee?" She offered. "I have to do something for my hero."

"Hero?" I laughed. "Yeah right. Actually, there might be something you can do for me," I suggested and strangely her neck reddened almost instantly, the hue spreading to her cheeks. Was she herself having similar thought patterns to me? Nonsense, I told myself. Her eyebrows raised, I continued. "Come work for me."

"What?" She nervously giggled.

"I'm serious. Gerry thought of it. Come be my receptionist."

"But what about Misty?"

"We broke up," I rebutted and didn't need to explain to Mom that working with my ex wouldn't have been smooth sailing.

"Oh. When?"

"About two days ago."

"No, I mean when do you want me to start?" She surprised me with how quickly she agreed, not that she wasn't asking about Misty. I always had the distinct impression Mom hated her!

"You'll do it?"

"Of course," she beamed. "I'll do anything for my hero."

As I drove home, I thought of the words Gerry had spoken. 'She's your mother so there won't be a temptation.' I thought of her naked in the bathroom. The vision came to me of her masturbating, my imagination picturing her fucking the dildo suction-cupped against the glass screen.

The hard-on returned.

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The office space I leased being below my apartment building, Mom was already waiting outside when I came down twenty minutes early. Much of the night I'd thought of her. Not intentionally. It was just every time I closed my eyes, I could see her standing in the shower, naked. Protecting her pussy and boobs with her hands, before the reveal. Her eyes on me, studying my reaction as I took in her nudity. Her rounded pale breasts, waxed and shaped pubic hair. And when I allowed my imagination to take over, I pictured more. Legs spread as she sat on the tiled bench, a hand on her breast teasing a nipple, dildo between her legs.

I'd chased the visions away countless times. Thought of other women, attempted a novel. But laying wide awake and nearing one a.m. I relented and masturbated. Using my own mother as inspiration, (unhealthy as it was) to clear my head and my balls and finally get some sleep.

The morning, and I'd assumed I'd be over it, but, as I readied for work, I found myself contemplating what she'd wear? Would we lunch together?

Even in the elevator downstairs I pictured an after-work drink in my apartment, alcohol, alone together, what could happen? Yes, I was delusional and when I laid eyes upon her outside my office, most thoughts of incest slipped from my mind.

"You're keen," I joked as I approached, noting her appearance. "Why so early?" The idiot in me had imagined her wearing something revealing, a slutty secretary outfit perhaps. What she presented in however was far from slutty; diametrically polar. Brown, I supposed it was a woman's suit. Ill-fitting and formless it did nothing to highlight her natural beauty and she looked every one if not more than her fifty-four years. Was I being picky? Overcritical? Yes. I mean she was my mother. As any woman she could wear what she chose. But right then, knowing how attractive she could look even without clothing, I wanted her to project her beauty. Was that so wrong?

"The bus timetable gets me here half an hour early," she explained.

"You got the bus?"

"It's the same route that goes past our house. Seems silly not to use it," Mom reasoned.

"Hmm, suppose," I frowned. "You could still drive."

"We sold my car," Mom countered and it took me by surprise, clearly showing in my face and Mom explained. "Well, I hardly ever drove it and... well we needed the money."

I was learning so many things about her, about my parents' life, and this particular news was troubling. Had she so quickly taken the job offer for that reason? Was it why Gerry had suggested her to begin with?

"Serious?" I was distracted by the phone ringing in the office as we entered. "Well, we'll talk about that later, and I'll give you a fob so you can unlock the office," I scooted the front desk to answer the phone, looking back at Mom. "I'm really not cool with you taking the bus," I admitted as I raised the receiver to my ear.

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Not a novice on the computer, and having been only out of the workforce about ten years, Mom found the work familiar and seemed to be enjoying the day. I had back-to-back meetings with clients all morning and much of the afternoon and through the glass walls of my office I occasionally glanced in her direction. The brown suit didn't grow on me. It was also not lost on my clients.

'I thought I'd walked into a retirement home,' one mentioned. 'Is she your grandmother?' A female investor surprisingly asked me and angrily I'd dismissed their opinions. She was my mother. She could wear whatever she wanted. The next day however, when she arrived wearing a dress that was somehow dowdier than the suit, I felt I needed to say something. She, like it or not, was the face of my business. The first thing clients saw when they arrived. Misty, though an airhead was amazingly good looking and sad as it may be, society is attracted to the attractive and her presence had encouraged repeat business. The stupid thing was, Mom wasn't ugly! I'd seen her wear perfectly suitable clothing. I'd seen her naked body. She could've looked good in a hessian sack. Why then this?

"What's with the dress?" I causally inquired over a coffee at her desk mid-morning. She looked down at the frumpy loose garment. High collared and formless, it was more muumuu than office attire.

"It is a bit dated, isn't it?" She freely admitted and it came as a relief she hadn't taken offense. "I thought it was, well... the most concealing."

"What?" I frowned, confused.

"I mean after the other day," she began to blush. "How much you saw of me. I thought I'd wear something a bit more... mom-like."

"Oh," it was now I that began to blush. "I don't care about that," quick to change the subject. "You don't have anything... I don't know, more businessy?"

"Not really," she played with the fringe on her opposite sleeve. "I would buy something new but money's a bit tight of late."

"Is that all?" I rose from my position, retrieving my wallet from my back pocket. "Here's the company credit card. Buy whatever you want. We'll claim it as a tax expense."

She looked surprised. "You can do that?"

"Why not? We'll say it's uniform."

She took the card apprehensively. "I won't spend too much," she assured and I scoffed.

"Buy whatever you like. I can afford it," I stated, and she looked coy.

"I'll go after work."

"Go now," I quickly rebutted. "It's a quiet morning," I followed, hoping I wasn't coming across too forceful.

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It WAS a quiet morning. Drifting into a slow lunch period. I was hard at work on a Sudoku when she arrived back at the office, and casually looking

up from the paper when she entered the front door, I was more than shocked at the transformation. Gone was the frumpy dress. A short, very tight black skirt sat over black stockings. A dark blue, what looked to be satin shirt stretched taut over her breasts. I managed to lift my jaw as I rose to greet her beside her desk, though my eyes couldn't disguise their admiration. "You look great," I admitted and I noticed her blush.

"I changed in the store," she stated the obvious.

"I can see," taking in her appearance from her strawberry blond hair to her black high heels. "You look like Brandi Love," I spontaneously admitted, immediately questioning the sanity of comparing my mother to a porn star.

"Who's that?" Mom looked curious and I could feel myself blush.

"Oh, no one. Just an actress." The phone rang on her desk and saved me further explanation; Mom proactive in getting back to work and hurrying around behind me. "You look great is all," I once more complimented her as she placed a hand on the receiver, pausing. "Did I mention that?" I asked.

"Yeah, you said something like that," she smiled, blushing, and I left her to it.

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She wasn't far from my mind however. A post-lunch appointment with a client, my eyes wandered over their shoulder to where Mom sat. It was innocent. A woman just adjusting her stockings. With legs to the side, her skirt rode up revealing black lace stay-ups. Her fingers grabbing the hem and pulling them up higher on her thigh. Satisfied with one, she repeated the process on the other leg before she once more swung her chair around, removing the temptation to stare.

Later. Again, alone in my office and toiling over the Sudoku, I glanced up at probably the most opportune moment. She had stood to lean across her desk, reaching for something on the far side. The action caused her butt to stretch the short skirt, its length riding up on her thighs. Once more the lace tops of her stay-ups became visible, the white skin of her upper thighs. Was she aware? It was so overtly sexual...I had to stop my thought process. It wasn't 'overtly sexual.' It was simply a woman going about her business. I was the one injecting a sexual overtone, playing the part of a leering employer. She'd done nothing to imply consensual flirting. Oh, there was also one glaring factor I was missing. SHE WAS MY MOTHER! I dragged my eyes away from the admittedly arousing sight, ashamed of my behavior, my basically incestuous delusions, determined to do better. It lasted a good five minutes.

"I forgot to give you back the credit card," Mom entered my office carrying the card and obviously the receipt for the clothing. She could've approached the desk from the opposite side, instead choosing to come around beside me and lean her bottom back on the surface, crossing her legs.

"Keep the receipts," I informed her, quickly closing the game of solitaire I'd begun on my computer. "That's your job now, expense reports, tax. There's a file on the desktop."

"Oh. Of course. Give me something to do. Is it always this quiet?"

I blushed at her observation

"It's gets busier!" I laughed. As I'd come to expect, the top of her stocking was showing and it brought me back to her appearance. "So, did you get everything you needed? Are they delivering your other clothes?"

"What? Oh, no," she responded looking down at her outfit. "This skirt and blouse were all I bought."

"What? Seriously?" I was a little surprised. "You planning on wearing that every day?" Again, I felt uncomfortable about critiquing her appearance but she seemed to take it in her stride.

"Well, I didn't know how much I could spend and," again she cast her eyes down onto her own body. "If what I bought was appropriate."

"You don't need my approval," I stated, feeling how hypocritical it sounded in that it was me that told her to change in the first place. "You're right, it's a slow afternoon. So, head off early," I handed the credit card back to her.

"And this time. Buy everything you need."

She hesitated taking the card.

"Everything? What about accessories, shoes and things?" She cautiously asked.

I didn't know what 'things,' were, but I hoped she meant underwear!

"If you wear it in the office, it counts," I insisted. "I mean, steer clear of Tiffany," I laughed. "But there are heaps of stores out there on Rodeo. That Lauren Brooks boutique just opened up."

Mom frowned. "Lauren Brooks. Doesn't she just do lingerie and swimsuits?"

I felt myself redden once more. "Um, I'm sure she does clothing as well."

She looked at me skeptically but rose from the desk. "Well, if you think you won't need me..."

"Go," I insisted, though immediately thought of the day. Friday. I wouldn't see her all weekend and a pang of regret washed over me. Never mind.

Something to look forward to, I reasoned.

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Well into a bottle of Napa Shiraz, I was watching cable news whilst comfortably slumped in my couch when the buzzer for the intercom in my apartment distracted me. She awkwardly waved up at the camera when I responded, Mom, with multiple shopping bags hanging over each forearm. It was nearly five thirty and I'd assumed she'd be well home by now, not seeking entrance to my own.

I buzzed her up and unlocked the front door, waiting for her at the entrance. It was then I caught sight of myself in the reflective glass. Relaxing and not expecting visitors, I'd changed into track pants and a simple white t-shirt. But now that Mom was on her way up, still immaculately dressed I noted, I wondered if I should in fact change before her arrival? The notion wrenched from me when the bell for the elevator signaled her arrival and there she was, three hours from when I'd last seen her and just as desirable.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, puzzled at her appearance.

She looked frazzled. Even slightly unsure of herself as I welcomed her into my home, the eight or so bags she held deposited beside the coffee table.

"I may've gone a little overboard," she grimaced as she looked down at the shopping. "I thought I'd come by and get your, well, the boss's approval. I've still got time to take back anything that's not appropriate."

I gave a chuckle and moved closer to peer down inside the bags. "I can trust your judgement Mom."

She looked down at my near empty wine glass and I was quick to offer a glass of her own.

"Ooh, yes please. If you're having another," she added and I felt her eyes on me as I entered my kitchen. "I just thought you'd want to see where the money went. Inspect the merchandise," she giggled.

"I mean sure, if you want to show me," I returned, handing her a full glass which she gratefully took and immediately sipped.

"Should I change in your room?"

The question startled me. I'd only expected her to show me the purchases, not parade them. "You want to put them on? Now!?" I revealed my surprise and she looked bashful.

"It's just I'd rather take anything back sooner rather than later," she admitted. "Hmm. Now I feel silly."

I was quick to reassure her and hated myself for reacting as I'd done.

"No," I declared, the realization Mom was about to give me my very own fashion parade making me giddy. "As you said. It's probably best I rubber-stamp the outgoings, so to speak."

She once more giggled and took another large swallow of wine before making for the bags.

"So," she paused. "In your room?"

My mind went blank for a moment before I remembered why she was asking about my room.

"Oh, yes. Of course," I blushed. "Need any help?" I offered as she reached for the multiple bags.

Her smile gave away that she understood the awkwardness of the situation and she politely declined my assistance. The minute she was gone I opened another bottle of wine.

It didn't take her long to change; exiting wearing a tight grey dress that hugged her figure perfectly, dropping to just above the knee. She wore the same black heels and stockings and I complimented her on her taste as she did a twirl for me before taking another drink from her refilled glass.

"Get comfortable," she laughed as I sat back upon the couch. "There's plenty more to come."

She didn't lie. Two more outfits of similar design before a drastic change. Gone were the black heels and stockings. Replaced by brown leather sling back heels and tan stockings or pantyhose. So, these were the 'accessories,' she'd discussed back in the office. The dress she wore was sleeveless and white at the torso, transitioning to a pink flared skirt that sat high above the knees. As she twirled (as she was becoming accustomed to do) it rose up to reveal once more stay-up stockings, that mystery solved.

She must have known it would happen but looked satisfied nonetheless as she once more reached for her glass. In the thirty or so minutes she'd been in my apartment, the alcohol had clearly taken effect, her cheeks as well as the skin on her chest blushing.

"I like that one," I once more complimented her and she ran a hand down her torso to (I suspect) feel the fabric. To me it looked more like she in fact felt her own body underneath, but maybe I was just projecting. Her glass drained, she placed it upon the table and I offered another.

"I shouldn't," she laughed, taking a hair tie from around her wrist before beginning to pull back her hair to secure. Her smooth armpits raised to me, I had the overwhelming desire to go to her and kiss them. Quickly chasing away the delusion as she turned before accidentally dropping her hair tie. The delusion returned.

With her back to me, Mom bent forward to find the lost item. The action caused the already short skirt to lift and reveal her stocking tops once again, and more. White satin came into view. Tight around her buttocks, and below, the glint of metal buttons upon the gusset as it bulged over her vulva. My eyes riveted to the scene; it was then she chose to look back over her shoulder.

"Sorry," I dragged my gaze away. "I was looking..."

"At the bodysuit?" She laughed.

"...I was going to say, for the hair tie," my face burned as I rose from the couch, Mom standing before me.

"It's okay Honey," she stated. "I was going to tell you I bought this underwear as well."

"Oh," my head swam before she turned her back.

"Would you?" She presented the rear of the dress to me, clearly requesting I undo the zip.

"What?" I stalled.

"I'll show you the bodysuit," she casually informed me. "This zipper's tricky to reach."

With shaking hands, I took hold of the small white pull and slid it down her back. The top of the white bodysuit revealed itself and when the dress became loose on her torso, Mom took over.

"Thank you Darling," she almost whispered as she allowed the dress to fall from her body, to her hips and then to the floor. I stood by speechless, granted license to look upon her ass, and then as she once more faced me, her breasts and mound of pussy, snug in the satin. When I didn't (couldn't)

respond, she continued. "So, I bought these stockings as well," she divulged. "And this bodysuit, I can wear under almost everything, so it'll get used." She did another turn and finally asked my opinion. "So, what do you think?"

I nodded, unable to tell her how hot I thought she looked. Totally inappropriate for a son, surely? "Looks good," I managed to offer and eager to change the subject. "More wine?"

"Okay, just a small one. I still have two more outfits," she dropped to her haunches and picked up the dress, for a moment level with my cock. Did I see her eyes drift across my groin? No. I surely imagined it. But as I headed back into the kitchen, my cock beginning to stretch out the front of my pants, I wondered if I had?

Tan pants, she wore next. Flesh colored, she could have in fact been standing there naked, such was their tightness and tone. A turn and I greedily devoured the shape of her buttocks bulging out the material, more than a hint of camel-toe as she once more faced me. A white, what looked to be satin tank top completed the outfit but she wasn't done modeling this ensemble. "I have boots at home that'll go with these," she explained her bare feet. "I had such a hard time finding a bra that worked under this," she (for some reason) informed me, before casually lifting the top up and over her head.

And there they were, my old friends from the shower incident. Mom's boobs presented to me as clear as they were then. Well, almost. The bra she'd found was white but made from an entirely see-through nylon. Her nipples standing out as plain as day. Pink and hard and... beautiful.

"There's matching panties," she bluntly stated, reaching for her glass and sipping before a shy smile came to her face. "But I probably shouldn't show

you them," she giggled.

"Why?" I swallowed noticeably.

"Ah, because they're just as see-through Honey," she smiled. "I know you saw a little too much of me the other day. I don't want to give you nightmares."

Nightmares? I thought. More like dreams. "No, I mean why are you showing me this Mom?"

"Oh," she blushed. "Well, it's your money. I just wanted to show you where it was all going. Is that okay?"

"Okay," I remembered to breath, relaxing somewhat that her explanation made some sense. She wasn't flirting. Moms didn't do that to their sons.

"Okay then," she bent down to replace her wine and the sound of ripping was noticed by us both.

"Oh no," Mom lamented, clutching at her rear to feel the extent of damage done. "Is it bad?" she turned her bottom towards me and removed her hand. It wasn't. Unfortunately. The tear must have been further between her thighs and I told her so. "You nearly got to see my panties after all," she laughed it off as she left the room. "And don't say a word about what this means about the size of my bum!"

I sat back on the couch, my cock now a noticeable bulge in the front of my track pants and I moved it sideways to be less obtrusive. What did it all mean? She said she was just flaunting herself before me innocently, a means to show what the company had purchased. There was nothing sexual going on between us. She was just more comfortable to be around me partially clothed now it seemed. There was nothing wrong with that. I had

the problem here. Misconstruing everything as an incestuous come on. I needed therapy.

"This is the last," Mom left my bedroom and still barefoot padded across the carpet. It was a dress, I supposed; more a slip. Like the previous tank top, white satin. But surely it couldn't be worn in the office? She must have seen the wonder in my eyes and explained the item. "I thought maybe if we had a business lunch, or dinner even?" She stood not four feet from me, her eyes on me expectantly. "It's bad isn't it!? I'll take it back."

"No!" I too forcefully denied before reigning it in. "You don't have to take it back. If you like it."

"But, do you like it?" She questioned. "You're the boss."

"I..." I paused, my cock moving back into its upright position in direct defiance of me. "I think you look beautiful."

As we were both becoming used to doing, she blushed and coyly reached for her almost empty wine. Straight down her blouse I was given an unobscured view of her unfettered breasts and it caught my breath. The material stretched tight across my cock was restricting and without any stimulation, I could feel myself ridiculously approaching an orgasm, rising from the couch to reduce the tension.

"So that's it," she cast her eyes back upon me. Surely, she could see the development in my pants but she played it cool. "I don't have any more underwear to show you," she grinned. "I couldn't find any that didn't show through," she winked, admitting to me she wasn't wearing panties. Even as she said it, one of the straps fell from her shoulder exposing much of a breast and she did nothing to remedy it.

I abandoned all that I'd thought moments before. This was more than flirting. It was open seduction. With our eyes locked on each other's, I moved forward another step and she raised her chin to accept the kiss I intended to deliver. Our first kiss as the lovers we'd surely become. No more games. No more innuendo. We'd finally break the ultimate taboo...

And then her phone rang. We were both pretty sure of the caller and it instantly brought us back to reality with a crash. A moment remaining with our eyes locked before Mom rushed to her handbag and answered her husband's communication, lifting the strap of her dress in the process. "Uh huh," she listened to the voice on the other end. "I was held up at work," she lied to Gerry. "I'm leaving now."

It killed the moment. It killed my erection. What was I thinking? I'd wanted her to see it. To touch it. My mother. And she'd clearly encouraged it. There were no innocent parties here. I finished my glass as she hung up the phone and by the look in her eyes, I could see she felt the same. Thank God for Gerry's call. What could have happened?

"I'd better get going," Mom looked at me one more time before heading back toward the bedroom. I looked past her and was surprised to see darkness outside, the time passing quicker than perceived. "My God it's nearly seven," Mom seemed to be just as startled. "If I hurry, I'll catch the 7:05 bus."

"You're not getting the bus at this hour," I was quick to contradict and being in no state to drive her myself, I sought my phone for an Uber.

She'd entered my room looking about as sexy as any woman I knew. She exited wearing the drab garb she'd appeared in that morning. It was to be expected I supposed. She'd begun by lying to my stepfather about where she was. If she returned wearing different clothing, questions would surely be

asked. But, so what if they were? She'd been with her son. Why would Gerry read anything into that? And nothing had happened between us anyway. It was crazy I was even having this mental debate. I wasn't going to have sex with my mother. End of story.

"I've organized my regular Uber guy," I informed, as I noticed her stuff the black stockings she'd arrived at work wearing into one of the bags. She also consolidated all of the purchases into two bags, limiting the amount she'd have to carry.

"Thank you," she stated, clearly flustered. "Can I leave these here?" She motioned toward the empty bags. "I think it's only the pants I'll have to return," before once more a cheeky grin came to her lips. "That is if you're happy with everything I bought."

I was more than happy. She'd made me hard. What mother does that for her son?

"No, it's all good," I accompanied her to the door and out into the foyer. Waiting for the elevator and after an extended silence, she turned to me.

"Thank you, Dylan," she looked intensely in my eyes. "For the clothes. For the job. Though I think I'm out of my league somewhat."

"What!? What do you mean?"

"All the jargon. The techy speak. I mean one of your clients was talking to me about his blocked drains and how you were helping out. I thought you just dealt with Bitcoin."

"Blocked drains?" I repeated her comment, struggling to understand what she meant. "Oh, you mean block-chain?"

"Oh yeah, that was it," she laughed as the elevator arrived. "It's all Greek to me."

I rode down to street level with her and came up with a solution. "What about I give you a crash course in crypto currency?" I proposed and then entertained our meeting sooner than after the weekend. "I could drop by tomorrow morning, give you a lesson?"

The Uber was waiting and I saw her to the curb.

"I'd like that Honey," allowing her long dress to ride up her legs as she entered the back seat of the car, her eyes lifting to mine. "I need all the help I can get."

"til then," I smiled as I closed the door on her and waved to the driver before the window wound down.

"Oh, by the way," Mom stuck her head out of the open space. "Out of curiosity, I Googled that Brandi Love woman," a smirk coming to her face. "You naughty boy," she laughed as the car drove away.

*

It felt like I'd made a date. It was stupid. She was my mother and yet I had the nervous feeling in my stomach of a new relationship. I longed to see her again. When I returned to my apartment, it felt empty without her. Thankful the scent of her perfume remained to remind me of her presence. What was wrong with me? With us? Because surely, she wasn't an innocent party in whatever was happening. And what was happening? Were we about to embark on an incestuous relationship? Did that kind of thing even happen? Outside of a Jerry Springer episode? I laughed as I headed for my bathroom. God, I hoped it did!

And then I saw them.

Obviously, they'd fallen off the bed, misplaced and left behind. Black, delicate and clearly my mother's panties. For a moment I was cautious, almost looking around to see I wasn't observed before I realized the absurdity of it. I was alone in my room. Who was watching me? I reached down and took them in my hands, the satin arousing as I rubbed my fingertips against the material, more so when I opened them up to reveal the gusset. My cock sprang back into life and I didn't deny myself, wrenching down my pants and rewarding myself with a tug.

Yes, it was wrong. Yes, I felt like an oversexed and immature teen. But faced with such a fetishistic item of my current incestuous fixation, I abandoned myself to a moment of depravity. With the still damp crotch to my face, I managed to make it to my sink before I came, an overdue and copious release as I breathed in the intimate scent of my mother's pussy.

And then came the guilt. And then came the uncertainty. And then came the doubt.

*

When I arrived at Mom and Gerry's the next morning, my stepfather was in the process of washing his car and I struggled to look him in the eye as we exchanged small talk. Could he sense that I carried his wife's underwear in the pocket of my jacket? Did he suspect I was harboring an illicit desire for his partner, my very own mother? Of course not. But uncomfortable in his presence, when he informed me he was headed off to the auto accessories shop for polish, the news couldn't have been more welcome. "Let your mother know, would you?" He asked before leaving but it slipped from my mind when I saw her from behind.

I'd seen her wear the jeans many a time. White, they hugged her ass perfectly and I was disappointed in myself for not appreciating it before

then. More so the rest of her body as she turned to greet me. Not the welcome of separated lovers but the kiss of a mother to her son. The light press of breast to my chest. The inhalation of her perfume as her cheek brushed mine. I had no doubt. I was in love with my mother.

"I'm ready for you," Mom grinned, and for a moment my mind wandered with possibilities before she held up a notepad and pen.

"Oh, yeah," I came back to reality and found the USB I'd prepared with my presentation. "I thought I'd use your TV."

Mom pulled a dining chair to the middle of the living room and took up position before me as I navigated to the USB on the 75inch screen and began the lesson. "So," pointing to the Bitcoin symbol as it appeared on the display. "Bitcoin is a form of cryptocurrency. Hence why I used Bit in the name of my business; A Bit on the Side..."

"Oh," Mom interjected. "You know when you told us, I thought you were opening a dating service."

"I told you what I did," I laughed. "I advise clients on investing in crypto currency." I turned back to the display and pressed forward on the remote to the next screen just as a scrunched-up piece of paper hit me in the back.

"What are you doing?" I again chuckled.

"I didn't do it Sir," Mom cheekily replied, butter not melting in her mouth.

"Well, it feels like I'm back at school again," she justified her behavior.

I couldn't help smiling at her, turning back to the television. "Let's just get through this before Gerry gets back."

"What?" Mom inquired.

"Gerry. He went out for car polish or something," I explained, realizing I hadn't informed her earlier.

"Why didn't you say something?" Mom rose from her chair, leaving her notepad and pen behind as she headed to the stairs.

"What are you doing?" I asked as she made her way upstairs.

"I'll be right back," was all her response.

She wasn't right back. Frustrated, I switched the input to live TV as I waited, annoyed our time alone was being wasted. But when I heard the click of heels coming back down the staircase about five minutes later, I was ashamed at myself for not showing faith.

This was not my mother. The goddess that slowly, cautiously descended the stairs was something out of a movie. An adult one at that. She'd changed. Gone were the admittedly sexy white jeans, replaced with the shortest of pleated red tartan skirts imaginable. Her black heels sat over opaque white thigh high stockings, the triangle of matching panties hugging her pronounced pussy bulge. The top she wore was see-through, her unsupported breasts bobbing with each step downwards.

If I'd had any shred of doubt there wasn't something incestuous developing between us, it was cast away by her schoolgirl costume. As she once more took up position at her chair, she turned and bent to pick up her notepad, her bare buttocks presented to me, the string of her thong dividing the voluptuous cheeks. And upon turning, so short was the skirt and her pussy now within range, I saw the tuft of pubic hair rising above her miniscule panties. My dick responded.

"Wh... what are you doing?" I managed to question as she sat back in her seat.

"What?" She feigned ignorance before looking down at her body. "Oh, you mean this," she nonchalantly responded, the blush on her cheeks and breast giving away her nervousness. "I just thought it'd be funny. It being like I'm at school and everything."

"So... it's just a joke?" I asked, my eyes trailing down to look at where she'd parted her thighs.

"Um, yeah," she cautiously replied. "What more would there be?"

There was still that barrier. Ridiculous as it was, considering how she was dressed and the obvious erection tenting the front of my pants. We both couldn't bring ourselves to admit we wanted each other and I turned back to the television to somehow continue my presentation. "...So, there are one million bits to a bitcoin," I began before I heard a giggle over my shoulder, turning to see her raise the notepad to her chest, hiding something. "What now?"

"Nothing Sir," she said as I moved towards her.

"Show me," I demanded, playing the role of the teacher she seemed to need me to be.

The picture she had drawn was crude but impressive for the short time it had taken. Not much more than stick figures, one was standing, a huge erection pointing to the sky, whilst the other character in the drawing was knelt before him, awaiting the cum that shot from the cock.

"What is this?" I whispered.

"Nothing," she meekly replied, her chest rising with each breath, the quiet of the house all pervading.

"Stand up Mom," I ordered and she complied.

"Am I in trouble Sir?" With chin down she looked up at me and I moved in a step closer and threw caution to the wind, dropping the notepad and reaching out between her legs to cup her pussy.

Her mouth fell open and a relieved breath released as I pushed against her vulva. The dampness flowed through the satin of her panties and was evidence enough I'd done the right thing but when she leaned up to kiss my lips, her tongue entering my mouth, there was surely now no more doubt. "We both are," I answered her question as we kissed, my tongue dancing with hers, her saliva flowing into my mouth. And then her hands at my fly.

Just like the drawing, she went to her knees as she pulled my cock from my pants. It looked impressive in her small hands, more so when she brought her mouth to its head and kissed. I was already dripping pre-cum and when her lips came away, a trail followed which she greedily licked into her mouth. I wanted to kiss her again. I wanted to taste her, to fuck her, to marry her. But one more moment of doubt remained and I voiced my fear. "Mom," her eyes looked up to mine. "...are you sure?"

Her response was to take the head of my dick in her mouth and I let out a held breath in relief, finally relaxing as my mother began to show her love. And what a performance. She pulled me over her tongue, my cock delving into her throat to feel her involuntarily swallowing, choking herself willingly on my length. And then to release me with a gag. Saliva pouring from her mouth to fall upon her breasts making the already transparent top seemingly nonexistent. Back on my cock as she tugged my shaft. Her hand milking me expertly as she sucked the head. Encouraged, I thrust my hips slowly into the action, fucking her mouth as I cradled her head, her hair like silk between my fingers.

Had I ever received a better blowjob? Never. If I hadn't decided to devote the rest of my life to her before then, I definitely had now. Quicker, her hand moved along my slippery column. Again, pulled me into her throat to once more choke and spit out a mouthful of saliva. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen. Drool flowing from her mouth, coating and glistening her chin. She moved down to lavish my shaved balls with kisses, taking one in her mouth to suck as she furiously jerked my rock-hard adoration. It was all too much. My goal had been to fuck her. To take her to her bed and fill her with my love. But that love was premature and to be honest, I'd didn't want to prolong its release and longer.

"Oh God," I moaned and she looked up at me knowingly.

"Are you gonna cum?"

"Yess," I sighed and she began to feverishly tug my length, pressing the head to her lips, her chin.

"Are you going to cum on me Darling?" She asked, her mouth opening to reveal her poked out tongue. "Are you gonna cum on Mommy's tongue? In my mouth?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I groaned, the slapping of her hand along my shaft echoing around the marbled room.

"Cum on me," Mom demanded. "Cum on my face son. Show me you love me."

It was the word 'son' that got me. The realization my mother was sucking my cock. She who breastfed me milk. Was it not only right I repaid her with cream?

And then I exploded.

If I was shocked, I could only imagine how she felt. Such was the force, a stream of cum shot up over her face to sail clear over her head. Where it landed, I knew not, nor did I care as I watched jet after jet deluge her face. Her mouth opened to take a load, her tongue dripping with saliva and cum, drooling down onto her boobs. Her chin was plastered. Strands of semen forming a beard, sticky evidence of a particularly messy and satisfying meal as my body shuddered with the delight. The flow of cum easing, she smiled ecstatically, kissing the eye and sucking all remnant from me.

"Oh God," I once more praised and we both laughed, my hand dropping to help her to her feet. She had never looked so beautiful. Chin, nose, even forehead plastered with my love. And in her hair. I raised a hand and found the missing deposit, embedded in her silvery blond locks, once more raising a chuckle from us both. "You're beautiful," I praised her and she even now blushed. "I love you."

The moment should have lasted longer. Forever. But the sound of the front door unlocking brought us both back to Earth. Mom's eyes widened and she was turning and rushing to the staircase just as Gerry announced his return. His eyes fell on me, my cock taken from view milliseconds before. "You're still here," he noted my presence before looking around the open plan room for my mother. "Where's Lydia? Getting ready, I hope. Lydia," he yelled. Her shadow was still at the top of the staircase and I diverted Gerry's eyes with a question just as he turned in her direction.

"Get the polish?"

"Nah, I'll have to take 'her' to the car wash. LYDIA?" Gerry called out and this time Mom answered from upstairs.

"Coming. Just changing," she responded and even I could hear the tension in her voice.

"You have five minutes," Gerry called back, his eyes straying down to the floor and I followed to see a pool of saliva at my feet. "Spill something?"

"Oh! Yeah, water. I'll just get a paper towel. Five minutes for what?" I changed the subject.

"We're lunching at the Fisk's," Gerry divulged his plans with the neighbors. "Lydia didn't mention it?"

"It slipped my mind," Mom's voice came from the top of the staircase and both Gerry and I turned to see her return. As if from heaven, an angel descended the stairs. She wore the pink and white dress from the night before, no stockings and the highest of heels. She was stunning. She was sexy. And she was my mother.

Amazingly, somehow, Gerry turned away, not even commenting on how beautiful she looked as she approached. "I'll get that paper towel," he declared, marching past me toward the kitchen. It gave us a moment alone together once more and I was quick to declare my feelings on her appearance.

"You look beautiful," I whispered. As beautiful as when she was showered with my cum? There was a debate to be had, but stunning nonetheless.

Gerry returned and dropped to the floor to clean up the drooled saliva and Mom's eyes widened with horror, easing somewhat when I shook my head to signal no reason for concern.

"You finish your training?" Gerry stood, scrunching the soaked paper towel.

"I think I'm starting to get the grip of it," Mom answered, smiling.

I didn't want to leave. A large part of me was hoping I'd be invited to their lunch. Mom the one to destroy my aspiration, telling me she'd see me

Monday morning at work. A day and a half away. I wanted to spend every moment with her. I was feeling like a teenager again. Discovering love and all the emotion that came with it, the good and the bad. With pouted lip I accepted our separation and as we all headed out the front door together, with Gerry a step ahead, she gave me something to remember her by.

Her hand brushed mine and lingered and thinking she wished to hold my own I opened my grip only for it to be filled by something soft and delicate. "Now you've got two pairs," she whispered as she leaned into my cheek before we headed to our respective cars. Only when I was alone did I open my palm and inspect the white satin thong she'd worn under her school dress. I added it to my collection in my jacket pocket.

*

Sunday was excruciating. There was no reason I couldn't head around to her house but she'd definitely stated we'd next see each other at work, and another visit would surely raise the suspicions of Gerry. Why it should I didn't know? We were mother and son. No one would imagine we were in the beginnings of an incestuous relationship, least of all Gerry. But what if he did? Had he not looked at me suspiciously when we entered our cars? Had he possibly seen Mom hand me her panties? Come to the realization what he'd cleaned up almost cuck-like was the remnants of a head-job, not a spilled drink? And so what if he had? Surely, I had as much right to be with Mom as he, if not more. I'd loved her longer.

I put it out of mind. Though not her. She was foremost. And Monday I vowed to prove it.

*

I was there when she arrived; early as per usual. Rising from my desk I greeted her at the front door of the office and our kiss was... not what I'd expected. I imagined unrestrained passion on our meeting. The possibility of an impromptu fuck upon my desk. Not the turned cheek and seeming reticence to admit her feelings. Her eyes brightened however when they alighted on the robin egg blue of the small Tiffany box upon her desk.

"What's that?" She turned back to me and it was then I noticed she wore the tight tan pants from nights before. The supposedly ripped tan pants.

"Just something to wear around the office," I smirked. "We'll claim them." She had the box open and her reaction to the diamond earrings was as I'd hoped.

"I love them," she declared, rushing to the mirrored far wall of the office to admire herself as she threaded them through her ears. The jacket she wore covered her rear and I approached from behind to wrap my arms around her body.

"I love you," I kissed the side of her head and she turned in my arms.

"Can we do this?" She looked up into my eyes and there was worry in them, trouble. Not the carefree sex machine I'd been with Saturday morning. My answer came with my erection pushed into her belly and she released a held breath, almost trembling. "But what about Gerry?"

"Gerry who?" I whispered as I found her accepting mouth and her tongue eagerly met mine, my hands delving into her jacket to caress the satin top, down onto her ass.

"Wait," she pulled back and again I expected reticence, her face however conveyed mischief and my fears were allayed. "I've done something silly and I don't know how you'll react."

The words weren't expected and I was now genuinely curious, smiling.
"What?"

"I don't want you to think me stupid," she blushed and I assured her I could never. "It's about my pants," she went on. Now I was fascinated.

"Yeah, you fixed them, right?"

"Well," she began to lower her long jacket off her shoulders. "Kind of."

Breaking from my arms, she turned as the jacket dropped below her back to reveal her bottom, the tight pants hermetically cupping her buttocks. Just how she'd 'fixed' them was immediately recognizable. An opening had been created along the seam, stitched to prevent further tearing. It left the lower part of her ass crack completely exposed, Mom further emphasizing the fact as she leaned forward to display her wares, balancing upon the edge of the office couch.

"Jesus!" I exclaimed as her asshole and clearly slick vulva came into view.
"You came on the bus like that?"

"See, I knew you'd think me silly," she said.

"No!" I refuted. "No way. It's the hottest thing I've ever seen." Confirming the fact by dropping to my knees behind her and taking her hips in hand, directing her ass back onto my face to plant a kiss.

"Oh, yes," she hummed from above as my lips met her dripping labia, coming away wet from the kiss.

"You like that Mom?" I asked, fully knowing the answer.

"Yes Darling," she sighed as again I pressed my lips to her slit, nibbling down along her labia to her clit. And then the moaning as I encircled her button, my nose buried in her sex. "I knew..." she cryptically began, pausing

as she enjoyed my tongue delving into her vagina. "I could see it in your eyes when I was in the shower," she chose now to reveal the catalyst of our incestuous coming together.

"You looked beautiful," I took a moment to declare, quickly pushing my face back into her sex, my nose in her asshole.

"So long..." she struggled to communicate as I focused again on her clit, my out of form jaw beginning to ache with the endeavor. "So many years I've waited for this Baby," she amazingly admitted, her legs buckling, her body dropping down onto the couch proper. I went with her, my mouth not leaving my mother's cunt for a second, focused on her pleasure yet captivated by her story. "Touching myself as I thought of you. Wanting you..." her ass began grinding against my face, smearing her vulva all over my nose and mouth. "...inside me," she just managed to voice as an unrestrained moan leapt from her.

The realization I was giving my mother an orgasm was eclipsed by the revelation she had fantasized about me for years. Why had she never said anything? Never even hinted at her feelings as far as I could tell. Those matters would have to wait as I greedily lapped up the excess juice that flowed from her pussy, her body shuddering as she came in my face.

"Oh Baby," she eventually pulled her ass from my clutch, quick to find my mouth with hers and kiss the traces of her ejaculate from my lips, my chin. "Can you fuck me now?" she groaned, falling back onto the couch and raising her legs, the hole in her pants perfectly framing her vagina. I had my cock through my fly immediately, falling upon her, sliding myself into her warm wet embrace. Perfectly suited was her vagina for my penis. Of course, it was. She was my mother. We were made for each other. The perfect union. With my pelvis meeting hers, I lingered as our mouths

locked. Then the full withdrawal and repeat of our coupling. Her velvety grasp so comforting, so loving. And then came a knock on the office door.

Mom's eyes opened wide. "Your nine 'o clock!"

I wanted to keep going, to fuck her to conclusion, but the knock came again and reluctantly I pulled out, my ridiculously hard cock slick and glistening, a struggle to fit back inside my pants. Mom rose and regained her composure as I walked the few short paces to the door and greeted my client.

For twenty minutes I remained hard. The occasional and completely unprofessional rub of my cock beneath my desk as I watched my mother over Miles Bradley's shoulder. She played up to it. Bent forward over her desk to reveal her ass. A flash of her breasts before she came in to hand me a folder, standing beside my chair as she small talked with Miles, allowing my hand to creep up her thigh from behind and my fingers to enter her body. All unaware to the third party.

The minute he was gone, I was on her. Pushed over her desk and in full view of anyone who happened by. The bizarre feeling of our fully clothed bodies against each other yet still able to be connected at the sex. All women's pants should be designed this way I decided as I fucked my mother from behind. The convenience. It just made sense. The desk moved as I thrust, inching its way slowly across the floor with our lovemaking before I needed to look her in the eyes once more for when the inevitable happened.

I fell upon her chair and she climbed aboard. Her sex effortlessly sliding down my length as the seat swiveled below. "I need you every day," I declared as our mouths met. "At work. At home."

"But what about Gerry?" She again raised the specter.

"We'll find a way," I gasped as I raised my hips up into her with every descent, the head of my cock meeting her cervix with a kiss. "We won't spend another day apart."

"Oh yes Baby, I want that," she gasped. "I want that so..." her train of thought was stolen as her body shuddered with an orgasm. "Oh... fuck," she collapsed down onto my chest and I held her tight, my thrusts up into her continuing, my own orgasm approaching.

"We're gonna fuck every day Mom," I declared, my hands caressing her back, up into her hair, down onto her ass. "In the shower," I harked back to our instigation. "In your bed. In my bed," I insisted as I let my cum surge forth, her tongue plunging between my lips as she felt my cock pulse inside her, air rushing from my lungs in gasps. Burst after burst of cum injected deep inside her body, her vaginal walls embracing me and my gift of love. "You're my wife now," I sighed, spent and thoroughly devoted to this woman that was my mother, now my lover and destined partner for life.

*

We sat there in each other's arms for minutes, though I could've stayed there all day. The phone rang and reality beckoned, work intruding into our love. It didn't matter. We had the rest of our lives. So much time, so many possibilities. I told her again I loved her as we separated bodily though never now spiritually. We were tied to each other. Metaphorically umbilical-like was our connection. So apt. An incestuous bond that could now never be broken.

"You know I still haven't told you about my dildo," Mom covered the mouthpiece of the phone as I tucked my erection back into my pants, a

wicked smile on her face.

I looked forward to hearing her stories.

*

The End?

Thank you for reading.

A Fiery Affair

Layla Firth sat in front of her laptop at the kitchen table poring over the household budget, a pile of bills beside the screen. Her eyes swept up from her labours to her son as he crossed the room towards the fridge. He had grease on his hands and on the white t-shirt he wore.

"How did you go Honey, fix it?" She asked.

His muscled arm reached out for the handle and had the door open before answering. "Nuh uh," he replied, pulling the carton of juice from the shelf. "Not even the few videos I watched on Youtube can solve this problem. I think you're gonna have to get someone out." Logan lifted the carton to his mouth and drank.

The unpaid bills were bad enough; the car breaking down was definitely something she could do without; her son drinking directly from the source was the straw that broke the camel's back and she lost her cool. "Oh for Christ's sake Logan, how many times have I told you not to drink from the carton?"

Incredulous, he looked at the drink and back to his mother. "You don't drink this! It's just you and me here."

"It's not the point. What if we have guests?"

Logan shrugged and tried to stop himself smirking. "And one of these so called guests only wants a drink of my cheap ass juice?"

"If you want an expensive brand, buy the bloody thing yourself!" Layla yelled.

"What's up your ass?" Logan asked and immediately regretted it.

"What's up my ass?" Layla repeated. Her hand swept up the pile of bills. "I'm behind on the house, the water is overdue, the power has gone up. Again. And you don't seem to give a shit or show me any respect. I ask you to not to do one little thing and..." She stopped herself when she saw the look on her son's face. The hurt.

Logan thrust the juice back into the fridge and slammed the door. "I don't need this shit!" He declared and quickly walked back the way he'd come, wiping his hands on his jeans and leaving her again alone.

"Ugh," Layla exclaimed, slumping back into her chair and hating herself for losing her temper. Her problems weren't his doing, he hadn't deserved it. In fact if it wasn't for Logan's income and the monthly rent he paid her, they would've been out on the street long before. She rose and went to the fridge, taking out a bottle of opened riesling. The thought of drinking directly from the bottle made her smile and went a long way to tempering her mood but she took a wine glass from the cupboard instead.

* * * * *

Logan rinsed the soap from his hands under the garden tap as his mother came out onto the back lawn. Wearing blue denim cut offs and a white t-shirt she sidled over to her son and casually bumped her hip against his. "Great minds think alike," she offered as Logan rebalanced.

"What?" He asked, turning off the tap and again wiping his hands on his jeans.

"Our outfits. We match," she observed.

"Oh." Logan stated, unsure what it had to do with anything.

Layla took a sip from her glass and held it out, offering her son a taste. "It's a nice one!" To which Logan shook his head. "Hey look, I'm sorry Honey,"

Layla proffered. "I shouldn't have taken it out on you."

Logan looked at his mother in the eye. "Are the finances really that bad?"

"Ugh," Layla took another drink of wine. "We'll get by. I'm overdue a raise at work. Put it this way, I don't have to start walking the streets just yet!"

She noticed the flippant comment caused her son to blush and she smiled.

"But really, your money helps a lot. I shouldn't have yelled." She held out her arms in offer of a hug and was warmed by her son's embrace. Slightly taller than her, she rested her head against the side of his, his strong arms around her shoulders.

Logan fathomed she must have felt pretty ashamed at her behaviour to feel it necessary to offer a consolatory hug. They were close. Closer since his father died. Not overly touch feely though and hugs were rare between them, as her body pressed to his he was ashamed at noticing her breasts against his own torso. More than that, his groin against her belly.

"Anyway," Layla kissed him on the cheek and broke the embrace. "I just wanted to say sorry. Drink your bloody juice however you like, okay."

Logan smiled and as one they looked toward the car. "So is it really dead?" Layla asked.

"Afraid so," he replied. "I think it's the alternator, but I'm not sure."

Layla looked back blankly. "How much?"

"Not sure about that either, it won't be cheap."

"Ugh," Layla moaned. "More bills."

There was a moment of silence between them before Layla spoke again.

"Ooh I have some news."

"Oh?" Logan asked.

"You'll never guess who I ran into at work the other day?" She proclaimed smiling.

Logan waited a moment for her to continue but when she didn't he asked. "Okay, who?"

"Willow Jessup!" Layla watched the name register on her son's face and noticed the blush.

"Oh yeah," Logan replied trying to play it cool. The name bringing back so many memories of his childhood. His first crush on a girl, his first kiss. And then the not so fond memories of being in the thrall of someone out of your league. The longing, the humiliation. All through school she'd been the unattainable object of his desire, his dream girl and she knew it, playing on it at every opportunity to her benefit. "What was she there for?" He asked.

"Visiting her father. She's back from Europe, to stay I think." Layla drowned the rest of her glass before dropping her bombshell. "She asked about you!"

For Logan it was too much. He'd tried to forget her after school and when he'd learnt of her living in Europe it seemed the temptation had been removed forever. To hear that she was back and not only that, was asking of him was possibly too good to be true. "What did you say?" He asked, hoping she hadn't said anything to embarrass him.

"I told her you were still working at the supermarket and still living at home!" Layla beamed.

"Oh Mom!"

"What? It's the truth!" Layla stated.

"You could've at least told her I was a manager," Logan proposed, his shoulders slumping.

"Oh, I guess I could've," Layla confessed. "I didn't think, sorry. But that's not all the news!"

"What? You told her I wet the bed as well?"

Layla laughed. "No, we've been invited to their house on the weekend. Duncan is having a sort of 'end of summer' party. Willow will be there."

It was the nest news Logan had heard all week and he wondered why his mother hadn't told him earlier. He'd changed so much since school, since he'd last seen her. Admittedly he'd been dorky back then. Uncoordinated and bookish, he realized he'd not given her much of a reason to respond to his affection but now things had changed. Yes, he was still at the same job and yes he was living at home but now he was a grown man. The body of an athlete. He was also aware of his attractiveness to women although a lack of self confidence usually sabotaged his amorous endeavours.

That his mother had ended up working for his childhood crush's father was now turning out to be a convenient coincidence and not only for Logan. Layla herself had eyes on a Jessup, and not the daughter. When news of Duncan's divorce passed around the office, there were many of the single women whose ears pricked up. In his late forties and infinitely wealthy, he was undoubtably a catch and Layla having known him outside work through her son's friendship with Willow was first to offer her condolences and a supportive shoulder if needs be. To this point, it hadn't but the offer of attending his party where so few workmates had been invited, to her mind hinted of something other than friendship.

"You know Mom, it's not a 'house,' it's an estate!" Logan finally replied. He recalled Willow's lavish parties as children. Hide and seek on the grounds; Willow locking him for an hour alone inside a cupboard. Swimming in their landscaped pool; Willow pushing him fully clothed into the pool after kissing him at a party. His relationship with her had been troubled but not without some happiness.

"That's a good point," Layla reflected on her son's comment. "It's in the hills. With the car out of action, how are we going to get there?"

"We're not showing up on the bus!" Logan was quick to dismiss, the thought of Willow seeing him arriving on public transport, not one he cared to ponder. "We can just get an Uber."

"So you'll come?" Layla asked, knowing her son's ongoing desire for the Jessup girl.

"Yeah I guess, but what exactly did Willow say? What kind of party is it?" Logan asked. "Please tell me it's not fancy dress."

"Oh God, heavens no," Layla laughed. "They just said it was a casual get together around the pool. Oh, that reminds me I have to find my swimsuit. Eww! I haven't worn one in years," the sudden realization Duncan would see her half naked finally dawning on her. "Oh God I'll probably look awful in it."

Logan wasn't concerned about how his mother was going to look, his mind squarely focused on how Willow would look. The last time he'd seen her was after graduation, three years prior. A goddess then, surely nothing had changed, he thought.

"...I know it's awkward but you'll do it?" Layla asked.

"What?" Logan replied coming out of his daydream and only catching the last of his mother's comment.

"My swimsuit," Layla repeated. "If I go put it on would you be honest and tell me if I look alright?"

Logan shrugged. "Oh, yeah. Whatever," he replied before allowing his mind to drift back to images of Willow.

* * * * *

Layla had stood before her mirror in the orange one-piece swimsuit and was aghast at what she saw in the reflection. Her skin was pale, pubic hair escaped either side of her crotch and she'd obviously put on pounds since she last wore it. Ultimately in her eye she looked a reject from the set of Baywatch. After showering and shaving her legs and bikini line she again squeezed back into the bathing suit.

Logan was laying back on the sofa browsing Facebook when his mother called from the hallway. "Alright be honest," she stated before walking barefoot into the living room.

Logan turned his head and sat up when he saw the vision before him, so out of place. She wore less than he'd seen her wearing in years. His mother's near naked body covered only by the tightest one-piece he had ever seen. He hadn't wanted to, but his eyes went straight to her breasts looking larger than normal and stretching the material, bulging out either side. Cool inside the house, her nipples stood rigid and took him by surprise, Logan unable to recall actually ever noticing them prior.

It didn't end there. His gaze traversed downwards. His mother's belly wasn't flat but it was the bulge below that caught his eye. He may have only stared at it for a moment but the mound of his mother's pussy etched into his brain.

"Well," Layla asked, doing a quick turn to show the rear. "Can I pull it off?"

As Logan was forced to look at his mother's ass, barely contained in the swimsuit as it came into view, he almost choked on the potential double meaning of her question.

"Um, er, I.." Logan stumbled.

"Ugh...say no more," Layla sighed. "I know. It's awful."

"It's maybe a little tight," Logan finally managed to say.

"Well that's a nice way of saying I'm fat I suppose," Layla forced a laugh.

"No I didn't say that!" Logan was quick to defend himself. "Maybe you could buy something more modern."

"Nup," Layla steadfastly replied. "I don't have the money and there's no time. Nah, I just won't go swimming, it's no big deal."

She was quick to duck back out of the room and Logan took one last glance at her bottom as she left. 'Can I pull it off?' He thought and tried to hold back a grin before reminding himself she was his mother. Trying to dismiss the image of her in his mind he typed Willow's name into a search and came up with recent photos. She looked better than ever and it both excited and depressed him.

Layla again gazed at her own reflection. He blushed, she thought. My baby blushed when he looked at me. Contrary to her attitude in front of Logan, she'd grown to like the way she looked in the swimsuit. She loved the way her breasts (her own favourite feature) stretched the nylon/lycra. The way her ass bulged from the rear. There was no way she could wear it in public of course, especially in front of Duncan. She needed to be classy before him

and she had to admit as she lowered the straps over her shoulders, she looked so slutty right now. And she loved it.

As she dragged the swimsuit over her crotch she looked down and noticed the gusset was sopping. She pressed her inner thighs together and they were slippery. What's that about? She thought and immediately the image of Logan gazing at her body came to mind. What are you doing Layla? She sternly asked herself and finished removing the bathing suit, finding a pair of comfy panties in her drawer and trying to think of something other than Logan. Fully dressed she began planning dinner.

* * * * *

The home shopping channel had been particularly good viewing lately; Logan finding it useful when at times like this he needed a 'quick release.' He'd caught the end of a swimwear sale the day previous and was hoping for something similar. Sadly a cooking segment was playing and he switched off the television, closing his eyes in his darkened bedroom and instead thought of Willow.

Her cheerleader outfit always worked to fuel his fantasy. She'd flash her panties to him as she performed a routine. She wore a catsuit at a halloween party and her black lace bra was visible through the semi transparent, skin tight material. They drank beer together at a pool party and her nipples were hard as she rose from the cool water. Something changed. The fantasy he'd used over and over all based on actual events altered without his doing. Her swimsuit became orange. As he stroked his cock, the bikini morphed into a one-piece. Finally, his sub-conscious turned Willow into his mother. Rising from the water, her body slick, the swimsuit transparent and her pussy clearly visible.

He came onto his belly and chest and his eyes shot open. "Shit," he whispered to his empty room. "What the fuck was that?" He asked himself and felt dirty, the euphoria of the orgasm subsiding quicker than normal. Logan cleaned up and looked at the time. He brought his mind back to Willow and whispered to himself as he tried to get back to sleep. "Only one more day."

* * * * *

The fires swept through the neighboring county and everyone's eyes were on social media, their ears on the radio and warnings. Duncan emailed on the morning of, that the party would go ahead and by 11am mother and son were pulling up outside the Jessup estate in the Uber.

They walked the steep drive lined with Range Rovers, Porsches and seemingly every other European country's luxury car company included. Passing a Lamborghini, Logan mentioned whether they were really meant to be there and his mother shared his inadequacy with nervous laughter. In solidarity, Logan had joined with his mother and not worn swimwear, but in the heat was beginning to regret his decision to wear jeans. Layla however was enjoying the breeze flowing between her bare thighs under her short summer dress. She felt the hot wind lift it from the rear and as she slapped a hand behind herself she wondered if it had been wise to wear a thong?

The sound of the party escaped the house and being greeted by staff they were ushered through to the rear of the property. The layout of the estate came back to Logan immediately. The sweeping back lawn leading down to the pool and pool-house. Many guests were gathered under a marquee on the lawn keeping out of the sun, while others enjoyed the heat, reclining on lounges in varying states of undress.

Looking around, none of those attending were known to mother and son and for a minute they stood uncomfortably looking on before being offered drinks by the wait staff. At once their shoulders were clutched from behind and the familiar voice of Duncan Jessup greeted the new arrivals. "Layla, Logan, great to see you made it," he looked them up and down and frowned. "I hope you've got your swimsuits on under there, it's getting hotter by the minute."

Layla thought of the tiny thong she wore under her dress and Duncan imagining what was beneath her clothing. At forty one, a confident business woman with a fully grown son and she couldn't stop herself blushing under the gaze of her crush. "Isn't it though!" She managed. "We were worried about the fires."

"Yeah blasted thing," Duncan acknowledged. "We were just inside checking the warnings. We should be okay here though."

"We?" Logan added and Duncan smiled at the younger man's hint.

"Yes, Willow and I," he laughed, knowing all too well Logan's almost lifelong friendship with his daughter. "She's around here somewhere."

As if his words had summoned his daughter, Willow walked from the house out into the sunlight. Logan had done all he could to prepare himself. His plan was to be cool, to be funny, to show her he wasn't still the kid she knew back then. That all went out the window as she strode towards him. No, he thought. She floated across the lawn. A princess, a queen, carried by unseen slaves. Golden hair and tanned skin. The white bikini top laden with ample baggage. A sarong around her waist split to reveal the matching briefs. She was a goddess in the realm of mortals and Logan was dragged back to the awkward schoolboy before her. Time seemed to stand still, all sound but that of his heart ceased until she spoke.

"Well hello stranger," Willow smiled towards him and striving to possess the shred of confidence left in him, Logan opened his arms to take her in an embrace. She smelled as good as she looked and the cheek kiss she offered, her breasts against his chest would satisfy nighttime fantasies for years to come, he decided. "Ms. Firth. So good to see you again," Willow continued as they broke apart. Like her father, her eyes drifted over mother and son's bodies. "You didn't bring your swimwear?"

"That's what I was just saying," Duncan added. "Surely you could lend Layla something of yours Honey? You wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all Daddy," Willow responded and before either Layla or Logan had a chance to say anything, Layla found herself being led by the hand by Willow back into the house.

The men watched them go and as if on cue the wind changed direction causing Layla's dress to blow up the back of her legs. His mother's hand wasn't fast enough to prevent her bottom being displayed and although Logan's eyes were on Willow, the unexpected flash of bare buttocks caused him for a moment to question whether she wore underwear at all. Logan and Duncan turned to one another simultaneously and the younger man was thankful Duncan didn't mention what they had both just witnessed. "If you head down to the pool-house Logan, you'll find swimming trunks of mine in there. Take what you will, I'm sure there's a pair that suits you." He looked down at the boy's glass. "Champagne? Let's find you something a little better, what do you say?"

* * * * *

Layla felt a little uncomfortable being held by the hand by the younger woman. That she kept their touch all the way up the staircase and into the girl's room was also awkward but she was in a foreign world. The super

wealthy did things differently she knew, and if her senses were correct and Duncan was just as interested in her as she was in him, this could be a life she would have to become accustomed to. Looking around at the opulence on display, she was sure she could make an exception.

The girl's room was bigger than half of Layla's house and the walk-in robe the size of Layla's bedroom. Hanging from racks were swimsuits and none that Layla could see were aimed at a middle aged woman. Willow didn't seem as adverse to the idea, taking a black bikini from the hanger and presenting it to Layla.

"I got this in St. Moritz. I know what you're thinking, alpine? I needed something for the hot tub!" She stated, holding it closer to Layla's body.

"No. It won't match your skin. You're very pale aren't you! Maybe a lighter shade."

Layla never did like the girl. She knew of her son's infatuation of course but was also aware of her manipulation of the fact. There was no denying she was beautiful but as the saying went, with Willow it was barely skin deep. She wasn't worthy of her son and yet, she thought, what girl was? A sudden realization she could possibly be the girl's stepmother in the future caused her to pause her train of thought and as she watched Willow choose another bikini from the rack she decided to at least make an effort to befriend her.

"It must be nice to see Logan again after all these years?" Layla asked.

"Hmm?" Willow absently responded. "Oh yes. He's a sweetie." She took an olive shaded bikini from the rack and turned back to Layla. "This one. I found it in this quaint little shop in Monaco. It'll suit you perfectly!"

Layla waited for the girl to hand her the swimsuit and leave the room but she stayed, eyeing her expectantly. It was then she realized Willow was

waiting for her to undress.

"Oh," Layla stumbled. Was it normal to disrobe with another woman present she wondered? Maybe it was common practice amongst the young wealthy elite, she decided. Either way, her dress removed, her fingers fumbled with her bra as she undressed before the girl.

Willow's expression didn't change as she watched her disrobe. Standing in only her underwear, for Layla the room felt tiny, Willow's presence more pronounced. More so as she stepped out of her tiny thong. Now naked, Layla could feel the power Willow possessed. Something intangible about her. It was no wonder her son was so obsessed, she thought.

"My father has his eye on you!" Willow stated out of the blue.

"Oh?" Layla replied. Her nakedness was now becoming an issue. Willow's eyes scanning across her body from her breasts to her crotch, examining, as if assessing her appearance. Finally to Layla's relief she handed her the bikini bottoms.

"Yes" Willow continued. "He talks about you often."

"Does he?" Layla remarked, uncomfortable discussing Willow's father with her. She pulled up the bikini bottoms quickly, eager to hide her nudity and the gusset slid between her labia. Suffering the indignity of pulling it out before the younger woman, she adjusted the bikini and looked back up at the girl. "I wasn't aware!"

"Why would you be?" Willow matter of factly stated, her face devoid of emotion as she handed over the top.

For whatever reason a cold chill ran down Layla's spine. She didn't know how to answer the girl's question or for that matter why she should.

Thankfully she didn't need to as Willow's disposition changed again,

smiling as she turned Layla to face the mirror. "Oh look at you," Willow exclaimed. "Ms. Firth, you look great!"

The change in her demeanour was unsettling and caused Layla to question the girls mental state. It wasn't her position to be a psychiatrist though and as she admired the woman she saw in the reflection she tried to put it out of her mind.

"That's three hundred dollars you're wearing!" Willow laughed, placing an arm around Layla's back.

"It isn't!" Layla exclaimed turning to her and lifting a hand up to her mouth.

"The color suits you," she added and Layla again noticed how attractive Willow was when she smiled, how her gaze made her feel like the most important person in the world. She once again took Layla's hand. "Come on, let's go show Daddy."

"Wait," Layla responded as her arm was tugged away. "Do you have another sarong?"

"Oh of course," Willow replied, releasing her hold and moving to a dresser. Layla took the opportunity to pick up her thong from the floor and wrap it in her dress, stuffing the items in her handbag just as Willow returned with a black sarong like her own.

Again she was smiling. "This'll match. Come on, the party's waiting."

* * * * *

"So what do you think?" Duncan asked Logan as he sipped from the glass.

Not knowing much about whisky, the quality of the Glenlivet single malt was lost on Logan. He did recognise it tasted better than the paint thinner his father used to drink, that much was sure.

"There's about \$35 in your glass alone!" Duncan enthused and the crass display of wealth was a little obnoxious as far as Logan was concerned.

Logan drowned the rest of the glass and the heat of the alcohol ran down his insides. "You can tell. It's beautiful," he complimented. More out of interest in getting into the man's good books with his daughter than admiration of the drink. Logan's eyes strayed across the wall and the countless photos of Willow at varied ages and in multiple countries.

"Ah, you're a good judge," Duncan replied and Logan wondered whether he was referring to the alcohol or his daughter. He assumed the whisky but when he spoke again it left the question open. "Come on my boy, let's go find our women."

Much talk amongst those under the marquee was about the smoke that could now be seen rising in the distance. Occasionally, someone would take out a cell phone and gesture to another towards the sky, remarking on a text or a social media update about the fire. Alcohol flowed plentifully and the dj hired for the event cranked up the music encouraging people to dance. Logan looked around and couldn't see Willow or his mother and when he asked, a guest pointed Duncan towards the pool further down the lawn.

The men found the women where they were directed and for a moment Logan didn't recognise his own mother. The olive bikini she wore hugged her breasts tighter than the orange one-piece, causing him to wonder why she hadn't just worn it instead. The black sarong she had tied around her waist was transparent and the bikini bottoms showed more of her hips than he'd ever seen. It wasn't lost on him that as he approached, he was looking at her more than he was Willow.

"Here they are!" Willow called out as they joined the women poolside. Several other couples reclined on lounges and four or five enjoyed the cool

of the water itself.

Duncan took Layla's empty wine glass from her and handed her another before gesturing to his daughter. "Honey why don't you show Logan the spare swimsuits in the pool-house; give me a chance to talk to Layla here?"

Just as she'd done with his mother, Willow took Logan by the hand and led him away. Layla felt pity for her son as she watched him go. Jesus if she's anything like she was with me, she thought, God help him.

"Ah," Duncan sighed. "Finally alone." He pointed behind them to a vacant sun lounge and the two sat beside each other. Layla untied her sarong as she did so and allowed it to fall around her, revealing her pale legs and hopefully the parts of her Duncan was interested in.

"You know I've been thinking about you for a while now," Duncan continued.

"Mmm," Layla hummed in response, taking a casual sip of the champagne. "Willow mentioned something along those lines."

"Oh did she now?" Duncan smiled. "Well it's true, I often run by ideas with her."

Layla dipped a finger in the champagne and placed the tip in her mouth as Duncan watched intently. To her delight the flirting seemed to be working and she used the same finger to brush her hair behind her ear, leaning back slightly to accentuate her bust. "And what are these ideas you have, Mr. Jessup?"

The heat of the day was causing the alcohol to have more of an effect on her than it usually would but it felt nice to be desired and at her age there was no point delaying a relationship when it had a chance of blooming. Layla

threw caution to the wind and doubled down. "I'll do anything you want me to do!"

* * * * *

Logan hoped his hand wasn't sweaty as Willow led him to the pool-house. He'd been inside there countless times before. Pass the parcel during a children's party, sneaky beer drinking sessions during teenage sleepovers, an uncomfortable game of spin the bottle that had led to their first kiss but also resulted in him being forced to run laps of the pool naked with high school friends looking on. It wasn't lost on him that although Willow Jessup was his lifelong love, she could also be his worst of enemies.

"I saw your mother naked," Willow stated as they entered the pool-house and out of the blustery wind.

Logan was taken aback somewhat and wondered why she mentioned it. "Okay," Logan replied, unable to think of anything else to say.

"Yeah, she has a good body for her age," Willow added. The door closed behind them, the silence of the room was overpowering and Logan felt their closeness more pronounced. "Do you think I have a good body Logan?" She asked as her hand ran over her breast.

He struggled to swallow as he realized what was potentially about to happen. They were both adults now. There'd be no more childish games followed by teenage cruelty. They were a man and woman who shared a lifetime of memories and would now share their lifetime of desire for one another. Finally to make love, to fuck like he'd dreamt of for years.

"You have a beautiful body Willow," Logan confessed.

"I was hoping you'd say that Logan," Willow replied. "I feel the same about you. Can you show me it?"

It wasn't the request he expected but was eager to do anything she asked.
"What, here?"

Willow looked around. "Why not? We're alone. We can finally be together."
To add to the point she had just made, Willow slowly lowered her bikini top beneath her breasts.

In the distance, Logan could hear a siren but the vision of perfection before him cancelled out the outside world. His shirt was off in seconds and as Willow untied her sarong and let it fall to the floor he pulled down his pants and stood before her naked.

One piece of clothing remained between them and Logan willed her to remove her bikini bottoms. To finally see the object of his desire; his goddess's pussy. Willow looked coy, again peering around the room. "Let's go in there," she pointed to the steam room and Logan was quick to head to the door. Not currently running, the small wood panelled sauna was cooler still than the pool-house. With his back momentarily to Willow, Logan took hold of his cock, willing an erection from his still flaccid penis. Inside the room, turning again to face his desire as she stood with her back to the door.

"How long have we known each other Logan?" Willow asked, her hands behind her back.

Logan wondered why she didn't come closer, why the question? "I don't know. Maybe sixteen years or so."

Willow sighed and her arm moved behind her. Not ashamed of his body, on the contrary he knew he looked good, Logan all of a sudden felt uncomfortable being naked before her. Again her arm moved and a sound came from the door.

"And yet you're still the same gullible little boy!" Willow shook her head sadly as she said the words. "I guess nothing really changes, does it?"

Logan shouldn't have been, but was taken aback by the comment. It took him seconds to realize what was happening and still it wasn't enough time to react. Willow turned her body and opened the door. Logan saw the handle had been removed, noticed it in her hand. He moved quickly towards her but Willow was through the space and the door closed behind her before he'd covered half the distance. Pressing his face to the small window in the door he saw Willow backing away laughing.

"Willow!" He shouted and slapped his hand on the glass as she covered her breasts and picked up the sarong. "Willow, come on!"

Again she shook her head. "Oh Logan relax," she laughed. "It's just a joke. You can take a joke can't you?"

For a moment Logan showed faith and believed she'd come back over and open the door. That they'd laugh about it together, they'd kiss, laugh some more and fuck. But no. As she walked out of the pool-house he developed a feeling he'd never had. He hated her; hated himself for even thinking they would be together. For being so, as she put it, gullible.

* * * * *

"Mmm now that's what I like to hear," Duncan chuckled at her suggestive response. He opened his shirt a little further and Layla couldn't help but peek at his flat stomach, his tanned skin. "How long have you been with the company Layla?" He asked, motioning for a member of the wait staff to approach.

"More than six years now Duncan," she replied. "Of course we've known each other longer through our children." The waiter refilled her glass and

she took another sip.

"That's right," Duncan agreed. "They get along so well together."

Layla didn't quite share the sentiment but held her tongue on the matter.

"And you and I. We've always worked well together, haven't we?" He asked. "We share a connection. I know you feel it too!"

"Yes," Layla quickly concurred.

"And I trust you Layla," he continued. "You've always been loyal. To me, to the company."

The company wasn't what Layla was thinking about at that moment. It was finally happening after years of office flirting on both their behalfs, his divorce making it possible for them. It was all leading to this.

"And what about you. Are you happy where you're currently living?" He asked.

The question was a little strange. If it was as Layla expected and he was about to ask her if she would move in with him, he could've approached it in a different manner.

"And why do you ask Duncan?" Layla asked, looking around the estate. She noticed Willow leaving the pool side and heading towards the house alone and wondered about her son. Casting her eyes back onto her boss. "Is there somewhere else you would like me to stay?"

Duncan turned further on the lounge to face her and for a moment Layla thought he was going to propose.

"Actually yes. You are aware of our recent acquisitions on the East Coast? Well the board have decided you'd be perfect to head up the expansion."

The words coming from Duncan's mouth weren't those she'd imagined or expected and it took a moment for them to register.

"You see you'd have to move 'cross country," he continued. "Obviously the company would pay for the costs and well, there's nothing tying you to L.A. is there?"

A firefighting helicopter flew overhead and in the distance more sirens could be heard.

Layla shook her head trying to clear it and comprehend what she'd just heard. "I'm sorry, this is about a job? A transfer?"

"Well yeah, isn't it great? It's an opportunity for you to move up in the company."

Guests were checking their phones and several left the poolside.

Layla was quickly sobering up as she understood Duncan wasn't interested in her romantically. What happened next made everything all the more clearer.

"Dunky-boo," the voice came from the path leading down to the pool and both Layla and Duncan looked in its direction. "Honey, you'd best come up to the house. They're saying we have to evaporate!"

The girl was bleached blond and had breasts bigger than her head. The bikini she wore barely covered her nipples and the bottoms, merely dental floss.

"What?" Duncan asked, standing as she neared him. The girl looked younger than his daughter and the way Duncan wrapped his arm around her showed Layla without any doubt she was his current partner.

"The newsmen," she elaborated. "They said our neighborhood has to evaporate because of the fires."

"Oh evacuate!" Duncan laughed. He turned to Layla. "Have you met Krystal?"

"Ah, no," Layla replied, rising and about to shake her hand in an attempt to be civil. Krystal however wasn't interested, instead tugging Duncan by the arm in an effort to pull him away.

Duncan smiled and shook his head in an apology to Layla. "I guess I've been told," he explained. "We should head up."

The other party goers had already left the pool and Layla thought of Logan. Where was he?

Krystal was pulling Duncan up the path and he looked back over his shoulder at Layla. "Are you coming?"

She looked toward the pool-house. "Yes. I'll be right along."

* * * * *

Logan examined the frame of the door and gave up hopelessly. There wasn't any way to gain a hold on it to pull it inwards and shoulder charging it had just given him a sore arm. The glass in the small window was thick and pressing against it proved pointless, there was no way he could fit through the opening if he could break it anyway. The only other option was the thin horizontal window on the outer wall. Overlooking the pool he noticed the guests had all left the area. It was good news and bad. Good in that there was no chance of someone walking in on him naked, bad in that he couldn't signal someone to help him out. Namely his mother.

Layla entered the dark of the empty pool-house and called Logan's name. She noticed his jeans laying on the ground right away, his shirt next to them. A shadow passed over the window of a door across the room and she went to it immediately. A helicopter passed low overhead as she opened the door, the noise of its rotors filled the rooms. A naked man stood up on a bench looking out a small window and for a split second she thought of backing back out of the room but as her eyes adjusted to the low light she realized it was Logan.

Stepping fully into the room which she now recognised as a sauna, the sound of the helicopter faded. "Honey!" Layla asked. "What are you doing?"

Logan jumped with the shock of the words. Turning he saw his mother and his first instinct wasn't to worry about his nudity. The door was slowly closing behind her and he leaped from the bench toward the startled woman. "Mom, the door!" He yelled as he reached her side. Too late. The door silently closed, sealing the two of them inside the makeshift cell.

It was now his state came into play. Layla's eyes inadvertently dropped from his face down his body. She didn't mean it but it was difficult not to look at her son's penis, the pubic hair finely trimmed around his manhood. Logan felt the shame of his situation and placed a hand over his groin and his mother's eyes finally crept back to his, a smile on her face. "Logan! Why are you naked?" She giggled. "What are you doing in here?"

Logan rolled his eyes and slapped the door with his useful hand. "The door's broken. I can't get out."

"But why were you naked in the first place?" She asked and quickly answered her own question. "Oh," she stated, realizing Willow probably had something to do with it.

"Yeah!" Logan replied, knowing his mother had figured it out.

"Oh Honey, I'm so sorry," Layla offered.

"You're sorry? How do you think I feel? I'm such an idiot."

Hearing him blame himself broke Layla's heart. "No you're not," she declared. "You're a romantic. If it makes you feel any better, I totally misread my situation as well."

Logan wanted to ask her what she meant but she changed the subject.

"So why can't you get out?" Layla asked, looking at the door.

"She took the handle," Logan explained. "I've tried the window over there but its been painted shut."

"So we're stuck?" Layla asked.

"Yep!"

Layla thought of the evacuation. "Oh, that's not good."

"No shit!"

"No, I mean, the fires," Layla added. "Apparently everyone's evacuating!"

"Oh shit!" Logan stated. "So that explains the sirens and the chopper."

Layla walked over to the bench and climbed up to look out the window. "I guess we just wait for Willow to come and let you, us, out?"

Logan followed his mother up onto the bench. "Or Duncan. Did you tell him you were coming here?"

Layla thought of what she'd said. "Um, no!"

"Oh shit," Logan again repeated.

"Oh, Willow will come," Layla stated. "She's not that crazy."

Mother and son looked at each other and reflected on what she'd said. Logan cocked his head and Layla burst out laughing. "Yeah, I take that back. Maybe she is!"

Logan turned from the window and dropped down to sit on the bench and his mother followed. His nudity was only one of the burning issues and with his mother seated so close beside him, he crossed his legs (his penis tucked between them) to give himself some privacy.

"What did you mean when you said you misread the situation?" Logan asked her. He absently allowed his eyes to settle on her knee but ever so slowly they traveled along her thigh.

"Oh. Bloody Duncan," Layla explained. "You may not know this but I have a thing for him."

Logan smiled at her admission. "No shit Mom!" He laughed. He took his eyes from where they'd settled on her groin up to her face. "You were all over him even when Dad was alive."

Layla feigned being shocked and lightly slapped her son on the arm. "I wasn't!" She laughed. "Was I?"

Logan just smiled and shook his head.

"Well it turns out he's seeing someone anyway so it's irrelevant," Layla explained.

"Oh."

"Yeah," she continued. "A bimbo. She looks younger than Willow for God's sake."

"Well it's his loss," Logan added.

Layla smiled back at Logan. "Thank you. And you're right. Willow's too!"

There was a moment of silence between them and more sirens could be heard.

"Just think though," Logan began. "If you and him had gotten together, that would make Willow and I brother and sister. Now that would be awkward."

"Hmm, imagine how horrible she'd be as a wicked stepsister."

They again laughed at Willow's expense.

"Duncan offered me a job," Layla admitted after another extended silence.

"You already have a job."

"Interstate!"

Logan was taken by surprise and turned his body toward his mother, lifting a leg onto the bench. "What?" He asked, his exposed penis not registering for the time being.

"Yep," Layla nodded. "It would mean a lot more money, more responsibility."

"You should take it!"

Layla looked surprised. "What just like that? Pack up everything and move away?"

"Yes," Logan excitedly continued. "A new start. For both of us."

"You'd come? Leave what you have in L.A.?" Layla questioned.

"What do I have here? Willow?"

Layla shifted to face Logan further, her hand clutching his thigh above the knee. "I'd only go if you came!"

"Then it's settled," Logan proclaimed. " We're moving East!" Logan placed his hand over her's and looking down only then noticed his nudity. "Oh sorry," he quickly stated and began to move his leg back to its original position. Layla held her grip on his thigh however, keeping him in place.

"It's alright Honey," she whispered. "I've seen it before you know."

Logan didn't respond to that. Yes she had seen it before, but not for more than fifteen years! Not since he'd become a man. Strangely the feeling of her hand on his leg became more pronounced. The warmth of her palm radiating into his flesh. His eyes followed the course of her arm and he trailed across her breasts, her nipples hard against the fabric. Again he was staring at his mother's nipples! He tried to think of something else.

"You know that Duncan is a douche anyway," he stated.

"Oh, why do you say that?" Layla asked, amused.

"He tried to impress me with some expensive whisky," Logan scoffed.

"Said my glass alone was like fifty bucks or something."

Layla chuckled to herself. Her hand stroked Logan's leg slowly. "Willow said the same kind of thing about this bikini."

The comment forced/allowed Logan's eyes to again look at his mother's breasts, lower.

"Three hundred dollars she paid for this bit of material. Probably made in a Thai sweatshop!" Layla laughed. A helicopter passed by overhead and Layla's hand clutched her son's leg more firmly.

Logan waited for the sound to die away. "It does look good on you though!"

Layla dropped her jaw. "Was that a compliment?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"Well you didn't think I looked very good the other day."

"When?" Logan asked.

"When I showed you my swimsuit."

The image of her came back to him right away, followed by her appearance in his fantasy. "I didn't say you looked bad. You looked good then too," he added, then went further. "You always look good."

Again Layla chuckled. "I do not," she paused. "Do I?"

It was nice talking to her like this, Logan thought. They rarely did. All it took was being locked in a room with her, he mused. "My friends used to think so."

"What do you mean?" Layla asked, curious as to what he was getting at.

"At school. When you would pick me up or they came around. They all said I had the hottest mom," Logan admitted.

"Really?" Layla questioned.

"Yep, I would.." Logan was about to continue but stopped himself.

"What?" Layla asked.

"Well I probably shouldn't tell you this but to get them jealous I would say that I got to see you walking around the house nude!"

"You did not!" Layla's mouth fell agape again. It was all news to her. First the unexpected compliment from Logan followed by the admission he had discussed her with his friends, naked no less. Did he often think of her naked? She wondered. All of a sudden she became acutely aware of how little clothing she herself wore. That her hand was resting on the thigh of her son. Her naked son.

She'd managed to avoid looking at his penis, more out of respect for him than her own lack of interest. Now however she allowed herself a peek. Was it bigger than before? She wondered. She looked across the room for fear he would catch her, taking her hand from his leg in the process. The talk had become all too sexual, her thoughts included. He was her son for God's sake. She again focussed on their current predicament, the sound of fire engines sparking a thought.

"Do you think the fire brigade will search the buildings?" Layla asked, standing back up on the bench to look out the window.

Logan followed her actions with his gaze, noting her change of subject and wondering why? "Possibly," he replied. His eyes settled on her ass, marks from the wood where her swimsuit didn't cover. "More likely Willow will remember she locked me in here. She's a bitch but she's not a murderer!"

"What?" Layla looked quickly back down to him, catching his eyes averting. "Do you think the fire will reach us?"

Until he'd said it himself, Logan hadn't really thought of the danger they were in. The worried look on his mother's face showed she knew it too. He wanted to say something to reassure her, to reassure himself. "Nah, we'll be fine. It could be worse too, imagine if the sauna was on."

The comment made Layla smile and she sat back down beside her son.

The minutes passed. Logan wanted to get up and look out the window as his mother had done but his nudity was a barrier. He wondered if they should even be sitting so close together? His outer thigh could almost touch hers, he thought. He could smell her perfume, even the champagne on her breath.

"I spy with my little eye, something beginning with w," Layla broke the silence.

It was so out of the blue that Logan laughed. "Oh I don't know; wood?"

"D'oh," she laughed. "You got it."

"Okay," Logan began. "I spy with my little eye, something beginning with g."

Layla matter of factly replied, "glass?"

"Dammit," Logan laughed. "Oh shit," he exhaled, stretching. "How long are we going to be here?" Nudity be damned he stood up and walked to the door. He felt his mother's eyes on him and as he looked through the glass into the empty pool-house he saw her reflection staring at his back. She's looking at me, he told himself. He was aware it was his mother, he didn't have to try and impress her but he raised both arms against the door to highlight the muscles in his back and flexed. "Uh!" Logan quickly turned, allowing his mother to see him from the front, catching her eyes lifting from his groin as he did so. "We're gonna go stir crazy in here."

His back looked beautiful, Layla thought. His buttocks especially. Stop it, she told herself. No it's okay, her inner dialogue defended. A mother can admire the body of her son. He turned and she wanted to keep her eyes on his cock, taking all her strength to force them up. Did he notice, she asked herself? Does he want me to look?

Logan walked back towards her and his eyes were on the window. "Oh shit, look."

Layla climbed off the bench and followed his gaze. Half the sky was darkened with smoke, rising high into the atmosphere.

"Oh my god Logan, it's close."

A water bomber flew in the distance and began dropping retardant before disappearing behind trees. "No, it's a long way off," Logan tried to reassure her. "See where it dropped the foam, that's miles away."

"Jesus we're going to die in here!" Layla panicked and Logan had never seen her so vulnerable. He wanted to hold her, to tell her it would be alright.

"Mom," Logan took her arm. "Seriously it just looks close. That smoke is a long way off. They'll contain it."

"Really?" Layla searched his eyes.

"It's probably why Willow hasn't bothered to come get me," he added.

"They're most likely all still up at the house getting plastered."

"How do you do it?" She asked. "How are you so calm about this?"

"I don't know, 'cause I'm with you I guess."

"We're a good team aren't we?" Layla proposed.

"Oh, we're alright," Logan agreed and it was his mother who initiated the embrace.

It wasn't something she planned, she just needed the contact right there and then. With her head beside his, her arms around his back, she pressed herself tightly against him. When his own arms pulled her tighter in she felt safer than she'd ever felt before. It was only seconds before they both felt the enormity of what was happening. Completely naked, it was impossible for Logan's penis to not come into contact with his mother. Although flaccid, she felt it against her crotch, the extra warm softness of a man. For Logan it was even more excruciating. Her hair smelled like strawberries. The skin of her back so soft and smooth. Her breasts like cushions against his chest. And her pussy. For that was surely what his cock was pressed

against; the silky material of her bikini bottoms and the hardness of her pubic mound.

Dead puppies. Logan told himself. Maggots inside a dead rat, he tried to envisage but it did no good. Before he could attempt to break the embrace, his cock moved. Rapidly filling with blood it pressed against her groin, rising. Of all the times to get an erection. Not twenty minutes before, in front of Willow it had been wanting and now in front of his own mother it rose. Its ascent was now inevitable, there was no doubt she would feel it.

And she had. His arms were so strong. As she moved a hand on his back she could feel the muscles she'd ogled only moments before. And now this. The swelling. That moment of satisfaction a woman feels when a man becomes aroused by her. My god, she thought, it's my son. My son's cock is pressed against me! I turned on my own son! The feeling thrilled her. She was shocked by the admission and excited. It was so forbidden and yet so alluring. Too soon she felt his hands release their hold on her back, felt his body back away. She allowed it to happen, put herself in his shoes, would he be embarrassed? She tried to look in his eyes as he sat back onto the bench and he avoided her gaze, her eyes lowered to see his cock and he'd deftly sealed it between his thighs. For a moment she felt wanton. She could see herself climbing upon him, her breasts in his face, her pussy grinding against his thighs until he was forced to free it. Force it inside her, fuck her. She felt her face become flushed and embarrassed at her thoughts sat down beside him.

As Layla's ass met the wooden panels, her bikini slid against her saturated pussy. My god, she thought. I'm wet and he's hard. What is wrong with us? He's hard, she repeated. My son has a hard-on and I gave it to him. The thought both delighted and horrified her. Her mind ran through the

possibilities, the complication, the embarrassment. In seconds she weighed the pros and cons and came out horny. The more she thought about his cock beside her the more she desired to see it, to kiss it, to fuck it.

Vomit, dog shit, kale. Logan ran through his mind anything he could think of to negate his growing erection. Nothing worked. He focused on a corner of the room but her ass came to mind, her breasts against him. The smell of her hair. The smell. It was then he noticed it, the aroma of pussy. Of an aroused woman. Could it be? He wondered.

Layla shifted beside him. Wiggled her bottom on the bench. "Oh it's not very comfortable is it?" She complained before standing and walking to the other side of the room. Knowing he'd be watching she ran her hands over her ass, massaging the cheeks to emphasise the point. Turning she looked back at Logan, his knees together, his cock hidden from view. How big is it now, she wondered? She looked up to the window and the darkening sky. We could die in here, she thought. If today was my last day, what would I want to be doing? The answer was as clear as her arousal.

"Oh look Logan," she directed towards the sky. "That water bomber is flying by again."

"Oh yeah," he replied staying seated.

"Jump up and have a look," she reiterated, smiling at how uncomfortable he looked.

"Nah that's cool," Logan remained steadfast in his conviction. He didn't know what to do, where to look. One minute his mother was rubbing her hands over her ass suggestively; the next she's standing only feet from him, his face level with her breasts, her pussy bulge an arms length from

touching. His cock felt granite-like under his thighs, his balls swollen with arousal.

"I spy with my little eye," Layla began, taking a step forward. "Something beginning with..."

"I don't want to play," Logan replied, squeezing his legs together.

Layla knelt down in front of her son and rested her hands on his knees. Logan's eyes met hers and he could see the playfulness behind them, the delight she was having. She must know, he thought. She's playing with me.

"Something beginning with..." Layla repeated, her nails caressing his thighs above the knee.

"Mom...I" Logan began, his eyes straying down to her cleavage, her boobs moving with each breath.

"Something beginning with..." She pulled apart her sons thighs and his cock sprang forward and up, slapping against his stomach. "Wood!" Layla squealed.

"Uh, Jesus," Logan groaned, slapping a hand over his eyes.

Layla's jaw dropped in mock surprise, her eyes lit with glee. "Oh my goodness Logan. What's all this about?"

Logan peeked through his fingers at his mother. Kneeling between his outstretched thighs, her hands still resting on his knees. "I'm sorry," he managed to muster.

"What for?" Layla asked, her eyes fixed on her son's erection. "It's natural isn't it?" She rose up to her feet and for a moment Logan thought she was going to climb atop him. Sitting down beside her son, her eyes never once left his cock.

Logan dropped his hand from his face now the initial embarrassment had passed and joined her in staring at his cock. It could have been a trick of light or the position he was sitting but in his eye, he'd never looked bigger and for that small mercy he was grateful. If you have to get an erection in front of your mom, at least let it look impressive, he thought.

"I guess it was all that talk of Willow?" Layla questioned and Logan quickly looked at his mother.

"I wasn't thinking about her at all!" Logan adamantly replied.

"Oh," Layla began. "Then what..." She followed her son's eyes down from her face to her body. "...Oh!" She whispered.

"I'm sorry," he repeated, lifting his leg up onto the bench and turning towards her. "It's so wrong, I know."

To Layla, it wasn't 'wrong' at all. What was wrong was how much she was enjoying his discomfort. Maybe, she thought, it was time to relieve some of his guilt. Turning towards him herself she returned her hand to his leg where it had rested earlier. "You don't have to be sorry Honey," she soothed. "As I said, it's natural."

"But not in front of your mother!" Logan chimed in.

"Oh but that's what makes it so beautiful, it's so flattering," she admitted.

"Was it the hug?"

Logan was silent a moment as he debated how much information to share. He looked down at his cock, still as hard as ever and in no hurry to subside. He was literally naked before her, his intimacy on display, why not reveal the rest to her as well? He thought.

"It was the hug..." he began before pausing. Layla opened her mouth to reply but was cut off by her son. "It's the bikini. It was your ass when the wind blew up your dress. It was your orange swimsuit." Now that he'd started he didn't want to stop. "It's the clothes you wear. Your hair in the morning; your sleepy eyes at night. It's your lips," his eyes trailed down from her mouth to her chest. "Your..."

Before he could say the word, Layla pulled her bikini top down under her breasts. "My tits," she whispered.

"Mom!?" Logan breathed.

"It's alright," she consoled him. "It's only fair." She looked down at his cock, light catching a drop of dew on its eye. "So this has been going on for some time then?"

Logan struggled to take his eyes off her boobs. He remembered seeing them once before. A fleeting glance as she walked from her bathroom wrapping a towel around herself. The basis to the lie he would tell his friends. This was something else entirely. Large, natural and oh so beautiful.

"What?" Logan finally replied. "Oh yes, no, um I don't know." He was becoming flustered and felt his face blushing.

Layla was quick to reassure him, resting her palm against his cheek and cradling his head. She leaned in so her face was only inches from his.

"Baby, it's okay," she stated. "You can relax. It's beautiful."

The hand Logan felt wrap around his erection was not his own. The shock of the contact was far outweighed by the pleasure as with gentle pressure she stroked her way from the base to the summit and returned.

"Oh Mom," Logan sighed and Layla pressed her lips against his.

Layla could feel the slick in her panties every time she moved. Leaning in to kiss her son, her hand on his cock she'd never felt so in control of her body, so empowered as a woman, as a sexual being. Never had a kiss felt so right, so romantic. Never had a cock felt so hard to her touch. This was love, she thought. The most pure.

Logan's mother's tongue teased his own. Tentatively dipped between his lips before plunging in, their mouths locked. This was better than kissing Willow, he thought. There was no comparison. Expertly her lips moved against his and with equal precision her hand milked his cock. With confidence, Logan raised his hands to cup his mother's breasts, heavier than he expected. He squeezed the erect nipples between his fingers and it caused his mother to sigh. She tilted her head backwards and Logan took the opportunity to kiss her neck, smelling her perfume and tasting her skin.

So furiously she pumped her hand on his cock. Rapidly beating her son's erection, the muscles in her arm clenched. Logan could feel his orgasm approaching, surprised he'd held off this long. "Mom I'm going to..."

"Yes Baby?" She panted.

Holding her breasts like treasures he looked up into her eyes as her hand kept up its rhythm. "I'm gonna cum!"

The words summoned the tide. They both looked down as spurt after spurt of hot sperm surged forth from the head of Logan's cock. His stream was copious, long threads shared equally on his and his mother's body. Layla expertly changed her action, slowing down and squeezing to prolong the orgasm before casually easing out the remainder with long gentle strokes.

Her hand covered with semen, she finally relinquished her hold and sat back with satisfaction. The world hadn't stopped whilst they had played and

a reminder was another helicopter passing overhead.

There was a moment of awkward silence between them, heavy breathing the only communication before looking into each other's eyes and breaking into laughter.

"Oh God," Logan looked down at his cum covered torso. "I don't think I've ever cum that much!"

"That's because you were saving it for me!" Layla boldly stated, shocked at how quickly she came up with the line.

"Yeah I guess," Logan touched at the cum. "Ew, what a mess."

Layla looked at the cum on her own breasts, all over her hand and forearm. Standing up she took hold of her bikini bottoms and quickly pulled them down her legs.

Regardless of the fact his mother had just masturbated him to orgasm, the sight of her now naked pussy took his breath away. Knowing it was a momentous occasion, Layla stood before him a moment, allowing his eyes to feast on her nudity, enjoying her son seeing her uncovered sex. She used the bikini to wipe her hand and arm before taking to her breasts. Logan now aware of her actions, leaned back as she turned the now \$300 cum rag inside out and wiped his chest, stomach and finally cleaned his still erect cock.

* * * * *

Willow gathered jewellery, expensive clothing items and perfume and stuffed them into three designer handbags. When she ran into her father in the entranceway he looked at the goods she'd collected. "I said essential items, Honey."

Willow looked at her loot and frowned at her father. "Ah, yeah?"

Shaking his head he motioned for her to leave and closed the door behind them. Krystal was waiting in the front seat of the Cayenne painting her fingernails and again Duncan shook his head. "Right, is that everyone?"

The house had been abandoned. The cars that had lined the driveway all departed. The staff had left in the minivan they arrived in and Krystal's pet pug was tucked between her feet in a handbag. A helicopter flew low overhead as Duncan charged down the driveway, out onto the main road and away from the menacing wall of smoke rising into the sky behind them.

"Dunky-boo!" Krystal shouted as he drove over a pothole in the road causing her to cease painting her nails. "Be careful."

Fire engines passed them going back the way they came and another fire fighting chopper swung low above them.

"I hope they can use the pool to refill," Duncan observed as he craned his neck to watch its traversal.

Willow was making an account of the items in her handbags and only caught her father's use of the word 'pool.' Even so it sparked something in her memory and she looked up in shock.

"Oh shit Dad," she shouted. "The pool-house!"

"What about it?" He asked.

Willow blushed before she opened her mouth again. "Logan."

"What?" Duncan questioned, confused as to what she was getting at. "What about him?"

"I locked him in the steam room!"

Duncan slammed on the brakes bringing the Porsche to a halt. He looked back at his daughter an incredulous expression marking his face. "You did what?"

"It was just a joke," she tried to defend herself. "We always do stuff like that."

Duncan was aware of Willow's torment of Logan over the years. "When you were kids Will!" He shouted. Slamming his hands on the steering wheel he looked down the road, thinking. "Jesus. Where was Layla?" He asked the girls present.

"Who?" Krystal asked resuming painting her nails.

Duncan looked back at Willow who shrugged in response.

"Fuck," Duncan yelled and turned the wheel, accelerating in a cloud of smoke back the way they'd come. "Krystal Baby, can you put down your nail polish and call 911 for me?"

Krystal rolled her eyes but did as instructed. Reaching into her handbag beside the pug she found her phone before looking at Duncan. "Okay, what's the number?"

* * * * *

Layla threw the sodden bikini bottoms down the end of the bench and held her hand out to Logan. As he rose she looked down at his cock, her son's cock. Still proudly erect and all because of her. When he stood before her she again took hold of her prize, her small hand wrapping around him. "Are you okay about this Honey?"

Logan smiled. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"I don't know, it's just I want you to be sure."

Logan leaned in and kissed his mother's neck. Over his shoulder, the sky was being blotted out by the smoke, the room darkening.

His kisses caused goosebumps all over her body and Layla sighed as his lips moved from her earlobe to her jaw and finally her mouth.

"If we get out, what then?" She whispered as he again kissed her neck.

Logan pulled back and looked her in the eye. "We'll get out, don't worry."

As if nature conspired against them, they both smelled the smoke at the same time.

"Oh Jesus Logan," Layla whispered. "I'm scared."

Logan pulled her to him, her body all of a sudden feeling so small. He held her tight and kissed her hair. "I won't let anything happen to you," he tried to reassure her. "You know you said about what happens when we get out?"

Layla looked up into his face and nodded.

"Well I was thinking. How good would it be in a new city?" Logan expressed. "No one would know us. We could go out as a couple, we could live as a couple. Wouldn't that be beautiful? You said we make a great team."

"What are you saying?" Layla asked. "You want to be with me?"

Logan released his hold on her and slowly dropped to one knee. Layla raised a hand to her mouth, the other her son held. The blue sky was almost completely obscured by darkness but enough light revealed the intent in Logan's eyes.

"Mom," he began. "I'm asking you to marry me."

Layla didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Both out of sheer happiness.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. Why not. What other girl has always been there for me? Loves me unconditionally? Always wants the best for me?" He posed. "Mom, you're the perfect woman."

Layla chose tears. Her eyes pooling and the flow running down her face.

"You haven't answered me," Logan stated.

"Oh God yes!" She cried. "Yes, yes, yes! A thousand times, yes."

She held her arms out for Logan to come to her and he did. As they embraced his erection pressed hard into her stomach, a second batch of pre-cum leaking from the head or remnants of his previous orgasm. Layla lifted a leg up against her son's hip and Logan took the bait. Lifting his mother from her feet he secured her legs around his waist and backed onto the bench. His cock stood out horizontal, his mother sitting on it like a bicycle seat before Logan's ass slumped down to rest on the wooden bench.

With her feet on the bench, Layla lifted her ass slightly as Logan guided his dick to her vulva. His head pressed between the slick folds and rested before Layla's weight allowed the penetration. So perfect was the union. So deep her son's cock delved inside her until their bodies were one, her groin melded to his. The darkness in the room was complete. The smell of the fire all pervading. An ominous red tinge illuminated the smoke outside.

Her breasts pressed hard against her son's chest. His arms pulled her into him, one tight around her back, the other clutching, caressing an ass cheek. Layla ground her clit against her son's pubic bone as she rode his cock.

"We'll get married?" She panted.

"Yes," Logan promised.

"And we'll fuck every day?" She pleaded.

"And every night!" He committed.

Her first orgasm came and she bit into his bottom lip, slightly drawing blood as her pussy contracted around him.

They could hear the sound of the fire. A freight train approaching but cared not. Again Layla came on her son's cock. The first multiple orgasm she'd ever had with a man.

"Fuck me baby," Layla screamed, the heat in the room increasing and Logan lifted her, turning her onto her back with his cock still deep inside. "Cum inside me!" She begged.

Between her legs he thrust with might, his hips slamming against her thighs, his balls slapping her ass. Their mouths locked, tongues entwined as Layla came again, finally joined by her son as he filled her vagina with his love. Jet after jet of semen proving his devotion, his incestuous desire for his mother.

There was a thump in the pool-house and the lovers again ignored the outside world as they kissed passionately, sealed together by mouth and sex. The door of the steam room suddenly burst open and smoke surged in, followed by a firefighter in full equipment. He raised his face mask followed by his eyebrows as he looked upon the naked couple. "Come on lovebirds, time to go!"

* * * * *

Inspecting the damage, Willow walked through the burnt landscaping down to the pool; half empty and dirty from the refilling water bombing helicopters. They'd saved the main house and the pool-house had escaped though one side was severely scorched. Willow ventured into the building

and through to the steam room. Looking around she noticed the olive colored bikini bottoms on the bench and out of curiosity picked them up. The crustiness was evident immediately and there was no doubt what covered them. Shrugging she threw them back onto the bench. "Oh well," she said to herself. "Add it to the insurance claim."

* * * * *

Logan scraped the snow from his boots in the early evening light before removing them and entering the house. The smell of roast beef filled the hallway and the warmth was welcoming. He found her in the kitchen and wrapped his arms around her body, his cock swelling as it pressed against her ass.

"Mmm I like that," Layla purred as she felt his erection and wriggled her bottom on his cock.

Logan took his mother by the hand, his wedding band glinting in the light and turned her to face him before placing both hands on her swollen belly.

"How long?" He asked.

She furrowed her brow. "Two months silly!"

He smiled. "I meant until dinner's ready?"

"Oh," she laughed. "Twenty minutes."

"Good," Logan stated, leading her towards the bedroom. "Remember I promised to fuck you every night as well."

And Layla's panties were already getting wet.

A Long Wet Summer

"Would you grab my drink, Mark?" Mom tentatively asked as I helped her down off the trampoline, my hand only leaving hers when she was safely back on two feet.

"You're serious Natalia?" Richard interjected shaking his head. "You don't think you've embarrassed yourself enough for one day?"

I scowled at my stepfather before looking back at Mom, the 'accident' hard not to notice. The crotch of her white linen pants saturated, the inner leg of one whole side as transparent as her groin and buttocks.

"No offence Mom, but maybe you have had too much," I stated. "I mean..." looking down at her urine-soaked pants, I let my statement trail away.

"Oh, Sweetheart this has nothing to do with the alcohol," she explained though her speech was somewhat slurred. "No, I think I need a drink now more than ever," she reasoned, her cheeks rosy.

"Pfft," Richard scoffed, looking at one of his friends. "You see what I have to put up with?"

When the adults commandeered the trampoline, the few children at the party had looked for other adventures and the only other female of the small group gathered came forward to assist Mom as I went for her wine.

"Come on Natalia," the woman whose name I didn't know but I immediately took a liking to, offered. "Let's see if we can find you a towel."

"Better call a cab," one of the other partygoers commented as I took Mom's glass from the table and glaring at him, I followed the direction the two women had taken back toward the house.

Mom and I were out of our comfort zone at the party. Acquaintances of my stepfathers, it was attended by the social elites of the city and Mom had dragged me along as insurance if she couldn't find anyone to talk to. Looking at her wet bottom as I came up behind, I was admittedly starting to wish we hadn't come at all.

The woman assisting Mom (whom I found out was a close friend of the host) skirted the main gathering of the party and took us through a side entrance of the house to a bathroom, offering a towel.

"I'm sure we can find you something else to wear," the woman offered.

Mom, finding the towel did little to soak up her pants, politely declined the offer and looked at me as I was beginning to feel more than a little uncomfortable in her presence.

"Actually Honey, I think I'd like to head off," she understandably admitted. "Could you go and see if Richard's ready?"

*

I looked across at Mom in the passenger seat as I drove back down the long driveway of the estate, careful not to sideswipe the array of luxury vehicles parked either side. Sitting on the towel we'd taken from the house, (the helpful woman having admitted, 'they won't miss it') I could see Mom was still embarrassed about the incident.

"I can't believe Richard didn't want to leave!" I changed the subject.

"Well there are a lot of contacts there," Mom defended him. "He's thinking about his business."

"And not about you," I quickly sniped and Mom didn't respond.

I dialled up the air-con, the day becoming progressively hotter and turned on the radio in the process, a news report warning of fires in the Hills.

"That's near here," I acknowledged before turning the volume down, again eyeing Mom who seemed to be taking no interest.

"You know you shouldn't be embarrassed," I offered after minutes of silence. "It's those idiots back at the party that should be."

"What?" Mom looked in my direction before smiling. "Oh no Honey, I'm not. I'm just disappointed I ruined the day."

"No, you didn't," I adamantly replied. "I was happy to get out of there."

She laughed and I was glad she was starting to cheer up.

"Wasn't really our scene, was it?" She smiled.

I finally hit the highway and looking back toward the Hills could see evidence of the fires the radio had discussed.

"I think Richard'll be leaving that party sooner than he expected if that fire flares up," I stated and Mom also looked back at the smoke without commenting. "Hey, you are alright, aren't you?" I asked, referring to her wetting.

"Oh, yes of course," she confirmed. "There's nothing for you to worry about," she added, her hand reaching across and touching my thigh in a sign of reassurance and I guess, affection. "It can happen. Women my age. The problem with childbirth I suppose," she laughed, though strangely it made me feel a little guilty.

"I've never noticed before," I casually commented, all of a sudden wondering if her toilet habits were an acceptable form of conversation between mother and son?

"Well it doesn't happen all the time," she giggled, slapping my thigh before removing her hand completely. The absence of her contact noted and weirdly missed. "When I sneeze, laugh sometimes; when I cu..."

"What?" I asked when she didn't finish

"Oh. Nothing," she blushed. "And...obviously, jumping up and down on a trampoline!" she added, laughing.

"So, it wasn't the alcohol?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Well, it probably didn't help."

"So, Richard was just being a dick as usual," I declared.

"Honey!"

"Well he was," I doubled down and noticed her smile as she looked at the ocean to our right.

*

I couldn't sleep. Richard had come home not long after us, having been forced to evacuate the area by the fire department. He complained about how much his taxi had cost him and that led to a fight between he and Mom. I'd holed myself up in my room to avoid the fireworks and now the evening had worn on and turned into night, the house had finally fallen silent. It didn't help me settle however, my mind struggling to remove vivid and kind of troubling memories from the day.

In the relative darkness of my room, every time I closed my eyes, I could see her. Weird, in that in my mind's eye she jumped in slow motion upon the trampoline. I tried not to picture it but I kept looking at her breasts, heaving behind the tight blue top she'd worn. And then when it happened. I think those gathered noticed before her, the dampness spreading at her groin

before her hand went between her legs as she attempted to abandon her spring.

The damage done. The unmistakable evidence of her pee running down her inner thigh. Her white pants made transparent, clinging to her skin. It was then I recalled helping her off the trampoline. The hand she'd clutched to her groin, the one I held. Not realizing at the time. Had it been damp? I immediately raised my fingers to my face. Stupidly as I'd washed my hands since then but the thrill remained as I pressed my fingertips to my lips. What the fuck was I doing?

It was then I realized I had an erection.

It caught me off guard and I sat up in bed, eyes open. What was wrong with me? My own mother. Really? But her presence lingered in my brain. I thought of her ass. The lower half of her buttocks damp, the seam of her underwear visible through the material. What color were they? I envisioned her from the front. A dark shadow at her groin that I'd taken to be her panties, yet the same not evident from the rear. No. I suddenly realized. Not her panties. That dark shadow had been her pubic hair!

I rose from my bed and turned on the light to look at myself in the mirror, wearing only my boxer shorts, my cock protruded through the fly, erect. About as hard as I got. She's your mother, I again told myself but it did nothing to lessen my hardness. No. In fact, I swelled.

*

It was wrong. Out of character. I hadn't in eighteen years done anything remotely like it, but as I navigated the house in the quiet of the night, I'd never felt so filled with adrenaline. The door to the spare room was closed and it told me immediately Mom and Richard weren't sleeping together. A

feeling of satisfaction coming over me as I passed and made my way through the kitchen to the laundry.

The light switched on, I opened the door to the closet that kept the hamper and lifted the lid. For the briefest moment I thought they wouldn't be there, that possibly they remained in her bathroom but I needn't have worried. As if left for me (that's how my mind was working at that moment) her white pants sat on the top of the pile and above them, what I'd come for.

My hand was actually shaking as I lifted the flesh colored panties up from the hamper. More than six hours after the event, they remained damp. Cold to the touch I opened them out and held them before me. Almost completely saturated, the only dry area on the rear and upper sides. My dick that I'd secreted away as I'd walked the house made its own way out of my shorts as if wanting to see for itself what was happening. I obliged by lowering a hand as I lifted the material to my face.

The scent was evident. No doubt what had saturated the panties.

Unmistakeable smell of urine mixed with the limited knowledge I had of the aroma of a woman's pussy. I felt shame as I breathed in my mother. Her most intimate fragrance filling my nose, my lips pressing the gusset where her sex had sat. My hand beat rapidly along my engorged column as I pictured her pissing. Standing before me, pissing through her pants, into the panties I now had in my mouth, sucking the remnants of her golden gift....

"I thought I turned this of...Oh!" My mother's voice came from behind me, startling. "Oh!" she repeated as I awkwardly stuffed my cock back into my shorts, the fact I was hard impossible to hide however. Her panties I bunched in my hand dropping to my side in a bid to keep them out of sight but failing miserably as I spun to face her, her eyes debating whether they follow the course of my hand as it went behind my back or the bulge tenting

the front of my shorts. She chose a third option and looked up into my face. "I...I didn't know you were in here," she stammered, her face burning.

'Her face was burning!' If only I could see my own. I felt the blush spread from my neck to my cheeks, even my ears as I willed my cock down.

"I was just..." I tried to explain my presence in the laundry in the middle of the night. "I was just dropping off my clothes," I lied, knowing full well she saw right through it. But what was I meant to say? Just admit I was in there jacking off to her pissed in panties?

"Of course," she went along with the deception. "I was just getting a drink and thought I'd left the light on in here," she needlessly explained her own appearance.

Her panties felt heavy in my hand behind me and I couldn't think of anything else to say and so we just stood there for what seemed an eternity. What must she think of me I wondered? Had she seen her panties on my face? How could she not?

"So..." her face cracked and she raised a hand to cover it as she quickly turned, clearly stifling a laugh. "Good night then," she managed as she briskly backtracked her way through the kitchen, abandoning her quest for a beverage in the process.

I slumped back against the benchtop, my cock now deciding to slowly lose some of its rigidity. "Bit late," I looked down at my groin, bringing the panties up once again before me, blaming them for the predicament I'd found myself in. "It's all your fault," I told the inanimate object of my desire before placing them back in the hamper and closing the lid. I can never look her in the eye again, I told myself as I headed back to my bedroom.

What the fuck had I done? I asked myself as I lay upon my sheets. She'll hate me. I hate me! She'll be disgusted. Oh shit, she'll tell Richard. What will he do? Kill me? It was then I came to my senses. She won't hate me; she's my mother. She won't tell Richard. What would be the point? She had smiled! There was no doubt she knew what I was doing, and yet she'd smiled. Was that just out of embarrassment or was there something more? I figuratively slapped my face. There's 'nothing more' you idiot. She was just embarrassed for me because she discovered her son sniffing her panties. I felt myself again go red at the reality of what had happened. What our next interaction would be like. I tried to dismiss it, to think of something else, but my libidinous mind drifted back to her.

I pictured the laundry. The bright light overhead illuminating everything. Me, masturbating with my mother's pee-soaked panties against my mouth and nose. And then her. It was only then did I think of what she'd been wearing. Her nightie. White. Satin. A small amount of lace at the bust. Could I see her nipples through the thin material? Was there any evidence she wore panties? My cock responded to my line of questioning and I once more took it in hand. It was her I was thinking of when I came upon my chest. A great surge of cum that I hadn't expected and would require quite the clean-up. I should've just kept them, I thought. Brought her sweet pissy panties to bed with me to cum into, to wipe the semen from my body. Better still, to have her do it. My own mother, using her panties to wipe up my cum. The cum I'd produced for her.

What the fuck was wrong with me!?

*

I lay in bed an hour later than was usual for a Sunday. Delaying the inevitable of course. I listened for Richard to leave for golf and heard the

tell-tale sounds of my mother in the bathroom; in the laundry; the kitchen. Finally, when the unignorable allure of the smell of bacon crept under my door I worked up enough courage to leave my fortress of solitude.

Did she have to wear 'those' pants today?

I entered the kitchen to see her ass at the stovetop. High waisted Gymshark leggings hugging her cheeks like paint on a wall. Pale blue, they crept into the crack of her bum and I immediately wondered how they'd look on her groin? She turned when she felt my presence and provided me the answer. Was this new? I'd seen her wear the tights countless times but I'd never noticed the bulge at her pussy. No. I corrected myself. I'd just never looked. Never looked at my own mother as a woman. Not until now.

"Thought the bacon would get you up," she smiled as I did manage to drag my eyes from her pussy. "Scrambled eggs sound good?" She added as she focussed once more on her cooking, allowing me to take in the rest of her. The matching top. Long sleeved, the lines of her bra beneath. She looked amazing. At 45 she'd never pass for a fitness model but her curves were in all the right places and she had my sperm multiplying.

"Definitely," I remained relatively cool though my heart raced. I looked to the table to see she'd set it for two, obviously expecting me. "I'll grab the juice," I casually offered.

Toast. Bacon and eggs. It was just the nourishment I needed after my night-time exertions and I shook the pepper onto my eggs just as Mom sat down across from me.

"Oh God, white pepper," Mom laughed, drawing a finger up to her nose. "I can feel the sneezes coming on. You don't want me wetting my pants two

days in a row!" She added. She didn't follow through with 'or do you?' But it felt as if she was thinking it as much as me.

I chuckled at her joke but concentrated more on my plate. I actually didn't want to look at her. Not out of my shame at being discovered last night or my embarrassment that morning but to remove the temptation. Her hair tied back in a pony tail, yet to put on makeup, she looked beautiful. What was the point in fuelling my desire by staring at her any longer than need be when there could be nothing between us? She was my mother. Why torture myself?

"That reminds me," she continued, her desire to sneeze obviously diminishing. "I did the laundry this morning but didn't see anything of yours!"

Seriously? I thought as I struggled to swallow a mouthful, nearly choking. Directly referring to our altercation in the middle of the night. Did she have to bring it up so soon? What had I said? My lie to explain my presence. 'Just dropping off my clothes,' had been my response. Why didn't I go back to actually leave something there? Idiot. I felt the blush rise from my neck to my cheeks as I raised my eyes.

"Yeah look Mom, I kinda," I struggled. "I mean, what you think you saw, last night. It wasn't that," I began my defence. Lies the lot of it.

"Oh, right," she took a sip of her juice, expectantly waiting for more from me.

"I mean you're right I wasn't there with my dirty clothes," I freestyled, ad-libbing. Why the fuck I hadn't rehearsed an explanation for my actions was beyond me? "I was...I was checking the size!" I lied in a work of genius.

"Of my panties?" she casually asked, her brow furrowing.

"Yes!" I maintained my story. "For when I buy you something for your birthday."

To her credit she didn't laugh at my excuse and to my credit, even under the circumstances I began to get an erection.

"For my birthday?" She smiled. "My birthday that's what, six months away? You're planning on buying me new panties?"

"NO!" I emphatically denied. "Not panties, just I don't know, shorts or something. If I see them."

"You were holding them pretty close to your face!" She challenged.

"The tag was really small," I countered.

I'd completely lost all appetite and lifted my glass to at least hide some part of my face as I drank, knowing the worst was yet to come.

"And I was scratching!" I added when I'd drunk half the glass.

"You were what?"

"I wasn't, um, what you may think," I stated. "I was scratching down there." To be honest, although ludicrous, it surely wasn't the worst explanation I could come up with on short notice.

"You were scratching?" Mom managed to keep a straight face, in fact looked concerned. "Are you ok? It must have been pretty serious. Do you need me to take a look?"

"NO!" I once more set her straight. "It's fine, I'm good."

Who was I kidding? She saw straight through my story. She knew exactly what I'd been doing in there. I was surprised to avoid embarrassment for the both of us she hadn't just ignored the subject altogether. For the next few

moments there was no more talk of the 'incident,' in fact we both ate the rest of our breakfast in silence, Mom finishing and leaving the table before me in a first.

Placing her plate and cutlery in the dishwasher, and returning for her glass to do the same, she finally went to make her way out of the kitchen before she stopped at the last moment and I raised my guilty eyes to once again look at her gorgeous appearance.

"So, let me get this straight," she looked confused. "The reason you were in the laundry in the middle of the night was to check the size of my dirty panties by holding them up to your face whilst dramatically scratching an itch on your penis?" She proposed. "Is that about right?"

A house down the road had been swallowed by a sinkhole only a week before. It was then I hoped the same would appear below me right then and there.

"That's right," I was barely able to voice, my throat constricting.

"And you're sticking to that?" Mom smirked. The first indication she was fine with everything, a subtle but telling sign that 'she knew that I knew that she knew,' so to speak and she was enjoying my agony.

"Yes," I nodded, a guilty smile coming to my own face.

"Ok," she grinned as she turned and left me. My eyes dropped to her bottom to watch it sway as she walked away. Beautiful.

*

Richard came home from golf.

A large part of me was hoping he'd be struck by lightning and be out of my life forever, or the argument he was having with Mom got worse and he

decided to leave. No such luck on both counts and as the afternoon progressed, I heard them chatting as per normal from the sanctity of my bedroom. From my window I could see her pants and underwear drying on the clothesline, mocking me and my immature fantasies.

I chose to have dinner alone saying I was working on a paper for school, which contrary to my recent history of lying, wasn't entirely untrue. Really, I just couldn't look at Mom in the eye. What was worse, she'd changed from her exercise gear into a light summery dress, clearly not wearing a bra beneath. The last thing I needed was to see her making up with Richard whilst looking so hot. The thought of 'makeup sex' between them came to mind and I had to fight back vomit.

I went to bed about as depressed as I could get.

*

The regular Monday morning rush in our house wasn't. Regular that is.

"Where's Richard?" I asked Mom passing me in the hallway as I entered the bathroom. Usually having to wait for him to finish but finding it empty.

"Well if you hadn't hidden in your cave all day Grumpy, you'd know he's gone to Frisco for the week!"

"What!?" I exclaimed, backtracking.

"Mmhuh," she affirmed, taking a sip from her mug of coffee before clutching it to her breast. The breast that was clearly covered only by a thin white gown. Her hair still wet from her shower, it had dampened the collar of the satin, the last saturated item of her clothing coming to mind. In my boxer shorts, I could feel the swelling begin.

"San Francisco?" I questioned. "What for? When was this organized?"

"Business," she answered one of my questions and her eyes immediately dropped to her coffee and I could see she was leaving something out.

"Ok," I let it drop, moving further into the bathroom to hide my now twitching cock.

"Oh, by the way," Mom added and I clutched the doorframe as I leaned back to look at her. "I'll be in your neighborhood this afternoon. Want a lift home from school? I have to do some shopping but if you don't mind coming with me?"

*

Did I want a lift home from school? My stepfather was 400 miles away, I was sexually infatuated with my own mother and she wanted to know if I wanted to spend some quality time with her, one on one?

I was at the pickup point early.

"Good day?" she asked as I got into the passenger seat, a 7-Eleven Big Gulp in the console between us. She wore her tight grey work pants, a pink sleeveless blouse. Her grey jacket was thrown over the headrest of my seat and I could smell her perfume on it when I turned my head.

"Usual," I offered, more interested in discussing far more important things.

"So, he's really gone for the week?"

She laughed as we headed to the mall.

*

"So what size am I?" Mom casually asked as she browsed the underwear rack.

I didn't quite believe what I heard her say as I stood beside her surrounded by women's panties and bras and asked her to repeat it.

"My size?" She giggled as she took a thong from the hanger. "I thought you'd be the expert."

"Um, I. I'm not...." I stammered.

"Oh, it's alright," she laughed, touching my forearm. "I'm only teasing you. Now I have to go and try on these pants," she added, the black work pants the reason we had entered the ladies wear section in the first place. "Maybe you can look around for that birthday present!" She again laughed as she mockingly left me to my own devices.

A security guard passed by the aisle, no older than I, he nodded toward me smiling and I felt some strange connection with him, dismissing the feeling as I indeed examined the delights around me.

She was taking her time and I took up a seat outside the women only changerooms after feeling a little conspicuous loitering in the underwear section. I pictured her in the cubicle. In my mind's eye she was down to her panties. They were the wet ones I'd fawned over and she opened her top as I walked through the door, showing me her breasts.

"You ready to go?" Mom asked from beside me as I stared into space, aware I was developing an erection.

"Yup," I agreed, looking forward to getting home, where we could be alone.

"I just have to find a bathroom first," she stated. "I shouldn't have had all that Big Gulp, I'm bursting," she elaborated and it had me silently groaning.

At the register she was clearly fidgeting. The sales assistant struggling to get Mom's credit card to read on her machine, delaying the trip to the bathroom. Was it wrong to enjoy her suffering? Clearly. But I wasn't thinking rationally. My dick was in charge for the time being and I encouraged his leadership by surreptitiously stroking it in my pocket.

What had she said? Sneezing, laughing? Laughing. I struggled to find something humorous as we walked briskly back in the direction of the car, a sign for the restroom ahead, me as desperate to make a joke as she was to reach the ladies.

A children's clothing store, a scarecrow display in the window.

"So why did the scarecrow get an award?" I asked Mom as we turned down the corridor to the toilets.

"What?" Mom asked. "What are you talking about?" She added as we reached the door to the women's and read the sign. 'Closed for maintenance.'

"Because he was outstanding in his field!" I answered as Mom's shoulders slumped, whilst below she rubbed her thighs together, beginning the 'I really need to go dance.'

A map showed the nearest alternative and I pointed it out.

"Oh, let's just go," she posited. "I can hold it until we get home."

"You could go in the gents," I suggested and she grimaced in response.

We headed back to the car, few people left in the centre so close to closing and in the underground parking lot, even fewer cars. To her credit, Mom was doing a good job at holding on, possibly the walking helping out somewhat. Only steps from the car, she reached out and grabbed my forearm.

"Outstanding in his field," she began to laugh. "I just got it."

"You've seriously never heard that?" I chuckled as her hand left my arm and delved into her handbag searching for the keys. Still giggling to herself she withdrew the keys and passed them to me.

"No. No I haven't. Can you drive?"

"Of course," I agreed and pressed the unlock button as Mom circled the front.

"Outstanding in his, oh no!" she stopped beside the hood, looking down, her laughter ceasing.

At first, I thought it was the wheel where her eyes had settled but then I realized. She was looking at her groin. I had a pretty fair idea as to what was happening but out of concern, I took my hand from the door handle and skirted the front of the car.

Her eyes trailed up from her rapidly dampening crotch to look toward me, an embarrassed grimace upon her face. "I told you I had to go!" She needlessly defended herself as I gazed back down at her pants. The wet spreading around the bulge of her vagina to extend along her inner thighs and then, as she spread her feet as if to allow me unfettered vision of the act, the flow seemed to increase.

Her grey pants tight against her skin, the river of pee ran simultaneously down each leg, saturating the material and turning it almost black.

Transfixed, I stared at the spectacle of my mother once more wetting her pants before me, this time more intimate, almost as if it was done for me alone. Ridiculous, I know. She was a middle-aged mother with an apparently weak bladder, but my dick didn't discriminate, seeing only an attractive woman pissing in public and reacting in kind, hardening for her.

"Oh God it's going in my boots!" Mom acknowledged as the pee made its way to the bottom of her pants and began to pool around one foot.

"Well can't you stop?" I proposed foolishly. The last thing I wanted was for her to end the show but I didn't want to openly admit I was getting off on it.

"Not when I have to go so badly," she shamefully admitted, her cheeks red. I wanted to kiss her. To wrap my arms around her body, pressing my groin to hers and receive her tongue in my mouth and her piss upon my cock.

"Well, when you gotta go, you gotta go!" I stated and tried to prevent the smile from coming to my lips, failing as her eyes once more alighted on me.

"Oh my god, you're enjoying this aren't you!?" She challenged as she too allowed herself to smile back. "It's not funny!" She declared.

It didn't prevent her from laughing though. And as she began, I joined in, taking her outstretched hand and guiding her as she stepped bow-legged back against the car to lean upon the door.

"Oh God, what must you think of me?" She sighed, her pelvis pushed out, accentuating her wet groin as I joined her.

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I've just peed myself twice in front of you now, you must be embarrassed to be even seen with me," she ventured, her eyes on mine.

"No," I affirmed. "Not at all. I don't care. I don't mind one bit," I added hoping she could see how I really felt about it. That I loved it.

"Thank you," she almost whispered, raising my still held hand to her lips and kissing my knuckle.

It gave me goosebumps. Knowing she was probably still peeing while our hands touched, her lips upon my skin. Of course, my cock swelled further.

It was a strange moment. Neither of us spoke, our eyes locked. Seconds passed before she once more allowed a smile to come to her lips. "Well I think I'm finished," she grinned.

"Oh, ok," I acknowledged, purposefully stepping in the puddle she'd made as I opened the car door for her. "What do you want to do?" I asked, hoping she'd suggest getting out of her wet pants.

"Well I have to get this shoe off for starters," she explained before turning her back to me. "Is my bottom really wet?"

Given license to look at my mother's bum, I took in her plump cheeks, a circular wet patch spreading out from the crack.

"It doesn't look good," I offered before correcting myself. "I mean it does look good. Your bum," I added providing way too much honesty. "For a mom, I mean. You have a good bottom. Not that I'm looking or anything. I mean I wouldn't....." I let my words trail off as I was amazed there was still enough blood in my body not already in my cock to make my cheeks blush.

Mom smiled as she turned back to face me. "Well thank you I guess," she grinned. "And all I asked was if my bottom was wet!?" She giggled.

"It is," I stated. "But not that bad."

"Good," she said as she backed onto the seat, leaving her legs outside the car, thighs spread wide.

She made to lean forward and I immediately dropped to my haunches.

"Here let me," I offered as I moved in on the boot she was heading for.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course," I stated. "I feel partly responsible. I can at least help out."

She leaned back as I raised the bottom of her sodden pants leg and unzipped the side of her ankle boot, rising from the concrete as I slipped it off her foot.

"Oh my god," Mom exclaimed as I tipped it up and allowed the accumulated urine to flow from the boot to the floor. Such a waste I thought. I hardened even further as I imagined drinking the pee directly from her shoe. Should I have just done it? Declared my feelings overtly then and there before her. Surely she would've been disgusted. How could she not be?

She sadly took off her sock before I had the chance. Saturated, she placed it inside the boot as I handed it back to her before rising to my feet. I knew it was obvious and I did nothing to hide it. My cock standing proud behind my fly as it hovered before her eyes, level with her face. Holding the door, I watched her stare directly at it as she lifted her legs into the car. There could be no doubt. She knew the state I was in and though her eyes lazily drifted away, I could see in her expression she was delighted. Or was I projecting?

*

There was an awkward silence as I drove. Only a short journey from the mall to our house, for half the distance we didn't speak.

"This doesn't happen all the time," Mom finally said something.

"What? No, I know," I stated.

"I'm not incontinent or anything, I don't need to wear a diaper," she defended herself.

"Yeah, it's cool," I offered. "It's just an accident. It could happen to anyone."

Another minute of silence.

"You've been so grown up about this," she complimented me. "Thank you. For helping. For not judging me."

"Hey it's what sons do for their moms," I dismissed. "I'm sure Richard would have reacted the same way," I lied, knowing full well his behaviour would've been vastly different.

"No," Mom almost whispered. "No, I don't think so," she sighed.

*

I carried her jacket and bags into the house for her, walking behind her as she limped on one boot. The seat of her pants just as damp, in fact the area of wetness having spread most of the way across her butt.

"So, I guess I'll have a shower," she stated as we stood in the kitchen. "Get out of these wet pants," she added as if reminding me of what she'd done in them.

"Yeah, I guess," I offered, reluctant to let her out of my sight.

"So, thank you again," she leaned forward and kissed me. Her lips met the side of my mouth. What to read from it? On the lips, but not fully. Closed mouth, yet the touch lingered. What was she saying? She pulled back and her eyes were just as unreadable as her kiss as they dreamily fell down my torso, averting before they reached my groin.

She turned and made her way down the hall, entering the main bathroom, not her own en-suite. Was that a sign? Did she want me to follow? I did but not to enter the bathroom, to take her bags to her room. Passing the bathroom, the door still open, I let my eyes enter and saw her turning as she unbuttoned her pink blouse. Why hadn't she closed the door? I asked myself as I passed.

"Thanks for that," she called as I stopped and backtracked.

"What?"

"Taking my bags," she smiled as the last of the buttons separated and she let her shirt fall open. I possibly should've looked away when I saw her bra. Wouldn't that have been the appropriate action to take? But I let my eyes feast on the white lace, the swelling of her cleavage, and as she parted the shirt to let it fall from her shoulders, the pink shadow of nipples behind the cups.

"Oh, it's no problem," I lingered, my dick once more showing its appreciation before I made to leave the doorway.

"Actually," she hastened as she saw me move away and I paused. "Wet clothes are so hard to get off," she insisted and I held my breath. "Would you possibly be able to help me a little more?"

She was blushing. I was blushing. An outsider would be able to see what was happening between us, our hesitance to admit, the apprehension of finally breaking through that almost impenetrable wall of taboo, crumbling.

I dropped the bags in the hallway and entered the bathroom as she threw the blouse aside and looked down at her pants. Her hands went to the button and released before she looked back up into my eyes. "Now the difficult bit," she whispered.

Not for me. I was made for this job I reasoned as I took over, with albeit shaking hands I unzipped the front of her pants to reveal the same white lace as her bra. I could feel her eyes on me but mine were focussed on her groin as I took hold of the waist of her pants and lowered. My fingers touched the warmth of the skin on her hips as I pulled them down revealing her panty to be a thong. As she'd envisaged, the saturated pants clung to her thighs, turning inside out as I tugged them down her legs.

Dropping to my knees, my face became level with her sex, dark pubic hair showing through the wet lace of her thong. I could smell pee. I could smell pussy. My dick ached to be free.

A hand touched the top of my head and I looked up as she ran her fingers through my hair.

"You always know the right thing to do," she cryptically sighed and I wondered what she meant? Every fibre of my being was directing me toward incest. Was that the 'right thing'?

Her eyes took on a fire I'd never seen as her fingers continued to caress my locks, her nails massaging my scalp. I averted her gaze and trailed my own down between her breasts, across her belly button and the swell of her stomach to once more settle on her pussy, cruelly trapped behind her panties. Without a second more of delay, I leaned the few remaining inches and pressed my lips to her pubic mound, the dampness of her pee evident, the scent of an aroused woman, all pervading.

A sigh was released from above, the rush of a held breath as I kissed her pussy through her piss-soaked panties. I wanted more. The taboo broken, there was nothing preventing it. Her pants around her knees I pulled them lower while my lips remained fixed to her bulge, breathing in her pissy aroma.

"Let me help," Mom gasped from above and reluctantly my mouth came away from her vagina as she backed away. Only as far as the toilet where she sat upon the closed lid, her legs spread as her pants dropped to her ankles. I lifted her feet and pulled the heavy pants from her, followed by the remaining sock. Was my task over I wondered? To hell with that, I crawled forward positioning myself between her spread thighs, finally looking back into her face.

"I lied to you," I admitted and she cocked her head in response before I elaborated. "What I was doing in the laundry. I wasn't checking the size Mom."

"What were you doing Baby?" She breathed, knowing full well what I was confessing.

"I was smelling them," I stated and a wicked smile came to her lips.

"Why Baby?" She feigned being shocked. "Why would you be smelling my panties?"

I raised my hands to her spread inner thighs, caressing the damp skin, my face once more homing in on her groin.

"Because I love the smell of your pussy Mom," I admitted. "The smell of your piss. The taste."

"The taste?" She questioned. "How would you know?"

"I put them in my mouth," I could taste it.

"Do you want to taste me again Baby?" She panted. "Want to taste Mommy's pee again?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I sighed, my mouth connecting with her dampness. She was wetter and it wasn't just urine. I poked my tongue out and pressed it hard into the warmth behind the gusset, licking my way from her damp asshole behind the strip of thong to the firmness of her pubic bone.

"Next you'll tell me you weren't scratching," she laughed.

"I wasn't," I answered. "I was jerking off and thinking about you Mom. Is that wrong?"

"Oh no Sweetie," she grinned. "It's not wrong at all. Would you like to do it again? Why don't you show Mommy how you do it Baby?"

I needed no further prompting. Like a flash I was out of my clothing, no qualms about undressing before my mother. No. In fact, I wanted her to see me. To see me naked again after so many years. To see how I'd developed.

"Good boy," Mom praised me as I stood naked, proud and erect before her. Her eyes took their time examining my body, feasting on my thighs and the main course of my cock. Hard. Hard for her alone.

"Now what do you want Darling?" Mom asked. "What can I give you my sweet boy?"

"I want your piss Mom!" I wholeheartedly confided. "I want you to piss on me. On my cock. In my face. I want you to piss in my mouth. I want to drink your piss Mom," I released all my fantasies at once and hoped she wouldn't despise me. Think me a freak.

"I was hoping you'd say that Baby," she smiled. "Why don't you show me how you pull that beautiful cock while I piss on you Marky?"

Was I dreaming? I dropped to the floor, a hand on my dick as I debated it. If I was, let me never wake.

"Do you want it Honey?" Mom asked, her fingers upon her panties, running up and down her gusset.

"Yes," I hissed as I pumped my fist along my shaft.

"You want my pee Darling? You want Mommy's piss in your mouth?" She panted, clearly becoming as aroused by the scene as I.

"Yes. Fuck yes Mom," I reiterated. "Give me your hot piss Mom. Piss in my mouth."

My words her command, I saw a trickle of liquid bubble at the already sodden crotch. I leaned in immediately and pressed my mouth beside her fingers, desperate for my thirst to be quenched. She pushed and the trickle increased, my mouth wrapped around her pussy, sucking in her golden nectar.

A mouthful and I pulled back to allow her to see me swallow. In response she pulled her panties aside and revealed her pink slit to me before letting loose a torrent of pee, squirting out and splashing my chest. It ran down my torso, onto my quickly masturbating hand. Her warm urine showering me, bathing me in piss. I leaned forward and caught her flow in my open mouth her stream strong, filling me, overflowing before I could swallow her offering.

"Kiss me Mark," she almost begged and with her pee continuing to flow I moved into her body as she pulled me toward her. Our mouths met and her tongue was inside me, tasting her own piss, sucking my tongue.

I wrapped my arms around her and found the hook of her bra, undoing it and pulling it from her body. Next her panties and she assisted by lifting her ass from the toilet seat as I stripped her naked. Now it was perfect. Naked together. Mother and son. She moved forward, and on my knees, my cock was perfectly level with her pussy. As if a bonus as it touched her sex, she released a fountain of pee directly upon it, only to have me swell even further with passion for her, for her piss.

And then we were one. Only two days after I first looked upon my mother as an object of desire, I was fucking her. Life wasn't meant to be this easy. I felt almost guilty that a fantasy of smelling her pussy. Of drinking her pee. Of fucking, had come to fruition so easily.

"Oh God yes," she sighed as my cock filled her completely, her breasts pressed to my chest.

"Do you like it?" I asked her, our mouths connected.

"I love it Mark. I love your dick Baby," she breathed. "I love you."

"I love you so much Mom," I admitted as I slowly thrust myself inside her. I was fighting back orgasm, knowing I wouldn't last long.

"Do you love my pee Honey?" Mom sighed, her hands running across my back, nails scratching.

"I love it Mom," I confessed. "I want you to piss on me every day. Every morning, every night." Just saying the words encouraged my orgasm and I felt I had to admit. "Mom."

"Yes my angel?" She whispered between kisses, sighs, as I thrust ever more dramatically into her vagina. "Is it your cum Baby? Are you going to cum for Mommy?" She predicted.

It came as a relief she expected me to cum so quickly. "Yes," I gasped. "I'm gonna cum," I managed but still thought about whether it was appropriate to do it inside her? "Where do I....?"

"On me," she quickly responded, knowing time was of the essence.

Just in time too!

Mom leaned back against the cistern, her hands on her breasts as if presenting them to me as I pulled out and rose before her. My slick pussy and pee coated cock in hand I masturbated the final stokes needed before with an overwhelming surge of relief I began to cum.

"OH FUUCK!!" I exhaled as a stream of cum leapt from me approaching lightspeed. Against her upturned breasts I sprayed my product, her hands

releasing and fingers spreading as if to catch my gift.

"Yes Baby, Yes," she screamed with excitement. "Give me your cum Baby. Mommy loves your cum."

Again and again I spurted, her belly slick. I aimed at her pussy and the white of my cream was stark against her backdrop of dark brown locks.

"Oh Jesus," I huffed as I emptied, stroking the last of my seed, my cock just as hard as before I'd cum. "Mom. That was awesome."

"Wasn't it though!" She beamed, looking down at the evidence of my love upon her torso. Amazingly she raised a hand to her face and licked up a trickle of cum running down her wrist.

"You're awesome," I repeated myself, sure in my assertion.

"You are!" She grinned, a hand running down to smear the cum into her pubic hair.

"Shower?" I looked at the cum all over her body.

"But you have to wash me off first," her eyebrows raised.

"Yeah that's what I thought," I frowned.

"Oh Honey, don't you know the best way to wash off cum is with urine?"

"What? You want me to..?"

Almost as if she'd thought of it prior, she rose and lifted the seat of the toilet, sitting back down, her legs spread, back against the cistern.

"Come on Darling, what's good for the goose...." she grinned.

"Are you sure?" I asked, wondering with my erection if I'd even be able to go?

In response Mom reached out and took possession of my dick, tilting it toward her belly. "Quite," she smiled.

Her hand upon me was just making me harder but with force of will and the actual need to pee, I could feel it coming.

"Oh Jesus," I again praised as she directed my flow as it released. Like a hose she sprayed it over her skin, her breasts, the streaks of cum sliding down her body. Up onto her chest and neck, my piss splashing the area and then. In a moment I'll remember till I die, my mother aimed my piss between her lips. Her mouth overflowing before she swallowed. Gargling and swallowing again. My cock got harder in her grasp and she felt it, her hand working along my length, jerking me off as I peed.

"Fuck Mom," I gasped at how lascivious she could be as her other hand went between her legs. Her fingers finding her clit, she masturbated below me as my flow of piss decreased, training my final trickle down onto her rapidly moving hand.

"Yes?" She sighed, her eyes upon me, mouth open.

"Nothing, I just. I love you," I once more confessed as like her other, the hand on my cock increased its rhythm. Could it be? I wondered as she beat me probably better than I could myself. Oh yes it could, I answered my question as I felt my orgasm approach.

She could see it in my eyes as I placed a hand on her shoulder for balance, my legs all of a sudden becoming wobbly.

"Are you going to...?" Her question trailed off as her mouth dropped open and she lifted a foot up onto the toilet, her ass falling somewhat into the bowl. It exposed her pussy, her glistening pink labia, the fingers a blur upon it as she stimulated her clit. "Oh God..." she sighed, her eyes closing as she

lowered her hand and slid fingers inside herself. Piss burst forth around her hand, splashing the bowl, the water, even my own legs as she came. Piss? Was it her squirt? I didn't know, nor did I care. All I saw was the most beautiful vision of my lifetime before it was lost to me as she pulled my cock into her mouth.

Almost climbing upon the toilet, my dick entered her. The heat of her tongue, the hardness of the back of her mouth, there was nothing I could do to prevent myself cumming almost instantly, my second orgasm in a matter of minutes. I could feel her swallowing around the head of my cock, a sensation unlike any other and on the verge of choking, she released my penis from her throat in a burst of cum and saliva.

Immediately I dropped to embrace her. I'd never felt as much love for, or as close to someone as I did in that moment, telling her as much. If I wondered if she felt the same, she dismissed any doubts by declaring herself mine forever.

"I lied too," she sighed as we kissed in the shower and for a moment, I felt trepidation. "Richard hasn't gone to San Francisco for business," she paused. "We're trialling a separation."

She saw my eyes light up.

"Are you serious?" My cock grew harder against her belly.

Her smile was answer enough as her mouth connected with mine.

Could my life possibly get any better?

*

I recall, fondly of course, wrestling with my mother on her bed as a child; climbing in next to her for cuddles. Never had I lay in it and slept overnight.

Certainly not on my stepfather's 'side,' my father's ten years before. The room seemed different from this perspective, my mother's sleeping face beside me a sight I would never have envisaged. I lifted the sheet slightly to reveal her naked body. No, none of it had been a dream. My rising cock testifying as such.

"Hey beautiful," I smiled when she stirred, rubbing her bleary eyes in the early morning light.

For a moment she looked stunned to see me and I wondered if she as well had thought it all a dream?

"Markus Fraser," she smiled rolling atop me, finding me ready for her, my dick hard between her thighs. "I thought I'd dreamt it!" She answered my question as she slid my cock inside her lubricating vagina. "Ooh," she sighed as she tentatively lifted and settled back along my column. "I'm sore. In a good way!" She quickly added when she saw the look of concern on my face.

How many times we'd fucked I had no idea? More one continuous sex session, I remember seeing the clock read 3:30 a.m. and both of us thinking it wise to at least get some sleep. Still we didn't want to break our connection now that we'd formed it and drifted off wrapped in the other's arms.

I was tired. But it was worth it.

*

"So, Richard's gone for good?" I expectantly asked as I handed Mom her coffee post breakfast.

"Thank you, Baby," she smiled, touching my hand as I sat down beside her.

"Not quite. As I said, it's a trial."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we'll spend some time apart, see how we feel about each other," she explained.

"But he's gone for the week?" To this she grimaced and I knew she had some bad news to tell me.

"Well I did lie about that as well. He HAS gone to Frisco, but not for the week."

"So, he's coming back here?" I immediately thought of him sleeping beside her again, the image not at all appealing.

"Yes," and as if she'd read my mind however. "But he'll be staying in the spare room."

"Like he did the night of the party?" I stated. "But he stayed in your room the next night."

"He did but we were talking," she elaborated. "I'd already made the decision at the party Honey."

"Really?"

"Uh huh," she smiled. "I felt it. And someone else showed me what loving someone is really like."

"Me?" I blushed.

"Yes you," she affirmed. "It was in the car actually," she began and continued when I furrowed my brows. "When we were talking about me wetting my pants."

My cock twitched at her discussing the subject. "Really? Why?"

"You don't remember me telling you about when it happens?"

I did but I let her retell the story anyway, shaking my head.

"I told you it happens when I sneeze, laugh. I almost came right out and said 'when I cum' Honey," she smiled. "That I could be so honest with you about that. Yes, I know I'd been drinking but I wanted to tell you. Of course, I doubted you'd want to hear. A mother can't just tell her son she wants to be with him!"

"Oh yes she can!" I beamed and she laughed, even more so when she read my mind wondering if she currently needed to pee?

"Yes, I do need to go now, if that's what you're thinking," she smiled. "But I'm not busting at the moment," she laughed.

"Why didn't you say something that night? In the laundry? You knew what I was doing."

"I also know boys do weird things sometimes," she winked. "Just because you were 'using' my panties, doesn't necessarily mean you want to have sex with me."

"I did!" I admitted. "It was you peeing that did it. I don't know why but it turned me on. I saw you as more than just my mom I guess," I blushed, amazed I could be so honest with her all of a sudden. I wanted to tell her everything, felt that I could.

She took a long last mouthful of her coffee and stood up from the table, holding out her hand for me to take. "Come on," she whispered.

I walked beside her not knowing where she led or for what means. But as she turned at the bathroom and entered before me, I had a fair understanding of what she was up to.

Wearing a tight fitting knee length dress, she walked in her heels toward the toilet and bent suggestively to lift the lid, her ass pronounced. I had a pretty good idea I was to just watch for the time being as she put on a show, letting me into a private (albeit stylised) part of her life. Turning, she dropped her hands to her thighs and took hold of the dress, shimmying it up her stockinged legs. Revealing the lace band of her flesh toned stay-ups, she went higher until her panties were on full display, purple and lacy. Not satisfied until the skirt was around her waist did she part her legs and sit down on the toilet.

"You can come a little closer Honey," she purred and like a puppy I was before her, on bended knee at her own.

Leaning back somewhat, she looked down and after a moment there came the delightful sight of pee darkening the front of her panties, flowing through and hitting the water.

"Oh Jesus Mom, that's beautiful," I praised her and after a moment, the panties saturated, she stemmed the flow. Lifting her bottom from the seat she took hold of her underwear and pulled them off her bottom, over her stockings and let them fall down her calves to her heels.

"You can have them Darling," she smiled. "Take them to school in your pocket if you like. Don't show your friends!"

I lifted her feet one by one as I removed her pissed in panties, placing them in the pocket of my school jacket for safekeeping. The moment I turned my attention back on her, she once more began to piss. This time her flow streaming directly into the water below, a steady torrent until she trickled away to a dribble. My cock strained against my pants but now was not the time for sex, I knew that.

"Would you wipe me Honey?" She innocently asked and I nearly fainted with my cock commandeering most of my body's blood supply.

"Of course," I agreed, taking a few sheets and folding them, pressing my covered palm against the heat of her vagina. The paper became wet and I dropped it into the bowl, reaching for more before I paused. "Actually, there's probably a better way," I proposed and knowing my thought process she grinned as she stood up from the toilet.

Her pussy pushed out before herself, I bent my neck and moved in, my mouth wrapping her entire vulva, nose buried in her pubic hair. My tongue acted as the toilet paper, licking any traces of urine that still coated her labia, my lips sucking her vagina, tasting her pee and the lubricant she was rapidly producing.

"Oh God," she sighed, her mouth open before she stopped herself and realized we didn't have the time to carry it any further.

Her hand lifted me to my feet and she was quick to kiss me, her tongue searching my mouth.

"I lied," she admitted when our kiss finally broke. "You CAN show your friends if you like!"

I wouldn't.

*

I'd been looking forward to getting home more than ever, much of the day clutching Mom's slowly drying panties in my pocket; but as I rounded the corner of our block and saw my stepfather's car parked in the driveway behind my Mom's, my excitement ebbed somewhat.

"You said he was in San Francisco for a few days," I challenged Mom, whispering in the kitchen, Richard watching cable news in the adjoining living room as if nothing in our lives had changed.

"Apparently his deal fell through," she answered in equally as hushed tones.

"So, what does this mean?" I agonized. "For us?"

She raised a hand to my cheek, looking me in the eyes.

"We're still talking, Richard and I," she admitted, her voice low. "He wants to patch things up."

"Mom!?" I heard myself whine and knew I was being immature but I couldn't help it, seeing my budding relationship with her being potentially jeopardized.

"Shh," she sighed. "Go to your room."

"What?" I was shocked. "You're sending me to my room!?"

"Mark," she bluntly stated. "Go to your room."

Like the bratty child I felt myself, I grumpily marched through the house to my bedroom without acknowledging Richard. I could've slammed my door to accentuate my feelings but I didn't. Thankfully, when I saw what was waiting for me on my pillow.

She must have put them on that morning and worn them all day. Light blue cotton panties, wet to the point of saturation, a damp spot on my pillow where they had sat as I lifted them to my face. Warm. She'd just done it! Most likely whilst my stepfather was in the house. It was a sign that nothing would change and I felt almost a sense of shame for even doubting her.

*

"We were lucky to get out of there alive," Richard exaggerated. "The fire was right in that neighborhood!"

"We must have sensed the fire coming Mom," I laughed. "That's why we left the party early."

"No," Richard interjected. "You left because your mother pissed her pants and was too drunk to drive herself!"

If this was him attempting reconciliation with my mother, I wished him luck.

"Isn't that right Natalia?" He smacked her on the ass as she came back into the dining room carrying dessert.

I wanted to leap across the table and punch him. Force him to apologise then kick him out of our house. It was strange, he hadn't always been like this, most of my teenage years he'd been quite nice, a good replacement after my real father had died. It was maybe why Mom was still giving him a chance to recover their marriage.

Mom didn't respond to his goading, placing the apple pie upon the table.

"Drinks anyone?" She asked. I already had a glass of water so I didn't think she was addressing me. I couldn't have been more wrong.

"Another bourbon Love," Richard held out his glass and I winced at his referring to her as that. She was my 'love' now. I was the only one that truly loved her.

Mom took his glass and re-entered the kitchen as Richard carried on reliving his dramatic escape from peril in the California fires. A taxi across town, not really the heroic adventure he made it out to be. My focus was on my mother in the next room whom I watched over Richard's shoulder. The white sun dress she wore fanning out at her hips, ending mid-thigh.

Reaching for the bottle of bourbon, it rose up the rear of her legs and I wondered if she'd put a new pair of panties back on? She returned with Richard's drink and surprisingly headed back to the kitchen, this time turning to be sure I was watching.

She needn't have worried about that. There wasn't anything in the world I'd rather look at than her. I watched as she took down two wine glasses and was a little disappointed thinking Richard had already had enough to drink. The absence of a bottle in the kitchen though, interesting. With my stepfather beginning to discuss his failed venture in San Francisco, I watched entranced as my mother placed one glass on the benchtop and with eyes on me, raised the front of her dress.

Well there was the answer to one question. Her crotch bare, the rich mat of bush stark against her skin under the fluorescent globes of the kitchen. Not three metres from the back of Richard's head, my mother lowered the empty wine glass and positioned it beneath her pussy. Awestruck, I felt my jaw drop before quickly closing it lest Richard suspect something. Mom released and a steady stream of gold quickly filled the glass, her eyes on me the entire time before she paused and reached for the other glass, repeating the feat.

My mouth dry, my cock hard behind my fly. Without delay, holding both glasses, Mom re-entered the dining room and headed down my end of the table. Richard watched as she placed one wine glass before me, sitting in the chair beside, Mom held on to her own.

"Wine?" Richard remarked. "Where's mine?"

"Oh, you wouldn't like this one Dick," Mom replied, using the name we both knew he hated.

I could see in his face he was annoyed by the title but to his credit let it pass.

"Well why does he get one? He's not 21 yet," Richard noted.

Mom looked at me and smiled, raising her glass before us. "Because we're celebrating," she posited and I was quick to take my own wine glass in hand. Full almost to the brim, the glass was warm, bubbles upon the surface.

"Celebrating what?" Richard asked, alone down the other end of the table, probably feeling left out.

"You leaving!" Mom bluntly replied and we clinked our glasses together. With eyes upon the other, Mom and I raised our glasses to our lips and sipped. The warm saltiness filled my mouth and I savoured the flavour before swallowing, Mom seemingly doing the same.

"Mmm this is lovely," I praised her, swallowing more of her golden liquid.

"Drink up Sweetie," she smiled. "There's plenty more where that came from."

With her free hand I felt her place it upon my groin and I quickly assisted by covertly unzipping my fly.

"Me leaving?" Richard protested. "What are you talking about?"

"I made a decision tonight Richard," Mom stated as her hand found my cock and pulled it from my pants, her grip around my shaft. "Just then in fact. I realized I want to be with someone that truly loves me. Every part of me. That accepts me for who I am."

"Be with?" Richard repeated. "What do you mean by that? He's your son, you can't mean.....what does he do that I won't?"

Mom looked at me again and we both drank simultaneously, her hand increasing its manipulation of my cock.

"Oh, you'll never know Richard," Mom sighed as I finished my glass.

"You'll never know."

*

He made plans to be back in the morning to collect his things. Strange, in that the ten years he'd been living with us he really hadn't collected many possessions, most of his items packed into a few boxes that Mom and I stacked beside the front door.

She'd changed into her workout gear to pack Richard's belongings and as I watched her load the last of the boxes, I thought of her only two days before, standing in the kitchen making fun of me for sniffing her underwear, dressed in the same outfit.

"What are you smiling about Mister?" She came up to me and placed her hands on my shoulders.

"Nothing. Just how quickly lives can change," I offered.

"How so?"

"I don't know. I mean just two days ago I was too ashamed to admit what I was doing in the laundry, now I'm drinking your pee at the dinner table."

She laughed. "You know I wore this that morning to get a rise out of you," she looked down at herself, the skin tight compression leggings.

"It worked," I admitted. "It's still working," I smiled as her hand ran down my front to settle on the erection tenting the front of my pants.

"I wanted to do it then you know?" She hinted. "In these leggings."

I played naïve, pretty sure as to what she referred. "Do what?"

"Pee in these leggings silly," she giggled, her hand stroking the length of my cock. "Right there in the kitchen, in front of you. Of course, there really wasn't an excuse so I had to plan my next wetting."

"The parking lot! You did that on purpose?" I exclaimed.

"Well of course," she laughed. "You don't think I'm that accident prone do you?"

"What about on the trampoline?"

"Oh, well that WAS an accident," she admitted. "It did turn me on though. It always does. Having a full bladder. Holding. Desperate to go. Especially if someone's watching me. And then going in my clothes."

Her hand was continuing to stroke my length, the added pressure my pants were putting on my cock and the way she was speaking had me on the verge of cumming in them and I quickly stopped her stimulation.

"Give me a minute," I pleaded as I pulled my groin away from her touch to which she smiled.

"We have to get you to last longer don't we Buddy," she grinned without any condescension.

"I'd like that," I smiled, blushing.

"Is it just me?" She raised her eyebrows as she pulled one of my hands down to cup her pussy. "Or is it like that with other girls?"

"Mom!" I almost whispered. "You're my first."

"What?" She seemed genuinely shocked, raising a hand to her mouth. Tears filled her eyes before she pulled my mouth to hers. "I love you so much

Baby," she sighed between my lips as we kissed.

*

Naked, I lay on a towel in Mom's en-suite as she stood above me. My cock standing erect, almost vertical it pointed directly up between her spread legs as she rubbed her belly.

"I'm really busting Baby," she grimaced, her hand sliding down to the mound of her pussy. "Mommy has to pee bad!"

I took hold of my cock and stroked, pre-cum leaking from the eye, coating my underside.

"Just do it Mom," I offered. "If you have to go, go!"

"But that's dirty Baby," she played. "I can't just do it in my pants."

"Yes, you can," I determined. "Piss in your pants Mom. Be a dirty girl. Be my dirty girl."

"You want me to be your dirty girl Baby?" She moaned, her fingers digging into her pussy leaving a wet patch on the material. "You want Mommy to pee in her pants? It'll get on you!"

"I want it on me Mom," I gasped, touching her leg, running my hand up her calf as I continued to pull my cock. "I want you to piss on me."

"Oh Baby you're so naughty," she giggled. "Here it comes Baby. Here comes Mommy's pee."

Like magic, the light blue region around her fingers went dark, the dampness spreading to her inner thighs. I'd hoped (just for the visual) it would flow down her legs but with the tightness of her leggings, her fountain of pee flowed directly through the material to cascade down onto

my belly. She adjusted her position to aim toward my chest and I leaned my head forward to catch her piss directly in my mouth.

"I'm pissing Mark," she commentated as if I wasn't aware. "I'm pissing right on you."

My mouth filled and I swallowed, watching as she took hold of her leggings and pulled them down off her hips.

Still urinating, she had them down to her knees, piss going everywhere before she descended on my pelvis, taking my cock in her hand as she guided it into herself. Safely seated on my lap, my dick deep inside her, I took hold of her ankle and pulled the tights the rest of the way off her leg, repeating on her other foot before discarding the saturated material. Her flow ceased as she concentrated on grinding herself on my dick, my hands reaching up for her breasts still confined in the tight long-sleeved crop top.

Descending on me her lips met my own, her tongue in my mouth as we kissed. I grabbed her ass and clutching her buttocks pulled her down onto my cock hard every time I thrust up into her. It seemed to please her.

"Oh fuck yes Mark, like that," she panted into my mouth. "Fuck me like that Baby. Fuck Mommy hard."

I really needed her to stop talking if I was to 'last longer,' her comments encouraging my own orgasm, but I'd be damned if I was going to cum before her this time. Gritting my teeth as she buried her face beside mine, her breath in my ear, I redoubled my efforts, thrusting my cock even harder up into her slick vagina.

"Yes Baby, don't stop. Don't stop," she gasped into my ear. "Oh God, don't stop. I'm...." she paused as she held her breath, the clapping of my dick into her pussy, my groin into hers echoing around the bathroom. "I'm....I'm

cumming!" She finally cried before sitting back up taking charge of her own stimulation as she squeezed her pussy around my engorged dick. "I'm cumming," she repeated as I looked at her vagina sliding staggered up, then back down my glistening cock.

"I'm cumming," she once more confirmed before I felt the walls of her vagina clench me and a sudden burst of piss surged from her. Spraying my chest, my face, I opened my mouth to take her surprise gift as she came. Without any further stimulation I felt myself release. More than twelve hours of built up cum spray inside my mother, my cock pulsing as she realized I was cumming inside her, her eyes lighting up from her own post orgasm haze.

"Mmm," she sighed as her piss flowed to a trickle and she once more descended on my chest. "That's my good boy, fill my pussy with that yummy cum Baby."

"It was ok to do it inside you?" I asked, just to be sure in that we'd not spoken about it yet it wasn't the first time.

"It's fine Darling," she kissed me and I returned her love, our tongues entwined as she tasted her own piss in my mouth. "There's just one thing Baby," she whispered as she allowed my slick cock to slide from her dripping vagina. "Mommy's really thirsty after all that exercise. Any ideas on what we can do about that?" She asked, her eyes wide.

"I think I can come up with something to quench your thirst Mom," I exhaled as she slowly kissed her way down my chest, her lips seeking out my cock.

The summer looking to be far wetter than the usual.

A Mother By Any Other Name

"Is Marnie there Darling?" My mother asked me down the phone line. "I was wondering if she'd like to come to the ballet with me this weekend?"

It was the phone call I'd been dreading. Not having spoken to Mom and Dad for a couple of weeks, they were as yet unaware of our break-up. Mom in particular was extremely fond of Marnie; sharing common interests, they were regulars on the art and theatre circuit, accompanying each other at least once a month. I expected her to be particularly upset by the news.

"No, she's not Mom," I struggled. "Actually you're not gonna like it...we've decided to call it a day."

She was quiet a moment and I thought we'd actually lost the connection.

"Are you there?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm. Well I'm just shocked is all," she replied. "What did you do?"

"What do you mean, 'what did I do?' It was a mutual decision."

"Oh," she answered. "Oh. Well is there someone else?"

"What? No, I mean not yet."

"Oh." I could hear the apparent disappointment in her voice and then she reinforced it. "I'm just really surprised to be honest Liam. I, we thought she was the one."

The conversation was turning out how I'd expected it to go and didn't feel like extending it.

"Don't be. I'm not. I'll find someone else."

"That's the way to look at it Darling," Mom concurred. "Plenty more fish in the sea. Oh what a horrible expression."

"So yeah, the ballet," I tried to change the subject. "Guess Dad's your date."

Mom laughed at my suggestion. "Ugh, your father? I don't think so. Marvin's idea of culture is humming Ode to Joy whilst he watches Die Hard. No I guess I'll have to skip it. I was so looking forward to going."

Still confused by her reference I rolled my eyes. "Did you want me to go with you?"

Again she was silent a moment. "Would you?"

"Well what is it first?" I asked.

"Swan Lake."

"The one with the chicks dressed up like ducks?" I hammed up my ignorance.

"Swans Darling," Mom managed, probably aware I was playing her. "It's in the title."

It wasn't really something I was interested in but admittedly I hadn't been out of the house socially for a fortnight and it wouldn't hurt to earn some Brownie points with Mom.

"Alright, I don't have to wear a tuxedo do I?"

Now fully cognizant of my joking, she laughed.

"No. No you don't have to wear a tuxedo! Seven p.m. Saturday, will you pick me up?"

"It's a date," I replied.

*

"She's not ready? She said seven!" I exclaimed at my father as he offered me a beer from the fridge to which I shook my head.

"You know your mother," Dad countered and I followed him into the living room.

"I heard that," Mom acknowledged from the hallway and entered through the adjacent door.

Full disclosure. I wasn't attracted to my mother! Sexually. Never had been, and as far as I was concerned, never would be. But I had to admit, when she walked through the doorway and my head turned toward her, I thought she looked stunning. Her hair up and head kinked as she attached an earring, she was bare shouldered save for the thinnest spaghetti straps from her long black satin dress.

"Look out Liam," Dad laughed as she entered. "Your prom date's here."

I didn't share the joke as I tried to drag my eyes up from her cleavage. With no bra straps, I marvelled at how impressive her breasts looked and figured she had donned a strapless push-up bra, amazed at myself for even debating the underwear my mother sported.

"Oh stop it Marv," Mom chastised and her earring fixed, approached me for a welcoming peck on my cheek. "Ooh sorry, lipstick," she remarked as she leaned back, before raising her hand to her mouth and licking a finger. Reaching out she rubbed the side of my face with her moistened digit as I stood there slightly dumbfounded.

"He's twenty-eight Rose, not eight!" Dad laughed, turning his head back to the television.

"Oh nonsense. You'll always be my little boy," Mom smiled, happy with her job and focussing her attention on the contents of her clutch purse. "Okay.

Got the tickets, more lippy just in case," she smiled again at me. "I think we're ready to go."

Dad once again looked in our direction.

"I want her home by eleven son," he laughed. "And no fooling around in the back seat!"

I felt my face go red and although it was just my father's regular sense of humour, hoped neither of them had actually seen me peering at my mother's breasts. My mother's breasts. Even thinking the words felt uncomfortable. Compounded as I casually looked at her rear as we headed toward the front door and saw not a shred of panty-line.

"You knock her up, you marry her!" Dad shouted as I closed the door on his laughter.

"Ugh," Mom groaned as we reached the car. "You wonder why I don't go anywhere with him!?"

What I was wondering as I glanced again at Mom's curves was how I'd never noticed my mother was...hot!

*

"Wine?" I offered as we mingled in the foyer of the theatre.

"Oh, Marnie and I don't normally. Oh sorry, I probably shouldn't mention her should I?" Mom apologised.

"Why not? She's not dead, we just separated."

"I know but it's probably still raw," Mom proposed, placing a hand on my arm.

"Actually I'm good," I reassured her. "It's been nearly three weeks. I'm over..." And then I saw her.

Mom must have seen the look on my face and followed my eyes to where I looked. Marnie. In the arms of another. Well, in the hands of another. The guy's right hand casually stroking her ass in front of everyone; Marnie complicit, stretching her neck back as he kissed her throat.

"Well someone's quickly moved on!" Mom opined, taking my arm and directing us toward the bar. "Come on, let's get that drink."

You don't know how you'll react to seeing your ex with another until it happens and though not thrilled with the sight, I first of all actually didn't care. So what that she had found someone else and was out enjoying life? Was I any different? I was in public, not moping in a darkened room. I was enjoying life's bounties as I sipped the wine my mother had ordered. I was on a date with a beautiful woman as I noticed men's eyes assess my mother from afar. And there was the rub. As I looked around I saw countless couples, both young and old. Arm in arm. Happily chatting, courting. And there I was on a date with my Mom. I quickly downed my glass and called for another.

Thankfully we didn't run into them heading into the theatre, nor were we seated in their proximity. Mom could see she was on my mind and to be honest, I paid little attention to the dancers during the performance. Intermission came and Mom encouraged me to go out and get another drink but I declined and sat grumpily in my seat. Loathe to move less I saw HER again.

"Well I might," she stated, obviously frustrated with me. Standing up she slinked past my slumped legs and as she did so I caught sight of the tops of

her stockings in the slit of her dress. "Honestly, it's like being with your father!"

The words cut deep. I immaturely gave her the stink eye behind her back as she walked away, a fellow male patron rising from his seat to allow her passage, his eyes checking out her ass as he did so. I trained my own on his fixation and had to agree. My mother or not, she did have a great ass.

I looked back at the closed curtain on the stage feeling sorry for myself and repeated her words. 'It's like being with your father.' I felt like an asshole. She'd come for a night out to enjoy herself, dressed up immaculately in the process and I was doing my best to ruin the evening. I slapped the arm rests and boldly stood up, not caring if I was seen by Marnie and her new beau. Excusing myself past the other patrons I made my way to the crowded mezzanine and scouring the assembly found her at the bar; in the act of brushing away the obviously unwanted hand of a man clearly her senior from her arm. Ambling to her side I caught the last of his words. "...you say that but every time we meet you're with a lady, no husband!"

"Is there a problem M..." I began to ask my mother before she cut me off.

"Well there's timing," she smiled at the man before placing one hand on my shoulder, the other pressing to my chest whilst she leaned in and lightly kissed me on the lips. "Just play along," she whispered in my ear before once again looking at the interloper. "Charles, meet Liam. My husband!"

I didn't know who was more surprised, him or me?

The man took a moment to size me up, easily his measure in physicality, age and dare I say it, looks, he cleared his throat. "Ahem, yes well it's lovely to have finally met you," he stammered before looking over our shoulders. "Ah there's Giles. I must say hello. Forgive me.."

And with that he scurried away seemingly as fast as his ageing knees would allow.

"Oh that was wonderful!" Mom exclaimed, turning to face me fully. With both hands now on my chest, she almost caressed my pecs as she looked up into my eyes. "You don't know how long he's been pestering me. Did Marnie ever say anything?"

I shook my head as in the corner of my eye the barman nodded at us. "Um two white wines please," I quickly ordered, again focussing attention on Mom, her glowing face. "No. I saw him touching you. I was going to kick his ass."

"Oh he's harmless. Just annoying really. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you showed up when you did. I didn't embarrass you did I?"

I paid for our drinks and presented Mom with hers.

"No not at all," I assured her, glancing around the room as we headed toward the lounge and noticing Charles eyeing us suspiciously from afar. "Oop hold the phone, I don't think he's convinced."

Mom began to look in the direction I'd glanced before I stopped her. "No don't look," I directed before taking matters into my own hands. Literally. Continuing on with the charade we were a couple, I placed my arm around her waist, pressing my hand on her upper hip. The warmth of her skin seeped through the satin, the dress moving against her flesh under my touch. The feeling was pleasurable and I had to remind myself it was my mother's body I felt.

She didn't seem to be having the same dilemma. Placing her own hand atop my own, she encouraged me to caress lower, moving my palm down onto her buttock. A cheek of my mother's ass right there in my hand, gently

swaying as we strolled. If our open display of affection hadn't convinced him yet, surely nothing would, but as we found a seat and I reluctantly removed my hand from Mom's butt, she decided to continue our deception. Crossing her legs, the dress parted to reveal her stocking tops, Mom doing nothing to hide the fact. "Kiss my neck," she whispered as she looked in my eyes, before without waiting for me to object, throwing back her head. Seamlessly, I leaned in and planted my lips on her throat. The most awkward but gentlest of kisses, before repeating the action more confidently slightly higher on her jaw. I saw her breasts heaving with her breath as I enjoyed my view of her cleavage and as I leaned back, goosebumps raised upon her arms and neck. Had she enjoyed it as much as I had, I wondered?

The bell signalling the beginning of the second act rang throughout the lounge as I watched Mom grin between sips from her glass. "That would've done it Liam," she remarked. "Great acting by the way Darling. We were so convincing, don't you think?"

I quickly drank my own wine. 'Acting,' I thought. Was I? I'd wanted to kiss her neck. Even then, open to once again touch her body. Not just her ass, anywhere. It was completely wrong and feelings that were entirely foreign to me. Acting, I repeated. Yes, just acting. But as we filed back into the theatre, I allowed our hands to touch, casually taking her fingers in mine as she smiled towards me. "Just to be on the safe side!" I whispered.

*

Was I disappointed when Mom began regaling Dad with the story of what had happened at the theatre? Most definitely. I didn't even really know why. Maybe because I wanted it to be our secret. A sordid little incestuous detail

we'd refrain from sharing with others. Was it incest though? Could it be if it was only an act?

"So old 'wandering hands' Charlie finally got his comeuppance did he?"

Dad laughed and it frustrated me everyone seemed to know more about my mother's life than I.

"And Liam played the part perfectly," Mom added. As she'd done earlier in the night, she cocked her head to remove her earrings and I thought of kissing her neck. Of admiring her stocking clad legs during the second act. Of touching her ass. My feelings weren't an act. No joking or dismissiveness could remove that fact.

"Grab a beer," my father suggested after Mom had excused herself for bed. I watched her go longingly. Her ass the last sight I caught as she left the room. That magnificent ass.

"I probably shouldn't," I admitted. "I had a few glasses of wine earlier, gotta drive home."

"Stay the night," Dad proposed. "You have to be anywhere in the morning? Your mother tells me you're going home to an empty house anyway."

It was the first time I'd even thought of Marnie in hours. Not even during the exploits in the lounge. I contemplated Dad's offer, my old bedroom, Mom sleeping not two rooms down the hall and it didn't take me long to make up my mind.

"Alright, I will," I agreed, heading from the living room into the kitchen.

"You want one too?"

"Does the Pope shit in the woods?" My father eloquently replied and I took two from the fridge.

"I've just gotta take a leak," I stated to Dad as I passed him his beer, placing my own on the coffee table.

"Let your mother know you're staying the night as well," he declared. "You don't want her walking around the house naked!" He laughed as I exited the room.

The volume from the television decreased rapidly as I ventured along the hallway. Not being purposefully quiet I neared the partially opened door of my parent's bedroom, light streaking across the darkened corridor. Not knowing what I would see, my father's final words ringing in my ears, I casually crossed the gap, glancing in as my mother's black satin dress fell from her body.

The moment lasted no more than a few seconds. Her head turning toward me as I scanned my eyes up her stocking clad legs. The stay-ups with a black lace band, before the bare skin of her upper thighs. The curve of her ample yet perfectly peachy buttocks. A black lace thong bisecting the cheeks. I was correct. A strap-less bra. So perfectly pushing up her breasts which in turn faced me as she registered my presence.

There wasn't a frantic rush to cover her near naked form. I didn't turn my head, diverting my eyes as if looking upon Medusa. So casually we looked upon each other and a slight smile came to her lips.

"Sorry Mom, I was just going to the toilet," I explained my presence. "Dad also said to tell you I'm staying the night."

"Oh wonderful, probably best not to be driving," she beamed. "I'll make sure your bedroom is ready."

I dragged myself further down the hall, reaching the bathroom as I heard her call from behind. With half her body projecting from the doorframe, I

could see she'd unclasped her bra, holding it gingerly upon her bulging breasts.

"I had a great time tonight Darling," she enthused. "You're much more fun than Marnie anyway."

Was that acting? I asked myself as I held my cock in my hand. I'd lost the desire to pee, my dick swelling as I closed my eyes and pictured her in her underwear. Jesus, she was my mother. Nothing could come of it. What was wrong with me? I stuffed my erection back in my pants and flushed the toilet for show. The door to her room closed (what had I been expecting?) when I again made my way back down the hallway, I resigned myself to a late night of television and beer with my dad.

*

"I put new sheets on your bed!" Mom surprised us as she entered the living room. "I can't remember the last time someone slept in there." Seeing her I cursed myself for not having gone to bed earlier in the hope of actually catching her in the act. Dad must have noticed her appearance for once as well as he took a double take.

"What have you come as?" He commented as we both looked upon her beauty.

Mom made a cursory inspection of herself and fixed her eyes on Dad, I noted, avoiding my own. It was a blessing, allowing me to take in her attire unmonitored.

"What? They're just pyjamas," she dismissed my father's observation. But were they? Her legs bare, her groin was barely covered by light pink satin shorts. Clinging hermetically to her pubic mound, splits up the side and even revealing the lower half of her buttocks, it was clear she wasn't

wearing underwear beneath. A matching cami had her breasts straining against the material, her nipples pronounced.

Even in the dim light of the living room I could see she was blushing and I turned my focus back on the television in a bid to relieve her potential discomfort.

"I haven't seen you wear those in twenty years!" Dad compounded his interrogation and I registered the information. Was she wearing it for me?

"Oh God Marvin, it's not a big deal!" Mom threw back embarrassed and I could hear the agitation in her voice as she hurried from the room.

"Whoops," Dad laughed to himself, looking at me. "Thought I was going to get lucky there for a minute. I may've blown it."

Dad talking about his sex life turned my stomach and I grunted to acknowledge his banter but my mind was on my mother. Had she worn it for me? There was no need to change the sheets, nor for that matter to mention it. Had she come in merely to allow me to see her? Was she waiting for me in my bedroom?

"Well I might call it a night as well," I stated, yawning to emphasise the point. Dad unfortunately decided to agree and as I stepped into the hall I noticed Mom's door closed, my own room empty. Of course it was you idiot, I told myself. She's your mother. Not some relationship breakdown rebound lay. I berated myself for thinking such thoughts, for even looking at her body in the way I had. But even so, as much as I told myself everything was in my head, I slept naked. Just in case.

*

I was dejected as I left my room in the morning. Totally without cause of course. What had I been expecting? That she'd enter my room, my bed in

the night and we'd fuck? After twenty eight years she discovered her son was the only man that could satisfy her? I almost laughed out loud at the absurdity of my fantasy as I entered the kitchen. And then I saw her.

Dad was seated at the breakfast table reading the newspaper and looked over the rim of his glasses at me as I entered but it wasn't him my attention was drawn to. In the adjacent living room my mother was in mid yoga pose before an instructional video playing on the television.

"Here's sleeping beauty," my father acknowledged my arrival and Mom turned her head to smile a good morning. I was lucky to have seen it; my eyes struggling to lift from her ass. Shooting back as her face turned away to take in the sight. Pantyhose. White pantyhose. I thought I was imagining. That they were yoga pants; obscenely thin, but yoga pants all the same. No. Her feet were covered. My mother was doing yoga in pantyhose. And unless there was a thong that as yet remained obscured by her luscious bum cheeks, she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Did you sleep well Darling?" She asked as I tried to concentrate on making myself a bowl of cereal.

"What? Oh yeah. Weird being in a single bed again though," I confided.

"Took me ages to fall asleep."

"You probably just needed Mommy to tuck you in and give you a goodnight kiss!" Dad joked and he wasn't far from the truth.

I took my bowl to the far side of the table, the opposite of where I would sit when I was living at home. The position would give me the best view of my mother and my father noticed immediately.

"Not sitting in your old spot," he observed. "I know what you're up to!"

I almost choked on my mouthful, feeling my face flush.

"That yoga instructor!" He directed his eyes toward the television. "Jesus, if I was thirty years younger!"

I didn't know what he hoped could happen between him and a woman on an exercise video but I was just relieved he wasn't aware of where my eyes were actually focussed. I grunted to suggest he'd been correct and smiling he went back to his paper.

Mom bent forward, hands planted on the mat and ass raised to the sky. With her feet spread I trailed my eyes from her heels up to her thighs and onto her bottom, the dark strip between her buttocks capturing my gaze.

I drifted across to her torso, a powder blue tank top that offered no support to her breasts as they hung below her. The top riding up onto her lower back revealing the skin above the high waisted pantyhose. What was she thinking? What was I thinking? Again I metaphorically slapped myself. This wasn't about me. Dad was in the room. He knew what she was wearing. It must have been usual for her to wear pantyhose when doing yoga. I made a mental note to come around more on weekends.

Changing pose I watched as she crouched down in a kneeling foetal position her bottom so rounded and beautiful before she leaned forward, legs spread and revealed the money shot. In the most suggestive pose so far, her ass obscenely presented to me, I could see the lumps of her labia beneath the gusset of her pantyhose. The darkness of pubic hair and higher, the shadow of her asshole. This was surely not normal. I dropped a hand below the table in a bid to not let this opportunity go to waste. My cock already swelling, I massaged my hand along my length, pressing my fingers hard into my erection, a quick glance at my father to be sure I wasn't observed.

Back to Mom, stretching her hands above her head. Even from the side I could see her top was twisted, a large amount of paler side-boob bulging from the material. Don't be finishing, don't be finishing. I screamed in my head as she stood up arching her back in a reflection of the yoga instructor. No! I cried as I saw end credits roll on the screen, gripping my fully erect penis along my inner thigh. Mom dropped again to the floor and began rolling up her mat and I dropped my eyes to my mostly untouched breakfast.

"What are you doing.." She began as she walked towards the kitchen and I held my breath as I thought my masturbation had been discovered. "..next Friday night?"

I finished a mouthful and placed the spoon back in the bowl, not ready for the sight that greeted me when I again looked at her. My first view of her from the front, my heart skipped several beats as she leaned her upper thighs against the table. Barely an inch above the wood, the triangle of her pubic hair bulged out beneath the transparent white of her pantyhose, only the thin seam causing any blemish to the pristine beauty of her pussy.

How obvious my perusal of her groin was to her wasn't certain. That my eyes lingered on her chest as they rose up her body, feasting on the half nipple that had made its way out of her twisted top, the rest of her unsupported breasts, her pronounced pokies, was also a cause for contention but I cared not. I wanted her to know I admired her. That someone other than 'wandering hands' Charlie found her desirable. Even if it was her own son.

"Friday?" I asked her, my hand still on my cock.

She adjusted the yoga mat under one arm and it pressed against her breast causing it to raise slightly, more of the nipple exposed beside the material.

How did she not notice?

"There's a play on. Marnie and I had been talking about it for a while. Romeo and Juliet. What do you say about accompanying me? Care for a bit of forbidden love?" She smiled cheekily and I wondered if she was alluding to the play or us?

"Yes!" I eagerly blurted out and even Dad noted my enthusiasm.

"What if you run into Marnie again?" He countered my fervour. "Or for that matter, Charles?" He looked at Mom.

"Well then we'll just have to give them both something to be jealous about," she fired back, skirting the table and wrapping an arm around my shoulder. "Won't we Darling!?" She breathed as she leaned in and kissed my cheek. Her breast pressed hard into my upper arm as her lips contacted my skin, her hip momentarily touching my side. With a hand remaining on my dick, I felt with only a few more strokes I could've cum, such was the attraction I had for her. My own mother! The feeling so confusing and yet so intoxicating. The taboo so alluring.

"Well, I'm off to have a shower," she admitted, running her fingers through my hair in affection as she departed. "I guess you'll be gone when I get out, so same time Friday?"

She said the words walking and it encouraged me to follow her progress, her hose covered feet stepping so lightly on the tiled floor. As graceful as the ballerinas the night before, she crossed the room and it took everything to not follow her out of the room and into the shower. I nodded as she exited, sure I only imagined her gleeful eyes dropping to beneath the table to where I protected my hard-on.

Had she known? Had she noticed me touching myself when she was exercising? Without an iota of shame I certainly hoped she had.

*

Five days. I tried to come up with a reason to drop by my parent's house midweek but struggled to find anything legitimate. A text message from Mom on Wednesday to say she'd obtained the tickets did little to give away any incestuous desire on her behalf. I only hoped my three x's conveyed as much meaning to her as they had to me when I replied.

I wasn't kidding myself I was sure. Random internet searches told me sex between a mother and son wasn't as rare as one might think. Admittedly I may've swayed the results in my favour with leading keywords, videos on porn sites, thousands of stories devoted to the matter on a fiction website. Surely not all were made up, fantasy? Many I was sure, based on actual events. Whatever. They kept me in masturbatory heaven for days as I looked forward to seeing her again. Friday. A night at the theatre. Who knew what dreams may come?

*

I shook my head smiling when Dad yet again informed me she was running late. I cared not. A few minutes more of anticipation after waiting all week wouldn't harm. And when she entered, it was far more than I'd expected. All week I'd pictured her in the black satin dress. What she debuted was the antithesis. Perfectly white, the figure hugging dress began mid thigh and embraced her curves until reaching her shoulders where it seamlessly blended into the long tight lace sleeves. Her boobs bulged; cleavage begging to be admired and with my father infatuated on the game, I was left to do the praising.

"Wow, you look great," was as far as I allowed myself to commend her appearance without going overboard. It seemed to be enough to please my mother, smiling and twirling for me on her bone colored heels. I caught the sight of her underwear through the material and wondered if I should say something, surprised she'd not noted it herself. Voting against it; how DO you inform your mother you can see her panties?

"Thank you," she grinned. "That's more than I got from your father."

"What?" He laughed, still fixated on the television. "I noticed you'd bought a new dress!"

"Yeah only because you saw the money come out of the account," Mom quickly rebuked. She held out both hands and asked my opinion on which clutch to take. "I won't bother asking your father."

"Go the white one," I advised and she smiled.

"Exactly the one I would've picked," she commended me. "It's small though, you'll have to take the tickets, I can't fit anything in this!"

"Gladly," I smiled.

*

No Marnie. No 'wandering hands' Charlie. Not that we noticed anyway. I ordered our now obligatory glasses of wine in the crowded bar whilst Mom visited the bathroom, taking longer than I expected I finally spied her approaching me through the throng, arms folded beneath her breasts.

"Why didn't you tell me!?" She grilled me, a humoured look on her face.

"About what?" I replied unaware of what she referred.

"Ah, my panties!"

The words melted my heart, swelled my cock and I could feel my face blushing.

"What about your panties?" I asked bemused, amazed I was even uttering the words. I held out her glass but she refrained from taking it. Her hand remaining in a ball at her bust.

"That you could see them through the dress!" She whispered, looking around as she did so. "I noticed as I was leaving the ladies. I had to go back in and do something about it. That's why I was so long." She explained herself. It didn't explain what she had in fact done about it though.

"I'm going to put something in your pocket Liam," she confided. "I didn't have room in my purse. Don't freak out!"

Her balled fist reached out and I raised my arm as she took hold of my jacket and placed her hand in the pocket, her eyes looking around the room before lazily back on mine.

"Can you keep them safe?" She almost purred.

Swallowing hard as I reasoned she'd given me her underwear, (what else could it have been?) I nodded and handed her a glass. I didn't know what to say. To do. My fifty year old mother stood before me, panty-less. Her underwear now burning a hole in my jacket, weighing heavy on my mind and my pocket, despite their no doubt delicate nature. It was all I could do to not place a hand in there and caress her offering. To pull them out and inhale their fragrance right then and there in front of everyone.

"So no sign of the ex?" Mom broke my dumbfounded silence.

"Not that I can see," I managed to wrench my eyes from hers to scan the room. "What about your boyfriend?"

Mom laughed. "Oh goodness don't even joke about it," she smiled, sipping her wine before capturing me again in her stare. "Besides, he knows I like my men younger."

The small finger of her hand holding the glass reached out and touched my chest, running down the lapel of my jacket.

"But you raise a valid point though," she continued. "He could be watching us from the crowd, couldn't he?"

I had a feeling I knew where she was headed and helped her along. "It's entirely possible. My acting skills worked last time, what should we do?"

"Well the arm around the waist seemed to have an affect," she hinted.

Draining the last of my glass, I placed it on a low coffee table and immediately lifted my hands to her hips, drawing her body closer into mine. "How's this Mom?" I asked.

"Much better," she giggled. "But wasn't there a kiss on the neck?"

Without delay I pressed my lips to her tilted jaw, feeling my cock harden.

"Oh God that tickles," she laughed out loud. "Are we convincing though? We could just be a very close mother and son. A rose by any other name...would we be even standing here together if we weren't related?"

"What's that rose thing?" I asked confused.

"From the play. If I was just Rose, would you be attracted to me?"

I looked around the room.

"Mom, every man here is attracted to you, you look stunning."

"You didn't answer my question."

And I didn't need to. It was time to lay my cards on the table. Declare myself. Drawing her closer into me I let my body convey my feelings for her. My hands meeting on her lower back, the curve of her buttocks beneath my fingers, only her thin dress between me and her ass . I caressed her slightly as a nervous breath escaped her lungs, before pulling her into me, her breasts, thighs, belly pressed into my own. And most importantly, my erection.

"Oh Liam," she sighed, a look of comprehension on her face. "I can feel it!"

"That's not acting Mom, Rose. Whatever you want me to call you." I allowed my cock to twitch with a pulse of blood against her belly and her breath came out staggered.

"Oh Darling, are you sure?" She again sighed, whispering.

"I've never been more certain."

The next words to come out of her mouth as the bell rang to begin the performance I would remember to my grave.

"Oh God Liam, I'm so wet."

*

Our seats were at the end, flush against the wall, and as we passed along the row I and most of the men we stepped by ogled her ass. Privy to the fact she wore no underwear, the sight for me was particularly alluring.

"Tell me everything," she stated as we took up our seats.

How long did I have? I could've spoken for hours about the last week. About how I felt for her.

"It started with the dress," I confessed. "The black satin dress. You looked beautiful."

"Darling I've always tried to look good for you," she admitted.

'Always,' I thought. How long had she harboured such feelings?

"That night Mom. The things we did. Touching you. It all just felt so right. And then I saw you in the bedroom.."

"You left so hurriedly," she whispered.

"I thought you were uncomfortable. And then you were wearing those pink pyjamas," I recollected as the lights in the theatre dimmed. "I'd never seen you look so hot!"

"I wore it for you but you turned away!"

"To save you from embarrassment. All those stupid things Dad was saying." She rolled her eyes in the dim light as the curtain opened onto the stage.

"And then I saw you in the morning. Doing yoga," I whispered. "Mom, you were amazing."

"Your father didn't even notice," she giggled and we were 'shushed' from behind. "I did it all for you!"

"Well I noticed!" I whispered into her ear. "And it made me hard."

"I saw you touching it," Mom confessed, equally as quiet and then repeated an earlier phrase. "I'm so wet Liam. I can feel it on my dress." She paused a moment before whispering in my ear. "Pass me my panties."

I'd almost forgotten I carried them what with our conversation and was reluctant to give them back as I felt their silky texture. How she was expecting to put them back on discreetly in a crowded theatre escaped me as I passed them into her hand. She however had no intention of wearing

them again. Pressing them between her slightly spread thighs, I watched as she delved her hand up her raised dress and rub them against her vagina.

Her eyes looked back up to mine as she leaned in, her hand still pressing her panties on her pussy. "Open your fly," she purred.

My jacket across my lap, there was no difficulty in tactfully taking out my erection. With the audience's eyes on the performers on stage, no one but my mother and I saw her wrap her now sodden panties around my penis and slowly jack me off.

It was easily the best moment of my life to date. I could feel the dampness from her own sex mingling with the pre-cum that leaked from me. Her small hand expertly stroking with the right pressure to keep me hard yet not make me cum. I moved my own arm across to her leg, my hand caressing her inner thigh as inch by inch I drew closer to her pussy until finally I was touching her. Wet pubic hair against my little finger, my hand bending to cup her exposed groin, a finger sliding along the length of her vulva, tentatively entering as she let out an audible sigh. She squeezed my cock harder in reaction as I pushed my palm onto her clit, my entire hand wet, bearing witness to her earlier repeated assertions.

Her thighs gripped tight around my wrist, her legs rubbing against each other before she unexpectedly grabbed my arm and wrenched it from her pussy. Clutching my sodden hand in hers she brought it to her breast and leaned into me, crossing her legs. "You nearly made me cum!" She whispered and we received looks and a greater number of 'shushes.'

"That's what I want," I softly spoke into her hair.

"Not here, not now. Believe me!" She giggled and the person in front of us turned and tutted.

It was the sign we'd probably gone about as far as we should take it in the theatre and thinking of the repercussions of ejaculating myself, I allowed Mom to relinquish her hold on my cock. Our hands remained together however. Wrapped as one, her panties entwined in our fingers, the scent of her arousal in the air. The expectation of discoveries to come. I couldn't have been happier.

*

"My place?" I eagerly questioned as we drove from the parking lot.

"We can't. Your father expects me home."

I hadn't even thought of him in the last few hours and now his name was raised it left a bad taste in my mouth.

"I thought you said he pays you no attention."

"He always waits up though Darling," Mom explained and it even more dampened my enthusiasm. Mom must have sensed my mood and threw me a bone. "You'll be staying the night though won't you?"

I glanced in her direction as I turned the car for my parent's house, her dress having ridden up obscenely high on her legs, a triangle of pubic hair visible.

"It's probably for the best, I have been drinking!" I agreed.

*

At the front door she stopped and turned to me. For a moment I thought the worst. That being at home had brought her to her senses. She'd changed her mind on everything we discussed; that she'd want her panties back! But no.

"Kiss me before we go in," she whispered. "Whatever happens I want to be able to remember this, us, right now."

I could understand her sentiment. The doorstep. Her entire married, parental life, more than thirty years over this threshold. Things were about to change. We both knew that. I went one better.

"I love you," I confessed, and hoped she could feel the weight. They were the words not only of a son for his mother, but a lover for his partner and I prayed my kiss conveyed my devotion.

Her mouth was as familiar as it was undiscovered. Her lips parting as we kissed, so unmotherly and yet so natural. Why shouldn't a mother and son kiss this way? Was there anything more intimate, any better way of expressing endearment? That we would be shunned by society seemed ludicrous when all we conveyed in that moment was love. And desire. And as her leg rose onto my hip to allow her pussy to press my groin, my hand finding her panty-less ass; lust.

Breathless we broke. Lipstick smeared. Her finger raised to my mouth to wipe away the evidence. Another quick peck to tell me it was alright and then we entered. The family home as always. The clock ticking. The fridge whirring. Many empty beer bottles on the bench. The television on, Dad yelling at the Dodgers. Another beer in his hand. His face ashen as Mom announced our return.

"Marnie rang," the first words from his mouth, his voice accusatorial as Mom and I stood frozen. "Said she saw you at the theatre tonight. And what about this," he continued, barely veiling his anger. "Says you were all over each other!"

My stomach turned as the ramifications ran through my head. I could almost feel my mother shaking beside me. In only minutes we'd gone from euphoria to potential despair.

"It's alright," he broke out laughing. "Look at your faces! I told her about old 'wandering hands' Charlie. Have a run-in with him again did you? I swear Liam, you see him crack onto your mother one more time I give you permission to punch him in the face. Beer?"

I released my held breath instantly, my mother noticeably doing the same as she confirmed Dad's misguided suspicion. Leaving her to explain the situation I found the beers in the fridge, getting one for Mom in case she needed it after our close call. In the background I heard Mom informing I'd be staying the night to which Dad seemed enthusiastic as I checked my phone. Why would Marnie call here? Three missed calls on my cell. I hadn't switched it off mute since the theatre. What had she seen? Surely nothing in the theatre itself. In the lobby? We'd hugged. I'd kissed Mom's neck, held her tight. Had she seen Mom place her panties in my pocket? I switched off my phone. What did it matter? She was my past. I looked up to see Mom walking out of the living room, a quick glance back at me with a wink. Right there was my future.

"Dodgers losing again," Dad remarked as I passed his beer.

"Where's Mom gone, I got her one too?"

"To get changed she said," he replied before going off on a rant about the current form of his team.

Taking off my jacket, I threw it over the back of the couch and sat back myself to watch the final innings and it wasn't long before Mom returned.

She said Dad hadn't noticed her wearing pantyhose to do yoga; surely he would notice this! If one thing could be said in her defence, it was she was at least now wearing panties. Her legs and arms bare, the white see-through baby-doll she wore just made it to her groin. Her panties, a string that

attempted to call itself a thong but in no way functioned as underwear. Walking right past Dad, his head moving to keep an eye on the television as she did so, she could've been parading on a lingerie show runway.

I consciously picked up my dropped jaw as she came and sat down beside me, lifting her knees up onto the couch, feet and exposed butt against my outer thigh.

"Who's winning boys?" She asked the room and regardless of the game, I knew it was me.

"Who did you think?" Dad complained, scoffing.

"I got you a beer Mom," I remarked reaching for the unopened bottle on the table. With my head turned from my father I whispered under my breath.

"What are you wearing?" Before making a nodding gesture towards Dad. Her response was merely to smile; so cool that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

"Oh Darling I don't think I could finish a whole one, can I share yours?"

Her confidence infectious, I felt my cock rising as I watched her raise my own bottle to her mouth and make a show of teasing the neck with her lips before sipping.

This was not my mother! And if it was, then what had I been paying attention to growing up? Surely not her.

"How was the play anyway?" Dad made an effort in conversation, slurring his words. "Marnie said there was a couple near her talking most of the way through it."

He didn't wait for a response, beginning a tirade against the striking out batter and I again focussed on Mom.

"My feet are so sore from wearing those heels," she commented. "I wish someone would give them a rub."

"Liam give your mother a foot rub," Dad ordered.

"What?" I asked not believing my ears.

"You heard. She carried you around for nine months, least you can do is rub her feet!" I looked at him in amazement as he tilted back his reclining chair. A sign both Mom and I knew all too well; he was fixing to fall asleep.

"He's only making YOU do it Honey, so HE doesn't have to!" Mom explained as Dad concurred with a grunt.

Whatever, I was more than happy to comply as Mom shifted on the couch, lifting a foot onto my lap.

Had I ever touched my mother's feet before? I doubted it. She'd certainly never ground her heel down onto my erection that was for sure, as I gently caressed the soft skin of her soul, along to her tiny toes. On her elbow watching me over her hip, Mom took another sip of the beer. Her eyes glanced across to Dad before she reached over and took my left hand off her foot, placing it squarely over her ass.

Confident or not, my heart began racing as I touched her bottom with Dad only feet away. The white string of her thong did nothing to prevent the heat of her anus warming the back of my finger as I slid my hand along her crack, the wetness of her pussy coating the area in lubricant. Mom abandoned the beer bottle, now totally focussed on us as I watched her raise a finger to her mouth and coat it with saliva. With my knuckle sliding back and forth over her asshole and the entrance to her vagina in the limited space available to me between my thigh and her ass, she reached over and pulled aside the thong.

Clutching her foot with one hand, I pulled back with the other to give her access to her own sex, curious to see what she had in mind. I didn't have to wait long as she dabbed her moistened index finger upon her anus, smearing her saliva across its surface. Without delay, a determined expression on her face, she again took hold of my hand and I didn't need to be a brain surgeon to know what was on her mind.

I was amazed how easily my middle finger entered my mother's ass. Her sphincter embracing me sensually, sucking the length of my digit inside her cavity to feel the inner cheek-like walls of her rectum. We sighed as one with the enormity of our actions. Not every day a son fingers his mother's asshole. I used her foot to stroke the length of my cock, wishing above all to be able to loose it from my pants.

"What the hell?" Dad mumbled from my right and initially I thought we'd been discovered until I realised he aimed his question at the television; his last moment of clarity before I watched his head fall back, his mouth opening and a snore emitted from his nose.

It was obviously the signal my mother had been waiting for. Cat-like she took her foot from my grip and deftly turned her body. My finger began sliding from her ass as my hand moved with her before she reached back, holding me in place. "Oh no you don't!" She grinned as her other hand found my fly. My cock burst from my pants as her mouth met my own, my tongue and hers dancing as she wrapped a fist around my dick and masturbated me. "Finger fuck Mommy's ass Baby," she added as dripping with saliva, her lips dropped from my mouth down onto my penis.

Is it possible to describe the feeling of your mother sucking your dick? I struggle. Never had a mouth seemed so perfectly formed to take me. No deep throating here, it wasn't necessary. Her lips, the sucking of her cheeks

and the caress of her tongue, giving me the head of my life. Her hand in accompaniment, twisting around the saliva lubricated shaft. The most sensual of hand jobs.

I stroked her hair as my other hand cupped her buttocks; a finger deep inside her ass, probing. Her head lifted from my groin and her eyes looked greedily into my own. "Are you going to fuck me Baby?" She asked, almost begging and I wasted no time. With a mere cursory glance at my sleeping father, I placed a hand on her ribcage and lifting her butt with the other, pulled her upon my lap. A hand went down between us as she guided my cock to her entrance and just like that, her weight lowering upon me, we were as one. As nature intended. I could feel my cock through the dividing wall of her ass, pushing my finger away in its dominance of space and though loathe to leave its new found home, I pulled my finger from her to join in on the fun at her breast.

Was it for her own enjoyment or did she know my fetishes? Either way, as I removed her boobs from the baby-doll and she looked down on the action, she dribbled a trail of saliva down onto her nipple, delighted when I licked it up. Equally so as we repeated the vice.

"Oh Baby do you like that? Do you like Mommy's spit?" She whispered as she ground her pelvis up and down on my cock.

"Fuck yes Mom, I love it all," I admitted, my cock harder inside her than I could ever remember being.

"Then open your mouth Baby," she hissed as her lips came together before another trail of drool ran from her mouth.

Onto my tongue it flowed. My open mouth craving her fluid, any fluid. Swallowing before her lips were upon me again, her own tongue deep in

my mouth to taste her own saliva. I again found her breasts, sucking her nipples as I clenched her buttocks, lifting her and pulling her down onto my erection. My pants softening the sound of our fucking, the soundtrack to our love, Dad's snoring.

Wrapping my arms around her, clasping her to my body I lifted her up and lowered her onto her back on the couch. A moment of pause, our eyes locked with desire for the other.

"This is the best thing I've ever done," I confessed, my cock again fully penetrating her.

"It's not over yet," she whispered, a look of nothing but pride on her face.

"It actually nearly is!" I added, tilting my head down to my thrusting groin in the hope she understood of what I referred.

"Oh, OH! Are you going to cum?" She giggled, louder than was probably safe under the circumstances.

Nodding, I increased my rhythm. Burying my cock to its hilt with each penetration.

"Then cum," she insisted. "Cum inside my pussy Darling. Show me you love me."

"I do love you Mom," I thrust.

"Say it Baby," she panted.

"I love you, I love you," I repeated, willing to say it for as long as she desired.

"Then cum my darling boy. Cum inside me my son, my baby, my lover," she managed between breaths. "Cum inside your mother."

The couch squeaking with every thrust, her legs spread wide below me, wrapped around my body to hold me in place as I fucked her, I was on the edge of glory. Managing to hold as long as I could, the wet slapping of her vagina, her back sweaty on my hand, the softness of her breast in the other. It was time.

Her eyes fixed on mine as I began to cum. A momentous orgasmic flow of semen shooting from me deep inside my mother.

"Oh God I can feel it," Mom struggled to say before her face changed, a overwhelming look of pleasure flooding her visage before she arched her back up into me. "Oh God I'M cumming!" She stated, surprised, her own orgasm capturing her unaware. "Oh no!" She added and it didn't take me long to understand why she said it.

Even as I continued to cum, my cock surging inside her, I felt her vagina convulse. Pulsing around my own ejaculation it was as if she gripped the entire length of my cock, and then as she uncontrollably began to scream her pleasure, I felt the flow.

The first time I'd encountered such a thing and it was with my mother. As if pissing, the squirt flooded my cock, burst out around me as I instinctively placed a hand over her mouth to stifle her squeal of ecstasy. I was able to look down as I continued to gently thrust and see her spray me with her nectar; the other mother's milk, before I descended on her mouth with my own. Her squeals now moans of delight as our tongues completed our incestuous coupling.

"I love you so much Liam," she sighed, her mouth kissing across to my ear. "I've wanted this for years."

The confession took me by surprise.

"What? Why didn't you say something?" I asked and realised how stupid was the question. How do you inform a family member you want to fuck them? Could there even be a tactful way? To her credit she did provide an answer.

"You've always been with someone," she admitted. "Since you were a teenager you've always seemed to have a girlfriend. When would I have ever been able to compete?"

And it was true. Marnie had dominated the last six years, before then always a succession since high school. How would I have reacted to potential incest when I was ten years younger I wondered?

"It doesn't matter," I whispered. "We're together now." I watched a tear run from her eye and I pressed my lips to it, stopping its progress before once again kissing her mouth. "Forever." I added.

"Go Dodgers," Dad stirred and in a flurry of movement, I slid my still erect and saturated cock from Mom as we made ourselves look half way presentable. My eyes on the man, I hid away my dick as he wiped his mouth and took stock of where he was, his eyes first on the television before alighting on us.

"Oh, I must have fallen asleep," he remarked as he looked back at the post game show. "I thought I heard you yelling for me Rose," he added.

"No," Mom shook her head. "Oh actually I did scream in delight when Liam gave me the news."

I turned to Mom unsure of what she was talking about before she took my hand and raised it to her mouth, kissing my knuckles. Primarily the finger that had been inside her ass I noted, but that's neither here nor there.

"Liam's moving back home!" She informed both of us proudly.

"Oh that's great news," Dad acknowledged, raising the beer he found between his thighs. "Live in foot massager," he laughed. "Oh Liam, you don't know what you're getting yourself into my boy."

I looked at Mom as she lowered my hand down onto her bare thigh, a wicked smile on her lips.

"No Dad, I think I have a pretty good idea," I smiled.

*

The End.

Thank you for reading.

*

As a bit of fun I thought I'd include a deleted scene for an idea of how I originally planned the sex on the couch. Hope you enjoy.

From my vantage I looked along her slightly spread legs to the thong doing its best to creep between her labia. The smallest triangle of white material sitting in a forest of dark pubic hair. I managed to look across her exposed chest and up into her cheekily smiling face as she took a sip from the bottle.

"Take it out," she whispered and I swallowed loudly.

We were about to cross a line there was no coming back from. If Dad paid the slightest attention, the game would be up but Mom seemed confident in our exploits, wiggling both feet on my cock.

I did as she ordered. With only a cursory glance toward my father, I unzipped and pulled my hard-on from the fly.

I could see where she'd got her confidence. With my dick rigid between her almost equally sized feet, its presence was relatively discreet. Until she

decided to masturbate me between her big and second toe. Not even in my teenage years had I engaged in something so daring. My father mere feet away. I alternated between watching her foot job, to her face as she finished the bottle. Back to my cock, her breasts, her pussy, Dad. To her lowering the empty bottle between her legs and pressing the neck to her glistening vulva. My head swam as I saw it enter beside the string of her thong.

It was all too much. I was cumming before I had the chance to stop it. A geyser of semen shooting vertical. My lip bit, it was all I could do to refrain screaming my pleasure as cum flowed down Mom's feet, between her toes, into my pants. I looked to Mom for guidance, to apologise and she offered no help, slapping a hand across her mouth to keep from laughing.

"Go Dodgers," my father shouted at the screen as I silently begged her for advice.

Mom made a nodding movement with her head and I followed its projection to my jacket over the back of the couch, her panties clearly extended from the pocket. Why hadn't she pointed them out sooner I wondered? What if Dad had noticed? Putting it out of my head I subtly reached for them and used them to mop up the cum that still bubbled from my erection, that daubed Mom's feet...

Black Sheep

"Have you seen your sister's facebook?" Mia handed me a much needed glass of white wine.

I nodded my thanks and looked around the milling throng attending the wake, most of whom I had no idea as to their identity.

"You know I don't bother with those things," I re-informed my ex-wife.

"Why, has she sent condolences?" I added, scoffing at the actual thought of it.

Six months Mom had lain dying and not a word from Carly, let alone a visit. That she would spend a second acknowledging our mother's death was to me, both amusing and sad.

"No, she's coming!" Mia informed me, already accentuating the fact by nodding, as if she knew I'd look in her eyes for signs of jest.

"To the funeral? Well it's a bit late for that."

"No here. To the wake," Mia explained. "It was your son that saw it."

"He's on Facebook? He's only eleven years old!" The thought of him following my sister on social media made me pale. "Oh god, she's not still posting 'those' photos is she?"

The question caused Mia to cough on her own drink. "Oh no, thankfully. Well not on Facebook. I don't think Connor knows about her Insta account. Thank the lord."

If he was navigating his way around Facebook I reasoned, he'd know about Instagram, but tried to dismiss the image of my son let loose on the world

wide web from my mind as I was approached by elderly friends of my deceased mother, wishing their best.

*

It was early afternoon and my sister's impending return to our childhood home had slipped from thought with the departure of many of the guests. It wasn't until the excited squeal of my six year old daughter from the entrance hall broke the sombre mood of the day did her expectant presence take actual form. No one else could make Lucy scream in excitement like her long absent auntie, and though my feelings towards Carly right then were mixed, I joined my family to welcome her arrival.

In the process of hugging my wife. Correction, my ex-wife, (I continue to make that mistake) Carly's arm was being dragged to the side by my daughter, eager to claim my sister for her own. Connor looked on with the puppy dog eyes he'd always had for his aunt. Eyes I recognised as probably not dissimilar to my own at his age. Looking upon a goddess. A goddess that just happened to be part of the family.

My presence was felt in the hallway and Carly's eyes dragged up from over my wife's shoulder to settle on me, a fresh glass of wine still in hand.

"Hey stranger," I offered after a moments silence where even little Lucy could sense tension between us.

"I'm sorry," Carly stated, her eyes teary as she pressed her body against me in an embrace. How 'sorry' she actually was intrigued me with her lack of compassion during the last year or her failure to attend the funeral but those questions would wait. Right then, it was just pleasant to see her, to have her back home for how little time she was endeavouring to treat us.

It again was Lucy that dragged us apart, pulling Carly across to a settee to show her a drawing she'd done. I noticed a large well used suitcase beside the door and wondered if indeed she was planning on staying on?

"It's wonderful," Carly praised Lucy's art whose own attention was drawn to the artwork adorning my sister's arm. A temporary henna tattoo daubed her left hand but it was the intricate lattice work of ivy running her entire arm from wrist to shoulder that demanded investigation, Lucy tracing her fingers across the green trending to red leaves upon the vine.

"That's new," my ex-wife seemed to convey my thought and Carly regaled us with the when and where of her latest acquisition.

"So are you planning on hanging around?" I broke into her story probably too abruptly and much more callous sounding than I meant.

"Well yeah, I was hoping to," Carly stated. "I'm sure I can find somewhere cheap to rent."

Lucy and Connor were understandably ecstatic with the news, my son taking the opportunity to hold her other hand in a bid to mimic his sister's innocent examination of her skin and the tattoos thereupon.

"Well obviously you'll stay here until then," Mia proposed and Carly's eyes immediately went to mine.

"I mean that would be great if I could," Carly questioned me, Lucy answering for me.

"Of course you must!" She maturely stated. "Dad showed us your old room, it's mine when I'm staying here but you can have it. There's a grown-ups bed in it and everything. Come on I'll show you."

Connor as well was eager to lead my sister up the stairs and I stopped their progress as the two of them dragged her off the settee.

"Wait a second," I challenged and all three sets of eyes looked furtively toward me, nervous I was about to object. "Maybe you could carry your aunts suitcase up for her Connor, what do you say?" I proposed, essentially giving my approval, and eager to show his strength, Connor was quick to comply.

"You're holding up well," Mia placed an arm around my waist when they'd reached the landing, out of earshot.

"For now," I countered. "She hasn't said anything. Why would she even come back at all? And today of all days. It wasn't for Mom's funeral, so why?"

"I don't know," Mia offered. "Ask her. You've said yourself you and her were close. Maybe she thinks it's time. And the kids love her. It'd be good to have another potential babysitter on call."

I hugged Mia myself, glad she had been there for me today; during the last year, despite our divorce.

"Thanks for today," I stated. "Helping with everything."

"Hey it's what ex-wives are for isn't it?" She laughed.

I frowned in response. "Hmm, I'm not sure about that, but I'll take it. Are you going to hang around for a while?"

"I don't see why not," Mia smiled. "Try dragging those kids away from her now anyway."

"I think Connor has a crush on her," I admitted and Mia once again laughed.

"What man doesn't?" She giggled.

*

I bade farewell to the last of the guests late afternoon and finally breathed out. The delighted screams of the kids in the backyard, especially Lucy's was a welcome sound echoing through the house and picking up paper plates and some empty glasses from the hallway I ventured toward the distraction. Depositing the rubbish in the kitchen, I walked out into the strong sunlight in the yard and shielding my eyes looked upon the entirety of my family.

Carly was in the process of climbing out of the pool, Lucy impatiently awaiting her to watch her dive. Connor was doing laps, the little would-be olympian demonstrating his prowess for his favourite aunt, ignoring his mother's warning to 'not go too hard.'

I looked back at my sister, the water cascading down over the barely there olive colored bikini that she 'just' wore. Was I being prudish? It covered all of the contentious regions I supposed. Maybe having children of my own had made me more conservative? Certainly twenty years prior I'd have done just about anything to see my big sister as she was; in less. The sudden recollection of my youth took me by surprise. God I spoke to myself. It's more than twenty years!

Before Lucy had a chance to dive, Carly pushed her in, jumping in directly behind her to splash my daughter as her head arose, laughing and not the least resentful for the trick.

"It's nice to hear laughter around here again," Mia smiled at me, sunning her legs on a deck chair.

"Stay for dinner?" I proposed, admittedly not looking forward to being alone with Carly and the eventual argument I knew would come.

"It's school tomorrow Trey," Mia acknowledged. "We'd be getting home too late if we stayed on."

I understood where she was coming from. The kids would be overexcited from seeing Carly anyway, bedtime later than was usual would be a nightmare for both of us were we still together, alone, I didn't envy her. Mia looked at her watch, I think sensing my reason for asking. "We'll stay till five."

*

"Can we stay next weekend Daddy?" Lucy anxiously asked as I saw them into the car well after Mia's anticipated departure time. "If Carly's still here," she threw in the addendum.

I looked at Mia in the front seat and she was nodding furiously, obviously ecstatic about the possibility of an added weekend without the kids.

"I'm sure that can be arranged Honey," I kissed my daughter before attempting the same on Connor who without malice shirked away, his eyes looking over my shoulder to be sure Carly hadn't observed him. I ruffled his still damp hair instead and wished them a safe drive home before taking a deep breath and re-entering the house.

Carly remained where the kids had reluctantly said goodbye to her, stretched upon a banana lounge catching the last of the sun's rays before it dipped below the tree-line. She poured wine into my glass as she noticed me head back out, handing me the glass as I dropped back into my own deck chair.

"Thanks," I told her, downing a large amount of the glass in one go, Carly smiling over her sunglasses.

"Big day huh!" She grimaced.

"You could say that again," I sighed and she did, repeating the claim which drew a smile from me.

"There's lots of leftovers," I observed. "At least I don't have to make anything for dinner."

"Mm, I would've suggested a delivery anyway had there not," Carly stated.

It was all small talk and it continued on for the next five minutes while I ran through my head the amount of times she'd been home in the last decades, coming up blank when imagining the last time she'd stepped foot inside this house. For a while it felt like no time had passed. Sitting out there together we could still have been in high school. Pool parties with friends. Her face turned up to the sky and I took a moment to admire her body, still perfect in my eyes even now closing in on her 41st birthday. Where had the time gone? In her early twenties leaving for college, then leaving for good and not looking back, rarely re-entering our lives. The bikini in the process of drying, from my vantage still damp between her upper thighs where it created a pronounced cameltoe. It sat lower on her pubic bone than it'd been when Mia and the kids were there I perceived, paler skin and the hint of pubic hair above the hem. I felt myself blush and looked further up along her body, quickly skirting over her breasts to more palatable viewing, her tattooed arms.

"They're new," I repeated my ex-wife's observation and her face lowered to aim in the direction I looked.

"I was sure I had the right arm done the last time I was in town," she proposed and I shook my head.

"Do you even remember when that was?" I charged and she lowered her glasses.

"Not really," she replied, sensing my mood change.

"Connor was only nine. I'm surprised Lucy remembers you at all."

"What do you want me to say?" She challenged. "I've been working. Travelling."

"Yeah, so busy you couldn't even come back for Mom's funeral. To see her while she was dying."

"Did she ask to see me?" Carly threw back and it took me by surprise. She hadn't. And the fact I hadn't thought of that fact prior shocked me and left me momentarily speechless.

I didn't answer her question, rising from the chair with a non-committal shrug and went to the edge of the pool. I heard her rise from the lounge behind me and as she did I dropped to my knees to rescue a lady bug from the surface of the water. Seeing it safely back on land, I looked to my left and my sister's bare feet.

"He swims like you, you know," Carly changed the subject. "Connor. All arms and splashes," she chuckled.

I squinted in the last rays of the sun and looked up her body, my face level with her crotch, her nipples now more overt.

"Like I used to!" I challenged, smiling.

"Oh yeah? Prove it," she stated and ever so quickly she had both hands pressing my back. Fully clothed I fell headfirst into the pool, the water colder than I'd expected, bobbing back up, catching my breath to see Carly in rapturous delight above me.

"Oh god I wish the kids were here right now," she laughed, dropping to a knee on the poolside and reaching a supporting arm down.

I swam to the edge and accepted her help, taking hold of her tattooed forearm but dragged her into the pool instead. Her shocked scream muffled by the water as she fell. She came back up spluttering, laughing, wiping water from her eyes as I held onto the edge of the pool.

"I've missed you," I admitted, being together with her, alone in the pool bringing memories flooding back. Of innocent play as children and teens and then not so innocent as we aged. Were they real? Memory is so corruptible, over the years I began to tell myself much of what I thought was true was possibly fantasy. She came to my side and clung to the edge facing me, still the twenty year old girl I remembered from my visions.

"I've missed you to," she concurred as my teeth chattered, a smile returning to her serious visage. "Come on, lets get out of here."

*

Showered, she returned downstairs hauling her suitcase and I thought the worst until she explained.

"I can't stay in my old bedroom, Trey," she admitted. It had been completely redecorated for my daughter in the years we'd been living there until the divorce, but the bones remained. "There's too many memories," she added.

"It's alright, come downstairs," I stated, providing an alternative.

Much like my son, I was eager to take Carly's case from her, gesturing for her to head to the basement as she frowned at me skeptically.

It was the room where we'd spent our teens. Parties, television, homework. Now refurbished, new carpet, painted. Carly's eyes lit up at the transformation from dingy hangout to modern media/guest bedroom.

"Trey, it's fantastic," Carly beamed and I felt goosebumps run my spine. Everything was how it had been, but updated. CRT television to large flatscreen. Playstation one to Connor's PS4. The tattered old couch to modular lounge, easily converted to a double bed. "We used to spend all our time down here just to get away from Mom and Dad," Carly reminisced. "Now I actually want to!"

I placed the suitcase against a wall and joined her as she scoured a shelf of old cd's.

"Remember these things?" She laughed as she pulled out a title and flipped the cover. "This is mine!" She remarked.

"Yeah, all your old cd's are there," I acknowledged. "Like I was going to throw away all your stuff!"

She placed the disc back and looked down at the gaming console. "Oh god. Remember that game we used to play for hours? The bandicoot one."

I stepped back and sat down on the sofa, recalling the game and the memories it invoked. Of Carly laying on the floor as I sat behind her. Her legs spread enabling me to see up her skirt. Of her looking back over her shoulder and catching me, parting them further. Had that actually happened? I wondered.

"Yeah of course," I stated. "Crash Bandicoot. It was awesome," I added. Was I referring to the game or her?

She joined me on the couch and lay back, the light sun dress settling upon her body, moulding to her every bump, most notably her groin.

"You know I was there when we released some back into the wild in Western Australia a few years ago," she confided. "I thought of you!" She added.

"What? Real bandicoots?" I quizzed to which she nodded. "Is there anything or anywhere you haven't been or done?" I marvelled.

She was quiet a moment as I leaned back on the lounge with her.

"There are still some things I haven't done," she cryptically answered, her eyes searching mine and I wondered what she meant by her demeanour?

I wanted to kiss her. The more I looked at her, the stronger my feelings for her. If none of those last years of her at home had been merely my overacting imagination, we'd been on the verge of fucking. I had no doubt. We'd kissed. Not innocently either. I could describe the account perfectly even so many years later. In this same room discussing my then girlfriend. Carly had wanted to hear all about our date, even down to the kiss which I'd described as 'awkward.' Her offer to see if it was me that was the problem, try out on my sister. It was her's, the first tongue mine met. And then New Years Eve. By the pool. Neighborhood fireworks and Carly the closest girl at midnight. At 18 and 20 years old respectively. Brother and sister. We knew what we were doing. Alcohol affected or not.

"I know!" Carly declared. "Leg's get drunk and stay up listening to cd's! Like old times."

I was taking the next day off work for bereavement leave anyway, but even not, there was nothing I wanted to do more. Well, maybe something.

*

"Remember sneaking upstairs and drinking Dad's booze?" Carly sat crosslegged on the carpet as I passed her another glass of bourbon and ice.

It brought a smile. Running back downstairs and smelling the other's breath to prove we'd gone through with it.

"I remember getting caught!" I recollected. "Dad smacked me so hard. Can you believe they would do that?"

"Not Mom," Carly noted. "Not to you anyway. You were her golden boy."

Carly changed the cd, on her knees and leaning forward, her dress riding up on her hips. History felt like it was repeating. More than twenty years later and my eyes descending once again on my sister's ass, the smoothness of the back of her thighs, the hint of white panty as she leaned lower. All it would take is her to look around and catch...and then it happened.

The first song playing, Jeff Buckley's 'Everybody Here Wants You' and Carly turning her head to see my eyes lazily make their way from her bottom. A smile. A knowing smile? Coming to her lips before she retook her seated position. It was the same song. Playing when we first kissed. In the same room.

Did she remember? Was it planned?

"Why did you go?" I asked as I drained another glass. "Why didn't you come back?" I added. Two questions that had haunted me for years.

"Mom," she answered as if a response to both.

"What, so you have a fight with Mom and then wait for her to die before returning?" It was then I thought of her timing. "God tell me you didn't come back just for the will?"

Carly turned her face from me and when she looked back there were tears in her eyes.

"You really think that?" She questioned, not waiting for me to respond.

"How do you not get it Trey?"

I looked back blankly, still not understanding but troubled I'd made her upset.

"All I know is things were cool and then you go and leave. You drop by every two years or so and then whoosh, gone again," I was yelling. Unsure why. "Now you say you're gonna hang around awhile. What for? The house, the money?"

"You're a dick if you think that!" Carly spat back.

"Then what?"

"It's you, you fuck!" She shouted as Jeff Buckley aptly sang '...they all look so good from a distance but I tell you I'm the one.' "It's always been about you."

She rose from her seated position leaving her drink behind and marched to her suitcase as I looked on stunned. Tearing it open she brought forth an envelope and threw it at me. The paper yellowed and soft from age I held it before myself.

"What's this?" I challenged.

"Read it you asshole. I'm going to get some air." She took the bottle of bourbon from the table and stormed away upstairs, the song ending to leave me in the now silence of the empty basement.

The one word on the front read 'Trey' and inside was a single sheet of paper as aged as the envelope. Thin and delicate, the writing in red ink, faded with time.

My heart broke as I began to read.

'My dearest little brother,

There are words we long to say but rules always hold us back. Prevent us from declaring. For years I've wanted to tell you how I feel. To admit this lifetime of love I've had for you. So many times I've been on the verge of admitting, biting my tongue and hoping you take the lead and say it first. For surely you feel it too. We should be together. More than brother and sister. We're both adults now and there's only the taboo that can stop us acting upon what I know we both feel.

I want you. Only you. I want your kiss. Your touch. I want you inside me. To be my first. To be your first. At night I dream of you coming to me. That we make love in my bed.

I touch myself Trey! I touch myself and think of you. I think of you looking at me. Of every time we've touched, we've kissed. I saw you hard in the basement and knew it was for me, willed you to take it out. To have me take you. In my mouth. In my pussy. I want to be naked for you. To fall asleep in your arms and wake up with you beside me. Inside me.

You are my one and only Trey. I know it. You know it. Let us be together. If not forever, then only for a night. Tonight. Come to my room when Mom and Dad go to bed. I love you. I always will. No matter what.

More than your sister,

Carly.'

I re-read the letter and my eyes clouded with tears. It was dated 1998 and left me with more questions than answers.

It was all real. None of it had been the trick of memory. Mistaken recollections. I placed the letter back in the envelope and made my way back up the stairs.

The back door open on the night, I found her sitting on a deck chair hugging the bottle like a security blanket. She acknowledged my presence as I sat down the far end beside her feet.

"Why didn't you give it to me?" I cautiously asked.

She'd been crying and wiped her nose with the back of her hand, her eyes glassy as they looked to mine in the low light.

"Because Mom found it! Read it," she stated.

Even with her gone, I felt sick at the revelation. "What? How?" I asked still amazed at my ability to have a normal conversation with the information bombs I'd been delivered.

"I was writing it in my room," she explained matter-of-factly. "I left to do something, came back and she was there. Reading."

"Oh god," I sympathised.

"Yeah right!" She shrugged.

"Carly. I'm sorry."

"The way she looked at me Trey," Carly emphasised. "Her eyes. I saw only hatred. And then she let loose. Did you ever hear Mom swear?"

Even the thought of it was preposterous. "No."

"She swore!" Carly was at least able to half smile. "She called me a 'vile cunt.'"

"What!?" I exhaled, amazed.

Carly nodded.

"Probably wasn't the worst of it," she didn't elaborate. "Told me to leave and that night I did."

"Jesus," I exclaimed. "The week before college."

"Yeah, you remember?" Carly smiled.

"Of course," I began to blush at the recollection. "I hated you for going. I thought we were about to...fuck!"

"Literally," Carly laughed and her smile was beautiful.

My head was swimming.

"But you could've come back. You could've told me," I challenged to which she shook her head.

"She said if I saw you again she'd tell Dad. You know what he was like Trey. He'd have killed you!"

Pieces fell into place like a jigsaw. The thought of what she'd gone through turning my stomach. Every word ringing true. Even Dad. His temper, especially toward me, wouldn't have coped with this kind of news. Her prediction as to Dad's response, not hyperbole.

"But what about when Dad died?" I enquired. "You could've told me then."

"Oh when you'd just got married?" Carly countered. "Hey Mia, now your stepfather's dead I'm going to come and fuck your husband. My brother!"

The statement though ludicrous was also true and as we looked in each other's eyes we both held back the laugh as long as we could.

"Oh god Carly," I reached for the bottle and took a draught. The thought her lips had just touched the glass, arousing. More thoughts coming to mind.

"You knew my marriage had ended. Even then?"

Carly shook her head.

"Mom was online you know," she explained. "She sent me a message saying she'd tell the kids about us. Turn them against you."

The words were like a sucker punch. It was like my own mother was two different people. The woman I'd nursed through her ordeal, loved. And this venomous spite filled portrait my sister only knew.

"She saw us," Carly added. "New Years. Remember the kiss?" "Remember?" It was my go to when I would masturbate for years to come but didn't mention it there and then. "Other times too. She said she saw us in the pool once, ignored it. Once spotted us in the basement doing something, said it confirmed her suspicions. I don't know what that was."

I smiled upon reflection. "Well it could've been a few things," I proposed. "But seriously, why was it just you? We were in it together."

"Trey, she idolised you. Of course she'd blame me. It would've been the same with Dad," she added. "I was his princess. You would've been his scapegoat."

"You saved me," I declared. "All these years, you were protecting me."

She didn't immediately reply, instead reaching out for the bottle, taking a sip before her eyes once again looked into mine.

"It's what big sister's do," she almost whispered. "The letter stands Trey," she admitted. "I love you."

*

A song, the taste of alcohol, a scent. All can take you back to an earlier time period. It was 1998 and we drank Jim Beam and coke, played Crash Bandicoot and listened to Nick Cave, the world revolving around a chance peek up my sister's skirt. It was 2019 and I tasted Wild Turkey Rare Breed

on my sister's lips, the Ship Song played in our ears and we were no longer playing any games.

Her gentle push had me sitting down on the sofa and looking up at her, watching as she one by one dropped the straps of her dress from her shoulders. Like an unveiling curtain it fell from her body to leave her topless. Breasts I'd waited forty years to look upon. Small pink nipples, hard amid an untanned triangle of the softest looking perfectly formed flesh on earth. And below. I didn't disguise the route my eyes took, drifting down her belly to settle on the lump of pussy behind a tight pair of cotton panties. Her hands followed, fingers sliding beneath the hem and lowering. Her underwear falling as my cock rose.

At her knees she let them loose. To go with gravity and drop to her ankles before stepping from the unnecessary item of clothing. It brought her closer to me and I was able to drag my eyes from the small manicured tuft of pubic hair at her crotch, to her face which descended. Our mouths once again came together as she climbed upon me, her knees straddling my hips, her pussy settling on my groin.

A fumble as she attempted to unbutton my pants. An unselfconscious shared giggle as I helped her and I was free, the heat of her pussy above me, upon me and then around me as she descended. We were made for each other. The wetness of her sex met my pelvis, fully inserted she ground upon my pubic bone as I held her back, my hands exploring her body, feeling her spine, her ribs, gripping her buttocks as she began swaying her hips back and forth.

I ran a hand into her hair and pulled her head back as I opened my eyes to kiss her jaw. Her neck presented and I ran my lips down her skin to her chest, a nipple made available to my worship, the other.

"Oh God Trey," Carly sighed as she tugged at my t-shirt, wrenching it up over my head to toss away. I wrapped arms around her, her breasts against my bare skin and lifting, lowered her to the sofa, my pants below my ass.

Her feet did the rest. Sliding my pants down my legs and shuffling, never taking my cock from her now we were finally together, they left my body. At last. Naked. Brother and sister as we should have been twenty years before. Could have been. Carly's nails ran my back as we fucked, her pelvis pushing against me at the pinnacle of each thrust to compound the penetration. I wrapped my arms beneath her body, one hand on her ass, the other around her neck and increased my rate, now furiously fucking as her legs circled my hips, locking us together.

"Don't stop," Carly expelled as she pressed her lips to my ear, my face buried in her hair. "Don't stop," she repeated over and over again as my erection found its reason for being. Pleasing her. To be at her beck and call. Coated in her lube, inside her body alone. "Don't sto...ooh God," she screamed over my shoulder as she came. I could feel it. Her pussy convulsing around me. Flooding my cock with her release, her body quivering as over and over her orgasm swept her.

"Now Trey," she managed to moan as I never slackened my pace. Her legs unwrapped from my hips, spreading, and I drew them up alongside her body, her arms locking them in place, knees at her shoulders. "Cum in me now," she seemingly ordered, her eyes dreamy, cum dazed. Leaning on my fists, essentially doing push-ups, I looked down on her face as I came inside my sister, staggered thrusts as jet after jet of cum left me. Entered her to mix with her own. Ten, fifteen pulses of the most wonderful orgasm, her mouth open, her eyes reflecting every surge she felt before I collapsed upon

her sweaty form, her arms enveloping me. Protecting me. 'What big sister's do.'

*

She released my face from between her legs, the water from the shower head flooding my mouth where her cum had just flowed. On still wobbly, post orgasm legs she lifted me to stand with her under the warm water and with my erection safely pressed between her thighs, we embraced like lifetime lovers.

"What do we do now?" She whispered as her lips met mine, her tongue entering my mouth to savour her own taste.

"We continue making up for the last twenty years," I suggested as I lifted her in my arms, a hand reaching behind and sliding myself inside her to her expulsion of breath.

"Ohhh," she sighed as her thighs wrapped tight around me. "I mean us."

Pressing her back to the tiles to take some of the weight I looked in her eyes.

"I'm not letting you go again," I stated.

"I don't want to," she admitted.

"Then, we become the neighborhood creepy brother and sister that live together," I smiled, my cock fully inserted.

"I can't sleep in any of these bedroom," she added, squeezing her vagina around me.

"Then we become the creepy brother and sister that live in the basement," I laughed.

She groaned, more out of pleasure than the joke and I focussed on her eyes.

"Hey, we're in this together," I told her. "Whatever you want. We'll move. Find a new place. But we stay together, ok?"

Her eyes became glassy and it was then I saw a look upon her face I couldn't recall ever seeing. I dropped to the floor of the shower and with her breasts against me, her legs wrapped around my hips, the water cascading our bodies; I saw happiness. For the first time in her life I think she was truly happy.

A tear ran my own cheek and I pulled her closer, declaring my love as I came inside her with barely a movement. Her arms gripped me, holding me in place as she in turn embraced my cock, drawing every ounce of seed from me with her walls.

"I don't care where we are," Carly sighed. "As long as I'm with you, I'm home."

I felt exactly the same way.

The End.

Thank you for reading.

Changing Rooms

Chapter 1

The night after my 35th birthday, my wife of 10 years presented me with a post dinner glass of scotch and divorce papers. I'd anticipated one of them. The divorce on reflection shouldn't have been that much of a surprise either. We'd been living separate lives under the one roof for months, more housemates than lovers. Amanda had come from money and excelled in making it. She was a senior executive for a mining company and reveled in her (our) wealth. I had come from little money and excelled in keeping it. Keeping it from the government that is. You see I'm the bastard who ensures the tax, billion dollar companies like hers pays is minimal, if any and I'm good at what I do.

Amanda and I had met in our home city, fallen in lust, then love, then married. I'd followed her career interstate and admittedly used her status in the industry to ensure my own success but believe me I pulled my own weight and was paid accordingly. Her company for one saw my value, when after recording an annual profit of 4.5 billion dollars, I managed to organize the books to enable a tax refund of several hundred thousand. That's right, a refund. Like I said I'm good at what I do.

Amanda was a year older than me and the typical blonde bombshell. If she wasn't at work, she was at the gym, interspersed with social events and business functions. Her (and by association, my) acquaintances were the elite of the corporate and entertainment world. Vacuous snobs the lot of them, oblivious to the real world and of course entirely apathetic.

I'd become weary of the scene months before, which of course added to the breakdown in our marriage but was not the sole reason. I wanted to go home. Our home city. I wanted to see my mother (my father had passed

away some years before) and my old friends, I longed to reconnect with who I was, not the toff I'd become.

So when the divorce was finalized and I came out with a more than reasonable settlement (remembering that Amanda made a lot more than I did, and I got half) I gave notice to my firm, called my mother and said, "Momma. Clean out my bedroom, 'cos I'm comin' home!"

I drove back from interstate, taking my time, seeing the country as I went. The first night I thought I'd get right back with the people and stay in the seediest roadhouse I came across. The next night, having learned my lesson I paid a few more dollars and booked a more classy establishment. As I lay on the bed sipping bourbon and watching the adult channel on the in-room cable I thought I'd call my mother and let her know when to expect me the next day.

I turned down the sound as she answered and informed her that depending on traffic I'd arrive late tomorrow afternoon. A mature woman was getting fucked from behind on the TV and I absently loosened my hardening cock from my pants as I spoke to her, feeling an undeniable shame and also some excitement. So there I was, watching porn, jerking off whilst chatting to my mom. When she said "I love you honey, see you tomorrow," and hung up, I shot my load along with the guy on the TV. Me, all over my chest, the guy in the movie, all over the mature woman's ass.

Now I have to get this straight. I wasn't fantasizing about my mother at the time. My feelings towards her were based on love but I did accept the taboo of masturbating whilst talking to her was quite a turn on, although I was pretty sure I wouldn't go to hell for it.

My relationship with my mother had been a topsy-turvy one over the years. As a boy she'd been the world to me and the love of my life, as a teen I

grew aloof to her (possibly blaming her for the faults in my father, who I'll tell you now was a son of a bitch.) As an adult we'd just grown apart. I still saw her on most of the holidays but my life had become so removed from hers, we just had nothing but blood in common.

Turning into the drive of my old house I saw her tending to the front garden. She was on her knees, her back to me, a large straw sunhat atop her head. On hearing the car she stood and approached as I left the vehicle.

"Hello stranger," I said. "Fancy seeing you here."

Pulling off her gloves and hat and throwing them to the grass she beamed at me and held out her arms. Apart from being dressed in a large unflattering khaki shirt and blue "mom jeans", she hadn't changed a bit to the last time I'd seen her.

"Give me a hug honey, my god I can't believe you're here!" She reached her arms up over my shoulders and I wrapped mine around her upper and lower back. It was the most intimate cuddle we'd had in years. Her breasts and stomach pressed against me. I kissed her on the cheek and smelt her hair which was tied back in a loose ponytail.

"Well if I knew this was the welcome, I should've come home more often," I mused.

"Yes you should've young man," she chided. Fixing me with a sarcastic scowl. She knew if it was up to me I would've. It was Amanda that called the shots in our marriage and her priority wasn't visiting my mother, a woman she had never got along well with in the first place. "Are you really staying Daniel, you're back for good?"

"Well, as long as you'll have me. I suppose, yeah." I replied, still in her embrace.

"Then I'll just have to keep you here. Just like this, forever"

"Well I hope there's a bucket handy Mom, 'cos I'm busting for a piss," I laughed.

"Oh you.." She giggled, kissed me on the cheek and seemingly not wanting to let me go, took me by the hand and led me into the house.

Mom hadn't done much to the house in the time since I'd been there. As I said, we saw each other on holidays but Amanda and I would send her the airfare and she would come to us. Walking around I actually couldn't remember how many years it had been since I'd come home. My room had been cleared of all my childhood. Mom informed me everything she thought of value was all stored away in the garage for safekeeping but much she'd given to charity. My immediate thought was had she found any porn I'd accidentally misplaced.

While she'd maintained the front yard exceptionally the back yard was a different story. The trees and shrubs were all overgrown and the lawn unmowed, it did make it peaceful out there though and provided a great deal of privacy. Almost like a secret garden, hidden away from all the surrounding neighbors. The pool was in a pretty sorry state. It was full of leaves, badly needed cleaning and the water needed chlorine and balancing. "First thing tomorrow Mom, I'm fixing this pool. What do you think, ready for a swim?" I asked her as she joined me with a drink of iced tea.

"Oh honey, I don't even think I have a costume anymore it's been so long!" She replied.

"Oh well, second thing I'll do is take you shopping for some bathers then. What do you say?" I think she was just so happy to have me home she

would've agreed to anything I proposed and told me she thought it a great idea.

Over dinner and a bottle of wine I told her about the break-up with Amanda and the reasons for me returning home. She told me she was sorry about the divorce and despite her testy relationship with my wife, I knew she meant it. When we got on to what my plans were, I was unsure. She told me that no matter what, I'd have a bed here and if the time came for me to move back out she'd be happy to help me find a place.

Later that evening I found a movie for us to watch and mom and I sat together on the couch. After some time she threw a cushion on my lap and lay her head upon it in an effort to get comfortable. We joked about how bad the film was as I innocently stroked her hair, running my fingers through the silky strands and massaged her scalp. My mother, Madeline, I have neglected to inform you, was 54 years old. She grew up in Australia and met my father whilst working as a flight attendant. Falling for him and moving here she soon had me and settled down. It wasn't long until my father showed his true colors and from what I remember treated her pretty badly. He died when I was 14 and she raised me alone from then. She didn't look her age, or what I thought a woman in her fifties should look like. She kept herself in shape, her strawberry blonde hair showed no signs of gray and her lack of wrinkles proved she obviously cared for her skin.

She had let herself go in the clothing department from what I'd seen so far. As I described, her gardening attire wasn't attractive and she hadn't improved, going from that ensemble to a dowdy nightdress and full length dressing gown. Now I wasn't expecting Armani but having lived with a woman for ten years that was always dressed impeccably it was somewhat of a comedown.

As I sat there, a glass of wine in one hand, caressing my mother's hair with the other I began to feel the weight of where her head was positioned. The cushion covered my upper thighs and groin and my penis was responding to the downward pressure by gradually hardening. It was becoming uncomfortable. Not only the sensation but the fact I had a hard-on only an inch away from my mother's face. Her right hand was under the back of my knee and the other wedged between her upper thighs, almost making it look like she was masturbating.

"Ooh, cramp," I exclaimed and Mom sat up.

"Oh no honey, would you like me to rub it?" She asked, concerned.

"No!" I blurted out. "It's OK, I'll just stretch it."

Mom took the cushion and placed it on the other end of the couch and lay down in the opposite direction.

Her feet, in white ankle socks now rested up against my thigh where her head had been and I began rubbing one as we continued watching the movie.

"Mmm, that feels nice Daniel." She sighed.

This continued until her breathing changed and I realized she'd fallen asleep. I now noticed her dressing gown had come open and revealed the backs of her bent legs to me, only covered by her white cotton nightie. I, without thinking casually took my hand from her foot and gently lifted up my mother's nightdress to reveal her bottom. In the light from the television screen her panties appeared to be beige or flesh colored, clasping her firm buttocks nicely. Rubbing my cock through my jeans I fought the desire to slide a finger along her ass crack and between her thighs to her pussy.

An explosion in the movie caused me to startle and my mother to stir. She sat up slowly, rubbing her eyes and stated that as she was working in the morning, (at the real estate agency she'd been part-time for a number of years) she had better go to bed. She pecked me on the cheek and wished me a goodnight, leaving me there to ponder what had just happened. I'd just been turned on by my own mother and god did it feel good.

I stayed up for a while on the net and checking my emails. It seemed I had already been the subject of headhunters. Knowing I'd left my previous position and moved to this city, I had a number of job offers from firms looking for my expertise. I filed them for later perusal. I wasn't ready to get back into it just yet. That night in my old room, with my mom only a few feet away, I slept soundly and without stress for the first night in what seemed to be years. I was home.

I arose before my mother and had breakfast made when she entered the kitchen. She had makeup on and had fixed her hair up in a bun. Her uniform consisted of a light brown knee length pleated skirt and white shirt, medium heeled tan shoes and a red cravat around her neck. I had to admit, she did look better than yesterday.

"Breakfast's prepared madam, if you'd care to sit," I joked. "Eggs, bacon, toast and coffee or would madam prefer tea?"

She laughed as she took her place at the table. "Coffee would be lovely honey, have you already eaten?"

Sipping my coffee I replied in the affirmative, "Uh-huh, got lots to do today. First of all, get that pool sorted, then check out those boxes in the garage to see what stuff of mine you've thrown out," I jested, laughing. "Then I'm taking you shopping for some swimwear, remember?"

"Oh honey, only if you have time."

"Actually Mom, why don't I drive you to work? I can pick up the pool stuff now then come get you when you knock off."

"That sounds wonderful Daniel," she replied, and then. "Thank you."

"For what?" I inquired.

"For just being here." She smiled.

I spent the morning cleaning the pool which wasn't in as bad a shape as I assumed. One o'clock I was waiting outside my mother's office. "Well you're the talk of the town!" She gasped as she jumped into my Range Rover. She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and I inhaled her perfume.

"What are you talking about Mom?" I replied pulling out into the traffic, somewhat surprised at her unexpected intimacy.

"Well, a couple of my co-workers were watching you from inside the office. Females, I might add. I overheard them speaking curiously about the 'hot' guy in the s.u.v out front." She laughed at this and I realized how beautiful she looked when she smiled. "So," she continued, "when I made to leave I just casually stated 'oh, he's waiting for me' without mentioning you were my son or anything. Oh Daniel, the look on their faces, it was priceless." As she told the story she had turned towards me, her left leg up on the seat tucked under the other. This had caused her skirt to ride up a little, exposing her thigh and I was shocked at myself for feeling a desire to see more.

We found a local swimwear store and began browsing. I headed straight for the bikini section and suggested a few items, all of which Mom politely declined. She had her sights on the retro and vintage suits that covered more of the body. The salesgirl was helpful, obviously working on commission

and I couldn't take my eyes off her. She wore white leggings and an off the shoulder top that showed her bra straps. The leggings were so tight her cameltoe was clearly visible and no matter how hard I looked I saw no trace of a panty line.

In a highly aroused state I stood outside the change rooms whilst Mom tried on the suits she'd chosen. I heard her voice from behind the red curtain, "OK Daniel, what about this one?"

Oh Jesus I thought, she wants me to look at her. I opened the curtain with great anticipation and was slightly let down. The policy of the store was you had to wear underwear whilst trying on the items, so my mother didn't look as sexy as I hoped. The suit wasn't flattering, a dark brown two piece, the bottoms in the boy short variety and the top, with mums bra visible beneath, not revealing much breast at all. I didn't have to say a word, Mom read my mind. "Yeah, I hate it too!" She grimaced, "OK, next one."

I closed the curtain to give her some privacy. The next was somewhat better. A retro red and white polka dot one piece. This one actually did something for me. If it wasn't for her clearly visible grey underwear and bra, I would've been aroused. I mean here I was, my mother parading before me half nude in the confines of a swimwear store!

"I like that one better Mom," I stated.

She looked at herself in the mirror, "Hmm.. Me to," she replied.

I again closed the curtain to give her privacy and walked over to the salesgirl. She smiled when I approached and again I surreptitiously spied on the pussy bulge at her crotch. Nope, no panty line. "Hey I was wondering if you could do me a favor. It's just she needs a little encouragement to wear a

bikini, could you maybe take a couple in and suggest them to her?" I asked, deliberately not mentioning the 'she' in question was my mother.

The girl smiled and lightly touched my arm, obviously flirting. "I'll see what I can do." She cooed and made off to choose some items. I looked around a little and made my way back to the change rooms.

The leggings girl was outside another curtain and as she turned to walk past me stated, "Oh it's OK for you to go in." And with that, pulled my mothers curtain aside and lightly pushed me into her cubicle closing it behind me.

My mom stood facing away from me and my first thought was that she was naked. I then realized she was wearing a micro bikini, more string than material. The pink thong strip disappeared between the smooth white cheeks of her behind and an equally thin thread crossed her back, tied in a bow. The mirrors were on two walls which allowed me to see her front as well. My eyes focused straight on her ample breasts, the small triangle of the cup just covering her pink areola, the nipples clearly protruding. Mom turned to me and I couldn't help but look down to her pussy. My god, here I was standing in a change room staring at my mothers pussy. The front of the thong gave maybe an inch of coverage and was essentially see through. She had quite a deal of pubic hair, not out of control but more than I'd expected. That didn't lessen the vision though.

Masturbatory fantasies I'd had of her in the past came rushing back and all led their way to my cock. I was wearing jeans thank god, so I was pretty sure she didn't notice the erection she had given me and still I hadn't said a word. Mom made no effort to cover herself. On the contrary, she placed both hands on her waist and bent her leg slightly in a pose, "So what about this one honey?" She asked. My jaw may have slackened, I don't know. I

couldn't even find words to answer, I was so heady with lust for her. The curtain opened and the leggings girl entered.

"Ooh sexy. A lot of women your age are buying these. More for their partners I think!" She giggled. Turning to me, "So what does hubby think?"

Mom was quick to answer, she came up to me and wrapped her arms around my neck, pressing her near naked form against my side and kissed my cheek. In the mirror I could see she lifted a leg behind her in the process, "Oh, he's not my husband. He's my son!"

I was mortified and felt like I was about to cum in my pants. I had to get out of there before something even more embarrassing happened. "I'll go get the car," I managed to stumble out and extracted myself from the situation. Outside in the air I tried to come to my senses. What the fuck had just happened? Was that what I thought and secretly hoped it was? Did my mother just come on to me? Did she have sexual feelings towards me, her own son?

Was it all just innocent fun? This one I discounted straight away. There was no way that kind of interaction was innocent. Something had happened I knew it. Something big. Life changing. And I was excited.

Neither of us spoke of the change room incident on the drive home. Mom had purchased something from the store but hadn't told me what. I was pretty sure I knew and I think she was playing on that. That night I cooked and mom changed for bed, not the long nightie and dressing gown she'd worn the previous night but a shorter cotton number. Not overly sexy and a far cry from the swimwear store but a pleasant change. There were other subtle changes as well. She thanked me for cooking by kissing me. We sat closer together as we watched a movie, she took every opportunity to touch me, she called for a second bottle of wine.

When the movie finished we chatted on the couch, sipping on the red wine. "So do you enjoy your work Mom or what?" I inquired, hoping it would lead on to the days swimwear incident.

"Oh, it's a job honey. It gets me out of the house. If it wasn't for that uniform though. Ugh, it's ugly!"

"Really," I responded. "I didn't think it that bad."

"I guess it just reminds me of my god awful flight attendant days. I keep expecting to hear a pilot say, 'uniform inspection' at any moment."

"What do you mean?" I asked quizzically.

"I've never told you this?"

"I don't think so. What, in Australia?"

"Uh huh! We would have random uniform inspections. You know, polished shoes, the correct length skirts. They had to be exactly two inches above the knee, they would measure it!"

"Fuck," I exclaimed. "Who did this, the pilots?"

"Daniel, language! Yep, some pilots and management. The worst was the panty inspection though!"

Oh my god, my mother was about to talk about her panties. Was it the wine? The change room incident? I didn't care, I watched as she brought both legs up on the couch and crossed them beneath her. I caught the slightest glimpse of her underwear as she did so and with that and the way the conversation was heading I began to harden.

"What are you talking about," I asked, "they inspected your panties?"

"It wasn't every time. Just particular pilots, we knew the ones. You see it was part of the uniform, white cotton panties."

"Fuck." This time Mom didn't admonish me for swearing. "It was male pilots doing this?" I was so turned on, the thought of my own mother ordered to lift her skirt and show her panties. My wrist was pressed against my hard cock and I ever so slightly moved it back and forth.

"It was the early '80's Daniel, it was a different era back then." She didn't seem to be overly embarrassed talking about the subject, in fact she seemed quite enthusiastic and was she becoming flushed around the neck?

"So what happened if you didn't have the correct panties?" I asked, excruciatingly.

Mom smiled. Did she know what affect the story was having on her son?

"Well, it only ever happened once that I saw. It was a hostess I didn't really know, she was wearing a pair of red satin knickers. The pilot made her take them off right there in the cabin and give them to him. He put them in his pocket and the flight went on as normal."

My god I had to cum. I quickly thought of a reason to get out of there.

"Ah," I lifted my empty glass, "more wine?"

"Oh why not." Mom replied passing her glass to me. I stood up, which left the bulge in my pants exposed for mere seconds but I'm positive she looked at it. As I entered the kitchen I looked back to her watching me with a cheeky expression on her face.

I had to jerk off. I went to the bathroom and was cumming in seconds, a vision of my mom wearing that micro bikini in the change room firmly entrenched in my mind. Relieved, I buried the evidence all over some tissues deep in the bin and went back to Mom with a fresh bottle of red.

"You know, talking about your work clothes got me thinking mom. I want to buy you a new wardrobe."

"Really, why?" She inquired.

"Well don't think me weird but today at the store I noticed how great shape you're in and the clothes you've been wearing lately, I'm sorry Mom. They just don't do it for you."

"Oh honey, I'm old and there's nothing wrong with my clothes is there?"

"Ah Mom, you're not old and there is something wrong with your clothes! Come on." I grabbed her by the hand and dragged her down the hall to her bedroom. I planted her on the edge of the bed, her nightie rose up her thighs and I think she caught me looking. "Right," I stated. "Let's start with your dresses. I opened up her cupboard and began a stock take. Leafing through her clothes I made comments and critiques, all accompanied by her laughs and feeble protests. She seemed to be enjoying herself. Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was just the fact her son was showing such interest in her after all these years.

"Now, onto the underwear!" I opened her top dresser.

"Oh no Daniel, not that." She protested, yet made no move to stop me.

"Oh my goodness Mother, this won't do!" I pulled out piles of her bras and panties, all either brown or grey, nothing colorful or in the least way sexy. I turned to her holding a pair of old cotton granny panties and frowned.

"Mom, we're going shopping!"

She stood up and came close to me, she made a sudden move to rip her panties from my hand but I evaded her and backed away near the bed. Again she tried and again I foiled her plan by holding them high above her head. She smiled smugly and saw an opportunity. Her hands flew to my

side and began tickling my ribs, "You're forgetting I'm your mother and know your weak spots!" And it worked. I was forced to drop my arms but I countered by grabbing her and wrestling her down onto the bed with me on top. She struggled against me, at one moment tickling, the next going for her panties which I still held beyond her reach. She writhed beneath me and the feeling had my cock quickly hardening again.

In the struggle her nightie had risen up around her waist, exposing her flesh colored panties and I moved to a position where my now erect cock was pressing against her pubic bone. Amid our hysterical laughing and exertion I feigned exhaustion and allowed her to gain top position, yet she maintained the connection between our groins. My mother was essentially riding me cowgirl, without of course, the penetration. I relinquished the panties and she collapsed onto my chest, breathing heavily.

"OK, you win," I said. "But I'm still buying you new clothes."

"Alright," she sat up, her legs astride my hips, her pussy still pressed against my hard cock. Did she realise? How couldn't she? "We'll call it a draw and I'll let you."

We sat up well into the night side by side on her bed as I ordered item after item from various clothing stores online. I noticed her body pressed closer into me when we browsed for new panties and lingerie. It wasn't my imagination, something was happening between us. We both knew it.

I masturbated twice more that night before I could sleep. I felt like a horny inexperienced teen, getting off on the only woman he had access too, his mother. But it wasn't that sordid. We were both adults. Both had a lifetime of sexual experience behind us. We were going at this with clear heads, or were we? Doubts began to raise in my mind as I drifted off to sleep. Maybe

it was all innocent. Maybe I'd misconstrued the entire situation. I had to know, one way or another.

The morning came and again I had my mother's breakfast prepared for her. She gave me the now standard greeting of a kiss on the cheek and took her place at the table. How would I do this? Just the sight of her again was causing my cock to swell. I hadn't been so horny for a woman in years and yet here it was, my mom.

She was wearing an identical work uniform from the previous day. We shared small talk during which I discovered she'd booked a hair appointment later that day and would be home mid afternoon. She tried to find out how much I'd spent on her clothes but I wouldn't tell her and it didn't matter. She was worth every cent and I could afford it. After she'd eaten and had her coffee she came over and kissed me to leave. Now was my chance. I let her get to the kitchen door then stopped her, "Ahem. Where do you think you're going young lady?" My heart began racing, this was the moment, everything rested on the next few minutes.

She cocked her head and replied, "You know. I'm going to work!"

"Well not without the scheduled uniform inspection you're not!" She suddenly realized what was happening but I'm sure she had no idea how far I'd take it. "OK, let's see now." I said as I stood a few feet from her. "It seems your shoes are well maintained and I notice your shirt is nicely pressed." I squatted down and touching the hem of her skirt I pressed it to the back of her knee. "Hmm, a little too long but I suppose everything else is in order here, you're free to go."

She played along, "Why thank you Sir." And made to leave, laughing.

"Ah just a moment." I called as she reached the door. "I think today a panty inspection is in order young lady!" And there it was, I'd crossed the line. "Come on now, lift your skirt and show me your panties," then followed it up with "Mother."

My mom looked me straight in the eyes and it felt like a psychic bond had opened between us. She knew perfectly how I felt, what I wanted, and I knew she desired exactly the same. Without saying a word she placed down her handbag and bent forward slightly, grabbing the base of her brown pleated skirt with both hands. Slowly she raised her skirt up her thighs and then over her waist, revealing her panties to her son. My cock strained to be unleashed at the sight. My mother, standing in her kitchen, her panty covered pussy being presented to me.

"Is this OK Sir?" She asked and I had to take it further.

"Actually no. We've discussed the panties you're wearing before. That style is no longer allowed in this house. Now remove them at once." Her face and I know mine, had reddened. Still looking me in the eye she tucked her fingers into the waistband of her flesh colored panties, slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. She let her skirt fall back in the process but I didn't mind. I'd seen her pube covered pussy for barely a second but the whole scene had proven to me, I'd be seeing it a lot more.

I approached her and held out my hand. She placed her warm knickers into it and then seemed to wait for further instructions as I slid them into my pocket. I moved in closer and pressed my body against her. My fully erect cock against her stomach, she looked up into my face and let out a stifled breath. I leaned in as if to kiss her mouth and at the last moment adjusted so our faces were side by side and I whispered, "You can go now Mother."

The thought of my mom leaving the house without panties had kept me hard all morning. The fact I had those same panties in my pocket was surreal and a constant reminder of the change afoot.

Express postage saw the packages of clothing and lingerie arriving from mid morning and I spent my time removing and replacing my mothers wardrobe. Dresses, leggings, active wear, all filled me with anticipation of seeing my mom wearing them. I filled her dresser with underwear of all description, lacy boy shorts, thongs, satin full briefs and incredibly hot crotch-less panties. She now had a choice of body-stockings in four different colors and a myriad of pantyhose and stay-up stockings. I did keep the pair of panties she had given me that morning, they'd always be a reminder to me of the beginning.

I mowed the back lawn, set up the outdoor furniture and placed beach towels on the grass. When I heard Mom arrive home I called to her from the pool.

I was naked on the far side of the pool when my mother exited the backdoor of the house. As had happened in the change rooms, I initially thought her to be naked, yet quickly realized she was wearing the micro bikini from the store. My cock immediately stood to attention in the cool water. She looked like a goddess as she casually walked towards the edge of the pool. She placed a towel on the concrete and sat down on it, her legs in the water.

We hadn't spoken a word, it seemed we didn't need to. I slowly swam to her and she stretched out her left leg. I took hold of her ankle and still treading water began kissing her toes, the sole of her foot, her calf and further up to her thigh, all the while caressing the other with my hand. When only inches from my mothers now bald sex I stopped and looked up into her eyes.

"What happened here?" Referring to her hairless pussy.

She smiled and stroked the back of my dripping head, " I had my legs waxed at the salon as well, the beautician asked if I'd care to have more done and I thought, why not!? Do you like it baby? Do you like Mommy's smooth pussy?"

That did it, to show her just how much I liked it, I pulled aside the string of the bikini running between her labia and buried my nose and mouth into her cunt, lapping at her slick slit with my tongue like a dog. It was as if years of pent up sexual passion released, as she pulled my head firmly between her thighs and ground her vagina into my face. "Oh fuck Daniel, I'm going to cu..." She struggled to say the word, "cu..." Again she stammered until finally with more sucking on her clit I felt her shuddering and she screamed, "cummmm...!"

My mother had just cum on my face which was now drenched with her juices. She slid into the pool and wrapped her legs around my waist. My rock hard cock rested across her hot anus and wetter than water pussy. We kissed as man and woman for the first time. Our tongues entwined in the most incestuous embrace. "I knew you'd buy that swimsuit Mom," I finally managed to say. "You look amazing."

We swam and played in the pool like teens until finally we exited and my mother, holding my ever hard cock like a leash, led me across the lawn to the beach towels. She lay down on her front, removing her bikini in the process and spread her legs. I grabbed the sunscreen and began on her calves, working my way up her thighs and finally to her ass. Spreading the cheeks I encountered my mothers puckered anus for the first time and had to kiss it. She moaned as I licked her most intimate hole and loosened it allowing my tongue to penetrate and french kiss her asshole. Her sopping wet cunt pressed on my chin and was beckoning for me to enter. I continued

with the sunscreen on her back and then lay atop her. My cock found it's way to the entrance of her vagina and I pushed.

"Oh Daniel, yes." She exclaimed as my cut 7 inches reached as far into her as anyone had gone. I began thrusting slowly but soon reached a steady pace as her ass pushed back into me with each assault. "Harder baby. Fuck Mommy harder." She demanded and I cocked her left leg to allow an almost scissor position. Like this I could kneel whilst holding her hips and jack hammered into her tight wet cunt.

My efforts paid off as Mom yet again began to cum. "Fuck Danny I'm cumming. Oh Jesus you're gonna make me cum. Oh my baby boy." I could feel her pussy contacting and squeezing my thrusting cock as she climaxed again and again. I couldn't hold out any longer as well and mom knew it. She rolled over with me still deep inside her and told me to cum. "I want you to do it inside me honey. Fill Mommy with that beautiful cum."

I needed no further prompting and with a few more thrusts and us looking in each others eyes I began exploding inside my mother's pussy. If have no idea as to the quantity of cum I produced that moment but at least 15 times my cock pulsed with the release of sperm deep inside her. Each time she clasped the walls of her vagina around it, milking me of all my seed.

As we lay together pool-side in our incestuous post-coital embrace, I told her I would never leave her alone again and devoted myself to her happiness. We slept in the sun, cooled off in the pool and fucked the day away.

The future looked bright.

Chapter 2

I awoke naked and alone in my mother's bed to a morning well advanced. The room was warm and sunlit and smelt of sex. My eyes were drawn to a pair of pink and black satin panties discarded on the mattress and upon reaching for them I was alerted to the aches in my muscles from the sex the previous day. Such a satisfying burn. One I hadn't felt in years.

I brought my mother's underwear to my face and inhaled. Barely a scent. She hadn't worn them for long. We'd spent much of the evening playing dress-ups. She had been so keen to try on all the new lingerie and clothing I'd purchased for her and I of course was more than eager to watch.

I'd sat on the bed and complimented her, directed her in poses and chose which items to model next. I had front row tickets to my own personal runway fashion show, with (in my opinion) the world's hottest model right there in my mother's bedroom. When I sheepishly asked if I could masturbate whilst she tried on the items she told me she'd be honored, saying "An erection is the sincerest form of flattery Daniel!"

When finally it came to her wearing a black fishnet body-stockings and I noticed how slick her upper thighs had become with her wetness, I knew she had to release as well. My mother climbed onto the bed and sat down one end facing me, legs akimbo. I took up the same position at the head of the bed and continued stroking my seriously hard cock. In turn, she began massaging her dripping crotch. Rubbing her clitoris in a circular motion with three fingers and clutching her left breast with the other hand, pinching on her nipple.

Her eyes would alternate between staring deep into mine, then fixating on my hand, pumping on my ever-stiff penis. So there we were, mother and

son masturbating in front of each other. Deriving the greatest of pleasure from observing the others most intimate actions. My mother's stocking covered toes dug into the tops of my feet as she expertly, frantically, fingered herself. Her pace quickened and I matched it, almost as if we were racing to see who could cum first.

And then it happened. Something I'd only seen in porn and which I'd always harbored doubts to it's authenticity. My mother squirted. If I'd known it was going to occur I would've been closer to the action. To have her do it on my cock or even on my face, would have been the crowning glory of my life to that point. I'd seen her cum before, hell she'd even done it on my face but this was something else entirely. Jets of fluid splashed from between her fapping fingers and soaked the sheets between us. The moment sent me over the edge and holding my breath to intensify the orgasm I came as well, shooting copious hot cum across my stomach and chest.

This was mere hours ago, we'd showered and fucked and slept glued together all night. Now she was gone and I longed to see and touch her again. I could hear action in the kitchen and rising with aches and pains (was I getting old?) I made my way down the hall, stopping off at my room to collect a pair of satin boxers. When I reached the kitchen and laid eyes on my mother I shouldn't have bothered, I wouldn't be wearing them for long.

She was dressed (if that's what you'd call it) in a tight, red lace teddy and heels. Crotch-less, it was contoured much like a one-piece swimming costume, save for gaping holes revealing my mother's bottom and bald pussy. She spied me admiring her and smiled broadly. "Oh, you're up," then seeing the erection rapidly growing in my shorts. "In more ways than one! I see."

"Fuck. Mom."

"Daniel, language." She then looked down at herself and ran a hand across the material just under her breasts, where her nipples protruded through slits in the cups. "Does it look alright? I don't usually wear heels when I'm making breakfast. I don't look silly do I? I can change."

To silence her needless doubt I went to her and took her in my arms. My cock, now proudly erect, pressed against her stomach as I caressed her back. I kissed her on the cheek then whispered in her ear that I thought she looked amazing and I loved her. We kissed there in the kitchen the way a mother and son so rarely do, yet had become so natural to us.

"I wanted to give you breakfast in bed but I suppose we can do it here." She stated and the words "do it" came loaded with double meaning. I sat down at the table and my mother came over with a plate of toast, spread with a variety of toppings. Instead of taking another chair, she stepped over my lap facing me. I took hold of her waist and lowered her down onto my waiting cock and we were one.

I didn't thrust and she didn't grind. We just sat there as if it was the normal way to sit at a table. "Now, what would you like first baby? What about honey?" She picked up a slice of toast and made to lift it to my awaiting mouth then stopped. "Hmm, maybe you'd like a little sample first." I watched mesmerized as she took her index finger and ran it across the top of the slice, scooping up a large amount of the golden honey. She then leaned slightly back and coated each of her nipples with the sweet substance.

"Oh yes Mom. Honey's just fine by me." I replied. I held her buttocks with both hands and lowered my mouth down onto her nipple, first licking the majority of the stickiness from her then sucking each in turn to remove all

trace. All the while she was squeezing her pelvic floor around my cock, slowly milking me inside her

"Now some strawberry jam? That's your favorite isn't it darling?" Again she coated her nipples and I again devoured all she served up. This time though she began to slowly move her hips back and forth on my lap. At this rate breakfast could have gone on all day (and I would've been happy with that) but Mom had to get to work and I needed to cum. We fucked as we ate and I eventually came inside her just as we finished the plate.

Mom showered as I cleaned up around the house. I was watering the garden when she emerged, dressed in her familiar uniform which I'd become quite attached to. We embraced on the lawn. "I wish I didn't have to go in today," she stated.

"Don't," I replied. "You don't have to work Mom, I've got enough money to support us."

"But I like working honey, it gives me something to do. Which reminds me, there's also something else I have to do." Her expression changed and a noticeably troubled look came upon her face. "Daniel. When I get home, we need to talk."

When you're in a relationship with someone, the four words you least like to hear are surely, "we need to talk." My mind began racing with thoughts as to what she meant. Did she want to call it off between us? Surely not, the way she'd acted this morning. "What is it Mom, just tell me now," I quickly replied, concerned.

"No, I need to think about it, we'll talk later. OK?" She kissed me on the cheek and drove away leaving me in a turmoil of anxiety. I tried to take my mind off it by checking the job offers I'd received in previous days. One did

catch my eye. It was an accountancy firm I'd had a lot of dealings with in the past and was quite well acquainted with the owners. I made a call and next thing I was being offered sweeteners just to be interviewed by them.

Walter Fisk was the Ceo and Amanda and I had met him at many gatherings, both formal and otherwise. He was more than enthusiastic to have me work for him and organized tickets to a basketball game that night as well as a suite and dinner with him in a hotel in town. Depending on what my mother had to "talk to me" about, I was pretty sure she would love to be my date and I accepted his offer to discuss the job over dinner.

When my mother returned home that afternoon I was relaxing on the couch watching television. She asked me to turn it off and she sat down on the coffee table before me. I made to touch her pantyhosed legs and lean in for a kiss but she stopped me. The horrible thought that she was in fact putting an end to us, made me momentarily nauseous. "Daniel don't, we need to talk about something." She looked more concerned than this morning.

"Mom, whatever it is I don't.." She interrupted me.

"Daniel I need to tell you some things about us. About what I've done. I just want to be totally honest with you and have no secrets. I need you to listen and please don't judge."

Now I was really interested and more than a little apprehensive. What could she have been talking about? Why would I judge her? "OK Mom. Go ahead, I'm listening."

"Well it's about when all this started." I knew what she meant by "this", meaning the incest.

"Yeah, it was the changing room!" I threw in quickly.

"No Daniel, before then. Long before then." She replied. Now I was intrigued.

"Do you remember your friend Tommy Piper? You and he had just turned 19 and decided to go camping for a weekend." She didn't wait for me to respond and went on. "I decided I'd clean up your room a little whilst you were away, just change the sheets, do your laundry, that kind of thing. When I lifted your pillow Daniel I found a pair of my panties."

Oh shit, there it was. I felt my face redden. Nearly twenty years later I was feeling the embarrassment like it was yesterday. She went on, "At first I was confused as to how they'd come to be there. Had they been mixed up with the laundry, caught inside your pillow case in the wash or something? But then I noticed they'd been worn. In fact they were the pair I'd been wearing the day previous."

"Mom, I can explain, I," but yet again she cut me off.

"Wait Daniel, let me finish." She paused then continued. "As I held them I realized what they were doing there, what you were doing with them and the thought excited me. Daniel you must think me terrible but I put them back on. I lay on your bed wearing only the panties you'd been using and masturbated. I came in them Daniel, thinking they may have been wrapped around your dick, or pressed to your nose and mouth made me cum like I hadn't in years. I wore them for the rest of the weekend and returned them to beneath your pillow before you got home." She stopped the story and seemed to wait for a response from me.

"I remember that weekend Mom. I'd forgotten to put them back in the wash, I was worried about it the whole time I was away, thinking you may have discovered them. Fuck if I'd known what you were doing." I was beginning to get another erection, "I remember them being damp when I got home but

I put them straight in the laundry thinking I'd dodged a bullet." My mother smiled at this, obviously relieved at getting something off her chest.

"Did you notice what I did for the rest of the week Daniel?" She asked.

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"I left my panties on the top of the laundry pile each day just so you could find them if you wanted. And I know you did Daniel, I noticed they'd go missing and then show up later, further down the pile. But I needed to know if you were lusting after me or just my knickers, so I contrived to find out."

It was like a light went on in my head, illuminating a room full of memories. "Oh shit. The shaving thing!" I blurted out.

It was the weekend after my camping trip. As Mom reminded me, I'd been going through a stage of getting off whilst smelling her panties. I knew it was weird but it just felt so good. Then one day Mom commented on how badly a job I was doing of shaving my face, saying that it was probably something my father would've taught me if he'd been alive and maybe she should show me how. She told me to shower to warm up the skin on my face and then call me into the bathroom when I was ready.

Mom had entered wearing a white cotton, mid thigh peasant dress. I remember she made a point of saying we were dressed alike, as all I had on was a white towel wrapped around my waist. She filled the sink with water and sprayed the shaving foam into the palm of her hand. To make it easier for her, she climbed up on the vanity and had me stand between her parted thighs. If her plan was to turn me on, it worked in spades. As she "taught" me to shave she rested a hand on my chest for balance and would wipe her hands off on the towel at my hips. The way she sat I could see down her dress to her cleavage, when she leaned to the sink to wash off the razor after

each stroke, her legs would further part, causing the dress to ride up higher on her thighs. By the time she'd shaved what little stubble I had on my face, her white panties and the mound beneath were clearly visible. I had a raging hard-on but as I was pressed up against the vanity I could keep it facing downwards and she never knew. When she wiped my face and climbed back down, I managed to hide my cock behind another towel. There was no way I was going to let my own mother notice she had given me an erection. She'd kissed me for some reason and left the bathroom looking sad, which at the time I did question to myself.

"So that was all a test to see if I was attracted to you?" I asked.

"You were so beautiful honey. In a year you'd grown from being my skinny baby boy into a man. You were working out daily and it showed. My god Daniel, when I saw you in that towel in the bathroom, your arms, your chest. Your stomach muscles, you looked chiseled. I couldn't help touching you, I wanted you to see me as a woman and not just your mother. I did everything I could, you must have seen my panties? Surely you looked down my top? But it didn't work. Did it?" As it had then, a sullen expression came over her face.

"Are you kidding Mom? You have no idea. I hid my hard-on from you! How could I let you see I was turned on? I would've died of embarrassment."

"Really Daniel?" Her face seemed to brighten instantly. "You wanted me?"

"So let me get this straight, if I had just revealed my hard-on to you, we would've fucked? We could've been together back then?" The reality of that sliding doors moment hit me like a bolt of lightning. What if we had? I wouldn't have married Amanda and had many happy years. I wouldn't have made the contacts I had through her and been in the financial situation I

enjoyed. Would I have even gone to college. I was young, maybe too naive and inexperienced to decide if the taboo of a sexual relationship with my own mother was the right thing to do. I didn't allow her to answer the question, I knew what her response would have been.

"So that was what you wanted to talk to me about? Why were you so worried?"

"No Daniel," she replied. "That wasn't what I wanted to talk to you about."

How could there be more? I quickly racked my brains to think of another incident but nothing came.

"You must have noticed this Daniel, after the "shaving thing" I stopped the flirting. I realized it was wrong. You even stopped taking my panties. I think other girls helped you get over that. And then along came Amanda." She said her name, not with venom but not with affection either.

"Now this is what I need to tell you Daniel and I hope it doesn't effect us, how you feel about me. It was about a year after you were married. You invited me to stay a week and it was wonderful, the flights, your apartment. You treated me like a queen Daniel and you seemed so happy. I was happy. And then came the night with the hot tub on your balcony.

I thought back and recalled the first time Mom had come to stay with us but nothing seemed strange. I had no idea what she was alluding to and listened with bated breath.

"You and I had been drinking that afternoon but Amanda wasn't, as she had a teleconference at her office later that night. You suggested I borrow one of Amanda's suits as I didn't bring my own and we should all relax in the hot tub. I remember you joking how I looked better in her suit than Amanda, it was the alcohol talking but she didn't take kindly to it. From then on she

was all over you in the tub. She would kiss you passionately then look at me for a reaction. She was constantly rubbing your shoulders and arms and I know what she was doing under the water! It was all done to spite me Daniel. She was showing me that you were hers now, not mine."

Now that I did recall. I remember Amanda was masturbating me in the hot tub with my mother only feet away, it was so erotic and so dangerous. At the time it went through my head that maybe a threesome was on the cards but I dismissed the idea immediately.

"I remember the hot tub Mom but I don't know about the 'spite' part." I interjected.

"You wouldn't notice Daniel. No offense but you are a man! These things men don't seem to read in situations. But it was true. I wanted to show her, to teach her a lesson. Now Daniel please don't hate me, I wasn't thinking rationally. I was drinking too much and maybe that played some part in what I did." Mother stalled here and seemed genuinely concerned about going on.

"Hey, Mom. Whatever it is, It's OK. Just tell me."

"I offered to get us another couple of beers," she went on. "I climbed out of the hot tub and went to the kitchen. As I said Daniel, I knew Amanda was jerking you off right in front of me and I admit I was turned on myself. I wanted you so badly Daniel, I wanted to be the one jerking you off! I wanted your lips on mine, my breasts, my pussy. I grabbed one of the bottles knocked the cap off and pulling aside the bottom of the swimsuit, slid the neck into my vagina."

I sat there speechless, mouth agape, but there was more to come. So much more.

"I was fucking myself in your kitchen Daniel, I would've cum too, had you not called out asking if I'd gotten lost. I came back to the tub and gave you that bottle Daniel and watched as you lifted it to your lips and drank from it. Drank from the same bottle that had been moments before, deep inside my cunt."

I swallowed and struggled to come up with a response to what I felt to be one of the most perversely hot stories I'd ever been told. To think my mother was capable of being so deviant was mind numbing.

"That's not the end of it Daniel." She added. What more could there be? If only I had known back then, if I'd been a little more observant. If I hadn't been so 'male' maybe some of this wouldn't have come as such a surprise.

"I was feeling so smug Daniel. I sat across from you two and sipped my own beer and watched as you tasted my pussy on the bottle and then kiss Amanda with the same lips. I even touched myself in there as well, just to show Amanda, two could play her game. You went to bed quite drunk and later Amanda left for the office. She sprayed herself with perfume before leaving and as I sat there in the lounge room, still highly aroused and quite tipsy myself I wanted to take it further."

"I sprayed myself with her perfume and went to your room. I didn't know what would happen Daniel, I had no real game plan. I just wanted to be with you. To maybe share an innocent cuddle between mother and son. I couldn't fool myself though Daniel. I'd sprayed the perfume for one reason alone, to make you think it was Amanda in bed with you! Your room was so dark, remember, you'd shown me how well the blackout blinds worked. I lay down next to you and snuggled up against your warmth. At the time I thought it was innocent but I put my arm over your prone body and to my surprise I felt your cock. Hard. You were half asleep and mumbled

something about it feeling nice, so I stroked it. It got harder Daniel and I couldn't stop myself. It was like I was outside my own body and someone else directed my actions, but who was I kidding? I wanted you Daniel, I wanted your cock. I began by licking it along the entire length while I massaged your balls. I was delighted at how they felt, discovering you shaved down there. Your cock was so big and hard Daniel and then you touched the back of my head and I allowed your length to slide into my mouth. My lips wrapped tight around the head of your dick and I sucked as hard as I could as I jerked you off into my mouth. And you came Daniel. You came in my mouth and I swallowed it. My sons sperm on my lips, my tongue, in my mouth, in my stomach. It was beautiful, you tasted like heaven. And then I felt the shame."

"I was disgusted with myself. You were sleeping and I'd violated you like a predator. My own son. If you'd woken fully and discovered it was me and not Amanda I was sure you'd have disowned me. I wanted to take it back but knew there was no way so I left. I allowed you to sleep and hoped your subconscious mind would convince you it was Amanda or merely a dream. And so Daniel, since then, more than 9 years I've held the secret and not once did I try anything sexual again...until you came home to me."

I didn't know what to say. My recollection of the night was hazy. I did remember the blowjob, it was particularly amazing and when I thanked Amanda the next day she looked at me like I was crazy. I now know why. My god. My mother had given me the best head of my life and I didn't even know it was her.

"Please Daniel say something. I can't go on thinking you're disgusted by me. I know my actions have to have consequences but I can't bear it affecting our relationship, what we have now." She pleaded and still I

remained quiet. I wanted to soothe her and tell her it would all be OK but her tale had fired so much lust in me I just wanted to do away with niceties and get down to fucking.

"It's true Mother, there will be consequences. You've been extremely bad haven't you?" I didn't wait for a response but did notice a slight glimmer in her eye. "You know what happens to bad girls don't you?" This time I did want a response and she gave me exactly what I sought.

"They get punished?"

"They get punished. Stand up Mother and lift your skirt." She did exactly as I said and with relish, raised her pleated brown skirt up around her waist. She wore pantyhose without any panties underneath, they were pulled up tight and the gusset of the crotch was damp from her pussy. "Well at least I can't accuse you of wearing the incorrect panties today young lady but those pantyhose will have to come down." Again she did as I ordered, pulling them down mid thigh. "Now, over my knee Mother."

If she had been unsure where I was heading with this she wasn't now. She knew she was about to be spanked. To be spanked by her own son. A bare bottom spanking no less. As she climbed upon the couch and lay over my legs I released my rock hard cock from my pants and as she lowered her body onto me fully I slid it between her upper thighs and alongside her dripping pussy. The first spank was hard and on the right buttock. She let out a yelp and I quickly followed it up with another, this time on the left. Her warm buttocks were so smooth under my blows as I slapped each of them over and again. Turning them from a pale white to a rich burgundy she began gyrating her hips slowly, rubbing her pussy up and down on my nestled cock.

My mother reached back and took hold of my left hand, bringing it up to her mouth where she began sucking on my index finger as though it were a cock. I ceased the spanking and bypassing my dick, found her entrance and slid two fingers into her now sopping vagina. She writhed at the intrusion and her tongue slithered around my finger like a python around its prey. Jamming my fingers inside her, my whole hand became slick with her wetness. I pulled my index finger out of her vagina and placed it at her anus, smearing her lubricant over the puckered hole. The penetration came without prevention, her anus opening and greedily eating my finger up to the third knuckle. With the three other fingers I renewed the assault on her pussy, wondering if I'd achieve the result of the water works she had delivered in the bedroom. The answer came directly, as accompanied by my mother's sighs of pleasure and biting down on my finger she flooded my hand with fluid or pee or whatever was squirting on me. I couldn't let her have all the fun, (I was meant to be punishing her) so as she continued to spray me I managed to slide my cock sideways into her and began cumming at once.

My pants, my hand, her pantyhose were drenched. I pulled her up onto my lap and with her head resting on my shoulder I wrapped my arms around her in the most loving of embraces. "My god Mom that was fantastic."

"You're not mad at me for what I did back then? She asked.

"Are you kidding, I love you all the more. I just wish we could've been honest from the beginning. We could've been doing this for like 16 years now!"

"I know baby but maybe it's better like this. You wouldn't have had the life you've known. Maybe it wouldn't have worked back then. I don't care either

way, I'm so happy now darling," she looked me in the eye. "You've made me so happy."

When I told her about the job offer and the plans I had for us that evening she was ecstatic. Her first thought was what to wear and I was excited to see what, from her new wardrobe she would choose. When she entered the kitchen where I waited I was gobsmacked. Black high heels and stockings led their way up to a little black skater dress with spaghetti straps over her shoulders. She wore a deep red lipstick and her eyes were smokey with eye-shadow. Her blonde hair was tied back in a higher than usual pony tail.

"Fuck. You could be on a red carpet Mom, you look stunning."

"Language Daniel but thank you baby, you bought it," she replied.

"But you do it justice."

A car service had been organized to take us to the basketball. Mom had never been before and would probably not likely ever go again but once we were in our seats (which were exceptional) and had a beer each, she seemed to enjoy herself, if only for the spectacle. The home team was well in control and midway through the second quarter during an extended time-out a "kiss cam" began trawling the crowd. What were the chances, I thought. An entire stadium of potential couples and it fell on my mother and I. We were faced with a dilemma, we both knew it. To be outed as a couple to any party that knew of our relationship. The crowd was chanting. Time was running, I looked at her and wanted to kiss her immediately but mouthed the words. "Should we?" The crowd wanted us to, I wanted to and in the end my mom wanted to as well. I leaned in and with a hand on the back of her neck, drew her closer to me. Our lips met and the crowd roared, 10,000 people in unison chanting, hollering and wolf whistling. Our mouths opened and our tongues entwined. I drank in her saliva, I tasted her lipstick,

I felt the skin on her neck and back covered with goose bumps. We kissed like horny teens, this was no mother and son, this was pure animalistic desire and the crowd unknowingly condoned the incest. The camera off us, I asked if she was OK. She just kissed me again.

End of the first half I called the car and we made our way to the hotel. Our room was an executive suite, open plan, the bathroom was separated from the bed and lounge area by a low wall. A separate powder room and toilet was adjacent the front door and a balcony opened up with exceptional views of the city skyline. I opened champagne and we stood out on the balcony in the warm night air.

"This must be costing them a fortune Daniel." She said as I put an arm around her waist.

"It's not costing them anything Mom, if I take the job I'll just write this off as recruitment and deduct it all as a work expense. This is costing the taxpayer a fortune Mother, so drink up and enjoy."

As we made our way up to the restaurant I stopped my mother in the elevator and held the door. "There's a couple of things before we go up Mom. First, is this restaurant has a very strict dress code. Now I didn't make the rules here but I know they have a no panties policy when it comes to women. So unfortunately you're going to have to take off your panties Mom." I was getting an erection as I said it but thankfully the black pants I wore would conceal the crime. Mom opened her mouth in feigned shock and smiling, whilst also keeping a lookout for anyone approaching down the hall, complied with my request. She lifted her dress, revealing her lace top thigh high stockings and pulled down the black satin thong she was wearing and presented it to me. I quickly stuffed it into my pocket saying, "You can have them back later if you desire."

"Now the second thing is the gentleman we're having dinner with bears an uncanny resemblance to an American President but don't mention it to him no matter how hard it might be to contain yourself, OK Mother?"

"OK sir, I'll be on my best behavior." She replied and I kissed her again and rubbed my hand across her bottom as we ascended in the elevator.

Walter Fisk was at the bar and seemed to have been for some time when we arrived.

"Daniel Blake," he called as we approached, "It's been far too long." We shook hands and he turned his attention to my mother. "And who is this lovely lady?"

"This lovely lady is my mother. Madeline Green, Walter Fisk."

"Your mother? No Daniel she's much too young." He took her hand and lifted it to his mouth, kissing the back of it. "Lovely to meet you my dear." Then turning to me, "Daniel if I'd known you were bringing your mother as a date I would've booked two rooms, let me see what I can do."

I told him it wouldn't be necessary, that we'd made arrangements and he thankfully left it at that. When he gestured for us to head to the table and he took care of drinks at the bar, my mother leaned into me and whispered.

"You didn't mention we were having dinner with Richard fucking Nixon!"

"Language Mother." I returned and caressed her bottom again, quite sure I got away with it unseen.

The dinner went well. Walter was his usual charming self. He flirted with my mother from the moment he discovered she was a widow and seemed more interested in the details of her life (growing up in Australia, becoming a flight attendant, not taking my father's name) than in mine, the actual

candidate for the job. When I jibed that his wife may be just as fascinated in my mother, he took it with the good nature it was intended.

"Do you know what a talent your son has with money Madeline?" Walter inquired of my mother.

She looked at me and smiled. "I'm beginning to learn a lot of the talents my son has, since he returned home Walter," she replied. She leaned forward, placing an elbow on the table and rested her head in her hand. With the other she was able to reach out and touch my leg at my hip.

"Yes, Daniel I was sorry to hear about you and Amanda," he offered. "You two seemed such a lovely couple."

"Thank you Walt. It was a joint decision, there's no animosity between us."

"Good, good. Now as I was saying Madeline, has Daniel told you about the Bradley Renoir?"

My mother shook her head in response and looked curious, as she did this she moved her hand around on my thigh and I realized she was trying to enter the pocket of my pants where her panties were secreted. She managed the task as Walter continued on with the story.

"Young fellow in our firm, Miles Bradley. Had his heart set on obtaining a Renoir that was coming up for auction. Now the price was going to be too great for his savings to cover so he decides to use his 401k, his retirement, to pay for it. Auction goes well, he wins. Problem is when he goes to claim the thing he finds out you can use your retirement funds for investments but you can't keep it for personal use." My mother had extracted her panties and managed to unzip my fly and was now using the satin material to stroke my hardening cock beneath the table cloth. All the while maintaining interest and eye contact with Walter.

"He could loan it to a museum or art gallery, he could keep it locked in a bank but he couldn't have it at home. The boy was devastated. What was the point of owning the artwork if he couldn't enjoy it?" My mother had a steady pace going on my cock, the satin wrapped around my shaft worked like a substitute vagina and I was on the verge of cumming. Walter, oblivious to what was happening beneath the table went on with the tale. "So that's when your boy comes into the frame (so to speak). Daniel hears about the case and finds an accommodating optometrist and sends Bradley along to get his eyes tested. Turns out the lad has poor vision, "almost legally blind" the doctor says. Daniel takes this information to the I.R.S and states as Bradley can't see the artwork, he can't be seen to be enjoying the artwork, therefore he should be allowed to keep the piece in his home as desired."

"Oh my, Daniel. The audacity!" She looked at me and continued masturbating. The table cloth disguised the action but if I came I'd have a hard time disguising the evidence. "So did he get to keep the painting?" Mother asked.

"Invited us to the unveiling a week later. Ugly painting, don't know what he sees in it!" Walter responded.

"And what about his eyesight?" Mom asked.

"Played tennis with him last week, he drove me home!" Water laughed and excused himself to go to the bar for another round of drinks.

As soon as his back was turned and with me about to cum, I stopped my mother's manipulation. "Mom, behave. Jeez I can't take you anywhere." She pulled her hand from beneath the cloth and placed her panties on the table before me. I just managed to hide them back in my pocket as Walter returned. Sitting down he slid a piece of paper across the table towards me

with my potential salary written on it. It was more than I'd been making previous and I'd already decided to take the job. "It's a more than generous offer Walter but there's one thing that's stopping me from accepting." I stated.

"Well Daniel just name it, I'm sure we can come to some arrangement," Walter replied

"It's an issue with staff, I'll need to choose my own personal assistant."

"Of course, we have a range of suitable candidates. We only have the best at Fisk and Tavish Daniel, you know that."

"I only have one person in mind Walter and it's Madeline here." I turned to her and she looked completely surprised by the statement.

"Sounds like a wonderful idea Daniel. What do you say Madeline? Willing to come and join the team, you'd be taking orders from your son of course. You wouldn't have a problem with that would you?"

With both of our eyes on her, my mother looked excited and flushed and radiated beauty. She was staggered by the offer and accepted with glee. "Oh I don't mind at all Walter, I'm sure he'll keep me in line!" She laughed.

"Then I think we have a deal Walter." I exclaimed and we shook on it. My mother hugged and kissed us both and I wasn't sure who was happier about it, him or I.

Back in the suite my mother and I finished off the evening with more champagne in the warm air, out on the balcony. She had removed her dress and more than a little tipsy, was wearing nothing but her heels and stay-up stockings and wouldn't have looked out of place in Playboy. "All this Daniel," she made a sweeping motion with her hand. "The hotel, my new

job. Dinner with an ex-president of the United States. My God Daniel, who are you?"

"I'm your son Mother!" My phone rang from inside the apartment and I went to investigate. It was Amanda, there were three missed calls from her. I answered, walking out to rejoin my mother and put an arm around her to caress her bare bottom.

"Amanda, hello." I slid a finger along the crack of my mother's ass.

"Where have you been? I've been calling all night!" Her voice sounded bitter.

"Sorry I've been in a meeting, what's up?" I asked.

"Well. I had friends around tonight Daniel. We got together to watch the basketball!" I felt my stomach sink. "We saw you Daniel! I saw you and your mother, I saw what you did! I'm coming there tomorrow. We need to talk."

End of chapter 2

Chapter 3

A thunderstorm was coming. Rolling in from the sea and illuminated by the city lights, the clouds looked heavy and menacing. Yet they were all bluster, there would be no rain, no damage. The real hurricane was named Amanda and she was approaching from the west. If she took the company's jet she'd be here in the morning. More likely it would be commercial, business class and early afternoon when she darkened our door.

I sat with my head rested against my mother's bare stomach as she stood between my spread legs out on the balcony. She casually stroked the back of my head and I in turn caressed the backs of her stockinged legs. It was all she wore. Her smooth pubic mound merely inches below my jaw, I looked up through her cleavage at her caring, reassuring face now smiling down at me.

"How can you be so unfazed?" I asked, "She could ruin everything."

"She can't ruin us, she won't change the way I feel about you Daniel," she replied, still stroking my hair.

"I know, nor me but my job, your job. We.." She cut me off mid sentence.

"From what I've learned about you tonight honey, you can get another job," she interjected. "It won't come to that though, I'm sure it'll all work out."

From such small actions, such large consequences can occur. One kiss at a basketball game and what had seemed to be the perfect evening had turned into potential disaster, how could my mother be so nonchalant?

Mother broke the hold between us and walked to the rail of the balcony. Looking out at the electricity laden clouds she continued, "And I won't let

this night be ruined by anyone Daniel."

She grasped the rail with one hand and leaned her body forward, presenting her bottom to me. With the other hand she reached behind and spread her right cheek, providing an unrestricted view of her anus and glistening vagina. "Now come and show your mother how much you love her baby!"

It wasn't an invitation, it was a demand and I needed no further prompting. I crawled to her behind and took over the spreading of her bum cheeks, allowing her to clasp the rail with both hands. Her feet spread shoulder width, I had easy access to her sex and began by kissing then sucking the hood over her clitoris. My tongue found her jewel and began it's rhythmic stimulus, my nose pressed firmly between the folds of her labia.

"My ass Daniel. Lick mommy's ass!" She implored and I responded, slurping my way up to her tight little sphincter and poking my tongue inside. "Mmm, you like that don't you baby? You love licking mommy's bumhole!" I didn't reply but instead responded by pressing my index finger to her opening and slid it deep, replacing my tongue which went back to feeding from her pussy.

My finger deep inside her ass and my face in her cunt I pulled my throbbing cock from the fly of my pants and began jerking off. She must have been watching me from above as she almost shouted down at me, "Oh yes Danny wank your dick. Wank for Mommy, baby."

This couldn't go on. I was so horny I felt with a few more strokes I'd cum and waste my sperm all over the floor of the balcony. Mom must have sensed it and calmly spoke down to me, "Put it in my ass son!"

I'd heard correctly. My mother was asking me to fuck her in the ass. I don't know about you, but I do what my mother tells me. I stood to attention and

holding my penis, slid its head and engorged length through the outer folds of my mom's wet pussy for lubricant. When the tip of my cock made contact with her anus I watched as she puckered it out as though it were a mouth, blowing a kiss to my manhood. Ever so slowly I entered my mother's asshole and she accepted her son's dick with a sigh, followed by a moan of pleasure.

I was unsure whether my mom had experienced anal before that moment but if she hadn't, she handled it like a pro. I pushed fully into her, only stopped by the contact of our bodies, then just as slowly pulled out. Her sphincter gripped my cock tightly as I swayed my hips back and forth against her supple buttocks.

Mom was holding onto the rail with one hand now, the other grasping at her breast and pinching on a nipple. Lightning lit up the city, closely followed by the crack of thunder. I stood her up to vertical and turned her face to me to enable us to kiss. Her tongue stuck out, I sucked on it as I masturbated her clit from the front.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum," I breathed into her ear and she squeezed her asshole around my cock as I flooded her rectum with shot after shot of jism.

I didn't want to pull out, so as gracefully as possible I lifted her and stepped the few feet back to the outdoor setting and reclined in an armchair, her on my lap, my softening cock inside her ass. Another lightning flash and boom thundered the sky. "See, that was beautiful Daniel and now you've provided fireworks. I told you nothing could ruin this night! More champagne baby?"

We took a taxi home the next morning. I checked my e-mails and call register and no one else had seemed to have seen the "basketball incident." We were both a little hungover and I was still fretting over the looming arrival of Amanda. Why my mother was still so dismissive of her relevance

I couldn't figure but when she suggested we go for a jog together to relieve some stress and recover from the alcohol, I agreed. And why wouldn't I when I saw what she'd be wearing?

I'd forgotten many of the clothing items we'd ordered together online, yet the active wear I'd especially been hanging out to see. It was worth the wait. Her grey mid-calf tights clung to her bottom like a second skin and from the front gave her the most perfect of cameltoes. My mind harked back to the swimwear store and the young salesgirl. In comparison my mother would win hands down and as opposed to then, on this occasion I knew my mother wasn't wearing panties underneath. She wore a black sports bra and a light pink crop top, her hair in a pony tail, she could've been a fitness model.

Mom regularly exercised and was able to match the pace I set her. Mid-run we slowed to a walk to hold hands, talk and occasionally kiss, as other joggers and couples passed us. "Do you feel any better baby?" She asked as we neared a cafe and public toilet block. I placed an arm around her waist and drew her in alongside me as we strolled.

"A little Mom, but to be honest. Walking along with you, dressed like that. I just feel horny!"

"Oh Daniel, do you really think I look pretty?" She asked. Was she fishing for compliments?

"Are you kidding Mom? Look around, you're hotter than all of these girls," I praised.

"And you're horny?" She asked. Where was she going with this? I didn't have long to wait for an answer. Taking my hand again, she led me towards the women's toilets.

At the door she let go of my hand and walked in alone. After only seconds she returned, took my hand again and led me inside and into the closest cubicle. The door closed she pushed me back against it and went down to her knees pulling my shorts down with her. My hardening cock now in view, she wrapped her hand around it, lifted and began sucking my heavy testicles.

Footsteps entered the toilets and my mother looked up at me and placed her index finger to her lips in a hushing gesture. She then took my cock in her mouth and worked her magic up and down my shaft. Female voices exchanged laughs and then someone entered the cubicle adjacent to us and the door closed. I heard a toilet seat being lifted and then momentarily the hiss of her pissing into the toilet bowl all the while talking to her friend. I held the back of my mother's bobbing head as toilet paper was ripped from the holder and then a flush. The next women entered and the scene played out again.

The situation seemed ridiculous. I didn't recall ever even being in a women's toilet before and here I was, not only listening to the sound of these women urinating but also being given head by my own mother. The moment was too much and with the second flushing of the toilet I pumped my mother's mouth full of cum. I lifted her to her feet and kissed her mouth, tasting a mixture of my remaining unswallowed cum and her saliva.

"Now surely you're feeling better baby?" She asked.

"I am Mom. Much better thank you," I replied.

We'd showered and I suggested what I'd like to see Mom wear. White pantyhose without panties, a short denim skirt with white top and bra. Late afternoon I'd opened a bottle of white wine for my mother and I was sipping on a scotch. The black Mercedes pulled into the driveway behind my Range

Rover and I watched at the window as Amanda eased her way out of the back seat. She mentioned something to the driver and he began backing out as she turned and approached our front door. I felt like a kid in school who's just been caught cheating on a test. Sitting outside the principals office, awaiting the punishment.

Mom and I both answered the doorbell when it rang.

"Ah, the happy couple!" Amanda stated and not waiting to be asked, entered the hall and made her way to the lounge. Mom looked at me, shrugged and we followed her into the house. Amanda was dressed in a tight, grey, high waisted pencil skirt with black stockings and heels. She wore a black leather cropped jacket which she removed to reveal a light blue silk cami, her blonde hair had been cut short since I'd last seen her and to sum up, she looked incredible. Divorce seemed to have treated her well.

Amanda took up her position, cross-legged on the couch and my mother joined her at the other end, leaving a respectable distance between them. To break the few moments of uncomfortable silence, I suggested drinks and scurried off to the kitchen.

As I returned, my mother and Amanda immediately ceased talking in a hushed tone and I wondered at the discussion that may have been taking place.

"Did I interrupt something?" I asked, handing Amanda her regular gin and tonic and my mother a wine.

"Small talk Daniel," Amanda replied. "It's what grown-ups do!"

Here we go I thought, let the fireworks begin. I took a swig of my scotch for courage and seated myself on a facing sofa.

"I say 'grown-ups' Daniel because it seems you've not been acting very maturely of late have you?" Amanda sniped. "My god Daniel, from what I, we, saw on the television you behaved like a horny teenager. Did you really think you'd get away with that? Were you even thinking?"

I sat there unspeaking as she continued to berate me, I say 'me' as well, as she was yet to focus any of her assault on my mother.

"My god, the embarrassment you've caused me. Oh and I've heard of this new job of yours. Imagine the reaction from your future workmates if it was to emerge you're in an incestuous relationship with your own mother!" How she had learned so quickly of my new job, I didn't know but I let it pass.

"We're not doing any harm." I feebly attempted to argue.

"No harm? What about to my reputation? That I was married to a dirty little 'motherfucking' panty sniffer!"

Panty sniffer? What the fuck had she meant by that? I looked at my mother who seemed to stifle a smile as I met her gaze. What was with that?

"You're going to have to do a serious amount of ass kissing to get out of this Daniel." Amanda continued. With the last comment her tone had softened.

"What do you mean 'ass kissing?' Who's ass, yours?" I asked, somewhat confused as to how the conversation was progressing.

"Well yes, mine," she turned to my mother. "Madeline's."

"What, Mom's? What is this, what are you talking about Amanda?" I asked, now totally lost.

Amanda turned to my mother and asked, "Do you think he's had enough?"

My mom smiled back at her and then looked at me with an incredibly cheeky expression, "I think so," she replied. "Have you had enough baby?"

I had no idea what was going on, one minute I was being browbeaten by my ex-wife, the next seeming to be made sport of by two sexy women. "What the fuck is going on?" I asked the room.

"Daniel, language." Both women responded in unison.

"Oh Daniel, I'm sorry," Amanda continued. "The truth is I don't care what you do with Madeline. I'm happy for you both. Just because we're not married doesn't mean I don't love you and want the best for you."

I was flabbergasted. I looked to my mother who had made her way across the couch and now sat next to Amanda. "You were in on this?" I asked her.

"Daniel, what I confessed to you the other day, I confessed to Amanda years ago. The night in the hot tub and what happened after. I had to, I couldn't live with myself. She knew there was something going on," my mother reasoned.

Amanda chimed in, "You can blame me Daniel. After Madeline told me what she'd done, I forgave her but made her promise to never speak of it again. Who was I to judge the feelings of a mother for her son? I certainly wasn't happy about it but I can understand how she must have felt towards you."

"Mom told you everything?" It was starting to come clear just what was afoot here, "So that's why you called me a panty sniffer?!"

Amanda laughed at this and placed a hand on my mother's pantyhosed leg. "She's told me everything Daniel. Although I don't know about what's been happening lately." She looked at my mother, "Has he been treating you well Madeline."

"Well actually, now that you mention it, he does spank me!" She replied.

"Oh Daniel, you don't!" Amanda looked at me and casually stroked my mother's thigh. "You spank your own mother?"

"He does," my mother went on. "He does other things too!"

It was dawning on me what was happening. Them sitting so close together, Amanda caressing my mother's thigh. Mom beginning to talk about our sex life. I didn't know whether they had organized this somehow or it was a spontaneous situation but something was about to happen. Something I'd imagined nearly ten years before, something wonderful.

"He does things to my bottom!" My mother stated.

"Oh my, sweetie," Amanda responded, putting a comforting arm around my mother and continuing to run her hand up and down her thigh, inching higher with each stroke. "What does he do?" Amanda looked at me as my mother continued.

"He kisses it and puts his thing in it! He takes my panties too, and chastises me if I'm wearing the wrong ones." Mom seemed to be relishing the chance to tell Amanda the things we'd done and I couldn't deny any of it, it was all true. Their faces had edged closer and Amanda's hand had finally made it's way beneath my mother's skirt.

"He makes me masturbate in front of him!" My mother exclaimed. And that was it. Their lips came together and immediately tongues were thrust into the others mouth. My mother was making out with another women directly in front of me, as I just sat there mouth agape.

My mother's denim skirt rode up around her hips and Amanda's right hand dug it's way inside her pantyhose to molest her pussy. Mom groped at Amanda's breasts and was soon fumbling to remove her silk cami from over her head, to reveal her black lace bra. I decided it was time to loose my rock

hard cock from my pants, pulling them down mid thigh and began stroking to the lesbianism playing out before me.

Mom's top was next to come off followed by her skirt, leaving her dressed only in a white bra and pantyhose, no panties. Amanda saw this as her moment and unzipped her skirt, removing it as well. The two women were dressed as opposites. Mom all in white, Amanda in black pantyhose with matching bra and thong. Looking at them now they could've been mother and daughter, or more likely sisters. I suddenly realized that maybe why I'd been attracted to Amanda in the first place was due to her resemblance to my mother. Mom was next to move, pushing Amanda backward upon the couch and laying atop her, kissing passionately, their breasts pressing against each other and crotches joined at the pussy. If I had been forgotten, I didn't mind. I would've been happy just jerking off in the corner but finally Amanda looked across to me then back to my mom, "Maybe we should take this to the bedroom."

I took off all my clothes and with Amanda holding my cock whilst I kissed my mother we made our way to mom's room. The two women climbed upon the bed and positioned themselves side by side at the bedhead, their backs to me. "Time for that ass kissing I was talking about Daniel," Amanda ordered and I moved behind her and began by kissing each of her buttocks through her pantyhose, whilst caressing my mother's ass. Looking at my mother Amanda added, "He's quite good at it isn't he?"

"Oh, it gets better!" Mom replied and I pulled down each of their pantyhose at the same time. Spreading Amanda's bum cheeks I nuzzled my nose and mouth into her anus and began my lapping, whilst fingering my mother's pussy and asshole concurrently. I momentarily looked up to see them kissing each other and I don't think I'd ever felt so horny in my life.

I wanted a part of it. I turned them both around and joined in a three-way kiss, sharing the taste of my ex-wife's anus with the two of them. With their pantyhose down mid-thigh I fingered both of their pussies whilst each had a hand around my penis.

Mom was the first to get fucked. I'd got her naked and was fucking her missionary style whilst Amanda sat on her face, grinding her cunt into my mother's nose and mouth. I didn't want to cum so soon so I changed positions and ended up fucking Amanda from behind while she ate out my mother. It was probably the best position for viewing. I spread Amanda's ass cheeks and watched my cock slide in and out of her slick pussy, probing her tight asshole above it with my index finger. Then I could look up at my mother laying on her back, legs spread wide, massaging her breasts as Amanda slurped on her clit.

I slid two fingers into Amanda's ass and could feel my cock through the interior wall of her rectum. I could see Amanda was now finger fucking my mother as well as sucking her clitoris and the look on my mother's face told me what was about to happen. When the squirting began Amanda pulled her head back with a surprised shriek and began flicking her fingers across my mother's clit to prolong the orgasm, splashing her fluid across her thighs and the sheets. I wouldn't hold out much longer either, so I pulled out of Amanda, pushed her down next to my mother and moved over them, placing my cock between their faces.

I wanted Amanda to cum as well and began fingering her pussy as they both licked and sucked on my cock. Curling my fingers inside her she began her orgasm and I used this as the impetus to cum as well. I took hold of my cock and with my mom and Amanda kissing below me, I began shooting my load over their faces. Jets splattered across their chins, noses, cheeks,

they opened their mouths and I delivered cum onto their awaiting tongues, which they in turn shared, kissing with my cock between them.

We lay entangled together in bed and my mother and Amanda confessed they'd spoken a number of times over the years and even in the last week without my knowledge. I didn't feel betrayed. Both these women loved me and I in turn loved them. Amanda and I knew we wouldn't get back together and she was content now that Mom and I were a couple.

Amanda called for her car the next morning and she left us with her blessing and a directive to visit if we were ever in her city. As she departed she shouted from the rear window, "Oh and invite me to the wedding!" And with that she was gone.

Holding my mother from behind at the open front door I kissed her on the ear, "Well that's something to think about," I stated.

"What? Marriage? Oh Daniel we couldn't, could we?" She laughed. As she did so the next door neighbors car, with four occupants pulled out of their drive and as they departed a woman in the passenger seat waved to my mother, who waved back.

"Friends of yours?" I asked her.

"Just neighbors. Nice family, they have twins, a boy and a girl."

Mom turned around to face me and wrapped her arms around my neck. I clasped my hands together above her buttocks and we kissed. "You know Monday you'll have to give notice to your work that you're leaving. Looking forward to that Mom?"

"You know, I am Daniel. I'm also looking forward to starting my new role under you." She pressed her groin through her satin robe against me as she said it.

"Mmm, so am I Mommy," kissing her jawline. "So am I." My cock was hardening again, how did I even have any more cum to give?

"You know I might need to get some new work clothes for the office baby, do you think you could help me out with that?" She asked.

I opened the front of her robe and released my cock from my pants, pressing it between her thighs. Slamming the front door behind us I replied, "Oh I'm sure I can help you out with that!"

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'll 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.

* * * * *

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?

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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 stifflingly 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?"

Creating Content

"What do you mean, you've got subscribers?" I asked Mom as she placed the coffee cup before me at her kitchen bench.

She laughed and it was nice to see her happy this close to her divorce.

"Just what I said," she giggled. "On the internet thingy, the youtubes."

I shook my head dramatically.

"What are you even talking about? When do you get on the internet?"

I considered my mother a luddite when it came to technology. Attempts over the years to have her enter the twenty first century had succinctly failed in every respect. To hear she was online and had 'subscribers' of all things was a bolt from the blue.

"Marjorie from the book club helped me," she smiled, sipping her own coffee. I knew the woman vaguely. Older than my mother's fifty five years, the situation was becoming more absurd the more I learnt.

"So how did this all come about?" I asked, actually interested and somewhat bemused.

"Well it was after the ice bucket thing we all did," Mom began. "All the girls were putting their videos on their public media websites..."

"Social media," I corrected her.

"Uh huh, and because I didn't have one Marjorie offered to set it up for me."

"Wait, what ice bucket thing?" I quizzed, now more confused. Sure I hadn't visited Mom in over two weeks but all of a sudden it felt like I knew nothing about her.

Mom threw back her head and again laughed.

"Oh goodness, I haven't seen you lately have I!?" She remarked as if reading my mind. "We all did the ice bucket challenge, the girls in the book club. It's for charity. You have a bucket of icy water poured over y..."

"Yeah I know what it is," I again interrupted. "I want to know how it is you've all of a sudden embraced technology."

"Well again, it was Marjorie," she explained, placing down her mug and heading across the room to her handbag. What happened next was nothing short of astounding as Mom pulled out a new iPad and brought it across to me.

"What's the deal with the iPad?" I asked, bewildered.

"Well, again it was.."

"Marjorie?" I chuckled.

Mom slapped me playfully on the arm as she came to a stop beside me.

"Yes, Marjorie helped me buy it. She said it was the most user friendly..."

The blank look on her face told me that 'user friendliness' didn't extend to helping my mother turn the thing on and I casually slipped it from her grasp and started up the tablet.

"And you've got a YouTube channel!?" I mused as I handed it back to her to fumble with.

"Mmh huh," she affirmed as she placed the screen back down before me and played the video.

The volume was down so I was unable to hear the first few words to come out of my mother's mouth as she laughed and smiled at the camera.

Standing on the lawn of a nondescript back yard, my mother was dressed in grey $\frac{3}{4}$ leggings and a printed white t-shirt, the lettering of which I had trouble reading.

"Where was this?" I asked as she crept behind me to look over my shoulder for a better view whilst I raised the volume.

My mother about to answer, I once again butted in.

"Marjorie's!"

Mom mimicked strangling me, suggesting my assumption had been correct and as the video progressed, dropped her hands from my neck to rest upon my shoulders.

Finished addressing the camera, a younger woman entered the frame holding a sizeable bucket and without ado, raised it above my mother's head and tipped.

Apart from the sound of the icy water splashing the ground and my mother's gasping, cheering and laughter could be heard from behind the camera, but it wasn't what caught my attention. The white t-shirt had raised my eyebrows when I first saw it and now the water had had its effect upon it, I was justified in my concern. Completely transparent, it had turned. What looked to be a flesh colored bra underneath did nothing to obscure my mother's sizeable breasts, leaving her in a state that seemed nothing short of topless.

Mom laughed from behind, clutching my shoulders harder.

"Oh goodness, you have no idea how cold it was!" She explained but as the camera zoomed slowly in on her, the erect state of her nipples went some way to conveying.

It was uncomfortable. I was looking at my mother's breasts. She hadn't so much as worn a bikini in my presence for twenty years that I could recall and now here she was revealing herself in what was nothing less than a wet t-shirt contest.

"Look at my face when the water hits me," Mom enthused as she leaned over my shoulder and scrolled the video back a minute.

Suddenly her presence behind me wasn't so unobtrusive as her cheek brushed against mine and I felt the softness of what could only have been her boobs pressing my back. Innocently of course, but the fact I was looking at her breasts whilst also feeling them made it seem all the more intimate.

Again I watched the water turn her shirt transparent and I felt I had to say something.

"So what made you go for a white t-shirt?" I asked, seeking an answer as to why my reserved mother would choose an item of clothing she must surely have known would become see-through.

"Oh that's just our book club t-shirt," she dismissed, again laughing at her response to the water being dumped on her.

I forced myself to look closer at her chest and could now make out the words, 'readers do it with the lights on' plastered across her tits.

Again the video came to a close, pausing on an image of Mom, her hair wet and plastered to her head, the front of her leggings saturated as if she'd peed herself and her breasts clearly visible. I'd never, ever, seen her in this light. It was almost as if I looked upon a different woman altogether.

I didn't quite know what to say and thankfully it was Mom who broke the sudden silence as she took away the iPad and moved to the other side of the

bench with her coffee.

"Oh wow, I've got another five hundred subscribers!"

"What?"

To prove it she turned the screen to display the evidence and my jaw dropped. Two and a half thousand people had subscribed to her channel, the video displaying more than fifty thousand views.

"People must think I'm funny!" Mom deduced.

I didn't know how to put it to her. That it probably wasn't her humour that the video was becoming so popular.

"You don't think there's another reason they're subscribing Mom?" I hinted and her furrowed brow told me she had no idea.

I gestured down at the screen.

"Maybe what you're wearing, I don't know, your um..." I made a sweeping gesture aimed at her torso and her eyes followed to her breasts, currently hidden behind a red wrap dress that was all of a sudden a little too figure hugging.

"Oh no! Don't be silly," she opposed but looked again at the screen, possibly paying a little more attention to her attire. "No," she repeated but I noticed her blush ever so slightly around the neck. "I mean it's not as if it's on one of those adult stations."

I figured she meant websites but finishing my coffee didn't hang around to correct her.

"Whatever you say Mom," I added, rinsing my cup in the sink and moving back beside her. "I've gotta get going." I gave her my usual peck on the cheek and her hand touched mine as she lifted her eyes from the paused

shot at the end of the video. There was something behind them; deep in thought she smiled a goodbye to me and I departed, leaving her to dwell upon my revelation.

*

I lay in bed looking at the crack of moonlight around the blinds. How long I'd been attempting to fall asleep was unknown but what was known was it wasn't working. I reached for my phone to look at the time and wasn't surprised by the late hour. The YouTube app drew my eye and absently I opened it up and without putting much thought into it searched under a few key words.

Mom's video wasn't hard to find.

It felt wrong from the moment it happened. With the anticipation of what was to come, I studied her clothing, noting aspects I hadn't caught earlier. A pronounced pubic mound. "Jesus," I whispered to my empty apartment as my eyes focused on the crevice at the top of her thighs, a cameltoe I'd probably ogle at if seen in the street on any other woman. As I said, when my cock began swelling, it felt wrong. When the water splashed down upon her and I took my erection in hand, guilt was my dominant emotion. And as I paused the video on her clearly visible breasts whilst I came upon my stomach, the pleasure of my orgasm was replaced with an almost disgust at my actions.

As was usual, sleep then came pretty easily and as I drifted off, my last thoughts were of kissing my mother's cheek, her hand upon my own.

*

"They want more videos!" My mother ecstatically chimed down the phone line.

"Who does?" I asked, leaning back in the office chair of my cubicle.

"The subscribers," she elaborated. "They're having conversations in the comment section as to what I should do next."

"What do you mean do next?"

"Challenges and...other stuff!"

"Slow down, challenges? What are you talking about?"

It had been over a week since seeing Mom and apart from my middle of the night weakness, I hadn't put much thought into her. As she spoke however I opened YouTube on my work pc and found her channel. Two videos now. Ten thousand subscribers. In my ear she began describing how Marjorie (again) had convinced her to upload another video; suggested she just record herself doing something around the house, cooking or cleaning. I opened the video titled 'Ironing' as Mom detailed what she had recorded, in effect giving me a directors commentary of her movie.

The ironing board set up in the living room; the camera placed such that it showed more of her than her task, I watched as the normal act of Mom doing the ironing was turned into a voyeuristic exercise. Knowing well the layout, the camera was sitting on one of the couches and looking up at my mother from behind. Wearing a dress I was also familiar with, each time she would procure a new item from the basket the viewer was given an unobscured up-skirt peek of her underwear.

"...I mean what else do I know better than housework?" Mom continued as I tried to come to terms with what I was watching. Scrolling through the unedited video, Mom awkwardly picked up the camera revealing a close-up of her cleavage before placing it down on the ironing board itself and to my shock began folding a small stack of her panties.

"Maybe not suitable for work?" A voice from behind startled me and I spun to see my supervisor frowning with arms folded.

I cradled the phone in my neck and covered the mic with my hand.

"Oh no it's not like that Sondra," I explained. "It's my Mom!"

Her look told me it wasn't only the underwear folding she'd noticed and moved along with a skeptical expression.

"...what? Who are you talking to?" My mother asked as I raised the phone to my ear."

"No one, look I'm at work I can't really talk right now," I explained, closing down the video.

"Well will you come by tonight and help?"

"Help? With what?"

"My next video, weren't you listening?" Mom asked.

Her next video? This was all becoming too strange. I assured her I'd drop by on the way home and sounding more than ecstatic she promised to make me dinner as thanks.

*

Mom hugged my arm as she led me down the hallway. The house was warm and smelled of a roast and as we reached the kitchen I saw the iPad open on the bench.

"I've got it set up for you to watch," she enthused as she approached a bottle of red wine opened beside the stovetop.

"Actually I've already seen it," I dampened her spirit somewhat. "Watched it at work."

"Oh," she turned as she poured the second glass, blushing slightly. "What did you think?"

I paused as I took the glass from her, nodding my thanks.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

It was then she really did blush.

"Oh I know it's a bit risqué," she began. "I didn't intend for it to be on that angle really," she explained and I was glad she at least acknowledged the suggestiveness this time. "I used the iPad camera and it was the only place I could set it up."

"And what about folding your..." I struggled to say her underwear and Mom came to my rescue.

"My panties!" She proudly stated and a mischievous smile came to her lips. "Well that I'll admit was for titillation."

It was now I who blushed. My mother talking about titillation, her panties. She noticed my discomfort and seemed to dine out on it.

"What, you didn't think I read the comments on the first video after you pointed it out to me?" She explained. "To be honest Honey, it was a bit of a turn on."

"Oh no!" I replied, placing down my glass.

"What?" She laughed. "It's fun doing something naughty and it's been a long time since someone has admired my body.."

I raised my hands to my ears as she spoke.

"La la la la la la la..not listening, I can't hear anything you're saying so you can stop talking," I immaturely sang as she detailed her feelings and

laughing she conceded and approached.

Taking my hands from my ears she smiled pityingly at me.

"Alright I'll stop," she offered. "As long as you promise to help me with my next video."

"If I do will you let me eat whatever it is I'm smelling right now?" I asked and laughing she held my cheeks and leaned in to kiss me innocently on the tip of my nose.

*

Over dinner we discussed among other things Dad's video camera he'd left behind after the divorce. Mom had attempted to use it but couldn't figure out how to get the footage from the camera 'into her iPad,' to use her words. I knew the basics and assured her I could edit anything she wanted to upload as well. Quality control I called it, but a part of me just wanted to be first to see anything she filmed herself.

As always, Marjorie was the catalyst for Mom's new found obsession. It turned out she herself was uploading videos and Mom made a note to show me her channel when we got around to it. Tonight however she was more interested in her latest plan.

*

"Are you sure that's enough?" I sarcastically asked as Mom dumped another bag of ice into the bathtub.

"Oh do you think we should get more?" She turned as I stopped filming momentarily.

"No! I was joking," I explained as I looked at the surface of the water, completely covered with ice cubes. "Do you really want to go through with

this?"

"Well it was one of the other challenges I could do easily on my own," Mom elaborated. "Now, are you filming?"

I shook my head but raised the camera to show I was to start, pointing my finger at her that the camera was rolling. She went through a short (obviously rehearsed) explanation as to what she was doing and before I knew it, undid and dropped her heavy dressing gown.

I wasn't privy as to what she would be wearing, assuming a swimsuit of some description. What I encountered however, took me by surprise. A bone, almost flesh colored bodysuit clung to her torso. I say clung as it was obviously a size too small, her breasts bulging out from around the bust, stray pubes poking out the sides where it cupped her vagina and cutting tight across her buttocks when she stepped into the bathtub, accompanied by her startled squeal.

Her body lowered into the water, disappearing under the layer of ice as I began the count of thirty seconds in my head. Mom visibly shocked by the cold, unable to speak, dropped her head below the surface to complete the challenge before I called time for her to exit.

I didn't want to take my eyes from her. As if naked, my mother rose up out of the water. Evidence she was actually clothed being only the thin seams of the bodysuit, the material doing nothing to obscure her body. The breasts I'd already observed in the wet t-shirt video, her nipples now more pronounced and erect in person, her areola a dark pink, almost brown. My eyes drifted down. Her pubic hair a thick dark thatch, panty-line waxed or shaved, it formed a perfect triangle at the top of her thighs and being my mother or not, I thought the sight beautiful.

Shaking as much as her, I reached for the towel and reluctantly handed it to her as she once again addressed the camera declaring her completion of the ice bath challenge and quite professionally I thought, asking for likes and subscribers. As planned I knelt down and zoomed in on her legs to show the goosebumps that had been raised, rising up her thigh to pan up and over her groin, a closeup of her pubic hair which I assumed I'd need to edit out, and up to her chest. The idea was to show her shivering and the goosebumps on her arm but I made sure to include as much nipple in the shot as possible.

With a final goodbye, Mom blew a kiss to the camera and I turned off the recording. Immediately, with only the towel wrapped around her shoulders, Mom hurried to my side.

"Let me see," she enthused. "How did it turn out?"

Angling the screen in her direction I played the video as Mom clutched my forearm, her body so close to mine.

"Well thankfully you don't need to do another take," I jokingly responded.

"Never again," she laughed rubbing my arm. "Mmm you're so warm," she added through chattering teeth.

I took it as an opportunity. My conscious mind said I was doing it out of goodwill, my subconscious however knew exactly why I swapped hands with the camera and wrapped an arm around my mother.

She took advantage of my compassion and pressed her body gently into my side.

"Ooh, I don't want to get you wet," she acknowledged as I softly pulled her further into me, her breast pressing my ribcage and surely it was the bulge of her pubic bone against my hip.

"Don't worry about it," I assured her as on the screen she stepped into the bath and disappeared below the surface.

Still shivering, Mom raised a hand to her mouth as she watched herself exiting the bath.

"Oh my God, you can see everything!"

I couldn't help but chuckle.

"What you didn't notice?"

"No!" She replied seemingly genuinely shocked. "I mean I didn't think it would come up in the camera."

After her wet t-shirt experience I had my doubts as to her sincerity.

"Why didn't you wear a swimsuit anyway?" I asked.

"I haven't bought a new one in more than ten years, when would I go swimming?"

I felt uncomfortable as I watched the pan across her pubic hair and Mom had gone silent. Did her pelvis push slightly harder against my side? I wasn't sure. What I was sure of however was the erection developing in my pants. Her breathing was pushing her breasts against my torso such that I could actually feel her cold hard nipple, synchronised with the nipple appearing on the screen.

The video ended and she was silent a moment.

"Obviously I'll have to edit some of it out," I explained, defending myself against her possible negative reaction to the pubic zoom.

"What? No," she exclaimed. "It's perfect as is. I love it." She unexpectedly lifted her arm up, turning her body to face me and took me in an embrace.

"Can we upload it right now?"

Her action caused the towel that was wrapped around her shoulders to drop from her body and in the mirror I was treated with my first view of her see-through bodysuit from behind. Unprepared for the hug I was unable to prevent her body pressing against my groin, my unmistakable erection grinding hard into her belly.

Dragging my eyes from her buttocks, I looked into hers as we surely both felt my cock twitch. To her credit, faced with such an uncomfortable moment she allowed only the slightest flicker of acknowledgement to come across her face. I however wasn't so reserved, feeling the blood rushing to my cheeks.

"I don't think we can," I stammered. "Upload it I mean."

"Why?" She asked, a furrow appearing on her brow, her body remaining hard against my...hardness.

"I think they have certain conformity standards, they won't allow..." I let my eyes drop from hers down between us. "...Nudity."

At this Mom seemed astounded. Stepping back from me.

"But I'm not nude," she looked down at herself, pinching at the wet bodysuit and snapping it back against her skin.

"Some people might take offence I guess," I offered, thankful attention was being drawn away from my hard-on.

She reached down for her dressing gown and threw it around her shoulder.

"Well then they're idiots," she stated and holding open the front, giving me one last look at her body she added. "Are you offended?"

All I could really do was shake my head. And as we headed out of the bathroom I noticed her eyes for an instant look down at my groin and the obvious erection tenting out the front of my pants. Her only acknowledgement of my situation and I'm sure I saw a look of satisfaction come across her face.

*

Mom's ageing computer was fine for video editing and gladly she didn't choose to stay and learn the process, opting for a warming shower whilst I cut the two most suggestive scenes. The close-up of her pussy and the nipple shot excised, I transferred the file to her iPad to do with as she wished. I say gladly as it would surely mean she would call on me to deal with any future videos and also it gave me a chance to jerk off.

Yes. I masturbated in my mother's house whilst looking at her essentially naked ice bath video.

Twice now I thought. As I came into a tissue, imagining her in the shower only two rooms away, I realized I had jerked off twice in two weeks to a fantasy of my mother. This wasn't normal. Thirty years had passed without even the slightest sexual interest in her and now here I was beating off like a teenager with the most bizarre of incestuous fantasies. Was it bizarre though? I wondered. Was she not doing everything in her arsenal to encourage my thought pattern? She'd definitely peeked at my groin. Her eyes before leaving for the shower had almost been seductive, as if inviting me in with her. "Cut it out you idiot!" I scolded myself at my proposal. She's your mother you fool. She's not trying to seduce you, she's just having fun with a new found hobby.

And then she entered the office.

Her presence made me jump and I was thankful I'd tucked myself back in my pants moments before her arrival.

"Have you got a cold?" She asked, concerned as she noticed the loaded tissue in my hand.

My eyes were slow to move from her stunning appearance as I looked down at the evidence in my grip.

"OH, no, it's nothing," I stammered as blood rose to my cheeks. "What's with this?" I deflected the attention back onto her, gesturing at her clothing.

She looked down at herself, running a hand down the front of her red and white spotted dress from breast to groin before taking the hem in her fingers, splaying out the skirt. The action caused the mid thigh length to raise up her leg revealing the top of her stockings.

"Oh I thought we could do another video tonight if it's not too late?" She explained before turning and bending slightly. "I just wanted you to tell me if the seams are straight?"

The A-line dress was short enough to rise above her flesh colored stocking tops from the rear and with legs together, she held the doorframe as I inspected her from behind. The seams on the stockings ran up perfectly from her high heels to the small patch of exposed skin on her upper thighs, the straps of her matching garter disappearing beneath the skirt. The dress she wore I did remember from my youth but my recollection didn't include the short length and its backless nature, obviously preventing a bra being worn. Jesus, I thought, was she even wearing panties?

"Well?" Mom asked over her shoulder.

"What?" I managed to reply, my post orgasm swelled cock returning to its erect state.

"Are the seams straight?" Mom repeated, attempting herself to look down upon the backs of her legs.

"Oh, ah yeah they're fine," I stammered. "Look what type of video did you have in mind?" I asked, my heart racing.

"Ta da!" She exclaimed as she held up a previously obscured feather duster and my pulse relaxed somewhat. "Marjorie did one where she cleaned the bathroom. Said she had more than one hundred thousand views. Can you believe that?"

A mental image of my mother's friend came to mind. I would've always described her as reserved, more so than Mom even, nothing like the picture Mom was painting of her.

"And I'm guessing she wore something like that?" I gestured towards my mother's body.

"Oh no!" Mom laughed. "I'm not even going to say what she was wearing!"

I didn't press for more. To be honest I wasn't interested in Marjorie. There was one woman dressed sexily in front of me and that was where I focused my attention. Throwing the heavy tissue in the waste basket I picked up the camera.

"Ok, so what do you want to do?"

*

She began in the living room, dusting the mantel as I filmed her progress. Running her finger along the top of picture frames and mocking disgust at imaginary dust. Leaning forward to clean the top of cabinets, it was obvious without her expressly telling me she wanted me to film up her skirt. When she went to all fours to dust the entertainment unit, intentionally raising the

dress onto her buttocks to reveal her white satin panties I no longer harboured any doubt as to the type of video I was recording.

All up, it took about an hour and although the night was well advanced, Mom opened another bottle of wine. She sat so close to me on the couch. Understandably, in order to watch the footage I played back. With crossed legs, her thigh pressed to mine, her foot tapping my shin lightly. My hand held the camera above my groin, trying in vain to obscure the erection I'd sported for the last sixty minutes as her breast pressed hard into my upper arm.

On the screen she knelt before the television as I circled behind her, filming her legs from her heels to her stocking tops. A wider shot saw her look back at the camera, her red painted lips full and smiling with acknowledgment as she lifted her skirt slightly to reveal her panties. What we were all longing to see. An upskirt of this fifty something sex bomb. For that is how I now saw her. Yes she was my mother but she was also an object of desire.

I zoomed in on her ass. Her twin globes encased in satin, the straps of her garter belt digging into her flesh, the bulge of labia between her thighs. My mother's labia. Her soft pussy bulge right there before me. I let my eyes drift from the screen to her chest, cleavage below me, her breasts moving with each breath. The smell of her perfume. Jesus, the smell of her pussy. Her foot rubbing my leg, her stocking top visible, her hand on my thigh...

It was something that hadn't happened since I was a teenager and I felt as embarrassed now as I had back then. Without stimulation but the pressure of the material against my cock; I came in my pants.

Mom noticed the change in my breathing and as the video ended I used the opportunity to rise from the couch.

"Are you okay?" She asked, placing her glass down on the coffee table and standing with me.

"Yeah, it's just hot in here I guess," I lied, being sure to hold the camera over the problem area. "I should probably get going anyway."

"Oh really?" Mom frowned. "You don't want to stay for another drink?"

"No, I really shouldn't. Some of us have to go to work in the morning," I joked, reaching for my jacket and holding it across my groin in place of the camera.

"Well I have a job now too I guess," Mom added and seeing my response, elaborated. "I can monetise my videos you know. Marjorie does it. It's just like an acting job Darling," she added.

She followed me towards the front door and I stopped when I reached it. I could feel the cum seeping through my pants and just wanted to get the hell out of there but she took my hand as I turned the knob.

"Do you understand Honey?" She earnestly looked me in the eye. "I'm the actress and you're the filmmaker, there's no reason for you to be uncomfortable." Her eyes subtly dropped down between us and I knew she knew! "Do you understand Baby?"

"Understand?" I asked myself in the car. I didn't understand a thing. Was she just playing a role for the camera and it had nothing to do with me? My rational brain answered me. Of course it's nothing to do with you, you idiot. She's your mother. She doesn't want to fuck you. It's just that you're the only one she trusts to film her doing those things. You know, a family member! But why WAS she doing 'those' things? For her own titillation, she'd said as much, or mine? Why had she looked at my cock on two occasions? Why wasn't she shocked I'd cum in my pants, hell that I was

having erections in her presence at all? Because she wants to see it, came an answer. She wants to see the effect she's having on her son's cock, the voice told me. I entered my apartment an uncomfortable, confused, wet and sticky mess, but in the shower as I washed away the cum, so too did I wash away my doubts. She wants you Dude, I stated and my dick hardened in my hand. Your mother wants to fuck you!

*

"It was flagged by YouTube and they removed it!" Mom was aghast.

It wasn't unexpected, I told her over the phone, spinning in my office chair to make sure my conversation wasn't being heard by my colleagues.

"Mom, you looked naked when you got out of the bath," you should've labeled it for mature audiences."

"But then I won't get paid for it!" She protested. "Oh it doesn't matter anyway, there are other websites!"

"What other websites?" I asked, concerned.

"I was speaking to Marjorie and she showed me the other options," Mom elaborated.

"What like Instagram or something?" I proposed.

"Ah, yeah like that I suppose," she mysteriously replied. "Um, look you wouldn't be able to drop around after.."

"...work tonight?" I enthusiastically finished her sentence. "Yeah I can do that." I agreed and kicked myself for sounding too eager.

"Oh lovely, I want to show you something. Dinner?" She offered.

"It's a date," I replied and shook my head at sounding so corny.

*

I looked at my reflection in the bathroom of the coffee shop. It wasn't a scheduled stop on the way to Mom's but whilst driving I became anxious; more and more nervous as questions, possibilities arose in my mind. What did she want to show me? A new recording she'd done herself? I'd checked her channel before leaving the office, no new uploads. An answer had come directly. She wants to have sex with you! I straight out told myself and it left me worried. She's your mother, there's no way, the rational part of my brain countered but the events of the last week hinted, no, screamed otherwise. What the hell was I heading into? I asked myself as I ran my sweaty palms beneath the water and splashed my face. I hadn't been this nervous about going back to my family home since a particularly bad report card in junior high. Will you even be able to get it up? The voice in my head mocked me.

"Shut up!" I hissed at the mirror as another patron entered the bathroom, eyeing me strangely.

I averted my eyes and they alighted on a condom vending machine as the guy entered a stall. Should I? I asked. I felt coins in my pocket and was tempted to buy one as I heard my name called outside the bathroom signifying my order was ready.

"Nah," I scoffed, abandoning the notion. "It ain't gonna happen."

*

She was just 'Mom' again. No short panty-revealing skirt and stockings. No wet t-shirt or see-through bodysuit. Admittedly, the long sleeve black dress she wore was figure hugging, and sitting on the stool in the kitchen she did

display a lot of leg from mid thigh to her matching heels. High heels in the house I mused, no, she wasn't 'just Mom' again!

I placed the camera down on the kitchen bench and presented her with a usb containing her dusting video which she accepted thankfully although not excitedly.

"What's wrong?" I asked, noting her lack of enthusiasm. "I thought you'd be anxious to get another video online."

She rolled her eyes at the suggestion. "YouTube, I'm done with them!" She countered.

Her confession took me by surprise.

"I thought you were enjoying uploading videos."

"Oh I am, I mean I will. It's just, I think I did mention...there are other sites."

"Yeah you said, like what?"

Instead of answering she bit her bottom lip as if in debate as to tell me something.

"I've had fun doing those videos Honey," she began.

"Yeah me too," I agreed quickly.

"Oh good," she placed a hand on my knee to further enhance the connection between us. "I was hoping you'd say that. It's why I thought it would be great if we could do one together."

I swallowed noticeably and hoped she hadn't picked up on my nervousness.

"I did a search online for one we could both participate in," she elaborated.

"There was this couples yoga challenge.."

"I don't know a thing about yoga," I chuckled.

"Nor do I," she conceded. "It looked too hard as well. There were others I found but they were all so silly. I just wanted something a mother and son could do together and film to put online and then I found it..."

She went silent and I wondered if she was having doubts about revealing whatever it was she was talking about.

"Remember when I said what I was doing was just like acting?" She asked me.

I nodded and noticed she'd begun to blush around the neck.

"Well I found something..." she tentatively began.

"Oh yeah?" I enthused, cocking my neck to look at the screen of the iPad in front of her.

"No not on this," she divulged. "I figured out how to work the smart tv."

I broke the tension that was developing by laughing. "I showed you and Dad how to use it years ago!"

Mom smiled coyly at this and admitted she hadn't been paying attention, before rising and taking my hand to lead me from the kitchen. I allowed myself to be pulled by her, grabbing the camera to bring with us as I slid off the stool. Just in case!

A small lamp and the screen of the tv illuminated the living room as we entered and the website currently static on the display was immediately recognisable to me. Placing the camera down on the coffee table, I looked from the porn site back to my noticeably nervous mother in the act of picking up the remote control.

"Mom?" My voice nearly cracked as I questioned her. "That is porn!"

Her eyes left mine to focus on the screen as she came to stand beside me, her presence now more pronounced, noting her makeup, her hair tied up, the skin around her ear.

"Well they're actors," Mom countered, aiming the remote to scroll down onto one of the thumbnail video images. "Most are just regular people like you and me. They make up little stories and act them out, see."

I concentrated fully on the screen, the picture flicking between images from the video titled 'Mother gets ring caught in sink.'

"I mean this is a silly one of course," she nervously laughed as we watched the thumbnail images of the woman's 'son' spill baby oil all over her and end up fucking her from behind. "As if that would really happen. But there are more realistic ones." Her finger quickly hammered the button, scrolling down through countless videos all labeled with the one moniker, 'mother and son.' "People come up with such creative ideas," she added.

"Yeah, they're porn stars," I suggested. "They're making porn films."

"No not all," she quickly replied. "Most are just amateurs."

"But they're not really mother and son!" I argued and immediately wondered why I was debating her? Her disappointment was obvious, her shoulders slumping as she assumed I was rejecting her proposal and I kicked myself for even casting some doubt on my intentions. "Of course that's what would make ours stand out from the crowd!" I quickly added.

Her demeanour changed immediately, her face lighting up. "You'll do it!?"

I looked at the tv, the cursor over 'mother accidentally gives viagra to son' and then back at her. "I mean as you said, they're just actors right?"

Mom dramatically nodded her head. "They're just acting. We'd, just be acting. Creating content for the website."

Would I even be able to get it up? I'd asked earlier and scoffed at my past self as I felt my cock hardening at the realisation of what was happening.

"This could be fun!" I enthused, sitting down on the couch as Mom quickly joined me, her hip pressing my own as she sat as close as possible.

"I know right!?" She gushed as again she scrolled the cursor down the webpage. "But what would we do? Come up with something original, or copy someone else's?"

The seemingly endless choice of incestuous porn rolled before our eyes, Mom happy to trawl through the titles, reading out those she found interesting or funny.

"Yoga challenge turns sexual," Mom chuckled. "We were just talking about yoga! Or what about this? 'Mother catches son with her underwear.'"

Mom turned toward me and cocked her head.

"Why would he even have them in the first place?" She asked.

"You're serious?" I looked back at her skeptical.

"So what, the mother just gets home one day and her son has her panties? Is that it?" She questioned.

"Well, I'm only speculating here as I'm yet to watch the video but I guess he might've seen them up her skirt or something, maybe spied on her removing them in the bathroom," I proposed.

"Maybe something like this?" Mom added and standing up, I watched her work her dress up her thighs and before even registering what was happening, she had taken hold of her panties and began lowering them

down her legs. The swelling that had begun earlier in my pants was now a full blown erection as she sat back beside me and unlike the previous night, I did nothing to hide it.

I swallowed hard, wanting to pinch myself that I wasn't dreaming. "Um, yeah," I managed as her upturned hand presented the scrunched panties, reaching out and casually taking my mother's warm satin offering in my own. "Just like that," I continued, trying to stay composed. "Of course he probably took them from the laundry or the floor of her bedroom."

"She might've left them there especially for him!" She almost whispered as she looked me in the eyes, angling her body towards me, an arm resting on the back of the sofa. Her dress had risen up her thighs to barely cover her groin, the slightest parting of her legs would be revealing everything.

Holding the small black lace and satin material up before me, I smiled and had a burst of confidence.

I stroked the material between my fingers feeling the dampness around the crotch. Mom shifted in her seat, her knee pressing hard into my thigh.

"Oh for sure, she knows he wants her," I let my eyes slowly rise from her legs up her body, my cock aching to be loosed from my pants.

"And what's he doing when she catches him?" She asked, breathless. "Show me."

"Well let me demonstrate, if I may?" I asked to Mom's nodding as I reached down to my fly. It was now or never I decided. Under the guise of 'acting,' I unzipped and without conscience pulled out my rock hard erection. It was a moment. We both knew it. Mom released a held breath as she stared down upon my hard-on. Hard for her. A son's most honest form of affection towards his mother. The greatest compliment or gift he could ever give.

I let the seconds pass, allowing her time to take me in, for her eyes to get their fill of my flattery.

"So I'm guessing the son is smelling his mother's panties when she catches him," I continued as her eyes lazily crept back up to mine. As she watched, I raised her knickers to my face and revealing the sodden gusset, pressed them to my nose and mouth. The strong scent of woman filled my senses. I could taste her aroma, the smell of my mother's arousal. With my other hand I confidently took hold of my cock and stroked as Mom's breath escaped in gasps.

"Oh God," she sighed. "...is what the mother would probably say when she sees him!" She quickly followed up.

"Oh definitely," I agreed, reluctantly taking the panties from my face. "But she's turned on herself, she probably masturbates a little in secret before she walks in on him."

The comment was a suggestion and Mom took it up instantly, delving a hand between her thighs, cupping her pussy.

"A bit like this?" She asked, stroking her hand between her legs.

"Exactly like that," I agreed, wrapping her panties around my cock and openly masturbating, my eyes on her crotch.

"So I'm thinking she can tell her son is about to cum so she enters," I interrupted our mutual masturbation session, my own orgasm increasingly imminent and needing a reprieve. Mom took her hand from between her legs but the damage had been done, her dress remaining around her upper thighs and her pussy exposed. She noticed where my eyes had zeroed, my pause in telling the story and revelled in it. Lifting her bottom momentarily from the seat, she raised her dress all the way up to her waist before settling

back down, this time with a leg folded beneath the other, her pussy now on full and open display. The thick thatch of pubic hair and the wet, glistening lips below.

"Go on," Mom enthused, smiling.

"Well she probably feigns being angry at him at first," I deduced. "But then she takes over."

Mom leapt at the opportunity.

"Like this?" She whispered as she reached forward and took possession of my panty wrapped erection.

"Oh shit!" It was now I who sighed as I dropped my hands to my sides and watched. With the perfect amount of pressure Mom jerked her underwear along my shaft, wanking me better than I could myself.

"She'd probably do this to punish him," Mom improvised, taking her panties from my cock and pressing them again into my face while her hand manipulated me below.

"Oh fuck yes," my voice muffled from behind the wet satin. I raised my hand onto her knee, slowly caressing my way along her thigh as she jacked me off. My eyes looked from her determined face to my own cock as I unbuckled my pants, my other hand reaching its goal as I made contact with the warmth and moisture of her sex.

With the back of my fingers I slid my way up and down her slit, her fluid literally flowing around my digits, coating them in her lube until turning my hand I pressed two fingers against her opening and gently entered. Mom threw back her head, closing her eyes and dropping her hand from my face, clutched my shoulder. Bending my fingers inside her I pressed my thumb

against her clit which caused her mouth to fall open in an obvious display of pleasure.

Her hand hand ceased its masturbating of my cock; which on the edge of climax was for the best, content to just squeeze my thickness for support. With her hips slowly pushing into each gentle thrust of my fingers she tilted her head back down to face me.

"Taste me," she whispered, and I wasted no time.

Sliding my fingers from her I was turning on the couch before she knew it. Her hand fell free of my hard-on as I carefully pushed her body back onto the cushions, her legs spreading as I dove headfirst between them.

My first taste of raw mommy cunt. The most divine flavour on Earth. I smacked my lips against the lips of her pussy, my tongue lapping her labia, her clit. Her hands pressed to the back of my head as I pushed my tongue inside her, forcing me to go deeper, my mouth wrapped around her vagina until my jaw ached. My tongue again on her clit, both hands holding apart my mother's labia, my nose buried in wet pubes. Her pelvis rocked against my chin as she moaned above me. "Yes Baby," she sighed between breaths. "Suck Mommy's pussy my love," she added and the words must have set off something inside her.

With my cock rubbing against the cushion of the couch, she wrapped her thighs around my head, locking me into her vaginal cage. Begging never to be released, my tongue inserted as deep as possible, I felt her cum. I heard her cum. I tasted her cum. My mother's explosive shuddering orgasm swept her body, her fingers tangled in my hair, her groin grinding into my face, her gushing squirt filling my mouth. In the act of swallowing, she unlocked me from the vault and brought me up to her face, her mouth wantonly seeking out my own, her tongue between my lips to taste her own orgasm

which I shared freely as we kissed. Our first real kiss. No motherly peck on the cheek this. Her mouth flowed with saliva as mine did her orgasm as our lips slid upon the other's, our tongues writhing.

"I want you inside me," she admitted, breathing into my mouth and granting her wish I nudged the patiently waiting head of my cock against her vagina. Her hands tugged my pants below my ass, her feet, kicked out of her heels expertly completing the job of lowering them further down my legs as I entered her, slowly, inching my way inside my mother. My pelvic bone met hers; the tickle of her pubic hair against my smooth groin, my laden balls resting over her asshole.

On my knuckles either side of her, I looked down upon her face. Her cheeks flushed, lipstick smeared. Her hair had partly come out of her bun, mussed, and yet I thought she had never looked so beautiful. Why had I not seen this my entire life? Thirty years since I was last inside her. My cock now buried deep inside its birthplace. I vowed then and there to dedicate the rest of my life to her and her alone. My mother; my lover; my queen.

Unbuttoning my shirt, she pressed her hands against my chest as she squeezed her vagina around me. I took the moment to remove it completely and her hands were immediately on my biceps.

"I always loved your arms Darling," she complimented me as I descended upon her. My cock still buried to the hilt, I wrapped an arm beneath her neck, her lips immediately pressing to the flexed muscle.

"And I always loved you," I added as again my lips met hers.

Her breath expelled into my mouth as I withdrew and thrust my cock back inside her. Again and again I fucked her, her pussy perfectly moulded around my cock. Clasp me like a glove. With a hand I took hold of her

dress, now just below her breasts and lifted, forcing it up to her neck, her arms straightening as it slid up over her head and was abandoned.

My mother's bare breasts below me. Her nipples erect, waiting to be kissed, to be sucked. I would have her wait no longer. The most intimate of bonding between mother and son, I returned to the nipple. Suckling, feeding from her as I once did. As I should never have stopped. Holding a tit in each hand, greedily sucking between nipples as her back arched, lifting them into my face. Her arm bumped the remote sending it to the floor but not before the video began playing, the light of the image flickering the room.

It caught Mom's attention and she absently turned her face to watch, doing the same as I rested my head on her breast. The sound low, I could hear her heartbeat against my ear and I kissed my way back up to her mouth. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt to watch," I offered. "See how accurate we were."

On the screen the son took his mother's panties from her dresser, masturbating as he sniffed them. "They weren't even worn!" Mom acknowledged. "Our idea makes more sense," she added.

"Mmm I agree," I concurred, wriggling above her as I kicked off my pants fully. Unencumbered I wrapped my arms beneath her and lifted her up whilst still impaled and sat back on the couch with her upon my lap. Mom was quick to wrap her arms around my neck, her boobs pressing hard against my chest.

"Can you stay inside me forever?" She moaned as she lifted up and used her own body weight to settle back onto my dick.

"I'd love to," I admitted, neither of us keeping up the charade we were just 'acting.'

We glanced at the tv as the mother gave her son head, Mom looking back into my eyes with a mischievous glint in hers. "We haven't done THAT yet!" She giggled and I moved both hands down to grab her ass, squeezing and lifting her cheeks to participate in the fucking.

"Next time," I sighed, my slick cock easing in and out of her.

"There'll be a next time?" She eyed me thoughtfully.

I leaned in and kissed her. "There'll be many next times," I assured her and she squeezed her pelvic floor around me in response. "Oh God, Mom. I think I'm going to..." I tried to convey. "I mean I don't have a condom!" I clumsily admitted I was about to cum.

She did a good job of not laughing at me and for a second I was confused as to what she was doing as she leaned back and sideways off the couch only to come back up with the remote control.

"It's alright Darling," she stated. "There's a video about that."

With her groin still writhing on my cock she scrolled back through the 'mother/son incest' videos until she found what she was looking for. 'Son accidentally cums inside his mother.'

Tossing away the remote she wrapped her arms around me. "Cum inside me Baby!"

I didn't even bother looking at the screen as the video played. I had all the stimulation I needed before me. My mother wrapped in my arms, her pussy around my cock, milking. Running a hand up her back I gripped the nape of her neck, my other hand cupping her buttock as I thrust inside her. Her juices flowing freely around my balls, the wet smacking of sex mimicking the incest on the screen.

With her boobs grinding my chest, her mouth fixed to mine, I began to cum. Without a word from me, she knew.

"I can feel it," she gasped. "I can feel it inside me Honey."

Spurt after spurt erupted from me. I couldn't recall a better orgasm as I came inside my mother, my palm directly over the heat of her asshole, fingers either side of my dick. I could feel fluid leaking around them as she continued to buck on my ejaculating cock. My cum, her cum, her juice running from her body.

"Oh Mom," I managed to emote as pulsing, I pumped my entire load inside her. Filling her womb with my love.

Hugging tight we looked to the screen to see the 'mother' upset, angry at her 'son' for his release inside her, the opposite of our experience. We'd never been closer. I wanted to tell her I loved her but thought it corny right after orgasm. She however wasn't so reserved.

"I love you Baby," Mom declared, her mouth on mine. "You don't know how long I've wanted this."

The confession was surprising and had me wanting to know more. Another time perhaps?

"We still haven't worked out what we should film," Mom added, again surprising me that she still wanted to record our lovemaking.

"Well we've actually already shot a few!" I declared and seeing her curious response, reached out for the camera on the coffee table.

With her remaining in my arms, my still erect cock deep inside her cum filled pussy, I turned the camera screen to face us, stopping the recording.

"You were filming!?" She marvelled, her mouth open, face lit up in a smile.

"Just in case," I admitted as I pressed play and watched us sit down beside each other on the couch before my mother rose to remove her panties and pass them to me. "See, we've done 'mother catches son with her panties,' 'mother and son watch incest porn together,' and now, 'son accidentally cums inside his mother.'

"You naughty boy," Mom feigned anger, laughing as she slapped my chest.

"Maybe that could be our next video?" I suggested. "Mom punishes son for secretly filming them fucking," I laughed.

"I like it," Mom grinned, grinding her groin again on my erection. "I think I'm going to like a lot of your ideas Baby."

I abandoned the camera behind me as I lowered her back down onto the couch, again fully penetrating her sopping pussy. "And I've got so many ideas Mom," I confessed. "So many naughty ideas."

Delightful Renovation

Note to readers. This is the sequel to "Renovator's Delight" yet can be read as a standalone story. Thank you.

"So what do you think Mom?" Ryan asked. "It's nice isn't it?"

Janice was joined by her son as she looked at the view out of the main bedroom window. "It is nice. It's obviously just been renovated. You can smell the paint." She turned and surveyed the room as another couple entered accompanied by a realtor. Raising a hand to cover her mouth she whispered to Ryan. "Looks like there's a lot of interest, it won't go cheap!"

"I spoke to one of the agents downstairs, they've set the reserve at \$450 thousand. \$500k is your limit, I think you've got a chance!" Ryan whispered back.

"The furniture in this room and the adjacent come with the property." The agent told the other couple. Mother and son followed them and the realtor into the large door-less en-suite, hidden behind the wall at the head of the bed. The bathroom was immaculate. Black and white tiling, stylish fittings and the crowning glory, a large claw legged freestanding bath. Janice fell in love with it instantly. "Oh my god Ryan, can't you just imagine me in this bath?"

The moment she said it she realized it came out wrong and she blushed at the implication.

"Well I'd rather not Mom!" Ryan laughed.

"Oh you know what I mean," she touched him on the arm and Ryan instinctively flexed. "Let's go downstairs."

They walked into the kitchen and navigated among the other potential bidders. New appliances had been installed and as in the hallway, the floors were impeccably polished. Janice ran her hand across the large wooden table that sat in the middle of the kitchen/dining area.

"The table's original, solid oak. It comes with the property!" A realtor in a too tight suit smiled at her and Ryan. "The appliances are all new. Energy rated. You'll agree the previous owners have done an exceptional job on the renovation."

Janice smiled politely and kept walking. "Yes it's lovely," she offered and hastened away from the salesman who was quick to besiege another couple.

They made their way to a doorway off the kitchen and descended the stairway into the basement. "I call this room!" Ryan proclaimed when they reached the bottom and assessed the space.

"You want to live in the cellar?" Janice asked. "Do I chain you up and feed you under the door as well?" She laughed and touched his chest momentarily before quickly drawing back her hand. The action wasn't lost on Ryan. It wasn't like her to touch him in the way she had. She's just excited about the house, he thought.

* * * * *

"Do I hear an opening bid?" The auctioneer looked out on the decent sized crowd that had gathered. Most curious neighbors but many serious bidders. He would be glad to be done with the house. The couple that renovated had been nice enough he supposed but they gave off an air of unease. Brother and sister, yet they seemed a little too close for his liking.

"O.k Mom, this is it. Now remember you've got Dad's 401k, he would've wanted you to buy something nice." Ryan reassured her. Janice smiled at

the reminder of her husband and put her arm through her son's for support. There was silence from the crowd and the auctioneer went into full sales mode.

"Now you've all seen the quality of this delightful renovation. I can assure you a lot of love went into the restoration of this beauty. Ladies, I'm sure all of you have noticed the upstairs bath. Now who here can say they can't see themselves reclining in luxury, maybe with a glass of champagne at hand..."

The words caught Ryan off guard. His mind drifted upstairs and he saw himself walking into the bathroom, the air steamy. His mother was in the bath and she held a hand out to him as he advanced. Before he witnessed her nudity he was brought back into the real world.

"\$350 thousand, do I hear an advance?"

Janice clung tightly on his arm. "Should we bid?"

Ryan looked at his mother and attempted to shake off the daydream he was having. "What? Ah, no not yet." He looked back at the auctioneer and the house looming behind him. Jesus, he thought, I've got an erection!

Ryan raised his hand when the price reached the reserve. The auctioneer declared the house to be on the market and would be sold today. The bidding crept up incrementally and reached \$465 thousand. One other bidder seemed to be interested and Ryan decided to make a bold move. "Do you love it Mom?" Ryan whispered in her ear.

His warm breath sent a shiver down her spine and sent goosebumps across her sweaty back, pleasant on the hot day.

"I love it baby." She replied.

"How badly do you want it Mom?"

Janice clutched tighter to Ryan's arm. She expelled the breath she'd been holding. "I want it so bad baby!"

Ryan's cock was hard in his pants and he wondered if anyone had noticed. "\$490 thousand!" Ryan called out and a murmur went around the throng.

"\$490 from the gentleman and madam, do I hear an advance?"

Ryan looked to the other bidder and they shook their head.

"\$490 going once. \$490 going twice. No further bids? \$490 thousand, going three times." He brought the brochure he was holding down onto his hand with a slap. "Sold at \$490 thousand dollars." There was a spontaneous applause from the crowd and Janice turned to Ryan and placed her hands on his hips. Ryan in turn held her upper arms and they locked eyes, smiling.

"Ladies and gentleman thank you for coming out on this fine day and would you join with me in congratulating the happy couple." The realtor concluded and there was another short round of applause.

"We did it." Janice beamed.

"You did it Mom, it's your money."

"It's our house though honey." Janice remarked. Before the realtor approached they hugged and Ryan made sure he didn't press his erection against his mother. He thought of the almost sexual way they'd just been talking and wondered why, ultimately dismissing it as just being caught up in the moment. The realtor shook his hand and kissed Janice. Strangely, Ryan felt a tinge of jealousy. The pleasantries out of the way it signaled the beginning of the paperwork and Ryan and Janice walked hand in hand into the house.

* * * * *

They had trouble filling the rooms. The home they had come from was smaller and when all their furniture was in it still left two rooms empty. Ryan kept to his word and set up residence in the basement. He figured it would be private and when he had girls stay over his mother wouldn't overhear any of the goings on. At 26, he'd been living out of home since his late teens but when his father contracted an aggressive cancer he moved back in with his parents to help out. He lay on his bed and looked up at the sky through the high windows. A perfect blue. Not unlike Mom's eyes, he thought. He closed his own and saw her. She'd looked so happy the day of the auction. The smile on her mouth. Her lips, so red. Her tongue. Without thinking Ryan let a hand drift to his crotch and he felt the swelling. He opened his eyelids suddenly and sat up with a jolt. "What the fuck am I doing?"

Upstairs almost directly above Ryan, Janice was inspecting one of the few pieces of furniture that came with the house. The cabinet was at least seven foot in height and similar lengthwise. It was obviously antique although not of great value considering it's inclusion with the property. Mirrored glass covered the front of each of the four cupboard doors and it was into one of these she caught her reflection.

When her husband died she decided to change a few things about herself, the sale of her home one of them but the first and easiest was her hair. Her entire life she'd been a dirty blonde or a "bronde" as her hairdresser called it. A week after his funeral she went to the salon and asked them to dye it black. She at first hadn't changed the style but as of this morning that was no longer the case. She hardly recognized the woman in the reflection, the crop bob reminiscent of the 1920's, a portrait of someone else, framed by the wood of the cabinet. She couldn't deny it, she loved how she looked and best of all, Ryan liked it too.

Breaking the spell of her own reflection she attempted to move the cabinet and failed dismally in the act. She opened each of the drawers and found them and the cupboards empty, the weight was the cabinet alone. With her hands on hips she called out to Ryan. "Honey can you come and help me up here?"

Ryan had been half way up the stairs examining an uneven part of the roof of the basement when she called and was quick to respond. "Coming Mom."

When he entered the room her voice had come from he took a moment to admire his mother from behind. She wore a tight black workout shirt and grey leggings. He'd seen her wear it a hundred times and yet with her new hairdo she was a different woman. No, she was the same woman, she was his mother, he now saw her "as" a woman. The difference was stark. He could look at her shapely legs or the way her ass filled out the rear of her pants and feel the way another man would, he could feel desire. The desire to hold her from behind. To press himself against her rear, smell her hair. He felt himself harden and was shocked at the sudden rise in his libido. And due to his mother no less.

Janice turned her head and smiled. "Right, I hope all those weights you do has paid off. Come on Mister, I want that," she pointed to the cabinet. "Over there," pointing towards the opposite wall.

"Too easy." Ryan bragged. Feeling enthusiastic about showing off his strength to her. Why? He didn't know, he just wanted to impress her, to have her watch him. The cabinet was heavier than it looked but after removing the drawers and (unfortunately for Ryan) with the help of his mother, they positioned the wall unit in it's new location.

"It looks great there darling, the light brings out the grain of the wood wonderfully."

Ryan bent to pick up one of the drawers and as he did so an envelope fell heavily to the floor from the underside.

Landing between the two, Janice and Ryan looked at each other expectantly.

"It's money!" Janice exclaimed.

Ryan was more measured. "It's probably junk mail!"

He placed the drawer back down noting the thin slat of wood the envelope had obviously been secreted under. "I wonder how long it's been there." He picked up the faded yellow paper and immediately felt the weight. Looking up at Janice he smiled. "It's heavy Mom, maybe it is money!"

Janice knelt down beside him and placed an arm around his shoulder. Ryan was more than aware of her breast pressing against his tricep, her thigh alongside his. "Open it, it's so exciting!" She panted.

Ryan slipped his finger under the fold and opened the faded envelope. He reached inside and carefully pulled out the contents. Four large sepia colored photographs. Printed on a thick almost cardboard paper, they were undoubtedly old. The nature of the photos and therefore the reason for them to have been hidden was evident from the first image. A woman of indeterminate age reclined on a fainting lounge, her arm outstretched to a young man dressed as a paper boy, the leather satchel slung over his shoulder. A peak cap adorned his head and his look was completed with knee length shorts and high socks.

It however was the woman that caught Ryan's eye. Her dress suggested the 1920's flapper style, which dated the photo. She wore heels and a long line of pearls around her neck. The hairstyle was her defining feature. Ryan tore

his eyes from the image and looked at his mother. "Had you already seen these?" He asked.

Janice, her face only inches from Ryan's was taken aback. "No, why?"

"Your hair Mom. It's exactly the same. What made you get that style today, of all days?"

"I don't know? I just wanted a change." She took her arm from around his shoulder and ran a finger through her hair to place it behind her ear. The action seemed almost a flirt to Ryan.

"Well it's a pretty weird coincidence if that's the case. It's not a common style!"

Janice looked confused. "You said you liked it."

"Oh I do. I just think it's weird and all." There was an awkward silence and they again both looked back at the photos.

The second image wasn't so ambiguous. The woman was topless yet still wore her string of pearls. Her dress long gone, she wore loose fitting bloomers above her knee length stockings and heels. She remained in the reclining position, the back of one hand against her forehead. The third photo saw her completely naked, sprawled upon the lounge her leg cocked in a position to cover her groin.

The last image was the one that caught mother and son off guard. The layout had changed. No longer on the lounge the woman was bent forward against a cabinet, her legs spread. The paperboy had returned. Now completely naked bar his peak cap, his muscular body stood behind the woman with an erection proudly pointed at it's inspiration and a switch in his right hand about to strike.

It was Janice who broke the silence. "Oh my god, I can see why they were hidden!"

Ryan was more circumspect and turned to look behind him. "You haven't noticed Mom?"

"Noticed what?"

Ryan held up the final photo and directed her eyes to the wall behind. It took Janice a couple of seconds to realize what he was getting at. The cabinet loomed large behind the photo. The same cabinet that was in the photo.

"Oh my god, it's. It's the same." She placed a hand over her mouth in shock. "It's here!"

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The photos were laid out in a series across the dining table. They were large prints, each measured 7x5 inches. The little information they had obtained from writing in pencil on the rear was two names, Delia and Jack and a date, 1926.

Ryan mounted the stairs from his room holding his ipad. For the second time that day he admired his mother from behind as she leaned over the table. As he neared the kitchen he noticed she was not so much leaning as mounting the table. Her legs either side of the corner and her elbows pressed to the surface. On her toes she was making the slightest of movement, almost imperceptibly swaying her butt back and forth.

Ryan cleared his throat as he entered the room and he noticed her cease the action, pulling back from the table slightly. He had the desire to ask what she was doing but stopped himself and saved them both the embarrassment. There was no doubt in his mind. His mother was masturbating.

"So what have you found out?" Janice asked excitedly.

"Hang on, I've only just turned it on." He pulled out a chair and sat at the table. Janice did the same, choosing the one to his right and sat with a foot up on the chair. In the corner of his eye Ryan could see the bulge of her crotch and the small strip of wetness that had seeped through her dark tights. It could have been sweat, he thought but he knew better.

Ryan typed in the address of their house into Google and looked for results that weren't just location guides or realtor listings. The first hits were about a brother and sister that lived in the house. Local philanthropists, digitized newspaper articles from the last 50 or so years detailed their charitable endeavors and not much more. "Not the best looking family," Ryan noted upon seeing their image.

"We have to go further back honey," Janice proclaimed. She lowered her foot to the floor and placed a hand on his thigh. Not touching his groin but close enough, Ryan thought. Leaning into the screen, she continued. "Try putting in her name as well."

Ryan did as told. Repeating the search of the address and adding, "Delia." Her name came up in only a few articles ranging from 1908 to 1930. It was the 1908 story that caught Ryan and Janice by surprise. "Unwed socialite, Delia Caster gives birth." But it was a photo from a 1924 newspaper cover that took their combined breath away. "Woman about town Delia Caster and son Jack, step out in style." The boy was the man from their own photos, it was undeniable. At that very moment the Santa Ana wind chose to blow in through the open kitchen window, causing the curtains to flap and a bill to fall from a fridge-magnet.

The hot air passed through the house and exited the ajar front door. Leaving it's presence in a coating of dust on every surface and goosebumps on

mother and son's flesh. Ryan noticed his mom's hand had tightened its grip on his thigh. "Well that's something!" He commented, referring to the article.

"Terrible isn't it?"

"What?" He asked.

"That they would make such a big deal about her being unwed!"

"That's what you took from this? Not the other thing?" Ryan asked astounded.

"What?"

"Ah just the fact that mother and son were a bit closer than the average!"

"Oh," she seemed to realize where her hand was and drew it away slowly, almost reluctantly. "I guess you can't choose who you love, can you?"

The rest of the articles concerned social events and charity functions and didn't provide further information about Delia or her son. "So what should we do with them, the photos?" Ryan asked.

"They're so beautiful, I mean as artwork. It's a shame they have to be hidden away. We'll figure something out. Right now I want to get this dust and sweat off me. I might take a bath before dinner." Janice rose from her seat and went to the fridge. Opening, she removed a bottle of champagne and turned to face Ryan. "Must be 6 o'clock somewhere!" She laughed and began to open the bottle. "I'm just following the auctioneers instructions remember, champagne in the bath."

Ryan heard the bath filling upstairs as he placed the drawers back in the cabinet. Each time he looked at it he saw the woman he now knew as Delia bent before it. Her majestic ass on display waiting to be spanked by no less

than her own son. The image brought a smile to his face and a swelling to his groin. He walked back to the kitchen and looked at the said photo. She was beautiful. He put her age about 40, her bare skin seemed flawless. That hair, he thought. She did look like his mother, of course he'd never seen her naked and she had ten years on this woman but the resemblance was now becoming more and more uncanny. He absently rubbed at his crotch and his cock responded through his jeans. He heard nothing from above and pictured his mother masturbating herself on the table not half an hour before. He opened his fly and allowed his now fully erect cock to unleash. Moving to the corner he pressed the very same edge between his legs and beneath his balls. His hand gripped his shaft and expertly maneuvered up and down along his length. He ground the area between his ass and balls against the table and felt his orgasm approaching. The sound of his mother calling from upstairs broke his concentration and he released his hold. "Yeah?" He yelled back.

"Can you bring the bottle please honey?"

It meant she was in the bath. She was in the bath, naked and needed another drink. He thought how quickly she must have downed her first glass, was she trying to get drunk? Ryan took the bottle from the fridge after tucking his erection back into his pants. He mounted the stairs and entered his mother's bedroom. On her bed lay the black t-shirt and grey leggings, sitting next to them were a pair of white and blue checked panties and a matching bra. The carpet was long pile and his presence had as yet gone unnoticed. A week ago he would've passed by the items without noticing, walked into her bathroom, topped up her glass and left without a second thought. Now however with the way his mind had been working lately he was debating whether to fap into her underwear then and there or enter the bathroom with the hope of fucking his mother in the bath. He chose the latter.

Walking into the door-less en-suite, Ryan placed a hand over his eyes. "Don't worry I can't see anything Mom!" He was lying of course as he looked through the space between his fingers. Janice was indeed in the bath, her arm held out holding the empty glass.

"Oh don't be silly. I'm covered in bubbles anyway, you prude!" She laughed and Ryan lowered his hand. He walked the last few steps and confidently leaned over to fill her glass. As he did so he ventured a look into the bath. She was indeed covered by bubbles, her breasts anyway. From her navel down however they'd pretty much dissolved leaving her hips and legs visible. She'd placed a washcloth between her upper thighs and was holding it down tight over her pubic mound with her other hand. As Ryan topped up the glass her hand moved (or was it his, he couldn't be sure) and the wine splashed into the bath at her chest.

The chemical reaction was immediate, dissolving the bubbles around her breasts. "Whoops, sorry Mom." Ryan apologized as he watched her breasts slowly come into view. Janice laughed and was obviously already feeling the effects of the wine. She abandoned her hold on the washcloth and lifted her hand to her left nipple, using her arm to cover the right. The movement in the water caused the washcloth to float downwards and Ryan, for the first time in his adult (and possibly his entire) life, saw his mothers pussy.

To Janice the plan had worked perfectly. When she entered her bathroom she begun filling up the claw footed bath, added bubbles then returned to her bedroom. Removing her clothes she left her underwear beside them on the bed. He'll see them as soon as he walks in, she thought. In the bath she tipped a little of the wine at her waist to dissolve the bubbles, drank the rest then called to him.

In her mind her son would enter naked and erect. He was always hard lately, probably believing she was oblivious but she had noticed. She had noticed it the day of the auction when they had hugged and she definitely noticed when he came to move the cabinet. She didn't mind or wonder why. She felt it too. Since moving in she'd felt herself become heightened sexually. By the end of each day her panties were saturated. She fell asleep each night with a hand between her legs. She'd never been this way. She'd definitely never been so overt in front of Ryan and yet here she was, intentionally exposing herself to him. Hoping upon hope he'd take the bait and make a move.

She stared straight at the bulge in his pants and then up at his face. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were fixed on her groin. "Oops, sorry honey. I'll turn over!" She offered. She expertly turned her body and when her breasts were under water she swapped the glass between hands and now only her bottom was exposed.

How she thought this was any less uncomfortable for her son, Ryan had no idea. It was all too much. He felt on the verge of cumming without any manual stimulation. He couldn't draw his eyes away from her butt, her large rounded buttocks, the dark crevice. He thought of Delia, her son spanking her. He felt light headed, his cock monopolizing his blood supply. He had to get out. "I'll be downstairs if you need it!" He managed, referring to the wine and as quick as he could, backed out of the bathroom.

He bypassed his mother's panties and bounded down the stairs. Heading to the downstairs powder room he placed the bottle down and just made it to the sink in time to open his fly and begin to cum. The orgasm was beyond pleasurable. The forbidden nature of his fantasies, his heightened aroused state, the visual stimulation, all led to the greatest ejaculation he'd ever

experienced. Jet after jet of cum surged from his rock hard cock. He sprayed the sink, the splash-back, the taps. He pressed beneath his balls and prolonged the climax by holding his breath. When eventually the orgasm passed he remained hard. All through the drudgery of the cleanup, he remained hard. He wiped the cum from his cock and hid it away in his pants and yet he remained hard. And he knew why, he was still thinking of his mother in the upstairs bathroom, naked.

* * * * *

They'd been friends since childhood. Ryan and Dana had made a pact that if they were both single at forty they'd marry but as of now their relationship was strictly "friends with benefits."

"I'd love to see them." Dana confessed, sipping her iced tea.

The sun beat down heavy upon the two as they sat in the outdoor cafe and Ryan squinted back at her. "They're pretty pornographic for their time. I know as soon as the camera was invented, a guy probably offered some girl money to pose nude but it's still a shock when you see it."

"Yeah I guess. The amount of porn around nowadays, it's hard to imagine what it must have been like back then."

Ryan held a hand up to shield his eyes from the sun. "You know a kid now can see more porn in half an hour than our grandparents saw in a lifetime?"

"Where'd you hear that? It's probably true though."

"I don't know, somewhere. You can see them tonight if you come around. Mom's having a kind of housewarming slash birthday party. I'm having them framed as we speak, I'm gonna give them to her as a present next week."

"Ah, you're giving your Mom porn for her birthday!?"

Ryan hadn't even thought of it that way. "Hey, she really likes them. And they're tasteful, sort of!"

Dana finished her drink and readied to get going. "O.k, whatever you say. Come on, we're buying you a hat!"

* * * * *

Janice stood looking at her reflection in the cabinet. She took a sip from her coffee and recoiled. It was cold. How long had she been there she wondered? Time had seemed to slip away. She remembered watching the television at 1pm and made a coffee at 2. It was now 3:30pm. Surely she hadn't been standing there since then, she thought. Janice reluctantly turned and left the room. "I know, I'll get ready for tonight."

It would be a small affair, her family and a couple of friends. She'd insisted on no presents but knew her sister wouldn't be able to resist. In her bedroom Janice lifted the linen dress she was wearing above her head and tossed it aside. She wore no underwear or anything on her feet. Totally naked she admired herself in the mirror. "Something's missing Janice," she said to herself. Opening her dresser she removed her jewelry box. Lifting the top section she pulled out a string of pearls at least a yard in length. Looping it in half she placed the string around her neck and returned to the mirror. "Perfect!" She purred.

* * * * *

Ryan placed a baseball cap on his head and looked in the mirror. Before he could assess his appearance it was snatched from behind and as he turned, Dana replaced it with another offering. "Hey I liked that one!" He protested.

"Nah, doesn't suit you." She straightened the hat she'd chosen and taking him by the arms, turned his body to face the mirror. The reflection he saw in the mirror was familiar to him. If he held a newspaper satchel or for that matter, a switch he would be the man's double.

"What made you pick this one?" Ryan asked, referring to the grey peak cap that now sat upon his head.

"I don't know, I just liked it. Why, don't you?" She asked.

Ryan admired the way it looked on him. "No, it's perfect!"

* * * * *

Janice delighted in showing her guests around the house. Everyone commented on her new appearance. The overwhelming sentiment, favorable. The gathering had turned out to be larger than expected and she was thankful Ryan had decided to make a second trip to the liquor store. There was enough food to go around and with people dispersed around the first floor, a great atmosphere was created.

"Now I know you said no presents Janice," Jennifer declared. "But I just had to get my big sister something for her 50th. Oh and as a housewarming gift."

"Jenny you shouldn't have!" Janice protested but was curious nevertheless. They stood in the kitchen and Jennifer yelled down the hall to her husband. "Is it ready Brian?"

"All set love." Came the response from the room with the cabinet.

Jennifer took hold of Janice's hand and led her along the hall. Gathered in the room were a number of guests. Ryan was present with his arm around Dana. "Surprise," Jennifer and her husband cheered as he pulled a sheet off

an object on the floor. The wood on the antique fainting lounge was polished with a dark stain. The velvet cushion was a deep red and someone noted it was the same color as the lipstick she wore. Another noted how well it looked in the room, alongside the cabinet. Janice loved it. After the questions of where they found it and why they thought of her, Janice looked at Ryan from across the room. The din of the gathering seemed to disappear. For a moment they seemed the only ones in the room, in the world.

* * * * *

Dana lay on Ryan's bed, she wrapped her thighs around his head and held him against her pussy as she came. Pulling him up on top of her, their lips met and she tasted her cunt on him. Her tongue delved inside his mouth and savored her flavor. Expecting him to be already inside her she reached down and grasping for his cock, found it limp. "What's wrong?" She asked between kisses.

"I don't know."

"You want me to try sucking it?"

Ryan wondered if any man had said no to that question. "O.k." He rolled onto his back and Dana was quick to take his flaccid penis into her mouth. She began stroking his balls and her hot, wet mouth and tongue felt nice but no matter what she did, he didn't harden. "Fuck, this isn't like me."

Dana lifted her mouth off his cock and used her hand to coax an erection. After a few minutes of trying they gave up. "It's no big deal, it happens." Dana offered. "Anyway I might get going. Work and all tomorrow!"

"Yeah, yeah sure." Ryan acknowledged, feeling more than a little deflated.

The noise of the party continued above and after dressing they began to mount the stairs from the basement. "Oh hang on," Dana exclaimed. She

had placed the new hat in her bag when they were shopping and she reached into it and handed it over. "Almost forgot. You should show your mom!" Dana reached up and placed the peak cap on his head. "There, sexy!"

* * * * *

Everyone had probably had too much to drink. Janice's brother-in-law, Brian was dancing with his wife and when she went to the bathroom, coaxed Janice to join him. Jennifer passed Ryan and Dana in the hallway. "Leaving already?"

"Yeah, she has to work in the morning." Ryan returned.

"Oh don't we all!" Jennifer shouted back over the music. "Give me a hug sweetie." She demanded and reached out for Dana. She accepted the embrace, looking over the woman's shoulder at Ryan as she did so. The hug lasted a little longer than she expected and the way the woman pressed herself against her she felt was a little disconcerting. Finally Jennifer let go but not before running her hand down Dana's arm, almost seductively.

"Look out for that one. Oh and you forgot to show me the photos!" Dana whispered in Ryan's ear.

The thought of them sent a pulse of blood to Ryan's penis. "Fuck. Next time?"

She kissed his cheek. "Of course. See you soon."

As Ryan closed the door, Jennifer was quick to pounce. "Where's the bathroom sweetheart?" He knew Janice had given her a tour of the house which had included the three bathrooms but he gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"It's down this way Auntie."

Jennifer took his arm and allowed Ryan to lead her to the ground floor toilet.

Janice saw her sister pass by with Ryan, a peak cap atop his head. She felt as if she were dreaming. Brian had his hands on her waist and pulled her into him. She felt his hardness instantly press to her stomach and it wasn't unpleasant. Looking over his shoulder as they danced she noticed her niece and nephew also dancing together. They're awfully close, she thought. She felt Brian move a hand to her bottom. Does he know I'm not wearing panties, she wondered.

Ryan opened the door to the powder room and expected Jennifer to enter. Instead she lingered at the doorway. "You're so handsome Ryan. My sister must be so proud."

"Thanks Auntie." He took a moment to reflect upon the woman. A few years younger than his mother and many pounds heavier. He'd had a crush on her when he was growing up. Innocently, being she was the only other adult woman in his life. He remembered her catching him looking up her skirt once at a family gathering and uncannily the thought caused his dick to swell. Where were you twenty minutes ago he thought? And cursed his cock's poor timing.

She reached out and touched his bicep and squeezed. "You must work out a lot Ryan. You're so muscular aren't you?"

"I try to stay fit." Her hand felt nice on his arm and his cock got harder.

"Maybe you could be my personal trainer Ryan. I'm so fat aren't I? You must think I'm disgusting."

Ryan looked her up and down. She was far from disgusting. She was overweight yes but the tight blue bodycon dress she wore accentuated every curve. Her cleavage demanded men stare. Her ass was large and more than a handful. As if she read his mind she twirled to show her body. "There's nothing wrong with how you look Auntie."

Jennifer smiled. "You were always such a polite boy Ryan." A couple of Janice's friends walked past them and Jennifer lowered her voice. "Would you come in here for a moment, I need to ask you something?" Jennifer didn't wait for him to answer, taking him by the arm and pulling him into the bathroom, closing the door on the noise of the party. Ryan had a pretty fair idea of what she wanted to talk about and his cock was eager to listen. "I wonder, do you remember that day at my house?"

"You'll have to be more specific Auntie."

Jennifer smiled and ran a hand along the collar of her dress. "You know, when you were sneaking a peak at me!"

"Yeah, I remember."

"Did you see anything then Ryan?"

"Not much."

"What did you see honey?" She panted, her hand now openly stroking her breast.

Ryan's cock was bulging against his fly. "I saw your panties Auntie. You had on orange panties."

"You didn't see my pussy?" Jennifer leaned back against the sink and ran both hands down her body as Ryan shook his head. "Would you like to see my pussy Ryan? Do you want to see your aunties pussy?"

"Yes please Auntie."

She smiled as she began to raise her dress up her large thighs. "You always were a polite boy."

Brian was now openly groping his sister-in-law's ass. His finger ran it's way up and down her crack and each time inched a little closer to her asshole. Janice stared at her niece and nephew, now kissing unlike a brother and sister should. Thomas raised the front of his sister's dress and reached into her panties. He must have found her spot as Amy arched her head back and presented her neck to her brother. Thomas began kissing her jawline whilst jamming his fingers at her crotch.

Janice was alarmed and wondered if Brian knew his twins were acting in this manner. Her head whirled and then she felt his finger on her anus. My god she thought, his hand is beneath my dress. Could she allow this, he's my sister's husband? It was too late. Brian's index finger slid inside her ass to the second knuckle. Her mouth fell agape and a held breath released from her lungs. She pushed her groin against his cock and dug her nails into his back.

Jennifer raised her dress around her waist and revealed her hairless cunt. Her fat thighs glistened with moisture. Reaching up she lowered her dress beneath her large breasts, her nipples hard amid the big areola. Ryan needed to taste her and immediately went to his knees. Lifting and parting a leg she took hold of the back of his cap and pulled his head into her. Ryan's face was buried in her vagina. His auntie began grinding her cunt against his nose and mouth, his chin. Ryan reached down and loosed his cock from his pants, masturbating beneath her.

Amy pulled her brother's cock from his pants and began pumping her fist on him. The head popping above her fingers, six, seven times a second. Janice

lifted the front of her dress and pressed her bare pussy against Brian's groin. Her wetness leaving a trail on the front of his pants. Her clit ground against his erection and she felt an orgasm approaching.

Jennifer sat on the toilet, Ryan's cock was deep in her mouth. He held the sides of her head and thrust hard into her. Saliva, snot, drooled from her mouth and nose, dripping down between her breasts to her groin. Using it as an extra lubricant, Jennifer scooped it and smeared it on her pussy, diving two, three fingers inside herself. Ryan began to cum, shooting his semen down her throat and into her stomach without her even swallowing. He pulled out and continued to cum on her face. Aiming at her nose and mouth, the semen dripped down her chin and hung in ribbons to her breasts. Her orgasm began and in her ecstasy she leaned back to allow Ryan to witness a torrent of her own cum and piss spray across her fingers and into the bowl.

Janice saw her nephew cumming over the front of his sister's dress, jets of beautiful white cream stained her clothes and she aimed the rest at her cunt, saturating her panties. Janice herself began cumming, she flooded the front of Brian's pants with fluid as his finger delved deeper into her anus. The room began spinning and a white light filled her eyesight. Her legs became weak and she felt herself falling.

* * * * *

Janice opened her eyes and took a moment to figure out where she was. Ryan was knelt beside her with a glass of water in his hand. He held her wrist with the other. Brian and Jennifer were standing behind him and the only other people in the room were Thomas and Amy. "Shit Mom are you O.k?" Ryan asked, the concern visible on his face.

Janice realized she was laying on the fainting lounge and seemed to echo Brian's reaction when he stated, "Good thing we bought a fainting lounge!"

Jennifer back handed her husband in the stomach and Janice noticed there was none of her wetness on him. She looked at Thomas and Amy and they as well were decent. Even Jennifer whose dress should have been covered with saliva was perfectly normal. "My god I imagined it!" She exclaimed.

"Imagined what?" Ryan asked and handed her the water.

She took the glass and drank it's contents. "Oh, nothing. It's not important."

"We didn't know what was going on Auntie Janice, one second you were dancing with Dad and the next you were on the floor!" Amy offered.

"Probably too much to drink Janice, have you eaten much honey?" Jennifer asked, genuinely concerned.

"Um no, ah you're probably right." Her head was clearing and she began to feel a great deal better.

"Well I think we should probably call it a night Jennifer. Thomas, Amy come on let's get going. Ryan, maybe you should get your mother to bed." Brian stated.

Jennifer leaned in and kissed Janice on the forehead. "Hope you feel better Hon'. Oh and happy birthday for next week!"

The rest of the party left with Jennifer and Brian and Ryan thanked everyone for coming. When he returned to Janice she was sitting up and looked 100% better.

"What happened Mom?"

Janice held out her hand and a shiver ran down both of their spines. Ryan realized it the very moment she did. It was as if someone had just taken their photo. They'd just re-enacted one of the scenes in the old sepia photos

they'd found. The paperboy in the peak cap, Delia holding her hand out to him.

"When did you get that hat?" Janice asked, examining him.

"Bought it today, with Dana. She chose it. Weird isn't it? Being the same as in the photo."

"There's a lot of weirdness going on baby." She looked towards the cabinet.

"Will you take me to bed honey?"

* * * * *

Ryan walked beside her as they mounted the stairs. When they reached the top however Janice reached out on both sides to steady herself as a wave of dizziness again came over her. "Holy shit, Mom." Ryan exclaimed and grabbed her in time before she fell. His arms wrapped around her waist and he placed her arm over his shoulder. Lifting her up he was surprised how light she was and carried her the rest of the way to her bedroom.

"I'm alright honey," Janice softly stated as he lowered her onto the bed. "I just felt dizzy again. Your auntie was right, just too much to drink."

"Yeah well I don't want to take any more chances. If you need to go down those stairs again tonight let me know."

Janice smiled. "Yes sir!" She again felt better and looked at him in the cap.

"Why are you wearing it inside?"

"What, this?" Ryan pointed to his head and made to remove it. "I don't know."

"No don't take it off. It suits you." She paused before continuing. "You look like him."

Ryan knew who she was referring to. He knew he did, he also realized his mother looked like "her."

Janice yawned and rested back on her arms. "I should get some sleep." She held out a leg. "Will you help me?"

Ryan looked down at her small foot and the black high heels she wore. "Oh, yeah sure." He went to a knee and took hold of her foot, sliding off her shoe and then the other. Taking them to her wardrobe he deposited them on the rack and when he turned she was standing.

She turned her back to him and tilted a shoulder. "Can you unzip me?"

Ryan's cock began to harden. He wondered at how he had been impotent with Dana and yet was erect at the slightest hint of something sexual with his own mother. He went to her and took hold of the zip at the top of the dress, his hand touching the pearls around her neck and slowly slid it down it's length. Opening up to her bare back he noticed she wasn't wearing a bra. Lower, nearing the bottom of the zip, the dress began to fall from her shoulders and she did nothing to stop it. When the zipper reached the bottom he could see the top of the groove between her buttocks. She's not wearing panties! He realized, shocked. And then it happened. She let the dress fall.

He wondered how she could be so casual about it. She stood naked before him, her son. She turned, and as she'd done in the bath, covered her breasts with one arm and placed a hand over her pussy. The string of pearls ran down between her breasts and Ryan's mouth went suddenly dry. She looked beautiful. The attempt to hide her private parts made her even more desirable. Ryan's cock was aimed sideways, pushing out his jeans towards his pocket. "Will you stay with me until I fall asleep?"

"I, ah, yeah. Um, do you want a nightdress?"

She shook her head and she suddenly looked so vulnerable. "It's too hot." She looked at the bed and Ryan realized in order for her to retain her dignity, she needed him to pull back the sheets.

"Oh sorry." He stammered and threw off the extra pillows and turned down the sheet. She slid into the bed and he pulled the sheet up over her. She was now at least covered but he still knew she was nude. His erection wasn't likely to subside. Ryan took off his shoes and lay beside her on top of the sheet.

"You're not getting in?"

"Did you want me to?"

"It'd be more comfortable for you!"

Ryan began to get under the sheet.

"In your clothes?"

There was no way he was going to take off his pants in front of her with the light still on and the lamp was on her side. "Can you turn the light off?" He asked.

"Why?"

And she was right. Why? She had just undressed in front of him and not batted an eyelid, why was he worried about revealing his erection to her? There was something happening in this house. Something between him and her that he didn't understand. Why not just embrace it?

Ryan stood up and under the watchful eyes of his mother removed his hat. He slowly lifted his t-shirt and pulled it off over his head and unbuckled his belt. Undoing his pants, he stepped out of them. His cock was able to stand

to attention, no longer suppressed by his jeans. It pushed up the front of his tight grey boxers and he did nothing to hide it. It's what she wants, he thought. He began to pull back the sheet when she threw out an arm and stopped him. "It's only fair." She said and looked down at his shorts. Ryan took hold of the waist band and lowered his boxers. His erection burst forth and even he seemed surprised at how hard and big he looked. Janice allowed him to climb into bed and she turned off the light.

Moonlight replaced the artificial, and the room turned a soft and shadowy grey. His erection formed a mountain under the sheet and in years to come they would look back and laugh at the comical appearance. No word was spoken as she came to him. Her head on his shoulder, her breasts against his rib-cage. Janice placed a leg over his and he felt her pubic hair press against his thigh, her hand on his chest. "Why did they hide the photos Ryan?" Her voice no more than a whisper in his ear, her hot breath on his neck.

"To keep it private I guess."

"I wouldn't keep it private," she confessed. Her hand cupped his pectoral muscle, his nipple between her fingers. "If I had such a love, I'd want the world to know."

Ryan stroked her hair as ever so slowly, Janice lowered her hand. "You don't think you have such a love?" He asked.

Her hand was on his abdominal muscles, undulating over each as it continued its ever lower path.

"I hope I have such a love?" She reached his hairless pubic bone. Ryan held his breath as her little finger pressed against the base camp of the mountain.. "Do I have such a love?"

The moment Ryan breathed out the word "Yes," her hand was around his cock. He threw off the sheet, desperate to watch the act of his mother masturbating him. Her cheek pressed against his as they both stared at the granite like tower of flesh erect at his groin. She began slowly, her wrist working it's way up and down from tip to base. Each time touching the head he felt his pre-cum lubricating her path downwards.

"Say it Ryan." Her hand beat quicker on his cock.

"I..." Faster now.

"Say it darling." Her mouth so close to his.

"I love you Mom." He gasped as their mouths connected. Her tongue found his and they entwined, their lips together at last. Janice released her hold and moved her body over his, still kissing. His cock one moment against her labia and asshole and then inside her. Reaching it's zenith, Janice sat up and Ryan delighted in the view of his mother above him. Her breasts, light grey in the moonlight, circled as she bucked upon his cock. He reached for and supported them in his hands, lifting and squeezing her nipples. "You're so beautiful Mom!"

She again fell atop him, kissing his mouth as his hands went to her hips. Clasping the flesh of her buttocks he raised his knees and used the leverage to thrust harder and deeper inside her. Her cunt, so tight around his cut seven inches. The slapping of her buttocks against his thighs echoing through the house. "I'm gonna..I don't think I can.." Ryan panted.

"Do it baby. Cum inside me." She ordered, her arms around his neck, her breasts flat against his chest.

Ryan obeyed on the first command. Holding tight on her ass, he began to cum. She thrust her tongue into his mouth and he bit down gently, keeping

her in place as he filled her with his love. She squeezed her vagina around his twitching cock and she felt each spurt jet from the tip and seek her uterus. Spent, he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight as she delighted in the warmth at her crotch.

How long they lay like this they weren't sure. So at peace, so comfortable. Ryan didn't soften inside her. He felt he never would. "It's this house isn't it?" He finally decided to broach the subject.

"I think so." She whispered back, her mouth at his neck.

Ryan began running everything through his head. "When did you dye your hair black?"

Janice only took a moment to answer. "The day you showed me the house online."

"When did you have it cut that way?"

"The day we found the photos."

"You see it don't you Mom? The fainting lounge, my hat, I haven't told you this but I even found a bamboo switch in the garage. Coincidences?"

Janice thought of the photo of Delia about to be whipped by her son. She'd not been excited about the notion of discipline but now, the idea began to intrigue her. "Are you upset by it?"

"Not at all, I just need to recognize it. That there's something weird about this house."

"We'll talk about it later. Right now I want you to fuck me!"

The words came out of the blue. He'd obviously never heard his mother speak that way and he liked it. Unbelievably he felt his cock grow harder inside her. "You want me to fuck you Mom?"

"Oh yes baby. I want you to fuck me hard!"

"Oh yeah, like this?" He rolled over with her and pulled her knees up to her armpits. His cock pumping in and out of her dripping pussy.

"Yes baby. Yes. Fuck Mommy hard. Harder."

Ryan wrapped his arms around her, one at the neck, the other at her rear and increased his action. Juice and cum squelched from her cunt and his pelvis pounded against her thighs where bruises would appear the next day. "Do you like it Mom?"

"Oh I love it baby, I love your cock. Fuck Mommy with that big cock."

"Are you gonna cum for me Mom?" His thrusting increased.

"Oh Jesus yes. Don't stop baby. Mommy's gonna cum for you. Don't stop."

Ryan again began to cum inside her but he didn't slow down. The feeling of her cunt was immaculate.

"Oh shit baby I'm..I'm cumming. You're making Mommy cum. Oh fucking Jesus, shit baby. Yes..." She squealed as she released an excess of wetness around his cock with her orgasm. She saw stars, flashes of old memories, some hers, some she couldn't place. Her whole body shuddered with the force of her climax, she dug her nails into Ryan's skin and kissed his flesh. The bed beneath them became a damp pool of their combined fluids. An validation of their love. Soon they would sleep and dream of days to come.

* * * * *

3:35am an earthquake was recorded in the greater Los Angeles area. Minor, it didn't wake the sleeping mother and son. It went unnoticed by much of the city. The couple that had renovated the house had done a fine job of painting the walls and ceilings. When they discovered cracks they plastered

over them, one such crack now appeared in the ceiling of the hallway beside Janice's bedroom. Exacerbated by the tremor, it opened wide to reveal a heretofore unknown and sealed attic.

The Lighthouse

Note- Stand-alone story but for further enjoyment, please consider Renovator's Delight, A Delightful Renovation, and A Million to One to expound upon the storyline.

The man reached out and offered his hand as I climbed from the ship onto the dock, his eyes brushing across the pale skin on my ring finger where the wedding band had so recently been. Relieved when he didn't refer to it.

"Mayhew?" I questioned.

"As far as I can recall," he laughed, baring a fine set of white teeth, stark, surrounded by such tanned and weather-beaten skin. "Welcome to the island Briggs."

"Dan's fine," I smiled, happy to have my feet back upon terra firma, the two-hour boat trip from Catalina having done its best to dissuade me from taking up a job on the high seas any time soon.

"Then Dan it is," Mayhew grinned as he set to retrieve supplies ready to be handed from the crew of the ship. I joined the work and after roughly fifteen minutes of labor, Mayhew turned his attention back to me. "Right. Let's show you the ropes."

*

It was, as far as I was concerned at the time, the perfect job. Twelve months as caretaker of a lighthouse on an island off the coast of California. Yes, I was running away. From a job. From an ex-wife. But ultimately from a life that I no longer wanted to live. And where better than an isolated island, away from everyone and everything? Away from the clamor of traffic. The

noise of humanity and the constant distraction of social media. And as we climbed the long staircase that led up from the dock and I breathed in the unpolluted sea air, felt the crisp breeze of the Pacific upon my face. I knew I'd made the right decision.

"Right, there She is," Mayhew gestured toward the lighthouse as we crossed a lawned area between the cliffs and the buildings, needlessly pointing out the towering monolith that dominated the small island. "She's set and forget now," he continued. "Basically, runs herself. Not like in the old days. Gets 'er power from the mains and if that cuts out, she'll switch herself to the solar battery," he pointed a wiry but muscled arm toward solar panels at the base of the tower. "That fails, is where you come in. There's a generator 'round the back of 'er. We'll head up after I show you around the residence."

The 'residence' was more than I'd envisaged. Modern inside, though retaining the original heritage exterior, and Mayhew noted my surprise.

"Yep, it's been renovated," he divulged. "Couple before me in fact. Brother and sister, if you can believe. Strange they were. Sort of, out of their time if you understand what I'm saying."

I didn't but I allowed him to continue regardless.

"Island'll do that to you if you let it. Change you. Though something tells me they were like that before they came here," he looked off into space a moment and I could only imagine his thoughts. He was older than me, considerably. But I felt I would've struggled to put an age to him accurately if asked. It was then he looked once more at my ring finger. "Just recent, I gather?"

Instinctively I clutched at my left hand, the missing ring and the remembrance of taking it off. Throwing it at 'her' in the divorce settlement

hearing. Immature I knew. But understandable in response to her calculatedly vicious demands.

"A couple of months," I admitted.

"So, you'll be alone here?" He questioned and I confirmed, the information drawing a long intake of breath from the older man, just as slow a release.

"Island can be a lonely place," he revealed, slowly nodding his head as he searched my eyes. "Let's head up to the light."

*

The view from the top was nothing short of awe-inspiring. The whole of the island stretched out below, the vastness of the ocean in every direction, no sight of land only white caps in a field of never-ending blue.

"Yep, she'll do that to ya!" Mayhew acknowledged my reverence to the beauty, his eyes remaining on me as he frowned. "A year here alone. This island can change a man Briggs," he repeated his earlier assertion. "Two things'll either happen. Man finds himself..."

"Or?" I smirked.

"...he loses his mind."

*

I was thankful I'd only signed a short-term lease on my apartment back in L.A. Accepting the loss of pre-paid rent a cost of healing my mental health. The few valuables that hadn't been taken by Linda in the divorce, I intended to store at my mother's, and it was then, as I packed the trunk with some vinyl records and electronic equipment, that I wondered how I'd indeed tell her?

The correspondence with the Coast Guard and Mayhew himself was conducted over only two weeks and in the intervening time of learning I'd been successful; I'd not talked with Mom. She knew nothing about the job and more importantly the time I'd be away. Just over a year since the death of my father, there was no good time to break the news she'd be losing her son for an extended time as well, albeit in a not-so-fatal manner.

*

Unsurprisingly, knowing her stoic nature, she took the news relatively well.

"It's undoubtedly an opportunity of a lifetime," she embraced me as I detailed the job. "I'm happy for you, really," she emphasized before she hurriedly turned away, the rinsing of her coffee mug all of a sudden, a priority. It was then I knew I was mistaken.

"Mom?" I questioned and she refused to look back in my direction. "What are you doing?"

"What? Nothing," her voice broke and I approached her from behind, reaching out to place a hand upon the arm of her hoodie. "I'm just being silly," she turned and her eyes had filled with tears.

"Mom," I struggled to find the right words to placate her.

"I'm just going to miss you is all," she managed to force a smile, and fighting off sympathy tears myself; I once again took her in my arms. This time the embrace was closer. Possibly too close as I felt her breasts pressing against my chest, the even more uncomfortable feeling of my penis nudging her pelvis.

"It's only a year," I stupidly stated and immediately thought of the fact Dad had only a year after his diagnosis. Probably not the best analogy. "There's a phone line on the island. We'll still be in touch," I offered, immediately

feeling guilt at how little contact I'd had with her over the previous months anyway. The divorce had dominated my life and even knowing the grieving process she was going through concurrently; I'd chosen to focus on myself.

"I know," she sniffed as she broke the embrace, lifting a hand and using her sleeve to wipe her eyes. "As I said, I'm just being silly."

"No. No, you're not," I told her, seeing her as a human being for the first time in a long time, not just my mom. "You've been through as much shit as anyone over the last year," I declared. "If anyone deserves to run away, it's you," essentially admitting to her I was indeed fleeing my life and problems.

It then came to me, and I was speaking faster than I was thinking.

"I know," I straightened. "Why don't you come?"

"What?"

"Come with me?" I offered before I'd even the chance to think through the proposal. "To the island."

She was shaking her head, a furrow coming to her brow but I noticed the tears had dried.

"What are you talking about? It's impossible."

"No, it's not," I disagreed. "They expect a partner to accompany the applicant. There're provisions provided."

"I can't," Mom declared.

"You can!" I countered, smiling.

"But what about my..." She seemed to be struggling to find a reason to stay.

"...I mean I have tennis on Saturday and next week I'm meet..." she

abandoned her list of commitments mid-sentence. "I have no reason not to, do I?" She admitted and I shook my head. "Could I?"

"Why not?" I smiled. "It'd just take a phone call to let them know two would be on the boat," I pulled out my phone. "I could do it now."

She took a moment. Biting her bottom lip as she contemplated the offer.

"One year. On an island in the middle of the ocean. Just the two of us," she detailed the reality in three short sentences and I began to wonder if I'd made the right decision. Would it work? I hadn't lived with her under the same roof in more than fifteen years. We'd be in constant close contact. Forced to share everything, every day, with little to no privacy. Suddenly, selfishly, I wondered if it was too late to take it back?

And then I saw her smile. A brightness I hadn't seen in a very long time.

"I'll do it!" She beamed.

"You will?"

"Yes!" She approached and for the third time that morning we were embracing, her arms up around my neck, a surprising kiss beside my lips. Too close to my lips. The scent of perfume in her hair, the softness of her body against my own... I was glad when the hug ended.

*

I almost didn't recognize her.

"What's with the hair?" I smiled as she left the house.

"Oh," I saw her blush and she ran a finger across her bangs to brush her now short hair behind an ear. "I had it cut. Just to be more manageable."

The style was unlike her. A short bob that reminded me of flapper girls from the roaring twenties.

"It looks good," I admitted as I took her last bag from the porch and loaded it into the back of the cab, and again, she blushed. Very unlike her. "Right, all set?"

"Ready when you are Captain," she smiled and we were away.

Taxi from L.A. to the port. The ferry from Terminal Island to Catalina and the Coast Guard Cutter to take us due west, past San Nicolas to Caster Island. Our home for the next year.

A light rain, more a mist, settled in as we hit the open water and I left the bridge, finding Mom leaning against the railing looking overboard. Her face turning in my direction as I approached, her deathly pale complexion told me she wasn't handling the waves.

"Not long now," I touched her back in sympathy and she moaned, leaning further over the edge preparing for the seasickness to do its worst.

"Just let me die," she managed to force a laugh and I joined her mirth.

"Can I get you anything? Water?" I offered and she shook her head.

"Just keep doing that though," she referred to my rubbing her back. "It's helping."

She'd abandoned her long black jacket with the fur collar over a life preserver behind us and was down to only a thin, almost transparent linen shirt, my hand encountering the strap of her bra as it ran the length of her spine. Strangely, I wondered if her panties matched the whiteness of her bra and immediately scolded myself for even contemplating the fact. Why would I think that? And what did I care!?

*

The water calm as we neared the island, I could make out Mayhew awaiting our arrival on the jetty, waving as we approached. As the cutter slowly pulled up to a stop and the crew set to attaching docking lines, I assisted Mom from the ship to a surprisingly pale-faced welcome from the island's current sole occupant.

He seemed unable to take his eyes from my mother, his mouth and eyes wide in what I would almost describe as a look of shock or fear. Calming somewhat as we neared him.

"Mayhew," I began, his eyes not leaving Mom and the reaction to her becoming somewhat uncomfortable. "This is my mother, Juliette."

The revelation, perhaps the name, seemed to draw him from whatever spell he was under and the familiar Mayhew presented himself to us, his infectious smile following.

"Mother? And she's staying?" he turned to me and I nodded my confirmation, Mayhew quickly turning back to her as he unexpectantly dropped to a knee, taking her hand in his own. "And Juliet? 'But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?'" He quoted and kissed the back of her hand.

I was taken aback by his actions but Mom seemed charmed, laughing and begging him to rise.

"Spelled differently I'm afraid," she referred to his use of the Shakespeare passage. "But thank you anyway."

It was then Mayhew seemed to fully come to his senses and apologized for any offense he'd caused on our arrival.

"...it's just you look so much like her," he cryptically stated and I was quick to question as to whom he referred? His eyes once more cast across Mom, this time squinting as he took in her appearance. "Oh, it's silly. It's nothing. Come on, let's get you settled."

*

"I'm happy for you Briggs," Mayhew stopped as we headed back toward the residence from the lighthouse and a once over as to the workings of the generator.

"What?" I asked, still mulling his behavior on our arrival.

"That you won't be alone here," he looked about our surroundings.

"You're not going to tell me again about how the island changes people are you?" I smiled but he didn't return my levity, pausing before he once again spoke.

"There are ghosts here Briggs," he nodded to accentuate his statement.

"I don't believe in ghosts," I countered.

"Nor do I," he surprisingly agreed. "But I don't think they care," he searched my eyes, and admittedly, his words caused me to shiver.

"What happened at the dock?" I ventured. "You looked then like you'd actually just seen a ghost."

"I thought I had," his voice almost cracked and our attention was caught by Mom heading out of the residence into the bright sunlight. "But I was mistaken," he added.

*

Mom surprisingly took my hand as the crew and Mayhew boarded the cutter and the ship slowly reversed from the dock. Mayhew walked to the bow to be closer to us and leaned on the railing.

"You'll do well Briggs," he grinned and his white teeth caught the afternoon sun. "Everything you need from life is on this island," he added. "And the answer is in the books."

The ship began to turn and Mayhew left his perch, once again to be within talking distance.

"I forgot to mention," he looked up at the sun. "Few weeks from now an old friend of mine'll drop by. You'll know him when you see him. He's harmless," he was now shouting as the ship pulled away. "He'll just want a feed if you're willing," he waved and the Coast Guard Cutter was soon powering away into the blue.

And we were alone.

"What do you think he meant by that?" Mom asked as we watched the ship become no more than a spot on the horizon, her hand still in mine.

"What part of it?" I laughed. "What books? Who's this friend? I haven't been told of any visitors. Frankly, I don't want any," I admitted as we turned and headed back toward the steps, holding hands seeming so natural until it became awkward with the climb.

"I know," Mom agreed once we'd reached the top and into the sun-bathed lawn atop the cliff. "It feels like we're the only two people left on Earth right now. I want it to stay like that for as long as possible."

The season was changing. Winter into Spring, and already the air was becoming warmer. I took a deep breath to fill my lungs, the slightest scent of my mother's perfume.

"Yeah, I agree," I spontaneously placed an arm around her shoulder. "Come on. Mayhew says there's a beach down here past the jetty. Let's go and explore."

The island wasn't large and Mayhew had explained the circumference could be hiked in under an hour. Like the other Channel Islands off the coast of California, it had risen from the ocean in the geological process millions of years before and would remain eons after we'd departed. A stand of oaks tempered the winds that lashed the western coastline and the cliffs that circuited the island prevented landfall anywhere bar the jetty and the small sandy cove Mom and I now came upon.

"It's just like in the movies," Mom excitedly left my side and removing her shoes when she hit the sand, jogged to the water's edge, small waves kissing the shore. "Oh my god, it's freezing!" She laughed as she waded ankle-deep into the water and as she turned, I couldn't help but smile.

"It'll warm up over the coming weeks. We'll be swimming in no time," I assured her and as she once more turned to the sea, my eyes fell to her body. The faded blue Levi's hugged her ass hermetically and I wondered when last I saw her in a swimsuit? Picturing her in a bikini, her hair and body wet, dripping. The thought shocked me and I snapped out of my daydream, wondering how long I'd been fantasizing as I discovered the uncomfortable fact, I'd gotten an erection.

Feeling my face instantly blushing and the pants I wore not disguising anything, I dropped to the ground to hide my embarrassment, sitting down on the fine dry sand and only then turning my attention back to Mom. In the action of bending forward inspecting shells, she'd thankfully not noticed anything and I was left wondering why twice in the one day I'd thought of

my mother sexually? Her peach-shaped ass presented to me almost animalistically, I smirked as I answered my own question. How could I not?

*

The residence stripped of Mayhew's personal items; the simple conjoined kitchen, living, and bedroom now looked bare. It was strangely only then that the fact there was only one bed came to mind, Mom and I both obviously thinking the same thing as we looked at the relatively small double bed.

"I'll take the couch," Mom declared, as I noticed a red hue emerging at her neckline.

"You will not!" I refuted.

"But you're working hard all day. You'll need the comfort."

"Well, you're not going to be idle," I countered. "There's the vegetable garden. You can help me with the painting."

"What painting?"

"The buildings, they all need constant upkeep. The lighthouse!"

"The lighthouse!?" You're not painting the lighthouse," Mom was aghast and I laughed.

"The inside," I admitted.

"Oh, thank God."

"That reminds me, wanna come up and see the view?" I proposed and it was now her that laughed.

"You won't get me up there for love or money," she unsurprisingly declined, her fear of heights well known in the family.

"We'll see," I grinned. "Mayhew says this island changes people. Maybe it'll cure your fear of heights?"

"Good luck with that," she giggled, retrieving fresh linen from one of her suitcases. "Mayhew. Is that a first name or surname?"

"Don't know. I think it's just Mayhew. Kinda suits him. That reminds me," I looked to the small shelf of books on one of the walls of the cabin. "What were those books he was talking about?"

Mom set to making up the bed as I inspected one after another of the hardcovers, perusing the titles and finding nothing of import. A few novels from relatively popular authors. A history of the Channel Islands which could be interesting reading; but it was the second to last that struck me from the moment I lifted it into my hands. A biography of one Delia Caster. The surname that of the island we now stood. Was it named after her? I flicked through the tome to the middle pages and the black and white photographs contained therein, my heart skipping a beat and the breath knocked out of me as I settled on one image alone.

It was my mother.

*

I mean, of course, it wasn't actually my mother. The credited photo was taken in 1925 and showed Delia Caster, a little-known silent-era actress, and socialite, standing upon a dock, a steamship in the background. But the resemblance to the woman that was struggling with a fitted sheet not ten feet from me was uncanny. Maybe I was embellishing. She had the same physical stature, bone structure of the face. It was possible many women could've shown similarities given the same hairstyle, but it went to explaining Mayhew's bizarre reaction to first witnessing Mom. She'd been

wearing her black coat with the faux fur collar. In the photo, Delia wore a stole around her neck and a long dark overcoat. To Mayhew standing on the jetty with the Coast Guard Cutter in the background, the similarity to the photo would've been remarkable. He'd also presumably not seen a woman for nigh on a year, so there was also that, I was quick to add!

"Mom, look at this," I showed her the book and photo, her curiosity piqued. "Did you know about it?"

"Know about what?" She asked and I allowed her to take the book from my hands.

"Her!" I questioned. "Look at her hair," I stated and Mom instinctively touched her locks, a vacant look on her face.

"I didn't. I've never even... I just got it cut like this for convenience," she looked in my eyes, clearly revealing it wasn't just Mayhew and I that saw the resemblance. "It's bizarre."

"Ah, that's an understatement," I forced a laugh. "Shows why Mayhew acted as he did. You were wearing that fur coat of yours."

"It's a modern puffer jacket," Mom defended her attire.

"Yeah, but it looked pretty much the same as in that photo," I explained. "Ghosts."

"What?" Mom looked at me.

"Something Mayhew said. It now makes sense. When he saw you, he thought he was seeing a ghost."

*

The television didn't pick up any channels. Not surprising this distance from the coast. There was however an old VCR and an assortment of mainly pre

2000 Tom Cruise movies to choose from, someone in the past clearly being a fan. We left the screen off the first night, however, another form of entertainment capturing our imagination. After an impressive meal gathered together from the well-supplied food storage building, I left the residence to check all was well with the lighthouse. GPS had seen ships safely past the island for the last forty years or so but the light still remained a warning beacon, red filters alerting any wayward travelers to the rocky outcrops on either end of the island. In the early evening, the sun just disappeared over the horizon, I looked up to the sky and knew I had to go and get Mom.

"It's amazing." Barefoot upon the lawn, Mom gazed up into the Milky Way as I opened the deck chairs and a bottle of sparkling wine.

"You're not cold?" I asked as I passed her a glass and she sipped before shaking her head and settling back into her seat.

I joined her and was admittedly awestruck by the sight. Billions of stars, unaffected by the light pollution of the city. Planets, and the random delight of meteors falling into the atmosphere and burning out like embers leaping from a fire.

"This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," Mom admitted. "Ooh look," she pointed to another falling star and I smiled as I watched her joy. Right then, the wine admittedly quickly going to my head, I could've said She was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, the galaxy reflected in her eyes, the curves of her body in the darkness.

Again, I snapped myself out of my fancy. That's not how a son is supposed to picture his mother, I told myself and refocused my attention to the night sky and the wonders of the universe.

"They're lighthouses," Mom stated after countless minutes of silence. The ever-present roar of the surf in the distance our only soundtrack.

"What?"

"The stars," she explained. "Every light could be just like us. Two people sitting on an island. A beacon of light sent out into the darkness just to show they exist."

It was a beautiful thought and I needed not add to her philosophy with words. Imagining myself another world where a mother and son sat together, just looking up into the sky.

*

"We could always sleep together!" Mom stated before bursting into alcohol-affected laughter at her words and my shocked expression as I prepared the couch for bed. "Oh, I don't mean sleep together," she tried to remedy her mistake, giggling. "Just, you know, in the same bed. Sleep, not..."

She thankfully didn't complete her sentence but the idea had been given life. A zygote of incestuous possibility that had never, ever, been spoken between us.

"Yeah, I get it," I fluffed up a pillow, placing it back down on the now sheet-covered couch. "I think I'll be fine here. Last of the wine?" I offered as I shook the near-empty bottle.

"No, I'm fine," she declined. "I was thinking of taking a shower. It's been a long day."

"That it has," I agreed and poured the remainder of the wine into my glass as she left me alone.

Not alone. I picked up the Delia Caster biography and reclining on my bed for the night, flicked through the pages, once more alighting on her photographs, more often than not alongside her son Jack, always in a grey peak cap. She really did look like Mom, I thought, as I heard the shower come on.

She took some time, and done leafing through the biography I turned my attention to the registry of lighthouse keepers/caretakers to the island that sat upon its pedestal beside the front door. The dates reaching back over one hundred years, I found Mayhew had done more than one 'tour of duty,' so to speak. His name, just 'Mayhew' appearing in three separate years. Previous to him the brother and sister he'd mentioned, James and Belinda Miles. It was as I read the name of Jack Caster from 1936 to 1938 that I heard Mom leave the bathroom and I turned to acknowledge her presence.

"Forgot my panties!" She needlessly informed me as, wrapped in only a towel, she crossed the room to open the dresser containing her clothes. Her covering barely contained her body, the curve of her buttocks visible below, her bust heaving above. "Found them," she waved what looked like satin underwear at me before she headed back into the bathroom. Ridiculously my cock responded to the sight and I tried to fend off the impending erection.

"Oh no, no, no!" I whispered my declaration. "You're not doing this!" I stated, realizing the last thing I needed on the very first day of a yearlong stretch of isolation with my mother was an unwarranted display of unchecked libido. I quickly changed out of my clothes and slipped under the sheets on the couch, hiding the uninvited arousal from sight. Just in time as she exited the bathroom a second time. This occasion wearing more. But only just.

A fifty-five-year-old widow. Alone for an extended period with her son. Had she thought through her attire stringently, I wondered? It was lingerie. A white satin nightie that only just reached her groin. Lace dominated her chest, the shadow, no, the actual pinkness of her nipples visible through the thinnest of material. My dick ignored all attempts I'd made of ceasing its erection and I sported one of the most rigid hard-ons I'd had in recent memory. This wasn't what I'd planned.

"Good night, Honey," Mom seemed unfazed by her provocative garment and her demeanor made me feel I was being overly sensitive. Maybe it was what she'd always worn to bed? And why couldn't she? I was her son. She could be comfortable in the knowledge that regardless of what she wore, there'd be no sexual overtones attributed. I wouldn't be lecherously ogling her as an object for my gratification. The lights went out and the temptation was removed from my sight. But long into the night, my hardness reminded me of her beauty.

*

Surprisingly, despite the events upon bedtime. I slept the sleep of the just. The morning was fine and bright and with Mom still snoozing, a gentle snore, I made my way to the bathroom and entered the shower. No hot water. Well, some. Quickly turning icy cold and I let out the appropriate groan in response. What I didn't expect was Mom to come in unannounced to see what was wrong.

"Are you okay?" Her voice of concern filled the room and my soap-covered eyes opened to see her staring straight at my nudity.

"Jesus! Mom!" I gasped as the burning came to my eyes and I slapped a hand in front of my groin to cover myself. "Yes! There's just no hot water,"

I explained my situation, and post rinsing my face I saw her look of understanding.

"Oh," she remarked, seemingly comfortable to remain in the doorway and watch me. "Well, I'll leave you to it."

"Ah, yeah!" I agreed, astonished as to what had occurred. But as I finished my shower, more concerned about how the cold water had affected the size of my cock. Disappointed she'd not seen me in all my glory. I should've been aghast at the sudden thought. What the hell did it matter how big my dick looked to my mother? I wanted to admonish myself for my current incestuous thinking. But little by little, I was beginning not to care.

*

And so, it began. Each day blending into the next as we became accustomed to island time. Up at dawn, retiring at sunset. Though my list of official duties was short, they filled the day, even Mom finding more than enough to keep her busy. The sizeable vegetable garden needing constant maintenance and seasonal replanting; assisting me with the eradication of invasive weeds from around the island. Weeks went by and a routine was adhered to without question, without complaint. Yet underneath our idyllic relationship with the environment, with each other, there was a tension. I felt it constantly. And I knew the cause.

The solar hot water system worked well in the evening, and for washing the nightly meal's dishes and Mom's extended shower, it was more than enough. If I, however, was particularly dirty from the day's activities or simply desired to treat myself to a slightly longer shower, I would invariably end up standing beneath a freezing flow that was far from the relaxation I sought. And so it was, after a particularly strenuous and minor

accident-filled day, a stubbed toe, a hammered thumb, I allowed my tensions to come to the fore.

"Can you maybe spend a little less time in the shower?" I remarked as I left the bathroom. "I had no hot water."

It wasn't called for and Mom was suitably surprised by my admittedly snarky tone.

"Well, I'm sorry. I actually did have a shorter shower than usual though," she reflected truthfully. "...and I did offer for you to go first you might remember!"

At the time, I didn't want to hear her sense, nor could I think of a valid retort, simply snorting as a response.

"Well, we could shower together!" Mom suggested, sarcastically. "That'd solve our problem."

"Why not? You essentially go to bed naked; it'd be nothing I hadn't already seen!"

Again, what I said was uncalled for. To be honest, the highlight of my day was seeing what she was wearing to bed, excitement when she debuted something new. A babydoll. A see-through nightie, the shadow of her pubic hair tantalizing beneath its shroud. I'm not ashamed to admit I was jerking off daily in the sanctuary of the workshop, my mother the inspiration for my solitary habit. Possibly what was keeping me sane.

She pursed her lips at what I'd said and we spoke not another word to each other that night. The next day was just as frosty. I hated myself for causing the rift, the first real argument we'd had in the near month we'd been together on the island, and all day I debated ways to remedy the situation, Mom eventually the one to salve the wound.

Near bedtime and both of us still treading on eggshells, she, as per usual entered the bathroom to change out of her clothes, emerging moments later, not in her regular nightie or ever sexier lingerie, but track pants and a sweater. I made no big deal of it, concentrating on the history of the Channel Islands book I'd started. From the corner of my eye on the couch, I watched her tuck her pants into her socks, her sweater into said pants, lift her hood, and then move into the kitchen to place oven mitts over each hand.

"Alright enough," I broke the silence. "What are you doing?"

She looked incredulous but I could see mischief hiding behind her eyes.

"Well, I heard what you said so I thought I'd cover myself up a little more. So as not to offend you!" She held up her hands in the oven mitts.

"You look ridiculous," I didn't attempt to contain my smile, the frostiness melting away. "Take them off you nutter," I laughed and was pleased to see her grin as I set aside the book and rose to meet her. "I'm sorry I said those things," I took the oven mitts from her and she lowered the hoodie from her head.

"No, it's alright. I'm probably half to blame. I was just wearing what I would at home. I didn't think how it might make you feel."

I suspected she had no idea how horny it had been making me feel and I kept it to myself.

"It doesn't matter. You can wear whatever you want. I think I was just having a bad day."

"That may be," Mom agreed. "But it did make me think about some things."

"Oh?"

"Well, it's true I might have been being a little selfish," she began.

"No, you're fine, I'm..." I attempted to deny.

"No. Just let me finish," she interrupted as she untucked her sweater from her pants. "I do take long showers. But that's not all. There's the bed situation."

"We spoke about..."

"Uh!" She held up her hand. "I know but it's not fair you have to take the couch. I think we should swap. Alternate even."

"No," I adamantly denied. "You're not sleeping on the couch, it's uncomfortable."

"There, you said it," she picked up on my admission. "Well, if that's the case, I think we should both take the bed."

"What?"

"We share the bed. It's big enough."

"Yeah but... I mean," I could feel myself blush.

"Oh, don't be silly about this," she could at least see the awkwardness.

"We're mother and son. Not strangers. It's okay for us to share a bed."

"But..."

"No buts!" She quickly shut down my doubts. "Now. I'm going to bed. I expect you to join me. Do what your mother says for once Daniel," she firmly stated and I was left with little but to follow her orders.

So, there I was. At thirty-five years of age. Sleeping in the same bed as my mother. She, despite what had happened moments earlier, had no problem undressing in front of me. Deciding to wear a t-shirt to bed on our first

night together. It was large, but not enough to fully cover her groin, my eyes spying purple panties hugging her pussy mound as she climbed into bed. Lights out and with only inches between our bodies, I soon heard the contented breathing of sleep from her side. But with a hard-on and thoughts of incestuous possibility floating around my mind, I, however, had far more trouble finding rest.

*

I awoke to the gray light of early dawn. For the briefest of moments, I thought I was back in L.A. In bed with my ex-wife and wondering why we were sharing such affection? It was then reality and horror set in. On my side, my arm around her waist, I was spooning Mom. My dick was a solid pole of steel, wedged hard between her soft buttocks, her boobs resting upon my forearm and bicep. With my head sharing her pillow, my lips were brushing her exposed neck and with eyes wide, I tried to ascertain if she was indeed still sleeping?

The soft breath of sleep. Or was she faking? My dick twitched between her cheeks and I wondered the best way to extract myself from the situation before she felt it or naturally awoke. Like a band-aid, I thought. Quick. On three I told myself and began the count. Pausing at two, allowing just a little longer lest it never happen again. Grinding my cock ever so slightly against her ass, forcing myself to remember the feeling of her soft boobs and belly. Three. I lifted my arm and rolled away from her, Mom immediately feeling the movement and rolling onto her back, a hand lifting to her face to rub her nose, clear sleep from her eyes.

"Morning already?" She lazily whispered and was again asleep as I contemplated my perfect crime. With a morning erection that seemed unwilling to soften, I lay and watched her as the sun slowly rose and filled

the residence with warmth. No makeup. Her long eyelashes and perfect eyebrows. The turn of her small nose and lips so slightly parted. She was beautiful. Had I always known this? I wanted to kiss her awake. To tell her I loved her and yes... fuck. No. Make love. In our shared bed. In our home. On our island.

I kept my fantasy to myself.

*

The day like any other. I began the painting of the interior of the lighthouse. Mayhew had begun. The laborious job of scraping the flaking original away was taken care of, much of which still lay upon the ground floor and the stairway. Mid-morning, I heard the door to the lighthouse sway on its hinge and footsteps following as Mom passed through and I called down around the curve of the staircase.

"I hope you've brought coffee!" I laughed but there was no response. No attempt on her behalf to at least mount some of the stairs. Curious, I placed down the paintbrush and descended to find the ground floor empty. There was the scent of lavender, a perfume of another era, and almost... it's silly, but I would describe it as a presence in the semi-darkened room.

I walked outside and saw Mom tending the vegetable garden. Shovel in hand and certainly not bearing coffee. Goosebumps raised on my flesh and the hair on the back of my neck stood up as I turned back toward the lighthouse, darkness within the doorway.

"Ghosts," I whispered and unexpectedly shivered in the warm morning air. The painting could wait.

*

Date night. Is what we'd begun to call it. I'd accidentally termed it that, meaning to say 'movie night' at the time, referring to our watching one of the Tom Cruise movies, eating popcorn, and sharing a bottle of wine now and then before bed.

His back catalog was almost complete as we'd randomly picked titles and as I scanned what remained, I pulled out Jerry Maguire and Eye Wide Shut. One of which I'd purposefully been avoiding for obvious reasons.

"What's it gonna be?" I held up the two VHS cassettes as Mom settled back into the couch, glass of red wine in hand.

"Oh, I've seen that too many times," she referred to my left hand and with a blush already forming on my face, I looked to my right to see Nicole Kidman's bare back as she lowered her dress.

This was going to get uncomfortable.

It wasn't that bad. From the very beginning, we didn't take the film seriously, which helped. What I also found advantageous was the blanket that we'd thrown over our laps. My hard-on kept a secret. Even the fact I was secretly stroking myself through my jeans with my mother's hip pressing to mine throughout the movie. The perfect crime. Or so I thought.

"Can you pause it?" Mom asked as she placed her glass on the table and rose from the couch. "Have to pee!" She explained and fortuitously I stopped the movie on a naked woman.

With her gone, I used the opportunity to treat myself. Pulling my cock from my pants and masturbating to the image. Who was I kidding? With the faint sound of my mother pissing in the background, I knew exactly what was my inspiration. I was edging when after an extended time she returned from the bathroom already changed for bed. The t-shirts abandoned nights

before, she'd gone back to the lingerie and with my cock hurriedly tucked away mid-stroke, the pressure of my jeans against its rigidity, unfortunately, finished the job. Just as she climbed back up on the couch, the thinnest piece of satin all that covered her body, I ejaculated.

Mortified, I sat there for minutes as the movie played. Again and again, Mom wriggled in her seat to find comfort, and once more her hip found its way against my leg. This time bare skin pressed upon my body. Was it a come-on?

"She has nice boobs," Mom out of the blue commented on an actress as an orgy began onscreen, and feeling the cum in my pants spreading, no doubt seeping through my clothing, I had to get out of there. Embarrassed, I finished my glass and faked a yawn.

"I'm done," I rose from the couch and keeping my groin directed away from Mom, left her alone.

"Oh. What about the movie?" She questioned almost despondently and I hated myself for my response amid my cowardice.

"You watch it. Not really interested," I fled into the bathroom to clean up the mess I'd created and look myself in the eye. I hated what I saw. My face was red. A wet patch on my groin and inside, about as much cum as I'd ever seen myself produce. All wasted. So much flew around inside my head. What had just happened? Was it a come-on!? A mother and son watching an erotic movie together. She'd changed into lingerie and begun to talk about boobs! Was this normal? And what had I done? Cum in my pants like a teenager. Had I just blown it?

When I finally came from the bathroom, Mom was already in bed, lights out. I slunk into my side and said not another word to her. Nor her to me.

Yeah. I'd blown it.

*

Fishing in the morning from the jetty, an impressive catch. Much of the day was spent in the lighthouse painting. Yes, I was avoiding her. I wanted to admit how I felt. I wanted to admit everything. But how? How does a son confess his desire for his mother? It could destroy everything if it wasn't reciprocated. And, of course, it wasn't. What had she done? Worn pajamas. Admittedly sexy pajamas. Wasn't that it? Hardly anything else that could be described as an invitation.

I stood on the stairs and stretched my back. The ground floor door and all the windows circling up the lighthouse were open for airflow and as I dropped to retrieve the paint can from a lower step, I swore I heard a male voice in whisper. I stood erect and heard nothing but the wind entering the windows. The sound of the ocean. And then, ever so faintly, a woman's laughter from above. A shiver ran down my spine. Halfway up the lighthouse, there was no way Mom could've been above me. She was adamant against climbing the stairs anyway. What was it? I stood frigid. Awaiting the sound once more, but it didn't come. I then came to my senses. Seagulls. I'd seen them roosting at the top of the light and to put my mind at ease, I lay down my brush and climbed the rest of the way to the top.

Again, the awesome view. The crisp breeze on my face. I circled the house containing the Fresnel lens and stopped in my tracks. There were no gulls. No mystery woman laughing or man whispering. What I did see, was my mother, naked.

Behind the residence was a secluded lawned yard surrounded by a hedge. Containing the clothesline which currently held lightly swaying sheets, I was aware Mom had also set up one of the lounge chairs to read outside in

the sun out of the wind. She now lay in said chair, sunning herself. And even from my distance, I could see she was completely nude. I hugged the edge of the house so as not to be seen, then thought of the binoculars inside the glass room itself, moving back around to enter the enclosure.

By the time I had them up to my eyes, she'd changed position and was laying on her stomach, her bare bottom toward the sky. Her full exposure was essentially lost to me, it didn't stop me from reaching down to unzip my pants and produce my erect cock.

I then took a good hard look at myself. What was I doing? Cumming in my pants. Now spying on her from a distance like a common peeping Tom. Jerking off at every opportunity like a chronic masturbator. I was ashamed, and my dick, despite the inspiration it had before it, lost its vigor. It was then something else caught my attention. I lifted the binoculars back to my eyes and focused on the jetty, my heart beating rapidly at what I saw.

"Holy shit!" I gasped.

Mom was dressed when I raced into the residence, her face flushed, no doubt relieved I'd not come back moments earlier or was she!?

"You won't believe this!" I gasped, trying to catch my breath as I ran to the fridge and retrieved the plastic container from the top shelf.

"What?" Mom excitedly questioned.

"Come with me," I reached out for her hand and dragged her squealing out of the house toward the jetty. "It's Mayhew's friend!"

*

"I'm not dressed for visitors," Mom reflected as I pulled her behind me and though I'd noted her clothing when I entered the residence, I was now able

to look back and admire her fully. A flowery summer dress that caught the breeze even as I glanced, lifting and flashing upper thigh. The buttons on the bust were undone and it was clear she wore no bra. Was she even wearing panties?

"He won't mind," I laughed.

"I haven't done my face," she added as we reached the stairs down to the jetty and I stopped and smiled.

"I don't think he'll care," I turned her attention to our visitor laying in the sun at the end of the dock.

"Oh my god," Mom's eyes widened, looking at me excitedly before we hurried down the steps.

There was no doubt in my mind this was Mayhew's friend. An enormous sea lion lazily rose to greet us as we gingerly made our way along the jetty.

"Now I know why you brought the fish," Mom whispered as we stopped at a sensible distance, waiting for its reaction. Clearly a male due to its size, and obviously advanced in years, scars upon its body, grey around the face, he sniffed the air and let out a friendly yet tired bark.

"Hello old man," I opened the container and lifted out the fish I'd caught that morning.

"Should we be doing this?" Mom questioned the appropriateness of feeding a wild animal but seeing the excitement in the creature to the smell of the fish and with Mayhew's own words of approval, I figured our minor intervention wouldn't do any harm.

The animal caught the admittedly small fish in its mouth and devoured it whole. Letting out a contented bark before ignoring us once more and

getting back to the important business of sunning itself.

"How cool is that!?" I reflected and felt Mom press into my side as we stood and watched our visitor. She didn't need to answer.

*

"I want to go up!" Mom stated as we walked back from the jetty, her eyes on the lighthouse.

"You're serious?" I was shocked, to say the least. Mom's fear of heights kicking in when wearing stilettos!

"It's time I conquered a fear," Mom stopped and I looked into her eyes. "Seeing that old seal..."

"Sea Lion," I corrected her, smiling.

"...sea lion. You don't know long you have left. Your father..." She paused and I understood what she meant. "I just want to do everything before it's too late. And you'll be there to help me."

"I will," I took her hand and we headed up to the lighthouse.

It was her idea to take the lead, honestly. But I wouldn't have wished it any other way as we began the climb up the stairs. Around the spiral staircase, we ascended and I never took my eyes off her. Two steps behind, I looked directly up her skirt the entire way. An earlier question was answered. She wasn't wearing panties. For a good five minutes, stopping at each open window for her to catch her breath and see how high we'd risen, I stared directly into her admittedly shadowed asshole and pussy. Her buttocks swaying seductively as she climbed. Surely, she was aware of my vantage. Had she planned it?

We made it to the house and after Mom had admired the intricate design of the lens, I opened the door out onto the balcony and led her out. With her clammy hand tight in mine, she tentatively stepped forth into the breeze and straight away sought my arms.

"Hold me," she begged, her body trembling as I wrapped my arms around her from behind, keeping her safe as she gripped the edge of the railing.

"Your safe," I whispered into her ear, my arms around her waist, my groin against the softness of her bottom. Could she feel it? The ever-growing hardness of my cock pressed between her cheeks. Just as it'd been in bed. Only now awake. Real.

"It's beautiful," she described, what? My erection? My hands gently caressing her warm and supple belly? "You can see forever," she elaborated, releasing a hand from the railing to shield her eyes from the sun. "Let's go around."

We walked the circuit of the lighthouse and Mom looked down upon the buildings, her eyes sighting the courtyard behind the residence as I once more embraced her from behind

"You can see everything," she whispered against my cheek.

"Yep," I agreed, hopefully admitting to her I saw her naked not an hour before. "And you're right. It's beautiful."

She pulled my arms tighter around her waist. My still erect penis, hard against her ass.

"Thank you for this," she sighed. "For today. For bringing me here, to this island."

I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to lower a hand to cup her vagina and declare my love. But there was that impediment. The final barrier that stood in the way of our eternal happiness. Taboo. What if everything I was thinking was a delusion? The horror and sheer discomfort of rejection. Not like a random woman in a bar. This would be world ending.

"It's my pleasure Mom," I admitted and I did it. Kissed her. Her cheek. Not her lips. Nor her breasts or between her legs. A familial kiss. That of a son to his mother. And she took it as such. Furthermore, went on to remind me that I was her son and therefore nothing would ever, could ever happen between us.

"You know what day it is tomorrow, don't you?"

"No idea," I admitted. Content in the lack of knowledge, more interested in discussing us. "Thursday?"

She laughed. "No, silly. It's Sunday in fact. But what I mean is, it's your birthday!"

*

It was a revelation. I was genuinely surprised over a month had gone by and as we walked back to the residence, Mom asked me again.

"So, what do you think? Take the day off? We have to do something special."

It was a bizarre thought. Every day seemed like a holiday on the island. Yes, I was working. Some days quite hard. But the nature of the job, the relaxing environment. It was hard to believe I was being paid (quite handsomely in fact) to be here.

"What did you have in mind?" I questioned and she'd obviously been thinking about it.

"Well, it's so much warmer now. Why don't we go for a swim? Spend a day at the beach?" She proposed and I was quick to agree.

*

Mom had read it. And with her suggestion, I began the Delia Caster biography myself. Sitting on the couch, I was distracted as Mom walked from the dresser and searched the drawers, back to where the suitcases were stored and delved inside, opening one then another in what was seemingly turning into a fruitless quest.

"What are you looking for?" I questioned and she turned to me, hands on hips.

"I mustn't have packed them!" She answered.

"What?"

"My swimsuits!" She frowned. "I remember putting them on my bed," she paused. "I must have left them at home."

It was disappointing news to be sure. But also raised possibilities. I fancifully saw us swimming naked but kept the idea to myself.

"Oh shit. What about the beach?" I asked and watched her purse then twist her lips.

"Oh, I'll figure something out," she shrugged and I got back to reading the book, my mind however still swimming naked with my mother.

*

"Oh, no you don't!" Mom swatted my hand away from the cake where, as per tradition since childhood, I was about to scoop up a finger of the chocolate frosting. "Not until I've sung happy birthday."

"I'm thirty-six. It's just you and me here. You're not singing me happy birthday!" I disregarded her assertion and had another go at the irresistible chocolate buttercream. This time successful.

"Agh!" Mom caught my hand on its journey back to my mouth and we struggled. "Daniel Briggs. I'm your mother and you'll do as I say," we playfully arm-wrestled in the small kitchen area, stumbling backward the few feet to the bed.

"You won't win, I'm stronger than you," I declared as the back of her legs hit the mattress and we fell laughing onto its cushioned surface, my upper thigh coming to rest between her legs to press into her crotch. There was no denying how intimate was the position we'd accidentally found ourselves, my cock resting upon her hip. With both of her hands wrapped around my wrist, she was incapable of protecting her ribs from my free hand and I set to tickling her to win the battle.

"No," she laughed, her wriggling causing her groin to grind up into my thigh, I felt, possibly more than was warranted. "Alright, alright. You win," she giggled, relenting, her fingers releasing my wrist and I ceased the tickle.

"Damn right," I smiled, prepared to sample the frosting as I lay atop her before she reneged and again quickly took hold of my wrist. The action was swift and caught me off guard as she brought my hand down towards her own mouth and wrapped her lips around the end of the finger. I 'won' alright!

With her eyes looking up into mine, Mom sealed my chocolate-covered index finger within her mouth, her cheeks sucking in as her tongue wrapped itself around me. The feeling indescribable. The grin was slowly lost from my face as I enjoyed the sensation. My mother sucking my finger.

It may've only lasted a few seconds. With total control of my hand, she pulled my finger further into her mouth, allowed it to slide out, then drew it back between her lips as if she were indeed sucking a cock. Finally, she released her hold, and my finger was returned to me, clean of chocolate yet slick with her saliva. My cock responded. Twitching against her hip as it filled with blood. In a panic, I pulled my crotch back from her body, though my thigh remained hard against the heat of her sex.

"We'll call it a draw then," I managed to voice and the intensity that had come over her face cracked and a smile returned.

"No, it's your day Baby," she grinned. "You can have whatever you want."

Did that mean her? I needed her to come out and say it, not these cryptic asides.

"Oh," she added. "That reminds me. Your present."

And it was over. My thigh was regrettably taken from between her legs and she rose to open the top drawer of the dresser.

"What? I don't need a present," I said as I used the opportunity to rearrange my erection to a more comfortable position.

"It's just a little something," Mom declared, turning back to me with a small box in hand. "Your father would've wanted it."

Confused, I took the unwrapped box from her and opened to find Dad's prized Jaeger-LeCoultre watch, the sight bringing back so many memories.

"He was going to give it to you for your fortieth," she informed me. "Now's as good a time as any."

"Mom," I rose and she accepted my embrace. "Thank you," I declared, genuinely grateful for the admittedly valuable gift. It was also another reminder I was her son. Nothing more. Despite my cock still being hard, nudging her soft belly. We wouldn't be having sex. Not now. Not ever. I sat back down on the bed as I admired the timepiece and wound the crown but was just as quickly distracted by Mom. Undressing.

"What are you doing?" I questioned as she removed her t-shirt and began to pull down her jeans.

"What!?" She frowned. "We're going for a swim, aren't we?" She pulled the jeans over her bare feet before standing before me in only a white bra and matching panties. "Well, I'm ready when you are!"

*

A towel was all she used to clothe herself. Wrapped around her waist, and only for the short walk to the beach. Abandoned upon the sand. When she hit the water, still cool despite the change of season, her underwear disappeared as well. Completely transparent it turned. And as she rose to stand in the shallow and we looked upon each other, she may as well have been naked.

And so it was that for an hour, two, we swam, laughed, and played upon our private beach. I chased her with seaweed and we fell into the small break of waves. She lay upon the towel in the sun and I without shame stared at her body. Her small nipples, rigid in the cups of her irrelevant bra. A perfect triangle of auburn pubic hair, pressed down by the saturated nylon of

inconsequential panties. She was essentially naked. She was proud. And she was beautiful.

"What?" She rose to her elbows, her body stretched out before her as she returned my gaze, and a day before I would've looked away blushing, quick to divert. Not now.

"You," I smiled, squinting in the sunlight.

"What about me?" she raised a hand to shield her eyes.

"You're beautiful," I admitted, now willing to declare myself. Why? Maybe because it was my birthday. Maybe it was the culmination of events. Or maybe because I was done denying myself. Denying what was obviously happening between us. "Mom..."

"Yes?" Her eyes momentarily dropped to my groin, the obvious erection tenting my boardshorts before she again sought my eyes.

"Mom I want..." The sunlight faded behind dark clouds that appeared over the clifftop behind us. "...I want to..."

"Yes!" She whispered as large intermittent raindrops began to fall upon the sand.

"I want us to..." I paused as a crack of thunder hammered around us and the rain began, ending the moment. Cutting our time at the beach short. "We'd better go," I yelled as I rose from the towel and offered a hand to Mom as she stood, the rain becoming torrential as we left the sand. The path back to the buildings already turning to mud, Mom slipped and I helped her once more to her feet, surprised she was laughing amid the tumult. The temperature dropping, we ran in the downpour until we made it to the porch of the residence, catching our breath as we turned to look at the unexpected

storm, the beam of the lighthouse kicking in automatically with the conditions.

"Well, that ended well," I reflected, unable to conceal my disappointment at what might have been about to occur on the beach. Now lost forever it seemed. I turned to Mom. Her still short hair, wet. Bra and panties still just as transparent yet spotted with dirt; grass and mud on her body and legs. And still, she was beautiful. And still, she smiled. "You can shower first if you want?" I offered and was surprised when without a word, she took my hand.

Silent, she led me into the residence and we walked dripping toward the bathroom. And as we entered together and I understood what was about to happen, my heart began to race.

"We shower together," Mom whispered, and as I watched, slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and lowered them down her legs. She didn't wait for my response, turning her back to me to present the clasp of her bra. "Would you?"

Unable to swallow. Unable to think, I at least was able to work my fingers, effortlessly unclasping the hooks and allowing the damp bra to fall down her arms and watch as it was cast away with her panties.

She moved into the shower proper and without looking back, turned on the faucet, testing the water and only turning when she deemed it appropriate.

"You'll need to take them off," she dropped her eyes to my shorts, and realizing how stupid I must have looked standing there dumbfounded, I complied with her wishes.

And we were naked. Together. Mother and son sharing a shower. Yes, I'd seen her essential nudity for hours but now it was real and I couldn't take

my eyes from her. My cock unashamedly declared its appreciation. Erect, it pointed directly at her as if reminding me she was where it wanted to go and as I moved under the flow of warm water, our bodies finally came into contact.

Mom offered me a soapy sponge and her back and I was eager to please, my hands caressing her skin, dropping to my knee to wash the mud from her legs, spending time on her buttocks. She turned and I was presented with her pussy. Water ran between her breasts and down her belly to fall from her pubic hair like a trickle of pee. My cock became harder as I rose before her, unashamedly poking her belly as she eyed her boobs, hinting where I was to wash next. Eager, I pressed the sponge against her chest before confidently cupping a breast, soaping one then the other, caressing her erect nipples as she lazily looked on.

And then the embrace. The sponge dismissed and our bodies coming together. If we were clothed it could've been innocent. A mother and son merely hugging. Such as it was, her breasts pressed my chest, my feet spread to allow my cock to slide between her thighs, sit snugly under her pussy, the head between her cheeks.

And there we stood. Locked in the other's arms, unspeaking. Her lips pressed my shoulder, nose nuzzled into my ear as her legs secured my affection. So intimate a moment, it could've lasted forever and with the subtlest of movement, my arms wrapping her torso, she had me cumming. Thigh fucked, I ejaculated from between her buttocks, spraying God knows how much seed upon the shower floor. And still, we embraced. I kissed her hair and she tilted her neck to reveal her ear. This I kissed and felt the pussy above my hardon quiver, a tremble pass through her body. "I love you," I whispered into her neck and her mouth was upon me, her tongue slipping

between my lips to seek my own, and again I came. Gasping as jet after jet of incestuous cum surged from me in dedication to my mother, my lover.

"Take me to our bed," she sighed, and deciding we were clean enough, I turned off the faucet, reluctant to break our embrace but leading her from the shower to dry and wrap my queen in a towel. My cock still hard, I walked her to the bed and down she lay, allowing the towel to fall around her to again reveal her naked beauty. It was only then, as she raised her knees and spread her legs did the mischievous smile I knew so well return to her face. "Now fuck me, Daniel Briggs. Like a good son should."

Oh, I'd fuck her alright. But first I needed to taste that pussy I'd spent so long admiring through clothing.

"You want me to fuck you, Mom?" I grinned.

"It's your birthday Baby," she said. "It only seems fitting."

I took hold of an ankle and lifted her foot from the bed and it immediately drew a giggle from her.

"Don't you dare tickle me," she laughed as I pressed the freshly cleaned sole to my lips and kissed, pecking my way to her ankle and along her calf until, reaching her knee, she seemed to know what was coming and a look of intensity returned to her face. "Oh yes," she sighed as I climbed up on the bed and licked my way along her inner thigh. She raised her other leg and her pussy exposed itself to me, her labia dripping as I buried my face into her sex.

Can a man describe the feeling of eating out his mother? I doubt I could do it justice. Delirium is possibly the closest to what I felt. An overwhelming sensation of finding one's place. A realization that here, between her legs with a mouthful of cunt, was where I, indeed every son belonged. My

tongue delved as deep as it could, so warmly embraced by her vaginal walls, pouring forth a divine liquid that I greedily swallowed as quickly as she produced. Onto her clit. Sucking and licking as I imbedded a finger, two, where my tongue had paved the way. Her hands found the back of my head and fingers were run through my hair as I worked my magic, bending my digits to stimulate her further before the eventual orgasm.

Her pelvis rose into my face. Thighs locked around my head as she came into my mouth. A shudder accompanied by a relieved gasp as she clamped my face to her vagina, heels massaging my back as she writhed upon the mattress. She released me and drew me up her body, eagerly seeking out my dripping mouth, my jaw drenched in her mommy juice.

"Kiss me, my baby," she sighed. "Let me taste it."

Her tongue drew me in. Wrapping around my own as her mouth sucked up her wet. From my lips, from my chin.

"Fuck me, Daniel," she managed to pant. "Mommy needs her baby's cock."

My dick had been awaiting its call. Patient as it bedded down in her saturated pubic hair. Now was its time to shine. After a month of preparation and with the smallest of shifts in position, it found her opening. Drawn back to the womb almost magnetically, I felt the head of my cock slide ever so slowly between her labia. So swollen the tip, the briefest of doubt I'd fit before she welcomed me. The warmth of her walls, the most intimate of embraces as my dick filled her completely. No. Room enough for my seed when it came. But we'd earn it. My third orgasm wouldn't come cheaply.

The bed groaned under our exertions as the thunder clapped outside. On my knuckles, I looked down upon her body as we fucked. Her boobs circled on

her chest almost hypnotically as my pelvis hammered her thighs, her mouth locked in a silent scream. Again, she came and I felt her vaginal walls clasp my cock, loathe to release my length, gripping me vice-like with each penetration.

"C..C..Cumming," she stammered as she needlessly informed me of her orgasm. This was my job now, my abs aching, flushed of face, and gasping for breath. I'd found my calling. Screw the lighthouse. Let the ships wreck. I'd devote my life to making her cum even if it killed me in the process.

"C..Come to me Baby," she managed to voice and her arms were held up to encourage the embrace, drawing me down onto her body to press her further into the mattress. And so, we lay. As tightly bound as any two lovers, kissing, caressing. "I want it inside me," Mom whispered into my mouth. "Every day. Forever," she pleaded, following quickly. "Cum in me!"

I follow orders. Her word my command. I hugged her body; an arm around her neck, a hand upon her ass with a finger dabbing her asshole as I came. Her pussy took over as I ceased my movement, flexing around me to milk my length, to coax my outpouring of love. The third, the best. No wasted cum on the shower floor. This was the orgasm of a lifetime. So natural and yet so taboo. The most honest declaration of affection by a son for his mother. Flowers on Mother's Day be damned, no gift was as pure as ejaculate.

My breath held for the better part of a minute as I released inside her, I finally exhaled and slumped once more upon her body. The softness of her flesh, the sweaty warmth of her skin. Again, our mouths met. The slowest, the wettest, and most intimate of kisses as I voiced my appreciation. "That was awesome," I marveled. "I love you so much Mom," I declared and her

vagina squeezed my still rock-hard cock tighter, drawing from me a chuckle.

"Ready to go again?" she giggled and admittedly exhausted, I sunk further upon her body though my cock twitched at the prospect.

"Just give me a minute," I panted, my eyes closing to welcome an afternoon sleep.

*

We were making out on the couch like teenagers. An inspection of the lighthouse and buildings post-storm, in the early evening I'd returned to the residence to find Mom dressed in only an apron as she prepared dinner. There was no way I was going to let this opportunity pass me by, and after some groping in the kitchen, we found ourselves in the living area, hands on each other's genitals. With two of my fingers buried deep in her pussy, Mom broke our kiss to look me in the eyes.

"When did you know?"

"Know what?" I sighed as her hand continued to jerk my cock, pre-cum coating my length and lubricating her action.

"Know this is what you wanted. Us?" She elaborated.

"I don't know," I searched my memory. "Why?"

"It wasn't that day? The day you asked me to come to the island?"

I thought of her back then, in the kitchen. The vulnerability in her eyes. Our embrace and my cock pressing against her pelvis.

"I felt it then," Mom informed me and I sensed she wanted to share more, my fingers slipping from her sopping pussy as she shifted position. For a moment I thought she was ending our session until she climbed up on my

lap and allowed my cock to so easily slide within her body. I lifted the apron from around her neck to reveal her boobs and delighted in the vision of her nudity before me.

"I mean, I felt YOU then," she clarified. "You may not know this Daniel, but every mother desires to sleep with her son."

"What?" I questioned.

"It's true," she gently rocked on my groin. "We rarely speak of it. But it's always there. When I felt your penis against me that day, it was like an awakening."

Her honesty was inspiring and I was quick to admit my experience.

"I started thinking differently about you that day," I admitted. "But it was when we got here that things changed."

"Never before?" She seemed almost hurt at the admission and I had to confess that maybe as a teenager I'd had a couple of incestuous fantasies. It worked to placate her but what I said next made her most satisfied.

"I started to picture your underwear," I stated. "On the boat, I wondered what panties you were wearing?" Her grinding in my lap became quicker, her pussy hugging me tighter. "You gave me a hard-on Mom," I admitted. "On the beach. I was looking at your ass and I wanted you. I wanted to fuck you," I said and lifted my hands to her breasts to caress and pinch her erect nipples.

"Yes," she panted, slapping her pelvis into my groin. "Tell me."

"And then I saw you in your lingerie," I continued. "I could've fucked you that first night."

"I wanted you to Baby," she gasped. "I brought them for you. I wore them for you," she admitted her plan and the confession seemed to be the catalyst for her orgasm, her torso falling against me, my arms wrapping her in my love as she shuddered with euphoria. "It was all for you," she breathed into my neck as I came inside her.

*

"Chehooit," I read from the history of the islands off the coast of California. "It's what the native Americans first called the island. She was the Earth Mother Goddess," I looked over the rim of the book to Mom, laying naked between my legs, hand around the shaft of my slick cock, her tongue, and lips lavishing the head with love. "You're a Goddess!" I whispered and she looked up, smiling.

"No Daniel, I'm your mother," she winked. "Keep reading."

I preferred to watch her but angled the book to keep her in my peripheral vision as I scanned the page.

"It says the Spanish renamed the island Santa Jocasta," I continued and again her eyes found mine, her mouth coming off the end of my dick.

"That's strange."

"What?"

"Well Jocasta isn't Spanish," she planted light kisses on my length. "It's Greek. She's also..."

"What?" I asked and she smiled cheekily.

"Just look it up!"

I shrugged and added further. "The Navy took over during WW2 then handed it back to California who renamed it Caster Island in honor of its

relatively famous former resident."

"Delia or Jack?" Mom questioned.

"Well, Jack, obviously."

"Not so," Mom countered continuing to jerk her fist up and down my column. "She was here for a period before she died. You haven't finished the biography?"

"I'm getting there," I smiled.

"Jack had a summer with her. Just the two of them. It was said he returned with her ashes to spread on the island on his final stint as keeper of the light. When his tenure was due the boat arrived to pick him up but he was gone."

"What?"

Mom nodded. "Legend was, heartbroken by the loss of his mother, he threw himself to his death from the top of the lighthouse. No trace of him was ever found."

"Fuck, sounds like they were close," I breathed, dismissing the book to focus fully on the blowjob Mom had returned to. "Wait a minute, you wouldn't reach the water if you jumped from the lighthouse," I thought of the view from the top, and Mom shrugged.

"It's just a story, Daniel," she stated before licking up my length, sucking pre-cum from the eye.

I lay there and marveled at the fact my mother was sucking me off, admiring her beauty, her talent, as I felt my orgasm approaching.

"Come here," I held out a hand to draw her up my body.

"Why?" She surprisingly questioned.

"Because I want to cum inside you," I matter-of-factly explained and she shook her head.

"I want you to finish here," she rubbed the bulbous head of my dick across her chin, nuzzled her nose against my swelling.

"You're serious?"

"Cum on me Daniel," her hand tightened around my erection, increased its rate. "Cum on my face."

No more loving words had ever been spoken by a mother to her son. Here was the woman I'd sought my entire life. One who knew me, and as the days had gone by, ached to learn more. Whose love was unconditional and reciprocated. How could any other woman compete with what we had? They couldn't.

Her mouth wrapped again the head of my cock as her fist worked the shaft, a free hand fondling and squeezing my laden balls. She forced more of me between her lips, the head against the roof of her mouth, and further before she gagged and released me, drooling saliva down my length.

"You're wrong," I gasped as she used her spit as lube, jerking me off as she rubbed the head against her lips. "You are a goddess!" I exclaimed as I came.

A geyser of ejaculate. She closed one eye partly as a jet of cum coated from temple to cheek. Spray after spray of jism shooting forth to be aimed across her face as if wishing her entire visage painted. Her chin a beard of my creamy affection, dripping from her nose like snot, her tongue eager to catch the trickle and swallow my gift of love. She took me inside her mouth

and sucked the remainder as I once more breathed, my heart audibly thumping as her eyes sought my appraisal.

"How was that?" She popped off me smiling and I don't think I'd ever seen her look so beautiful. Daubed in incestuous face paint, seemingly proud of the result.

"Awesome," I panted as she rose to a kneeling position between my legs a hand still around my slick penis.

"How do I look?" She grinned, tentatively opening her eye, the cum remaining on her eyelash.

"So good," I chuckled and she laughed, drawing me from the bed.

"Come on," she giggled leading me to the bathroom. "I want to see."

And so, it was. Days of playfulness turning into weeks of summer indulgence. Experimenting sexually like teenagers, eager to try every position, every extreme. Days we remained naked. Days spent entirely in bed. We'd fall asleep in each other's arms, my cock embedded, to wake erect and find her ready. Her cunt my cock's home. More in than out. The weather turning to mark another season, to tally our time together and the ever-encroaching end of my tenure. Forgotten as we cuddled together in the winter cold. Mother and son, lovers, blanketed by incestuous warmth and wrapped in love enduring. Endless.

*

Longer days. Spring and the sun's comfort extending. Mom face down on the bed, naked ass in the air as I spanked her buttocks to her delighted squeals. Even this long into our time together, discovering something new and exciting. A red hue quickly covering each peachy cheek as I handed out ten of the best.

"It's all this island," she rolled onto her side, giggling, and I fell next to her, my fingers combing down through her pubic hair to cup her dripping pussy. "I never did any of this with your father."

"The island? Or its inhabitants?" I posed, kissing her forehead.

"You're not talking about your ghosts again?" She smiled, looking up into my eyes as I ran my fingers along her labia, finding her clit and causing her to sigh.

"Something happened," I recalled my encounters early on in the lighthouse. "You never felt anything... weird?"

She nestled further into my side, her face in the crook of my neck.

"I've had... dreams," she admitted for the first time. "Of us. We were wearing clothes of a different age. But they started before we even got here."

"But only after I first told you about this place!?" I fired back and her eyes once more found mine.

"Yes."

I thought of the hairstyle she'd adopted. Mayhew's reaction to her uncanny resemblance to Delia Caster.

"You think it's them, don't you?" Mom implied Delia and her son, my silence in response, speaking volumes. "I can't. I won't," Mom rolled atop me, her vulva lost to my hand but my cock taking up the duty, sliding along her slick folds. "I, we're not under the influence of some entity Daniel," she reached down and allowed my cock entrance to her vagina, sliding down to the base. "This is real."

I groaned with pleasure as she squeezed her vaginal walls around my erection, reaching up to cup her breasts and draw her mouth down onto mine.

"Whatever the case," I whispered between her lips. "Whatever the cause," I kissed her as I began to thrust up into her body. "You're all I'll ever need from life Mom," I echoed Mayhew's final words as her tongue entered my mouth.

*

"Dickson?" I extended my hand as the fair-haired, what could only be described as a youth, climbed down from the ship.

"And you must be Briggs," he smiled as we shook hands, Mom offering her own as I introduced the two.

"Welcome to the island," I turned my attention to unloading the supply boat before after roughly fifteen minutes of labor, concentrating again on my successor. "Right, let's show you the ropes."

*

The days after the new caretaker departed went too quickly, during which, Mom and I were all but inseparable. Our last naked (albeit freezing) swim upon the beach. Walks arm in arm around the island. Hand-jobs, make-out sessions, and impromptu fucks in any and every situation possible. We made the most of it. Late nights and early rises so as not to waste a minute in each other's orbit, ever touching. We were lovers. We'd shared the love of a lifetime in the space of a year and so deeply was our affection, there was little doubt we'd not continue back in the real world. But what if?

It was a feeling unspoken. And I knew she shared my concern.

"He can't be more than twenty," Mom referred to Riley Dickson as we awaited the Coast Guard Cutter at the jetty. "Do you think he'll be okay here?" Mom's maternal instinct kicked in.

"He seemed more than capable when I was showing him around. He's done a lot of solo camping apparently, so he's used to being on his own."

"Even so. A year alone," Mom proposed. "That's got to change you."

I laughed and placed an arm around her waist. "You're starting to sound like Mayhew. I did tell him to contemplate bringing someone, but he's single and I think he likes it that way."

The Cutter appeared and slowed as it neared the jetty and I set to attaching the docking lines as Dickson and surprisingly another, climbed from the ship, back beside Mom when I managed to take in the presence of the newcomer. She was as blond as Dickson and the similarity between the two was unmistakable, clearly a relation and much older than the boy.

"...and this is my sister, Gillian," Dickson introduced the attractive woman, taking off her leather gloves to shake our hands, Mom reaching out to squeeze my arm at the mention of their familial relationship.

"I wasn't going to let my baby brother do this on his own," Gillian smiled and the two shared a look between them of deep affection and my heart swelled surprisingly. A brother and sister alone on an isolated island for a year. Who knows what could happen!?

*

"I think they'll be alright," Mom acknowledged me as I left the bridge and joined her looking back at the island.

"Oh, I'm sure they'll have the time of their lives," I wrapped an arm around her and she turned to look me in the eye.

"And us?" There was a slight look of concern behind her forced smile.

"Oh, I know we'll be alright," I dismissed her fears as I pulled her into me, my cock pressing hard into her crotch.

"But what if it's not the same between us back there?"

"Then we'll find another island somewhere," I swept my arm toward the ocean. "Just the two of us. We'll never be apart again, I promise you," I assured her as our lips met and I found her tongue. And as I looked through her hair at the island diminishing behind us, just before I closed my eyes to the lighthouse. It was possible I saw a man and woman atop the tower. Arm in arm, watching as we departed. It was possible the woman had short black hair, done in a flapper-style akin to the roaring twenties and it's even possible the man wore a grey peak cap.

But it's possible, I was mistaken.

Renovator's Delight

"Hey Karen, come look at this!" James called, pointing at the circled ad in the real estate section of the paper.

Karen approached and looked over his shoulder at the property. "Gee that's cheap. Looks a bit of a dump though."

"Yep, deceased estate. The bank wants to get rid of it as soon as possible. They want a third of the median price in that neighborhood! It's laughable."

James took his wife's hand and pulled her around beside him. Lifting a leg over his she climbed onto his lap and faced him at the table. "I can see the wheels spinning in your head. We can't afford it!" Karen said, lightly kissing him on the lips.

"We could re-mortgage this place, I'll do all the renovating. We'd more than double our investment!"

Karen felt James' cock rising in his pants. She ground her groin down onto his, causing him to groan. "Is it me that's turning you on right now or the property?"

James clutched her rear and squeezed. "You baby, always you."

She felt herself becoming wet as he caressed her ass. "It's still a No!"

A thought entered James' head. "What about Belinda?"

"Turning you on? Your sister!?"

"No! About the house. She has that money from the divorce, she's been idle since they broke up. What about convincing her to put in?" James proposed.

Karen leaned back and placed her elbows on the table behind her. "That actually isn't a bad idea. We could come up with half I suppose and if both of you worked on it. It might work!"

James was beaming. "I'll invite her around for dinner tonight, put it to her. See I'm not just a pretty face."

Karen reached down and began to unzip his fly. "I never said you were."

* * * * *

When James opened the second bottle of red for the night, Belinda had begun to relax and enjoy herself. Both James and Karen had noticed the decline in her mental state since the divorce and had done all they could to help her through. Ultimately James knew his big sister had to get over it herself. She'd move on with her life eventually and the renovation of a house was just the distraction he hoped she needed.

"O.k, tell me again about this house." Belinda inquired.

James brought out his tablet and sat next to Belinda on the couch. Opening the real estate app he navigated to the property.

"Ugh. It's nothing to look at," Belinda laughed and looked up at Karen.

"You've seen this? God Karen, I thought my brother had taste."

Karen smiled and moved over to top up Belinda's glass. It was nice to see her laughing again. She eyed her sister-in-law up and down. Five years older than James and in her late 40's she was still very attractive, her blonde hair, the darker roots showing through was held back in a pony tail, her face although feminine, so similar to James'. Karen envied her larger ass and breasts, a breast which was now pressed against her husbands arm. Their legs were touching. They're sitting so close together, she thought, then

rebuked herself the jealousy. They're brother and sister you idiot, stop whatever it is you're thinking.

"Let's cut to the chase, how much money do you want to borrow little brother?"

James had felt so warm and relaxed sitting beside Belinda. It reminded him of when they'd sit and read together as children. Her breast was pressed to his arm and he was reluctant to move from the position. Turning towards Belinda and breaking the connection between them he placed the tablet down on the couch. "No you've got it wrong. We don't want to borrow the money, we want to go in as partners. 50/50. We share the work. I figure they'll accept an offer of \$110 thousand, we spend around \$20 to \$40 grand on the renovation and I bet we'll sell it for \$350 to \$400 thousand come the end of summer."

"Partners? I don't know anything about renovating a house." Belinda said, draining her glass, Karen quick to top her up once more.

"What's to know? Tradespeople do all the serious stuff, we do everything else. You'd be amazed how much you can learn on Youtube."

Belinda looked to Karen again. "You all in on this?"

"Sure. Look what your brother did with this place. You'll learn as you go, you'll enjoy it."

"I know what else you want to say, It'll give me something to do!" Belinda forced a smile.

"We want to see you happy again Belinda." Karen stated.

"So what do you say Bee? You gonna come and work with your little brother?"

Belinda swallowed a mouthful of wine and ate a piece of cheese. She knew she was adding to the suspense. Finally she placed her glass down on the coffee table. "Yes! Yes I will."

* * * * *

DAY 1

"So everything's final?"

"Yep."

"We're homeowners!" Belinda looked down at the copy of the title. "James and Belinda Miles. Looks like we're a married couple!"

"Yeah, how does it feel using your maiden name again?" James asked.

"Good actually. I want to forget everything about my past life and today is the start of it." She suddenly wrapped her arms around her brother and hugged him tightly. "Thank you James. This was just what I needed."

The unexpected embrace was welcomed by James, the feel of her body against his, the smell of her hair. He also realized he hadn't hugged his sister that closely in more than 20 years. It was a new day for both of them.

Standing before the property they broke the hug and looked at the facade.

"God I was right, it's nothing to look at!" Belinda opined.

"That's the idea. The worst property on the best street. Shit even just mowing the lawn and painting the exterior we could make \$20 thousand on this place. Shall we go in?"

"I'm fearful!"

"Hah. Come on."

The screen door came off it's hinges when James pulled it open and Belinda placed a hand across her mouth to stifle her laugh. "O.k, I admit that's not a good start!" James added.

The third key James tried unlocked the large oak door and James swung it open after explaining all it needed was to be sanded back and polished and it would add \$5000 to the price.

"This place will be worth a cool mil the way you're going!" Belinda sarcastically replied.

James ignored the jibe. "Well if you said we looked a married couple on the title, maybe I should carry you across the threshold!"

"Oh would you? Colin never did that!"

Without waiting James reached behind Belinda's back and legs and accompanied by her screams of laughter hoisted her up in his arms and entered the house. Belinda had her arms around James' neck and she turned to look him in the eye. James was suddenly aware of the soft skin of her bare thigh against his arm, his hand reached so close to her breast from behind. Her other breast to his chest. He could feel her hot breath against his neck. He felt arousal.

The moment it happened he lowered her back onto her feet. Belinda placed both her hands on his chest and pushed him away still giggling. "Wow you got strong little brother, you couldn't do that when we were kids!" Belinda turned away and they both took in the surroundings of the hallway. A stairway directly opposite the front door led up to the second floor and doors on either side of the entrance led to a living room and a spare bedroom.

"It's bigger than I expected!" Belinda stated.

"I get that a lot!" James quickly fired back and it took Belinda a moment to get the joke.

"Oh James!" She rolled her eyes and softly punched his arm and James feigned agony at her assault. "Come on, I think the kitchen is down here." Belinda said and headed past the stairway towards the rear of the house. James knew the layout perfectly having inspected the property days before but followed Belinda allowing her to discover the house by herself.

"These cupboards will have to be replaced. I guess we could just polish the floorboards. What's the plumbing like?" She asked excitedly.

"See, you know what you're doing. You shouldn't have doubted yourself. But yeah, the plumbing's fine. Good pressure too. The electrician says he'll have to rewire some of the rooms but that was to be expected."

"Can we go upstairs?"

James smiled, "Lead the way."

Belinda mounted the stairs ahead of her brother and James allowed his eyes to stray across her rear and the swish of her skirt as she ascended. "These stairs would look great polished with a carpet runner!" Belinda suddenly stopped and looked behind at James to gauge his opinion. His eyes quickly diverted from her ass and Belinda noticed but dismissed it. He was probably just looking straight ahead, she thought and they continued up the stairway.

In the master bedroom James pointed out that they could knock down a wall which would open it up to the adjoining bathroom, thus providing an ensuite. They could feed off the same plumbing and create another bathroom beside it which would cut back on costs. Belinda loved his ideas and ventured a few of her own, walk in robes could be added without much fuss and they drew plans on the walls as they went.

"Want to see the basement?" James matter-of-factly stated when they'd completed the second floor.

Belinda grabbed his arm excitedly. "There's a basement?"

James nodded. "Let's go."

The house was built in the 1920's and from what the estate agent had discovered had been in the same family's hands ever since. An elderly childless couple had resided in it up until the wife died in the early 2000's and the husband remained alone until his death. The realtor had to declare the man died in the home and James had kept this fact from Belinda so as to not make her uncomfortable in the house. The man died intestate and much of the furniture and chattels had been sold in an auction held previously and James rued the fact he hadn't been aware. One or two rooms still held unsold items, a cabinet in the dining room, a dresser, a kitchen table but the basement was still a treasure trove of old power tools and bric-a-brac.

"Oh my god it's creepy down here!" Belinda exclaimed as she took in the room.

"It just needs light." James pointed to air vents on the walls. "If we replace them with glass it'll give the place a while new atmosphere. We could turn this into a cinema or gym, even another living room."

Belinda looked at the saws, hammers and other tools lining the walls and workbench. "Yeah, the slaughterhouse look just isn't a huge drawcard nowadays is it?"

"Ha, I'll get Karen to organize a dumpster through her work, some of this we can sell online but most of it's scrap." James turned to Belinda. "So what do you think?"

"About the basement?"

"No. All of it."

Belinda again scanned the room and James thought he probably should've waited until they were upstairs to ask the question. "To be honest," she paused, frowning, then her face brightened. "I love it!" She again unexpectedly embraced James. The hug was closer than she'd intended. Her body pressed against his as though someone was pushing her from behind. Her breasts flattened against James' chest and her pelvis ground against his groin. "When do we get to it?" She asked looking up into his eyes.

James' mind was in a muddle. His cock was pressing against his sister and it felt good. "Get to what?" He managed to answer.

"The house! When do we begin?"

"Oh! Um, tomorrow I guess. Meet here around seven. You're closer so I'll give you the keys until we make a copy." Neither seemed to want to break the embrace but when Belinda began running her hands down James' arms he felt his cock begin to swell and not to cause embarrassment, stepped away, feigning interest in a circular saw.

Belinda watched her brother from behind. His muscular back rippling under the tight white t-shirt. His ass, rounded against his blue denim. She noticed something else as she stood in the cellar. She was wet.

* * * * *

DAY 2

James pulled up outside the house at 6:30am. Belinda was already sitting on the front steps sipping a coffee, another placed beside her. "You're eager!" James shouted from the curb as he opened the rear of his truck and began removing the hire equipment he'd picked up the previous afternoon.

Belinda approached and began to help, lifting a floor sander down from the tray. "I was here at six, I could hardly sleep I was so excited. I tossed and turned all night."

James suddenly imagined Belinda in bed. What was she wearing, he thought? Then quickly put it out of his mind. They moved the tools to the porch and James took a moment to admire his sister's body again. She'd come prepared, wearing work boots that looked new and long socks rolled down. Her legs were bare and her ass filled out a pair of short khaki hiking shorts. A white tank top was underneath a red checkered shirt and she finished her look with a matching red hair scarf. "I'm glad you wore some old clothes, we're gonna get dirty today!" And the moment he said it he realized it came out wrong.

"Promises, promises." Belinda quickly retorted and although they both laughed, both were unsure why they were speaking so provocatively.

Mid morning a dumpster arrived and James had the driver leave it in the driveway on the property. Come lunchtime it was half full and much of the basement had been cleared. On reflection most of the tools weren't worth salvaging and James wasn't disappointed, meaning less time online trying to sell the items. A few tools he left on the curb with a sign saying "Free" and as the day progressed the items decreased.

They combined their forces ripping up the linoleum tiling on the floors and Belinda took to the floor sander like a pro. By the afternoon she had most of the first floor sanded back and James quipped if she wanted to do it professionally she had better learn to go slower.

James surveyed the now empty basement and satisfied with his work, turned to climb back up the steps. As he mounted the fourth stair and his eye-line was level with the roof of the cellar he noticed a large crack

between the ceiling panels and reached out to examine it. Upon touching, the panel dropped down and fell to the floor with a loud thud with what he at first thought was insulation. Climbing back down the stairs he dropped to his knees to examine the find. A large number of porn mags had been stored in the space, yellowed with age some showed dates going back to the 60's. The latest he found was a Hustler from the 90's and attempting a cursory inspection found the pages to be heavily glued together.

"What was that?" Came Belinda's voice from the entrance to the basement.

"Are you O.k.?"

"Yeah it's cool, come down."

Belinda had been reluctant to return to the basement since her initial excursion and had been happy to allow James to clean it out. When she reached the bottom she marveled at the change in the room. "Wow it looks great down here, you were right, if there was more light it could be a fantastic space!" She looked down at James, squatting on the floor. "What have you got?"

James had compiled the magazines into a tower counting fifteen levels high. "Check it out, all the girly mags a boy could ever want."

Belinda knelt down next to James and examined the pile. "Oh my god." She looked up when she saw the ceiling panel. "Were they up there?"

"Yep, nearly hit me on the way down. I could've been killed by porn!"

Belinda's eye was caught by a small tin box against the stairway, as yet unnoticed by James. "What's this?" She reached out and dragged the box towards them. Opening it they discovered photos of the one couple and many of the female alone in various sexual positions. They were taken over a number of years, their aging reflected in the images. The earliest shots

looked to be from the 60's or 70's going by the square shape of the photos. Many were Polaroids and the latest with the couple appearing to be in their elder years were digital prints. All up they counted 100 photos.

Every conceivable sex act seemed to have been recorded for posterity by the pair. The couple weren't particularly attractive. The man sported a handlebar mustache for most of his life and was too thin for his height. The woman was mousy with small breasts and always had it seemed, greasy hair. James and Belinda passed each photo between them and made jokes to remove what could have been an uncomfortable situation for a brother and sister. Placing the photos back in the box Belinda looked at the pile of porn. "Looks like you've got some reading to do little brother!" she laughed. James stood and scooped the pile of magazines up with him.

"Well all but the Hustler, the pages are pretty well stuck together!"

"Ewgh!" Belinda exclaimed as she followed James upstairs with their bounty.

Placing the magazines on the kitchen table James looked at the time on his phone. "We should call it a day. Bright and early tomorrow?"

"I'll be here." She arched her back and stretched her arms above her head. "I think I'll have a nice bath when I get home, some bubbles. Maybe a wine."

"Sounds nice, I think I'll join you." James was quick to correct himself. "I mean not join you, I mean I'll do the same. At my house."

Belinda shook her head. "You're such an idiot!"

On the drive home Belinda thought of the couple in the photos. Obviously the previous owners. Such a healthy sex life she thought, all those years. She thought of the bath that awaited her when she arrived home. The soothing effect of the warm water. She thought of James and him sliding

into the water before her. His hands on her body. She tried to dismiss the idea. "Stop it Belinda, it's sick. He's your brother." A car tooted her from behind at the lights and she drove on, homeward bound.

* * * * *

James stood in the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. Looking at himself in the mirror he noticed the bath over his right shoulder. She's probably in the bath right now, he thought. He closed his eyes and saw her. Her hair tied back yet wet strands framing her face. Her breasts just above the water line, the shadow of her sex below the surface. He opened his eyes and broke the spell. "She's your sister dude!" He whispered but not quietly enough.

"What was that baby?"

Her voice came from the bedroom and James quickly thought of something to cover his tracks. "Hot water system's crude!"

Karen entered the bathroom wearing only her nightie. "Oh I thought you said something about your sister. You haven't stopped talking about her since you got home. 'Belinda did this, Belinda said that.' If she wasn't your sister I'd think you've got a crush on her or something."

Jame turned and faced Karen, pulling her into him. She noticed the erection immediately. "Ooh is that for me?"

"Who else would it be for?"

"I'd hate to think!" Karen joked. But in the back of his mind, James wondered, did she suspect?

* * * * *

DAY 3

James wanted to get to the house early and yet when he arrived at 6am, there was Belinda waiting on the porch before him, coffee at the ready. "Did you sleep here?" He joked, noting the blue jeans she wore seemed to be painted on they were so tight. As he neared her however he realized they were leggings fashioned to look like jeans. She still wore her work boots and the tight black t-shirt she donned was speckled with white paint from a previous project.

"There's no way I'd sleep here alone, not yet anyway." Belinda passed her key to James and before he could begin to unlock the door Belinda poked him on the chest. "Why didn't you tell me the owner died in there?"

James let the key turn in the lock and the bolt opened. He turned slowly to face Belinda. "Oh."

"Yeah, and something else I found out. The owner, 'handlebar mustache man', his name was Franklin. He never married. Lived with his sister Martha until she died. And before you ask, she never married either! Very close family if you get my drift"

"That doesn't mean it was her in the photos Bee. It could have been..." but Belinda cut him off.

"Oh it was her, their photos were in the papers and everything."

"How did you find this out?" James asked, noting Belinda's demeanor. She wasn't angry, she seemed to be excited.

"Internet. All the old papers have been digitized. Seems they did charity work, gave a lot to the community."

"Look I'm sorry I didn't tell you about him dying here, I thought it would've freaked you out."

"Oh I'm glad you didn't. You're right it would've! But I've thought a lot about it, last night, this morning and it's kind of sweet isn't it?"

"What, the dude dying here?"

"No, that they lived together, you know, they found someone...even though, well, you know!"

James wondered what exactly she was getting at. Was she saying she thought the idea of an incestuous relationship between a brother and sister a good thing, a "sweet thing" to quote her words? The conversation had become awkward for James considering the feelings he'd been having recently. He'd even thought about Belinda when he was making love to Karen the night before. It was ridiculous, he loved his wife and hadn't ever thought of straying. Belinda was always just his big sister, he idolized her when they were little but could he make love to her? Before he could answer his own question or respond to Belinda the sound of a van pulling into the driveway behind them drew their attention.

The electrician gave them a quote for the re-wiring they needed, down-lights, new exhaust fans and air conditioning and when Belinda batted her eyelids and flirted some, he even took a little more off. James set about removing the air vents from the basement and Belinda began work with a power sander on the stairway and balustrade. At lunchtime James drove to the mall and picked up subs and purchased a six pack of beer to reward their labor. They sat together on the steps of the porch in the sun and ate, and afterwards James surprised Belinda with the beer.

The afternoon went well. Belinda had sanded half of the stairway and James removed the last of the vents and built in window frames in preparation for the glazier the next day. James called Belinda down to see the basement transformed and she was amazed at the difference the light created.

Noticing the ladder placed below where the porn had been stashed, Belinda climbed up to examine the space. "Why do you think he hid the photos?" She asked, peering into the void. James walked over and held the ladder below. His eyes worked their way up her legs and settled on her ass. The faux pockets of her leggings curved with the shape of her buttocks. The material was lost in the crack of her ass and he had the sudden compulsion to bury his face between his sisters legs.

Belinda looked down over her shoulder and caught her brother staring at her ass. "Did you hear me?"

James snapped out of his trance. "Oh. Ah I don't know. Maybe when she died he didn't want to be reminded of her."

"Sad isn't it?"

"What?"

"That they must have loved each other so much and yet couldn't tell the world." Belinda backed down off the ladder and turned to James. They were so close, both holding the ladder. He was looking at my bum, Belinda thought, do I turn him on? Belinda reached out and touched James on the chest. "Another beer? I'm going to!" She turned and made sure to climb the stairs ahead of James. She felt his eyes on her the entire way up and it delighted her.

Belinda carried on with the sanding, with her beer at hand and James set about demolishing the walls of the upper bathroom. Half an hour into it Belinda came into the room startling James. "Look out I need to pee!" She said as she planted a hand on his shoulder as she passed.

James placed down his crowbar and began to stand. "Hang on I'll give you some privacy."

"Privacy? There's no walls!" She laughed. "Just stay, I won't be a second!"

Before James had a chance to leave, Belinda had pulled down her leggings mid thigh and sat on the toilet. The stream gushed out of her instantly and the noise filled the room. "God just in time! It's the beer."

James debated not watching but couldn't draw his eyes away. He could see her creamy thighs, her ample ass from the side and even the white of her underwear. "Um should I go?"

"I'm nearly finished!" She replied and indeed the flow turned to a trickle.

"James, you're my brother. It's not like we're strangers!" Belinda reached for the paper and wiped. She felt how wet she was and knew it wasn't just the pee. "There, done." She stood, quickly pulling up her pants in the process, flushed and walked back out past the awestruck James.

Jesus, James thought. He'd seen the quickest flash of her pussy as she stood and the image was etched in his brain. A small patch of brown pubic hair, his sister's pubic hair, a vision of indescribable beauty. He wanted to pull his cock from his pants and masturbate. No, he wanted to go to her and have her do it, to do the same to her. His erection was painful in his pants and he readjusted himself to ease the pressure.

The moment Belinda reached the hallway and out of sight of James she stopped and pressed her back to the wall. Her hand went to her pants and plunged down inside, through her pubic hair and gripped her cunt. She found herself drenched and slid a finger inside the over-lubricated hole. Her other hand caressed her arched neck then slowly ran down to her breast, pawing at her nipple and squeezing. What the fuck am I doing? She asked herself.

* * * * *

James opened the back door of his house and walked through to the kitchen. Karen was at the sink washing the prep dishes for dinner. He paused for a moment and admired his wife from behind. Wearing a loose yellow sun dress he could see her white panties through the material. Her body was smaller than Belinda's, her breasts and ass, noticeably so. She felt his presence and turned her head as James came up behind her. His hands lightly touched her arms and then wrapped around her waist. His cock was already hard and he pressed it into her rear. "Ooh, welcome home husband!"

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Belinda sat on the couch, a glass of wine on the coffee table before her. She opened the small tin box and removed a handful of photos. From the look of the couple they were probably taken in the 80's and seemed to be of a similar age to her. Upon reflection the man wasn't as unattractive as she'd first thought. She found herself studying each photo closely, recognizing the rooms in which the photos had been taken, the upstairs bedroom, the bathroom. Stopping on one photo in particular. The woman was on the toilet, the same toilet she'd used only hours before. She was leaned back, her legs obscenely spread and a jet of urine flowed into the bowl. Belinda's hand went to her crotch as she looked at another photo, the brother and sister fucking in doggy style, the camera obviously set on timer. She stopped on a photo of the woman on the porch, the front of her blue dress lifted to reveal she wasn't wearing panties. "I have that dress!" she said aloud.

Later that evening Belinda stepped out of the shower. She wrapped a towel around her freshly washed hair whilst she dried her body and moisturized. Throwing on a robe, she took out her hair drier and blow-dried her wet blonde hair, brushing the damp out. When she finished she examined

herself closer in the mirror and inspected her scalp with a look of incredulity. She'd just shampooed and conditioned and yet her hair was oily.

* * * * *

"What was that all about?"

"What?" James replied, pulling his pants up, re-buckling and sitting back on the dining chair.

Karen in turn pulled her panties back up and lowered her dress. She felt his cum begin to ooze out of her as she turned and climbed atop his lap, pressing her now sodden crotch against his groin.

"Fucking before dinner? What's got you so amorous?"

James kissed her on the neck and then the lips, gripping her ass with both hands. "Don't know, just happy I guess."

"Well whatever it is, I like it. Just one thing." Karen bit her lip and hesitated before going on. "You called me Belinda when you came!"

"Did I!? I'm so sorry. Must be all the time I'm spending with her."

"It's no big deal. If she wasn't your sister I'd probably be worried though."

James laughed. "Yeah! Hey I might have a shower and shave before dinner if there's time."

"Sure thing baby."

James spread the shaving foam on his face and picked up the razor. He was just going through the motions, the sweeps of the blade he'd done thousands of times. When he rinsed the excess foam from his face and toweled himself dry he looked at his reflection. The handlebar mustache was taking form. In a few days it would be thick. He was happy with the result.

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DAY 4

It was quickly becoming his favorite moment of the day. Pulling up outside the house and discovering what she was wearing. He wasn't disappointed. The light blue sleeveless dress came down mid thigh and was joined with press-studs at the front. She retained her work boots and white socks and James immediately wondered what color her underwear may be. He looked at his watch, not yet 6am. "What time did you get here?"

Belinda smiled and handed him a cup of coffee she'd poured from a Thermos. "Just arrived, I'm excited to get going. What's on the schedule?"

When James walked into the kitchen he knew she hadn't just arrived. There was an empty coffee mug on the table that hadn't been there the night before and the magazines which he hadn't yet thrown away had been rearranged. The thought his sister had been leafing through them moments before had him aroused and when she sidled up beside him he could smell her feminine scent. He looked at her more closely. The dress was familiar though he couldn't recall ever seeing her wearing it. Her hair looked a little oily at the roots and he felt the desire to run his hands through it.

"So little brother, what's the plan?"

"Oh, well I guess if you're sick of sanding we could start painting the basement. The glazier should be here soon to put in the windows. It'd be good to get a room finished!"

"Sounds good. Oh and I like the mo!" She motioned towards his face and smiled. "It suits you."

The concrete floor of the basement could be painted at a later date so they didn't bother placing down drop sheets. They used rollers and had two walls

done by the time the glazier arrived. He complimented James on the window frames and said it had made his job easier. By mid morning he was gone and the basement was airtight and well on the way to looking homely.

"Can I paint the window frames?" Belinda asked when they'd finished the walls.

"Are you O.k on ladders?"

"Kinda', If you hold it for me."

James put the ladder in place and held it and the paint whilst Belinda climbed. As he had the day before, James admired her legs as she ascended and then when she reached the necessary height to paint the frame he was afforded a view up her dress. Now the room was full of light he could clearly see her panties, white lace boy-shorts. The bulge of her pussy was obvious between her legs and the cut of her underwear provided bare coverage of her asshole. She must have been aware of how exposed she was, he thought. She wants me to look!

Belinda felt her brother's eyes. He's looking at my pussy, she kept telling herself. Her panties were dripping with lubricant and each time she moved her legs she felt it spreading on her upper thighs. Do it James, touch me, kiss me there, she silently implored. What do I have to do to show you I'm willing? She wondered. "Do I paint over this bit?" She asked and pointed at a part of the window he couldn't see.

"What bit? I can't see."

"Well climb up silly."

"What behind you?"

"Well how else are you going to see it?"

James placed the can of paint down and mounted the ladder. His hands gripped the frame around her body and his chest, followed by his groin, pressed instantly to her rear. Standing a rung below her, the tip of his erection nestled between the cheeks of her ass. He looked at where she had been pointing and wasn't surprised when he saw nothing. He didn't attempt to pull away and nor did she, in fact Belinda pushed her butt back onto him. His mouth was at her ear and he inhaled the smell of her hair. Belinda shivered when he exhaled against her neck. "Is that your..I can feel your.." She found it hard to say the word. To break the taboo and acknowledge what was about to happen.

James dropped down off the ladder and lifted Belinda's dress from behind, she took hold of the hem with one hand and pushed her ass to to him. Finally James looked upon her rear in all it's glory. Her french cut panties crossed each cheek mid way and without further delay he plunged his face between her globes. The smell of her ass and cunt invaded his senses. His cheeks became wet from her buildup of moisture. Belinda was unsure whether he was kissing, sucking or sniffing her ass but whatever he was doing felt wonderful. She pushed her rear down harder against him, almost sitting on his face and then his hands grasped the waistband of her panties and they were down mid thigh. Just as quickly his mouth again returned to her ass as he spread her cheeks wide. His tongue was at one moment inside her ass, then her pussy and then teasing her clitoris. She needed to repay the pleasure.

Wrenching his mouth from her sex she began to descend the ladder and at the base turned. James ripped open the front of her dress as she reached for his zipper. Pulling it from his pants her hand began to furiously pump on her brother's cock while he admired her body from the front, her white bra and lowered panties. They came together at the mouth and Belinda tasted

her cunt and ass on his tongue. James first clutched at his sister's breast then lowered to feel between her legs. His fingers entered her and she squeezed tighter around his penis. Pulling out he coated her clit with her juices and flicked his fingers across her swollen little button. Their lips never unlocked as first Belinda began to cum, her orgasm lasting the entire length of James' and longer. James began to spurt over Belinda's stomach and thighs, his cum landing on both their arms. She continued to pull him as her orgasm progressed, her hand, his cock, coated in semen and James wouldn't slow down his manipulation of her clit until she was satisfied.

Finally as her orgasm ended she clasped her legs together on his hand and she stopped jacking his now limp cock. They broke their lips' hold on each other and tongues separated. Belinda's legs began to wobble and she allowed herself to slowly collapse to the floor with James following. Her hand was still around his cock and she didn't want to let it go for fear it would awaken her from the dream she was living.

Neither wanted there to be an awkward moment so both were quick to speak. "Are you O.k?" James asked.

Belinda nodded. "We should talk about this right now James, get it all out in the open."

"I agree, I think it's safe to say we both wanted this right?" He asked and again Belinda nodded. "So what the fuck just happened Bee?"

"It's this house, don't you feel it?"

James looked skeptical. "This house?"

"Yes. I felt it the moment we entered. I started feeling things, having thoughts."

"About me, us?"

"Yes. Seriously have you ever considered doing this before we started working on this house?"

James took a moment and had to agree he hadn't. "I guess not. I mean I've always loved you but not wanted to, you know."

"I know."

"So what do you want to do? Do you regret it?"

"No fucking way." She still held his cock and he began to harden. "Even now James I want you. I want you inside me. But I can also see reality. You're married."

Shockingly to him, James hadn't even thought of Karen in the last few minutes. "It doesn't change anything. I still love her. I can love you as well."

Belinda had coaxed a full erection out of James and she began to jerk him off once again. "You don't know how happy that makes me!"

* * * * *

DAY 5

Belinda stood at the kitchen table looking around the room. The cupboard doors and bench tops had been removed and the old oven torn from the wall, the original color of the sickly yellow paint still visible. She opened the small tin box and fanned out a selection of photos. In a number the woman wore the same pink lingerie, the subject varied from glamour to downright pornographic. Belinda moved closer to the table and allowed the corner to press between her legs. She flipped through more photos. Polaroids of the woman sucking her brother's cock. Belinda gyrated her pelvis against the table, grinding the wood against her clit. A photo of Martha looking straight down the camera lens, her mouth full of cum. A

mouth full of her brothers cum. Belinda could feel herself on the verge of orgasm and she slowed her rhythm and eventually stopped. Let it happen with James, she thought. Her panties had become saturated and she reached under her dress and slipped them down her legs. Before placing them in her handbag she used them to wipe the wetness from between her legs.

James entered the house and saw her in the kitchen. As he approached he admired the beauty of his sister. How had he not noticed it before now, he thought? She wore a white sun dress with spaghetti straps over her shoulders. It didn't look like she was wearing a bra and as he got closer it became obvious she wasn't. "Not really work clothes!" He said and Belinda looked down at herself.

"Depends on what work you're doing I suppose."

James took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips, his hand ran down her back. "Well if you're working on turning me on. Job done."

She returned the kiss and looked him in the eyes. "So what are we doing today boss? Except for corny one-liners that is."

"Ah! Today's a fun day. We're going shopping."

* * * * *

The mega kitchen and bathroom appliance store was among a variety of home-ware businesses in the district. They spent much of the morning choosing and ordering bathroom fittings and tiles. Walking hand in hand like a married couple, which they were often mistaken as. Belinda played up on it. Calling James her husband when talking to shop assistants, caressing him in front of others.

"Oh I love this shower!" Belinda gasped as they browsed the bathrooms. She pulled open the glass screen and stepped inside. Looking around to

make sure there were no witnesses she pulled the straps of her dress down her arms and allowed her breasts to spill free. "Can't you just see me in this shower James?"

James imagined her naked, soaping up those breasts now proudly on display. He moved a hand to his pocket and stroked his hardening cock. Belinda covered herself and stepped out of the shower. She looked around the rest of the bathroom display and focused on the toilet.

Lifting the seat she raised her dress and sat down. Leaning back onto the cistern she spread her legs and looked up at her brother.. "Can you see me on this toilet James?"

James hadn't been aware she wasn't wearing panties. His eyes were drawn to her creamy white thighs, her trimmed brown bush and the pink slit beneath. It was too much. No man could resist this temptation. This time it was James who scouted the area for eavesdroppers and finding none, approached his sister. She was quick to respond, knowing time was of the essence. Belinda reached for his fly and unzipped, his cock burst forth and she immediately plunged her mouth down onto the head.

James cradled the back of her head as she began to suck his cock. Her mouth dripped saliva and her throat made gagging noises as she attempted to envelop his length entirely. Lifting her head off she held him upright and looking up into his eyes licked from the base to the tip. Reaching the head she stopped and grasped her hand around his thickness. "I love you." She breathed and waited.

"I love you too," James responded and then she was back into it with vigour. He again looked around to see they weren't being watched then looked back down. His orgasm was approaching. Belinda jacked him off at the base and sucked with all her might.

She paused for an instant to again look up. "Cum in my mouth James!" Then continued to fellate her brother.

James moved both hands to either side of her head and did as he was told. "Ahh fuck Belinda. Yes." He cried as he began pumping his cum into her mouth. He moved his hips back and forth and Belinda squeezed the base of his cock and balls. Her mouth filled with semen and she swallowed. She moved her hand up and down his length and milked out the very last of his cum. Again she swallowed and allowed his cock to exit her mouth.

Customers and a salesperson passed nearby and James quickly hid his cock away inside his pants. Belinda stood up from the toilet and used her index finger to wipe the sides of her mouth. Licking away excess cum. "Well I think we've seen enough here. Shall we go for these two?" James asked, pointing at the shower and the toilet. Belinda giggled and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head on his shoulder.

"I thinks that's a great idea."

* * * * *

DAY 9

The downstairs had been painted and the floors polished and by the end of the day the entire first floor was complete, except for an oven and dishwasher in the kitchen. James and Belinda lay naked together on the freshly laid carpet in the upper bedroom. His cock was still inside her, slowly softening. "Helloo. Is anyone there?" The voice came from downstairs. "Helloo, James? Belinda? Are you there?"

They recognized the voice instantly as Karen's. James jumped to attention, his cock sliding out of his sister, slimy and dripping cum. He clutched at his pants and tossed Belinda her clothing in the process. She forego her

underwear and hurriedly threw her dress over her head, finding her ballet flats and slapping them on her feet. James called out to Karen as he pulled his t-shirt down over his stomach. "We're up here, we'll come down."

"No that's O.k I'll come up." Karen reached the top of the stairs and met them as they came out of the bedroom. Belinda held her bra and panties behind her back with one hand and straightened her hair with the other.

"I called out, didn't you hear me?" Karen asked, a slightly quizzical look on her face.

"Oh we were just checking out the new carpet, it's hard to hear anything upstairs." James lied.

"Oh yeah, the carpet, let me look."

Karen walked between the two and entered the room. She noticed the odor of sex right away but dismissed it as the smell of the carpet. "Smells a bit strange but I like it. The color's beautiful!"

"So what brings you by Karen?" James asked.

She looked back at him and noticed his flushed complexion. Belinda's cheeks were red as well, her hair oily. "Well looking at you two you look like you've been working hard so I thought we could have Belinda around for dinner and drinks tonight. What do you say, save you cooking Belinda?"

Belinda looked at James and shrugged. "Ah, yeah. If that's alright."

James smiled back, they'd gotten away with it. "Yeah sure."

Karen again examined James and this time found something not quite right. "Oh my god!"

James immediately thought he'd overlooked something. "What?"

Karen approached and Belinda made sure the underwear at her back was kept out of sight. "You loser, your t-shirt is on inside out!" Karen looked at Belinda and rolled her eyes. "Didn't you notice? My god, you must have been walking around like that all day. Men!"

* * * * *

DAY 19

James pulled up outside the house. He looked over the landscaped front yard and the freshly painted exterior. Today would be their last day in the house, the auction was tomorrow and the realtor had predicted a sizeable profit. He ran his hand over his thick handlebar mustache and walked to the porch. Entering the house he found it quiet. They'd furnished a couple of the rooms to increase the value and he found Belinda waiting for him in the upstairs bedroom. "Final day," Belinda commented as she lay on the bed. "What will we do now? Go back to our separate lives?"

James reached into the bag he was holding and retrieved a newspapers' real estate section. "Nuh-Uh. I've already found some prospective properties. You and I make a pretty good team, be a shame to break it up now."

Belinda wore retro 80's lingerie she'd found in a thrift store. Her hair was greasy and she had a mousy appearance. James' cock grew in his pants at the sight of his sister and he quickly disrobed. Belinda noted he'd become thinner, maybe too thin for his height. Opening a bag he pulled out a Polaroid camera and began to take photos of his lover, placing each in the little tin box.

Everybody Needs Good Neighbours

Rosalind Colby slipped further down on the couch as she turned another page, the hand not holding the book finding it easier to slide back down the front of her jeans. She hadn't expected the reaction in herself to the story; wondering when last she'd masturbated, as once again, she combed her fingers through her pubic hair, pressing upon her sex.

The doorbell rang just as she found the perfect rhythm and pressure upon her clit, discarding the book and rising from the couch with a sigh. 'Of course!' She bemoaned as she hastened to discover her unexpected visitor.

'Hello,' came the joint and friendly greeting as she opened the door to her next-door neighbors; the Wilkinson's standing arm in arm expectantly before her. 'Hope we're not disturbing you, Rosa,' Phaedra added as Rosalind noticed Barnaby Wilkinson's eyes surreptitiously drop to her chest.

Not expecting to entertain, the tank top she'd donned that morning was admittedly threadbare and with her nipples remaining pronounced from her impromptu stirring of the honeypot, she understood she must have looked completely scandalous. It kindled something in herself, enjoying the feeling of being ogled. How long had it been since she'd been desired? She asked herself.

'No. No not at all,' Rosalind lied, the hand holding open the door so close to Barnaby. Would he enjoy licking her still damp fingers? She mused as he composed himself and finally looked her in the eye.

'Well, we just wanted to let you know we're going away for a week,' Phaedra announced. 'Barnaby's father's taken ill back in Minnesota.'

'Oh, I'm sorry,' Rosalind grimaced. 'Collect your mail?' She deduced their attendance at her door.

'Actually, no,' Barnaby countered. 'Mason's staying home this time.'

'He's 18,' Phaedra added. 'We thought he's mature enough to be left alone for a period.'

'Oh, so...?' Rosalind questioned their joint appearance at her doorstep.

'Well,' Phaedra glanced at her husband momentarily. 'We wondered if you'd just keep an eye on him though,' she contradicted her previous statement.

'Just make sure he doesn't throw any parties or play the music too loudly, that kind of thing.'

Rosalind smiled, thinking of her teenage years. Admittedly wild. 'Don't worry about it,' she laughed. 'From what I know of Mason, he'll be no trouble. But I'll look out for him if it makes you comfortable.'

The Wilkinson's looked proud as they made to back away.

'Thank you, Rosa,' Phaedra said. 'You have our mobiles if anything happens, and we'll be back most likely next weekend.'

'You just focus on your family,' Rosalind smiled. 'Let me take care of Mason,' she assured them. And no truer words had ever been spoken.

*

Rosalind lay in the warm soaking suds of the bath, washcloth across her eyes. Pachelbel's Canon played from the downstairs living room, echoing through the house. With her mind drifting back to the book, Rosalind caressed her breasts beneath the water, her hand casually drifting down her belly to make contact with her now smoothly shaved pubic bone. The horrifying discovery of a gray hair the catalyst for depilation. Delighting in

the newfound feeling as she cupped her pussy in her palm. Twice in one day! She mused as she tentatively slid a finger between her labia, gently inserting as her mouth fell open in response. The orgasm not far away.

*

Long satin robe around her otherwise naked body, Rosalind turned off the stereo in the living room and made her way back upstairs. Her own house now silent, the sound of previously unnoticed music playing from without came to her ears, louder as she neared her bedroom window and casually looked out through the parted curtains. Looking across into the Wilkinson's residence, only one room remained illuminated, the curtains remaining as open as her own. In the darkness of her room, Rosalind had a clear view down into the opposite bedroom and there was no doubt as to whom it belonged.

Posters of bands lined the walls and with his window open onto the summer night, Mason's choice of music sailed across to Rosalind's ears unfettered. Was it too loud, she asked herself? Deciding not as she made to turn back toward her bed and embrace sleep. Before she was interrupted. Mason himself entered from outside the frame and lay back upon his bed. The sight caught Rosalind's breath and immediately she raised a hand to her mouth in surprise. The boy was naked.

Feeling herself blush, Rosalind fought against doing the appropriate thing. Closing the curtains and giving her neighbor the privacy he deserved. No. Against her good nature, in the relative secrecy of her darkened window, Rosalind spied. Unable to deny herself, she watched as the boy lifted his phone before his face and took his already erect cock in hand. Ruining the fact her glasses were downstairs, Rosalind made do with squinting to focus upon the sight as Mason began jerking his cock, his hips intermittently

rising into his efforts to obviously increase his pleasure. Instinctively, Rosalind had a hand inside her robe, fingers finding her upper thighs already moistened at the vision of youthful beauty not twenty yards away.

And then he was done. The phone dropped to the mattress beside him as a glistening appeared upon his stomach and chest. Long ropes of cum on his tanned hairless skin. It was then Rosalind turned away. Her fingers remaining at her sex as she aimlessly stared across her dark room, a mischievous smile coming to her lips. 'Rosalind, you naughty girl!' She scolded herself for the voyeurism, before once more looking back out the window, seeing Mason unceremoniously cleaning himself up with the aid of a tissue.

'Mason,' she spoke to the empty room. 'You naughty boy!'

*

Naked, Rosalind looked into her full-length bedroom mirror and wasn't entirely displeased. She'd accepted with what had been given to her long ago, admittedly a breast augmentation helping "the girls" stay perky up till what was her 59th year. Was she a supermodel? Definitely not. But passable upon the beach in a bikini where it seemed to her only two types of people ever really felt comfortable; those with perfect bodies and those with completely the opposite.

She ran her hands down her sides and managed to give herself goosebumps, delighting in the feeling as she contemplated what to wear? It came to her eye immediately and she wondered if she could pull it off? An impulsive online purchase that was entirely the wrong size but not worth the cost of returning. She took the dress from the hanger and held it up before herself.

'Let's give it a go!' She smirked.

*

Under the bright morning sun, Rosalind walked out across the lawn of her front yard and skirted the hedge that divided the two properties. Down the path that led to the front door of the Wilkinson's, her heels clicked on the sandstone pavers, quickly drowned out by the music coming from within the house.

It took two rings of the doorbell before Mason responded, the volume of the screaming electric guitars lowering before he cautiously opened the door, shirtless. His sheepish expression, his lithe body, not yet a full-grown man, almost caused Rosalind to rethink her strategy. To call off her plan and simply complain about the noise coming from the house. But then, much as his father had done a day before, she noticed his eyes.

And how could he not respond, she thought? The dress was strapless. Hot pink and merely a piece of stretch spandex with a black belt that circled the waist. Her boobs bulged from it, her ass and pussy desired to escape with every movement. With the coordinated black high heels, there was no doubt what she was aiming to project and Mason's testosterone-fueled teenage gaze was captured at once.

'Mrs. Colby!' He managed to muster as he dragged his eyes up to hers. 'It's about the music, isn't it!? I'll keep it down.'

Rosalind laughed.

'Well, yes. And no,' she added and Mason frowned in response. 'I mean, yes I'm here about the music but it's not what you think.'

More confused, Mason shuffled at the open door and suddenly wished he was wearing more than just his shorts, feeling even more underdressed than his guest.

'I heard what you were playing last night, Metallica wasn't it?' Rosalind questioned and saw the surprise in the boy's face before he nodded. 'I just thought you might like to come and look at my record collection. Mr. Colby...' she used the name Mason had always for her late husband. '... and I were quite the fans of metal in our younger years,' she paused as she listened to herself and realized how old she must have sounded, surprisingly blushing. 'I just mean there might be something you like there.'

'Oh,' Mason seemed in Rosalind's eyes to relax somewhat, realizing he wasn't in trouble. 'Um, okay. That sounds cool,' he replied. 'Ah, when should I...?'

'Well now's as good a time as any,' Rosalind proposed and Mason looked behind himself.

'Ah, Mom and Dad aren't here,' he needlessly informed her and Rosalind smiled.

'That's good. Because I wasn't inviting them,' she winked and saw Mason instantly blush. Like shooting fish in a barrel, she thought.

*

It was cool inside her house and Rosalind's nipples poked out through the material of her dress, something not lost on Mason when she returned from the kitchen with a drink of lemonade.

'Thank you, Mrs. Colby,' Mason politely received his glass and took a tentative sip, quick to find something else bar her breasts to focus upon. 'These are awesome,' he nodded at the open cabinet and the vast vinyl record collection before him, once more blushing as he thought his words could also have described his sexy neighbor's boobs.

'Thank you,' Rosalind smiled crossing her arms beneath her breasts which she realized emphasized them even more. 'But you have to stop calling me Mrs. Colby. Rosa's fine.'

Mason smiled in response and after another sip of the drink placed it upon a coaster upon the coffee table, turning his attention again to the records. 'I've got a poster of them on my wall,' he pulled out an Iron Maiden album and turned it toward Rosalind, in the act of sitting upon a couch. Her knees slightly apart, Mason was able to see directly up her seriously short skirt and in the milliseconds afforded him, he was sure he saw only skin. No panties.

'Really?' Rosalind responded, not directly catching him looking up her skirt but sure enough in his demeanor as he averted his eyes that he'd taken a peek. 'Lincoln... Mr. Colby,' Rosalind elaborated. 'Loved Iron Maiden. You'll find all of their early albums there.' She crossed her legs as she watched the boy flick through the collection, pulling out and examining multiple titles.

'Motley Crue,' Mason ventured. 'They're cool.'

'You know we saw them play at the Whisky a Go Go back in the early 80s,' Rosalind proudly informed him and Mason's eyes widened.

'Seriously?' He asked, to which she nodded. 'Wow. That was like twenty years before I was even born!'

More than, Rosalind depressingly thought. What was she doing? Flashing herself at an eighteen-year-old. No matter what his eyes had conveyed moments before, he wasn't interested in a woman old enough to be his grandmother. She inadvertently recrossed her legs and saw his eyes immediately drop to the area. Or maybe he was?

'Way to make a lady feel old!' Rosalind laughed, and blushing, his gaze quickly averting from her upskirt, Mason apologized.

'I didn't mean it like that Mrs. Colb...' he paused. '...Rosa,' he corrected. 'It's just I mean I didn't know you were so cool.' He wasn't mistaken. She wasn't wearing panties. Twice now he'd managed to see up her skirt and was pretty sure he'd gotten away with it. The problem was his body was doing its best to turn him in. Even as they spoke and he tried to disregard the admittedly hot body below her face, his dick began to harden.

'It's okay Mason, I'm just playing with you. And I thank you for the compliment.' She watched intently as he angled his body away from her. Why? His buttocks filled out his tight shorts and she imagined digging her nails into his flesh. Running her fingers down his back. He pulled out another record and the excitement of the title must have gotten the better of him, turning back in her direction and revealing an obvious bulge in the front of his shorts.

'Kill 'Em All!' He held up the Metallica album. 'It's signed!'

Rosalind's heart swelled as much as the boy's fly. Not only at his obvious arousal toward her, but his excitement for the record. Once more she inadvertently uncrossed her legs as she reached for her drink and this time allowed her thighs to stay apart. On this occasion, Mason's eyes were slower to look away.

'Mason!' Rosalind's pulse began to race as he lifted his eyes cautiously from the album cover. 'Did you just look up my skirt?'

Mason swallowed hard. He looked back at the woman and was unsure if he was in trouble or being seduced. Would she tell his mother what had happened? He'd die of embarrassment. How would his parents go on living

next to the woman their pervert son had spied on? Her thighs remained parted. It was almost impossible not to look up her skirt such was the angle she sat.

'I... I didn't mean to Mrs. Colby,' he stammered, his eyes almost instinctively dropping down to the area once more, her legs even further apart. It had to be on purpose, he resolved. 'It's just your dress is so...'

'Short?' Rosalind finished his sentence, looking down at herself, her cleavage heaving, nipples protruding through the spandex. 'It is a little small on me, isn't it!?' She smiled. 'But you can relax Mason,' she said, looking back up at the boy, his cock now a tower within his shorts, demanding to be released. 'You're not in any trouble. You can look if you like.'

With the words, she allowed her thighs to part ever further, the dress inching its way up onto her hip, essentially baring her sex to her young neighbor. Mason again found it hard to swallow. This was really happening.

'I was going to say, your dress looks so hot on you,' he admitted, gripping the album cover, unsure of what to do next. Thankfully his senior coming to his aid.

'You can put down the record, Mason,' Rosalind guided. 'And come a little closer if you like.'

Mason wanted nothing more. The first real live vagina he'd ever seen, only three strides from his erect cock. Was he dreaming? Let me not ever wake! Mason mused as he walked toward the woman, his eyes riveted to the amazing sight, light glistening off the moist labia.

'Why don't you get on your knees?' Rosalind suggested, and as if under hypnosis, Mason did as directed, breathing in the alluring scent from

between the woman's legs as he moved ever closer. 'Have you seen a woman's vagina before Mason?' Rosalind asked.

He was struggling to think, let alone form words, and faced with the question, he free-styled.

'Yeah, heaps,' he lied, although he thought, she didn't say in "real life," so technically he was telling the truth. 'Can I kiss it?' He tentatively questioned, kicking himself for not saying "lick" but figuring she'd understand.

'Oh, of course you can, dear boy,' Rosalind delighted, the feeling of being desired, the anticipation of the contact alone almost bringing her to orgasm.

Mason wasted no time. He'd seen it done in so much porn, knew the method of providing a woman oral pleasure, but faced with the reality, overexuberance and carnality took over and he dove in with primal desire. Simply pushing his nose and mouth into her labia, Mason inhaled her cunt. His tongue ventured forth and he found it sliding inside her body, lapping the copious amount of fluid that streamed from her sex. He was addicted. This was better than he'd ever imagined. Why wasn't this taste bottled? He wondered as he smeared his face in her wetness, only the sound of Rosalind giggling above causing him to pause.

'Come here Mason,' Rosalind grinned as his wet cheeks and jaw rose up from her pussy. 'Give me a taste too.'

Mason stood between her spread thighs and wasn't surprised when Rosalind reached out and tugged his shorts forcefully down his legs, his erect cock springing back toward her face. He wanted more than anything for her to suck it, but understood she was in charge and he'd follow her lead. And that led him again between her thighs as she slunk back onto the cushions

behind her. Her mouth was upon his and with prior experience making out with girls, for once he knew what he was doing, returning the kiss with skill as Rosalind sucked his tongue between her lips.

'I want you to fuck me, Mason,' Rosalind whispered into his mouth and he immediately responded by trying to find her opening without hands, embarrassingly pushing his cock into her upper labia until he felt Rosa take him in hand and drop it lower. Inside he slid. No feeling better. No words could he find that could describe the sensation of entering another's body. Like velvet, only wet. So perfect a union as his pubic bone met hers, thrusting, once, twice... And then he was cumming!

It was mortifying. Possibly the most embarrassing moment of his life, somehow entwined with the greatest. His closed eyes opened wide as he sought Mrs. Colby's reaction to his accident and he saw confusion tinged with bemusement. A final mostly feeble thrust and his cum was exhausted, his virginal offering deposited entirely within his mature neighbors' womb. And then the horror. What had he done? Could she get pregnant? All of a sudden, the world spun wildly and his reaction was to flee. With an equally as embarrassing squelch, Mason pulled from her and in a shower of cum, dropped to lift his shorts back up his legs.

'I'm sorry,' he offered and was amazed that she was smiling.

'It's okay Sweetheart,' Rosa attempted to soothe him but the damage was done and his rapidly softening cock was taken from her sight.

'Um, I just realized I've got to go,' Mason lied for the second time.

'Oh no, stay,' Rosalind stated, pulling the top of her dress up over her boobs, neither of them having even realized they'd been exposed. 'You haven't even

seen all the records,' she added but he was already quickly moving toward the front door.

'Yeah, thank you for showing me and thank you for,' he paused and looked back at her, his face burning with shame at his action, at his reaction. 'But I've really got to go,' almost running the rest of the way to the exit.

Left alone, Rosalind was confusingly satisfied. No, Mason running away wasn't optimal. But she didn't blame him. She'd seen through his bravado, no doubt in her mind he was a virgin. It was then she felt her own sense of shame. His first experience with a woman and it had ended like that. Like it or not, she'd affected his future life, for good or bad? She dropped a hand between her legs and cupped her vagina, a finger slipping between her twice lubricated labia, scooping the boy's cum and drawing it up to her mouth to wrap her lips around the digit. She endeavored to make sure it was for good.

*

It was more than two hours later and showered, Rosalind slipped into a summer dress. The impulse was to forego underwear once more but why not project at least a semblance of chaste she thought, white satin panties drawn up her legs. Something for him to remove, she told herself.

When she exited the house, her heart swelled at what she found left at the top of the stairs to her porch. A vase of flowers; chrysanthemums, roses, geraniums, all obviously gathered from the Wilkinson's front yard and surprisingly well arranged for the time given the perpetrator. Rosalind took the offering inside her house and positioned it pride of place in her living room, right where they'd fucked. When was the last time someone had given her flowers, she asked herself? And sadly, couldn't come up with a date.

*

Unlike hours earlier, there was no music playing from within the Wilkinson residence as Rosalind awaited an answer to the doorbell. And this time, Mason didn't delay in opening to her, almost as if he'd been waiting for her arrival, Rosalind thought.

'I didn't think you'd want to see me again,' Mason sheepishly ventured, keeping his eyes well above Rosalind's expanse of displayed chest.

'Then how would I have given you this?' Rosalind smirked as she pulled the album from behind her back, displaying the signed first pressing of Metallica's earliest record.

'Are you serious?' Mason's eyes widened, accepting the vinyl from Rosalind as she held it out and holding it before himself reverently. 'Mom and Dad'll never let me keep this!'

'Well, maybe it can be our little secret?' Rosalind winked. 'Along with some other things.'

She noticed Mason swallow hard. 'Yeah, um. I'm sorry about what happened Mrs. Col...'

'Uh!'

'...Rosa,' Mason corrected himself. 'It's why I left the flowers. I mean, to say sorry about running off like that.'

'I know,' Rosalind smiled. 'And they were beautiful Mason, they made my day... well them and another thing,' she watched Mason blush and they shared a laugh, a moment of silence following. 'Now. Are you going to show me these posters in your room or what?' Rosalind challenged and Mason's eyes widened even further than they had previously.

'Ah. Yeah!" He beamed.

*

Rosalind walked to Mason's window and looked up to her own bedroom next door. Should she admit she'd spied on him, she wondered? Turning around to look at his bed where he'd lay as he masturbated. Probably better to keep it to herself knowing how quick he was to embarrass.

'So, this is that Iron Maiden one,' Mason pointed toward his closed door. 'These are bands you probably haven't heard of,' he gestured to the other posters papering his walls and Rosalind entertained the boy's enthusiasm, examining the artwork.

'And this is your bed,' she sat upon the mattress and watched Mason's face turn a shade of crimson.

'Mrs. Colby. I don't know if you can get pregnant...' Mason began at a rapid rate, obviously wanting to deliver the speech he'd been preparing in the preceding hours. '... but I just want you to know that I'll support you no matter what. I'll get a job and...'

He stopped when Rosalind began laughing, holding out a hand to draw Mason to her.

'Sweetheart, you don't have to worry about that. I'm not getting pregnant any time soon,' she again laughed yet Mason felt no ridicule, only compassion. 'We can... YOU can do whatever you want with me,' she spread her legs and the already short dress rose further up her thighs. 'Okay?'

Again, Mason swallowed. 'So, I didn't blow it?'

Rosalind shook her head. 'You didn't blow it, Mason,' she smiled, pausing. 'Though I'll blow you if you want me to!?'

Mason could've fainted. Possibly would've if Rosalind hadn't risen and pressing herself against him, wrapped her arms around his body. At the same height, she could feel his penis against her pubic bone, not hard, but that enticing presence of a man, the possibility of what was surely to come. Her breasts against his chest, his nervousness was felt in his noticeable heartbeat, audible in the otherwise silent teenage bedroom.

'Would you like that?' Rosalind searched his eyes, their lips so close. 'Do you want me to suck your big cock, Mason?' The language unlike her, going with this newfound sexual confidence granted her so far into life. Mason was able to muster a nod as their mouths met, his eyes closing as they kissed.

This wasn't happening, he thought. In his bedroom with the sexy neighbor he'd had a crush on for much of his life. Not only that. Kissing her. Discussing such carnal delights as fellatio! His hands caressing her back, down onto her ass. He could feel her panties through her dress, lifting and discovering satin, tight upon her rounded buttocks. He was surely dreaming. Go with it, Mason mused. For God's sake, don't wake up! If only his cock would respond.

Leaving his mouth, Rosalind kissed his jaw, his neck. Tugging up his t-shirt, he allowed her to lift it from his body, and his chest was exposed to her kisses, yet further down she went. His belt unbuckled, the pants he'd changed into were undone and Rosalind, dropping to be level with her well-deserved prize, took his cock in hand and then mouth.

Get hard. Get hard. Mason demanded of himself as Rosalind wrapped her lips around his flaccid cock. An unbelievably pleasant feeling of warmth

and softness coupled with the ridiculously hot visual, a mature woman completely at his service. And yet he remained soft. It was becoming uncomfortable, his heart beat faster. This shouldn't be happening, he thought. Why couldn't it have been like that morning? His cock so hard for her. Not this humiliation.

Rosalind shared none of his concerns. So long since she'd taken a man in her mouth, be he soft or otherwise. The feeling igniting memories, pleasurable, wanton. Her tongue cushioned his length, lips sliding along the shaft as with a hand, she gently massaged his impressively swollen balls. And then a hand against her head, her eyes opening to look up to her lover.

'I can't get hard!' Mason confessed, a red hue coming to his cheeks.

'Just relax Sweetheart,' she consoled, kissing the head of his cock, lifting him vertical to lick up his shaft.

'I'm trying,' he admitted. 'It's not working.'

'It's understandable to be nervous,' Rosalind rose before him, keeping a hand around his unresponsive penis. 'This morning was your first time, wasn't it?' Mason nodding in response. 'Well, what can I do to help you? I'll do whatever you want.'

Mason's mind was reeling. How many times had he fantasized about this occurrence? A real live woman in his bedroom. To do with as he pleased. 'I don't know,' he said, admitting his mind was actually drawing a blank.

'Will this help?' Rosalind suggested, undoing the few buttons on the front of her dress and allowing it to fall from her body. Mason took a small step back to admire her breasts, not having taken the opportunity that morning. Perfection in his eyes. Large, rounded, nipples that asked to be tweaked, to be kissed. 'Give me your hand,' Rosalind ordered and cupped his palm over

her pubic mound, delighted when he took over and began kneading his fingers around her labia. 'How's that?'

'So cool,' Mason assured her as he felt the dampness soak through the satin. Again, Rosalind moved in and their bodies connected, this time skin to skin, her hard nipples poking his chest. With Rosalind's mouth against his ear, she breathed out, kissing before gently biting the lobe.

'Tell me what you want to do Mason,' she sighed into his neck, her hand brushing across his still limp cock, not making a deal about it.

It came to him. Memories of the morning flooding back. 'I want to taste you again,' he admitted. 'Maybe we could lie on my bed and you could...'

'Sit on your face!' Rosalind completed his sentence and looking in his face she could see the enthusiasm in his eyes. 'Go on then,' she giggled.

Mason had his pants kicked off his ankles and was upon the bed naked before Rosalind had even begun to take down her panties. In truth she wanted him to watch her. To reveal her power slowly this time. Even as she hooked her thumbs in the waistband, she could see signs of life in the boy, a little twitch of his cock as it slowly filled with blood in anticipation of what was to come.

'Do you like these panties, Mason?' Rosalind questioned as she stepped from them, holding them before herself.

'Oh yeah,' he said, laying back on his elbows, admiring her now fully naked body.

Rosalind motioned forward and pressed the gusset against Mason's nose and mouth and watched as his cock again twitched, unable to contain her smile.

'You can keep them if you want?' She offered and felt his head bob up and down in response, breathing deep through the damp material, seemingly enjoying the domineering. 'But now it's time for the real thing.'

Taking her hand from his face, Rosalind spritely climbed upon the boy's bed, dropping the panties beside him as she lifted a leg up over his laid-back head. His eyes alight with wonder before she smothered his face with her sex. A thrill surged through her body, from her cunt up to her brain. This was happening she told herself. In a teenager's bedroom, seated upon a throne of nose and delighted mouth at a time of her life when she thought the best years of sex were behind her. She ground her pussy into Mason's jaw as she felt his nose against her asshole, muffled moans of pleasure coming from between her thighs as his cock signaled its own approval. He was all hers.

Down she fell on his growing manhood. Taking him between her lips to feel him gain his full erection in the safety of her mouth. Wrapping her hand around his shaved base as she felt him go to work on her pussy, somehow with much of her weight on him, able to slide his tongue around on her clit and worm inside her vagina. Had she even done this with her husband? Rosalind wondered as she forced herself to gag on Mason's admittedly impressive dick, a torrent of saliva drooling from her mouth as she rose to gasp for air.

Mason was content to suffocate! He pulled her thighs down onto his face, circling his head as he feasted on his lunch of cunt and ass, swallowing the ample fluid that flowed from his queen's pussy. He could feel his cock was slick, Rosalind's hand slipping along his length as she sucked on the head, her other hand cupping his balls that brewed his affection, a batch he knew would be larger than the first. Where would he do it, he wondered? She'd

decide. He'd do anything she told him, cater her every whim. He loved her. Had done his entire life. But how would she react when he told her?

'Fuck me!' Rosalind broke into his contemplating. Light once again hitting his eyes as she allowed him to come up for air. Rosalind turned on the bed, always astride him, and brought her pussy down on his groin, his now rock-hard tower of admiration awaiting the envelopment. He felt bigger than that morning. Whatever the reason, Rosalind's mouth fell open as she lowered herself slowly down his length, enjoying his penetration inch by glorious inch until they were one, her pubic bone resting upon his. She fell upon him, their mouths coming together, tongues entwined in a dance linking the decades between them.

Mason dug his fingers into her fleshy buttocks as he thrust into her every grinding. So silky her lubricated walls, her pussy perfectly hugging his size as though they were made for each other. Rising. Rosalind was surprised by his strength as he gripped her body and lay her gently upon her back, her head on a teenager's pillow, laying in the same position she'd watched him masturbate.

He kissed her mouth, her neck, and shoulders. Doing everything right she questioned his confessed virginity. Here she'd found a perfect lover, one eager to learn and quick to master. His cock filled her completely, was withdrawn. Over and over, he thrust, his lips around her nipple, suckling, back upon her mouth as she felt her orgasm approach. She'd known him his entire life. Had held him as a child. And now. Here she was in his bed, mere months past his eighteenth birthday, where she'd watched him blow out candles and now... now he was making her cum.

It hit her like an avalanche. A wave of pleasure surged from her pussy to her chest. Out along her limbs and had her brain bursting with fireworks. She

threw her head back in the shockwave, exposing her neck and Mason was quick to kiss her, biting and sucking at her skin. Another orgasm.

Goosebumps all over her body as her pussy squeezed him with appreciation. 'Cum on me,' Rosalind gasped, pulling his face into hers, wanting him to share the exaltation of orgasm along with her. Wanting above all to see his release. 'Cum all over me!' She breathed into his mouth, another climax washing over her as Mason pulled his cock from her body.

The permission was more than welcome. Trying to think of anything but what was happening, Mason had managed to stave off his orgasm. Now it was time. Already cumming as the head of his cock slipped from Rosalind's loving labial grip. A thread of hot cum shot across her smooth pubic mound to reach her belly button. His shaft taken in hand as he rose to his knees, Rosalind in expectation, upon her elbows as she watched another spurt of flattery paint her body, another. Mason milking himself upon her breasts, her skin a canvas for his artistry.

'Yes,' she giggled, reaching out to draw his cock to her, Mason scrambling over her thighs to fulfill her wish and deliver the last of his load upon her neck and jaw. 'Oh, fucking yes,' Rosalind laughed before she wrapped her mouth around the bulbous head of his penis, sucking the remainder, stroking his length.

Finally, Mason breathed. 'That was awesome,' he gasped as Rosalind pooped his cock from between her lips, releasing her hold as he fell to the mattress beside her.

'Wasn't it though!' Rosalind smiled, laying back and running a hand across her pubis and stomach to smear herself with cum. Joined by the other, both hands upon her breasts, massaging the semen into her skin like a balm.

'You're so beautiful,' Mason complimented her and Rosalind turned her head to look at her lover.

'Yeah right,' she admittedly fished for further tribute.

'No, seriously. We've always thought so.'

'We?'

Mason turned to his side and rose onto an elbow. 'Mom and Dad always talked about how pretty you were. And you know I've always had a crush on you!' He admitted and Rosalind smiled knowingly. 'But it was my last birthday...' He paused. 'You remember that dress you wore? The spotted green one? I couldn't look at anyone else all night. It was then I really saw your beauty.'

'Oh, you sweet boy,' Rosalind touched his cheek.

'Yep, and I've loved you ever since!' Mason confessed.

Rosalind rolled to her side to match Mason's pose. 'You don't mean that.'

'I do Mrs. Colby. I love you. I think I always have,' Mason reached out and touched her hand. 'You know, I've started leaving my window open at night in the hope you see me,' he confessed and Rosalind blushed, Mason, frowning in response. 'Why are you blushing?'

'Nothing,' Rosalind smiled.

'I want to be your lover. I want to be your partner Rosa,' Mason continued and Rosalind felt he sounded older. Much older than his eighteen years.

'And I want the world to know.'

Rosalind's eyes filled with tears at his declaration, the obvious heartfelt honesty.

'I don't know what your parents would think about that,' she reminded him of reality.

'Well, we've got seven more days to come up with a way to tell them,' he retorted, leaning in and kissing her on the mouth. Rosalind was more than eager to accept the affection, her hand reaching down to wrap around his still erect cock.

'And we're going to use the time well,' Rosalind whispered into his mouth, before her lips once more sought his cock.

*

One week later

Rosalind flattened her spotted green dress out around her as she adjusted her position on the couch, the doorbell ringing as she turned a page of her book. 'Of course!' She sighed as she reluctantly left her seat to discover her unexpected visitor.

'We're back!' Came the combined greeting from the Wilkinson's as Rosalind opened the door.

'I see,' smiled Rosalind. 'All go well with your family, I hope?'

'Time will tell,' frowned Barnaby. 'Just came around to make sure all went smoothly with Mason. He's not home at present, off playing with one of his friends no doubt. He was no trouble we gather?'

Rosalind felt herself blush and looked back around the door to Mason, laying naked and erect on the couch, jaw, mouth, and nose glistening with pussy juice and eagerly awaiting her return to the throne.

'No,' Rosalind contained her smirk as she looked back at his smiling parents. 'I definitely can't find anything to complain about,' she admitted.

Everything Happens For a Reason

It wasn't my proudest day. What came before drunkenly slumping against the front door of our house in the middle of the night was sketchy at best. There was karaoke, I remember that. I recall a bar lined with shot glasses and kissing an equally as inebriated older woman. Apart from fleeting images, most of the night was a mystery, including how I made it home.

I was celebrating my ability to find the right key, subsequently the keyhole when the door opened and it caused me to fall inwards, clutching whatever came to hand. Unfortunately for her, it was my mother that acted as my life preserver. I gripped a handful of the sleeve of her dressing gown and it was enough to bring her down with me, her legs buckling as I dragged her to the floor of the dimly lit hallway.

She did a great job of muffling her scream of surprise and the laugh that followed; my slurred apologies weren't as discreet however and the hall light came on overhead. We'd, (I'd) awoken my stepfather.

"What the fuck is this?" Frank yelled from the far end of the corridor, his just awoken face ashen, combover ridiculously ineffective from the pillow and beer gut protruding below a yellowed wifebeater. Astride my mother, I looked back down where her gown had come apart at the breast, a boob pressed hard against the satin and lace nightie she wore underneath.

"It's alright Frank," Mom defended the situation she'd found herself in, re-wrapping her gown as she rolled out from beneath me. "We just fell is all."

"We?" Frank quoted. "HIS drunken ass fell. I've had enough of this Evie, your boy's moving out."

I was in no state to defend myself at the time and didn't try. I managed to slump against the wall and a cabinet and uncomfortable as it was, prepared to fall asleep there and then. Mom had other ideas however, and as the shadow of Frank disappeared from the scene, she reached down and attempted to get me to my feet.

"What?" I meekly enquired as she took hold of my arm in an attempt to lift me.

"Come on Ashley, help me out here," she pleaded and I found it in myself to rise with her labours. "My god is that vomit?" She looked at the shoulder of my shirt and the recollection of a girl barfing beside me in a nightclub came to mind, washing my shirt later in the toilets.

"Iss not mine," I defiantly slurred but Mom was understandably disgusted just the same.

"Oh God, let's get you in the shower," she sighed as my arm wrapped around her shoulder and she led me along the hall. "You need to sober up."

*

The light in the bathroom was far too bright but Mom didn't seem to share my sentiments as she unceremoniously dumped me on the closed seat of the toilet and leaned into the walk-in shower to turn it on. Testing the temperature, steam began to fill the room before she returned to me and reached for the buttons of my shirt.

"This has to stop Ashley," she beseeched, as I marvelled at her finger's dexterity. In my state, it would've taken five minutes to do what she'd done in seconds. My shirt dragged down my arms and thrown to the ground, she knelt between my spread knees and pressed her hand to the name tattooed across my chest. "He wouldn't have wanted this," her glassy eyes found

mine as she traced her fingers across the letters of my father's name. "You're killing yourself Baby."

The alcohol loosening my tongue and amplifying my emotion, I allowed my tears to flow. "I just miss him so much," I admitted.

"I know Baby," Mom leaned in and kissed my forehead, so close I could smell her own tears as she hugged me, her breath so warm against my cheek. "I know. I miss him too."

Nearing two years since my father's death, the hurt remained. My best friend, my idol, my dad, was taken from us by a hit run driver whilst on his weekly bike ride, their identity still unknown which added to our grief and denied closure. Mom had hidden her pain, anger and heartbreak under a veneer of stoicism, a new relationship, a hasty marriage with Dad's best friend. Me, I'd sleepwalked for over a year, little focus on my life or career. Tattooing my body weekdays, the pain cathartic, drinking myself to oblivion each weekend to forget, to quell the anger I felt at the injustice. A red Toyota. Was all the police could tell us. The glass left at the scene, narrowing the culprit down to a range of models. Serious damage would have been made to the passenger side, a broken windshield, a missing wiper blade. Apart from that, we had nothing.

"...But this won't bring him back," she continued, referring to my drinking, pulling back and looking me in the eye once more. "And I can't lose you too."

Her words slapped me across the face. It was true. And even drunk as I was, I could see the sense she spoke, the stupidity of my self abuse. I managed a smile, lifting a hand to wipe her tears as they ran her cheek, then my own, our fluids mingling.

"Look at us," I was able to muse.

"Us?" Mom quoted. "Look at you!" She grinned. "Is that more vomit on your jeans?"

I lazily looked down, the room beginning to spin. I remembered spilling food at one point in the night and I assumed it was to what she referred, her hands reaching for my fly.

"W..what are you doing?"

"Getting your pants off," she incredulously replied. "You stink!"

She managed to unbuckle my belt before I had the energy and sense to stop her.

"It's okay," I laughed. "I can do it myself."

She smirked as she looked up at my face and stood before me.

"Alright," she backed away to the shower and once more tested the temperature. "Water's running," she stated. "Get in!"

I watched her leave, closing the door behind herself and I clumsily removed my pants and stumbled beneath the flow of warm water.

*

How long I stood there? I couldn't ascertain. How long I sat on the floor, the water cascading upon my neck and flowing over my naked body? I didn't care. The warmth was comfort, the massaging spray, soothing. So tired, I slumped my chin down upon my chest and allowed sleep to approach.

"What are you doing?" I was jolted awake and still dizzyingly drunk looked up to see Mom outside the shower.

"What?"

"You've been in here for nearly twenty minutes," she explained. "Have you even washed yourself?"

Washing myself was the least of my priorities when I struggled to understand where I even was, looking around the shower recess vacantly.

"Oh Jesus, stand up," Mom commanded and easier said than done, I lazily rose to a knee. Seeming to be my guardian angel, Mom reached down and took hold of an arm, assisting my ascent and I eventually stood before her completely naked.

It took me a moment to realize it and as she reached for a shower puff hanging from a tap, I covered my groin with my hands.

"What are you doing?" I questioned as she pumped soap onto the sponge.

Her eyes dropped down to my crotch and smirking she let out a tut. "Bit late for that isn't it? Come on, hold onto something."

"But what are you...?"

"Well, you're obviously incapable of washing yourself..." she trailed off, wetting the sponge as I relented and raised hands either side of myself.

My legs parted, one hand holding the lip of the glass partition the other against the tiled wall, I stood star-like as she pressed the soapy sponge against my tattooed chest. The water sprayed against my back and splattered over my shoulders as she lathered and the sleeve of the dressing gown quickly became saturated. "Just a moment," she muttered as she slipped out of the shower and I watched her remove the gown, throwing it over the bath. The glimpse of an alleged nightie as I fell on her in the hallway was a misidentification. She in fact wore what I could only describe as a romper. White satin, it was as tight on her torso as a bodysuit, lace detail on the hip of the boy-short and at her cleavage.

She again entered the shower and once more took to her task, the sponge upon my arms, underarms, down onto my belly. The tentacles of the unfinished octopus tattooed on my back wrapped around and reached down to my groin and Mom had no qualms following their path with the sponge, her hand brushing across my flaccid cock.

This was not normal.

"Turn around," she matter-of-factly ordered and recovering from the fact my mother had essentially just touched my dick (albeit with a sponge) I followed her direction. The water against my face, I luxuriated in the feeling of her washing my back, her soapy hand massaging down onto my buttocks, even between my upper thighs. I looked down at my dick and was thankful of the power of alcohol, a semi-erect state the most I could achieve. And upon turning, as she took it upon herself to turn off the shower, I was even more thankful. Almost as if she'd splashed water upon herself deliberately, (surely not) the front of her pajama was saturated. Her nipples clearly visible through the wet material and more importantly, a dark patch of pubic hair at her groin.

"Can you dry yourself?" She asked as she passed me a fresh white towel and I made a point of not staring at her essentially naked body. One naked family member at a time, I joked with myself as I admitted I was able. I was coming to terms with what I had seen, slyly taking another peek in the mirror as she took her gown from the bath, when she turned back. "Go to bed. I'll bring you a drink of water. And be quiet. Don't wake Frank again."

I didn't have time to confirm her plea as she quickly exited the room, wrapping herself once more and taking the illicit temptation to spy upon her near nudity out of my hands. I looked down at my own nakedness in the mirror and was shocked at my cock twitching into life. Don't even think

about it, I told myself before wrapping the towel around my waist and following her lead out of the bathroom.

I padded, still dripping, to my room and with the small bedside lamp already on, fell upon my bed. It was only seconds later when Mom entered and placed a large glass of water upon my bedside table. "Drink it all before you go to sleep," she suggested and I rose up on an elbow and did as she said before slumping once more onto my pillow. "Did you not even dry your hair?" She chuckled to herself and to my surprise sat on the bed beside me.

I turned to look up at her and she reached down and brushed my wet hair off my face.

"You silly boy," she whispered. "What am I going to do with you?"

The little light the lamp provided revealed her fringe as well as wet and it dragged me back to us in the shower together. If I'd been sober, if I'd been thinking rationally, what possibly would've happened? Her hands had felt so good on my body. Even if I tried to deny it, seeing her in the wet see-through pajamas was arousing, despite the fact she was my mother. Or was it because she was my mother? Some part of my brain was still functioning and I informed myself that had I not been drunk, none of this would've happened in the first place. I wouldn't be thinking these bizarre, bordering on incestuous thoughts because the situation wouldn't have arisen. It was a paradox. Or was I just drunk?

I closed my eyes and the room spun but it took more energy to open them than I had and went with the effect. Mom ran her hand over the skin of my back and I could feel she was once more tracing the outline of my octopus tattoo. Her touch so light, so pleasant, goosebumps formed across my flesh and the feeling chased away the nausea. "Shhhh," she quietly soothed and it

led me back to my childhood. Settling me to sleep as a boy, her comforting touch, her breath and scent. When everything was right with the world and my father was still with us. I felt so calm. I felt so loved. I felt sleep approaching and welcomed it with open arms....

*

I dreamed.

I dreamed of a girl from high-school I had a crush on but could never summon the courage to approach. We were in my room, on the bed and I was naked. No. I was dressed in a towel and as I rolled over it unwrapped, my cock hard for her. Amy was her name but when I looked upon her face it was that of my mother. It WAS a dream. Her hand slid across my belly and wrapped my erection and I pushed my groin up into her embrace. She leaned forward and her lips pressed to my chest, kissing the letters of my dead father's name. "You look so much like him..." Amy, my mother(?) whispered and her kisses descended. I wanted to kiss her myself but this was just as good. With eyes closed I felt her lips upon the head of my cock and then she was around me. It seemed so natural, and as I came in her mouth, we weren't just mother and son, we were now lovers.

*

It WAS a dream.

As I awoke to a headache sent from the devil himself and swore to myself I'd never drink again, I thought of the night. Had I seriously been in the shower with Mom? The memory was stark. Most vivid, the sight of her pubic hair, her nipples visible though the wet satin. That happened. As did her soaping my body, her hand between my legs, brushing across my cock. Jesus, had I been hard? No, I was sure of that. Upon the bed. She'd touched

my back, of this I was positive, goosebumps as she traced the tentacles of the octopus. I hadn't rolled... The dream came back to me. The towel unwrapped. It WAS a dream. It wasn't my mother, it was Amy. That had not happened.

*

"I'm telling you, he's moving out," Frank insisted for the third time that morning. I hugged my coffee in my hands and thanked the lord for the invention of sunglasses.

"You know how much rent is at the moment," Mom declared. "He can't afford it on his wage."

"Then he can get a second job," Frank proposed. "I'm done Evie. It's my house, that's it, it's over."

There was a pause in the conversation and I was in no hurry to say anything, happy to let Mom do the talking for me.

"What about your apartments on East St?" Mom proposed and I was surprised to see the color drain from Frank's face. "They're still under-occupied. We could reduce the rent a little for Ashley, couldn't we?"

I knew the building Mom was referring to and even with a 'little' reduction in rent I doubt I'd be able to afford it.

"What do you say?" She put him on the spot. "Having Ash there would be good for security as well," she added.

The color returned, this time with a vengeance, turning his cheeks rosy. Little reason for him to deny my mother's suggestion, he reluctantly agreed to at least think about it. Shirtless, I crossed the kitchen and emptied the cooled remainder of my mug into the sink.

"It'll be worth it to not have to look at that disgusting thing on his back anymore," my stepfather snidely referred to the octopus and I didn't take the bait, allowing his comment to hang as I made myself scarce.

*

Frank's property portfolio had extended to building an overpriced white elephant of an apartment complex in a relatively low socioeconomic area, hoping to gentrify the neighbourhood by stealth. In the three years since its inception, it hadn't worked and most of the ten units remained vacant.

"I seriously can't afford this," I looked around at the spacious living area, leading into the kitchen.

"It's alright," Mom responded. "Frank's giving it to us at half the rate and I can always help you out if you get behind."

I noted she said 'us,' but I was pretty sure she wasn't moving in with me. Would that be so bad, I pondered?

"What's with all the cameras?" I nodded up to the security system installed in many of the rooms, Mom shaking her head.

"Overcapitalising," she replied. "You know he offered your dad and I to go partners when he built."

"Wise decision not to?" I asked.

"Two other tenants in three years, no buyers. Oh, you betcha!" Mom laughed as we walked back out onto the balcony overlooking the communal pool. A ridiculously hot blond exited the shallow end and lay upon a lounge and I lowered my sunglasses to pay her the attention she deserved. "So, when are you moving in?" Mom asked.

The girl reached behind and undid the top of her bikini to allow full access to the sun and I couldn't help grinning.

"As soon as possible," I laughed.

*

A friend helped me move on the Sunday and although I'd been comfortable living with Frank and Mom, I could see the benefit to my own place immediately. More than two years without an occupant and apparently only sporadic inspections, had seen an impressive coating of dust settle over every surface and Mom having Mondays off, had promised to drop by and clean for me. The thought of coming home from work Monday night to my own luxury apartment, freshly cleaned, possibly going for a swim, even more possibly meeting 'the blond,' had me for once feeling good about the world and I had to admit, it was my stepfather Franklin that I had to thank.

I stretched my back in my office chair and once more looked at the time. Only 1:30pm and still four hours until I'd leave work for the day. My phone buzzed from its position in the desk drawer and curious as to the unexpected chime, I retrieved it, looking down between the cubicles to see I wasn't at risk of being spotted by my supervisor.

It was an alert from the security system I'd spent two hours the night before attempting to set up in the apartment. The message was a screenshot of Mom entering the pin code to access the house and I smiled at the paused image of her frowning at the screen, clearly having entered the wrong numbers, before once more putting it away and concentrating on work.

It was only minutes later it chimed again from the drawer and this time I was annoyed at its intrusion...but not for long.

The automated alert was the system informing me it had detected motion inside the house and once more a screenshot of the action it had captured. I immediately looked up from the screen to be sure I wasn't observed, then back down at my phone. It was the hallway of my apartment and standing bent forward slightly over a vacuum cleaner was my mother...totally naked.

Well not totally. She wore what looked to be Skechers on her feet, a bandana holding her hair in place. Apart from that, she was nude. My mother. In my house, cleaning whilst naked. Shocked, I plunged my phone into my pocket and quietly mentioned to my colleague I was going to the bathroom in case I was missed.

My plan hadn't been the obvious. I wasn't even hard at that stage! No. I needed space alone to think and once inside a cubicle, and only then, did I retrieve my phone. I opened the app for the security system and attempted to get the live feed from my house. Nothing doing, informing me I needed to activate the function on the system itself and I cursed the overlook.

Going back to the one image I had of my mother, her breasts hanging, an arm frustratingly obscuring her pussy from view as it held the vacuum. But I'd seen it before, hadn't I? I told myself as I felt my cock stir in my pants. In the shower, albeit through the saturated satin. All the same, it was now twice in a week my mother had appeared before me in an undressed state. Coincidence?

*

She was gone of course, when I arrived home. The blond was once again at the pool and any other day, any other time, I'd have made an effort to meet her. Not today. I was on a mission.

The house was spotless but it was last on my mind as I beelined to the laptop and accessed the surveillance footage captured during the day. Yes, it

could be considered an invasion of privacy as I scrolled to the point of Mom arriving at my front door but what she didn't know couldn't hurt her, I decided.

Everything was captured. Footage from the doorbell camera of her entering the wrong number. Finally accessing the house, two buckets hanging from one hand, her Dyson and a mop cradled under the other arm. She wore a dress, mid-thigh and light and I fast forwarded as she went through the motions of opening windows, filling a bucket with water. And then what I'd come for. She paused as she stood in the living room beside the couch and for a moment placed her hands on her hips, looking around the room. Action. In one sweep she took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it up her body, what looked from the front to be a skimpy white thong coming into view. She was bra-less, the 4K cameras picking up even the tan lines around her large breasts.

Again, I felt a pang of guilt. I was eavesdropping, a common voyeur only worse as it was my mother I was spying on. Fuck it. I pulled my cock from my fly and went with the flow. The panties were next to come off, Mom discarding them along with her dress over the back of the couch. It was so natural. She at once freely moved back to the hallway and removed a duster from the other bucket and just like that, without even a nod to acknowledge the cameras presence, set about cleaning.

Was this normal? Was I missing something? Maybe it was natural to clean the house naked. It made sense. You didn't get dirty yourself, it was hard work, a way to prevent overheating perhaps? I was already leaking pre-cum freely when she moved onto the vacuuming, in the hall, the image caught in my screenshot. Edging, I watched her ass move down the hallway, switching to a different view to see her from the front enter the living room.

Her boobs swung with each sweep of the vacuum, the muscles in her thighs and calves taut as she gained leverage. She looked good. Forty-nine years of age and if ever it was possible to look sexy whilst cleaning, Mom had nailed it. When she stretched her back after completing the kitchen and her boobs pointed directly up at the camera as if she was presenting them to me, I came in my hand and the guilt once more descended.

What kind of person was I? Jerking off to my own mother. I paused the video and cleaned up the considerable mess I'd created before making a coffee, periodically looking at the screen of the laptop in the background to be sure it was real. It was real alright. Coffee made I sat down before my computer and once more ran the video. I shouldn't have bothered putting away my dick!

She moved onto the mopping, dunking the mop head into the previously filled bucket and heading back into the hallway, me following with a camera switch, watching intently, unblinking, jaw dropped before rewinding to make sure what I viewed had actually occurred.

She stopped just inside the front door and with a hand on the mop like a staff, she stood static, her feet spread shoulder width apart and I wondered indeed what she was doing? And then she began to pee. My mouth dried up; my cock once more strained against my pants. I leaned into the screen to be sure of what I witnessed, to watch the flow from her hirsute pussy rain down between her legs. Casual she pissed as if nothing was out of the ordinary. That it was an everyday event. The flow slowed and just as casually she mopped the evidence away as I rewound the footage and watched it again. And again.

No camera in the bathrooms, I had no idea of what went on but, in the kitchen, over my shoulder from where I now sat, she repeated her

performance. A steady flow of champagne, for near a minute my mother pissed on the floor of the kitchen, the pool around her feet stretching metres either side until her bladder emptied and I had the second orgasm in less than ten minutes.

I leaned back as I watched her mop the floor dry. To empty the bucket and place it and the mop beside the front door. To go back and complete the cleaning, wiping the kitchen benches and sink. The cupboard doors, me wondering if splatters of urine had collected upon the surfaces? She spent time in my bedroom and I cursed the lack of a better camera angle. What the fuck was she doing? What the fuck was I doing? My cock still hard I mindlessly fapped as she returned and dressed. A look around the apartment and she was gone.

With cock protruding from my fly, it led me around my house. To stare at the kitchen floor where Mom had pissed, the hallway where it had begun. To my bedroom where she'd spent so much time, the bed made and without creases. "She wouldn't have!?" I questioned my empty room, pulling back the cover and pressing my hand to the sheets below. I don't know what I intended to find. I had an image of her masturbating in my bed, that I'd see evidence. A stray pube, a damp patch. There was none and I was strangely disappointed. Was I reading way too much into everything? She'd just cleaned the house nude, maybe she was hot. Yeah, she'd pissed on the floor, but maybe she just really had to go? Was it a normal part of mopping? Some new cleaning method? Of course it wasn't you idiot, I told myself. What she'd done was perverse, primal even. Like an animal marking its scent. Was that what she was doing? Claiming her territory? Or was she just...mad!? I sat down on the bed and stared vacantly at the wall. "What the fuck was going on?"

*

I met the neighbor.

She commented on my tattoos as I was leaving the pool area and she was just getting home. Up close she was just as impressive as from a distance, nailing the blond bimbo look to perfection. That wasn't an insult. To be honest I always found it hot and she exemplified the image.

"My Dom would hate that one on your back," she proposed and I was confused as to whom she referred, reflecting it in my face. "That octopus thingy!" She explained, the wrong part of my confusion.

"No, I mean, 'Dom?'" I not so subtly inquired.

"Oh, my boo," she elaborated. "My boyfr...well really my sugar daddy." She freely divulged.

"Oh," I felt myself blush. "I haven't seen you with anybody, I thought you lived alone."

"Yeah, I do," she brushed hair behind her ear and followed with running her hand down her collar to her cleavage, clearly flirting. "It's an open relationship."

Any other time in my life and I'd be all over her. A couple of days ago even. But as I'd gone to sleep Monday night in the bed Mom had made and indeed caught the scent of her perfume upon my pillow, there was only one woman I had on my mind.

"It's a shame really, you moving in now," she continued and I asked as to why? "Well, my daddy's finding another place for me. Says he wants me closer. Sucks as now finally cool people are starting to move in!"

I felt pretty good about myself, knowing it was to me she referred, promising to drop by my apartment before she left to say goodbye. I was more than amenable.

*

"You know what date it is this weekend?" Mom alluded to Dad's passing as I spoke to her Thursday night over the phone. Not waiting for me to confirm, she continued. "I was wondering if you'd like to drive up to the cemetery this weekend? Put flowers on his grave. Only if you're not busy."

I was watching (possibly for the hundredth time,) the edited footage of her cleaning my house as she spoke, and I agreed before she even finished her sentence.

*

If it wasn't the same dress she'd worn to my house, it was similar. Light, breezy, it caught the wind as it passed between her legs and flew up to reveal her panties as we walked back from the grave. A step behind her I was witness to the display, her hands seemingly slow to prevent the exposure, tight pink satin hugging her buttocks hermetically. Her laugh was innocent and playful, a great relief to the emotional weight we'd shared moments before.

We lunched upon a picnic blanket in the adjoining park before the hour-long drive home and under the sun, her face shadowed by a large hat, she looked as beautiful as I could recall her being. Had I ever thought of it however? Dad was always calling her beautiful, quick with a compliment, an embrace. To buy her presents and freely show his love before me with a kiss, a caress. Why couldn't a son express his love for his mother in much the same manner? Would it be so wrong for me to do the same?

"Why are you staring?" She startled me and I shook my head nonchalantly.

"Nothing," I smiled and she unexpectedly raised a hand to my cheek and caressed my face.

"You look so much like your father," she smiled and there was sadness as well as light in her eyes before her attention was caught by our picnic, the drinks she'd brought.

She crossed her legs as she opened a bottle of sparkling wine, concentrating on the cork and not her posture. The dress slid down her thighs and the crotch of her panties was revealed to me, the sunlight shining upon her pubic bulge. I thought once more if a son could love his mother as a husband would? No, it wouldn't be wrong at all.

*

"I shouldn't have had the whole bottle," Mom laughed as I drove.

"Well, you knew I wouldn't be drinking," I shared her mirth as she now openly squirmed in the passenger seat. She'd declared her need to pee prior our passing the last possible place to stop and was now clearly regretting her decision to wait for home. From the corner of my eye, I watched as she plunged a hand between her upper thighs and held her knees tightly together. "You want me to go back to the diner?"

She leaned forward and played with the radio, probably to take her mind off her bladder but it seemed to do no good, both hands now between her legs.

"Oh god I don't know," she squirmed, looking out the window at the passing trees. "I thought I'd make it home."

"It's no big deal Mom, we can turn back if you want," I offered, slowing the car somewhat if she chose to accept.

"Um..." I could hear her cogs turning. "Oh..."

"So?" I asked.

"Oh god Ash, I think you're just gonna have to pull over!" She gasped.

"Serious?" I laughed, a car passing by on the opposite side, another coming quickly up behind. "It's not very private."

"No, I know," she exhaled. "Yep, I've gotta go!"

I didn't stretch out the debate, slowing and pulling the car onto the verge as the station wagon behind whizzed by. She was unbuckling and opening the door even before I'd stopped and I offered a word of caution as she swung her feet out of the vehicle.

"There's no time," she expressed and I watched her dress fly up with her movement, once more offering me a tantalising view of her panties as she leaped from the car. I expected her to at least run off into the bushes that lined the road, her need so great however, she instead opted to go right there and then. In actual fact, she was already going. Not willing to waste the opportunity to watch, I ignored her laughing request for me not to look and feasted upon her display.

One hand lifting her dress, the other unceremoniously tugged her panties down as a steady flow of pee streamed from between her spread thighs. Saturating her lowering panties, she got them down to her knees before pointing her ass back towards me to better aim her flow. This allowed me to look directly into her asshole, surprisingly un-puckered, the sphincter, a perfect circle almost winking at me, no, more like blowing me kisses, as her piss rained down below.

She was within arms distance. I could reach across and easily slide a finger into her ass as she peed. Better still, my cock. I thought of fucking her,

climbing across and pulling her back into my lap as her fountain of piss shot out onto the roadside. A car approached from behind and tooted as it passed, Mom looking in its direction as it disappeared down the road. "Oh no, they probably saw everything," she bemoaned, her neck craning further to look over her shoulder at me. "Oh my god Ashley!" She gasped good-naturedly. "I told you not to look." I didn't even disguise where I gazed. Watching fascinated as her flow of urine decreased before me, her back straightening and allowing the dress to partly obscure her buttocks. "You can't be watching your mother go to the toilet Honey," she added as the last of her pee came out in a dribble and she wiggled her hips to hasten the drips.

I was speechless. I struggled to swallow with my mouth so dry as she turned and lowered her dress proper, preventing me from seeing her pussy form the front. Her panties still around her knees, she reached down and lifting one then the other foot, removed them from her legs before getting back into the car. An erection lining my inner thigh, I put the car in gear and pulled back into the road as Mom offered an explanation as to what she held in her hand. "I couldn't put them back on, they're saturated," she looked in the back seat and cursed. "Oh, my handbag's in the trunk," she acknowledged before opening the glove compartment. "I'll just put them in here until we get home."

That just happened, I told myself as I drove. Mom pissing on the floor of my apartment was one thing, her wetting her panties then pissing in the road an arms distance from me; finally taking off said panties and putting them in my glovebox...that was an entirely different matter.

I drove in relative silence, Mom casually making comments about things we passed, the weather. I was left with my thoughts. Was I making too big a

deal about this? She'd just peed, we all did it. Maybe there was something wrong with me for even being sexually attracted to her right now? Maybe!? I yelled at myself. She was my mother. There was no way on Earth I should be sexually attracted to her, let alone her pissing. She'd done nothing to say she wanted me. Flashing of panties, nude cleaning, pissing in front of me, washing my naked body in the shower aside! And then came the dream. Her lips around my cock. I'd cum in her mouth...No, I told myself. That WAS a dream.

*

She leaned on the open car window as we said our goodbyes at her house.

"Don't worry I won't make you come in and say goodbye to Dom," she laughed and it took me out of the spell I was under somewhat.

"What? Dom. Who's Dom?" I questioned, my blond neighbor immediately coming to mind.

Mom frowned. "Franklin, Dom," she looked confused. "His middle name's Dominick. You knew that."

Had I? I'd never heard her call him that, or anyone else for that matter.

"He uses that?" I asked. "You call him that?"

"Sometimes," she once more frowned. "Why? What's it matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I waved it away and took a deep breath in anticipation of what I'd been planning on asking her for the last half hour. "So..."

"What?" She sensed my manner and smiled.

"My place. Well, it's pretty messy already," I lied. "I was wondering if maybe you could come around again on Monday? Only if you're not busy," I quickly added. "I could pay you."

She grinned as she pushed back from the window and headed backwards toward the house. "You don't have to pay me Honey," she smiled. "It's what mothers are for," she winked and waved me farewell.

Frustratingly we hadn't kissed goodbye. Not even a little peck before she left the car. I watched her ass sway as she walked up the garden path to the front door, her legs so smooth. She wasn't wearing panties, I absently thought to myself and then really became aware. No, she wasn't wearing panties. They were in my glovebox. We'd both completely forgotten about them. Or I had anyway. I quickly drove away before she remembered and called me back and turning onto the next block, I pulled over to the curb.

There they were. Pink, bunched into a ball that I quickly retrieved. They were cold to the touch and still damp. Damp? No, they were saturated. I'm not proud of myself, it was an invasion of privacy, it was immature, it was perverted. But as I raised my mother's pissed in panties to my mouth and nose and inhaled, it was as hot as hell. I came to my senses and looked around the car to be sure I wasn't observed before pulling back into the traffic, panties snug in my grip.

*

My neighbor Misty was just getting into her Porsche as I arrived home and I tucked Mom's panties under my leg as she came over to my open window. I wondered why she never parked it in her garage and meant to ask her but she was quick to talk, clearly in a hurry.

"Give me your mobile," she leaned into my car much as Mom had done twenty minutes earlier. Mesmerized by the amount of cleavage she exhibited, I robotically handed her my unlocked phone and she used it to call her own, a Britney Spears ringtone playing from her handbag. "I'm leaving in a couple of days, Dom's found me some shitty little apartment

closer to him. Call me," she matter-of-factly ordered and just as robotically, I nodded my agreement.

The still damp underwear in my hand, dick in the other, video of Mom pissing in my kitchen cast onto my 65inch television in my rent reduced luxury apartment, and a blond bombshell's number in my phone. I was in heaven.

Could life get any better?

*

Monday progressed agonizingly slowly. I intermittently checked my phone for a security system update from my apartment but on each occasion, no luck. I was well aware what I was doing was a massive invasion of privacy, should I have informed her the cameras were on? The pros and cons revolved around my head, ultimately my dick overriding any argument. It was in my house, the cameras were obvious, if someone, anyone, wanted to walk around nude, piss on my floor and hopefully masturbate in my bed, they shouldn't be surprised that they might be witnessed! My own mother or not. Come 5pm and still nothing appearing on my phone, I was packing up to go home, more than a little frustrated she had seemingly been a no show.

Misty's Porsche was out the front of her apartment as per usual, meaning she was still yet to move. It offered me a lifeline of at least some company if indeed I found Mom hadn't cleaned, hadn't repeated her bizarre and sexy show. To my surprise as I pulled up to my apartment at the other end of the complex, there was Mom's Nissan. And when I finally made it to my door, the woman herself, once again struggling with the passcode.

"What are you doing here?" I startled her and incredulous she looked down at her buckets and vacuum.

"What does it look like?"

"No, I mean I thought you'd come earlier."

She sighed and revealed she'd had to work and it explained her office attire. It also made me feel doubly guilty for having her clean my house in the first place and I made it clear, she wasn't doing any more work today.

"Come in for a coffee though?" I offered and flustered, admittedly looking tired, she gratefully accepted.

The cleaning products abandoned at the door, I noticed Mom scan the apartment as I prepared coffee. She didn't say it, but I knew what she was thinking. The place was spotless, having myself spent two hours the night before cleaning up. Her presence there wasn't needed at all and I wondered if she knew I had ulterior motives?

With coffee made we moved to the couch and it was time for me to admire her appearance. The sleeveless dress was grey and form fitting, with legs crossed on my couch, it rode up high on her thigh over tan pantyhose. With black high heels on her feet, it was clear she wasn't dressed appropriately for cleaning and I cursed myself for coming home on time. Twenty minutes later I'd have walked in on her naked, I was sure of it. Is that what she'd planned? No, I answered myself. Her working at the office today hadn't been organized. Most likely expecting me home she would've cleaned in her dress, minus shoes. Was I overthinking everything?

She blew on her coffee before attempting a sip and deciding it was too hot, placed it back on the coffee table. I studied her every move. Was I becoming obsessive? You betcha.

"Ugh, these shoes," she moaned and reached down to remove a heel, massaging her foot in the process. "That's another thing I miss about your

father."

"What?" I asked, sensing an opening.

"He'd rub my feet when I got home," she smiled. "Remember?"

"I do," I cherished the memory, their love so enveloping. If only ours could compare. "You want me to do it?"

She laughed at the suggestion and I felt myself blush; I'd gone too far.

"No," she chuckled but removed her other heel as well, looking back at me slyly. "You'd really do that?"

"Sure, why not?" I declared and not letting any time pass, deposited my coffee mug on the table and reached for her feet.

She laughed as I swung her legs up onto the couch, her torso falling back onto the cushions. "Oh goodness," she exhaled as I ran my thumbs up along her soles before she sighed. "That feels nice."

"It's supposed too," I smiled, enjoying the feeling myself as I lowered her feet down onto my folded leg, sliding my fingers up to her toes and massaging each individually.

"You may be even better than your father," she proposed and the memory of him kissing her toes came to mind, my cock responding.

I concentrated on one foot and getting comfortable, she slid further down into the couch, her dress inching up her thighs to reveal the tiniest triangle of hose covered pussy, dark panties. Me attempting not to stare.

"I didn't mind coming around to clean," she mentioned after a moments silence. "I had to pick up something anyway."

"Oh?"

"You don't remember?" She smiled as I massaged her heel. "You've still got my panties."

The mention of underwear caused me to inadvertently peek at her groin, more crotch exposed. I was wrong, not dark panties under her hose, pubic hair.

I could feel myself blushing as surely, she noticed where I'd gazed. "I...I..." "They're still in your glovebox, right?" She challenged. "We can get them when I leave."

Two things. They weren't. They were in the drawer of my bedside table. And secondly, I didn't want her to leave. My mother lay before me with dress raised, no underwear beneath her hose and one foot in my hand, the other so close to my hardening cock. I never wanted her to move let alone leave.

My face was burning and I wanted to change the subject but nothing would come.

"...that is, if they are still there?" She proposed, putting me on the spot. I could focus on nothing but her pussy, the panties and her foot and deferred answering by reminiscing.

"Remember Dad used to kiss your feet?" I concentrated on what was at hand, literally; and it seemed to work, Mom laughing.

"Oh God yes," she chuckled. "Called me his queen," she recalled.

"He loved you so much," I reiterated. "...and wasn't afraid to show it in front of me." I looked up into her eyes and her smile faded, her gaze intensifying. "I love you too," I admitted and lifted her other foot into my hands.

It was now or never. The hard-on behind my fly was becoming increasingly more obvious; she was offering me every hint that she wanted something to develop between us, had for days. It was now time for me to act. Throw caution to the wind.

"I know you do Baby," she sighed and seemed to grind her ass down into the couch, her dress riding ever higher, her entire thatch of pubic hair exposed, pressed down by the pantyhose. "I love you too," she confessed. "Where are my panties Baby?" She whispered and I lifted her feet higher off the couch.

"In my bedside drawer," I confessed as I brought her feet to my face and pressed nose and mouth between them both.

I breathed deep the intoxicating scent of my mother's feet before kissing the soles and almost nibbling my way up to her toes. Her mouth fell open as she intensely watched my progress, her thighs parting enough to enable a peek of labia, splayed behind the gusset.

"You know, don't you?" She whispered and I presumed it was her naked cleaning and water sports she referred, nodding accordingly. "I'm so ashamed," she confessed and I was aghast. She had nothing to be ashamed about. "I thought you were asleep!" She added and it confused me.

"Wait, what?" I pulled back from kissing her little toe.

"You rolled and looked so much like your father," she continued. "And then I saw your," she dropped her eyes down towards my groin. "...your erection."

She wasn't talking about her antics in my apartment at all. It was my 'dream.' My supposed dream that night.

"I had to touch it Baby," she stated and I lowered her feet. "I understood it was wrong but I convinced myself if you didn't know, was it a crime?"

I was more dumbfounded than when she challenged me about her underwear, happy to let her speak.

"I know you stirred," she said. "I told you to sleep and then..."

She didn't need to finish. I knew what happened, the feeling of her mouth around my cock, releasing inside her. It wasn't a dream, it was real.

Tears had come to her eyes and she held out a hand for me to take as I remained silent. "I just wanted to make you feel better," she concluded.

I took her hand and with it, drew her up from the couch to be level with me.

"I thought I was dreaming," I admitted and she looked almost nervous. "But I wanted it to be real," I confessed and I could see the relief in her eyes. I wanted to kiss her and made to before she pulled back momentarily.

"But you said 'you knew,'" she looked confused and it was now for me to confess and I felt myself blush.

"Ah, about last Monday. When you cleaned," I looked up at one of the surveillance cameras and back to see her redden, a hand brought to her mouth.

"Oh my god," she gasped and it was clear she hadn't expected me to have witnessed her behaviour. "You saw...everything?" She asked and I ran a hand down her bare arm to comfort her.

"Yes."

"You saw me..."

"Oh yeah!" I grinned and pulled her closer to me, her legs wrapping my hip. "I loved it."

Her mouth only inches from my own, I could feel her warm breath as her lips parted. "I don't know why I did that," she studied my eyes. "Your father used to love to watch me pee."

Just hearing her saying it had me harder and I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her groin onto my erection.

"I do too," I admitted and her mouth fell upon mine. I was kissing my mother. She was kissing me. Her tongue was quick to attempt to enter and as I accepted her, returned the love, it was final. This was no longer anything but incestuous. We were making out like teenagers but feeling the love of a seasoned couple. For that we were. Who knew me as well as her? Who could love her as much as I? We were meant to be together.

I ran a hand up her back and found the zip of her dress at the collar and pulled, Mom eager to be out of her constraints, breaking our kiss and rising beside me. With her tight dress already loosened, she shimmied it down her body revealing a cream bra. Nylon, her breasts were visible through the material, her nipples hard and begging to be sucked. Swiftly she undid the bra and it fell to the floor as in turn I removed my shirt. She made to lower her pantyhose but with my own hands unbuckling my pants, I stopped her. "Wait," I pleaded and dropped off the couch to my knees. Looking up over her breasts I found her eyes. "I have to do this first," I stated.

My eyes slowly trailing back down her torso, I admired the lush triangle of pubic hair at her crotch before moving in and pressing my lips to the mound. The gentlest of kisses against the soft down behind her pantyhose and then lower, pressing my nose and mouth between her legs and inhaling her scent. The perfume of Mom. Her sex aroused by the illicit touch of her

son. I felt her hands on the back of my head, her fingers combing through my hair and it was clearly a signal to go further.

I hoped they weren't expensive as I brought my fingers up to her groin and dug my nails into the fabric. Easily tearing the pantyhose, it allowed me to bury my face into her pubic hair proper, her locks tickling my nose as my tongue lashed out between her folds. She tasted like cunt should. Strong and sweet. How I imagined she'd taste as I'd sniffed and licked her pissed in panties multiple times. I felt her legs bow somewhat and it enabled my jaw to slide between her thighs, my tongue slipping up inside her body. "Oh God," she sighed from above and I looked up to see her holding a breast, pinching a nipple. I wanted them too. I wanted every part of her. To taste and caress her entire body.

Sliding my tongue along her labia, I found her clit and kissed; sucked at the little button before rising and bringing my mouth to hers. With my tattooed chest to her breasts, she completed the unbuckling of my pants and they were lowered along with my trunks, falling to my ankles. My shoes would have to wait as I took her in my arms and lifted her onto my erection, my cock finding her vagina without help, the head slipping inside and as I lowered her onto the couch, the full length of my dick followed. And we were one. Mother and son. Completing the forbidden dance of incest as she fully accepted my cock.

A hand on the silky pantyhose of her ass, the other arm wrapped around her back, I withdrew almost entirely to repeat our coupling. In each other's eyes we stared as I plunged deep, her slick walls hugging me as tightly as her arms, her mouth seeking my own to kiss like every mother should. And then we were fucking. My pelvis meeting hers with every thrust. My hand cupping her ass, squeezing her flesh as our tongues writhed inside her

mouth, then mine. This was all I needed in life. How could a man seek anything more? A roof over his head and his mother to fuck. I wasn't greedy.

"Baby," Mom gasped as I increased my rate, slamming into her, pulling my arm from behind and clutching at her boob, teasing her nipple with my thumb. "Ashley," she insisted and I understood she was indeed attempting to tell me something.

"Yes?" I breathed into her ear, biting on her lobe, kissing and licking.

"I have to..." She stammered, her pussy squeezing my cock as we fucked.

"I'm going to have an..." She struggled to get her words out as I fucked her further and further into the cushions of the couch. "I'm gonna...cum," she finally managed and amazed I'd lasted this long, I chuckled into her neck.

"So am I!" I admitted, my balls slapping her ass.

"No, I have to warn...you," she panted but I couldn't wait for her to finish, feeling my orgasm beyond the point of prevention.

I wanted to cum inside her, probably should have discussed it before.

Taking the safer route, I rose up on my knuckles and with only a few more thrusts, pulled from her in a surprising shower of fluid.

"Jesus," I gasped as I pressed the underside of my cock along her labia and came as a gush burst around me. Cum shot up onto her belly, her breasts, as she in turn squirted against my cock. A clear fluid I at first thought was pee, splashing my thighs, cock and balls. Laughing, Mom lifted a hand to her mouth as she came, reaching down with the other to rub my cock across her clit, another shower of her fluid raining upon me as the last of my own orgasm filled her belly button, my thighs drenched in her squirt.

I fell atop her and joined the mirth, laughing as we again kissed. "Fuck that was hot," I gasped as with hand still around my cock, she guided me back inside her body.

Once more she giggled. "I tried to warn you," she smiled. "You're not angry?"

"Angry!" I laughed. "Are you kidding?" I joked as I once more slowly fucked her, my cock hardening.

"But your couch!?" She kissed me, her eyes playful, innocent.

"I'll just have to get you back to clean it," I laughed and she slapped my arm. Her smile faded as I studied her face.

"I love you," she confided. "No matter what happens. I love you."

I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her up to be sitting in my lap, cock deep. "What do you mean?"

"I mean with Frank," she explained and it brought me back to the real world.

"Well, you obviously can't still be with him," I declared.

"We're married."

"He's a dick!" I immaturely responded.

"He's been good to us," Mom countered. "To me."

I tried to control my disappointment. In my mind, she was moving in with me. I was marrying her. To hell with laws. She threw me a lifeline.

"We don't have sex you know," she divulged and it drew me out of my misery. "Our relationship was never like that. We came together for

companionship in a time of need. He was your dad's best friend remember, he lost someone too."

A part of me understood and I felt at least a semblance of compassion for Frank. The guilt he must feel for not being with Dad on that day. To miss their weekly bike ride on the one occasion Dad was struck and killed. It was understandable he and Mom would find solace together.

"But what about us?" I questioned, trying not to let my bottom lip pout.

"Oh," she looked nonplussed. "I plan on coming around daily and fucking your brains out!" She matter-of-factly replied, and hearing her out of character language I had to laugh.

"I love you," I pledged and again we kissed.

*

She stood just out of the flow of water in my bathroom. No hazy inebriated memory here; no saturated transparent romper nor feeble semi erection. I leaned back against the tiled wall of my shower stall, hard-on in hand and watched as Mom let loose a torrent of pee. I stroked my cock as she pushed her hips forward, grabbing either side of her labia to force the stream out at a more convex angle, my feet and legs taking the splashes.

"Yep," I agreed once more with my father. "I love to watch you pee too."

She looked into my eyes and smiled as I approached her, walking directly into her fountain. The heat of her urine flooded my cock as I tucked it between her legs and pressed her to the wall. She lifted a thigh up onto my hip and I managed to press my penis into her as the flow decreased and awkward as it was, though somehow always looking graceful in the movies, I fucked her in the shower.

"Cum in me," she hissed into my ear as the water cascaded down our bodies. "I want to take you home inside me."

I responded by kissing my way down her neck, arching my back to take a nipple into my mouth as my cock thrust away inside her. She moaned above me and drew me back to her mouth, saliva flowing freely as we kissed and it was how I would cum. Mouths locked, her hands raking my back. My legs wobbled as I came. Pulse after exhilarating pulse of semen flowing into my mother as I hugged her to me and declared my everlasting love over and again until my balls were dry, my erection spent.

"Your father would be so proud of you," she ran her hand across his tattoo on my chest as we washed each other.

"You think?" I questioned.

"He would've wanted this for me," she declared. "For us."

And they were the words that made me happiest. Happy to allow her to leave after we'd dressed and fondled and kissed once more in the hallway where she'd first pissed. Happy to see her drive away knowing with confidence she'd be back. That no matter what, we'd be together.

*

An early morning swim and upon leaving I noticed Misty's Porsche outside her garage, Misty herself leaving her apartment for what looked the last time, a small pot plant in her arms. I approached to say goodbye and her look of sadness brightened upon seeing me.

"Are you off?" I asked, no matter what was going on now between Mom and me, genuinely disappointed to see her leave.

"I don't want to," she admitted. "I loved this place." She rolled her eyes.
"But Dom's being a dick so..."

"What's his story anyway?" I inquired. "I don't think I've seen him since I've been here."

"No, you haven't," she was quick to agree. "He hasn't dropped by for more than a week now. He's been an asshole since you got here actually. Lost it when I told him I met you. Said he didn't want me talking to other guys, especially you."

"Yeah, you're right," I agreed. "He does sound like a dick."

She looked down at her pot plant and sighed.

"So, this is the last of my stuff," she said. "Off to my shitty little flat I suppose."

"You don't sound happy with him Misty," I said. "If you don't mind me asking, why are you even with him?"

She shrugged and despite the body, despite the hot pink bodycon dress she barely wore over it. She came across like a shy innocent child. "Low self-esteem I guess," she almost broke my heart. "...and he's rich," she added and managed to smile.

She made to get into her Porsche which I'd learned Dom had bought for her and I began to say goodbye before asking her what had been nagging me for days. "Hey, why don't you ever park in your garage?"

Once more she rolled her eyes.

"Ugh, it's Dom. He's got a car locked up in there. Has done for two years now," she divulged. "I don't know why," she added. "I saw it once, it's all smashed up."

The words gave me an uncomfortable feeling and I wanted to know more. "What, is it worth more than yours or something? Why would he lock it up?"

"Hah, no. It's just some shitty sedan."

My heart rate increased somewhat and I didn't know exactly where it and my mind were going with this.

"Misty. You wouldn't have a photo of Dom, would you?"

"Of course," she nodded, fishing out her phone from her handbag. "Well, I have one. He hates having his photo taken. Won't let me put him on my socials either."

She held her iPhone out to me and the world all of a sudden felt unsteady beneath my feet. The combover, the beer gut. I felt dizzy as I looked upon Frank, his arm around Misty's waist.

She looked genuinely concerned as I walked away from her toward her garage. "Are you okay?" She called as I attempted to lift the roller door, finding it unsurprisingly securely locked. "What is it?" She asked. "It's just a wrecked car."

I thought of the inside door from the garage to the apartment. "Misty can you let me into your place?"

Without hesitation, clearly seeing I was serious, she led me up to her apartment and with the same floor-plan as mine, I made my way to the garage door to see it indeed bolted shut. "You don't have the key?" I calmly asked and she shook her head, quickly placing her hands over her ears as I kicked at the door. Again. One more and the bolt gave way and I fell to my knees.

A late model red Toyota Camry. Massive damage on the passenger side, windshield smashed, missing a wiper blade. I vomited on the floor of the garage.

*

Franklin Dominick Redfield was pushed into the court room in a wheelchair as we watched, Mom on one side, Misty the other. She took my broken and bandaged right hand and placed it upon her lap, Frank noticing as he looked sideways out of the one eye that our lawyer said he might regain full vision in. He'd never walk without a limp and where I'd punched out his front teeth, his lips sunk comically like a slack jawed yokel without his falsies.

Premeditated vehicular homicide was what the prosecutor had gone for and we were there to witness his conviction. Yes, I'd beaten the confession out of him but the recording was hard not to ignore, the evidence substantial, and when the jury agreed, he was guaranteed a long, long sentence.

*

For tax purposes and unbeknownst to Mom, Frank had placed many of his properties in her name. With the wrongful death case pending, no matter what, Mom was ending up an incredibly wealthy woman. When we handed the title to my apartment to Misty, she having been deceived as much as us, she cried, and Mom took her in her arms much as she would a daughter.

"Are you okay?" I placed an arm around my mother's waist as we looked out over the pool from the balcony.

She took a deep breath and turned to fully face me, her groin pressing into my crotch. "Yes. Yes, I think I am. Everything happens for a reason I suppose," she stated and leaned in to kiss me. We looked as one down at

Misty emerging from the pool in a string bikini before taking a selfie in the dying light. "She's very attractive, isn't she?" Mom observed.

"Yeah," I agreed. "If you like that kind of thing."

Mom laughed and her hand caressed down onto my ass.

"You know your father always wanted a threesome," she revealed as she leaned into my neck and kissed my ear. "And you're so much like your father, aren't you darling?"

I pulled Mom into me further, my growing erection pressing her hip. "Yes Mom. Yes, I am," I laughed.

*

Epilogue

Franklin hobbled into the already overcrowded cell and surveyed the scene before him. Two men on their knees, a large, muscular, seasoned con standing over them.

"Well look what we have here," the man referred to Frank. "A new roomie. This here's Edward. And that sad bitch is Donny. Now what might your name be?"

"Frank," he lisped through his broken mouth. "Some call me Dom."

The con rubbed a hand along the growing erection in the front of his uniform. "Well look at that ladies," he stated to the two other men. "No teeth. She's gonna fit in real good around here ain't she?" Then looked back at Frank. "But get something straight boy," he declared as he pulled his massive cock from his pants. "I'm the only 'dom' around here!"

Family Business

Chapter 1

Her hand went to the groin of his brown tweed pants, obviously finding him hard. There was no real surprise on his behalf when she raised her dress and climbed upon his lap. The sex perfunctory, almost without passion as she seemingly brought herself to orgasm. "Did you cum?" The woman asked him and I shifted uncomfortably in my seat thankful the relative darkness of the cinema obscured my blushing face.

Onscreen the actress stroked her son to climax. Nothing was shown of course but the implication was graphic nonetheless. The movie was pretty bad, the subject matter uncomfortable at best, but it didn't prevent me from getting an erection, and considering the circumstances that fact alone was embarrassing to say the least.

The scene ended and from the corner of my eye I attempted to look at my mother seated next to me in the theatre. Was she as uncomfortable as me, I wondered? How could she not? An onscreen mother and son engaged in an incestuous relationship. The movie poster suggested nothing of the sort. Julianne Moore, that Eddie...something guy from, I don't know...stuff! It had looked so legit.

The strange thought arose in my mind. Did Mom know? She certainly hadn't acted as if she had I recalled from our conversation in the foyer, surveying the posters and session times to decide upon what we'd see. My cock was in a terrible position, desperately needing to be re-adjusted and ever so casually I moved a hand down from the armrest to my groin. Did Mom's gaze follow? I delayed moving my hard-on despite the urgent need in case she suspected something. What? I reasoned. That I was going to get

out my cock and masturbate in a semi crowded theatre to mother and son incest?

I scoffed at my thought process and moved my dick to a far more comfortable position just as Mom leaned into my ear. Oh no! I thought. She's seen it. She's noticed how turned on I'd become by the film and was about to chastise me. An entirely different scenario entered my head. No. She wants to touch it. The movie awakened something in her and she wants to fuck me. Jerk me off me just as had been done in the movie. Mere milliseconds passed as my brain predicted the future. I should learn to never listen to my brain.

"Can you pass the popcorn?" Mom breathed into my ear, coming up with a third scenario that I hadn't even fathomed. Idiot.

"Oh, yeah," I whispered back, passing the box across from the opposite armrest to her.

She hadn't seen my erection. Probably hadn't even noticed my hand go down to move it. And why? Because she was a normal person, not a sexually frustrated twenty one year old obsessing about fake onscreen relationships. I bet Mom hadn't equated the characters in the movie to our own relationship at all.

Or had she?

Losing interest in the plot I ran my own fantasies through my head. That old chestnut of putting a hole in the bottom of the popcorn box; inserting my cock. Mom's hand reaching in and finding my dick. Hard. Hard for her. Jesus. What was I thinking? One, (well, a few) scenes of incest in a film and now I'm fantasising about my own mother. Cut it out Lincoln, I told myself. But the feeling of her breath beside my ear remained. The goosebumps it

had given me. I placed my left arm back up on the armrest and it connected with hers. She didn't pull away. My hard-on remained.

*

"Well that was..." Mom tried to critique the movie as we walked back to the car in the Tuesday night darkness.

"Yeah, I know," I understood her difficulty, thankful it hadn't been me that had ultimately decided to choose the film.

"I mean it was Julianne Moore," Mom added. "I thought it might have been good."

"Oh well, we'll know better next time," I concluded, thinking it wise to put the film in our past. Possibly to never mention it again!

"There might not be able to be a 'next time,' for a while," Mom stated and I looked at her out of curiosity.

"What are you talking about?"

"The salon," she began. "The new owners are making an announcement tomorrow. There's going to be changes apparently."

"What does that mean?" I asked as we came to our car, Mom stopping on the driver's side and looking across to me before we entered.

"I can only think job cuts," she admitted. "Maybe less hours at best."

"What? They can't get rid of you, you've been there forever," I acknowledged. "Anyway, I'm bringing in pretty good money at the moment, there's no need to stop movie night."

She smiled as we entered the car. "I'm not having my son pay for me like a date," she laughed and considering that we'd just sat through two hours of

mom/son incest, the words hung heavy in the interior of the vehicle.

In future I would choose my own words more carefully but in an attempt to be, I don't know, funny? Carefree? Non-plussed? I responded quicker than I should've.

"Hey, I wouldn't expect you to sleep with me or anything!" I stated and immediately felt my face redden.

Mom laughed in response but it seemed to be more out of impulse than actual humour and unfortunately didn't say another word as we drove from the parking lot.

The silence was becoming uncomfortable and I reached for the radio to provide a distraction, another minute going by before either of us spoke.

"It WAS a bad film wasn't it!?" She stated and her comment told me she'd equated my retort to the movie. She was thinking about us, them.

"Hey you picked it," I challenged and she again laughed.

"Hmm, I did didn't I?" She admitted. "I read a review that said it was ok," she added, justifying her decision and it told me a whole lot more than I assume she cared to relay.

So she must have know there was an incestuous relationship between a mother and her son as a plot line. What review would leave that out, seriously? Again I began with the fantasies. Mom was 48 (I think.). Was it wrong to not know my Mom's age for certain, I wondered? Nevertheless, not dissimilar to the woman in the film. As attractive. Well I certainly thought so. I mean up until that minute I hadn't been looking at her as an object of desire but now I thought of it, she would definitely be considered good looking. She was single and as far as I knew wasn't looking for that to change. My father had turned her off relationships, I knew, and couldn't

blame her, and certainly showed me how not to treat a woman you supposedly love.

We stopped at the lights and intimating I was looking at something out the drivers side window, I instead looked at Mom. Her hair tied back in a ponytail, still in the white loose pants and matching shirt from work, a jacket thrown over the top. She was, 'average' I figured. I reasoned she'd not look out of place in a library, long fitting grey skirt, possibly over black, no, tan pantyhose. A white silk blouse maybe? Pearls. Black rimmed glasses and hair tied back as it was. I imagined her below me. Smiling up at me as I came upon her face, over her glasses. Jesus Christ, I almost gasped as I felt my cock once again stirring. Mom looked across to me before the lights changed and caught me staring at her, my eyes immediately darting away like the guilty party I was.

She said nothing.

*

I wouldn't say I hated myself for it, but I definitely felt ashamed at what I pictured that night as I masturbated myself to sleep. Stepping into the shower with her and offering to wash her back. It was all so innocent, the by-play between us in my mind. So natural that I found myself with her under the flow of water. My hands travelled her body, soaping her ass, her breasts. In my mind her pubic bone was hirsute, my fingers delving between her legs. She took me in her hand and as I wanked myself in bed, it was her that brought me to orgasm. Kissing me. Licking from her fingers the cum she'd extracted. Forcing me downwards to taste her.

As I came upon my stomach I immediately banished the fantasy from my head. So unhealthy I thought. It wasn't in anyones interest to let this

impossibility nurture. It was the real world, not some fiction. Enough with the incest already, I told myself. And deemed to obey.

That lasted a day.

*

She arrived home from work after me which wasn't usual, certainly not without forewarning and I'd taken it upon myself to prepare a meal for us in the time being. Nothing fancy but she seemed suitably impressed by the aromas in the house when she finally entered the kitchen.

"Something smells yummy, sorry I'm late," she unnecessarily apologised as she lumped a large plastic bag upon the as yet unset table. "We had that meeting."

Her demeanour didn't give anything away as to how it had gone but I was prepared for both good or bad outcomes.

"Yeah, I've got you sorted," I walked to the the bench near to her and gestured to the two bottles of alcohol. "You've got the sparkling if it's good news," I touched the Napa Valley white before picking up the bottle of bourbon. "And this if it ain't!"

"Oh you!" She laughed and touched my forearm before removing the large jacket she wore over her uniform. "Actually it's a bit of each. Probably keep them both at the ready. God you might have to carry me to bed tonight," she added and I immediately thought of the connotations. Did she as well?

I turned back to my dinner prep to avoid her seeing me blush but she followed me to the stove.

"That smells good," she acknowledged and lifted the lid on the sauce I'd fashioned, fanning the steam toward herself. I took the opportunity to stir as

she held the lid, before I ran my finger over the back of the spoon and went to taste.

"Oh me first," Mom proposed and drew my hand towards her face. This was a 'first!' My hand held at the wrist, she parted her lips and allowed my index finger to enter her mouth, her tongue contacting my skin. The sensation was unlike any I'd known before then as her lips closed around the end of my digit, essentially sucking on the tip of my finger.

Still wearing my work attire, I was aware my business pants wouldn't hide much and I willed myself to not get hard as I watched her face. Her eyes went from mine to look up to the left as if contemplating before she allowed my finger to leave her mouth.

"Mmm," she sighed. "Oregano?"

I nodded, confirming her taste buds and as she replaced the lid, watched her head back to the plastic bag on the table.

"Might need to open a bottle of red as well to go with it," she laughed. "Oh God, don't let me out on the town, I'd be anybody's!" She joked.

I tasted the sauce myself. The finger that had seconds before been in my mother's mouth, pressed to my own lips. Upon my own tongue. One degree of separation between our mouths. Almost kissing.

I heard the rustle of the bag and after turning the heat on the water for the pasta focussed again on Mom.

"So the good news is I'm not being laid off," she stated and I headed across to the table opposite her. "But they ARE cutting hours."

"Well that sucks," I empathised, pulling out a chair and sitting, hiding my groin in case anything else untoward happened. Why would it? I asked

myself. If I hadn't seen that movie would any of these thoughts be running through my head? Would I have been so worked up by what was probably an innocent taste of food from my finger?

"Totally," she agreed. "And I noticed it's only mine and Monica's."

My mother's friend Monica had been at the salon probably as long as Mom. Of similar age, if not older, I immediately saw a pattern.

"They want the younger staff!" I deduced and Mom nodded agreement.

"They didn't come out and say it of course but we could tell by their spiel it's the direction they're headed," Mom explained. "Younger staff, younger clientele, they're changing the entire operation."

"That's bullshit," I defended. "You and Mon have all the experience."

"Which is why they're not getting rid of us totally, I assume," Mom reasoned. "They've changed the name, started playing loud music and this..." Mom placed her hands in the bag and began to draw out its contents. "New uniforms!" She stated.

What she pulled out was starkly white and I could see the nature of the clothing. In direct contrast to the current uniform my mother wore to work, baggy white, sometimes pink nurses scrubs-like outfits, what she held up looked like leggings and tank tops.

"Oh God look at these," Mom presented the leggings. "I'll barely even fit in them," she added.

I held off saying anything as I imagined her wearing the clothing, thankful I was indeed hidden by the table. "I feel for Monica," Mom continued.

Not having seen Mom's colleague for some time, her words however assured me she hadn't lost any weight, always being large around the

breasts and rear.

She emptied the bag of most of its contents and spread the four pairs of leggings and similar number of tops upon its surface before looking up at me. "I'll try them on after dinner. You'll let me know if I look stupid won't you?" She made a grimaced expression before looking back at the bag.

"They want us to wear these!" She withdrew two pairs of high heels from the bag and placed them down on the plastic. "Imagine. Working in them all day! I should be thanking them for reducing my hours."

The water had come to a boil and I left her to put on the pasta before letting my eyes drift back. One foot in a heel, she already looked alluring, what would I see post dinner? It couldn't come soon enough.

*

"Don't laugh," Mom commanded as she rounded the doorframe and entered the lounge room, her appearance demanding my full attention though I didn't really know where to look. I wanted to admire her legs, lengthened by the four inch heels. I ached to ogle her groin, her ass as she turned, and stare at her breasts almost bulging from the minuscule top, but I somehow controlled myself and looked squarely in her eyes. "Well, what do you think?" She added.

I'd made the decision to change clothes myself after dinner and was now regretting my choice as my dick spoke for me, miming its approval by swelling in my sweat pants.

"Your silence speaks volumes," Mom proclaimed and attempted to see her reflection in the glass doors separating us from the kitchen. It was the diversion I needed as I adjusted the growing erection in my pants.

"No it's not like that," I assured her, finally finding my voice. "It's just different is all!"

She turned back to me, her eyebrows raised expectantly.

"You look good," I offered, not wanting to admit to my mother I thought she looked hot. "I mean you don't look stupid," I foolishly followed up and her face dropped.

"Oh great, so somewhere between stupid and good, is that it?" She good-naturedly responded. "Better bring me the bourbon," she laughed.

"No all I mean is you can pull it off Mom," I added, wondering if she noticed the possible double entendre?

"Oh, ok," she seemed pleased. "Well, and I know this is gross, but what about my underwear?"

The question came out of the blue and I was totally unready for it.

"I'm sorry, what?" I stammered.

"My panties, can you see them?"

It gave me license to look directly at her groin, accentuated as she grasped the waist of the leggings and pulled them up, hugging her pubic bulge.

"I, um," I ridiculously stumbled over my words, feeling my face flushing.

"Just..." even Mom paused, possibly only then realizing she was asking her son to look directly at her pussy and describe what he saw. "...can you see what color they are?"

"Black," I instantly replied and she groaned in response.

"Bummer," she remarked. "I was hoping they'd be opaque. Looks like I'll need to go underwear shopping."

She again turned her head to look at her rear in the glass reflection, pushing her bottom out provocatively and I ran my eyes over her breasts. I'd not really complimented her and I wished more than anything to do so without being overly lecherous. "I like the top," I stated, her gaze heading back in my direction. "I mean, with the black bra underneath." (Was I actually talking about my mother's bra?)

"Really?" She questioned. "I probably wouldn't wear this, black bra under a white top. Bit trashy don't you think?"

"I don't know, makes you look kinda like a biker chick," I added. "It's hot," I confessed and again immediately felt my face redden at the admission.

"Hot!" Mom raised her eyebrows, a smirk developing as she saw me begin to squirm.

"I mean 'it's' hot, not you. Well you are but not..I mean I don't think you're hot...not like that. You look good!" I was babbling and wanted to crawl under the cushions and die, Mom seemingly taking my breakdown in her stride.

"I thought I was the one drinking tonight," she laughed as she indeed lifted her wine glass from the coffee table and took a sip, eyeing me almost suspiciously over the rim. She placed the glass back down and concentrated on her shoes. "I don't know how I'll wear these all day," she stated. "Might have to pay you to give me a foot rub each night," she proposed as she turned and left the room.

I wasn't afforded the opportunity to respond to that morsel and probably better that I didn't. Who knows what trouble my mouth may've gotten me into. She wasn't serious was she? No. Of course she wasn't.

*

She was late again. History repeating itself as her heels tapped along the hallway and entered the kitchen just as I was finishing cooking dinner.

"Ooh, fish. Yum," she acknowledged as she placed a shopping bag upon one of the chairs and approached the sink to wash her hands.

"So how'd you go?" I enquired as I handed her the tea towel over my shoulder to dry her hands. She wore the leggings and tank top, a tight denim jacket on top.

"Good," she headed back to her shopping bag and I let my eyes drift down to her ass. "Five new pairs of panties and three new bras!" She proudly proclaimed.

"What!?" I replied, mystified. "I meant how'd you go at work?"

It was finally her turn to blush, cheeks turning crimson as she was in the process of removing her jacket.

"Oh! Oh it was horrible," she placed her jacket over the back of a chair before stretching her arms behind herself. It was then I noticed she wasn't wearing the black bra. Not only that, she wasn't wearing any bra. Her action accentuated her bust, breasts straining against the tight white polyester. Her nipples stood out clearly, even their darker shadow amid the paler skin. I knew I should drag my eyes away but some magnetic force kept me focussed for the longest duration possible, taking in their unfettered majesty lest the opportunity should never once more arise.

The sizzling fish saved me and I directed my gaze to it as I felt her eyes fall upon me. "Oh yeah, how bad?" I asked and she came across the kitchen to beside me as if purposely providing me the ability to maintain vision of her.

"The new owners, they just don't know what they're doing. And we're right, they're trying to force out Monica and I."

"Yeah, how so?" I asked as I flipped the fish.

"Monica was forced to do just pedicures all day!" Mom elaborated. "Do you know how taxing that can be?"

I shook my head. "What about you?"

"Facials."

"I'm sorry?"

"Facials all day," she added.

"That doesn't sound so bad."

"Oh no? Have you ever given a middle aged woman a facial?" Mom asked and we both immediately realized what she said, a few seconds of silence following as I debated my answer.

'No, but I'd love to.' Was what I wanted to say but Mom prevented my mouth from selling me down the river.

"Actually don't answer that," she stopped herself from laughing as she touched my forearm before heading back to the table. "Trust me, it gets boring," she concluded.

I had preheated plates in the oven and as I began to plate up, Mom set the table.

"So how were the shoes?" I asked as we sat down across from each other, surprised she still wore them.

"Not good. I'm keeping them on as long as possible to wear them in."

She didn't mention anything about a foot massage and I didn't want to bring it up then and there thinking I was coming across a little too enthusiastic,

but to my surprise it was her that next took the conversation into the realm of sexuality.

"There was a sale on," Mom explained out of the blue. "That's why I bought so many panties."

"Ok," I replied acting aloof. In reality wanting to hear as much as possible about these 'panties.'

She placed down her fork and reached across to her shopping bag, her hand diving in.

Awestruck I watched as she withdrew multiple flesh colored thongs and placed them on the table followed by two bras, one white one nude.

"I know you like the black bra," she laughed. "But I had to pick up these. Can't really go to work bra-less again." She added.

What the hell was going on? Was I reading way too much into our byplay since 'that' film? It seemed every conversation we were having was loaded with sexual content, innuendo. I tried to think if we'd been like this prior. Maybe we had and I just never noticed. Maybe everyone talked and behaved like this and my libido driven brain was getting carried away with the fanciful notion of an incestuous encounter with my own mother? I had two options as far as I could see. Go along with it. She was happy to discuss such personal matters of late, so why not encourage the debate? Or the second, be juvenile and avoid the fact. Shield my ears to the subject and possibly my sudden interest in incest would evaporate.

I chose the former.

"So that's everything?" I enquired. "Thought you said you bought three bras." I watched her cheeks again turn a shade of pink and she picked up her fork to take a mouthful of the side salad.

"Oh I just picked up something else for myself," she explained after she had swallowed. "Not work related."

Did I let it go? The Lincoln of two days prior would possibly have avoided the conversation completely. The Lincoln today jumped at the opportunity.

"Oh yeah?" I didn't need to feign interest and I again waited for her to swallow. There was some hesitation from her, it was obvious, before her hand was back in the bag and partly pulled out a pink bra and what looked to be a matching thong.

"Oh and a new nightie," she threw away the line as her hand revealed transparent red lace which she quickly returned to its hiding place.

'A nightie,' I thought to myself. No. That was lingerie, and I made a pact with myself I would see her wearing it or die trying!

*

"I made you a cup of tea," I called as she passed the lounge room. Her shower had been noticeably longer than usual, not that I was one to keep tabs on these kind of things and I'd waited forever for her to leave her bedroom. "It's probably ready to drink," I added, a subtle hint I'd been anticipating her.

"Oh thanks," she doubled back. "I was just about to do that."

Had I been expecting her to wear the red lace nightie? You're damn right I was but I wasn't devastated when she entered the living room wearing her regular flannel pajamas. She'd not washed her hair in the shower yet it was wet around her face and neck, loosely tied back, long strands framing her cheeks. Her feet were bare as she drew them up onto the couch alongside me, toenails painted red.

"What are you watching?" Her eyes remained fixed to the screen as she gripped the mug in both hands, sipping and finding the temperature to her liking and drinking more.

"Nothing really, some cop show," I informed her. "I can change it if you want."

"It's fine, I'll go to bed after this," she nodded to her tea.

"It's only just gone 8:30," I reminded her and she shifted in her position, both legs bent at the knee, one raised. If I was to stare for longer than the seconds I was comfortably able, I'd see her pussy pressed hard into the crotch of her long pajama bottoms. "Tired from today?" I added trying to keep our conversation going.

"Ugh, you have no idea," she replied and I did once again use up my allotted few seconds. Was she wearing panties beneath them? I wondered. I thought of her in the kitchen, rising after the meal and our underwear talk. Yes she wore no bra, that was obvious by looking without her needing to admit. But she'd left out the fact she'd not worn panties to work that day as well. No pantyline or shadow as there'd been the night before. Of course she may've been wearing some kind of micro g-string but the camel-toe she displayed when I stole a peek from the front pretty much convinced me otherwise. I didn't blame her for not discussing this morsel with her son. What mother would?

Her feet arched on the couch beside me, making 'fists with her toes,' to quote Bruce Willis and I wondered if it was a subliminal (or to be honest, blatant) reminder of her foot massage suggestion of the night before?

"Feet hurt?" I casually asked, looking at the television to suggest I wasn't completely obsessed with her.

"Killing me," she admitted. "I'll wear the other pair tomorrow, see if they're any better."

"Well come on then," I grumbled, reaching out for a foot as she gasped in surprised delight. "You could've just asked."

"Oh Honey I wasn't serious," she laughed. "You don't have to do that," she added, I noticed not attempting to drag her foot away from my hands.

"It's alright," I chuckled. "The first one's on the house."

She stretched her right leg out and it enabled me to pull her foot up onto me, her heel pressing my thigh as I pushed my thumbs into the sole.

"Ooh, God," she moaned as I ran them up her arch to her toes. "I'd pay anything."

I looked back at the television as I began to get hard, laughing. "You can't afford it Mom!"

From the corner of my eye I watched her take a last sip and place the mug on the floor before getting into a more comfortable position, laying on her back.

"Well not on the hours I've been given," she sighed.

I looked across to her, one thumb caressing the sole while my other hand manipulated her toes, fingers sliding between each individually, the act swelling my cock even further.

"Why don't you quit?"

She scoffed in response.

"No seriously, you could get a job somewhere else. With your experience."

"Ugh, I just hate the thought of it," she yawned. "Job interviews and all that."

I watched her close her eyes and as she did, lift her other foot up onto my lap. Immediately I went to work on this one, my forearm grinding upon my erection in the process. She wriggled her head on the cushions, finding the right spot and seeming to be content. Had she looked more beautiful, I wondered? Her pajama top was slightly twisted beneath her causing the buttons down the front to be stretched. A diamond of flesh was created on her sternum and I could see the curve of the underside of her breast, below, another upon her belly button. Scanning lower, and the mound of her pubic bone, pink flannel pressed tightly against her pussy. Within reach.

"You could start your own business," I offered after a moments silence and she didn't respond. "Mom?" I continued and she answered with measured breathing. Asleep.

I smiled at her and am not ashamed to say a tear almost came to my eye as I gazed upon her beauty, the love I felt for her making me emotional. To run my hand up her leg, press my fingers into that soft lump of labia. Lift her top and kiss her breasts, her mouth. But these were fantasies. Unobtainable images from a movie and the darkest recesses of my mind.

I moved my cock to the other side and placed her foot alongside my hardness before closing my eyes myself and wishing for dreams of her.

*

"Hey," I was awakened with a nudge. "It's after 12. We fell asleep," Mom added as she rose from the couch and turned off the television. I immediately looked down to be sure I hadn't remained hard and was thankful I wasn't.

I got off the couch and followed her down the hallway turning off lights as we went and she paused at my door.

"Hey thanks for the foot rub," she whispered and to my astonishment leaned in and kissed me on the cheek. We never did that. A goodnight kiss. And as I was still coming to terms with it, she turned and was gone leaving me slack-jawed with another erection in the making.

I slept very well that night.

*

It wasn't every morning we had breakfast together but when I heard her shower end and although I still had half an hour before my alarm was due to go off, I enthusiastically got up early. Her hair up in a towel drying when she entered the kitchen, she acted almost as if surprised to find me there, strange in that the radio was quite noticeably playing, something that could be heard from the other end of the house.

Wearing her white leggings, yet to put on her heels she was also yet to don her top. It was clearly one of the bras she'd bought the day before that supported her breasts but did nothing to actually obscure them. Looking to have been made with what I assumed was a pantyhose-like material, the cups were entirely transparent, her pink nipples as clear to my eyes as if she were in fact naked.

This didn't seem to faze her in the slightest as she casually went about preparing her own breakfast of yoghurt and fruit, making a comment in reply to something the radio had stated. Its context was lost on me as I attempted to feign interest in something on my phone whilst doing my best to steal peeks of her. Even from the rear it was beautiful. Her ass filling out the tight leggings, her bare back only blemished by the white straps of her

bra. I dropped a hand below the table and subtly encouraged the erection I was quickly developing as she rolled her shoulder before awkwardly reaching behind to touch the bra, obviously something distracting her, I looked on with interest.

"Ohwuh," she groaned and attempted to look over her shoulder at her own back. Her open discomfort afforded me the ability to stare at her with impunity, concerned for her nature. Again she groaned and I thought it best to help out.

"What's wrong?" I enquired, attempting to sound disinterested.

"I, I don't know, it's. Ouch!" She complained as she lowered one of the straps of her bra off her shoulder. "Something's pricking me," she added. "Can you have a look?"

'Can I have a look?' I scoffed. It was all I'd been doing for the last few minutes but I rose from the table and approached her from behind.

The pair of cargo shorts I'd thrown on were doing a pretty good job of hiding my hard-on and as I stood behind her I imagined pressing my groin to her ass. Wrapping my arms around her, cupping her breasts. Sliding a hand down the front of her leggings as I kissed her neck.

She once more looked over her shoulder as I raised trembling hands to her back.

"It's just," she began as I touched her bra, sliding a finger between her skin and the silky material where I assumed was the issue. "Yeah there," she added as I noticed goosebumps appear on her arms.

I felt the plastic tie immediately, could even see it poking through the seam and wondered how in fact she'd missed it? Pulling it out, I held it up to her as she turned to face me.

"Well there's your problem," I stated looking in her eyes. "You left part of the tag." I dared not look down but I didn't need to to notice the change, the nipples I'd peeked at for the last five minutes now standing dramatically to attention.

"Oh, how did I miss that?" She posed the same question I'd wondered and relieved me of the plastic. "My hero," she leaned forward and unexpectedly kissed me on the cheek, her body so close I felt one of the much discussed nipples press my chest.

The direct catalyst, the contact had an immediate effect on my cock, twitching uncontrollably behind my shorts as if a sentient being, letting both of us know of its presence. 'I' could see it as Mom drew back, I would be amazed if she hadn't, but thankfully she made no sign of acknowledgement, possibly to save me embarrassment. There was an awkward one or two seconds before I thought of a way to depart the scene.

"So I guess I'll go have a shower," I stated, quick to turn my body from her though regretful I no longer stared at her breasts.

I grabbed my phone from the table and made to leave as I saw her place the plastic tag in the bin.

"Enjoy it," Mom remarked as I was half way across the room. "Hope I didn't use up all the hot water," she added as if reminding me she as well had just been naked. I turned my head to smile and for the briefest of milliseconds thought I saw her eyes on my groin.

I'm not ashamed to admit I beat off in the shower.

*

Getting stuck in traffic due to a sinkhole or something a few blocks from our house, meant Mom was home before me for once that week and I

learned had been for half the day. Surprising that she hadn't removed her 'uniform' though, which even though she was now wearing underwear beneath was still a beautiful sight to behold.

"How were the other shoes?" I asked as she strolled around the kitchen preparing dinner in her heels.

"Better," she acknowledged.

"Oh so no more foot rubs. Good," I lied, laughing.

"Hey I didn't say that," she smiled and approached. "Look at you Mr. Stuff-shirt businessman." She tugged at my tie before loosening it and placing a hand upon my chest. It for a moment felt like we were a married couple and it took everything to not lean in and kiss her. "Why don't you go and get changed, dinner's in ten."

I wanted to smack her bottom playfully as she turned away to get back to the meal, my hand almost in the process of moving to do so. However showing amazing restraint I controlled myself, satisfied by admiring her ass as I left the room.

"Was today any better?" I asked when I returned to the kitchen.

"Apart from the limited hours and the fact I was on back to back waxing all morning," she replied sarcastically. "Yeah it was great."

"I think you should seriously consider leaving Mom, if you're not happy," I reasoned. "I can help you look for jobs. It doesn't have to be in a salon."

"Baby this is all I know how to do. Monica and I were talking about it. Who'd want to employ middle aged women with no other experience outside their field? I looked online this afternoon," she added. "There just aren't any vacancies at the moment. Not in the current climate."

I sat at the table and admired her body, the straps of 'that' white bra under the tank top. There was the hint of underwear behind the leggings, a faint panty-line on her hip, the color however, hidden. 'I' would employ her, I thought. To do any number of things. The thought struck me like a bag of bricks and I rose from the table.

"Where are you going?" Mom enquired. "Dinner's almost ready."

"Have to check on something, I'll be back in a minute," I explained and headed to my room, opening my phone and the appropriate apps. I looked up into my reflection and couldn't hide the excitement in my eyes.

*

Our show ended and I texted a friend to convey my thoughts, awaiting a reply as Mom scrolled through the onscreen tv guide.

"You're not going out tonight?" She casually remarked before she jumped at the text response vibrating from my phone.

I chuckled at my friends comment and set it aside before giving Mom my undivided attention.

"What and miss foot massage Friday?" I laughed and made a play for her ankle.

"Again?" She seemed shocked I was offering another foot rub and quickly changed her position to enable me access to both feet. "You don't have to," she added and I feigned acquiescence by letting go of her foot.

"Oh ok then," I joked.

"Oh!" She moaned and I laughed out loud, taking her foot once again in my hands.

Wearing white ankle socks, I slid them off her feet and set about repeating the previous nights massage, a glass of wine in her grip as opposed to the tea. As she adjusted her position to become more comfortable the light blue nightie she wore rode up high on her thighs, any higher I thought, and I'd see everything.

"So I've been thinking about your job," I stated as I rubbed both feet at once.

"Oh no not this again," she groaned. "Really it's ok. I can put up with it. I don't want you worrying about me."

"Hey that's my job. To worry," I added.

She drained the last of her glass and as she'd done the cup of tea the night before, rolled to her side to place it upon the floor. The action caused her nightie to ride up as I'd predicted, the smoothness of her pussy displayed to me before I realized it was the flesh colored thong I was staring at. Just as alluring nonetheless with the indent of labia clearly visible. She settled once again on her back, and looked down her body obviously aware her panties were on display. To my surprise she was slow to fix the malfunction, seemingly happy to flash me, I noticed not even looking to my face to make sure I wasn't peeking.

Did she want me to look, I wondered? My mind raced and believe it or not I was thankful when she finally pulled it back down to cover her groin, enabling me to concentrate on the story I wanted to tell. Barely obscured, I took my eyes from her pelvis and looked into her face.

"Why don't you go into business for yourself?" I raised the question and she furrowed her brow.

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean set up your own operation. Maybe even with Monica?"

"That's crazy Lincoln," she stated. "Do you know how much it costs to set up a business?"

"About five to ten thousand dollars would do it!" I immediately shot back to her surprise.

"And the rest," she mocked. "The equipment, leasing a premises. It'd be astronomical."

"You do it here!" I straight away proposed.

"What?" She cocked her head.

"Come on," I let go of her feet and reached for her hand, dragging her from the couch. Her legs parted and gave me another eyeful that I'd store in my 'spank bank' for later use as I pulled her laughing from the lounge room and down the hall.

We stopped beside the front door and I swung my arms around turning in a circle.

"If we had a cat I could swing it in here," I suggested as I once again looked at her, her face still showing confusion. "It's a foyer! There's enough room for a counter, chairs for waiting." She followed me into the dining room.

"We get rid of the table and chairs of course, there's plenty of space for all the equipment, those chairs you sit on for pedicures."

I once more took her hand and she giggled as I dragged her from the room into my own bedroom across the hall.

"Look, you could fit two massage tables in here or those waxing beds," I walked into my en-suite. "Straight from there to the bathroom, it's perfect!"

I looked in her eyes as she fully understood what I was suggesting. That she run her business from home.

"But there's still the money Linc," she doubted. "I can't afford to set up a business. I'm barely coping with the mortgage as it is."

"Maybe you can't, but I can!" I claimed.

"What?"

"My savings," I proudly stated.

"No!" Mom immediately rejected the notion. "That's your money, for your future. Your own house."

"Exactly," I agreed. "That's why I'm investing it in a private business run by someone I trust more than anyone in the world," I assuredly proposed.

She was silent as she looked around the room. I could see the cogs in her head turning. Running through the logistics.

"I don't know Honey," she sighed. "It's too much to ask."

"No it's not," I went to her and again took her hand, the other. "I want to do this. To help you out."

For a moment I thought she'd say yes. That she'd hug me and we'd begin making the plans right then and there. She didn't.

It was a shake of the head that first told me her answer.

"I can't," she stated. "I can't ask that of you." Her hands left mine and she began to move back toward the hallway, her shoulders noticeably slumped.

"Would you at least think about it?" I asked as I followed her progress and she looked back with an almost pitying expression on her face.

"It's out of the question Lincoln," she forced a smile before entering her bedroom and closing the door on my dreams.

There was no goodnight kiss.

*

I couldn't sleep. I attempted to jerk off but even that, like everything else that night wasn't working out for me. It was well after two a.m when I heard the clicking of high heels on the floor of the hallway and I thought I must have just woken up, confused as to the time of day. No. It was still night and then the light seeping down from the kitchen creeping below my closed door. What was going on? I lay there listening for another good five minutes before extracting myself from the bed.

My attire wasn't out of the usual as I padded barefoot along the hallway in only my boxer shorts, shielding my eyes from the bright light of the kitchen as I entered. Her attire, was.

She, my mother, turned with a mug of what I could smell was hot chocolate in her hands as she obviously felt my presence behind her. It wasn't before I took in her bottom, her luscious ass cheeks barely covered by the red lace. The nightie she'd bought herself only two days previous. A nightie? No, I was right in my first assumption. Lingerie. It could have been described as a dress I suppose. Something a daring nightclubber could get away with, had she been wearing underwear beneath. But as my mother fully turned in my direction, it was clear she hadn't felt the need. Her legs lengthened by the heels, I attempted to travel her entire form in the least amount of time but my eyes failed me when I reached her groin, stalling as they spied her bare pubis.

Even through the tight red lace I could see the smoothness of her clearly waxed pussy, the slit below and the hint of labia. Above, and the slight swell of her belly, a navel that I'd looked upon only a night before and then her breasts. Unencumbered, supported merely by the compression of the material, her nipples so vivid she may just have been naked. In essence she was. My mother stood naked before me. The thinnest of fibres and a few feet of air separating our bodies.

"Honey!" she whispered, surprised. "What are you doing up?"

I managed to find my voice amid the circumstances but not before swallowing heavily.

"What are YOU doing up?" I simply repeated her question.

"I couldn't sleep, thought I might as well wear-in the shoes a little more," she calmly stated explaining perfectly the reason for the heels. Her lingerie going uncommented on.

"Same, I needed a drink," I added. A white lie to validate my attendance in the kitchen. Her clothing, or lack thereof was an elephant in the room, an appearance of red blushing around her neck the only acknowledgement as yet.

As I poured myself a glass of water, she used the opportunity to partially hide herself beneath the table much as I'd done days previous and when I again looked at her she was struggling to hide a smirk.

"I just wanted to see what I looked like in it," she admitted her current state before slapping a hand across her forehead and eyes. "I didn't know you'd be up."

I wasn't sure if her last comment was a good thing or bad. I'd got my wish; to see her in the lingerie. But she hadn't worn it for me. Why I was being so

picky I had no idea. Why would she wear it for me? I was her son. I should be grateful I'd seen it at all.

"Well if you want an impartial male's perspective," I finished my glass as she peeked through a crack in her fingers. "You look pretty good."

'Impartial?' 'Pretty good?' I wanted to tell her I had a vested interest. That I thought she looked so amazing that I'd gladly worship her as a deity for just a touch of her body, a kiss from her lips. Instead I crossed the room and took up the chair opposite as her hand went back to the mug, her arms strategically placed to cover her breasts.

"Thanks," she coyly replied, blushing. "It was on sale too," she added as if justifying her frivolity.

I let this too go. I wanted to say it was worth every dollar. That she should get one in every color. Instead I focussed on her presence.

"So why couldn't you sleep?" I asked.

"Thinking," she immediately responded.

"About?"

"You."

Oh God, I thought. We were so alike. I was pretty sure her thoughts about me had been far different to that of mine about her however. And when she elaborated I was proven correct.

"It's so much money Lincoln," she stated.

"It's an investment," I countered. "How much different would it be me putting my money in the stock market? At least with you I can see where my dollar's going."

She bit her lip and I could see she was swaying in my direction.

"Mom, you're so good at what you do. All your experience. I bet if you told your regulars they'd follow you from the salon to here. You have a ready made client base. Monica too," I added.

I could see her thawing to the idea before my eyes. "This isn't charity," I stated. "It's a sound business proposition on my behalf. I deal with this stuff all day at work Mom, you know that."

The last statement had her almost sold on the idea. She knew I was good at my job. Only a number cruncher in accounts but I'd always been adept with figures.

"You always banked your allowance when you were a boy," she reminisced, smiling.

"Probably the one good thing Dad taught me," I grinned. "Being tight with money."

"You'll lose your bedroom, your own bathroom," she acknowledged.

"I'll move into the spare room," I countered. "And we can share your bathroom can't we!?"

She paused as she rolled her eyes around the room as if searching for one more reason to not commit. Seemingly finding none.

"Can we really do this?" She posed.

"Yes!" I emphatically replied and lay my hands palm up on the table before her.

She studied my eyes for a moment before she caved and reached for my hands, seemingly no longer concerned about hiding her breasts.

"Yes," she beamed.

"Yes?" I raised my eyebrows.

"Yes," she rose from her chair and leaned across the table, the kiss upon my lips so unexpected and yet so seemingly normal for the occasion. It wasn't passionate. No open mouthed embrace, but I treasured the spontaneity. The innocent declaration of affection, of gratitude, of love.

I stood as she pulled away and loathe to relinquish our connection, held one of her hands as she circled the table. I knew what was coming and hoped I didn't ruin it with an uncontrollable symbol of my desire. Namely, I hoped I didn't get an erection as we hugged.

She wasn't entirely unaware of her attire and with her free hand she made an effort to right the wrong that had occurred as she sat. The bottom of the nightie had ridden up and as she took the three steps to come face to face with me I saw her vagina as bare as could be. Waxed smooth, such pale skin, and the shadow of darkness between her upper labia. Her attempt to conceal partially working as her nightie pulled down on an angle leaving her only half covered. She didn't seem fazed.

"Are we really doing this?" She asked as I took her against my body, the softness of her breasts pressing my chest. My hands gripped the lace upon her back. Silky to the touch, the heat of her flesh below.

"I hope so," I whispered into her hair, as her cheek brushed past my own. I felt her breath upon my neck and I thought of the cinema as I inhaled her perfume. My hands upon her lower back, I moved one subtly and my little finger touched bare skin, undoubtably the top of her buttock uncovered by the lingerie. She pulled back, not due to the touch but to look me in the

eyes, her breasts just below my line of sight. I could feel her groin pressed against my own and the contact was intimate. This was no ordinary cuddle.

"You do understand this means you'll be my boss," she smiled. My hands had slid back around, now holding her just above the hips, her own linked behind my neck and I started to panic at the development below. Any moment she'd feel it.

I'd be her boss, I repeated in my head. I could tell her what to do. Jesus, what to wear. In those few seconds my mind reeled with possibilities and did nothing to lessen my swelling, nay, encouraged it.

"We'd be partners," I maturely corrected her and it seemed to take her breath away.

"I'd like that," she sighed. "For us to be partners," she added and I couldn't but think she meant in more ways than just business.

It twitched. I'd been doing my darnedest to keep it at bay and pointed downwards I thought it would remain inconspicuous but the blood flowing in became too great to ignore and I throbbed against her thighs.

Without looking down I could imagine how I presented. Bulging out the front of my shorts, the tip possibly protruding below the hem by now. Again I pulsed and it was skin on skin. I was correct. The head of my dick was touching her inner thigh, my shaft pressed hard against her mound. There could be no coming back from this.

"Lincoln!?" Mom sighed, her head cocking slightly to one side.

"I'm sorry," I swallowed hard, acknowledging my erection, hoping I hadn't ruined everything. "I just don't want to do the wrong thing."

Her smile conveyed the world.

"Everything you've done this week has been right," she whispered and her hands unlocked from behind my neck. With her right, she slowly slid it over my collarbone and down onto my pec, pausing as she pressed my heart, feeling its rapid beating. "Come on, let's get that thing out of there!"

And her hand was once again on the move. Downward with a direct course, on a singular mission to take in hand what was rightfully hers. Between us she found the front of my boxer shorts and the hardness lurking within, her eyes not leaving mine as she dextrously entered my fly. And then it occurred. Barely a week I'd fantasied this happening but as her fingers wrapped my girth I knew that was wrong. I'd in fact waited my entire life for this. Everything had been leading to this point. Nothing in the world was more relevant than her and I and this very moment.

I realized I hadn't been breathing and almost light headed I sucked in a breath at the very moment she gasped at her discovery.

"Oh my god, it's so thick," she exclaimed as she withdrew me from the fly leaving me standing proud against her lace covered belly.

"Is that bad?" I ridiculously asked.

"Oh no Baby," Mom sighed as she coaxed me backwards, the chair materialising behind me, lowering me onto its surface. "It's a very good thing."

I wanted to keep looking in her eyes but as she spread her legs and stepped either side of my thighs, the lace once again rode up revealing her vagina and I needed to see. To look at her for more than a fleeting second and she seemed to understand, sensually swaying her hips as if providing an impromptu lap dance.

Awestruck, I marvelled at the glistening on her inner thighs, now so close, the scent of her sex rising. I dragged my eyes up her torso as she began to lower onto me, a hand dropping to hold my cock as her vagina connected with the head. Just the tip. Entering her body, feeling the heat and the dampness and then more. She relinquished her hold, once more hands upon my shoulders as gravity took over, drawing her body down onto my organ, ever so slowly penetrating her pussy.

Her boobs level with my head, her face getting closer to mine. "Oh God," she stopped her descent as I stretched her, my admittedly fat cock surprising her with its girth until she accommodated, allowing the rest of me to fill her. "It's so thick!" She once again acknowledged as her mouth met mine and she descended the rest of the way to my pelvis.

We didn't kiss. Her mouth remained open in what looked like a silent pleased scream as she adjusted to my size.

"Are you ok?" I breathed between her lips, actually worried for her.

"Baby I just," she sighed as she lifted slowly and descended once more, becoming accustomed to my cock. "It's just been so long," she closed her eyes and repeated the process, this time faster. So smooth, so slick, so warm. I took her buttocks in hand and squeezed, aiding her lift, guiding her back down.

She finally opened her eyes and found me watching her, hopefully seeing the love I had for her.

"I love you," she gasped as if reading my thoughts before her mouth fell upon mine and I received her tongue.

And then I was complete. This was how it was meant to be. Our tongues entwined and the fact she was my mother meant nothing and yet meant

everything. We were just two humans that loved each other, why shouldn't we exhibit that affection in the most sensuous of ways? By making love. She ran her fingers through my hair as piston-like she rode my cock. My own hands searching her ass, her thighs, her back. I took hold of the lace at her front and lowered, her bare breasts finally against my own flesh and as if rewarding me for the act, she coaxed my mouth down upon them.

A nipple in my mouth, a hand around her corresponding boob and my other on her ass, Mom pressed her mouth into my hair and said again she loved me.

"...so good Lincoln," she panted. "Your dick feels so good inside me Baby."

"I love you," I admitted as I kissed my way across to the other breast, a baby in search of more sustenance.

"So deep," she sighed. Repeating the phrase each time I was fully inside her, our pelvic bones touching. "...so deep...I'm, oh god Lincoln, I'm..."

She couldn't finish the line as she pulled my face off her teat and brought me to her mouth. Plunging her tongue between my lips along with an expulsion of breath, her body trembled against me and I wrapped my arms around her, protecting her, comforting her as she lost control.

I felt the increased release of lube around my shaft, felt the walls of her vagina shudder along with the rest of her body. And as if I hadn't been aware my mother was having an orgasm, she managed to form the words in my mouth.

"I'm cumming Lincoln," she almost cried. "You made Mommy cum."

She never used the term 'mommy' and in the moment I found it such a turn on. Happy to sit prone upon my fully inserted cock, neither of us moving as she climaxed, I purposefully twitched my dick inside her and it caused

another wave of orgasm to run through her body to which she laughed at the surprise. Her face pulled back from me and I saw nothing but happiness in her eyes, possibly a hint of mischief, confirmed when she squeezed her pelvic floor around my cock, giggling as she playfully bit at my chin.

"Did you cum?" I channeled Julianne Moore and this made Mom laugh even harder, knowing I was referring to the film.

"You have no idea," she smiled as she began slowly rocking her hips on my groin.

"About what?"

"About how long I've wanted this," she elaborated.

"How long?" I asked.

"Later," she replied. "We'll talk later. Right now I want you to cum inside me."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah!" She grinned. "Can you do that for me Baby? Can you cum inside Mommy?"

Again with the 'mommy.' I don't know what it was but the term made me so horny, did she know that?

"You want me to cum?" I asked, pushing my hips up into her as she descended.

"I need it," she gasped as I thrust harder.

The legs of the chair screeched on the floor as I hammered up into her. She held either side of my face, her nose against my own, lips touching as she stared into my eyes.

"Oh Jesus," I sighed as I felt on the edge, closing my eyes for an instant.

"Keep them open," she ordered. "Look me in the eyes as you cum Baby," she panted and I wasn't going to disobey my mother.

Three more thrusts, her vagina squeezing around me and I released.

"Oh Mom," I gasped as I let loose inside her. She held my head tight as below I lifted my hips with each pulse of semen that shot from me.

"I can feel it Lincoln," she whispered. "Each time you..." Her words trailed off as her own eyes closed and her body once again shuddered with an impromptu and I think entirely unexpected orgasm.

She wrapped her arms around me and held me to her breast as I emptied completely inside her, the warmth of my cum equal to that of her pussy's embrace.

*

For twenty minutes we stood kissing, touching under the flow of the shower, only leaving when the hot water ran out.

She towelled my body dry before wrapping it around herself and I followed her out of the bathroom, stopping her when she was half way across the room.

"Where do you think you're going?" I asked and she turned to look at me.

"I was going to put on a nightie," she explained herself.

"I'm your boss now aren't I?" I smiled and she immediately understood the role-play I was initiating.

"Yes sir," she diminutively responded, lifting her thumb to her mouth and biting on the nail, playing along perfectly.

"Well I say what you do and don't wear from now on young lady," I tried not to smile. "Now, lose the towel."

More than willing, Mom dropped her hand to the tuck and released, allowing the towel to fall to the floor at her feet. My cock, already hard, twitched and she in turn attempted to stop a smile spreading her lips.

"What now sir?" She whispered and I approached, gently pushing her back onto the bed.

As if reading my mind, Mom spread her legs as she shuffled backwards to give me room on there with her and I climbed between, lowering my mouth to her bald sex. So smooth, not a hair in sight I ridiculously wondered if she ever had any before remembering she worked in a beauty parlour, every treatment free. Why wouldn't she take up the offer of waxing? I would ask her of course. I would ask her everything. So many question as I'm sure she had of me. They would come. We had forever.

Right then and there I was more interested in tasting her. Using my tongue for good rather than words, but as I kissed her lubed labia, she seemed to have another idea in mind.

"Remember what I asked you the other day?" She whispered as I looked up over her pubic bone.

I shook my head, once again kissing her pussy.

"Have you ever given a middle aged woman a facial?" She grinned and I immediately climbed up from between her legs and onto her torso, saying the words I'd longed to days before.

"No, but I'd love to!" I sighed as I took my cock in hand.

Chapter 2

It came back to me right away.

Merely days after my eighteenth birthday.

I remembered it clearly as we'd gone shopping together; me to spend the gift vouchers I'd accumulated and her to buy a new outfit for a wedding she'd been invited to. We'd gone our separate ways and having been focused on what I'd wanted to buy was done well before her.

"The staff here are awful but they have such nice clothes," she stated when I finally located her in a dress shop and I remember myself grunting.

There was a ridiculously hot sales assistant roaming the floor and I straightened when she passed, trying to hide the video games shop bag I carried.

"Do you have this in a ten?" Mom inquired and the girl looked dismissively, waving a hand at the produce.

"Whatever's on the rack," she looked down her nose and Mom shook her head in bewilderment as the girl walked away.

"Cow," Mom said under her breath as I was mesmerized by the girl's ass in the tightest black wet-look leggings I'd ever seen.

"I think she's kind of nice," I defended the sale assistant and Mom looked at me with just as much angst as she took a dress from the rack followed by two others.

"Come on, I need to try these on," she stated as she headed toward the changing rooms.

"Ok, I'll wait out the front," I replied, thinking it would allow me to see the salesgirl through the store windows discreetly.

"Oh no you don't," Mom tugged at my shirt as I attempted to abscond.

"They only allow three items in the rooms; I'll need you to grab the other sizes for me if these don't fit."

"Won't the staff help?" I complained.

Mom just raised her eyebrows in response before crooking her finger in a sign for me to follow.

There was a seat directly outside her cubicle free, which was unfortunate as the two curtains that worked as a screen barely came together on each room. If I'd been sitting outside one of the others, I would've had the amazing possibility of seeing a woman undress. Instead I attempted to distract myself as my mom removed her own clothing not four feet from me.

I delved into my bag and withdrew one of the PS4 games I'd purchased, reading the back label just as the salesgirl in the black leggings arrived to assist one of the other customers.

"Waiting for your mom are you pet?" She smiled as she passed an item through one of the other curtains.

I felt myself blush as I stuffed my game back in the bag, attempting to come up with something witty to say. "I'm helping," I stupidly replied and she again smiled, this time out of habit before she dismissed me outright.

Mom's curtain opened a fraction further and she poked her head through followed by one of the dresses.

"See if this one is in an 8?" She asked as she handed it over. The dress caught on the curtain and it swung wide, Mom's body coming into view. I averted my eyes immediately but not before the damage had been done. She was wearing pantyhose. Flesh toned. I dared not look at her groin but, in the mirror behind, it seemed to me she wore no underwear beneath. Of course, there may have been a thong hidden in the shadow of her ass crack but this too I tried not to even imagine. A cream colored bra pushed her breasts up to form considerable cleavage and with my face already blushing from the altercation with the staff, I only got redder as I attempted to get out of there as quickly as possible, irreparable harm done to my corneas.

*

I stroked my fingers down her arm as we spooned. My cock safe and snug between her upper thighs. I kissed her neck and she turned her face to look at me from the corner of her eye.

"It was the moment I knew," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" I asked squeezing her around the belly to snuggle in tighter against me.

"When I was there. In the changing room, your eyes on my body. I wanted you to look. To see me like that, naked," she confessed.

"Something I've always wondered," I kissed her behind the ear. "Were you wearing panties?"

"No," she sighed and it had my cock again stiffening, Mom immediately putting a hand down to allow it entry. Her fingers pressing my underside and sliding the head between her folds, easing me inside herself.

"Mmmh," she sighed as I slowly thrust my length into her.

"If only I'd known," I sighed.

"About my panties?"

"About everything," I admitted. "For memory I was more interested in the salesgirl."

Mom laughed. "I know, it's ok. I don't blame you. How could you have known?"

I didn't answer and she was silent but for a gentle sighing as I slowly fucked her from behind.

'As I slowly fucked her from behind.' My mother! Even thinking the fact having me on the verge of orgasm. I paused and released my grip around her somewhat and she once again turned her head sensing the change.

"What is it?" She asked.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Mom allowed my dick to slide out of her and she rolled in my arms, climbing atop me as I lay on my back.

"I did everything but," she admitted.

"What do you mean?"

"Three...oooh," she sighed as my cock slid again inside her welcoming vagina, reaching its zenith. "Three years I tried to make you see me," she confessed, her mouth upon my own, not kissing just content for our lips to touch.

"I don't understand," I admitted, my hands all over her ass as I controlled her movement, a finger tentatively exploring her anus before she casually

reached back and pressed it harder against her, essentially giving her approval.

"Do you remember Monica's pool?" She whispered.

*

"Come on Mom," I rolled my hand as I waited for her outside the car. Still in her uniform from work, handbag over her shoulder she seemed in no hurry as she locked the house and headed toward me.

"Don't worry, it's your girlfriends house, she's not going anywhere!" She laughed as she pressed the button to unlock the car.

"Mom!"

"What?" She feigned innocence. "Oh, you think I don't know you've got a crush on Monica?" She again chuckled to herself.

It was true of course. Had done since, well, since I could remember. Mom's work colleague, probably older than her I assumed but I'd always had an obsession with something about her. Well, two things about her. Namely her ass and boobs. Her breasts I knew were fake. A crude comment my father had made years before pointing that out. But her bottom was all her. Large. Filling out even the unflattering nurses-like scrubs she and my mother wore each day.

The same uniform Mom still wore.

"You ARE going in the pool?" I asked as I looked at her in the driver's seat.

"I'm not going to be the only one swimming, am I?"

She read between my lines and once again found me amusing.

"I've got my suit in my handbag, I'll change at Mons. And yes, that means Monica will be in a swimsuit as well," she added and I felt myself blush.

"Mom!" I complained as she pulled out into the road.

What I could've done without seeing when we arrived was Monica's husband open the door and welcome us in wearing only a pair of Speedos; ushering us through to the kitchen where Monica like Mom still wore her work clothes. My disappointment was tempered when the two women went off together to change, Chuck leading me across to the liquor cabinet.

"What your Mom don't know can't hurt her," he grinned as he filled half of my glass of Coke with bourbon. "Just come and refill whenever you like, ok Bud!" He added and I forgave his lack of attire.

We went out to the pool and Chuck was quick to dive in while I sought about finishing my first drink as quickly as possible.

"Have you seen your dad lately Lincoln?" Chuck asked as he swam to the edge of the pool. Not long since the finalization of my parents' divorce, I filled him in with some of the details he probably already knew from Monica before our conversation died and I was thinking about getting another surreptitious (from my mother) drink.

"Where are our women?" Chuck asked and as if he'd conjured them, Mom and Monica emerged from the darkness of the house. It was Mom who led, but it was Monica where my eyes focused immediately.

"We're here," Monica groaned. "Keep your hat on. Jeez." She was wearing less than her husband, material wise, if that was possible? A blue bikini, it did all it could to contain her most valuable assets and to its credit did prevent me from directly seeing her nipples and pussy, but only just.

Oh; Mom wore a one-piece but its design was lost on me for the time being as I gorged on the sight of her long-time friend.

So close she passed me on the way to her sun lounge I could've leaned forward and planted a kiss on her pubic bulge, her buttocks as she swayed, and I was thankful my board shorts were up for the job of obscuring my developing erection.

"Who's going to help me with my sunscreen?" Monica asked and Chuck, doing laps, responded with a 'don't look at me.'

"I'm sure Lincoln'll volunteer," Mom laughed as Monica lay upon her front, presenting her rear to us.

"Mom!" I agonized, wanting nothing more than to rub her skin with the lotion but way too embarrassed to even think of putting my hand up.

"Oh, it's alright, I'll do it," Mom acquiesced. It was then I 'did' notice the swimsuit my mother wore.

With my sunglasses, it wasn't obvious where my eyes were trained as I watched my mother apply sunscreen to my childhood crush's body, her apparently new swimsuit looking like it was yet to be finished. Areas surely remaining unsewn. Sitting to the rear of Monica, Mom massaged the creme into her friends back and shoulders, it was then I really saw her breasts. My mother's breasts. I mean not all of them, just what protruded from the edge as she leaned forward. She had side-boob! And then her cleavage. Working on Monica's thighs, her torso hovering above Mon's ass I was 'forced' to stare right at my mother's tits, moving as she massaged.

Divorcing from the fact it was my mother, it was easily the most erotic spectacle I'd ever witnessed, her hands pressing the flesh exposed on Monica's ass around her bikini bottoms, fingers slightly entering under the hem. With one leg raised on my lounge, I pressed my empty glass against my cock, secretly stroking the full-blown erection I'd developed.

"How's your drink Bud?" Chuck interrupted my impromptu masturbation session and it startled me back to reality, holding up my finished glass.

"Ooh, if you're going back inside Honey would you grab my sunglasses from Mons bedroom?" Mom asked and I blankly nodded as I deftly extracted myself from the chair without anyone seeing my condition.

In the relative safety of the house I rearranged my cock to a more comfortable position, allowing myself a well-deserved rub for good measure. At the liquor cabinet I filled more than half of my glass with bourbon and topped the rest with Coke. Why not take advantage, I thought?

Knowing their house well, I headed to Monica's master bedroom and was more than a little aware I'd actually never been in there alone before. Seeing her chest of drawers, understanding her underwear would no doubt lie within. Amazingly I controlled myself and respected her privacy, looking to the bed and seeing enough to distract my libidinous teenage brain.

Two uniforms lay atop the mattress. Mom and Monica wearing the same that particular day. The sudden realization they'd changed in here together having me once again picturing them at the poolside. They'd been naked in here together not ten minutes prior I told myself, and then I saw the panties.

A white thong. Satin. But whose? Directly beside them, light pink panties, what looked to be satin at the front but with a sheer back covering the buttocks. Were they Mom's? The sunglasses sitting directly above but touching both pairs. My cock still hard, I thought of the two women's asses. Monica's definitely larger than my mother's. I couldn't believe I had to picture my mom's ass but did I really want to get this wrong? For what I was about to do I wasn't proud of, but the chance may never come again and did I really want to sniff my own mother's panties?

Setting aside the sunglasses and noting the position the underwear was in, I lifted the delicate pink and white material up and examined each for size. The tags offering nothing, they could've been either of theirs.

Fuck it, I thought and brought them both to my face at once, inhaling the gussets in tandem. The smell; was it Monica or Mom? I didn't care. Right then and there I was so turned on I simply pictured my own mother as just some other random woman. Whether the pink panties were hers or the thong it didn't worry me, I knew something of what I breathed in was Monica. Monica's pussy. And that made it worthwhile.

Four, maybe five deep breaths. How long I actually stood there, I wasn't sure, revelling, luxuriating in the scent of pussy. Two women's pussies. Monica and some mystery woman. Not my mother Lincoln, I told myself. They're not your mother's panties. And yet as much as I tried to convince myself, I still pictured her wearing 'that' swimsuit, even the faded memory of her in a change room. Half-naked.

I totally forgot how the thong had sat upon the mattress as I placed it back down but did it matter, I wondered? They surely wouldn't notice. It wasn't as if they'd placed them there on purpose to see if I'd examine them. A test? I downed half of my drink back in the living room and topped it up once more, the alcohol beginning to more than a little affect me. Willing my cock to soften I paused before I headed back out, Mom and Monica laying side by side in the same position, asses to the sky. Did Mom need me to put sunscreen on her I wondered? Run my own fingers under the swimsuit on her ass? Jesus! I scolded myself, stop. The alcohol must have been having more of an influence on me than I thought.

The cold water sobered me when I entered the pool and also put an end to any unfortunate swelling down below, and as the afternoon drew on, Mom

and Monica finally went for a swim as well. Monica rising from the surface; the water glistening as it ran from her voluptuous body would fuel my fantasies for years to come, I figured. More so when I spied pubic hair above the hem of her bikini bottom before she almost suggestively pulled it up tight upon her mound.

Strangely, it was the fleeting vision of my mother's wet cameltoe that came to me before I passed out that night. Seeing her adjusting her swimsuit, nipples jutting through the almost transparent material. I'm kidding myself. It was fully transparent, their shadow clear as day. Smooth bare skin either side of the bulge at her groin, the twin bumps of labia before I forcefully averted my eyes. Did she shave? I ridiculously asked myself before falling asleep. Dismissing the thoughts of her immediately. Drunken Freudian musings. I told myself.

Nothing would ever happen.

*

"The pink panties were mine!" Mom whispered between my lips as she kissed my mouth. "We left them there especially for you!"

"Seriously!?" A question answered years later. "I don't know why I was more interested in Monica," I admitted as I pressed my index finger harder against her asshole.

"I do," she sighed as the tip of my finger entered her ass. "Because you've always had a crush on her. You used to follow her around like a puppy."

"Well that was then," I kissed her mouth. "Now I want to see you wearing that swimsuit again."

"Oh, I don't even know if I still have it," she giggled.

"No! really?" I was genuinely disappointed.

"No just joking, it's still here. I'll wear it for you. I'll wear anything for you Lincoln," she confessed and her smile faded to look seriously at me. "This is real isn't it?" Her eyes became watery. "We are together, aren't we?"

I popped my finger from her butt and wrapped my arms around her, holding her tight as I came. "Forever Mom," I confirmed, and I meant it.

*

"I wish you didn't have to work today," I commented as I served her breakfast, Mom bending at the table to put on her high heels as she sat.

I stood before her naked (her choice) and at eye level with my flaccid cock, she raised her face to look directly at it. It wasn't expected but definitely pleasant when she kissed the head of my penis, her hand lifting me before she took me in her mouth. Immediately I began to swell at the sensation of her lips around me, the warmth of her tongue before she withdrew with a smile.

"As do I," she answered. "There are better things I could be doing," she reluctantly addressed her breakfast as I headed back to the sink, my cock standing proud.

"But actually, it's ok," she went on between bites of her toast. "I'm looking forward to telling Monica our news. She'll be thrilled."

"You sure she'll leave? It's a risk."

"Are you having second thoughts?" Mom posed, looking concerned.

"No not at all," I assured her. "This is the best thing we've ever done."

She finished the rest of her slice and headed across to me, white leggings and tank top, high heels.

"Will you be able to contain yourself?" Mom whispered as she placed her plate behind me, my cock pressing between her thighs.

"About what?"

"Being Monica's boss!" Mom pressed her breasts against my chest. "Having her here all day."

"Mom that was when I was young," I chuckled. "I've grown out of it."

"Oh really? When you were what two years younger?" She laughed as she kissed me, biting my bottom lip. "We'll see mister. Sorry. Boss. We'll see!"

*

I spent the morning productively. Removing all the furniture from the respective rooms, all my personal items from the bathroom. Come midday the two front rooms of our house were blank slates and I made a call to a carpenter friend of mine to see if he'd build a wall across our hallway to completely seal off the foyer as discussed with Mom.

When they arrived at 2pm, Mom and Monica found me sweaty, aching and mid-way through mopping the floor of my bedroom.

"Ooh, to think of all the teenage spillages that floor has seen!" Monica teased as the two women lurked in the doorway, Mom barely containing her giggle. It had been easily two years since I'd seen her and little had changed, her assets only accentuated in the tight white tank top and equally as constricting leggings.

"Hello Mrs. Morrison," I felt myself blush, though proud I'd been able to raise my eyes from her chest. "So, I guess Mom's told you all about it."

"She has Sweetheart, though I suppose if you're going to be my boss, I should start calling you Sir," she continued, echoing Mom's own line and I

wondered how much Mom had told her already? Not just about the business proposition.

"I hope he isn't strict with us Mon," Mom chimed in, adding to my agony.

"What if he decides to spank us for doing the wrong thing?"

The women giggled together like schoolgirls and it was fairly evident Mom had explained a lot. And why wouldn't she? Monica was her best friend, her confidant, much like an aunt to me growing up. Admittedly an aunt that was the object of every fantasy I had in my teenage years but an aunt all the same.

"We're partners," I again reminded my mother but the spanking remark stayed in my head for future reference. "Come on, I'll show you what I've done."

Trying to bring some semblance of seriousness to the occasion I led the women into the dining room to see how much room was now created, Monica recommending what equipment should go where, seemingly excited at the space.

"This is all happening," Mom enthusiastically stated, taking Monica's hand and reaching out for mine. "And I can't think of two people I'd rather do it with!"

"We'll make a great team," I added.

"A threesome if you will!" Monica added and amid the giggling, looked me in the eye and winked.

*

There was a vague memory from my past of walking behind Mom and Dad as a child. A poster advertising a Dukes of Hazzard movie on a bus stop,

pointing out to my parents Mom was wearing the same shorts. Some 16 years or so later, I was now looking at that same pair of shorts as my mother bent forward to top up the paint in the roller tray.

Whether she felt my eyes or just looked back to see if I was staring, her head turned to find me indeed ogling her ass.

"Something I can help you with?" She smiled.

"Just, I'm. I was..." I stammered, a part of me still a boy coming to terms it was now acceptable for him to be openly lusty after his own mother.

"Those shorts. They're not the ones you had when I was a kid?"

Like most people her body had changed over the years, a little curvier in some places. For Mom it had been her ass, now struggling to stay confined to the constraints of the denim. She placed down the can and turned to look at me before gazing down at her groin.

"They are," she grinned, placing her thumbs in the belt loops and pulling up on the waist some, the denim clinging like a film against her pussy bulge.

My cock was showing its approval as I pushed out against my sweat pants, dropping a hand to place it in a more comfortable position.

"So, they're vintage really," I suggested and she took it the wrong way.

"Hey I'm not that old," she rebuked, smiling.

"No, I mean, you wouldn't want to get paint on them," I explained my reasoning.

"Oh. You're right. You think maybe I should take them off?"

"I mean, yeah. Maybe. Might be for the best," I agreed, my cock now straining against my pants.

"I don't have any panties on though!" She declared and it caused me to exhale in delight. "You won't mind?"

"Ah, no. I think I can put up with it," I sighed as she unbuttoned her shorts.

Her eyes not leaving mine as she teased her shorts down over her hips revealing that beautiful smooth pubic mound. Down her legs she lowered them until stepping through with her hiking boots remaining on leaving her pants-less in only a tight white t-shirt and shoes. Casually she strolled past me to place them outside the room before under my watchful gaze she set about continuing on painting.

Professionally, I got back to cutting in around the edges, intermittently peering back at her as I re-coated my brush, maintaining my erection. To her credit, her nudity didn't affect her own work as she set about using the roller to paint the wall I'd previously prepared. It was affecting mine. Eventually I abandoned my task and just watched her. Feet parted as she lunged with the roller, I think purposefully accentuating her ass by bending forward when she re-coated her brush, her labia visible between her upper thighs, puckered sphincter sitting above. Squatting down with legs spread to add more paint.

"Not much work being done over there!" She challenged and I jumped at the surprise.

"I was just, I mean I was..." I stumbled. "Watching."

"Hmm," she smiled, dipping her roller in the tray and once again painting the wall. "You know that movie was probably my last resort," she cryptically added after a pause.

"What? What do you mean?"

"In those three years Lincoln. I did hundreds of things to get you to notice me," she smiled when she looked back to see my eyebrows raise. "Leaving my panties on the bed at Monica's and 'that' swimsuit wasn't the only time you know!"

"I didn't notice. I mean not fully."

"I know. I said it's ok. You had girlfriends during that time. I wasn't always flirting with you. It was just dumb luck that film was playing when I was about to give up completely," she admitted. "It WAS the film wasn't it?"

I nodded. "I thought about putting my dick through the bottom of the popcorn!" I confessed and Mom snorted as she laughed.

"Oh God. I was thinking the same thing when we were in there," she chuckled. "And then when I felt your hard-on when you were giving me a foot rub. It was then I really knew!"

"I thought you were asleep!" I admitted.

"I did fall asleep, eventually. But I felt it. You pressing my heel into it. It was the most beautiful thing in the world. So loving."

"You think?"

"Yes. Yes, I do," she confirmed, her face serious before she once again smiled. "To think that after all those years all I really had to do to get your attention was walk around without any pants on!" She giggled as my eyes dove down to her groin, all interest in painting the wall evaporating.

"Probably time for a break anyway," she proposed as she came across to where I leaned against the ladder.

Her nipples poked out proudly through the thin material of the t-shirt but if I needed more evidence of her excitement at me watching her, the inside of

her upper thighs glistened with dew, even a trickle running her inner leg. I thought she was reaching out to touch my chest but her hand diverted, taking a bottle of water sitting on one of the rungs.

"This is thirsty work," she stated as she lifted the bottle to her lips and drank. Comically she let the water run from the sides of her mouth to flow down her chin to her t-shirt below, not stopping until she thought the job done. And how! We both looked down at her chest to see her t-shirt now transparent, breasts and nipples clearly visible. "Whoops!" She feigned surprise and it was enough.

"Oh fuck Mom," I gasped as I drew her to me, her lips cold from the water, equally her tongue as she thrust it against my own. "I love you so much," I told her as she ground her groin upon my erection, propping a foot up on the ladder. I bent a knee slightly to more effectively press the underside of my cock against her and she took advantage, dry (or more so, wet) humping my cock through my pants.

"Put it in me," she hissed into my mouth and with her aid, I tugged down the front of my sweat pants, gravity dropping them to my knees. She had a hand on my freed cock immediately, coaxing it toward her sex and as she did so, I turned her body to lean her back onto the ladder. Without relinquishing her hold on my dick, she had it inside herself and I compounded by pushing forward, fully penetrating her in one thrust.

Her neck arched back, her head hitting one of the rungs but it didn't seem to faze her as I withdrew and re-entered, her mouth falling open in ecstasy. I leaned in and kissed her still wet neck and she lifted her saturated t-shirt up over her breasts, directing where my next kisses should go. Taking a nipple between my lips, my hand around her other breast I buried my cock to its hilt, pulling out and repeating the assault in more rapid thrusts.

"Yes, Lincoln. Like that," she gasped. "Fuck me hard Baby."

I took her suggestion and ran with it, wrapping an arm around her, the other holding a rung as I increased my rhythm, pounding her as the ladder worked its way back across the floor.

"Fuck me Baby," she repeated. "Fuck Mommy hard. Fill me Baby. Cum inside me," she managed to sigh as her tongue filled my mouth.

As if she had summoned it by uttering the words, I began to cum, my heavy balls slapping up and hitting her ass as I released their contents deep inside my mother.

"Oh God, Lincoln yes," she purred as my thrusts diminished in magnitude, my legs wobbling. "Mmm, Baby," she sighed. "It feels so warm."

I looked into her face, her cheeks flushed, eyes dreamy. "Did you cum?" She giggled, a running joke between us and I laughed back, kissing her neck once more, her mouth.

"Oh God," I slowly pulled my cock from her and we both looked down at the avalanche of cum drip from her, run down her inner thigh. "Shower?" I proposed and she took my hand as I half lifted my pants, knowing I'd just be removing them a minute later.

"At this rate we'll never finish the room," Mom remarked as we headed to her bathroom.

"Maybe not," I raised her hand and kissed. "But we'll have fun doing it."

*

Two pedicure chairs in position. Two desks for manicures and the accompanying seats. We had boxes of stock including towels and countless colors of polish, fake nails and waxing supplies stacked in the newly

designed entranceway of our house, along with the counter and new pot plants.

I walked through into what was once my bedroom to see Monica beside the \$1000 waxing/beauty bed already unboxed and Mom in the process of removing the plastic from the adjacent massage table. She stood back as we all looked down at what she'd uncovered.

"Well that's not right!" Mom remarked as she looked from the table to Monica.

"I swear I didn't order that one!" Monica stared down at her tablet, seemingly searching for evidence of receipts.

It looked like a regular massage table with the cradle for placing the head and adjustable arm rests. What set it aside were the three other removable areas along its cushioned surface, strategically placed to correspond with certain regions of the body. Mom, not getting anywhere with just staring at Monica, moved in and removed one of the cushions to clearly show where a cock could project through if desired. I joined in, removing the two other detachable cushions to reveal holes where breasts could sit quite comfortably, admittedly my dick twitching at the prospect.

Finally, Monica lifted her eyes from the tablet and she was finding it difficult to keep a straight face.

"I may've accidentally ordered it instead of the other!" She defended herself.

"Monica!" Mom challenged.

"What!?" Monica allowed her embarrassed smile to spread. "It was a simple mistake."

"Well what's the big deal?" I interjected, not seeing as much of a problem as my mother.

"Honey. This is a milking table!" Mom stated.

"A what?"

"It's a milking table Lincoln," Monica elaborated. "You see. Boobs can go through these two holes and if it's for a man," she squatted down with parted legs beside the table and placed her hand up into the hole. "Well. His penis would hang down here."

Monica made a tugging gesture with her hand as I watched her demonstrate. Her thick thighs spread suggestively, the white leggings tightly hugging her pussy bulge and boobs hovering above, my cock was quick to harden.

"Of course, it's designed with enough room that you can easily sit beneath and use your mouth," Monica helpfully explained.

"There's a machine you can buy that has breast and penis pumps," Mom added as if the two of them were selling the idea to me.

"Oh," Monica looked across the room. "That might be what's in the accompanying package!"

I opened the large box Monica was pointing at to reveal a 'contraption,' tubes, suction cups and what was clearly a dildo attachment, pulling it out to show the women.

"We keep it!" I proudly proclaimed.

"What?" Mom retorted. "We can't have this in here Lincoln. It's a sex toy!"

"Then what about the spare room?" I offered, my brain working overtime.

"Think about it. What if we offered extra services to certain clientele?"

Monica had positioned herself below the table seemingly more out of her own curiosity than in an attempt to display to me how the process worked. Her hands holding accompanying grips, her mouth sat just below the hole and it actually didn't look too uncomfortable.

"I'm listening," Mom finally spoke as she and I lazily dragged our eyes off Monica.

I was sleeping in Mom's bed, our spare room essentially now just a storeroom for all of my personal stuff and the extra chairs from the dining room. Adjacent to the room across the hall, it could be used to expand the salon in another way.

"What about we put this in the spare room, maybe buy some other stuff. We don't advertise that we offer extra services but make subtle hints," I proposed.

"You want to open a brothel?" Mom queried. "I'm not giving blowjobs to strangers!"

"I will!" Monica raised a hand through the cock hole in the table and even Mom had to smile.

"Not a brothel," I refuted. "I mean how many men do you even have as clients? I'm just thinking the women you already know, that you already give massages and full Brazilians to. Has anything sexual ever come up?"

"All the time," Monica extracted herself from beneath the table and I offered a hand as she rose to her feet.

"Oh really?" Mom refuted.

"Oh, you're one to talk," Monica frowned at Mom.

"What do you mean by that?" Mom questioned.

"Ah, what about your own last massage?" Monica immediately threw back and I watched Mom sheepishly close her mouth.

"What?" I inquired.

Mom and Monica looked at each other and I wondered who would talk first.

"Oh, I'll tell him, shall I?" Monica stated and didn't wait for Mom to answer. "I've fingered your mother Lincoln!"

"I'm sorry?" I stated.

"And she me!" Monica seemed more than proud to admit.

"Mom?" I asked.

Her cheeks noticeably blushing, Mom looked me in the eye.

"Well...I'll admit, sometimes..." She stammered.

"Oh goodness Francine Miller, let me," Monica interrupted. "Lincoln, we do each other's waxing, massages. I've touched your mother's vagina hundreds of times over the years, as she has mine. It's only natural you get a bit worked up when you're so close to another person. Why only the other day she came into work telling me all about this movie she'd seen with you. How you'd rubbed her feet or something."

I looked at Mom who seemed just as interested in Monica's telling as I was in the listening.

"Well," Monica went on. "As I was giving her a massage, she herself hinted she'd like one of the special ones. That's what we call them Lincoln. When we play with each other. Your mother came right into my hand Honey."

"That was 'that' week!" I looked at Mom struggling to remain composed.

"Well I didn't know for sure how things would work out for us Baby," Mom unnecessarily defended her actions. "As Monica said. I got a bit worked up!"

"So, you see Lincoln, you're right," Monica continued. "It happens all the time. We could make some real money out of this."

"Mom?" I asked. "What do you think?"

She paused for a moment, looking at the table.

"I mean I guess," she hesitated. "If we don't openly advertise what we offer, I suppose it would be ok."

"Yes!" Monica enthusiastically exclaimed. "This is going to be wonderful."

"What about your husband Mon?" I asked. "He'll be ok with it?"

"Oh, he'll go along with anything I say," she dismissed the notion outright, running her hands along the surface of the table. "So, who gets to go first?"

"Ah, not so fast!" I stated.

*

Mom and Monica stood before me with their leggings and panties pulled down to their knees. Their white tank tops lifted to expose their breasts, my cock was bulging out the front of my pants, desperate to have a say on the proceedings.

"Ok," I struggled to lift my eyes from their groins, Mom totally smooth, Monica with a rich coating of dark bush, immaculately waxed into a perfect triangle above bare labia. "Now turn around and bend forward."

"Yes sir," they spoke in unison, smiling to each other as they complied with my orders.

"So, this will hurt me more than it will you," I stated as I approached the women from behind, my cock proudly pointing the direction it wanted to go from behind my pants. "But as your boss I have to make an example of you two for your indiscretions."

Their bare bottoms level, legs together, I took a moment to marvel at the sight, taking the opportunity to stroke myself to a full erection. Monica's wide hips and thighs. Her asshole hidden between her plump cheeks; the folds of her labia coated with a glistening of dew. Mom, her anus beckoning me to kiss it, her inner thighs a slick of lubrication that needed licking. But I had a job to do first.

"Now ladies. We knew this time would come, it's just surprising it's happened so soon." With an open hand I smacked Monica on the bottom to the accompaniment of her startled squeal, her bum wobbling with the force. "That is for mixing up the order Mrs. Morrison." I spanked her on the opposing cheek with a little more force and again she squealed in delight. Again on the right buttock and repeating until I'd reached a count of ten. "Now. Don't let it happen again."

I moved behind Mom, watching as the women looked in each other's eyes, grinning, their hands joined between them upon the table.

Smack. I spanked my mother, her mouth opening, not emitting a sound, Monica's lips moving in closer.

"That Mom, is for not telling me about what's been going on at the salon all this time between you two."

Smack. I spanked her other cheek as their mouths came together, Monica's tongue darting between my mother's lips.

"And these are for not letting me know how you felt about me for three years," I divulged, reaching for something worthy of punishment and spanking her divine ass until she'd received the same number as Monica.

I left my hand on Mom's bottom, rubbing the area I'd just spanked and moving back between them, placed my other upon Monica. "But I want to show you I can be a considerate boss also," I added, moving both hands in sync to between their ass cheeks. With the back of my index finger on each hand, I ran them down their cracks, Mom's wide open, Monica needing a little help with her hand reaching back to part her cheek, contacting both women's anus simultaneously, delving further to encounter the wetness and warmth of pussy.

"Aaah," Mom sighed as I found her clitoris, her eyes looking up to me, a hand reaching back for the front of my pants. Monica's pussy squeezed around my finger as I slid inside and she let out a soft moan as I bent my digit within.

"Oh yes, finger me Lincoln," she gasped. "More please Sir."

I had to admit I liked being called Sir and I was willing to oblige Monica's wishes, pulling out and replacing one with two fingers.

"Yes, like that," Monica sighed, her tongue once again seeking my mother's.

Mom had a firm grasp on my cock through my pants and to reward her I replicated Monica's penetration on her, two fingers entering her welcoming vagina.

"Oh fuck this," Monica sighed when she saw where my mother had her hand. "I want some too!"

Her movement wasn't graceful as she spun, my fingers slipping wet from her dripping vagina. To her knees she fell and Mom was quick to follow,

dropping beside her colleague to be level with my bulging groin. Monica had my fly open within seconds, Mom looking up at me smiling as my erection was pulled from my pants.

"My god Fran," Monica gasped. "You didn't mention that!" She added as she struggled to circle her fingers around my width.

Mom didn't bother replying, moving in and with Monica's hand still holding me, pressed her lips against the tip of my cock.

Mom was able to take the head but not much more as her mouth wrapped around me. It didn't disappoint as combined with Monica stroking her hand along my shaft it gave me all the pleasure I could hope for. Too much in fact. Like a seasoned veteran, Monica wanked me just about as well as I could personally, and I felt on the edge of orgasm. Not that I didn't desire above all to cum in my mother's mouth, I'd just be damned if it was going to end so quickly.

"Ladies, a little decorum please," I suggested as I managed to extract my throbbing gristle from between lips and hand. "This is a place of employment remember. Maybe we should take it to the bedroom?" Fighting myself back from orgasm, I watched them hand in hand shuffle back through the house to Mom's room, leggings still around their knees, tops raised. I was blessed.

*

Saliva drooling from her mouth, Monica raised from my crotch and crawled up the bed. Something I'd dreamed happening for countless years, seconds away. Her thighs parted, one knee swinging pendulum-like across my head and then she descended and all was darkness. An adolescent fantasy come

true as I was enveloped by ass. My nose deep between her cheeks, mouth upon pussy, face completely smothered by her heavy globes.

In my personal sensory deprivation tank, I felt Mom climb upon my hips, fingers around my cock as she slid herself onto me. Her familiar pussy enveloping my cock just as Monica's did my tongue. As deep inside her as possible I pushed. Breathing in what little air was available to me as I slowly, wonderfully suffocated on asshole and pussy confinement.

"Oh, you little beast," Monica stated as she released me from my fleshy cage, lifting her butt to allow me light, oxygen. Momentarily. "Get back in there Lincoln," she hissed as she once again descended, smothering, grinding.

My tongue met pubic hair, clitoris, vagina and asshole in its traversal of her anatomy. Monica humping my face much as Mom did my dick. Were they touching? Possibly kissing? The thought of it stimulating and I renewed my vigour, halting Monica's progress when her clit was on my mouth by grasping her buttocks.

"Oh God," she sighed as I wrapped my lips around her little button and sucked, her asshole twitching upon my nose. Mom feverishly fucked my tool, her pussy squeezing around me, a hand holding my balls from behind, pressing them up into her own buttocks.

I could hear them kissing. Could imagine Monica holding Mom's breasts. I lapped furiously at the clit entrusted to me, my jaw throbbing, my tongue aching as I felt some progress from my labor, Monica's breath changing, gasps from her throat.

"Oh, don't stop," she stammered. "Yes Linc. That's it. Don't stop," she repeated as my tongue was on the verge of going numb. I felt her thighs

wobble either side of my head and she pressed her clit down harder upon my lips, rubbing it against me. "I'm cumming, I'm cumm.." she cried before her words were muffled by (I think) Mom's lips as they kissed.

Her pussy quivered upon my mouth as she ground against me, my tongue delving between the lubricated folds of her vulva, lapping the increased flow as she came on me. Again, and again her body shuddered above, her buttocks around my face and in my hands. My tongue ventured forth and found her asshole and like a rabbit diving into its warren, I slid inside as my chin and neck was showered with a squirt of her release.

"Oh fuck!" she squealed as I pushed my tongue further into her ass and another flood of liquid surged from her mature cunny, her body shuddering. "I can't," she gasped. "No more," she cried as she wrenched her buttocks from my face and she fell alongside my body, a hand over her mouth to cover the ecstatic grin.

Finally, I could see my lover, my mother, as our eyes drifted from Monica in her post orgasm haze to settle upon one another. She took her hand from behind herself where she still held my balls to reach for me, pulling me up from the mattress. This was how it was meant to be. My mother sitting in my lap, her boobs against my chest, my cock deep within her body. Her mouth sought out mine, craving the taste of Monica's sex, her ass, her cum. Our lips meeting, tongues entwined as she thrust her groin into me, grinding her pelvis against my own.

"Make me cum Lincoln," she commanded but it was her that was doing all the work. She was in the driver's seat, my cock merely the tool for her pleasure.

Monica had come around, now actively watching, a hand between her legs to prolong her own pleasure. She rose from the bed and crawled behind

Mom, her legs wrapping around her body, arms coaxing the other woman back to fall against her, to lay on a bed of flesh.

Mom acquiesced, falling backwards with Monica to lay between her legs as I followed, balls deep in my mother.

It was now all me. Able to control the rhythm with which we fucked I pulled almost all of the way out before plunging back in, Mom's mouth falling open, her head turning to find Monica's beside her ready to dart out her tongue and connect with my mother's. Monica holding Mom's breasts, caressing her nipples as I aggressively fucked her pussy, her body shuddering with the force.

"Yeah, fuck her," Monica cheered as she held Mom's body and I placed a hand up on her shoulder, the back of her neck to draw her in, sandwiching Mom between us. "Fuck your mother hard Lincoln. She needs it!" She added as if letting me in on something they'd shared beforehand.

"Do you Mom?" I sighed, my groin slapping her pelvis with each thrust.

"Do you need it?"

"I need it Baby," she hissed. "I need you to fuck me Baby. Fuck me so hard Lover."

"You want me to fuck you?" I gasped.

"I need you to fuck me Baby," she cried. "I need to you to make Mommy cum. Make me cum on that cock. My baby's big cock."

Monica's eyes were lit with a fire, Mom's lazy as she rode every thrust. I dropped my torso against her, Monica's hands relinquishing their hold on Mom's breasts, caressing my own body as she brought us all closer together. My mouth met Mom's, my tongue between her lips where she sucked me into herself, teeth clamping me in place.

Monica kissed the side of Mom's face just as I felt her pussy twitch around my dick. The walls of her vagina shuddering followed by her body. She released my tongue and her mouth dropped open in a silent scream, Monica's mouth beside hers pecking her with kisses, whispering encouragement.

"That's it Fran, cum. Cum for your son. Cum on your son's dick!" she sighed and Mom turned her head to allow their lips to touch. Still fucking her as she climaxed, I moved in and joined the kiss, Monica's tongue sliding from Mom's mouth into my own and back.

"Cum for us," Mom moaned as her body stopped shaking, her eyes back on mine.

"Yes. Cum for us Lincoln," Monica chimed in, seemingly just as eager to see the fruits of my labor.

Having been on the edge for nearly twenty minutes, I knew they wouldn't have long to wait as I renewed my stalled rhythm, placing a hand on Mom's hip for leverage.

"Where do you want it?" I gasped as my abs began to hurt with my excesses, my orgasm building.

"On my tits," Mom exclaimed.

"On my face," Monica exhaled at the same time and all three of us smiled.

"Just cum all over us Honey," Mom settled and with two or three more thrusts with my mother's pussy squeezing tightly around me, I pulled out.

Up on a knee and a foot, I straddled the two women with my slick coated cock in hand. With eyes wide they focused on my grip sliding back and forth quickly along my thick column before stopping. Squeezing tight to

enhance the spectacle, (I had done this before of course) I prolonged the release, before the final tug and I erupted. "This is it," I warned them. "I'm gonna cum!"

More powerful than even I'd expected, I shot a trail of cum towards their faces, my aim never being as true. The rope hit my mother's cheek bone and carried on through her hair to splash Monica's mouth, her lips opening in a delighted smile as she received her prize.

Stroking each surge from my cock, I rained semen down on my mother's breasts in long threads from her neck to her belly, Monica quick to coat her hands in the goo and smear it into Mom's skin.

"Yes Baby," Mom enthused. "Such a good boy," she praised me as she in turn lathered herself with my seed before reaching for the source and drawing me closer to her mouth.

Monica was just as eager to join in, leaning forward with her cum covered chin to kiss the head of my cock, both their tongues licking the dregs, coming together in a cummy kiss.

Had I seen anything as beautiful? Two forty plus women kissing with my cock between their mouths. I doubted it. "That was..." I struggled to find the words.

"I know," Mom agreed, rubbing the cum down on her belly, between her legs as Monica wiped her chin up into her mouth.

"I concur," Monica sighed. "Actually, all this cream. Gives me an idea for another treatment we could offer."

"If it's facials for middle aged women," Mom laughed. "We've already thought about it."

"Oh," Monica smiled, pretty much admitting that was what she'd come up with.

"I admit I'd be willing to help out with that," I looked at Mom. "If it's ok with you of course Mom?" To which she smiled and reached up to cradle my face.

I lifted myself up off the bed and held out my hands for the women to take.

"We should get cleaned up," I stated, leading them towards the bathroom.

"We open in a week and there's still so much to do."

"Yes Boss," Mom and Monica spoke in unison, followed by a combined giggle.

"Actually, it's true," Mom added as she turned on the shower. "We have to resign at some stage Mon."

"And we need to find new uniforms to wear," Monica proposed. "I mean the leggings are fine but it would be nice to have an alternative."

"Not those scrubs you used to wear?" I piped up.

"Oh, I think we can find something a little sexier Sweetheart," Mom reassured me as she found the temperature to her satisfaction and drew Monica and I into the shower with her. "But these things can wait," she added as she reached for my still erect cock. "There are greater priorities in life," she smiled.

Family Photos

The end of the working week. Post a very satisfying dinner, the only sound better than the cracking open of my beer was the music of the title credits to my current favorite television show. I'd just settled into the armchair, put my feet up, and was about to take my first sip when Mom called my mobile.

"I think I need a new cell phone," she began, forgoing pleasantries. "It keeps coming up with a warning saying," she paused, "...wait a second." I heard the sound of her placing down the receiver of her landline then what I assumed was rummaging through her handbag. "Insufficient memory," she continued. "It's been slow for days now and half my apps won't even open!" She paused to take a breath and a smile came to my lips.

"Who is this?" I joked.

"Oh, stop it, you know it's me!"

"Alright, well hello to you too," I highlighted her impertinence before continuing. "I told you ages ago this would happen."

"But it's only about five years old," she argued and I snickered.

"Mom, that's a lifetime in tech years. Leave it with me, I'll look online, find one in your budget."

"Oh, I don't mind what it costs. Can we get it tonight?" She quickly added.

"Tonight!?"

"It's late-night shopping," she needlessly informed me. "Baby, my games aren't even opening!"

I looked at the paused opening scene of my show; my as-yet-untouched beer; and I suppressed a sigh that longed to come.

"Alright," I managed to smile. "Can't let you miss out on your games! Be there in twenty."

*

So, there I was. A thirty-two-year-old single man, walking alongside his mother on a Friday night through a crowded suburban mall. I looked at the generally young age of the shoppers around us and wondered what teenage Me would've thought about my life right now. The word 'sad' ultimately coming to mind. Grimacing at the thought, I changed my expression to a smile as my eye was caught by an impossibly attractive salesgirl working one of those annoying mid-aisle kiosks.

Young, blonde, and with a body straight from a NSFW website, she returned my smile before offering a flyer for her promotion.

"Win a Bahamas cruise," she declared and I politely shook my head when I noticed the banner behind her displaying the product she was advertising.

"Ooh, I like the sound of that!" Mom however wasn't so quick to dismiss the opportunity, reaching across in front of me to happily receive the pamphlet, causing us both to stop.

"Well, join our Bikini Club and you'll be well on your way to winning," the girl laughed at Mom's enthusiasm in the face of my apathy. "You've heard of Wet Waves?"

I had! What red-blooded male hadn't? Their appearances on the Home Shopping Network, legendary. YouTube clips of all the 'best bits' always worthy of a watch when 'in the mood.' Mom, however, I was sure, would have no idea of the micro and extreme bikinis the company was known for

and I was ready to hasten her along to save us all from embarrassment when she answered.

"You know I have," she giggled, touching the bare arm of the promo girl gently in acknowledgment.

"Let me guess," the girl smiled. "The Home Shopping channel?" And Mom laughed in confirmation. "Well let me tell you about our Bikini Club promotion," she continued straight into her spiel. "For only \$29.95 per month, you'll get two of our latest designs sent straight to your door, along with special gifts and promos. And of course, the chance to win the monthly cruise competition. It's an offer too good to pass up!"

Sadly, for the girl, it was where the sales pitch would come to an end. Mom didn't wear bikinis. In the moment I was struggling to even come up with the last time I'd seen her in a swimsuit, let alone go to the beach.

"Where do I sign!?" Mom laughed and to say I was shocked was an understatement.

"Fantastic," the girl ecstatically reached for a tablet from a podium beside her and I used the opportunity to talk some sense into my mother.

"Are you sure about this?" I turned to her. "You don't wear..." I paused, struggling to even say the word and the promo girl overheard my reticence.

"Oh, come on," she giggled. "Wouldn't you like to see your wife wearing something like this?" She emphasized her chest, her impressive breasts jiggling in the cups of a black bikini top, complimented by the tightest of leggings below, and given license to look I was mesmerized by the sight, only slowly registering her mistaken assumption.

"What?" I broke the spell. "We're not..."

"Oh goodness Dear," Mom again touched the girl's arm. "We're not married! He's my son," she laughed as she delved into her handbag for her purse. "I am flattered though," she added, before lifting her head with a frown.

"What is it?" I questioned, feeling my face blushing and wanting this whole interaction to be done with.

"I've left my purse at home!"

"Oh, that shouldn't be a problem," the salesgirl was swift to remedy the situation, hers along with Mom's doe eyes quickly falling upon me. "I'm sure your son can take care of it for you!"

"Would you Honey?" Mom questioned. "You can come on the cruise with me when I win!" She smiled, the promo girl broadly grinning, and I released the sigh that had longed to come all evening.

And so it was, along with a new phone, I purchased a bikini subscription (of all things) for my mother. Not just any bikini subscription either. Wet Waves. The most scandalous swimsuits on the market. Even the thought of Mom wearing anything by the company was troubling. But maybe I was overreacting. Maybe I was out of touch. Later that evening, simply out of curiosity I visited their website. Professional photos of their models in the patented micro bikinis, on top of amateur pics sent in by the customers. Women of all ages and body types wearing (and hardly wearing) the swimsuits. Half an hour later and two orgasms down, I left the site exhausted and made it back to my armchair and my tv show. The long-awaited beer happily washed away the zygote of an image that sparked inside my brain. Mom wearing a string bikini. I hoped to not think of it again.

*

"There's a catch," Mom began, as per usual, omitting a greeting as I answered her call.

"What are you talking about?" I put my phone on speaker as I set about preparing dinner.

"The Bahamas cruise," she explained and I had to search my brain to recall to what she referred. More than a month had passed since the night; we'd spoken on the phone but never concerning the swimsuits. "I was wondering if they'd published the names of the winners on their website and I discovered, I'm not actually entered," she said.

"Oh," I as well was surprised. "I thought it was automatic."

"So did I," she admitted. "But it seems to go into the running each month you have to send in a photo of yourself..." She paused as if to add drama. "...wearing one of their swimsuits."

That zygote of an image that I'd thought banished long before once more entered my head.

"Oh, so I guess you won't be entering," I surmised and was shocked at her response.

"Oh heavens no. I still want to enter!" She stated. "I've even tried to take a few photos," she divulged and the image developed, recollections of the amateur women on the site. "It's just they didn't turn out very well. I did it with the timer, and in the mirror, but it just looks terrible."

"Okay," I almost whispered, not liking where I thought this was headed.

"Well, I was wondering," she paused and I stopped my chopping of vegetables as I barely breathed. "...I mean if you wouldn't mind..." Again,

she paused and I let the silence linger. "I mean you're much better at taking photos with the phone than I am!"

I swallowed hard as I felt myself blush.

"You want me to take photos of you in...?" I couldn't even finish the sentence.

"Only if you don't mind?" Mom herself had unnecessarily lowered her voice.

It was then I had a moment of clarity. What was wrong with me? What was the big deal? I was behaving like an idiot. Juvenile. She was my mother. It was just a few photos. The glaring Freudian warning signs could fuck off. She clearly had little problem with the scenario, so why was I turning it into more than it was?

"Oh, don't worry about..."

"I'll do it!" I quickly committed, cutting her off.

"You will!?" I could hear the excitement in her voice and it made me feel pretty good about myself.

"Yeah, sorry I was just in the middle of doing something else," I explained away my silence, rightly perceived as hesitance. "Yeah, why not? When shall I come around?"

*

Mid-Saturday morning and the sun shone brightly as I opened the side gate and entered the back yard of my family home. I had a fleeting image enter my head of Mom upon the back lawn, slick with lotion and laying on a beach towel awaiting my arrival, gladly finding the yard empty and even the kitchen vacant as I entered the house announcing my presence.

Strangely, despite our arrangement, she seemed surprised to see me.

"Is it 10:30 already?" She commented as I met her in the hallway, hands holding her satin robe closed at her chest as she offered a perfunctory kiss on my cheek. "You know I'd forgotten all about today," she lied as I spied the tied bow of a pink bikini top hidden under her collar. Even as we parted I could see her breasts pushing out the triangular imprint of the bikini through the thin material, her nipples conspicuously rigid despite the warmth inside the house. Tearing my eyes away, I was happy when she headed back toward the kitchen.

"The money's there," she gestured to a wad of folded bills beside the fruit bowl and I understood it was for the phone and the subscription. "And I was thinking," she paused. "We don't have to do those photos today."

The statement was unexpected and I was taken aback considering how excited she'd been on the phone.

"What? Why?"

"Well, it's silly," she scoffed. "I mean it's not like I'd win or anything."

It was a dramatic turn of events from two nights before. I'd lay awake dreading this day. I had no desire to see Mom in a bikini let alone take photos of it, and yet, despite the out she'd given me, I was a little disappointed. I mean I'd come this far. Why not go through with it? After all, there was the possibility of a free vacation if she won!

"You don't know that!" I declared and I watched a tiny spark seem to light in her eyes. "Why don't we just take one and see how it turns out? You never know."

"Do you think?"

"Yeah, why not? You've got to be in it to win it!" I added and I could see the enthusiasm in her return.

"Well," she made a move from where she leaned against the benchtop, and for a second, I thought she'd drop the robe then and there, surprised by her next statement. "Okay, like you said, maybe just one or two..." She paused as if convincing herself. "Alright, I guess I'll... go and get changed."

Confused, I watched as she made her way back to the hallway, her hands ensuring the robe didn't part at her thighs as she walked. 'Changed.' I questioned. Wasn't she already wearing the bikini? Why would she lie? Twice now. I shrugged as I picked up and counted the money, finding it over and leaving \$50 in the fruit bowl. It was barely a minute later when I heard her call from down the hall and I understood I was to go to her. To her bedroom.

"We're using your phone I take it?" I called as I approached her door, having brought it with me and shaking it as I cautiously peered around the jamb to look into her room.

"If you think it's got the best camera?" She nervously replied as I laid eyes upon her, once again surprised at developments.

Gone was the pink bikini of recent memory. In its place was a tankini. Dark brown, it covered up much of her torso, matching boy shorts over her hips. What was going on here I wasn't sure, but one thing I was positive about was this was no Wet Waves original.

"Yeah, it is," I answered her query regarding the phone, still taken aback by what had happened. My eyes lingered on the unflattering and yet somehow familiar-looking swimsuit, and Mom picked up the change in my disposition.

"What?" She shuffled awkwardly, seeming unsure of what to do with her hands. "Oh, it's bad, isn't it?" She looked down at the tankini and I was quick to assure her everything was okay.

"No, it's just," it was now I that was uncomfortable. "Um let's just take the photo," I offered, hoping to get it over with as soon as possible.

Once more, Mom stood awkwardly, a nervous flick of her hair, a tug at the hem of the tankini as I raised the phone.

"I don't really know what to do," she admitted and it strangely broke the ice somewhat, both of us venting a nervous laugh.

"Nor do I," I agreed, lowering the phone. I thought back to the photos on the website and an idea came to mind. "Um, why don't you get up on the bed?" I cautiously suggested and seemingly relieved someone was telling her what to do, Mom complied, kneeling upon the mattress. Again, I lifted the phone and offered another direction. "Okay. Maybe rise on your knees and," I paused. "I don't know... um, put your hands up behind your head?"

Bizarre as it was, ordering my mother to willingly take up the pose was kind of satisfying, and moving slightly to find the best angle and lighting, I quickly took the photo, then another just to be sure. And it was over.

"There, done," I stated. "Wasn't so bad after all."

"No," Mom giggled as she crawled over to kneel beside where I'd taken up position on the edge of the bed. Her hand on my shoulder for balance felt nice as I showed her the photos I'd taken, the first basically identical to the second and surprisingly quite good. "It was kind of fun," she admitted.

"Oh yeah?" I turned to look up into her eyes and she began to blush which in turn caused me to blush and we again shared a nervous laugh.

"Yeah, you know. Pretending to be a model. It felt almost like a real photoshoot," she giggled. "I mean what one must feel like."

"Yeah," I agreed. "It was fun." A silence followed and I filled it by looking back down at the photos. "Did you want to..." I paused. "I mean if you want, we could do a couple more. Just so you've got a few to choose from," I added, unsure as to what my intentions ultimately were.

"Okay," Mom was quick to agree, moving back on the bed to where she'd started and seemingly ready for me to direct once more. "What should I do?"

Before I answered, I took a second to reflect on how surreal this had all become. I was in my mother's bedroom, taking photos of her in a swimsuit. It didn't get any stranger than this! I assumed.

"Um, maybe just lean back on your arms," I offered and Mom seemed to understand what I intended, stretching her legs out before herself and pushing out her chest as I freely took photos. "That's it, great," I played up the role of photographer to her approving smile, becoming bolder. "Ok, what about you get on all fours?" I proposed and for the slightest of seconds, I thought I'd gone too far before she gleefully complied. "Nice," I complimented, and seeing her in such an overtly sexual position, her breasts hanging down between her arms, rounded ass in the air, I felt a sudden and completely unexpected stirring in my pants.

Immediately I shot it down. Remembering who she was. That's your mom dude! I told myself and focused on the job at hand. Jokingly I suggested she make a seductive face and it lightened the mood even further, both of us laughing before I signaled an end when I'd run out of poses for her to attempt. When she fell back upon her pillows, I climbed up on the bed and joined her to share the images we'd created.

"You know, some of these are pretty good," I admitted and enjoyed the feeling of her boob touching my arm as she leaned her body in to view the screen.

"I had a good photographer," Mom nudged against me and we momentarily looked into each other's eyes, exchanging a smile. My gaze crept slowly back to the phone but lingered on its journey, taking time to admire a large amount of cleavage exposed at her chest, and lower, the triangular mound of pussy at her groin. Stop it, I told myself. Again, reminding myself she was my mother. Why the fuck was I even looking?

"I'm sure you can find one of these good enough to enter that comp," I suggested and Mom was quick to reply in the negative.

"Oh, I can't use any of these," she stated and I was immediately taken aback.

"What!?"

"Well, this isn't one of the Wet Waves!" She admitted and as her eyes once again found mine, she understood she'd made a mistake.

"Seriously?" I frowned. "Then what are we taking these photos for?"

My tone was probably too aggrieved and I didn't like the discomfort she seemed to project as she squirmed beside me, her face and chest turning a red hue.

"I was embarrassed," she admitted and I immediately felt like an asshole for coming on so strong, wanting to put an arm around her to show I wasn't upset. I refrained. Allowing her to continue. "I was wearing the Wet Waves bikini when you arrived," she admitted something I already knew. "But when I looked at myself in the mirror," she paused. "...well, I chickened out," her eyes crept back to mine.

"You chickened out!?" I repeated.

"Yeah," her face had become a deeper crimson. "You know, it was a bit... revealing."

"I thought you knew what the bikinis from them were like!?" I smiled and thought of all the women on the website, amateur and otherwise. "So, what's this about then?" I picked at the waist of her tankini, letting it go, her eyes dropping to the swimsuit.

"It's just one I've had for years," she admitted.

"I knew it," I surprised her. "Florida, right? I thought I recognized it."

"You remember!?" She smiled. "Goodness, that vacation was more than twenty years ago."

"So why wear it now?" I challenged.

"Well, I didn't want you to feel you'd wasted your time. I had to put something on," she explained.

I'd never seen her look so vulnerable. Nor blush as she'd done. Again, I had the urge to embrace her, to tell her time spent together wasn't wasted.

"Well, it'll be a wasted opportunity if you don't enter this competition!" I stated and immediately saw the response in her eyes.

"You think I should put it back on? You still want to take the photos?" She questioned.

"Of course," I sat up and made to climb off the bed, holding my hand out for her to do the same. "And any swimsuit will look better than this ugly old thing," I laughed, tugging again at the tankini at her waist as we stood before each other.

"Alright," she giggled, wriggling out of my hold and heading toward her dresser. "I'll do it."

I found myself looking at her ass, filling out the admittedly tight boy shorts nicely, and again that stirring in my pants. "I'll wait outside," I offered, quite aware she hadn't asked me to do so as I forced my eyes from her body. Would she have changed in front of me? No. I automatically answered. Again, you idiot. She's your mother! Without a further word between us, I exited the room.

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I stood with my back to her closed door and tried not to imagine what was happening behind me. Futile, as images flooded my mind. She'd be naked by now, I pictured and immediately scolded myself, looking across to the door of my childhood bedroom. What would teenage Me think of what was happening here? Mortified, was a word that came to mind and I smiled just as a faint voice caught my ear from behind me.

"Umm," Mom spoke sheepishly and I turned to face the door.

"Yeah?" I called back and there was a pause from within the room.

"I, ah... think I need a hand," she tentatively proposed and I gripped the door handle.

"Ok, I'm coming in," I warned and unsure of what I'd face, turned the knob and entered.

There was an extended moment where I indeed believed she was still naked. Facing the mirror, presented to me was her entire exposed body from behind, all that covered her flesh, the thinnest of pink string disappearing between her bare buttocks.

"I can't seem to..." she began. "...I had no trouble with it earlier," she alluded to the strings of the bikini top hanging down at her sides, and placing the phone in my front pocket and trying to remain professional in the face of such a sight, I approached her from behind. "If you wouldn't mind?" She almost whispered.

"No, that's cool," I casually replied, though I felt my heart could be heard in the otherwise quiet room, totally giving the game away as to how I felt. Closer, and I could see over her shoulder, her hands cupping her breasts, keeping the bikini in place. I dared not look lower, focusing on the task presented to me. My fingers shook as I took hold of the strings, bringing them together across her spine, feeling her warm skin, goosebumps noticeably rising on her arms at my touch. "Perfect," I complimented my work, though as she turned, adjusting the bikini to evenly sit upon her boobs, I could've been complimenting her.

The small cups were no match for her areola. The pink skin escaping the material on nearly all sides, her nipples, hard and demanding my eyes acknowledge, mother or not! Did they linger? You bet. And when they'd had their fill, they sought further nourishment. Dropping. Her exposed belly. Was it flat? Of course not. This was a woman who'd just seen her fifty-fifth year. I didn't expect to see a calendar girl, yet the calendar hadn't been unkind; smooth pale skin descending to the thong of her bikini. The tiniest of triangles attempting to contain her pronounced pubic bone. It was here I came to my senses and looked away, turning as if unconcerned or unfazed by her state.

"So..." She paused and pulling the phone from my pocket, I slowly turned back to face her. "What do you think?"

She was in the process of climbing back upon the bed, bent forward as she crawled onto the mattress. My eyes zeroed in on her butt, the curve of her pale buttocks, and the pink string lost between. My mother's bare ass, I told myself, and sirens ringing in my head told me to look away. I couldn't. Mesmerized I watched as she slowly turned, almost seductively taking up the kneeling position we'd begun with the tankini, her eyes eventually returning to mine.

"Well?" She continued.

"What?" I came to my senses, realizing I was staring and tearing my gaze from her, focusing on the phone.

"The bikini?" She questioned her outfit and given a license to once more look... I looked.

"Oh..." I paused, letting my eyes linger upon her breasts, surprisingly perky for her age, again focusing on her crotch, a conspicuous absence of any obvious pubic hair escaping the minimal fabric. Was my mother's pussy shaved? I asked myself and horror of all horrors, my cock responded to the thought and vision, hardening despite the familial relationship. No, this wasn't happening, I determined and attempted to shut it down, willing away the developing erection. "Um... I'm just wondering what Dad would've thought about it?" I deferred giving my own opinion, the thought of my deceased father helping ease the swelling in my pants.

To my surprise, Mom scoffed.

"Oh, your father wouldn't have let me wear anything like this," she divulged and for a moment there was a look of sadness in her eyes, dispelled as she changed the subject. "So how do you want me?" She questioned, quickly laughing as she realized how it sounded, throwing a hand over her mouth in

embarrassment. "I mean, how should I pose?" She giggled, her face noticeably red.

"Um," I looked down at the phone, lifting it to train once more upon her. "I guess we just do like before," I offered, and seamlessly, she moved into the spread-legged kneeled position we'd begun with. Same, yet oh so different.

Looking through the phone's screen gave me some detachment from the scenario. But I wondered if it wasn't adding to the arousal I felt. Confusing my emotions somehow? Was my now undeniable hard-on, for my mother, or the product of acting out a fantasy roleplay of photographer and model? Stimulating, regardless of subject? Moving the camera from panorama to portrait and zooming in to have her take up the whole screen, the paleness of her skin, the curves of her flesh, the smile in her eyes and on her mouth. That mouth. Her full lips with the lightest daubing of lipstick. As she took hold of the waist of her bikini and pulled up as a professional model would do, the triangle of material barely able to contain her bulging labia. As she pushed out her chest to present her magnificent breasts to me. Her nipples hard. As hard as my cock. Who was I kidding? It was her I was attracted to. There was no denying it as she seamlessly transitioned into the poses we'd practiced earlier. As I surreptitiously rubbed my erection when her eyes were elsewhere. As I breathed in the faintest and yet undeniable scent of pussy. My mother's pussy. Aroused as I? Surely not.

What little blood that wasn't in my dick flooded and heated my face and feeling lightheaded I ended the session with her on all fours, dropping my eyes from the ridiculously attractive sight to turn and once more sit upon the edge of the bed. Immediately Mom was beside me, her body pressing into me as she matched my position to inspect the photos I'd taken.

"Ooh that's a good one," she stated, referring to an image of her looking back over her shoulder at the camera, my cock twitching just below the phone as I admired her ass and bare spine.

"You want to upload this one?" I questioned.

"Maybe. If you think my bum doesn't look too big?"

Her ass didn't look too big. Or too small. Goldilocks, it was just right. Perfect in my eyes. I didn't know if I should answer, definitely knew I couldn't be honest, so I deflected.

"Doesn't show off the bikini much though," I suggested, swiping to the next, another.

"You're right, best do one of the ones from the front," she agreed and I paused upon one of the first photos taken. Upon her knees, legs spread. Both arms raised behind her head. Her breasts lifted with ample under-boob on display, nipples poking; more than a hint of cameltoe; a seductive expression upon her face with lips parted. It could've been a professional photo, a glamour shot that wouldn't have looked out of place up on teenage Me's bedroom wall. (Had it not been my mother of course!)

"What about that?" I offered and looked into her eyes.

"If you think it looks good?" She threw it back to me and it was finally time to admit I did.

"They're all good," I confessed and my cock ached to be let loose. God, if I'd been on the Wet Waves website I'd have cum twice by now! "You look good," I followed and our locked eyes became uncomfortable, forcing mine away to focus on the phone. "I mean for my mom and everything!" I annotated and she laughed.

"I get it," she giggled, wriggling into me. "So, can you upload it for me?"

"Way ahead of you," I stated, already navigating to her browser and searching for the Wet Waves site, quickly finding the competition link.

"Oh!" Mom leaned further into me to inspect the webpage, the warmth of her exposed skin against my arm, the smell of perfume in her hair, and that other scent that was driving me mad.

"What?" I questioned.

"Go back to the last screen," she asked and then began to read from the page as I tilted the phone further in her direction. "...entrants must be over eighteen... the copyright owner... okay... there... whoops!"

"What?" I again asked, confused.

"This month's bikini," she read, then looked back up into my eyes.

"So?" I posed and she grimaced.

"This is last month's!" She looked down at her barely clad body. "We missed the cut-off by a week."

Was she serious? Nearly an hour we'd been at this. My cock was aching, pre-cum uncomfortably sticking the eye to my underpants now and then. Then there was the overriding unease of just keeping its presence a secret. There was no way I wanted her to know she'd given me the erection in the first place and until then I thought I'd done an impressively commendable job. I rose from the bed beside her, admittedly without a thought to my cock's position, and in my frustration with the situation dismissed the train her eyes took as they followed my movement. Disregarding the pause as they rose up my legs and lingered momentarily on my groin.

"What do you mean, last month's?" I once more sounded more aggrieved than I meant. "So again, we've wasted time for nothing?" I hated how it sounded. Was any erection wasted time? Was admittedly enjoying myself taking near-nude photos of my mother, wasted time? No fucking way. But ultimately, we were meant to be entering a competition. Nothing we'd done so far seemed relevant to that point. "Where's this month's bikini?" I held my hands out in exasperation.

"In my panty drawer," she meekly replied, and hearing her say 'that' word caught my breath a little.

"What?" I barely mumbled.

"It's in with my panties," she whispered and I followed her eyes as she looked toward her dresser.

"Well do you still want to enter this thing?" I looked back at her and as she sexily bit her lower lip, she nodded her head.

Was it adrenaline? Was it just a desire to look in her 'panty' drawer? I don't know. Whatever, I confidently strode to the dresser and opened the upmost drawer to reveal all manner of satin and lace delicates. So many colors, so many fabrics, and designs. I had the strangest compulsion to take all in my hands and lift to my face to press into my skin, my mouth, and nose. I obviously resisted, instead searching for what could be declared a bikini amid the eye candy.

"What am I looking for?" I gruffly questioned and hearing her rise she informed me it was yellow. Again, nothing came to the eye. There was a fluorescent shoelace in the corner, but nothing else remotely yellow, and definitely nothing that looked like a bikini. "I can't see anything," I admitted as I felt her presence beside me, and together, we stood before her dresser.

Her open panty drawer below us. My mother's intimates, her bras, panties, and lingerie all within our grasp, all within caress.

"It's right here," she reached for the shoelace and my breath was caught.

Surely not!?

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"What is that!?" I took a step back as she slowly pushed the drawer closed, allowing the 'shoelace' to unfurl from her fingers. Not a shoelace but surely not a bikini, simply a loop of thin fluorescent nylon.

"This is it," she nonchalantly declared. "This month's bikini."

I doubted it. She must have been mistaken somehow. The thing she held in her hands had no substance. It wouldn't cover anything. Amazingly I could feel my dick hardening further. The already granite-like structure straining against my pants, testing their resistance.

"Okay," I accepted her assertion. "I'll wait outside," I proposed, eager to be out of the room where I could think of something else. Remove her from my mind and sight and attempt to lessen the pressure at my groin, if only momentarily.

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "This'll only take a moment. Just turn around," she wickedly smiled as she twirled an index finger.

Yep. She was going to get changed with me in the room. My mother. Seemingly not having a problem with her son being in such intimate proximity.

"Oh, before you do, could you?" She turned around and I understood she needed me to untie the bow I'd fastened. Did she though? She could merely have lifted the bikini top from her torso. Regardless, with shaking hands, I

once more took hold of the ties and this time unfastened her top, the bikini falling away to leave her back bare. "Now turn around Mister," she giggled as she indeed lifted the bikini top over her head. "No peeking at your mother!"

As if in a trance, I followed her instruction and fortuitously found myself staring into our reflection in the full-length mirror of her closet.

I saw everything!

With her back to me, she tugged at the waist of her bikini bottom and pulled it down her legs, stepping out and leaving the minuscule item on the carpet. For a moment my eyes remained on it, imagining taking it in my hands and lifting it to my face. To breathe in the scent of my mother left on the tiny gusset. In response and with impunity, I moved a hand to the front of my pants and caressed the length of my bulge as I watched her take hold of the loop. Crossing it over to form a figure eight I finally understood how it worked and feasted on her nudity as she stepped into the sling she'd formed, pulling it up over her shoulders.

"Okay," she sighed. "I..." she paused. "...think I'm ready."

My hand came from my cock just in time as we turned as one to face each other. Was she serious? Was she mad? This was no bikini. And even if it was, what mother would dare wear it in front of her son? The greatest mother on Earth! I quickly answered my question. Showing some awareness as to the state of her undress, she attempted to position the two strings over her nipples but the task was fruitless, slipping off immediately to leave her breasts bare and exposed to my eyes. But it wasn't where they lingered. No. Immediately I gazed down at her groin and yes. As I'd assumed earlier, my mother's pussy was shaved. The converging V of the

strings lay atop her bald mound to disappear completely within her exposed vulva, her labia clear as day. To sum up. My mother was naked.

My mouth had dried, and as my eyes slowly raised to find hers upon me, I struggled to come up with anything intelligible to say.

"I," I paused. "Mom! Are you sure about this?"

"What?" She seemed almost taken aback, looking down at her body.

"What!" I repeated to her. "You're almost... I mean, you're naked," I stated and to this, she scoffed.

"Oh, heavens I am not," she denied, giggling. "It's a swimsuit Darling. Yes, it's a little skimpy but not much more than the last. You didn't have a problem with that one!" She challenged and to be honest I had to agree. Nor with this, my cock especially complimentary, pulsing against my pants.

"I... I..." I was turning into a bumbling idiot and fumbled over my words, clearly embarrassed and to this, she seemed aware.

"It's alright Honey," she reassured. "You're my son. It's okay for you to see me like this. I wouldn't wear it for a stranger."

Her words were shocking. She wouldn't have worn it for my father either, I reflected upon her earlier comment. So, this was just for me. A private show. Almost a motherly striptease for her special boy. And an audience of potentially millions online, I quickly recalled the reason this was happening in the first place.

"I guess," I managed to swallow the lump that had formed in my throat, taking the phone from my pocket and holding it up as she once more adjusted the straps over her nipples, again pointless. "So, shall we try again?" I suggested.

"Let's!" Mom beamed, confidence emanating from her as she unnecessarily brushed past me on the way back to the bed. I watched from behind as she climbed up, seemingly accentuating the movement necessary to accomplish the task, her back arching to enhance her rear, legs spread wider than needed to steady her crawl across the mattress. My eyes were drawn to her ass, noting every dimple, every freckle. And as she moved directly under the overhead light, the darker skin around her asshole. My mother's asshole, staring at me from behind the most feeble of barriers. I groaned.

"Pardon?" Mom turned, taking up the now familiar position upon her knees, legs well spread.

"Nothing," I lied. "Just clearing my throat," I added, lifting the phone to once more capture her image. "Whenever you're ready."

She was more than ready. Now a professional at this, she went straight into poses. No longer attempting to cover her nipples, embracing her nudity, reveling in her newfound liberation. And why shouldn't she? She was beautiful. A middle-aged body that deserved to be shown, to be celebrated, and lusted after. And of course, she should feel confident. She was in her home. Her bedroom. With her son. Safe in the knowledge he was possibly the one man who wouldn't attempt to hit on her. To take advantage. To have his way. Because mothers and sons didn't do that, right? There was no sexual attraction between them! Nothing could come of it if there were. Because that was incest. And that didn't happen in real life. Not like this.

The hardness of my cock suggested otherwise. She must have known. There was no hiding the sideways lump in my pants, admittedly encouraged with rubs every time she looked away. Even the distinct mushroom of the head showed through the cotton of my tan-colored trousers. It was becoming unbearable, erect for an hour, my balls swollen with inspiration and

desperate to be emptied. How many photos I took I had no idea, ruing they weren't on my phone. To have and to hold. To use when I saw fit.

Upon her knees once more, Mom drew the two lengths of the string together in her fist and pulled up, accentuating the exposed slit of her pussy. Her eyes dropped down to see the effect before once more meeting mine.

"I've seen models do something like this," she somehow defended the overtly sexual nature of her action, the string disappearing between her folds. "And this," she opened her mouth wide, poking her tongue out suggestively as if awaiting my cock, my cum. It was too much. For me; attempting to come to terms with the fact I was so attracted to my mother. For the website; the almost hardcore nature of the pose, far more extreme than the regular photos on display. But mostly for my cock; my pants were way too constrictive, the pressure leaving me pulsing and on the verge of orgasm. I managed to take the shot. Irrelevant in that the sight would forever be imprinted in my memory. Something to call upon for years to come when in the deepest of taboo fantasies. A masturbatory stimulus and nothing more. Because nothing was going to happen between us. Not now. Not ever.

With her remaining in the stance, I slowly lowered the phone and though less than willing, forced my eyes from my mother. She responded immediately, seemingly disappointed.

"What's wrong?" She asked as I turned my back and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Nothing," I was quick to explain my abrupt end to the photo shoot. "Just, I think we've probably got enough."

"Oh, okay," she was just as quick to once again join me. Her naked thigh against my leg, breast pressing my arm as she wrapped hers across my back to rest a hand on my opposing shoulder, balancing her body alongside mine. "Let's look at the photos," she almost whispered, so close to my ear.

I didn't need any more prompting, anxious to browse the collection myself. If only I were alone, I thought. Mere seconds all I'd need to truly pay homage to her beauty. To grasp my cock and honor her with the sincerest expression of flattery. An orgasm. Incestuously inspired.

I swiped backward through the shots with her breath upon my neck, her chin resting upon my shoulder. Mother and son looking through family photos, innocent but for the fact she was essentially naked. The scent of her rose to my nostrils. Intense fragrance from her hair and skin, and another far more natural perfume. One that I longed to have on my fingers, in my mouth, on my cock, and upon my sheets. Her free hand interrupted my swiping, scrolling back to comment on a particular photo, suggesting it for upload. But really, I heard not. My mind was reeling. No longer was I resisting the impure thoughts. I'd given up attempting to stifle the taboo desire. 'She's your mom dude,' could fuck off. I welcomed it. I'd discovered something illicit and exciting here today and there was no going back. Something seen couldn't be unseen and it was now a part of me, a forbidden and private part of me. Something I'd never share with anyone. Most importantly, her.

Mom's hand dropped from the phone as I saved the picture to the website, coming to rest on the most convenient location should she choose to touch the screen again, my thigh. My upper thigh. It was innocent of course. She had no realization her pervert of a son was erect. That for more than an hour he'd been encouraging said hardon. Selfishly rubbing it as she naively posed

for him. Bordering on orgasm right under her nose. But now. Now as I flicked ever more rapidly back through the photos, its presence was undeniable. To me. To her? I hoped not. I dropped my eyes from the phone to my crotch, her hand so close. Too close.

"That's a good one," she lifted her hand, swiping back a photo to land on an image of her on all fours, boobs showing yet nipples obscured by her arms. "Do you like it?" She asked and I declined to answer. Of course, I liked it. I loved it! But how could I admit it?

"I'll add it," I replied impartially and her hand again fell to my leg. This time higher. Fractionally, but it was enough. The jig was up. Her thumb came to rest upon the shaft of my cock, her palm essentially cupping the head. I pulsed beneath her and expected a gasp of surprise. A horrified release of disgust from her as I held my breath in anticipation. None came. Some change in her breathing, but no revulsion. Didn't she feel it? Was it possible she wasn't aware? The hardness something else. A roll of quarters? My cell phone? Ridiculous I know, but when your mother's hand unexpectantly presses upon your hard-on, strange things go through your mind.

"Ooh, I like that," she whispered so close to my cheek. "Do you, Honey?"

The photo we were looking at? Or her hand on my cock? Either was fine by me and I managed to form a response.

"Yes," I sighed as I stared at her photo, on her back upon the bed, noticing something I hadn't earlier, a glistening upon her upper thighs, caught by the automatic flash of the camera. My dick involuntarily twitched and surely it was the final straw. Now she'd realize my state and call me out. Send me from her house in shame. No. The opposite, more pressure placed upon my shaft, the length of her index finger joining her thumb. Undeniable. If she

were my date we'd be making out by now, my hand between her legs, a finger within.

Her head nestled further into my shoulder, her breath warm upon my neck, my own held as so gently she massaged my erection, the movement subtle enough to be misconstrued as innocent, unintentional. Was it? My head swam. My cock pulsed. I managed to add the photo to the website and felt on the verge of fainting. No, it wasn't unconsciousness that was imminent I realized. Something else.

"Thank you for this," Mom whispered, breathless. For what? My erection? Allowing her to touch it? "For today. For everything," she explained further and her hand increased its movement, no doubt left in her actions as I twitched beneath her, the inevitable approaching.

"I..." I wanted to admit my state, the impending release, but words failed me. "I..."

"Shhh, Honey," her mouth moved to be beside my ear, her breath giving me goosebumps, her hand essentially jerking me off through my pants. "A mother knows when her baby needs a milking," she whispered and the words sent me over the edge. Losing the fight as she pressed against my shaft. I came. Not an ordinary ejaculation. This was something otherworldly. A volcanic eruption. I exhaled in gasps as over and again my orgasm surged forth. Flooding my underpants, warmth spreading across my pelvis. It was wonderful. It was horrific. Such taboo euphoria mixed with an undeniable shame. Had she expected this? Her son to cum in his pants? Embarrassment quickly overtook pleasure as the last of the semen pulsed forth, the single synapse in my brain that wasn't completely devoted to an incestuous desire for my mother taking charge and forcing me to realize my situation. 'Get out of there,' it yelled.

Abruptly I rose from the bed, the corner of my eye-catching Mom almost falling to the mattress before she steadied herself, so unexpected was my escape. I kept my groin out of sight as I explained my action, dropping her phone on the bed as I made my way to the door. "Well, if we're done here, I've gotta get going," I stated, seeing my reflection in her mirror, a dark patch seeping through the front of my pants. The sight hastened my getaway.

"What!? Honey?" Mom seemingly perplexed, attempted to stall my departure. "You don't have to go."

"Yeah..." I couldn't even look back at her such was my embarrassment. A glance in the mirror. "Yeah, I do," I found the door and the safety of the hallway. Behind I could hear her rising from the bed and as I sought the kitchen, my car keys, and the backdoor, I saw her peripherally, donning her satin robe as she followed.

"But, the photos? The website?" Mom questioned, a tension in her voice.

"They're uploaded," I dismissively informed her as I hurried to the exit.

"You just need to hit enter."

"But..." Mom made a last attempt to get me to stay or at least to turn and face her.

"Mom, I've gotta go. I'm late for something," I lied. "Let me know how the comp goes," I denied her endeavor, closing the door behind me to almost run from the house and to my car.

And then came the shame. Sitting in the now cold and uncomfortable evidence of my transgression, I looked in the visor mirror at my red face. What had I done? I'd never be able to look at her again, I decided. Speak to her? How? I looked down at the fist-sized wet patch on my pants and the

embarrassment rose all over again. But she'd wanted it! I reminded myself. It wasn't just me in there. I thought of her words. Struggling to come up with her exact phrase. 'A mother needs to milk her son,' or something like that. Ridiculously my cock responded, its semi-erect state hardening. Stop it, I told myself. She must have been drunk. Mad maybe? I started the car and with my dick once more gaining its fully erect state, began the drive home.

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The shower. Washing away the evidence. My soapy hand upon my cock immediately reminded me of my mother's touch. This wasn't good. The erection following, devoted to her. Closing my eyes under the flow of water and seeing her in the bikini. I laughed. What bikini? It was barely even a piece of string. I wanted to talk to her about it. To laugh with her and declare how good she looked. How good she looked naked. This wasn't healthy. I began wanking, the slick lotion reminding me of her glistening upper thighs. The scent of her pussy coming back to me. I came. This wasn't right. Nothing about this was right.

A day passed. Two. I expected her to call me but it never came. Checking my phone just in case when I'd been apart from it. Nothing. And why would she? Probably didn't want to speak to her creep of a son ever again. The one that got a hard-on from taking innocent photos of her. What must she think of me? The one that came in his pants from a simple touch. Had it even been sexual? Maybe she was just balancing herself! What had she said? 'A mother knows when her baby needs a milking.' Had I misheard her words? Maybe she was just offering me a glass of milk! Had any of it even happened? As the days went by, the event seemed more to be a dream. A week and still nothing. It was a dream. A fantasy I'd concocted from a night

of too much drinking perhaps? Had I even gone to the mall with her so long ago now? Seen the Wet Waves kiosk? Purchased the bikini subscription?

When two weeks had passed and we'd still not spoken, I'd begun to worry. As much as I'd attempted to convince myself nothing untoward had happened between us. I knew the reality. And it had played out exactly as recalled. She'd been as much a part (if not more) of it as me. As willing. Friday night and with a few beers under my belt, I determined to call her and talk about it frankly. To say sorry for how I'd left it. To admit how I'd felt. How I still felt.

I was in the act of reaching for my phone when it rang. And of course, it was her.

And of course, I didn't say any of what I'd intended. Pleasantries were what was conveyed. Small talk so banal that for more than a moment I wondered if I had indeed imagined it all. And then came the reality check. Words that washed away like a tsunami all suggestions I'd concocted any of it in my head.

"They haven't named the winners yet," she flippantly raised. "They haven't even put the photos on the website. Have you looked?"

Had I looked? Was she serious? Daily, I was checking the site for the images. Multiple times.

"No, been busy with work," I lied, not wanting her to think I was some mommy-obsessed pervert.

I detected a notable disappointment in her voice at my confession and immediately regretted my words.

"Oh," she paused. "Well... I've been looking at the photos you took. They came out great," again there was silence and I wanted to fill it by telling her

the truth. That I didn't want to see her in photos or online. That I wanted her in person. Clothed, naked, any which way. That I wanted to kiss her, to taste and touch her. That every time I jerked off, she was in my head. "I actually purchased something else from them," she again stalled. "It just arrived in the mail," she added and this time I endeavored to sound enthusiastic in response.

"Oh yeah?" I said and she noted my change in tone, her voice rising.

"I was wondering if you'd... I mean maybe we could..." It was nice to know even she was nervous about what was clearly happening between us.

"You want me to come around and take some photos?" My cock began rising as I said the words.

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Too early to be changed for bed, the familiar satin robe I spied her wearing as I glanced through the kitchen window was obviously to conceal something special. My heart was racing as I imagined what design of bikini she'd reveal. How many times had I seen her thus? Called in from play as a child. Arriving home early evening from school or football practice as a teen. Seen her moving about the kitchen in the act of preparing a meal. The perfect mother. And she was perfect. Her hair was up in the highest of ponytails, the robe barely dropping below her curved buttocks as she moved across the room, her shapely legs below. Why hadn't I noticed her beauty sooner?

"Hey," I flippantly announced my arrival as I entered the family home, just as all the fear and doubt I'd felt last I was there came flooding back. I'd come around expecting we'd fuck. That she'd come to me and we'd embrace in unrestrained incestuous desire. When we looked at each other, however,

that prospect evaporated with reality. We were mother and son, not lovers. If this was going to happen, caution needed to be shown. We both needed to be entirely on board.

"Honey," Mom just as casually responded and what followed was a moment of awkwardness. Was she recalling me running from the house in shame with pants full of cum? I blushed at my recollection and diverted my eyes from hers seeking something to stimulate conversation, her phone charging upon the bench awaiting my use. "Oh, yeah," she noted where my eyes had settled. "The battery is really low. We might have to use yours if you don't mind?"

Did I mind!? It was what I'd been wishing for from the beginning and just the thought I'd now have photos of Mom at my disposal had my dick twitching. It was then I noticed the butter. A knob sitting upon a saucer in the middle of the bench and still nodding my agreement at using my phone, I commented upon it. "What are you cooking?" I questioned and it was now her that blushed.

"Oh!" She waved a hand in dismissal before clutching at the front of her robe, what could only be described as a smirk coming to her face. "It's not for cooking," she cryptically suggested. "I bought one of those swimming plugs," she added as if it would explain everything.

"A what?" I asked.

"You know, a plug for swimming," she stated. "They sell them on the Wet Waves site. I thought if we take some photos of me wearing it and send them in... well... I've not seen any other woman on the site wearing one, so I'm sure I'll stand out when they judge the competition."

I was perplexed as to what she was referring to and told her so.

"Mom, what are you talking about? What's that got to do with the butter?"

"To get it in!" She looked at me as though I were an idiot. "I couldn't do it at first and couldn't think of something to use, then remembered that Brando movie... what was it called? Tango in France or something..." She must have noticed the blank expression on my face and got back to the story.

"Well. Butter! It was the perfect lubricant!" She finally stated.

"For what?" I was still confused.

"For the swimming plug!" She straightened where she was leaning against the kitchen bench and turned around, undoing the tie of her robe and allowing it to fall down her bare back.

My eyes followed its path as her flesh was exposed. No bikini. Not even a shoelace masquerading as one. The perfect curve of her spine, the small of her back, and as those luscious bare buttocks came into view, still nothing of note. Until she bent slightly forward and I saw it. Her 'swimming plug', the round bejeweled plunger of a butt plug nestled between her heavenly globes; the sight caused my heart to race, and my face to flush.

"Mom!" I exhaled. "That's a... that's a butt plug," I informed her, wondering how it had taken me so long to understand what she'd been referring to.

"Oh, well I've not seen it called that. But yes, a plug," she turned to face me, lifting the robe back up her arms in the process, slowly, almost halfheartedly drawing it across her breasts to give me the briefest glimpse of her smooth groin. "It stops the water going inside you when you swim," she completely misunderstood the role of the sex toy she'd inserted in her ass. "I have to say, it was bigger than I'd expected it to be. It's not unpleasant though!"

My cock was swelling at a rapid rate and I knew the sweatpants I'd chosen specifically to wear, gladly did nothing to hide my affection as I wondered if, in fact, she was putting on an act. Feigning ignorance, or innocence? An underhanded way of seducing me, of turning me on. What did I care? Naive or not, it did the trick, without even glancing down, seeing my cock tenting out at my groin.

"And you're positive about this?" I stupidly questioned her resolve.

"What?"

"Well, I mean we've been here before, you're... you'll be naked!" I once more needlessly informed her and thankfully, she dismissed my concern.

"Oh Darling," she gave me a sympathetic smile. "I do have something on... well in!" She laughed. "Now, shall we go to the bedroom?" Mom continued, dismissing my unwarranted concerns, her eyes glancing down, skirting across the development in my pants as she led the way from the kitchen and down the hallway.

Mesmerized, I followed. Glued to her rear in the robe, now catching the almost imperceptible change in her gait as she accommodated the butt plug. I momentarily looked at teenage Me's bedroom door and shook my head as I trailed Mom into her own. If only to go back in time and tell Me what was in our future I thought, smiling at the idea only to have Mom catch my expression as she turned, preparing to speak when she hit the bed.

"What?" She questioned my appearance, interrupting herself, I noticed now doing a good job at not looking at my obvious hard-on.

"Nothing Mom," I answered, my cheeks beginning to hurt from my grin.

"Everything's fine."

"Oh, ok," she threw me a sly look. "It's not how I look or anything, is it? I don't want to make a fool of myself."

"Not at all," I admitted as she climbed upon the bed, the robe parting to once more reveal her nudity, again slow to correct the malfunction. "You look perfect."

"Oh, go on!" She laughed. Allowing herself a glance at my cock, her face slowly blushing. "Now, as I was going to say. I don't mind being a little more daring this time. Let's do our best to win this thing."

"Alright," I agreed, taking a moment to stroke up the length of my erection, squeezing the underside of my shaft while she turned on the bed, her eyes diverted. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well," she began and I raised my phone as on her knees she again lowered the robe down her back. "I wouldn't say no to some close-ups."

"Ok, we can do that," I affirmed as I admired my naked mother through the screen of my iPhone, taking the first of many photos that I knew I'd be jerking off to for years to come.

"Just tell me what to do," she breathed as I dropped lower to concentrate on her ass and the focus of the photo shoot, noting the two diamante W's of the Wet Waves logo turned sideways.

"Well, you could start by straightening up the plug. You'd want their logo to be in the right position," I suggested and watched intently as she threw a hand back to take hold of the flared end.

"It does feel weird when you touch it!" She giggled as she turned the plug around only to have the letters appear upside down. "Is that better?" She looked over her shoulder at me hopefully, only to see me shake my head.

"Now they're totally the wrong way around," I laughed, and again she made to adjust the butt plug, spinning it in her sphincter.

"Now?" She questioned and I shook my head. "Oh, you do it then," she exhaled, turning away from me and dropping her chin to the mattress, the now abandoned robe falling the rest of the way off her body, her ass remaining raised upon the bed, pointed directly at me.

"Me?" I stammered.

"Yes Darling," she confirmed as she spread her knees upon the bed, her bald slit coming into view below the butt plug. "All that butter makes it quite easy to turn."

I could feel my face burning as I dropped a knee down onto the mattress, climbing up behind my naked mother. Abandoning my phone, I reached out a shaking hand and placed it upon her left buttock for support, spreading her cheek to give me greater access to the butt plug, pausing as I admired her sex.

"It's ok Honey," Mom whispered into the mattress. "You can touch me there," she added, obviously sensing my hesitance and misconstruing it as reluctance as I drew out the moment. "Here, I'll make it easier," she added.

With my fingers digging into the soft flesh of her ass, I watched as Mom pushed out upon the butt plug, the surrounding skin of her sphincter ballooning to emphasize the proportion of the plug within her body.

"Ok, do it now," she insisted, and breaking the spell I was under, I raised my other hand to take hold of the flared end of the plug, my fingers caressing the hot buttered greasiness of her asshole as I turned the Wet Waves logo to the correct position. "Mmm," Mom sighed at the action. "I admit, that does feel good!" She confessed laughing, and I released her

buttock to grab at the front of my pants heightening the moment by squeezing my hard-on through the material as I reluctantly let go of the butt plug. "I suppose that's a bit naughty to say, isn't it!?"

"Ah... it's ok," I sighed, essentially jerking off behind her, feeling the slickness of precum seeping from my eye, my cock aching to be out of my track pants. "We're good to go I think," I quickly removed my hand as once more I bordered on premature ejaculation. Not again, I told myself!

"Thank you, Darling," Mom again rose on the bed as I stepped away, doing nothing to hide my erection, willing her to look. "Now," she turned comfortable in her nudity. "What do you want me to do?"

I could think of a million things, but the professional in me got down to business, taking up my phone as I openly stared at her breasts, her nipples hard in the warm bedroom. As I dropped my gaze to feast my eyes on her groin. That perfectly smooth patch of skin above the hint of labia. Surely waxed, with no visible sign of shaving. How I longed to investigate closer and of course, I could.

"I guess just turn around again," I offered. "That position before was fine."

"Like this?" She crawled onto all fours, knees together as she looked back hopefully.

"Almost," I enthusiastically nodded. "Now, just spread your legs."

She did exactly as told, sliding her knees out beneath herself to again fully expose the butt plug, and of course her pussy below. Without further pause, I lifted the phone and began taking photos.

"That's it, Mom," I encouraged as she threw back a hand to plant upon her buttock, digging her fingers into the flesh and spreading her cheek as I'd just done. "Nice. I was just about to tell you to do that," I admitted as I

moved in closer, mounting the mattress to focus in on her ass. Inches from the butt plug, I took shot after shot of her plugged asshole and vulva below. Moisture began to glisten her labia, the scent of her sex becoming intoxicating.

"What about if I turn over?" Mom rolled before me and unashamed fell back onto her elbows, parting her legs. Despite all that had come before, the sight of her spread thighs and welcoming sex, her breasts primed for sucking, her eyes upon me, I felt suddenly embarrassed and the burning in my cheeks increased.

"Oh, Honey, I'm sorry," she seemed genuinely concerned at my reaction. "Is this a little too much?"

"What? No, I... ah..."

"You know I heard somewhere that to make everyone feel more comfortable during one of these shoots, the crew will get undressed as well," she posited.

"What?" I hoped I'd heard correctly.

"You know, it makes it more equal," her wide eyes looked expectantly up at me before slowly dropping down my torso to my groin.

"So, you think I should... I mean I just take off my..."

"That's right Darling," she coaxed. "I'm sure if we're both naked it won't be so... awkward, maybe?"

My lightheadedness from prior altercations had returned. I wanted nothing more than to get naked. To jump upon her and fuck. But as I placed my phone on the bed, the last atom of doubt sparked in my brain. What if this wasn't what I believed was happening? What if I took off my pants and she

was horrified at my arousal? I lifted the t-shirt from my body and watched intently her reaction to my bare chest, seeing her lips part ever so slightly. Was that good? I kicked off my shoes and tucked my fingers into the waist of my pants before stalling. I had to admit my state.

"Mom, I just want you to..." I began before she interrupted me in a whisper.

"Darling, I know," she sighed, and never removing my eyes from hers, I pulled my track pants and shorts down over my hard-on, presenting my desire to the room.

There was silence. Extended. As I stepped out of my pants leaving them on the carpeted floor, the discomfort I presumed I'd feel faded with her smile. Her look of maternal pride.

"See," she struggled to lift her eyes from my admittedly impressive-looking erection. "Doesn't that feel better?" She questioned and I had to agree. That atom of doubt evaporated. It felt so right to undress before her. Seemingly so normal for a mother and son to be naked together. As nature intended.

"You're not upset by..." I made a motion pointed toward my crotch and her eyes once again fell upon my hard-on.

"Oh Baby. No loving mother could," she sighed as she slowly shook her head. "Now, where were we?"

"I think we were about to do some more close-ups," I suggested as I managed to take my eyes off her for a moment to retrieve my phone.

"Oh yes," Mom purred. "But can you even see the plug like this?" She highlighted her position and as I climbed onto the bed, I looked down at her pussy, the butt plug buried into the mattress.

"Not really," I shook my head. "Maybe you could...." I began but Mom was way ahead of me.

"Do this?" She read my thoughts, rolling back to lift her spread legs under her arms. Her buttocks rose from the bed, her pussy and the butt plug presented to me obscenely. "How does that look, Honey?"

"P... Perfect," I stammered as I lifted the phone to take a photo, capturing the glistening that now coated her entire pussy, her inner thighs.

"You can get in closer if you like?" Mom hinted and I shuffled further toward her. In response, she leaned back and her ass raised higher in the air, her knees dropping to the mattress on either side of her head, letting out a giggle at the outcome. "How's that?" She beamed, her face reddening.

"Even better!" I admitted and watched as she again pushed the butt plug out, the chrome of the bulb bulging her sphincter to which I took more photos.

"That feels so weird!" Mom laughed as the butt plug was sucked back in.

"Try it, Baby," she proposed and I moved further into her body, my spread thighs meeting her back, my erection against her spine.

Once more I had my fingers around the butt plug and this time pulled out on the bejeweled flared rim, Mom moaning at my actions as her asshole pouted.

"Oh God," she sighed. "Is it meant to feel this good?"

I couldn't provide an answer. Mesmerized by the sight, I pushed it back in before repeating the process all the while taking multiple photos. Mom managed to release a hand from her thigh and it found its way to her pussy, and as I recorded the moment for posterity, she ran her fingers along her slit before splaying her labia, revealing the moist pink within.

"I've seen models pose like this," she declared as if the actions we were partaking in were still in the realm of a competition photo shoot. "How does it look, Baby?" She purred, and not realizing I'd been holding my breath; I released it with a sigh before inhaling deep her scent, doing everything I could to not plunge my face into her exposed and beckoning sex.

"Mom, I..." I fumbled over my thoughts and words. "I don't think we can use these photos," I admitted as she concentrated her touch on her clit, slipping her fingers back and forth over her swollen button, her eyes upon me, searching my reaction.

"Well, they can be just for us then," she whispered. "Our little secret family photos," she quickened the movement of her hand, her fingers slick to the second knuckle.

"Oh God," I breathed, barely a whisper.

"Honey?" Mom questioned, her middle finger slipping between her labia, and entering herself.

"Is this happening?" I struggled to voice, grinding my cock against her back.

"I don't know Darling," she panted. "If you want it to."

That was it. I was done. My cock had never felt harder as it abutted her inverted spine, the head lathered with precum as it slid against her skin. No more games. I looked at us from outside my body and there was no longer any doubt. It should've been obvious two weeks before, but some taboos are harder to break than others. Time to ultimately declare my position, I decided.

"Oh, fuck this!" I gasped as I threw the phone down beside us and grasping her thighs for leverage, buried my face into her pussy. Laughing, Mom

withdrew her fingers as my nose smashed into her clit, my tongue immediately darting out to slurp at her flowing natural lubricant.

"Oh fuck Baby, yes!" she giggled as I pushed my tongue into her body, my chin pressing the butt plug into her asshole. "Tongue fuck me, Darling," she added and even in the position we were in I was shocked I'd just heard my mother say 'fuck.' Twice! Despite her words, I needed not her prompting. Caution thrown to the wind I licked inside her, deep, drinking her mommy juice as she began grinding herself up into me.

"So good Baby," she moaned and I quaffed my way to her clit, wrapping my lips as best I could around her little pink dial, sucking and licking until she was writhing with pleasure. "Make me..." she stammered. "You're gonna make Momm...make me..." Words failed to come to her lips as I slid a hand along her thigh and used my thumb to push at the butt plug, deftly slipping a finger into her welcoming vagina. "...cum Baby!" She managed to cry as I finger fucked her, nibbling and sucking on her clit as she came against my face. "Don't stop... Don't stop... Yes... Yes... Yesss," she moaned as her body shivered in spasms; her eyes glazed and her head rolled back upon the mattress as I held her closer, pressing my thighs into her, my arm wrapping around her leg and upside-down torso, face glued to her cunt. Our bodies never as close. Our familial connection was never so strong. "Fuck me now," Mom managed, and with our eyes locked, I allowed her body to fall flat upon the bed. "I need you inside me, Darling."

I'd never entered a woman so quickly. With perfect ease, my cock guided its way between her velvety folds before even my torso met hers. And when it did, I knew this was where I belonged. Where I should always have been. Her soft breasts met my chest as her arms wrapped around me, drawing me further into her embrace, sucking my cock deeper into her body. With our

eyes fixed upon the others, my mouth descended, and her tongue, desperate to taste my lips, to taste herself upon my lips, flicked out to meet me.

Perfect was the kiss. Perfect was the union. Mother and son in tune as if we were made for each other. And of course, we were. I was born from this womb, and no other cock would ever feel as at home. No man would be better suited to fuck her. No one could she ever feel as comfortable with. "I love you," I whispered into her mouth and her kisses intensified, nibbling, biting, her tongue licking my lips, my cheeks, my jaw.

"Don't stop," she found my ear, and her breathing gave me goosebumps.

"Never," I told her and it was true. Fuck Freud, screw mortified teenage Me. I'd found the love of my life; discovered my soulmate right in my family home. The hardness of my cock testified; and for as long as she needed me to, I swore I'd keep fucking my mother.

She arched her neck as my pelvis repeatedly slammed into her body and her throat presented, I kissed; my passion turned to sucking, and as I moved on, a hickey remained, Mom immediately recognized the crime committed.

"Oh, you naughty boy," she laughed and I grinned, sliding my arm lower beneath her torso and grabbing her ass.

"I'm not the only one that's naughty," I slowed the rhythm of my fucking and took hold of the butt plug, pulling on it, feeling it against my cock through her vaginal wall.

"Oh God that feels good," she sighed, her mouth opening with pleasure.

"You feel so good. So hard Baby."

"It's all for you Mom," I groaned, my dick plunging to its zenith, withdrawing so slowly, reentering. "My hard cock; my love. It's all for you," I declared, kissing her gaping mouth.

"Will you cum Lover?" She managed to question and abandoning the butt plug, I rose on my knuckles to look down on her from above. To watch my cock sliding in and out of her gorgeous pussy, that hairless mound begging to be kissed, her breasts slowly wobbling with every thrust, her beautiful face, begging to be cum upon. "I need to see it, Baby," she continued, not waiting for my answer. "I wanna see your love for me."

"You want it, Mom?" I asked, more a statement.

"I want it, Baby," she affirmed as I again increased my pace, my balls slapping the butt plug. "I need it, Baby," she almost demanded and who was I to deny this woman? This giver of life. This Goddess.

"I'm gonna..." I held my breath as I felt the inevitable approaching, her pussy so slick, so tight around my hardness. "I'm gonna..."

"Yes Baby. Cum for me," Mom begged. "Cum all over me Darling."

"Fuck Mom," I pulled from her and climbed up over her belly, my orgasm so close, strokes away.

"Use my boobs Baby," Mom's wide eyes devoured my erection. "Fuck Mommy's tits Lover," she suggested, taking them in her hands, and bringing them together around my slick engorged penis.

This wouldn't last long, I realized as I pumped my hips, my heavy balls slapping her sternum. With her jaw dropped, the head of my cock nudging her chin with each thrust, Mom opened her mouth wide and suggestively poked out her tongue in the hope of licking cock or receiving the full blast when it should come.

"Yes Baby," she gasped. "I love it. Your big dick between my tits. Cum on them Honey. Cum on Mommy's face Darling," she ordered, and she didn't have to wait long.

Two, three thrusts between her pussy juice lubricated cleavage and I was releasing.

"Oh..." I realized I still wasn't breathing, the lightheadedness amplifying the ecstasy. "O... O... Oh Mamma!" I gasped as I exploded like a geyser. Mom took a shot to the side of her face, the thread of cum streaking from cheek to forehead, laying across her left eye. Again, I came. Pulse after pulse from my veiny firehose, spraying her neck, her hair, her chin. Releasing her breasts Mom took charge of my weapon, grasping and guiding my decreasing flow onto her eager tongue. Her body shuffled down to accept me fully within her mouth, her lips wrapping my cock, her cheeks sucking me like a thick meaty straw. "Fuuck!" I exhaled the last of my held breath before filling my lungs with the scent of pussy, sex, and cum that permeated the air of her bedroom.

"Yes, we did!" Mom giggled as her lips came off my dick, her mouth full of cum before she swallowed, grinning like that cat that got the cream, which she in fact had.

"What?" I fell beside her, my abs aching, even my buttocks sore from the workout.

"Fuck Baby," Mom sighed. "We just fucked," she glowed, using a finger to wipe the cum that daubed her throat like a necklace and sucking it into her mouth, again swallowing after savoring the taste.

"And it was awesome!" I complimented, helping her labors by wiping up the streak of cum coating her cheek, lifting it from over her partially closed eye in a sticky thread.

"You're awesome," Mom took my hand and guided my cum coated finger between her lips.

"And you're the world's best mother," I admitted hoping to get the last say in the battle of compliments, surprised when the smile faded from her greedy cum smeared lips. "What?" I questioned, worried, and she paused before she spoke.

"You might not think that after I tell you," she cryptically stated and I frowned.

"Tell me what?"

"I have something to admit," she blushed and I rose further on my elbow, now fully invested in what she had to say. In the time provided to me, bad thoughts entered my head. Had she not wanted this? Had I forced myself upon her? Was she regretting what we'd done already? "I knew the Wet Waves stand was at the mall!" She confessed and I attempted to keep a straight face. "I was there the day before and knew all about the promotion," her eyes found mine, vulnerable and beautiful, and cum lined lips regardless, I wanted to kiss her. Refraining. "I just thought it could be something fun to do together. Are you angry with me?" She asked and I rose to my knees on the bed, Mom's doe eyes following, just as they'd looked back in the mall, begging me to pay for her bikini club subscription.

"What do you think?" I smiled, as I moved down to plant the kiss upon her pubic mound that I'd longed to do earlier, Mom sighing as she watched.

"That's not all," she barely whispered and I raised my eyebrows as I decorated her bald pubis with affection.

"Oh?"

"I didn't press enter!" She blushed and I was confused for a moment. "I didn't upload the photos to the site," she confessed and I raised slightly from

between her legs. "I don't want everyone to see me..." she quickly explained before pausing. "Just you."

Our eyes were locked. She'd never looked so beautiful. My cock which hadn't completely softened, hardened against the mattress and I wanted to enter her again, right then and there.

"Good," I stated, and surprised, her face brightened. "I don't want to share you with the world either," I admitted.

"But what about the competition? You're not disappointed?" She questioned and in response I dropped my chin, once more kissing her mound of Venus, lower and the uppermost slit of her vulva, my tongue slipping out to taste her incest-marinated sex.

"I don't know about you, but as far as I'm concerned, I've won something far greater than a Bahamas cruise," I grinned.

"So, I'm not in trouble?" I could almost sense a little disappointment in her; was it mischief?

"Well now, I didn't say that," I quickly rose to my knees and accompanied by her giggles, rolled her onto her stomach, pulling her naked ass up off the mattress. Caressing her buttocks, my fingers made their way to the butt plug, and again I found myself manipulating it in her anus. "Push it out Mom," I ordered and watched once more with fascination as her sphincter bulged around the chrome plug, its girth slowly sliding from her rubbery grip to come away from her body and into my possession.

Her asshole remained gaped as I lifted the plug up between us for inspection.

"Just as I suspected Mom. You ordered the small," I noted as I caressed her greasy buttered anus with my other hand, two fingers easily accommodated

within her willing cavern. "Let's see how you take something a little larger," I proposed as my cock once more reached its full potential, and along with her satisfied and encouraging sigh, I pressed the bulbous head up against her vacated asshole.

Fortune Favours the Brave

Mary Harper stood in the lamplight on the pier, looking out into the black ocean. An overwhelming sense of loneliness swept over her like the waves on the shore below. Her fiftieth birthday. Her husband of thirty two years leaving her a week before. A son she loved but rarely saw and a part time job that no longer held any satisfaction. The laughter of drunken couples surrounded her and never had she felt so disconnected to society, to happiness.

"God, I think I've drunk too much!" She stated as her two workmates barrelled into her against the railing. "I'm beginning to feel melancholy."

"Haven't we all Darling!" Clarissa shouted.

"It's your birthday," Steffie expounded. "Don't be melancholy, be merry. No that's Christmas!"

"Oh I went through merry about an hour ago," Mary admitted. "I'm moving quickly on to depression."

Clarissa took her by the arm and dragged her off the guard rail. "Then we'll find another bar and drink some more. We'll get you back to merry Darling."

"No that's Christmas!" Steffie repeated, stumbling on her heels as she followed the two other women back towards the strip.

* * * * *

Morgan let himself into his parent's house and ascended the stairs. No, not his parent's house, he told himself. His mother's house. He'd have to get used to calling it that. The dick. He thought. How could his father file for

divorce a week before his mother's birthday? He was aware their relationship hadn't been perfect, but the timing. "Asshole," Morgan stated as he passed a photo of his father in the hallway.

A tool box under one arm and the packaging of the new shower head in his hand he made his way past his old bedroom towards his parent's, no, his mother's room. It felt wrong somehow. To be in her house without her knowledge. It was his childhood home of course. He could come and go whenever he chose but it still felt an intrusion. More so as he entered her bedroom.

The bed was of course impeccably made. Her dressing table orderly. The only real disorder to the room were the few dresses laid out on the bed. Evidence of her indecision as to what to wear he reasoned. He was pleased she'd chosen to go out with her friends. Not only as it allowed him time to install her present but he'd noticed her mood had soured since his father's decision. Not unsurprisingly of course. But it wasn't like her to be so sad. He always pictured her smiling and like the loving son he was, he wanted her to be happy. Turning on the light in the bathroom, Morgan stopped in his tracks and reassessed his very presence in the house.

* * * * *

The three women stumbled out of another nightclub. Steffie had abandoned her heels altogether and carried them hanging from her handbag. The shops they walked past on their way to the next bar were mostly closed, take-out and all night convenience stores the exception.

"Oh look," Clarissa unnecessarily shouted in Mary's ear. "A fortune teller! And they're open."

The shop front was half the size of those surrounding and the glass painted in swirling mist and stars.

"So," Mary stated.

"So, you should get a reading."

"Why?" Mary threw back. Both women looked at Steffie who had squatted in the adjacent doorway and was in the process of hitching up her dress.

"Don't mind me," Steffie slurred as she released a stream of pee onto the concrete, oblivious to passers by.

Shaking her head but smiling at the action of her companion, Clarissa looked back at Mary. "Because you need to know what's ahead." Clarissa took Mary's hand. "Look you may not believe in these things but it'd be a bit of fun wouldn't it? Honey, with all that's happened. You could use it!"

Why not? Mary thought to herself.

"Ugh, that's better," Steffie declared as she rose from her impromptu toilet break. "So what's happening?"

"Mary's having her fortune read!" Clarissa declared, taking both women by the arm and marching them through the door beads hanging from the frame.

* * * * *

Morgan sat on the closed lid of the toilet looking into the shower stall.

"What do I do?" He asked himself. "What do I do?"

The new shower head was the only present he'd organized for his mother. A wide rainfall head with attached hand shower that didn't need to work independently, meaning both flows ran at once. The ultimate decadence and

the shower head especially, something he knew his mother had dreamed of for some time.

The problem was what protruded from the far wall of the shower. It had been obvious the moment he'd entered. Just below waist height. Flesh colored and he guessed, roughly nine inches in length.

It wasn't like he'd never seen one before, but to see the suction cup dildo in his own mother's house, in her shower where there was no doubt as to its reason for being; well it wasn't something a son regularly contemplated.

He couldn't take his eyes from it. It drew so many images in his mind. The floor of the shower was wet. She'd only been in there hours before. Had she used it then? The time passed and he realized he had to make a decision. Leave now and pretend he'd never seen it. Or install the shower head and ignore its presence. Be an adult, he told himself. What's the big deal? So my mother masturbates in the shower, so what? But even as he thought of it, the picture of her naked, fucking herself under the flow of water filled his mind and ashamedly, it looked pretty hot.

* * * * *

The woman was a caricature straight out of a movie. In her late sixties or seventies, she wore a shawl over her head and shoulders and spoke with an Eastern European accent.

"You will cross my palm with twenty shekels and your fortune to be read," she explained and Clarissa was quick to find the money from her purse.

"I'll pay you back," Mary promised as she sat before the woman, a crystal ball between them.

Clarissa dismissed her comment with a wave of the hand and sat beside Steffie who was soundly sleeping, snoring lightly on the bench provided.

The woman ran her hands over the glass ball and murmured something in her own dialect before glancing at Mary. "You have had celebration, yes?"

It wasn't totally unpredictable. Middle aged women out on the town, drunk. There must have been some motive for them to not be at home on a week night.

"It's my birthday," Mary provided.

"Yes, yes. I see."

"Never mind about the past," Clarissa interrupted over Mary's shoulder.

"Get to the good stuff. What does her future look like?"

"Please I need relax mood," the fortune teller fired back and Clarissa resumed her position. Steffie had slumped further, a contented trickle of drool running from her mouth.

"You have great sadness," the seer proclaimed and Mary felt her stomach turn. "Yet I see light my child." The woman moved a hand from the crystal ball to touch Mary's and she felt genuine warmth conveyed in the contact.

"A man is coming into your life," she continued and both Clarissa and Mary straightened to hear more. "He rides horses!"

Mary racked her brain to think of a man she knew that rode or would have anything to do with a horse and came up blank.

"He is how you say, outdoorsman," she elaborated. "His hands," she held her own out before her. "They work iron; wood. Yet he is gentle. He will learn your most intimate secret and he will never say a word."

The description was becoming less plausible the more detail it conveyed but Mary listened on.

"He will shower you with gifts. He will see you at your worst and love you all the more."

"Oh goodness," Clarissa remarked from behind. "If you don't want him Mary, I will."

The oracle ignored the intrusion and ran her hands again over the glass.

"In the strangest place you will wish to make love but at the ballet, after a feast it will happen....." The woman stopped in her telling and leaned back cocking her head. "It is strange....I see....no it can't be....never mind." She concluded.

"So that's it?" Clarissa stood up, knocking Stephie in the process and drawing her from her slumber. "Do we even know what he looks like?" She added.

The fortune teller shook her head. "I only see what the glass allows."

"Hmm," Clarissa frowned. "At least give us a tall, dark and handsome!"

To this the fortune teller almost broke character and half smiled. "As you wish," looking back at the still seated Mary. "He has eyes like the darkest forest."

* * * * *

Morgan tightened the nut around the shower arm and turned the head to face the correct direction. He stood back to survey his handiwork and was proud of the job he'd done. The counterfeit cock caught in the corner of his eye and he looked directly at its veiny length, hairless latex balls hanging beneath.

"What do you think buddy? Did I do a good job?"

He tapped the bulbous head with the end of his spanner and watched it comically bob up and down.

"Exactly," Morgan laughed before being silenced by it slipping from the wall. Bouncing to the floor of the shower, it landed between his feet.

"Oh shit!" He gasped. The whole situation had uncomfortable written all over it. Squatting down, Morgan took hold of the cold dildo and lifted it back to where a smudge on the tiled wall signalled its origin.

Pressing the suction hard, an image of his mother taking the cock in her mouth came to him. Jesus, he thought. Does she suck it? How much can she take before she chokes? The idea of his mother sucking a dildo, the very dildo he had in his hand dominated his mind. Coating it with saliva before taking it inside her body, her ass slapping the wall as she penetrated herself. It was only upon standing did he realize he had an erection.

* * * * *

It was after one a.m. and Mary had been waiting for the Uber more than twenty minutes past it's arrival time. In a well lit area with constant pedestrian traffic she didn't feel unsafe but she'd drunk way too much, her feet were killing her and she really needed to pee. She looked at her phone and tried the Uber app again but her eyes wouldn't focus on the small text and it just made her nauseous. Taxis drove past but she hated the thought of sitting in the rear of a dirty cab. Did she even have money to pay the fare, she pondered?

She hated doing it. Even in her inebriated state, she could see how annoying being woken in the middle of the night to come and get your drunken mother would be but what other choice did she have? To her surprise he

answered on the first ring and without a word of complaint he took down her whereabouts.

* * * * *

"I'm glad really," Morgan stated. "There's something at your house I want to show you!"

The movement of her son's Mustang had been soothing at first and as he drove her home she'd begun to doze off. Now however, the amount of alcohol she'd consumed was coming back to haunt and again nausea overwhelmed her.

Morgan looked across as her head pressed to the glass of the passenger window. "We can stop if you want."

Mary waved her hand dismissively. "No I'm alright. Just keep going. What were you saying?"

"Oh nothing, you'll see." He again glanced at her and thought he'd never seen her so drunk. Dad, he said to himself. Asshole!

* * * * *

"I can carry you?" Morgan offered as she struggled to walk beside him from the car to her front door.

He was already carrying her handbag and with an arm around her waist was essentially supporting most of her weight already.

"Oh no Honey, hic," Mary hiccuped, placing an arm up over his shoulder. "I can, hic, make it!"

Mounting the steps was an experience and a shoe came off half way. This caused her to begin laughing and Morgan took it upon himself to carry her the rest of the way anyway.

"Ooh, hic. You're so strong Honey. Stronger than your loser, hic, father that's for, hic, sure!" She opined, looking into her son's face, her arms hugging his neck.

Morgan tried to get his keys without putting her down but it was futile and to Mary's regret he lowered her back to her feet and unlocked the door.

"Ooh my shoe!" She declared.

"Don't worry, I'll go back and get it," Morgan stated. "Actually." He dropped to his knees before her and undoing the sling on her remaining high heel, lifted her foot out of the shoe.

Mary had one hand on the door frame, the other she reached down and stroked Morgan's hair off his forehead. "What, hic, would I do without you?"

Being at her waist it was only then he noticed how high her dress had ridden up her thighs, her bare legs on display from just below her crotch to her toes. They looked pretty good for her age, he thought and all of a sudden the image of her in the shower with the dildo flooded back.

"Oh I'm sure you'd manage," he offered and rose to direct her into the house.

They reached the kitchen and before even contemplating getting her up the stairs to her bedroom, Morgan suggested a large glass of water.

"You're so good, always looking after me...Oh I forgot!" Mary stated, pushing her son against the fridge. "I saw a psycho!"

"What?" Morgan replied, wondering what she was talking about but glad her hiccups had stopped.

"Oh not a psycho, a psychic." She slapped her forehead. "We went to a fortune teller," she admitted. "She said I'm going to meet someone Morgan." She scrunched the front of his t-shirt and her glassy eyes looked intently into his. "But I don't need him," she added. "I have you!"

It looked to Morgan like she was about to cry and ever so slowly she leaned in towards his face.

"Oh shit!" Mary cried out and stumbled towards the sink.

She just made it before a stream of vomit flowed from her mouth. All liquid, Morgan was there beside her quickly and held her hair back from the sink. An action that even in her state, didn't go unnoticed by his mother.

* * * * *

The purge went a long way to sobering her up. The large drink of cold water even more so.

"I must look awful!" Mary remarked. "You must hate me."

Morgan chuckled. "You look fine, maybe a little green! And I love you. What good am I if not to hold back your hair from a little vomit!?"

"So what was it?" Mary asked him.

Morgan raised his eyebrows before realizing she was asking what it was he'd wanted to show her.

"Oh it's in your bathroom." He felt his face redden and wondered whether she remembered she'd left her toy on the wall.

"In my bathroom?" Her frown showed she had no idea what it could be but the blood draining from her face told him she had remembered the dildo.

If she wasn't sobering up a minute before, she was now. Oh my God, my playmate! She screamed at herself. Did I put it away? It wasn't an everyday thing that she'd use it. Her husband didn't even know she owned it. It was just that afternoon, before going out, she'd felt so horny and needed relief. She hadn't even cum, just toyed with it in the shower. Please tell me I put it away, she pleaded.

Rising, but her eyes trained suspiciously on her son, Mary moved towards the stairs. Morgan followed, remaining close behind her to steady her if she stumbled on her wobbly legs; he wasn't disappointed with the view of her ass as she ascended. The hint of panty when she reached the top caused admittedly impure thoughts to enter his head and he tried to remove them as he wondered how the dildo situation would play out.

"Um," Mary stopped at her bedroom door. "I just have to pee!"

"Oh, yeah of course," Morgan stepped back. "I'll wait."

"Ok," she drummed her fingers on the doorframe. "So it's in the bathroom? My bathroom?"

"Yep," Morgan grinned and cursed himself for his actions. You're an idiot Morgan. She thinks your talking about the dildo. Why did you ever go through with it? Idiot.

Oh Jesus, Mary thought. He's seen my playmate. He's talking about my playmate. He's making fun of me. Why would he do this? What else could he be talking about?

She left him at her door and went to the bathroom. There was a moment before the light came on that she thought it would all be ok. That she was mistaken and had secreted it away before she'd left. But no. There it was. As obvious as the nose on her face, in every direction she looked, there was its

unmistakable color in her peripheral vision. She looked around for sign of anything else. Had he bought her new towels? Bath products? Nothing. She really did need to pee and before she did so, quickly ripped the cock from the wall and threw it in a vanity drawer, completely missing her new shower unit.

The cistern refilling, she looked in the mirror at her white face before exiting and as she turned she saw it. "Oh my God!" She screamed in genuine delight as she re-opened the door to her shower.

Morgan hearing her shout, tentatively opened the door to the bathroom and his eyes went directly to where the dildo had been, entering fully when he saw it gone.

"I love it!" Mary ecstatically clapped.

Thankfully with the new shower head to focus his attention on, the elephant now hiding somewhere in the room needn't be mentioned and Morgan joined his mother outside the shower.

"Honey, it's wonderful," she beamed. The dildo was still in her mind but the embarrassment of her son knowing her most intimate secret was put aside with the joy of his gift. "When did you, how did you? Oh my God, I love it."

With abandon she threw her arms around Morgan and kissed his cheek. There was a strange moment with her body pressed to his that she felt like kissing his mouth, settling instead with another kiss on the cheek.

"It has the hand attachment as well," Morgan stated. "And check this out." He turned on the faucet and the rainfall shower head showed its power and then flicking a lever, the hand shower came on as well.

"They work at the same time!" Mary gushed.

Morgan nodded.

"Your father never even offered to get this for me Honey," she stated and as she'd been on the verge of in the kitchen, her eyes filled with tears.

"Happy birthday Mom," Morgan said and looking down at his watch added. "For yesterday! I love you." Turning off the shower, Morgan kissed her on the forehead and couldn't recall ever doing that before then.

Wiping her dripping mascara, Mary sniffed and didn't need to wonder how she must have looked, the mirror right there. He loves me even in this state, she thought to herself.

"Listen, I'm gonna get going and you should get some sleep," Morgan ventured as she walked him out of the bathroom.

"I will, later," she stated. "You know I have to try out my new shower!"

Morgan smiled and rubbed her arm as he left. And with her shouting again her thanks and how much she loved him, he descended the stairs. The sound of the shower starting made him smile and then he wondered if she again had the dildo?

* * * * *

Morgan walked through the retirement village and navigated his way to his grandmother's unit.

"Knock, knock," he called as he passed through her unlocked screen door and found her in the living room.

"What's this?" Patty remarked. "Two visitors in the one day!"

Morgan kissed his grandmother and went to take up his regular seat beside her, his eyes drifting to the television where women paraded shapewear.

"Let me guess, Mom?" Morgan asked.

"Uh huh," Patty confirmed examining her grandson. "Where are my chocolates?"

Morgan managed to tear his eyes from the alluring display on the screen.

"Oh poop, I forgot. Sorry Nan."

"Hah," she exclaimed. "You and your mother. Memories like sieves."

"Why, what's she done?"

"Well while you're here, you can get it," she explained. "She forgot to take her box."

"Box of what?"

"Oh go get it would you Dear, in my closet, bottom shelf, just a cardboard box."

Morgan rose but was reluctant to leave the room. The camera zooming in on the crotch of the middle aged model.

"Do you watch this all day Nana?"

"Hmm?"

"The Home Shopping channel?"

"Oh, I don't want to miss the bargains."

"But you never buy anything!" Morgan remarked.

"Because it's all cheap crap!"

"Then why do you.....? Never mind," he resigned and made his way to his grandmother's room, retrieving the box.

"You can give it to her when you see her," Patty mentioned as Morgan retook his place.

"I don't know when that'll be," he replied.

"When did you last see her?"

"Her birthday," Morgan admitted.

"Morgan!" Patty scolded. "That was more than two weeks ago. You need to visit her more now, since, well you know, your father."

His grandmother was just reaffirming what he knew to be true. He hadn't necessarily avoided seeing her, it was just he was putting off any uncomfortable feelings they'd surely mutually share. He knew that she knew, so to speak. Finding a dildo in your mother's shower wasn't a normal event.

"So what's in the box?" He asked, changing the subject.

"Oh just photos, memorabilia of her dancing," Patty offered, continuing on with the word search puzzle before her. "Your father didn't want it in the house," she added.

Morgan opened the box and a large photo album underneath a trophy came into view.

"Dancing?" He remarked, lifting out the small trophy, a gold figurine of a girl in a dance pose standing atop. "What dancing? And what's Dad got to do with it?"

Patty placed down her pen and looking over her glasses at Morgan, furrowed her brow. "You know your mother danced! You joined in with her when you were little."

A vague memory of playing around in the family room came to mind but quickly faded away.

"Before your father put an end to it that is," Patty added.

Morgan shook his head and lifted out the photo album. "Wait what? What did Dad do?"

Patty removed her glasses completely. "I suppose we can talk about it now. Now that the bastard's shown his true face."

Morgan didn't bat an eyelid at his grandmother's mention of his father. Agreeing with her wholeheartedly.

"He never liked her dancing," Patty began as Morgan opened the photo album to a page showing a young woman that looked very much like his mother on a stage. "Called it 'slutty' he did. And of course when you started to show an interest he nipped that in the bud. Placed that golf club in your hands right away!"

Morgan went back to the start of the album and early photos of his mother he'd never seen. Ballet classes as a little girl. What looked to be dance recitals in her teens and as she aged, ever more professional events. A billfold for the stage-play Chicago.

"We're not sorry about that Morgan, we're all proud of how well you've done. Your mother especially. It's just a shame that it came to the detriment of your relationship with Mary."

It was true. Golf, though he didn't love the game anymore, had brought him a great deal of success. For a time a top 250 player and now full time coach at one of the more elite clubs.

"I seriously didn't know any of this!" Morgan declared.

"Your father for some twisted reason didn't want any evidence of it in the house, especially those later photos," Patty gestured towards the page open in Morgan's lap. His mother wore a corset and fishnet stockings but it was her pose that really caught his eye. Sitting on a chair with her legs spread wide in an overtly sexual manner. Between the closeups of crotches on the television and the smorgasbord of raunchy pics of his mother, even in the presence of his grandmother, Morgan got an erection.

"Are you going to make us a cup of tea Love?" Patty asked, turning her attention back toward her puzzle.

Not wanting to rise up in his current state, Morgan grunted he would before examining the rest of the box. Ballet shoes, more framed awards and beneath, what looked to be clothing.

"But really Morgan," his grandmother stated. "It wouldn't hurt to spend some time with her. A mother's relationship with her son is a special one. A mother and daughter, well that dynamic is always about competition, but a boy and his mom. Now that's a pure love. Every girl the boy meets he'll compare to his mother and the little man she created with her own loins, well, no girl will ever love him more than she."

* * * * *

"So one of my clients cancelled tomorrow afternoon," Morgan explained. "I was wondering if you wanted to come and play nine holes?"

His phone call came at the right time for Mary. Staring at an unopened bottle of Jack Daniels at 12:30 in the afternoon, she had nothing but her thoughts as company and they were proving to be a poor distraction.

"I haven't played in years!" Mary laughed.

"Good, then you won't show me up in front of my peers," Morgan quipped.
"So it's a yes?"

"Of course Honey, I'd love to," Mary sighed. "And Baby, thank you."

Morgan wondered whether she was thanking him for the golf date or not mentioning her dildo but hung up feeling good about himself. She sounds so sad he thought. Nana's right, I should spend more time with her he told himself.

Mary put the bottle of whiskey away and went to her bedroom to look for her old golfing outfit. They'd played a lot as a family. Regularly when Morgan began showing talent for the game. It had always been pleasant being outdoors with her men back then. 'Outdoors' Mary repeated to herself and the drunken memory of her birthday came back to her. 'He's an outdoorsman, works iron and wood with his hands' she paraphrased. The image of golf clubs came to mind, irons, woods, and the thought caught her breath.

She opened her closet and found on a rack the white polo shirt and matching skirt. Small, read the label. Ten years it had probably been since she'd worn it and despite its age, she couldn't fault its quality as it hugged her body, the skirt taught over her buttocks and tightly clenching her breasts. She turned and didn't hate her reflection and as she thought of her son's dark forest green eyes, she wondered if he'd like her in it?

* * * * *

Mary walked along the beachside strip looking for the fortune teller's shopfront. "Don't tell me it doesn't exist," she joked with herself as she struggled to remember where they'd found it on that drunken night.

She was there for answers. The words of the 'gypsy' had haunted her overnight. 'He will see you at your worst and love you all the more.' Morgan had held her hair back when she'd vomited, said he loved her. That qualified surely. 'He will shower you with gifts.' Morgan had given her a shower as a gift! 'He'd learn her most intimate secret and never say a word.' She knew he'd seen her 'playmate' suction cupped to the wall of the shower and yet he'd let it slide. There were too many coincidences. A month before she would have laughed off believing anything a so called psychic said to her. Now she was not so flippant.

She'd passed the shop before she noticed it. Everything looking different in the light. Closed, she peered through the glass door and saw movement inside before knocking. The woman that came to the door looked familiar and it took a moment to realize she was one and the same.

"You look twenty years younger," Mary marvelled and the woman smiled.

"Makeup Babe," she laughed.

"And I notice you've lost your accent!" Mary herself smiled, understanding her whole visage that night had been an act.

"What can I say, people expect that sort of thing," she winked. "Would you have believed anything I said to you if I gave it to you like this?"

"So you remember me?" Mary asked, relieved.

To this the woman's face clouded. "Yeah, I remember."

Mary sat with the woman in the back room of the shop drinking coffee.

"And you see it in the glass ball?"

"No not exactly," the woman now looking ten years younger than even herself Mary thought, explained. "The crystal ball is just for show. I think

the things, I see them in my mind. It's like when someone has drawn a cartoon in the corner of a book and you flick through to see the image change."

"And that's the vision you have of people, like a little comic book?" Mary asked.

"No," the woman refuted. "I see the words of the book under the thumb, flying by so very quickly, like reading someones biography in snippets and they form as images in my mind."

"But you saw something else that night. Something you told me to never mind. What was it?"

The woman looked in Mary's eyes and nodded. "I saw him in your arms."

"The mystery man?" Mary asked, leaning forward.

"Yes and no. I saw a child, a baby in your arms. He was yours I know that. But he was also your mystery man. It didn't make sense and of course, that can't be! Can it?"

Mary leaned back and breathed out noticeably.

"Yeah look, I'm sorry my prediction didn't work out but sometimes I get it wrong you know," the fortune teller explained. "I mean you can have your twenty back if that's what this is about?"

"No," Mary replied, a calm coming over her. "No I'm satisfied with my fortune." She crossed the woman's palm with another twenty 'shekels' to show her gratitude for opening the store and left the strip looking for the nearest bus stop.

* * * * *

"That's it, head directly over the ball," Morgan directed his mother from behind. He tried to focus solely on her stance but found himself admiring her body instead. He remembered her wearing the outfit back when they played together as a family, more than ten years he fathomed but never recalled her looking so good. That she had put on weight was undeniable, the straps of her bra clearly visible pressing through the white polo shirt, but it was her ass his eyes kept coming back to. The skirt was definitely shorter than most of the women wore on the course, the leg of her pastel blue boy short underwear noticeable whenever she bent forward.

"Yep, now just spread your legs a little!"

The words sent an excited shiver down Mary's spine. My son's ordering me to spread my legs, she laughed internally. She could feel his eyes on her from behind, he'd be looking at my ass right now, she reasoned. Can he see my panties? She asked herself. She'd noticed her reflection in a window whilst awaiting the bus and was shocked at how short her skirt had looked now she was in public. It explained the admiring glances she'd seen from men from almost the minute she'd left home.

Morgan walked around to examine her stance from the side. It was a strange experience forensically studying her. Staring at, assessing her body with impunity. Able to almost ogle without fear of being discovered.

"You really do have great posture Mom, your back's perfectly straight. Now remember the follow through," Morgan directed.

Mary swung and the ball sailed sweetly down the fairway before looking back at Morgan for appraisal.

"How was that?" She asked.

Morgan lifted his eyes from her breasts to her face, her pony tail pulled through her cap swinging over her shoulder, her eyes glinting in the sunlight.

"Perfect," he admitted.

A par four, Morgan watched his second stroke land only feet from the pin and was delighted with his mother's squeal of enthusiasm.

"You really are good at this aren't you!?" Mary commended taking the opportunity to herself admire another's body, her son so lean, muscular and tall. His tan pants hugging his butt. An ass she could see herself digging her nails into.

"Well we're all good at something," Morgan replied, looking back and thinking of his mother's history of dance. Now that he knew of her past, he could see the evidence in her stance, the alignment of her feet, her posture. He took hold of the cart and they walked side by side towards Mary's ball. "By the way, I know your secret!" He added.

The comment came like a bolt of lightning out of the blue sky to Mary. 'Her secret?' Did he mean her 'playmate' in the shower? Why would he bring it up now of all times? She felt her face flush and was grateful they weren't facing one another.

"My secret?" Mary asked, swallowing.

"I think you know what I'm talking about," Morgan vaguely stated.

My God, Mary thought. He wants to discuss it. The idea her son wanted to talk about her masturbating in the shower was both humiliating and arousing all at once. She could feel a dampness in her panties and knew it wasn't sweat in the hot afternoon.

"Honey I didn't know you'd find it," Mary tentatively ventured.

"Well it wasn't hard," Morgan elaborated. "Nana told me exactly where it was."

His words were confusing for a moment before she realized he wasn't talking about her dildo at all.

"Oh, my box!" She gasped, relieved but somewhat disappointed. Discussing her masturbatory habits with her son becoming more and more alluring.

"Yeah, why didn't you ever tell me you were a dancer? Nan says it has something to do with Dad."

"Oh it wasn't important, your father didn't like it was all."

"To hell it wasn't important," Morgan rebuffed. "That was your history, what made you. It just gives me another reason to hate him."

Mary didn't rebuke her son for his words towards her ex-husband. Now that she herself thought of it, his attitude had been unreasonable from day one, that she'd been living under his thumb for so long, her perspective had been entirely skewed.

"So I have it in the car, you can throw it in your trunk when we leave," Morgan proposed.

"Oh I don't have it," Mary admitted.

"What?"

"I sold the car," Mary stated and again felt herself blush.

"You sold the car!" Morgan repeated. "Why?"

"I needed the money Honey," Mary explained. "The mortgage and bills."

Morgan stopped on the fairway and turned to his mother. "Mom, why didn't you say? How did you get here?"

"The bus," she proudly stated. "And it's not your problem. Your father just left at the wrong time is all, everything came at once."

She was breaking Morgan's heart. Without thought he left the cart and put his arms around her, holding her body to his chest. Her breasts so soft against him.

"You're right, you're not my 'problem.' You're my mother, and that makes you my life." Her head nestled snugly on his shoulder and he could smell her hair. His hands pressed the straps of her bra and it took all his willpower to not caress them down her body. His cock reacted to their closeness, slowly filling with blood and before she would no doubt feel it, he broke their embrace.

"We'll talk about how I can help later," he gestured behind her. "Now we have to deal with that."

They stood on the edge of the bunker and looked at Mary's ball in the sand.

"I told you it landed in there!" Mary laughed.

Morgan took the sand wedge from the cart and handed it to his mother and they entered the sand trap.

She had felt it! Her face resting on his collarbone, his hands on her back, willing him to lower them and touch her ass, lift her skirt and delve inside her underwear. And then she sensed it against her belly. She knew the feeling of a man pressing against her. Her husband in bed before their relationship dissolved; a pervert on a crowded train once, his erection touching her hip. This was entirely different. This was the respectful shyness of a boy, her boy, unsure of whether he'd overstepped the bounds of

a mother/son relationship. She wanted to tell him he hadn't. That he had every right to touch her. With his hands, with his mouth, with his cock. She could feel her panties saturated, her pulse raced.

"Now your going to want to hit beneath the ball and place your weight on your front foot," Morgan coached, examining her stance. She was standing all wrong, her back slumped, arms bent.

"No straighten your back Mom," he suggested wondering why her posture had all of a sudden abandoned her. "And again, spread your legs."

Yes. Mary thought. I love it when he says that. Her poor stance was deliberate and as Morgan approached, her plan had worked perfectly.

Standing behind her, Morgan placed his hands on her body. "May I?" He asked.

"You may," Mary sighed. Out of the breeze it was so hot in the bunker. She could feel her back sweating, her clothing all of a sudden feeling so restricting.

"You need to straighten up Mom," he explained, holding her ribcage and preventing her slumping. He ran his hand down her left side to her hip.

"This foot can angle out some," he suggested before leaning further in to reach around and touch her arms.

Mary pushed her bottom back to meet him and although he was no longer hard, she could feel his bulge against her. He straightened her arms, his chest to her back, their entire bodies touching. For Morgan the pose he'd taken was entirely unprofessional. However, it felt as if she was intentionally pushing her ass back into him, was she not aware his cock was against her buttocks?

Again the inevitable happened. More sudden than previous, his cock twitched into life and probed her crack. He felt a breath escape her lungs but if anything her body pushed further back into him.

"Now dig in, twist your feet into the sand," Morgan whispered into her ear and over-exaggerating the movement, Mary wriggled her ass over her son's groin.

There was no denying what was happening between the two. Both mother and son engaging in the unspoken intimacy. Morgan chanced it and running his hand back down her ribcage and hip, circled around the front of her leg and pressed her inner thigh below her skirt.

"Now just spread your legs more Mom," he breathed, coaxing her legs apart and Mary's cheek turned until their lips were only a inch apart, almost kissing.

"Can we play through?" A voice interrupted them from behind and Morgan quickly backed away from his mother, shielding his erection from the seniors looking on.

"Yeah, of course," Morgan smiled, hoping his behaviour hadn't been so overt to cause rumours around the club.

He looked back at his mother who coyly swung the club before her, butter not melting in her mouth.

What the fuck is going on? He wondered.

* * * * *

Morgan pulled the Mustang up in his mother's driveway and they walked together towards the house. "Oh I forgot!" Morgan remarked and headed back to the car.

Mary allowed her eyes to drift from her son's ass to the light reflecting off the front bumper, the mustang logo taking her by surprise. 'He rides horses' the fortune teller had stated. The galloping horse badge yet another piece of the puzzle falling into place.

Morgan carried the box of dance memorabilia into the house and placed it down in the living room.

"So what's for dinner?" He asked.

"You're going to stay?" Mary excitedly replied.

"I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be," he laughed and Mary playfully slapped his arm, lingering on his bicep he noticed.

"I know you're joking but I'm glad anyway," Mary smiled. "I don't know, pizza?"

"Sounds good, my shout," Morgan quickly proposed. "I'll order the family feast, means I can have it cold tomorrow!"

'In the strangest place you will wish to make love but at the ballet after a feast it will happen,' the words of the fortune teller rang in her ears. Her desire for him in the bunker, (would they have fucked then if no one had come along?) the family feast... It was all so literal, her fortune playing out before her as if making love to her son was destiny. An incestuous bond that couldn't be broken or denied. It was the first time she'd thought of the word. Incest. Such a simple pretty word, yet so laden with insinuation, sin. 'At the ballet,' she wondered. What was that about? She didn't have to wait long to discover.

* * * * *

A half empty pizza box sat on the coffee table surrounded by her trophies, ribbons and a nearly empty bottle of red wine. The photo album perched across their thighs, Mary turned another of the pages and laughed at the costumes she had worn as a child, her garish makeup, comical stances.

"So Nana was an original Dance Mom!" Morgan joked as seated on the floor before he turned to recognise his grandmother in one of the photos.

"You know she used to make all of my outfits!" Mary laughingly informed him, turning a page.

"And you wanted to be a ballerina?" Morgan asked, gesturing to an early photo of her in a tutu.

Placing her hands down on the book, Mary closed her eyes and tilted her chin to the ceiling allowing Morgan to admire her long neck, her pulse visible before she again looked down to him, her hands on her heart.

"You know it was always my dream," she confessed. "I love the ballet. So graceful. So feminine."

Morgan peered into the box, his eyes alighting on a light pink ballet slipper with an extended toe. His mother's bare feet beside him, he lifted her by the ankle and gently slipped the shoe upon her.

"Why Cinderella, it fits!" He smiled.

"Oh my pointe shoes!" Mary exclaimed, as goosebumps ran up her spine from his touch. "I saved up forever for them."

"You can actually stand in those, on your toes?" He inquired, genuinely curious. His eyes following her foot as she raised it up onto the couch. Her knee lifting with the photo album, she allowed her skirt to ride up her thigh exposing her light blue panties, the bulge of her pussy inside the boy shorts.

"Of course silly," she laughed, not drunk but half way there. "I wouldn't be much of a dancer if I couldn't." She saw where his eyes had drifted. It wasn't her ballet shoe he admired. He's looking at my vagina, Mary told herself, the very thought lubricating her.

Too soon his gaze was diverted but not without benefit as Morgan's hand came out of the box holding pink silky material and Mary clapped gleefully.

"Oh my gosh Morgan. My leotard." She accepted it from him and held it out before her. "You know I got this when I was seventeen! It's, oh my God, thirty three years old! It's older than you!" She exclaimed.

"Still looks in pretty good shape," Morgan remarked. The skimpy nature of the leotard wasn't lost on him. He doubted she would offer to model it for him but there was no harm in stoking the flame. "Maybe a little small," he added.

"Oh!" Mary leaned forward and slapped his shoulder and much like she had done with his arm, kept her hand there. "How rude!" She laughed.

"No I didn't mean you've put on weight," he tried to correct his statement. "Just that you've obviously grown since then."

"Oh relax Honey, I know what you mean," she removed her hand and examined the stitching. "It'd probably fall apart anyway, we wouldn't want that to happen would we?" She laughed.

Oh that was it, Morgan thought. She had to wear it now.

"You should never have stopped dancing!" Morgan stated, turning the conversation serious. "Nana said it was Dad that made you."

Reluctant to let go of the leotard, Mary held it beneath the photo album and flipped to a page near the rear, turning it to face her son.

"It was Chicago!" She stated. "Your father saw me performing, what I was wearing, how I danced with the other performers. He said I looked like a slut! It sort of ruined it for me."

"Dick!" Morgan declared admiring her photo in the skimpy outfit. "Why did you stay with him Mom?"

Despite the nature of the story, Mary smiled. "Well if I hadn't I wouldn't have had you!" She laughed. "I did so love dancing though."

Morgan closed the album and lifted up the leotard. "Put it on!"

"What?" Mary laughed.

"Put it on, the leotard, the shoes. It'll take you back there! When you were happy."

"I am happy now Honey," she smiled.

"You know what I mean," Morgan nudged her. "Go on."

Mary gripped the material, stroked the ballet slipper. "Really?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I mean I don't have the white tights or anything, but I guess I could...." She began.

"You can," Morgan insisted. The idea of white tights sounded enticing but without would be just as hot, he reasoned.

"Alright, I will!" Mary jumped up, taking the leotard and other shoe with her. "Won't be long," she giggled as she ran from the room.

Oh my God, Morgan thought. Is this really happening? The very thought of how he was about to see his mother having his cock twitching in anticipation. He filled his glass and shook the empty bottle before realizing

he himself was shaking. We're not going to fuck, surely. He told himself. She's my mother. But every way he looked at the situation, her actions, recent events (he was so hot for her in the bunker), had him thinking it was the only outcome. I AM going to fuck my mother, he stated.

* * * * *

Mary looked at herself in the mirror and her enthusiasm evaporated. In her mind she still resembled the svelte seventeen year old. In her reflection she was a fifty year old, her best days long behind her, her self esteem shattered after a long and loveless marriage. Her breasts bulged from the leotard, her nipples barely obscured by the thin material. Without panties beneath, her labia pressed out the crotch, the line of vulva providing the most obscene of cameltoes. "I can't let him see me like this," she spoke to the empty room. "He'll think me disgusting."

Morgan looked at the time. She'd been fifteen minutes. How long did it take to put on a leotard, he asked himself? Yeah the shoes with their ribbons looked a little fiddly but this was ridiculous. Rising he made his way to the stairs and ascended.

Mary had pinned her hair up completely in a bun. A long cream colored satin gown covering her body completely. For five minutes, possibly longer she'd debated just taking the leotard off and heading back downstairs in jeans and a tshirt. 'At the ballet after a feast' kept running around her head. She had to go through with it, the leotard and shoes was the 'ballet' the clairvoyant spoke of. There was no other explanation. And then came the knock at the door.

She hadn't closed it completely, leaving it ajar on purpose and now as it slowly opened and it was finally judgement day, she lost all nerve.

"Hey, I thought you'd got lost!" Morgan smiled as he laid his eyes upon her. He noticed the ballet shoes right away, evidence she'd at least gone half way.

"Oh, Honey. I changed my mind," she offered.

"What?" Morgan sighed, entering the room fully. "Why?"

Although tied, Mary held the front of her robe securely closed and tried to avert her eyes from her son's. "Because you were right, I look terrible."

"When did I say that?" Morgan protested closing the gap between them. He noticed she'd put up her hair, her neck pale and exposed.

"What I mean is I don't look like a seventeen year old anymore," Mary explained. "It's embarrassing."

Stopping a mere foot from her, Morgan reached out and tilted her face back in his direction. He couldn't recall ever touching her cheek, her skin so very soft.

"I'm not forcing you; this was meant to be fun, but I want you to know there is no way you should feel embarrassed," he made to turn, to leave her room as so many thoughts ran through Mary's mind, one finally becoming clearer than the rest. Don't stuff this up, she told herself.

"No wait Morgan," she reached out and halted his movement. Turning back to his mother to see her undo the tie at her waist and allow the gown to open.

His breath was caught. Taken from him as he gazed upon her beauty. The leotard was small yes, but simply acted to highlight the goddess it lay upon. Parsley on a Michelin plate. She raised her eyes to his and found them

devouring her body and at once she knew she should never have doubted his devotion, his desire.

Allowing the robe to fall from her shoulders it caught at her elbows before she dove completely in and let it drop to the floor. Morgan took in the sight of his mother in the pink leotard, letting the vision settle in his brain before uttering a word, the first that came to mind.

"Wow!" He whispered.

"I know, it's bad right?" Mary blushed.

"What?" Morgan gasped. "Are you kidding? You look amazing." He approached her and hoping he wasn't overstepping the line, placed his hands on her body, turning her to face the mirror.

"Mom, need I remind you you're fifty years old and yet, look at you!"

Mary looked again at her reflection but now through her son's eyes. Her nipples to attention; the pronounced vulva she'd sneered at moments before now a proud statement of her sex, a banner for her womanhood. Morgan's hands hadn't left her sides, standing behind her much as he'd done in the bunker.

"You know if you were my dance partner that's exactly how you'd hold me," she whispered referring to his hand positions on her hips.

"Oh yeah? I'd love to be your partner," he sighed back, so close to her ear she felt his breath and noting he left out the 'dance' in partner. "What would I do?"

Without further instructions, Mary rose onto the points of her toes and pirouetted in his loose grip, spinning in his hands as they caressed her waist.

So graceful was her movement, it took Morgan by surprise. "Shit Mom. You CAN dance!"

She stopped her turn and lowered back onto her heels smiling.

"Did you think I was lying?" She giggled before frowning. "Have to say I don't miss what it does to your toes though."

As one they looked down to her feet and noticed the ribbon of one of the pointe shoes had unwound.

"Let me," Morgan quickly stated and dropped to a knee before her.

Mary looked down on her son; his hands making contact with her ankle as he wound the ribbon around her shin to match the other. His fingers so light on her skin, his face so near to her aroused sex. Can he smell me, she wondered, does he want to taste me?

Morgan found himself shaking as did his best to re-tie the ribbon. His mother's foot so small, her ankle so pale and smooth. Acutely aware of how close his mouth was to her sex. He looked up as he felt her hand on his head, her fingers running through his hair but his eyes stopped at her groin, devouring her puffy pussy behind the spandex, the moisture showing through before finally resuming their journey upward.

"Oh sorry," Mary apologized, Her fingers deep in his hair, caressing. "I don't know why I did that."

Morgan looked fiercely into her eyes. From his vantage he could take in her pussy, the mound of her pubic bone and the line of wet vulva below; her breasts with her nipples erect, protruding; and her face, her lips slightly parted, eyes as intent as his.

"You don't ever have to apologize," he whispered. "And I won't apologize for this."

Without a second thought, boldly leaping from the cliff, Morgan leaned forward and pressed his lips to his mother's crotch. Planting a kiss directly on her soft cameltoe, lips to lips. Feeling the dampness in the material, inhaling the scent of a middle aged woman. Not any woman, his birth mother.

Her mouth fell open as a breath escaped her lungs. Her legs wobbly, she felt for a moment she would faint as the realization her son had just willingly crossed the unspoken line between mother and child sunk in. Such a brave move. She loved him more for having taken the bold step. For acting on the attraction they were obviously both feeling. Again his eyes drifted up to her's and there was no doubt behind them, no questioning, only confidence that this was right.

Her hands reached out and helping him rise they faced each other once more. She could see the bulge in the front of his pants, his obvious desire for her and she suddenly felt overdressed. The little she wore, constricting as if the material conspired to keep her from her son. With her eyes locked on his, she raised her hands to lower the straps of her leotard, dropping them from her shoulders and pulling the pink spandex down below her breasts. At her ribcage he stopped her and moved in, his arms encircling her torso, his body to her's.

"Oh Morgan," she breathed into his mouth as their lips connected. His hands were on her bare back as their tongues touched. She felt him caress her ass as their mouths became one, saliva mingling, incest confirmed.

Pushing her pubic bone hard against her son's erection, Mary raised a leg to straddle his hip. "I need you inside me Darling," she sighed as Morgan

kissed from her mouth to her neck.

Immediately, his hands cupped her legs and lifted her onto his chest, carrying her from before the mirror back towards the bed. With a knee forward, Morgan gently lowered his mother down with his body until her back was on the covers. His cock grinding along the slit of her vagina, he ran his lips down to her chest, kissing between her breasts before taking a nipple into his mouth and suckling.

Mary threw her head back as the pleasure enveloped her. Flooding memories of the closeness between a nursing mother and her baby now amplified thirty years later in eroticism.

"I love you so much," Morgan confessed as he worked his way across to her other breast and they were the words Mary needed to hear. She lifted her pelvis violently against his grinding cock and ejaculated. The intense orgasm shuddering through her body as she bit her lip to keep from screaming, eventually relenting and begging Morgan, interlaced with expletives to fuck her.

"Please Baby, fuck me," she pleaded. "Stick your cock in Mommy Darling. Fuck me good."

Morgan was already unbuttoning. His belt undone, noting the dampness that had soaked through from her on his pants as he lowered them; his mother lifting his shirt above his head. One more kiss on her now saturated crotch before he pulled her leotard from her body for good. Mother and son, now naked. A pair of ballet slippers the only clothing between them.

And he was inside her. So natural was their coupling. Every movement coordinated, every thrust in time as though choreographed. An incestuous ballet performed in the maternal bed. Morgan's hands reached beneath her

and clenched her buttocks as he hammered his love. Their chests pressed tightly, sweat forming as Mary sucked her son's neck, licked his skin.

Turning, never pulling out, Morgan lay upon his back as his mother rode him. Taking her breasts in his hands he massaged her nipples as her hips swayed in circles, her clitoris grinding on his pubic bone. "How does it feel Honey?" She whispered.

"Beautiful, just like you," he admitted as he admired her. Raising her arms up behind her head, her breasts lifting as she arched her back to show off her body. "You're perfect Mom!"

"Then cum in me my son," Mary instructed. "Cum inside Mommy's cunny Baby."

Morgan didn't need to be told twice. Rising up to meet her they kissed as she sat in his lap. Passionately their tongues danced and gracefully Morgan again placed her upon her back. His mouth remaining on her's, he renewed his fucking with vigour. With arms around her body, hugging her to him his hips slapped her inner thighs. Mary wrapped her legs around him, pulling his cock deeper inside her body, longing for him to fill her with flesh, with seed.

The sound of their love filled the room. The smell of their incest, the sweetest incense to their senses. "I'm gonna cum!" Morgan admitted.

"Yes," Mary cried, thrilled at his confession. "Yes Baby. Cum in me."

"Oh Mom," Morgan gasped, thrusting. "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum." He repeated before squeezing her body and burying his cock as deep inside her as would go. "I'm cumming!"

Mary didn't need informing. She could feel every spurt inside her. Every orgasmic pulse of his penis as he released his love into her womb. Her

pussy hugging him, milking her son's length to devour his creamy concoction.

"Oh God," Morgan breathed again as he buried his face in her neck, his thrusting subsided. His cock twitched as he felt his mother clench her pussy around him and he laughed into her ear. "Oh Mom, you're so bad!"

"What? I'm bad?" Mary feigned indignation. "You're the naughty boy that just came inside his mother!"

Morgan lifted his face to meet her's. "Where good aren't we?"

Mary let the smile drift from her face, nodding. "I hope so. I mean no one needs to know Morgan."

"What? This wasn't just a on off was it? I want everyone to know!" He claimed. "I want to call up Dad and tell him!"

Mary's mouth fell open in mock shock. "We can't! Can we?"

"Why not? I'd love to see the look on his face," Morgan admitted. "Nana would be happy I think."

"What, why would you say that?"

Morgan was softening inside her and as he answered he allowed his cock to slide out of her in a slick of cum.

"Oh just something she said about mothers and sons," Morgan explained.

"You don't think the world would judge us?"

"Let them!" Morgan proclaimed as he cupped his hand over his mother's sopping pussy, pressing the creampie he'd made for her and leaned in for a kiss.

* * * * *

The story was totally unbelievable if they hadn't known it to be true. A skeptic, even Morgan had difficulty punching holes in the fortune tellers ability to describe his life and direct his mother towards him incestuously.

"She even got my eye color!" Morgan stated as he looked at his forest green eyes in the bathroom mirror.

Mary looked over his shoulder, her arms wrapping around his waist and dropping down to encourage his arousal. "The one thing you inherited from your father," she admitted. "Everything else is so much better." Her hand wrapped around his penis and he swelled in her hand.

He wondered if she meant his cock was bigger than his father's but it really wasn't something he wanted to dwell on.

"Come on, you have to try this shower," Mary suggested, leading her son by the erection toward the stall. She took her hand from him before they entered and she bent at her vanity, opening a drawer.

"And I wanted to show you this!"

Morgan turned to see her holding his old friend the dildo. Even after all they'd shared in the last few hours, he still felt his face flush.

"Oh I was wondering about that," he smiled as his mother stepped into the shower alongside him.

"My little playmate," she grinned. "My most intimate secret and you never said a word." She repeated the fortune tellers words, placing the dildo on the rack alongside the shampoo and body wash.

She turned the shower on and the rainfall head sprayed them both, the stall quickly filling with steam.

"You know I wondered what you did with it," Morgan told her as their bodies came together under the flow. "I imagined so many things."

"There's no need to imagine anymore Honey," she whispered into his mouth between kisses. "I'll show you."

Taking the dildo she pressed it back into its original position and went to her knees whilst still holding her son's cock. Morgan shuffled across to stand beside her as her mouth wrapped around the latex cock, her hand masturbating its length in the same manner she did his.

He could see where this was headed and on cue, her mouth left the dildo and gorged upon him. Her lips around the head, her cheeks sucking his shaft into her throat.

"Oh Jesus Mom," Morgan gasped, her hand continuing to stroke the dildo now slick with saliva. "That's so hot!"

She took her mouth off his cock just long enough to smile up at him before licking from his balls to the head and resuming her fellatio. The feeling, the vision, had Morgan edging on orgasm and didn't want it over so soon.

"What else do you do?" He asked, needing the respite as he fought himself back from the verge.

Mary was eager to share, rising to her feet and turning her back to the dildo wall.

It was just as Morgan had pictured it. Her ass slapping back onto the tiles as she fucked herself. Obviously he hadn't been in the shower with her in his vision but everything else was exact.

"It's not like the real thing Baby," she moaned as she lowered a hand to play with her clit. "But it was all I had for years."

The stark admission she hadn't been with his father for years was welcoming as much as it was heartbreaking. He kissed her and held her face to look directly in his eyes. "You'll never be alone again Mom. I'm coming home." He pledged and she returned his kisses before working her mouth down his chest to again take him in her mouth.

Spit roasting, Morgan realized the position was called and like an eager teen he was again on the brink of cumming, pulling from her mouth in the brink of time.

"You can cum in my mouth Darling," Mary stated, becoming frustrated at him again pulling away. "I won't mind."

"Really? Oh God I want to Mom but I also want this to last," Morgan admitted.

"We have forever Honey," she kissed him, lifting herself off the dildo.

"Here let me show you something else I discovered. You can just watch."

Nothing to do with the dildo or his cock, Morgan watched his mother turn the head of the hand shower around 180 degrees and flip the lever. Moving forward she positioned it to spray directly between her legs, the flow having an immediate effect on her as she clutched the wall and Morgan for stability.

"You have no idea how much I love this present Morgan," Mary admitted to her son grinning.

The hyper aroused state she was in, there was no way he could prevent her hand again finding his cock and he was done denying her.

"There's something I've always wanted Morgan," she whispered as she masturbated him. "Would you be willing?"

"Mom," Morgan replied wondering what on Earth else his mother had in mind, discovering how sexual she was. "I'll do anything."

Taking the botanical body wash she poured a large amount into her palm and reached behind herself. The simple act had Morgan aware of what she wanted and his cock grew harder at the proposition. But she wasn't done.

He should have realized her libido wouldn't settle for anal alone. Reaching out she took hold of the dildo and dropped it to the floor of the shower and Morgan smiled at his memory of the falling dildo himself. Turning and lowering, Mary went to her knees and positioned the counterfeit cock at the entrance to her vagina and looked back at her son.

"Morgan."

"Yes Mom," he replied.

"Will you put it in my ass Baby?"

The world turned. A day previous this was an impossibility. A box of old photos and dance memorabilia. A lecture from his grandmother and a game of golf and here he was about to double penetrate his own mother.

"Oh, Ok." Morgan complied, barely able to control his elation. "If you say so."

Easing in behind his naked mother, water cascading upon them, Morgan further smeared her soapy asshole before pressing the engorged head of his penis against her holiest of holes. Immediately upon feeling the pressure, Mary pushed herself back onto him, the tip sliding effortlessly past her sphincter. Further into his mother's butt Morgan slid before Mary lowered herself slightly and allowed the dildo to enter her vagina.

His arms wrapped around her, Morgan manhandled a breast whilst finding her clitoris with the other, feeling the lubricated dildo from the outside as well as from within as it stretched the walls of her vagina against his rigid cock. Mary turned her head to seek her son's mouth, their tongues flicking the other's, her lips frozen open in pleasure as she was fucked in both holes.

"Oh my God Baby, it feels so good," Mary confessed. "Do you like it?"

"I love it," Morgan admitted.

"Say it Baby," she asked.

"I love fucking your ass Mom."

"It's your ass now Baby. My ass, my pussy, my mouth. They're all yours to fuck whenever you choose."

"I love you," Morgan sighed, ceasing his thrusting, his cock buried to the pelvis. "Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

"I want to see it Morgan," Mary stated. "Will you do it on me?"

His orgasm seconds away, Morgan didn't have time to reply. His actions speaking for him, he slid from her ass with a pop and rose as Mary, remaining impaled on her 'playmate,' leaned back to display her sex and breasts to her son.

"Cum on me Baby," Mary pleaded. "Cum on Mommy's face. Cum on my tits."

Her legs spread; her pussy moving up and down on the dildo, she flicked her fingers across her clit as Morgan masturbated above her. His shoulders against the tiled wall behind him, his groin pushed out towards his mother; one hand furiously pumping his length, the other cupping his balls, Morgan began to cum.

Although anticipating his spray, Mary was taken by its speed, squealing as his aim caught the side of her face; a white streak across her cheek and dark wet hair. He came again. A thick rope over both lips to trail down her neck. Mary slipped off the dildo, catching it and using the head to rub against her clitoris as she too came. Spraying her fluid against her latex partner. Jet after jet of Morgan's sperm coated her breasts before on wobbly legs he knelt down between his mother's parted thighs and embraced her.

A finger used to gather the cum from her lips, Mary swallowed her son's offering before climbing into his lap, his cock again finding its home inside her. So closely they held each other as the hot water fell. His cum slowly dripping from her body as their mouths locked and the minutes passed without need of words. Their love secured, their lives forever entwined, mother and son united as one. Their fortunes told.

From This Day Forward

"She's getting married!?" I shot back at Mom when she told me the news.

"They've only just started going out."

"I know, I know," she agreed. "It seems sudden but she says she loves him."

To say I was pissed was an understatement. The last few months at home with just my sister and Mom had been nothing short of wonderful and now that was under threat I was feeling especially sorry for myself that things would change.

You see circumstances had conspired to a point where it was assumed by Mom and my sister Bridget that I was gay. I know. That doesn't alone seem like a cause for celebration (not that there's anything wrong with it), but when put into context of the peripheral ramifications, it had been a blessing.

My father had proclaimed 'it' before he decided to leave us and take up with his secretary. In one of his drunken rants, he'd accused my mother of being frigid, my sister of being a slut and me (I guess due to my lack of interest in sport and awkwardness around girls) of being gay.

Mom had been quick to defend us during the ugly scene. Declaring her love for her children no matter their lifestyle even though I knew myself, every one of his assertions had been false.

For starters. Mom definitely wasn't frigid. Just one part of the evidence being, arriving home unexpectedly in the middle of the day months before, I'd found the house quiet. Her car had been in the drive so I knew she was home and walking from living room to kitchen only then heard the noise

from the laundry. I called but no one answered and ventured further only to stop before reaching the doorway.

Headphones in her ears explained her lack of response to my call but they weren't what occupied my mother's attention. With the dryer on, even from where I stood the room was welcomingly warm. On the tips of her toes, at first I reasoned she was attempting to climb upon the agitating washing machine but that didn't explain her leggings down mid thigh. With her white cotton panties clinging tightly to her ass, my mother had mounted the corner of the machine and was grinding her groin against the vibrating tub.

In my eighteen years to then I'd never seen anything so bizarrely out of the ordinary nor as overtly sexual. It must only have been seconds I watched; her torso leaning forward to project her ass out towards me all the while keeping what I assumed was her clit on the edge of the white good, her pelvis thrusting back and forth. These were not the actions of a 'frigid' woman.

I don't think I'd ever achieved such a quick erection. A part of me wanting to pull it out. To go to her and aid her satisfaction. To join in on my mother's orgasm when it came. But the sensible part of me told me to get the hell out of there. I'd seen enough already to fuel a thousand masturbation sessions and quietly backed away before my presence was noticed. The perfect crime.

And my sister was certainly not a slut. Only two years between us, we were inseparable as children and thick as thieves as teens. We knew all of the other's secrets and delighted in keeping them from our parents. If she was "sleeping around" as my father had put it, I would've known. My awkwardness with other girls was only matched by hers for boys of her age. Neither of us sharing a kiss with the other sex until we tried it out on each

other. For experimentation purposes only of course. We weren't going to admit to each other there was more behind it. Ever.

And me. Well. I was about as gay as a box of hammers. That is to say, not at all. But from the moment my father accused me and left our house, I noticed certain behaviour by my Mom and Bridget change. Without going out of my way to refute my father's assertion, they I think, assumed there to be some truth in the misconception. As days passed we became closer as a unit. They shared more with me and I noticed they weren't as prudent in covering themselves with clothing. Was it them believing I wouldn't be looking at them in a sexual way that they felt less need for modesty? I didn't know. But whatever, I delighted in seeing more boobs in only a bra. In just underwear being worn around the house for longer durations and the odd occasion of my mother with a towel around the waist coming from the shower, breasts exposed as opposed to the traditional wrapping around the bust.

If the only price I paid was being assumed homosexual for the constant near nudity of two beautiful women, (be they family) I was more than willing to comply.

Which brings us to my sisters impending marriage.

She had been seeing the guy for only a couple of months which made a wedding all the more out of the blue and had me wondering if a pregnancy was involved. I put it to my mother subtly but she assured me it wasn't the case. On the contrary, she implied they were in fact saving themselves for the marriage. This caused me to think maybe that was the reason for the haste!

"In a week!" I lamented when Mom told me of the date.

"His family are paying for everything apparently," she went on. "They've booked out a resort in the north of the state."

My mental anguish reflected in my physical state and Mom noticed my slumped shoulders and pouting lip.

"Oh come here Baby," she held out her arms and gestured for me to approach. The action caused her sweater to rise up an inch or so. Just enough to enable a peek of crotch. Her grey leggings tight over the triangular mound of pussy. The very leggings she had worn that fateful day in the laundry. I tried to put it out of my mind as I accepted her embrace but with her arms around me, my own holding firmly on her back, bra strap detectable, the awareness my cock was so close to her was unavoidable.

She's your mother, she's your mother. I told myself, but the months of fantasizing leading up to the contact had me uncontrollably swelling in the most unfortunate region.

"You're going to miss her aren't you?" Mom whispered close to my ear, her breath in my hair before pulling back her head to look me in the eye.

Our groins not touching, if she didn't move she'd be unaware of my problem I reasoned.

"Yeah I guess," I admitted, subtly inching my hips away from her as my cock twitched spontaneously.

"Well I will too!" She confessed. "It'll be a big change for us. No more Mommy sandwiches for one!"

The comment caught me by surprise and bombarded me with nostalgia. Childhood memories of Sunday morning sleep-ins where Bridget and I would climb into Mom's bed and cuddle. Innocently wrapping ourselves around her, front and back in what she laughingly described as a sandwich.

An act not repeated for well over a decade and to be brought up now, befuddling.

"Mommy sandwich!" I smiled.

"You don't remember?" She laughed. "You and Bridget used to jump in bed with me and we'd snuggle. So tight!" She added, and as if to emphasize, pulled me closer into her body, wriggling in my arms.

I giggled along with her and for a moment forgot about 'my problem' until it demanded its presence be acknowledged. With her torso to mine she raised a leg and pressed her inner thigh to my side as if to mount me, mimicking the cuddle. A vision of her masturbating with the washing machine came to mind and my cock lost all anonymity, announcing its arousal by poking her in the belly. So sexual had been her initial contact I was actually a little surprised when her demeanour changed dramatically.

The laughing dissolved, replaced by silence and a confused smile. "Oh!" She finally muttered and turning red I grimaced and extracted myself from her hold. For a moment she seemed to be in a battle with her eyes not to look down, but losing, and before I could figure out a way to obscure my erection, her gaze landed on my cock. "OH!" She repeated.

I could've died right there and then. It would've been more preferable than dealing with my embarrassment. Wearing a short t-shirt and loose track pants, there was nowhere for my dick to hide and I quickly turned to head as rapidly from the kitchen as able.

"I just remembered I have to call someone," I lied as I made my way as directly as possible to my room.

"Honey," Mom called as I left and I allowed myself to look back over my shoulder at her, a hand over her mouth clearly covering a silent laugh. "It

happens, it's ok!"

My face felt hot from blushing and my shame grew at her mentioning it. "It" didn't just happen! Immature fantasies about her and my sister were just that, fantasy. I'd allowed it to creep into the real world. You didn't just press your dick against your mother! What the hell had I been thinking? Incest only happened in movies and stories on websites.

I slammed the door behind me and leaned back against the wood. My closet mirror faced me and mocked my humiliation by clearly reflecting the tent in my pants. For a moment I was impressed with how it looked, a rigid pole, my full length promoted, my mother now fully knowledgeable of my size. Oh God, the thought of it. I felt sick. I wondered how I could ever face her again?

Unfortunately it would be sooner than expected.

Shortly after and beginning a gaming session, my cock, thankfully returned to its less angry state, I heard my sister yell for me to come into the living room. Having not heard her return home, her voice startled me and my heart raced as I thought of seeing Mom.

Avoiding eye contact with our mother I waited for whatever Bridget had to say before I could slink back to my refuge.

"So it's set," Bridget explained. "Next Saturday at a place called Hidden Valley. You and Mom can drive up together the night before, we've basically booked out the entire resort for the weekend. Nathaniel's parents are totally loaded!"

'Nathaniel' I sniggered to myself. Even his name was douche-y I thought. That was probably a bit rough. I'd only met the guy once and he'd come

across as kind of ok. But it was all too quick for my liking and I had to say something.

"You've only just stated going out!" I finally spoke up, my feelings conveyed pretty well in my whiny voice I presumed.

Bridget cocked her head and frowned. "Oh baby brother," she sighed genuinely concerned. "Are you going to miss me?"

The remembrance of my mother saying similar words not long before came to mind and I prayed she wouldn't suggest a hug or worse still, a sister sandwich!

"He already confessed as much to me," Mom took it upon herself to answer for me and I glanced across to see her smiling at me. Immediately I felt myself blush and looked back to my sister who spoke again.

"We'll see each other heaps before then. You both have to come dress shopping with me," she began. "My God, can you believe I don't even have a dress yet? Aiden I need you to help me choose, you have great fashion sense."

That was something else I'd noticed since my father declared me gay. My sister asking my opinion on clothing. She must have had it in her mind gay guys have style in their veins. It didn't bother me. Visiting clothing stores as she tried on various outfits and modelled for me wasn't the worst way to spend my free time.

"And you're both coming on my hens night!"

That statement brought me back from my daydream.

"What?" I inquired.

"My hens!" She bluntly replied.

"Me? But isn't that only for the bridesmaids and girls?"

Bridget shook her head and seemed shocked at my question. "Um it's for the brides friends," she explained "And you've been my best friend all my life Aiden, why wouldn't you be there?"

"But don't you get a stripper or something like that?" I proposed.

"Oh and you'd be so upset by that!" She laughed, hinting at my sexuality.

"Or maybe you could do it for us!" She quickly added, I assumed in jest. "I know my friends would love that!"

It was another of the fringe benefits of being supposed gay. Bridget's girlfriends were so accommodating of my presence. 'You're so lucky to have a gay brother,' I would often hear. 'We can be so relaxed around you Aiden,' they would say as unladylike seating positions were taken up, panties on display without the lecherous eyes of a 'hetero' guy perving.

"Well I couldn't, I wouldn't..." I tried to voice.

"Relax little brother," Bridget saved me. "I'm only joking. But seriously," she looked at Mom. "Tomorrow we go shopping!"

Mom jumped up excitedly taking her daughter by the hand. "Let's make a list!" She suggested before dragging Bridget back to the kitchen. "Are you coming Aiden, you can help."

I began to feel moody about how much I'd miss having both of them at home and excused myself to my room and the company of my xbox, admiring my sister's ass beside my Mom's as they headed off. I'll miss that perfect peach, I thought and doubted I'd ever see her half naked again.

* * *

Come Sunday I was done pouting. I sat beside my mother as she sipped from a champagne flute in a bridal store. Two of my sister's friends were with us having their bridesmaid dresses fitted and I'd already delighted in catching glimpses of both in their underwear.

Bridget re-emerged from the change room in her third choice of dress and without a lie, it took my breath away.

"Oh Honey," Mom seemed to agree. "That's the one."

She turned for us in the long slinky silk and lace wedding gown, her arms bare, her golden hair pulled up off her neck and I thought she looked like a princess.

"What do you think Aiden, do you like it?" My sister asked me, her eyes piercing my heart.

"Well I'd marry you!" I honestly admitted and drew laughs from the women around me.

Seemingly pleased with my approval, Bridget agreed with Mom it was 'the one' and immediately looked past us to another area of the store. "Ooh lingerie! That's next."

I saw what she chose but regretfully didn't see it modelled. My mother however seemed inspired by the selection of dainty underwear and with me holding her glass, filed through the bras, panties and other lingerie before asking my opinion on some items for herself. Was this how other eighteen year old males were spending their Sunday afternoons? I asked myself as Mom held a red lace bodysuit up against her body and asked, 'yes or no?' We'd not spoken of the erection incident and I wondered if she wasn't trying to coax another out of me as I nodded to everything she tried.

* * *

Bridget wore a plastic tiara and I could see her pink panties up her short denim skirt as she sat on a chair in the middle of the dance floor. A private function, our party were the only patrons in the members area of the nightclub and the twenty women present were making the noise of twice that number. Twenty women and two men I might add. Apart from myself, a fireman approached my blushing sister and began a dance number before her. To the hollers of my sister's friends and a couple of our relations, he proceeded to remove his uniform until he was down to a thong. Now for a moment there I thought things would get uncomfortable. I'd seen porn where a male stripper receives blowjobs from all the women present and looking around, the scene wasn't dissimilar.

Thankfully he remained partially clothed apart from one moment where it seemed he flashed my sister behind a well placed towel but she closed her eyes quickly whilst hysterically laughing. I noticed her eyes divert to me when they again opened but I was sure it meant nothing.

Mom got about as drunk as I'd seen her in years. Pulling me to the dance floor on numerous occasions. Although not drinking myself, it wasn't hard to share her happiness and we even got about as close to a 'Mommy sandwich' as we'd been since childhood when Bridget and I had our arms around her when singing one of our favourite songs.

Come one a.m. everyone was heading home. Being a weeknight there were few people on the street and every footstep and drunken laugh echoed around the parking lot as Mom and Bridget stumbled towards the car. I opened the back door for them to fall in and Bridget stopped, holding onto the doorframe.

"I have to pee!" She proclaimed.

I looked back at the club, the doors to the building fastened shut behind us as the last patrons to leave.

"Why didn't you go in the bar?" I questioned, feeling all of a sudden the only adult in the scene.

"Sorry Dad," my sister giggled sarcastically. "I didn't need to go then."

"Well you'll just have to wait until we get home," I explained. "They've locked up."

"Screw that," she mumbled, pushing herself off the doorframe and walking to the rear of the car. "I'll never make it!"

For a moment I believed she'd keep walking around the back and off down the street to find a convenience but I looked on amazed as she stopped and squatted before me. Her skirt already being extremely short, it didn't take much for it to rise above her hips and before I even debated as to whether I should be watching, she had tugged aside her pink thong and a stream of pee surged forth from her obviously hairless pussy.

Mom's presence had almost gone unnoticed until she brushed past my shoulder to approach my urinating sister.

"Well if she's going, I'm going!" Mom declared, and with her back to me, took hold of the waist of her black wet-look leggings and tugged them down her legs.

Her white ass came into stark view as it dropped lower to the ground and a hiss of urine flowed from between her cheeks.

Was I dreaming?

My sister leaned back on one hand while the other held aside her underwear. Her knees well parted, her stream shot out at least a metre

between them, splashing and puddling beside the rear wheel.

She'd put more thought into it. Mom however was having to awkwardly spread her legs wider as she peed to prevent her flow splashing her legs, finally figuring out if she stood up and pushed out her ass, her piss shot out directly behind her, whilst still seemingly unconcerned it displayed her asshole and pussy to her son in all its glory.

I was on the verge of fainting; blood leaving my head to fill my growing cock as I took in my mother and sister pissing before me. My jeans dark and tight, I was sure my hard-on would go unnoticed by my family as surely they'd be disgusted I was finding pleasure in their entirely natural undertaking.

But was it natural? A mother and daughter openly displaying their sex in front of me? Regardless of their view on my sexuality, this was nothing short of primal, obscene yet beautiful all at once.

"Ugh," my sister moaned as her flow decreased and receded back to a dribble. A couple of squirts to fully empty her bladder. "That's better." Her eyes strayed across mine as she stood and a look of satisfaction covered her face.

Mom wiggled her butt to allow the last drops to fall from her pussy as she too concluded her toilet break and with nothing to wipe, pulled her pants back up over her ass. I struggled to stay composed. Did that signify the end? The grand finale to my year or so of incestuous desire. Going out with a bang so to speak of the nudity I'd had hints of and the overt sexuality I secretly desired? If it was, then I couldn't complain. I'd just seen my mother's anus. Her pussy, streaming pee. My sister, with legs spread. A waxed vagina splayed for my perusal, gushing a jet of urine in my direction as if an offering. I could die happy I supposed.

* * *

"Why did they choose a place so far out of town?" I glanced at Mom as I turned into the Hidden Valley resort and down the long tree lined driveway.

"Nathaniel's family own some part of it," Mom explained. "They're really quite wealthy."

We'd met up with Bridget's fiancée a couple of times during the week and although he was taking my sister away from me, I had to admit it was hard to hate him. He seemed like a genuinely nice guy which made it all the more frustrating.

As organized, we texted Bridget when we reached reception and she came to greet us, dealing with our booking for us.

"There was a problem," she admitted as she came back from the desk and took Mom's bag. "With having the same surname, they thought you guys were together. They've put you in the same room!"

"Oh," Mom exclaimed. "That's probably not too much of a problem."

To me it sounded like the plot of an erotic story, be it an incestuous one. Mother and son forced to share a room in a hotel. I dismissed it with a simple question as we headed towards the room. "There's two beds though right?"

Bridget laughed. "Yeah of course!"

We opened the door to the suite and all eyes fell on the solo queen sized mattress in the centre of the room.

"Oh!" Bridget offered. "I guess I can go back and see if they've got another. They said they were all booked out though."

"Oh it's not important," Mom replied. "It's only two nights. We can share can't we Baby?"

Taking my arm, she hugged me into her breast and I reflected that the hotel probably had cots for such situations but kept the thought to myself. The idea of sleeping in the same bed as my mother all of a sudden becoming particularly enticing.

"I think you can trust him Mom!" Bridget giggled and I self consciously chuckled along. If only she knew what I was thinking?

"But can I be trusted?" Mom jokingly laughed, hugging me tighter before taking her bag from Bridget and entering the room.

A bowl of fruit was awaiting us, full of grapes, kiwi's and bananas and a bottle of chilled wine beside. When we'd unpacked with the aid of Bridget and settled, Mom was quick to partake and even offered me a drink as well. All three of us with a glass of wine and toasting to Bridget's impending marriage out on the deck looking out on the countryside, I again had a tinge of sadness but kept it to myself to not dampen my sister's mood.

A quick rehearsal of the wedding was held later in the afternoon where Mom and I finally got to meet Nathaniel's family, those that would soon be our family and I did learn a few new things. Again, they seemed nice, if maybe a little too conservative. But an overheard conversation with the grooms mother seemed to confirm a suspicion my mother and I had about the haste of the marriage. My talent for eavesdropping paid off when she mentioned to whom I supposed was an Aunt of the family's tradition of abstinence before marriage. Things began to make sense.

My sister whom my father had labeled a slut for no particular reason was just horny. I guessed Nathaniel was in the same boat. They were marrying

just so they could have sex. It made me sadder for Bridget. They weren't values our side of the family embraced. She was living her life by someone else's rules. It wasn't right. But who was I to intervene?

* * *

"Left side of the bed or right?" Mom asked as she came out of the bathroom wrapped in a white bath robe. Her hair was still partially wet from the shower, her head tilted as if to remove water from her ear.

"Oh, um I don't mind!" I replied as I looked back at my phone yet watched her from the corner of my eye turn back the covers on the right side.

"The shower's free," she offered as she began applying cream to her legs.

I felt like staying and watching but knew I'd likely get another erection so quickly headed to the bathroom before it was too late.

Her panties were right there on the sink! I stood there looking at them, thinking it curious what with the rest of her clothing left over the edge of the bathtub. Do I? I asked myself and quickly submitted, picking them up and lifting them to my face. I had the chance to take in one long draught of the scent of my mother's pussy when the door dramatically opened.

My hands were quicker to move than she was to enter but as her eyes fell upon me I was still holding her underwear.

"Sorry, I remembered I left my things in here," she explained her sudden intrusion, reaching for her clothes on the bath before dropping her eyes to my hand holding out her panties. "Thank you Darling," she sighed as her hand touched mine lightly during the transfer.

What if she'd come in a minute later? Unannounced. Would she have found me with my cock out? Masturbating with her blue cotton panties glued to

my mouth and nose? Most definitely yes. I'd dodged a bullet. Or had I? Was it a knowing smile she threw me as she left the bathroom? Had she left them there for this very reason? All of a sudden my earlier delusion I was living some incestuous erotic short story didn't seem so delusional.

I tried the cold shower but it did little to abate my growing desire. If I'd been smart I would've jerked off there and then. Put a temporary end to my incestuous horniness.

I was thankful I didn't.

Mom was sitting up reading in bed when I came out of the bathroom. I hadn't brought pyjamas, not imagining I'd be sleeping with someone else, let alone my mother, so entered the room wearing only my boxer shorts. When I saw what she was wearing, I wished I had more on.

Her breasts literally bulged out from behind the light pink lace at her chest. With her eyes cast downwards I was able to inconspicuously ogle her beauty, her bare neck, her cleavage. I circled the bed and quickly dove beneath the sheets before my cock again let me down and gave away my teenage lust.

"Oh, are we going to bed already?" Mom glanced across, the sheets pulled up to my neck. "I suppose we should get a good night's sleep. Big day and all tomorrow."

"Yeah," I agreed. "I am pretty tired."

Thinking she was reaching for the light, I was surprised when Mom pulled back the sheets and rose up out of bed.

"I should probably have a wee," she remarked as I watched her from behind head back to the bathroom. What I'd assumed she was wearing, a long

nightie; wasn't that at all. I guessed it would be called a playsuit, an all in one satin romper, the shorts hugging her buttocks tightly, lace edging.

Was she serious? I thought. She was in bed with her son and she was essentially wearing lingerie. The door closed behind her and I immediately pictured her having to undress to pee. Lowering the string straps from her shoulders and dropping the satin below her breasts, over her hips.

My timing was impeccable as in my mind I saw her sitting down on the toilet and in reality, the sound of her urine hitting the water came loud and clear from inside the bathroom. Fuck. That did it. I dropped a hand to my steadily growing cock and allowed myself some pleasure. Jerking off to the sound of my mom pissing. Recalling her urinating in the parking lot beside my sister. I threw back the sheet to look at my erection poking out of the fly of my shorts. Had I ever looked so hard? I all of a sudden regretted not fapping in the shower, my desperate need to cum overpowering.

The toilet flushed and I hid away my excitement before Mom returned. A quick glance at her playsuit from the front showed me the satin clinging to her pussy, the shadow of pubic hair visible through the material. An involuntary twitch from my erection laying against my stomach caused the sheet to lift and I noticed my mother's eyes divert momentarily to the area before switching off the light and climbing back in beside me.

The bed was large but I could still feel the depression her body caused in the mattress, the heat from her skin.

"I know what you're thinking!" Mom whispered after a moments silence between us.

I swallowed loudly and felt my face redden, thankful the room was in partial darkness.

"Wh..What?" I stammered. "I'm not, I mean, I wouldn't," I quickly followed up.

She turned on her side to face me and her hand reached across to land on my bare chest. There was no doubt she'd feel my heart racing, I could hear it for God's sake.

"What are you talking about?" She sighed but went on before I needed to answer. "I mean I know you're stressing about the wedding."

"Oh," I breathed.

"You're thinking we're going to lose her aren't you?"

"Ah, yeah," I whispered, relieved she wasn't talking about my hard-on and its reason for being in that state.

"Don't worry Honey," Mom attempted to soothe me. "She'll always be your sister. Think that we're gaining family, not losing any."

Her hand felt so soft on my skin. The slight movement of her fingertips on my pectoral giving me goosebumps.

"Your heart's racing," she whispered as I closed my eyes and relaxed under her touch and I thought of her words as I attempted to calm my mind.

Maybe she was right. I'd still see Bridget often I was sure. And another thought entered my head. Perhaps their marriage wouldn't last. And with that admittedly selfish proposal swirling around inside me, I drifted away.

It was possibly Mom's snoring that stirred me but it was the location of her hand that woke me. Definitely asleep, my mother's fingers that had caressed me to slumber were laying across my penis. Flaccid, I was caught beneath the dead weight of her palm. My mother's hand was on cock. Just the words in my mind had me swelling. A sudden pulse of blood and her hand lifted

with my dick. Oh no, I thought. If she wakes she'll think I placed it there. Again I involuntarily twitched. My erection steadily growing to its fullest potential. She'll think me a creep. A pervert. I needed to remove it but at the same time, it felt so good. The first time someone had ever touched me there. And it was my mother.

I moved my hips slightly and gasped as my erection ground against her small hand, the feeling indescribable. Her snoring stopped and I immediately rolled towards her to allow her hand to fall from me as she woke. Breathing loudly to feign sleep I watched through squinted eyes as she lifted her head slightly as if recalling where in fact she was. The sheet was down below my waist and I wondered if in the light provided by the moon shining through the drapes she could see my cock?

I guiltily hoped she could.

"Are you awake?" The almost imperceptibly quiet question came from her lips.

I didn't respond. I couldn't let her know I had felt her hand on me. How had it ended up there in the first place? Had she done it on purpose? Had I done it in my sleep? It was all too embarrassing to face and I kept up the act of unconsciousness.

"Aiden?" She again whispered, slightly louder than before as if testing me. Still no response. What happened then convinced me I was perhaps dreaming.

Her body moved beside me and for a moment I thought she was rising again, possibly to visit the bathroom, but she in fact only turned. With her rear to me, I relaxed somewhat knowing she couldn't see my cock or my twitching eyelids but it wasn't over. Inch by slow inch I felt her weight

shifting. Her body moving towards me. It was the touch of her foot on my leg first of all and then the moment I would never have thought possible; the softness of her buttocks against my erection.

She knew I was hard! She must have seen it. Seen it projecting from my boxer shorts. A pillar of love, the solid flesh of her son there for the taking. To press herself against, comfortable in the knowledge it was done behind the veil of sleep.

Further she moved. Her ass pushing hard against my erection, her back up against my chest. I bent my legs and shifted in my 'sleep,' lifting an arm up over her body and completing the spoon by placing a hand upon her breast. A stifled breath expelled from her lungs as I ground my cock harder between her satin covered buttocks.

My face in her hair as she moved her head back onto my pillow, I felt her hand atop mine on her boob, gently manipulating my fingers to squeeze her through the lace, her nipple hard to the touch. And then as I moved my hips over and again against her ass, she coaxed my hand lower. Ever so slowly she guided me down across her belly until the warmth beneath my palm increased and I was upon her pubic mound. Her legs parted to allow my fingers access and then pressed tightly together, trapping my hand between her thighs, against her wet vulva.

I increased my grinding between her ass cheeks as I wriggled my fingers against what I imagined was her clit. "Oh Mom," I finally acknowledged I was awake, breathing behind her ear.

"Shhh," she whispered in reply. "Hush Baby...you're...sleeping," she managed between gasps as I fingered her in rhythm with my hips dry humping her ass.

I understood. How could we admit what we were doing? It was incest. We hadn't discussed it beforehand. Perhaps madly, if it was done under the confines of sleep, was it legitimate? Plausible deniability. If a tree fell in the forest and all that. Fuck it. However she wanted to do this, I was in. I never uttered another word as I felt my pre-cum coating the satin at the top of her buttocks.

Between her legs was increasingly wetter, both her hands clamped down on mine and pressed me harder into her pussy. I slid my cock from the head all the way to my balls between her cheeks, the bed creaking with the action. Cupping her cunt, my middle finger pushed hard into the gusset of her playsuit, her breathing stopped altogether and her hands prevented mine from moving on her clit. She began shuddering in her climax and I knew it was my cue as well to cum. We do it together; we do it quickly; and we never speak a word! It was an unspoken moment of connection between us. Mother and son joined in almost anonymous incestuous orgasm.

I allowed myself one moment of conscious affection for her as I began emptying myself on her back, pressing my lips to the side of her neck. A long kiss as jet after jet of cum sprayed my stomach, the sheets and her sleepwear, only breaking my lock when I was drained, the last of my semen milked by her clenching buttocks. For minutes we stayed in position until finally the pressure of her hands on mine relaxed. I took it as a sign and slowly allowed my hand to fall from between her saturated thighs. What to do? I asked myself. If she wanted deniability, I'd allow it. I'd give her anything she wanted. I relaxed my hold on her, my legs no longer pressed hard against hers and resuming the charade of tossing in my sleep, casually rolled again onto my back.

For a moment she lay beside me before as silently as possible as if not to wake me, slid out of bed and padded her way to the bathroom. Through slitted eyelids lest she turn to look, I spied the rear of her playsuit as the light came on in the bathroom and saw the evidence of our love, her back streaked, saturated with cum.

Minutes passed and I used the time to clean up the mattress with my shorts as best I could, swapping them for a clean pair in the process and making it back under the sheet before the door of the bathroom once again opened. She wore one of the provided robes and just as quietly as she had left returned to the bed wrapped securely. There would be no repeat performance.

* * *

I must have slept. I didn't think it would be possible. From the moment she lay back next to me, my cock had hardened and I allowed it to remain so as I ran the event over and over in my head. For a time I knew she lay awake beside me. I wanted to speak to her. To confess my love and beg to do more but I knew it had to be on her terms. It took more than an hour but gentle snoring told me she had truly fallen back to sleep and it must not have been long after I as well joined her as the next thing I knew, sun was filling the room.

It was uncomfortable but not unpleasant. If not for the fact we woke in different clothing; if there wasn't crusty evidence on the sheet; if there wasn't her satin sleepwear soaking in the sink, it could be said it had never happened. But we both knew different. Neither of us spoke of it. I can't really describe the feeling. Like trying not to laugh. Like being desperate to tell a secret. Like holding your breath. I felt if she gave me the nod I'd burst. I'd never stop kissing her, never stop telling her I loved her. Small talk filled

our morning until we were scheduled for lunch with Bridget and the other guests and then we were back to normal. Mother and son back to our old relationship as if nothing had happened but I wondered if she was looking forward to tonight as much as I was?

Bridget was sharing a suite with her two bridesmaids and at lunch it was decided that Mom would get herself ready then join them in Bridget's room to help the bride prepare. I felt a little left out and I was disappointed Bridget hadn't included me in her pre-wedding procedure. It was understandable I guessed. Being a supposed gay little brother only got me so many privileges I figured.

* * *

As was becoming customary, Mom showered first. I didn't know if she was teasing me as she left the clothing she would be wearing to the wedding on the bed, a new dress she had bought especially and some of the underwear I'd been present when purchased. The shower running in the background I picked up the panties and ran my fingers over the silky material. An intricate lace pattern adorned the front, the cream colored nylon see-through as I pressed my hand to the full back brief. I imagined her bottom behind the material. The crack of her ass through the fabric. The ass I'd cum on.

There was a matching bra and most interestingly, garter belt with thigh high stockings. She might leave these on when we fuck, I told myself and my cock responded accordingly. The shower stopping brought me back into the real world and told me not to get ahead of myself. "If it happens, it happens," I whispered to the empty room.

Again disappointment and I should have seen it coming. When I got out of the bathroom post shower, Mom was fully dressed. Applying makeup in the mirror, she looked in my direction.

"Well don't you look handsome," she complimented me as I struggled with my tie.

I hated wearing a suit. That I was wearing it for my sister's wedding made it even worse.

"I'll help you with that Honey," Mom offered, seeing my incompetence. "If you help me with my problem."

"What's your problem?"

She rose from before the mirror and walked towards me, letting me take her in completely for the first time. She looked stunning. A mid-thigh length orange dress hugged her body but it was then I noticed she wasn't completely dressed. Shoe-less, she was yet to put on her stockings.

Mom stopped before me, raising her hands to my collar and undoing the damage I'd done with the tie.

"Well it's a little uncomfortable," she whispered. I watched her mouth move with each word. Her full lips painted red and again the desire to kiss her was overwhelming. "It's my stockings."

"Oh?" I replied, more than a little interested at her confession.

"They're not stay-ups you see," she purred. "That's why I bought the garter belt."

"Right," I sighed. Her fingers touched my neck and I got goosebumps. My cock began pulsing at what she was saying.

"Well I put them on when you were in the shower but the latch is so fiddly and they kept falling down."

"Ok," I was shaking.

"You wouldn't be able to attach them for me would you Honey?" She asked, tightening and straightening my tie.

Was she kidding?

"Of course I will," I blurted out possibly too eager, but her sly smile told me it was just what she wanted to hear.

Running her hands from my collar across my shoulders and down my arms she squeezed my biceps. "There, you're done," she smiled. "Now me."

Sitting back on the bed, Mom reached for a stocking and rolled it onto her hand. Lifting a leg with pointed toe she slid it over her foot and just watching the action had me hardening. As opposed to a week before, I felt no shame in her noticing. In fact, I willed my cock erect. Begging for her eyes to alight on my excitement.

When pulled most of the way up her leg, she repeated with the other before rising and looking into my face. "It's over to you now mister," she smiled as before my eyes Mom casually took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it up over her hips.

Dropping to my knees I couldn't help gasping as her panties came into view. The panties I'd held not long before, even more attractive now they were where they belonged. In their rightful place, inches from my face, snugly hugging the pussy of a goddess.

The straps of the garter belt lay beneath her underwear and with trembling hands I took hold and affixed them one by one from the front, delighting in touching the soft milky white skin of her upper thighs.

"You're doing such a good job," Mom complimented me and turned for me to take care of the rear.

Her ass was a ripe peach ready for the tasting. It took everything to not press my lips to her buttocks or more enticingly, the dark shadow of her ass crack. Attaching the last of the clasps, she turned and I looked back up into her eyes. A hand reached down and stroked through my hair, remaining on my head, a gentle force pulling me ever so slightly into her groin. I was going to do it. I was going to kiss my mother between her legs.

And then the door to our room burst open.

Mom and I both turned to see Bridget blow in like a tornado. Her eyes darting from Mom, quickly pulling down her dress, to me rising up off my knees. I expected shocked questions as to what she'd walked in on but her initial focus was personal.

"I'm freaking out!" She admitted. "Mom, we need to talk."

Mom was quick to comfort my sister, bringing her into the room and sitting her down whilst still a little rattled at her sudden appearance and being sprung, I hung back and observed. She looked beautiful. Well what I could see of her. Her blonde hair was done up in a messy bun with braiding and looked to have taken hours. Her makeup was immaculate with smokey eyeshadow and a tan rouging on her cheeks. To me, she looked like a supermodel. Wearing one of the resort's white robes, I could see she was yet to put on her dress but with her legs crossed on the bed I noticed she had on the stay-up stockings from the bridal store and no doubt the rest of her lingerie.

"Relax Honey," Mom attempted to console her. "You're just nervous, it's natural, it's a stressful day."

"It's not just the wedding," Bridget looked in my direction momentarily and back at our mother, lowering her voice somewhat. "Despite what Dad said

Mom, I'm not a slut."

Mom furrowed her brow and I as well was confused as to what she was talking about. "What's that got to do with anything?" She asked.

"You know, the wedding night!" Bridget elaborated. "Nathaniel's been going on about it. His brothers have even been ribbing me. Mom, I've never even touched a guy...down there."

Again Bridget looked in my direction, well at my groin, to emphasize her point.

"Oh," Mom replied, following her daughter's eyes to my crotch. "OH!"

"My bridesmaids, some friends they are! They think I'm going to blow it. That I'll freeze up like some frigid ice queen." The moment she said it, Bridget must have recalled our father's slight against Mom and quickly made amends. "I mean, no offence Mom."

"None taken," Mom replied, a coy look on her face.

Fuck Dad had done a number on all of us. I wondered if he knew his words had caused so much angst, then realized it was probably his aim. If only Bridget knew as much about Mom as I did. She wouldn't be so quick to label her frigid.

"Bridget it's no big deal," Mom added. "You're making too much of it." Her eyes scoured the room before alighting on the bowl of fruit for some reason. "Look I can help you out with a few things if you'd like, give you some pointers."

I had no idea what she was suggesting but things were definitely taking an interesting turn.

Until the wheels fell off.

"Honey," Mom looked in my direction. "Could you give us a moment, we shouldn't be long."

I looked to the door to outside and then the bathroom, choosing the latter I took one last look at my sister's worried expression and excused myself solemnly. There was no way I was going to completely miss what was happening. Leaving the door open a crack, I couldn't see the goings on but I could hear them. Mom had lowered her voice but was still decipherable and I was left to picture what she was in fact doing.

"We'll use this," she whispered and my sister nervously laughed. What the hell was going on out there?

"Ok, we'll just imagine he's already hard," Mom's words had me standing to attention. "Put your hand around it like this and see, you just move up and down."

No, seriously. What the hell was going on out there?

"But how hard should I hold it?" Bridget whispered. "What if it hurts him?"

I heard Mom laugh.

"I don't think you need to worry about that," she replied. "Now he's going to expect you to go down on him."

"I'm not putting my mouth around that," Bridget responded.

"Well how else are you going to learn?" Mom quickly retorted, showing frustration.

It was easily the most bizarre conversation I'd ever overheard. The fact it was my mother and sister, adding to the strangeness. I was desperate to see what they were doing, to help if necessary but I dared not intrude on my

mother's impromptu sex education lesson should I embarrass Bridget. I was left to pressing an ear to the door and a hand on my cock.

"This is stupid," Bridget finally stated after a moments silence.

"Yeah you're right," Mom agreed and in turn was quiet for a time. "There is another option."

"What?" My sister asked and I also was eager to hear her idea.

"Well there's..."

I cocked my head thinking I'd not heard something, listening for the faintest word.

"But he's my brother," Bridget whispered even quieter than previous.

There was silence in the suite as I strained to hear. And then.

"Aiden," my mother called and I pushed against the door immediately, almost falling into the room. Mom and Bridget had remained seated beside each other, the only addition, a banana between my mother's legs, standing to attention in place of a cock. It explained a great deal as to what they'd been doing and Mom casually tossed it aside when she noticed my eyes staring at her crotch.

"Honey, Bridget needs your help!" Mom began as my sister bit her lip expectantly. "Now you can say no if you're not comfortable..."

"I'll do it!" I quickly replied. Not wasting another moment.

"Oh," Mom smiled. "That was quick. You don't even know what we're asking."

"I'll do anything," I looked at Bridget. "I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy Bridge."

Bridget placed two hands over her heart and and cocked her head smiling.
"Oh Aiden; bless," she sighed.

"Just tell me what to do Mom."

Like a professional, Mom commanded me stand before the two of them and then looked up into my eyes.

"Your sister's a bit nervous about her wedding night Honey," she began.

"She needs some practice when it comes to...well, handling a man."

Bridget quickly broke in, seemingly enthusiastic now she wasn't practicing on a banana. "I've never had sex Aiden, I don't know the first thing."

"I know," I admitted. "I never believed Dad."

"Do you think you'd be able to get hard?" She asked, looking me in the eyes.

"Oh I don't think he'll have a problem with that!" Mom sniggered, obviously referring to our late night adventure. "Now let's get on with this, we don't have much time."

I could feel myself swelling as Mom encouraged my sister to undo my fly and reach in to pull out my cock. Her small cold hand shaking as it wrapped around me and extricated her prize from its confines. The women's reaction was surprising.

"Oh God," they sighed in unison.

Now I'd seen enough porn in my time to know I had a good looking dick. Not to boast...well, to boast, I would be considered larger than average but it was its flawless smooth skin I was most proud of and had been longing for another to admire. It just so happened the first to see it were my mother and sister. And I couldn't have been happier.

"Um," Mom stumbled over her words as she struggled to take her eyes from me. "God Aiden, I had no idea," she admitted as she seemed to lose her concentration.

"It's beautiful," my sister praised as from semi erect I hardened before their eyes.

"Um as you can see Bridget," Mom tried to focus. "Your brother is circumcised. Do you know if Nathaniel is?"

My sister shook her head. "I have no idea."

"Well there's not much difference, only a thin layer of skin and when they're hard like this," she reached out and ran her hand up the side of my cock which caused it to twitch. "They all look the same."

"Um, Mom should I get undressed?" I offered. "It might make things easier."

She nodded back blankly, my sister joining her as I noticed she'd allowed her robe to fall from her shoulder revealing the white lace strapless bustier she wore.

I took only seconds and I was naked before them. My mother and sister with vacant almost trancelike stares as they took in my body. My strong thighs; defined chest and shaved balls, heavy with anticipation.

"Ok," Mom spoke, trying to get back on track. "Jump down here between us Sweetheart," she patted the bed and I followed her lead, leaning back on my elbows, my cock vertical.

"Now just as you did with the banana Honey," Mom coaxed Bridget and immediately my sister's hand was again around my cock. For someone who

had never touched a penis before, her hand moved expertly; her grip just able to circle my girth as she moved from base to head and back.

"That's right Bridget," Mom praised her. "Here let me show you something."

Taking over, my mother joined in as Bridget's hand sat at the base reluctant to leave me.

"If you twist your wrist as you rise and lower, he'll enjoy it more," Mom looked back to me. "How does that feel Darling?"

I could barely respond as I looked upon my mom and sister taking it in turns to jerk me off. "It, it feels wonderful," I managed.

Bridget tried the twist technique and had it mastered as I noticed pre-cum leaking from the eye. It was obvious to the women and Mom pointed it out to my sister.

"That's his pre-cum Bridget, try it," Mom proposed.

"What?" My sister questioned.

"Taste it Darling, go on," Mom prodded.

Bridget allowed her index finger to slide over my swollen head, collecting the clear fluid and raising it to her lips, her tongue tentatively tasting.

"Mmm, it's sweet!" She exclaimed, approving of the flavour.

Mom, not to miss out, squeezed the length of my cock; milking out a sample for herself and brought it to her mouth to enjoy.

"Now you can also spit on it Bridget," Mom continued the lesson. "It works as a lubricant and men also like the look."

Hovering her face over my cock as my sister continued masturbating me, Mom drooled a trail of saliva down onto the head of my penis, Bridget allowing it to coat my length before adding to it with her own mouthful.

"That's right Honey," Mom complimented Bridget. "Now reach down with your other hand and cup your brothers balls. Feel the weight?"

"God they're so heavy," Bridget mused.

"That's a great sign, it means he's turned on," Mom smiled. "Like when we get wet!" She added.

We watched my sister masturbating me for a moment longer before Mom again gave directions. "You're doing so well Honey, you should try kissing him as you do it."

I rose back up to a seated position in expectation and Bridget and I couldn't help smiling as we looked in each other's eyes.

"What's so funny?" Mom asked confused.

Bridget turned to Mom. "Well we probably don't need to practice this one," she grinned. "We've actually done it before."

Mom didn't seem too rattled upon hearing the news her children had shared a kiss and in fact looked proud as Bridget turned back to me and closed her eyes as our lips met.

Her mouth was familiar but with her hand upon my cock, an entirely different experience to the last time we made out. I ran a hand over her back and up to her neck as her tongue and saliva filled my mouth, her hand slowly beating below. Mom's leg was so close to mine and I placed my other hand upon her thigh, feeling the transition of stocking to skin.

"Ok guys," Mom broke in and Bridget and I ceased our kiss, a thin trail of saliva connecting us as we parted. "I can see you've mastered masturbating a man, you'll now have to give him oral," she proposed. "I'll show you how it's done and then you can have a go, ok?"

Bridget nodded and watched intently. I noticed her robe had fallen all the way to her waist and was now only loosely tied over her hips. For the first time I could see her matching white underwear, the lace top stay-ups. With Mom's hand replacing Bridget's on my cock and her face turning to me, I think I became even harder.

"You're ok with this Aiden?" Mom asked. "You don't mind if Mommy sucks you off, just to show your sister how it's done?"

This time I couldn't speak, managing only to shake my head to show my consent as I again lay back on my elbows. Grinning, Mom climbed up on the bed and onto all fours, her ass within touching distance as she moved her mouth to the head of my cock and kissed. The first lips to touch my dick were my Mom's. How many guys get to say that I wondered? Her mouth wrapped around the head as she jerked the base and I felt her tongue swirling around me. Bridget looked on intently, the skin around her neck and chest flushed. Further Mom took me into her mouth until I felt the back of her throat and gagging she pulled off in a trail of saliva.

"Oh goodness," she apologized, slurping up the drool from my cock. "It's been a while."

"I'll do it," Bridget proclaimed, reaching for my cock and almost wrenching it from Mom's grasp. Her mouth was smaller than Mom's but was just as welcoming, her cheeks sucking in as her lips and tongue worked their magic. I placed a hand on my mother's rear to show my affection and she looked back smiling to show her consent. I took it as approval to go further

and with my sister's mouth around my penis, I took hold of the hem of Mom's dress and lifted it over her ass.

The panties I'd admired earlier as she stood looked even better as they now stretched taut over her buttocks. Running my hand over her cheeks I slid it down between her legs and pressed hard against the saturated gusset. It was all too much stimulation and I suddenly found myself fighting the urge to cum.

"Oh shit stop Bridge," I blurted out, tugging my cock from her mouth and grasp.

She looked offended, concerned, but Mom was quick to reassure her.

"It's ok Honey, I think your brother was just about to cum is all," she turned to me. "Is that right Aiden?"

I nodded, my cock pulsing as I dared not move until the sensation lessened.

"But I need to see that too!" Bridget declared. "I don't want there to be any surprises."

"We'll get to that Darling," Mom assured her as she rose and unzipped her dress. "But you need to learn some sexual positions first."

Feeling comfortable I wasn't about to prematurely ejaculate, I admired Mom undressing. She looked beautiful in her lingerie and I saw the benefit of wearing her panties over the garter as she slid them down her legs, the stockings staying on. Her pussy came into view, richly covered with pubic hair yet manicured into a perfect triangle. I could see her inner thighs were damp and dew glistened on the hair above her labia.

"Come on," Mom reached out to Bridget and assisted her off the bed. The robe she wore remained behind and I was left alone to admire my beauties

beside each other. "Let's get those panties off shall we?" Mom added.

Mom took hold of my sister's tiny white thong but Bridget completed the job, dropping it down her stockinged legs and leaving it on the floor. That she was smoothly waxed was no surprise, having seen as much in the nightclub parking lot. But now in the light of day standing next to my mother, both panty less, I could give it, them, the praise they deserved.

"This is a good lesson for you too Aiden," Mom observed. "Seeing the difference in vaginas. Come on, touch us." Mom looked at Bridget. "It's not all about pleasing your husband Honey, he should be willing to give you satisfaction as well."

Mom took hold of my raised hand and placed it palm upwards between her legs and doing the same with Bridget, I cupped each woman's pussy simultaneously. Heat and moisture greeting me at once.

Hirsute and bald in my hands, I would never be able to declare my preference as my middle fingers teased both women's entrance.

"That's right Aiden," Mom responded to the probing. "You can enter. Just go easy with your sister."

As one I allowed my fingers to slid effortlessly inside them, curling as I pressed my hand harder against their clits. Bridget's legs bowed slightly and I looked up to see her eyes closed.

Mom took hold of my hand and pulled me into her and I took the opportunity to slide in another finger which she seemed to enjoy.

"Oh fuck yes Baby," she moaned and Bridget's eyes opened to watch our mother in her ecstasy.

Using my hand as her personal toy, Mom swayed her hips on me, juice freely flowing from her as she fucked my fingers. In turn I eased another finger inside Bridget's tight hole and had her dropping down onto my hand, using my limb as her personal living stool.

With her spare hand my mother raised it to her breast and manipulated a nipple through her bra before sliding beneath and squeezing the entire boob. Her eyes drifted across to Bridget who was actively grinding with her hips against my hand.

"It's ok to cu..." Mom gasped. "You might...oh God...you might cum Honey," she finally managed to get out. "You might cum before him, but that's ok!" She sighed and I felt the walls of my mother's vagina clasp against my finger. Her body began shuddering and the amount of fluid dripping from her upon my hand increased as she undoubtedly came. The second time I had masturbated my mother to orgasm.

"Oh God," she collapsed down onto the bed beside me, my hand released from her pussy, drenched. All pretext this was merely a sex education lesson was lost as her mouth sought out my own and what I'd longed for for months came to be. With her tongue between my lips, saliva freely flowing into my mouth we confirmed our love to each other before she turned her head to look up to Bridget.

"Are you going to cum Honey?" Mom probed, her cheek against my own.

"I..I don't know," Bridget admitted, her hips swaying, my fingers deep inside her. "I think I need more penetration."

Mom seized on the comment. "You should try your brother's cock then Darling. You need to know what it feels like to have a man inside you. Come on, let me show you some positions."

Mom encouraged Bridget to lay on her back and spread her legs then looked up at the clock. "Now ordinarily Bridget, your partner would go down on you."

"There's time!" Bridget quickly replied and Mom looked at me frantically nodding.

"Oh ok," Mom conceded. "I'll show you how it's done Aiden," she smiled at me then looked down at Bridget. "Then you can see how it feels when a man does it."

Mom dropped down between my sister's thighs and placed a hand on her pussy, separating her lips and revealing the pink inside.

"You see here Honey," she looked back at me. "That's the clitoris. That's where you should concentrate."

I took hold of my cock and gently stroked as I watched Mom kiss and then lick my sister's clit. She had her writhing and then compounded the pleasure by entering her with two fingers. For a moment I felt a third wheel before Mom looked back. "Actually Honey, why don't you let your sister get more experience sucking you whilst I do this."

I responded with little more than a nod as I climbed aboard the bed and Bridget welcomed my attendance with an open mouth. Her small breasts had popped from the top of her bustier and I pressed my hand to her soft skin, caressing her hard pink nipples.

Mom increased the rate she stabbed my sister and my cock popping from her mouth, Bridget screamed out as she signalled her impending orgasm. "Oh fuck Mommy, I'm cumming!"

Mom pulled her face from my sister's pussy and looked up to me. "Quickly Aiden, down here with me."

Lunging forward I placed a hand on Bridget's thigh to keep her legs spread and put my mouth before her cunt in time for her climax. Mom pulled her fingers out of Bridget with a splash and waved her hand back and forth over her clit as my sister squirted. I took it in the eyes, the mouth. Mom's cheek pressed to mine as we drank in Bridget's cum splashing our faces. We kissed under her flow, her makeup ruined by pussy juice, our mouths sharing the delights.

Bridget sat up on her elbows as her orgasm subsided and looked at us between her legs before lunging forward and joining the kiss. My mother with her tongue poking out as Bridget licked the surface; licked her mouth; licked her face; before plunging her cum flavoured tongue between my lips.

"What are these positions you were talking about?" Bridget panted to Mom.

* * *

It seemed to pass in a daze. I would fuck my mother first whilst Bridget looked on, usually masturbating or Mom eating her pussy until I was on the verge of cumming. The brief respite of pulling out enough to regain stamina before I repeated the position on my sister. We fucked in missionary, Mom explaining the names as we went; they knelt before me as we fucked doggy; my cock back and forth between the two as they kissed the way mother and daughter rarely did.

"Don't marry him!" I begged her as she rode me cowgirl, naked save for her stockings. Mom had been about to sit on my face but stopped when Bridget was confronted with the plea. We were less than an hour from the wedding, soon they'd come looking, it was my last chance and I threw it out there.

For a moment Bridget looked bemused before seeming to debate the thought. "He can't love you more than we do," I added. "I'll marry you if it's a wedding you want."

Again she smiled and looked to Mom, not pausing her slow bucking on my erection. "I have to don't I?" She asked. "I can't pull out now."

"Oh Baby, you shouldn't feel pressured to wed," Mom offered. "If you're having doubts."

Bridget abandoned the smile and looked me in the eye before dropping forward, her breasts on my chest. "Prove you love me Aiden," she whispered into my mouth.

I thought I already had. What more did I have to do to show my affection for her, my love?

"I'll do anything," I pledged.

"Cum in me!"

"What?"

"Cum inside me little brother," she panted. "Fuck a baby into me, breed me. Make me your wife."

I glanced at Mom, nodding her approval as she masturbated before turning back to my sister. "Of course I will."

Bridget turned her attention to Mom as well. "I want you to watch, to witness. I want you right there to see it Mom."

Mom looked on the verge of another orgasm and blankly nodded.

"Anything you want my angel."

With that Bridget slid off my cock and mounted our mother in a sixty nine position. I immediately climbed between my sister's legs and pressed my dick between mouth and pussy, my balls on my mother's face. Bridget's head was lost between Mom's legs, her face deep in cunt. Spreading my sister's ass cheeks I marvelled at how pretty her anus looked and it dawned

on me we hadn't yet tried anal. That'll come, I told myself before pushing my cock between my mother's open lips.

With her chin pressed hard against Bridget's bald sex, I slid my dick deep into Mom's mouth, her hands holding my thighs, guiding me inside her. She wrapped her legs around Bridget's head and I wondered if any family had ever been this close before? I pulled out of Mom's throat slick with saliva and pressed my head to Bridget's awaiting vagina, Mom's hand rubbing me against her daughter's clitoris before stuffing me inside.

"Fuck her Aiden," Mom commanded. "Fuck your sister good. Fuck her for me, fuck her for the family."

I needed no further prompting. Falling forward I hugged Bridget's back as I thrust inside her. The slapping of my pelvis against her ass echoing around the room. The muffled moans of Bridget sighing as Mom came on her face. My hands slid over their bodies, up into Bridget's hair without care it would destroy the hairdo. I found Mom's ass beneath Bridget's head and squeezed, my finger dabbing on her puckered wet asshole. I lifted off and again spread Bridget's ass to watch my cock slide in and out of her pink as Mom allowed her daughter's head to be freed from its pussy prison.

She turned, resting her cheek on Mom's pubic bone and with closed eyes again begged me to cum inside her.

"Cum in her," Mom repeated between licking my balls. "Let me see you cum Baby."

And with Bridget squeezing her pussy around me, I let loose.

A torrent of semen surged from me and into my sister's vagina. Gushing cum as deep as possible. Into her uterus.

"God I can feel it," Bridget admitted. "I can feel your cum Aiden."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I yelled with each jet, with each thrust as my balls emptied.

With only one or two spurts left I pulled from Bridget and Mom took over, directing my cock into her mouth where she greedily ate my jizz, adding to the river of sperm overflowing from my sister's cunt and falling upon her face.

Cupping her pussy to stem the flow, Bridget climbed off and joined Mom at my cock, sucking and kissing my still erect penis between their mouths.

"I mean it you know," I stated, running my hand over Bridget's hair, the other on Mom's eyeshadow streaked cheek. "From this day forward, for as long as us three live. I consider myself married to both of you."

Smiling; joyous; proud to be my wives, they kissed and just as the clock struck three p.m. there was a knock at the door and we heard Nathaniel yelling for his fiancée.

* * *

It was uncomfortable for a number of hours. After some shouting it was discovered Nathaniel had previously slept with one of the bridesmaids anyway so any guilt Bridget may have had, quickly evaporated. We managed to leave the resort without running into too many of the other guests and on the road we allowed ourselves to feel pretty good about the whole matter. I felt elated. I had secured my sister's presence in my life and had betrothed myself to not one but two women. The two women I loved most in the world.

It took the entire journey and pulling up in the driveway of our home before Bridget leaned forward between the two front seats and looked at me, a confused expression on her face.

"So hang on Aiden. Does this mean you actually aren't gay?" She questioned.

Mom and I just laughed.

Georgia and Darcy

Chapter 1

Georgia Reed met the man of her dreams when he saved her from an overly aggressive mosh pit at a Fugazi concert in 1992. A blonde undercut and a Red Hot Chili Peppers t-shirt, she thought he looked like Kurt Cobain. His eyes seemed to see into her very psyche and his body was that of an Olympic swimmer. She discovered in the back seat of his car, his cock was made of granite and his caresses came from heaven. As he came inside her on that same night they met, she told him she loved him and he said the same. When he drove her home and promised to phone her the next day she imagined wedding bells and white picket fences. When two days had passed and no call came she hesitated dialing the number he'd given her. Her mind knew what was happening but her heart held out hope. The number wasn't connected and she never saw him again. Nine months later she met the true love of her life and she named him Darcy.

* * * * *

25 years later, Georgia was running late for work. She'd hurried her shower and skipped breakfast. Stumbling along the hallway, her skirt around her waist, attempting to pull up her pantyhose she was thankful Darcy had already left the house. What a sight she must have looked, she thought. Another thought entered her mind and she voiced her frustration in an audible, "Fuck!" She'd forgotten to email a copy of her driver's license to the DMV. Some mix-up at their end had seen her car's registration become invalid and her plan was to scan all the relevant details and email them the night before. Georgia entered the kitchen, looked at the time and took a deep breath. Not wanting to be driving an unregistered car she made a fateful decision. "Fuck it, work will have to wait." She stated.

She'd asked Darcy about using his computer and scanner a couple of days previous and he'd been compliant. Fetching her I.D and the relevant documents from a drawer she made her way to her son's room and entered his domain. She shook her head and smiled at his unmade bed and tried not to get annoyed at the dirty clothing scattered on the floor. Boys will be boys, she thought to herself and sat down at his desk, turning on the PC in the process.

The lock screen appeared with some kind of demon face staring back at her. She entered the password she knew he used for everything and the home screen, with an equally as unsettling image of horror became the backdrop for his desktop. As she navigated her way to the internet it dawned on her what a violation she may have been committing. Yes, he had said she could use the computer but that was probably implied under his supervision. As she opened the search engine to access her email she was instantly apprehensive as to what may inadvertently appear. To her relief, the history had been deleted and no other search terms popped up.

Turning on the scanner she placed her drivers license on the glass and closed the lid. Finding the icon for the printer/scanner she opened the application and pressed scan. A notification box popped up on the screen. "Before proceeding do you want to save previous file? Yes. No. More details." Georgia was in two minds as to what to do. Clicking on "more details," in the hope of being provided another option, like "ignore" she was greeted with an image that took her breath away.

The woman on the screen was her but not her! Georgia's mind was struggling to fathom what she was seeing. The photo was definitely her, taken last Christmas as she enjoyed a glass of wine in the kitchen. Her face

looked the same, the kitchen looked the same but the woman in the photo wasn't wearing pants.

For a moment she wondered when it may have happened. Did she get that drunk that somehow she'd forgotten it? But reality swept away the ridiculous notion. She knew the exact photo, it was one of the rare photos they'd actually made a physical print of. No, the photo had been doctored, "photo-shopped" she thought the word was. Someone had edited it to make her appear half naked. Not just "someone" she thought, the only person who even had access to the photo. Her son!

The more she stared at herself the more detail she noticed. He'd matched the legs up perfectly with her torso. They were slender like her own, the black high heels they wore could have been her own. One thing stood out to her though. The woman in the photo had a completely bald vagina. Does he think I shave my pussy? She thought to herself and immediately rebuked herself for posing such an unimportant question at this time. What she should have been asking herself was why the hell her own son was creating such an image to begin with? It was sick, wasn't it? It was perverted. For god's sake, it was incestuous. She hadn't raised him like this had she? She'd taught him respect for women, for her. He had girlfriends, why would he even need to do something like this? My god, are there more, she thought? Right now, finding porn in his search history seemed like a much better outcome. With trembling hands she closed the photo and the pop up. She clicked out of the printer application and retrieved her drivers license from the scanner and shut down her son's PC. A quick scan of the desk to make sure her presence would go unnoticed and she exited his bedroom. Unregistered car be damned, she'd deal with the DMV another time. Right now she had to get to work and she had a lot of thinking to do.

* * * * *

Carol Oakley greeted Georgia with a smile and an offer to get her a cup of coffee when she fell down into her chair in the cubicle next to her, 45 minutes late for work. "I can see you've had a bad morning, I'll make sure it's not de-caf!" She laughed and wandered off to get them both refreshments. Georgia's mind couldn't focus on anything but what she'd seen on her son's computer. In her confused state she inadvertently entered her son's password on her own computers lock screen, "Mother." It was the the name of the computer in the movie Alien, but now the word took on a whole new meaning.

Managing to remember her own password Georgia opened her work email and began sifting through the business of the day. Carol returned and presented Georgia with a mug of steaming black coffee which she took gratefully. "Looks like you've had a morning! Want to talk about it?" Carol asked, sipping at her own cup of tea.

Georgia looked at the older woman and contemplated what she should say. At nearly 60, Carol had 15 years of experience over Georgia, she also had two sons. If she could confide in anyone it would be her.

"Your boys Carol. Did they ever do anything, I don't know, weird?" She asked.

Carol let out a snort and laughed at the question, "Oh honey, everything they did was weird! You'll have to be a little more specific."

Georgia wanted to tell her but couldn't find the words to express it. "I found something on his computer," she at last answered.

"Ah, well there was your first mistake. Curiosity killed the cat and all that. Some things you just don't really want to know do you? What was it, s&m,

homosexual?"

Georgia was taken aback at Carol's frankness. "What? No. It was nothing like that. It was just one photo. He must have doctored it somehow, to make it pornographic." She leaned in to talk closer to Carol. "It was me!" Georgia resumed her position and waited for Carol's inevitable shocked response.

"Oh is that it? God I thought you were going to say it was to do with animals or something!"

Georgia was again shocked at Carol's nonchalance. It felt good to unburden herself of the secret but Carol was making her feel silly for even fretting over it in the first place. "But don't you understand, he made a photo of me look as though I was naked. His mother, naked! Don't you think that's weird?"

"Trust me sweetheart, "weird" comes naturally to men. Does he take your panties?"

Georgia felt herself redden. "I..I don't think so. What do you mean?"

"Well my boys would take my dirty panties from the wash. I'd find them stuffed back in the laundry basket dripping with... well, you know what. Often they'd forget and leave them in their beds, under a pillow or something. I'd find them when changing their sheets. It was such a regular thing I was surprised when I didn't."

"So it was just your dirty ones?" Georgia asked, fascinated by Carol's story.

"Uh-huh." She replied. "Kind of flattering if you think about it." She took a sip of tea and went on, Georgia hugging her coffee mug, all thought of working out of her mind. "You know, they'd spy on me too."

Carol began to surprise even herself at the level of her admission. She and Georgia were more than just colleagues but that had never extended to sharing such intimate details about her life. "It began with peeping through a keyhole in the bathroom. They would try and be surreptitious but ended up making more noise than elephants, I knew what they were up to. I even began to enjoy it and play along."

"My god Carol, you didn't!" Georgia interjected. "What did you do?"

The memories came flooding back to Carol. It had been years since she'd even thought about it and now here she was openly discussing it at work of all places. "I'd stay naked for longer in the bathroom, allowing them both to get their fill through the keyhole."

"You've got twins haven't you?" Georgia added, imagining the scene in her own head.

"Uh-huh. They were late teens at the time, 18 or 19. I would pretend to examine my breasts but really I was just caressing myself. This went on for months. Eventually one afternoon I left my bedroom door ajar and lay naked on the bed. I'm sure you can imagine what I did."

Georgia, mouth slightly agape, nodded in understanding.

"Well, sure enough I soon heard them at the door. You know Georgia, I've never told anyone this. I'm not ashamed to admit it, I wanted them to come in." Carol's face was flushed, she felt a familiar wetness in her crotch as she recounted the memory. "I had a hand between my legs and one on my breast. My head was high enough on the pillow I could see their faces, one above the other in the doorway. I wondered if their cocks were hard? My sons. I wanted to see them. I wanted to feel them inside me."

Georgia herself was turned on by the story. She shifted in her seat and felt the dampness in her panties. "My god Carol, what happened?"

"That's just it. Nothing. Their father caught them spying on me and gave them a thrashing. Charles never found out what I was doing in there, they sure as hell didn't say anything to him. I was up and out of bed by the time he saw me so he just assumed I was changing for dinner."

"You really would have gone through with it? It's incest Carol!" Georgia exclaimed.

"Oh laws be damned. As they say, it's better to regret something you did than something you didn't." Carol retorted. "Sadly that was the end of it. They stopped taking my underwear and didn't dare spy on me again for fear of my husband. They both met girls and are now married with kids of their own." Carol paused and seemed to Georgia to choose her next words carefully. "I'm just saying Georgia, I don't know how you feel about all this but you're still young and in good shape. Don't get to my age and wonder what could have been."

For the third time in their conversation, Georgia was taken aback. "You're telling me to sleep with my own son!"

"No honey. I'm advising you to not humiliate him and think about your own happiness. I know you haven't seen anyone for some time, don't close your mind to any possibilities."

Georgia didn't respond to Carol's last statement. A manager began doing the rounds of the office and both women thought it best to at least seem as though they were working. In reality their minds were elsewhere. Carol was fixated on long suppressed incestuous desire and Georgia's head was spinning with the implications of what she'd discovered just hours before. It

was all ridiculous she thought. Sleeping with her son! It was just a photo, possibly the only one and most probably a joke at that. He'd never shown any desire towards her. Unlike Carol's boys, he'd never taken her underwear. And then the thought came to her. Not that she knew!

The office had all of a sudden become stiflingly hot to her and she made her way to the bathroom to splash some water on her face. Looking in the mirror she assessed the reflection. At 45 the years had been kind to her, with wrinkle free skin and a high metabolism that never saw her put on excess weight. Men found her attractive and she'd had suitors over the years but never met someone she wanted to share her entire life with and therefore was happy to be a single mom. Georgia looked down to her breasts and was shocked to see her nipples protruding proudly through the white cotton shirt and she couldn't blame the air temperature. I wonder if Darcy likes my tits? She thought to herself and the idea worked its way to her groin. She entered a cubicle and lifted her skirt. Pulling down her pantyhose and underwear she looked at the gusset of her panties. Soaking wet. Her upper thighs in the same state. Oh god, she thought. What am I doing?

* * * * *

Darcy loaded a bag of cement onto the back of a tray truck. He'd had the job as a laborer at the building site for over a month now and it was having a noticeable effect on his muscle strength and fitness. Returning to the pallet a sudden panicked feeling swept over him. He'd gone to bed late after manipulating another photo of his mother and he couldn't recall now whether he'd saved it to his USB or not. Ordinarily it wouldn't be a problem but he remembered his mother had asked to use his computer. She wouldn't use it when I'm not there surely, he thought but doubt crept in. Oh Jesus, he thought. What if she saw it? The rest of the afternoon seemed to drag as he

eyed the clock. When it was time to finish work he was first to the exit and nervous to see what awaited him at home.

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Georgia wasn't at the house when he returned and he quickly made his way to his room and turned on his computer. He'd been right. He hadn't saved the image but all seemed normal and untouched. He'd dodged a bullet, he thought but would have to be more careful in the future. The photo editing had started out as a bit of fun. He'd seen it done on porn sites and decided to give it a go and who's image more than anyone else's did he have access to? His mother. He hadn't even been attracted to her sexually up until this point. The moment he superimposed her face over that of a porn star however, something changed. She was no longer just his mother, she was a woman. Breasts, vagina and all.

Darcy took a USB from a drawer in the desk and plugged it into his computer. Opening the device, multiple folders appeared, each with describing titles. He moved the image of his mother into a file titled "Kitchen" between "Jeans" and "Lingerie." Opening another folder he scrolled through the hundreds of images before him. Every photo was of his mother in varying states of undress or fully clothed but in sexy attire. They were of course all manipulated using actual portraits of Georgia superimposed on porn. Darcy's cock began to swell as he stroked it beneath his jeans. He stopped on a photo that impressed him. "That's it Mom, show me your pussy!" The image was a woman in a suburban garden lifting the front of her sun dress, Georgia's head flawlessly transplanted on the model. Darcy undid his fly and pulled his now hard cock from his pants, his hand working up and down his shaft. "Oh you naughty girl. You're gonna make me cum!" He told the screen. This won't take long, Darcy thought and

reached for a box of tissues beside the desk just in time to catch his orgasm. "Oh yes Mom, fuck yeeassss," he cried as the relief flooded over him.

* * * * *

Georgia pulled into the driveway and entered the house only moments after Darcy came. Perfect timing, he thought as he pulled a can of soft drink from the fridge and welcomed his mother home. Any apprehension Georgia felt about seeing Darcy melted away as he behaved in his normal manner. "Oh Mom, we can do that license thing you asked about when you're ready," Darcy offered, opening his can and taking a sip.

"Oh great honey," Georgia responded placing down her handbag and retrieving the documents from inside. "I'm ready to go!"

For the second time that day, Darcy felt the panic of his obsession potentially being discovered by his mother. As he led her to his room he couldn't recall whether he'd closed the photo he'd been viewing on the computer. To his relief as they entered, the screen was displaying just his desktop wallpaper and he breathed a sigh of relief. Sitting down Darcy turned on the scanner and pulled the USB from the PC and placed it in his drawer. The action didn't go unnoticed by Georgia and she wondered what was on the memory stick to make him feel the need to remove it.

Handing her license and the paperwork to Darcy he quickly scanned the items and opened the browser. "You're gmail right?" he asked, to which Georgia nodded. "Just enter your password Mom." Darcy sat back and Georgia leaned in to access the keyboard. Her arm brushed against her son's and Darcy could smell her hair they were so close. When she straightened up Darcy took over again, finding the relevant email, attaching the documents and sending the mail. "Done!" He exclaimed, "too easy."

"My hero. Thank you." Georgia responded and leaned in to kiss Darcy on the cheek. She didn't regret it but immediately wondered if it was appropriate after the knowledge she now held. Dismissing the notion she asked what he'd like for dinner and when neither of them could come up with an option Georgia proposed trying the new Italian restaurant that had opened locally, to which Darcy agreed. "It's a date then," Georgia piped and again questioned her words and actions. God when will I stop walking on eggshells? She thought to herself and went to freshen for the evening.

Standing naked in the bathroom Georgia looked at the underwear in her hand. Her panties were still wet. She placed them on top of her pantyhose and discarded clothing and entered the shower. The pressurized water massaged her body, she soaped herself and a hand found her pussy. "No don't!" She told herself and pulled her hand away. "Not again." Earlier in the day she'd masturbated in the bathroom cubicle at work. Sitting atop the toilet she'd fingered herself to orgasm imagining Darcy, watching her much the same as Carol's boys had. When the orgasm came she felt a wave of guilt. What kind of mother was she? She thought, Masturbating in her workplace like an oversexed teen, to a fantasy of her son as well. "No," she repeated. "Not again!"

With her hair dried and makeup done Georgia exited the bathroom wearing a short-sleeved mid-thigh, white satin robe. "Bathroom's free," she yelled to Darcy who responded with a thank you from his bedroom.

When Darcy closed the door behind him, the air in the bathroom was still steamy but his eyes had no problem making out his mother's discarded clothing on the bath's edge. Or more to the point, her light blue cotton panties sitting atop the pile of clothing. Making sure the door was locked he gingerly picked up his mother's intimate apparel and held it before him. The

crotch was damp, no not damp, wet. What the fuck? Darcy thought. He had never been in the habit of smelling his mothers panties but now with them seemingly offered to him and being in such a state he couldn't resist. Pressing the gusset to his nose and mouth he inhaled the scent of his mother.

If it had been socially acceptable to wear them over his face for the rest of the evening, he would have. If he never inhaled another aroma, it would be too soon. The smell was divine. His cock arose in accordance. As before, his orgasm came quickly and he was careful to replace the underwear exactly as he'd found them.

Georgia contemplated what to wear. She'd decided on the underwear, a black satin thong with lace waist and matching bra and was now debating between jeans or a dress. She chose the dress. Not exactly a dress. The shopping channel had convinced her a year ago she needed a shape-wear slip, the added bonus being (they said) it could double as a "little black dress." When on and studying her reflection, she decided the bra looked too bulky beneath the tight, thin material. The slip gave enough support on it's own, and upon removing the 12D, was satisfied with the result. As she slipped into black heels she again caught her reflection. Are you dressing like this for him? She asked herself. The light in the room wasn't bright and yet she could see the slip was transparent. Another question entered her mind. Are you trying to turn him on? For god's sake woman, he's your son! She told herself. Georgia suddenly felt queasy. She momentarily considered changing into the jeans but Darcy's voice asking her if she was ready from the hall halted the notion. "What will happen, will happen," she whispered and went to join her son in the kitchen.

"Mom. You look...wow!" Darcy exclaimed as Georgia entered the well lit room.

"'Wow' good, or 'wow' bad?" She asked.

Darcy could clearly see his mother's panties through the dress and he tried as best he could to lift his eyes from her perfectly formed breasts, the small nipples erect and also visible. "Ah, no definitely 'wow' good. Um I've organized an Uber so we can both have a drink, Ok?"

"Good idea honey," she remarked and as if on cue a car beeped it's horn in the driveway.

* * * * *

As Georgia had expected the restaurant was dimly lit and her dress seemed to go unnoticed by other patrons. They accepted a window table and a staff member approached to take their order. The girl was young and introduced herself as Amy. Georgia noticed her seeming to pay more attention to her son than her as they ordered and she could understand why. She looked at Darcy and saw what other women did. A very hot guy! His black shirt was rolled up to his elbows which accentuated not only his strong biceps but his sleeve tattooed forearms. She'd been unsure of them at first but when she saw him with his shirt off, the full effect from wrist to shoulder was impressive. His hair was shaved at the sides, long on top and slicked down, a popular style at the time and he wore it well. Darcy took after her in looks, seeing his father in him would be a daily reminder of his betrayal and she was thankful for this small mercy.

Georgia noticed Darcy now seemed to be paying special attention to the waitress and a twinge of jealousy crept into her.

"Um," the girl stuttered to Darcy. "I know you. You work with my brother. Thomas. I've seen you at the building site a few times when I've met him there."

The girls face reddened but relief showed upon her when Darcy responded with acknowledgement. "Oh yeah, you're twins right?"

"Yeah, I'm older though," she returned. "By like an hour!" Freshly blushing at her lame response. Darcy however smiled at her nervousness which she seemed to enjoy.

Georgia could see she was attracted to her son and she suddenly felt old when Darcy shook the girls hand and introduced her as his mother. Amy assured them she'd put their drinks on the house and Georgia took full advantage, ordering a cosmopolitan to start. Darcy stuck with beer and Georgia watched his eyes follow Amy's ample ass as she walked away.

When the food came and the alcohol flowed Georgia chose to cast aside the jealousy she'd earlier felt. Darcy was having dinner with her, it was her photo on his computer, whatever may happen between this girl and her son, she was his date tonight and she'd make the most of it. They talked and laughed and their conversation came around to Darcy's tattoos. More than a little drunk Georgia proclaimed, "You know you're not the only one in our house with a tat, honey!"

Darcy, about to take a sip from his glass stopped and looked quizzically. "You don't have a tattoo Mom!"

Georgia smiled smugly, running a finger around the rim of her glass. "Maybe I do!"

"Where? I would have seen it." He replied and then realizing if he hadn't seen it, it meant it was on a place on her body he had never seen,

somewhere intimate, and began to blush.

Georgia was happy with his reaction. "That's right mister. Sorry you asked?" She giggled.

Darcy decided to take the opportunity. Georgia had drunk more than him, he figured she'd probably forget the conversation the next day anyway. "Actually no. I'd love to see it Mom."

Georgia opened her mouth in mock horror. "Oh you naughty boy," she laughed. "I think that would be illegal. We'd end up going to prison."

Darcy went all in. "It'd be worth it!" He added and Georgia slapped the back of his hand resting on the table.

"Goodness Darcy, when did you become so crude?" She joked.

"Probably when you told me you had a secret tattoo."

* * * * *

Darcy held his mother around the waist to help her balance as they entered the house. Georgia had taken her heels off in the car but was still unsteady on her feet. Once inside and the door closed she turned to face him in the hallway and put her arms up over her sons shoulders, clasping her hands behind his neck. Slurring her words she looked him in the eyes. "You're my favorite son in the world."

Darcy smiled, her lower body was pressed against him allowing him to still see her breasts. He placed his hands on her hips and felt the lace waist band of her panties through her slip. "I'm also your only son in the world! Unless there's something else you've been keeping from me!"

"Oh you're silly. I love you. Do you love me?"

Darcy couldn't recall ever seeing her this drunk and he wondered why she'd decided to drink so much. "Of course I love you."

"Then kiss me, I need proof."

Darcy complied by kissing her lightly on the cheek but Georgia wouldn't have any of it, puckering her lips demanding he kiss her again. Darcy did as ordered, again lightly kissing her. As he pulled away her mouth opened slightly and her eyes remained closed. He wanted to do more. To kiss her passionately, to feel her tongue but she was too drunk for him to be sure she knew what she was doing. If he made a move it could be disastrous.

"Oh you're no fun," Georgia relented. "I know, why don't you get us a nightcap while I go get changed."

Darcy watched her stumble along the hall using the wall as support. There was no way he was going to give her more alcohol, he poured a tumbler of water and waited in the lounge room for her to return.

Georgia came back minutes later wearing her satin robe. She'd removed her makeup and her hair was wet where she'd washed her face. "Probably for the best," she said as she drank the water and lay down on the couch next to Darcy. A music video program played on the television and the rhythm soon had Georgia feeling drowsy. Resting her head on the cushions she pulled her knees up alongside her. The act caused her robe to uncover her buttocks and it was deliberate. She placed a hand over her face as if to shield her eyes from the light and lay quietly, waiting.

She didn't have to wait long. Through her fingers she watched her sons gaze turn from the television to her. She couldn't be sure how much of her he could see but her decision to remove her panties before coming back out seemed to be paying off. She purposefully breathed louder to feign sleep

and it did the trick. She watched as Darcy moved a hand to his crotch and began rubbing the front of his jeans, all the while staring at her ass. Oh Jesus he's doing it! She thought. He's masturbating over me. This proves it, he does want me. The realization still came as a shock to Georgia. Oh god, she thought. If he tries to fuck me, will I let him? The thought of him fucking her caused a familiar and pleasant sensation in her vagina. She felt herself wet and wondered if he could see.

Darcy couldn't believe his eyes. His mother's bare pussy and asshole were less than two foot from him. How could she not realize she was on display like this? That's when the thought hit him. Maybe it was on purpose. Did she want him to see her? She'd acted strangely, flirting in the hallway, the talk of the tattoo. Did she actually want him? Whatever her reasons he wasn't going to let this moment slip. Stroking his hardening cock though his jeans, he feasted his eyes upon her holes. His mother's holes. Oh to touch them, he thought. To taste them. He pressed harder against his cock, grinding it into his leg. Georgia moved her leg slightly and it parted her pussy, her pink slit, wet amid her pubes. The sight was too much. Darcy began cumming in his pants, he squeezed his cock and expelled his semen with stifled breaths. He looked down and was thankful his jeans had contained the evidence. Quickly getting up he grabbed the throw rug and placed it over his mother, turned off the television and light and left the room.

Georgia's face beamed with delight.

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When Georgia awoke the next day she feared she would be hungover but was surprised at feeling so well. Darcy's early starts saw her alone in the house and ahead of her routine for work. In her bedroom after showering

she looked in her underwear drawer. The thong she'd worn the night before was easily the sexiest item she owned and she wondered if that was the reason she, unlike Carol had never found her panties in her son's bed. Maybe I need to wear some lingerie for him, she thought. Maybe I can convince him to come shopping with me, she added. My god she reasoned, listen to me, was it only yesterday I found that photo on his computer? "His computer," Georgia said out loud. "I wonder what's on that USB?"

She did feel guilty as she turned on her son's PC. She felt ashamed when she opened the drawer and retrieved the memory stick from it's location. She felt exhilaration when she clicked open the folder titled "Asshole." What greeted her were countless pornographic images of women in varying states of dress, all with two things in common. Their assholes were either on display or were being filled by cocks or toys and every woman had her face. She could see the progression in his work. The earliest dated images had her face often looking out of place or the wrong tone. The most recent however, were flawless. It could actually have been her in the photos. Opening the next folder, "Boobs" she discovered her face photo-shopped on topless women with varying breast sizes. The next file was "Cum." Georgia clicked open the icon and was shocked. Somehow he'd managed to take innocent photos of her and turn them into a gallery of cum facials.

Two things ran through her mind, first, it was just her. Darcy had other female relatives and other women in his life, yet he hadn't treated anyone else to his artwork. And secondly, she was turned on. And how could she not be? Yes, she thought, it was degrading. He had reduced her to merely a sexual object for his gratification but it was definitely flattering. He was obsessed with her. He craved her. Here before her was an A to Z of her son's sexual fantasies about her. She hadn't even realized it when it happened, it was only when the pleasure increased did she notice. She was fingering

herself. She looked down at her hand nestled between her legs, Her skirt was around her waist, her legs spread. She looked at the time on the screen, still half an hour before work. "Oh why not?" She panted, and pulled her panties aside to gain access to her cunt. Georgia expertly flicked her fingers across her clitoris as she clicked her way through the catalogue. Her son's chair became wet beneath her. When her orgasm came she was fixated on a photo of herself sucking a cock. "Oh fuck Darcy yes, cum in my mouth baby!" She screamed as she flooded her hand and shivers ran down her body. Turning off the computer and replacing the USB, Georgia smiled to herself, "Oh we are going to have some fun baby, Mommy promises."

* * * * *

Georgia walked proudly into the office, late again she ran her hand across Carol's shoulders as she passed and sat at her work-space. Carol looked up from her computer at Georgia's beaming smile. "Well don't you look like the cat that ate the cream! What's got you so perky this morning?" Then when the recollection of the previous mornings conversation came to her she dropped her jaw. "Oh my, Georgia have you...? You know!"

Georgia surprised herself by how frank and openly she revealed the recent events. She'd never really spoken about her sex life to anyone but Carol's incestuous confession had given her license to share, and share she did. Beginning with the flirtatious dinner and provocative clothing, to flashing herself on the couch and her masturbation session before work. Carol took it all in with relish and when Georgia's story was ended she excused herself to the bathroom no doubt, Georgia believed, to relieve herself much as she'd done the day before.

* * * * *

Darcy sat in the sun on his break. Looking down at his phone, his finger hovered above the number the girl from the restaurant had given to him. She was cute, he thought. She had a great ass, chunky, the way he liked them. She wasn't wearing a see-through dress though. She hadn't tried to drunkenly make out with him in the hallway. She hadn't openly flashed her pussy and asshole to him on the couch, he thought. Fuck, what was that? Sure she'd been drunk but had never been so openly sexual towards him. "Does she want to fuck me?" Darcy whispered under his breath. Darcy placed his phone back in his pocket without calling Amy. Let's just see how this plays out, he thought.

* * * * *

Friday afternoon was the one day of the week Georgia and Darcy arrived home at same time. Georgia had been formulating her next move for much of the day, in her bedroom she changed into a denim skirt she hadn't worn in a decade. It was (apart from the slip she wore the night before) the sluttiest item she owned, the length of which struggled to cover her ass. A white shirt complimented the look, it was a work shirt but had shrunk in the wash leaving it far too tight across her breasts. Perfect for the task at hand.

Darcy sat at the kitchen table watching youtube on his phone.

"Coffee?" Georgia asked as she entered the room. Darcy looked up, nodded, then returned his gaze downwards. Only momentarily though. It was the time it took his brain to acknowledge his mother's appearance. His eyes tracked back to Georgia as she crossed the floor. She wore brown wedges on her feet that lengthened her legs. He watched her from behind as she reached up to retrieve two mugs from a high cupboard. Leaning forward caused her ridiculously short skirt to reveal her white panties, the bulge of her pussy clearly visible to her son. Darcy closed the youtube app and

opened the camera. If I'm quick, he thought, this will be amazing. Knowing her next move would be to reach for the coffee he aimed the phone and wasn't disappointed. Georgia bent forward at the waist and opened a cupboard at her knees. Her skirt lifted mid way up the cheeks of her bottom. The flash of the camera lit the kitchen and Darcy scolded himself for not disabling the function.

Georgia turned around as Darcy diverted his phone from her direction, blood flushing his cheeks. "Did you just take a photo of me?" She asked, knowing full well he did. She'd felt his eyes on her from the moment she entered.

"What? No, I accidentally pressed it on my phone!" He lied and hoped she bought it.

"Oh, Ok." Georgia replied, a doubting smirk on her face. "Hey, I wanted to ask a favor of you. You can say no."

"Sure, what?"

"Well I need to go to the mall to get some things and I don't want to drive around in my car, it not being registered and all. I was wondering if you could take me. If you have plans, that's Ok."

Darcy jumped at the chance. Whatever was going on with his mother, the more time he spent with her the better he imagined. And a favor! She'd owe him. What could this lead to? His mind wondered.

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In the car Darcy found it hard to keep his eyes on the road. Georgia's legs were parted, her body slightly turned towards him in the seat. He could see her panties, his mother's panties. My god, he thought. Is she doing this on purpose? Blood rushed to his penis. The devil on his shoulder told him to

pull the car over, take out his cock and offer it to her. The sensible half of his brain advised him to keep playing the game. She was making up the rules, she was in control of the field. "So what do you need at the mall?" Darcy asked, in an effort to take his mind from between his mother's legs.

"Oh you wouldn't be interested, just some new underwear," she teased.

Darcy groaned inside. "Oh, should I just wait in the car?"

"Oh would you come with me? You know I can never remember where the car is parked at that place!"

Darcy mentally leaped into the air but he remained cool on the outside.

"Yeah, I guess. If you want"

* * * * *

Friday night, walking around a department store with their mother. Not how the average 25 year old man would ideally spend his time. Darcy however was in his element. Georgia had made a beeline to the lingerie section and was taking multiple items from varying racks. Darcy's role was to follow and carry the fruits of her labor. He noticed her progression. Beginning with plain cotton bras and briefs she gradually chose sexier items until she was passing him lacy thongs and what looked to him to be bridal lingerie. As Georgia held a red lace teddy against her body to judge the size Darcy summoned up the courage to ask her a pertinent question. "Mom, are you seeing someone?"

Georgia was a little surprised by it and furrowed her brow. "No. Why would you ask that?"

Darcy looked down at the lingerie in his arms. "It's just all this, who are you buying this stuff for?"

"For me! What, do you think you mom's too old to try and feel sexy?"

Darcy blushed and looked away. "No..I..I just.."

"Oh come on silly," Georgia grabbed him by the arm. "I just need to try on a couple of things, then we can get going."

She led him to the change rooms and relieved him of the underwear as Darcy took a seat outside. He watched a group of teenage girls looking at bras and they blushed and giggled at his attention. He was just about to pull out his phone and access the net to pass the time when Georgia called out from the rooms. "Darcy, honey are you there?"

He made his way outside her cubicle and answered in the affirmative. The door opened a fraction and Georgia's head appeared in the space. Slipping the red teddy out of the opening she passed it to Darcy. "Honey would you be able to get me the next size up please?" She was totally nude and though all Darcy could see of her in person was her face and hand, behind her in the mirror he could see everything. Her skin was white in the fluorescent light of the change room. As she was leaning at the door, her bottom stuck out from behind. Jesus, Darcy thought, I can see her asshole. The second time in two days, the thought was not lost on him. He took the teddy and promptly swapped it for the larger size, still only a size 10.

When he returned the same scene played out only this time in the reflection he saw she was wearing the bridal lingerie, all but the white stockings. The sight was still wonderful and he couldn't refrain his cock from hardening. She took the teddy. "Thanks honey, won't be a minute," she replied and Darcy was left to return to his seat outside the rooms. That was her chance, he thought. If she really wanted him she could have pulled him into the change room right then. They could have fucked in there, no one would have ever known. No, he thought. It must be all in his head, the flirting, the

flashing. The years of fantasizing about her were making him project his obsessions onto her. He wasn't going to fuck his mom. It was an unreality. The teenage girls were still in the bra section and he decided to approach them, maybe meet up with them later but as he arose Georgia exited the dressing rooms. "I'm ready honey, let's go!"

* * * * *

Darcy wasn't prone to sulking but on the drive home he found it hard not to. He tried as best he could not to look in his mother's direction, her short skirt still revealing her panties. He was frustrated sexually enough already, he didn't need any more stimulus. Georgia sensed his mood. The dressing rooms had been a tease, possibly cruel and she could understand his frustration. Hell, she felt it too. Her plan had been to seduce him in the changing rooms but a noise and voices in the adjoining cubicle had spooked her, denting her confidence. Now she wanted him more than ever. Every time a girl had looked in his direction she ached to place her arms around him and claim him as her own. To have him hold her as a woman and not just his mother. To have him inside her.

His sulking continued at home. After changing into sweat pants he drifted to the couch to watch a ball game on TV. Georgia took her newly acquired lingerie to her room and contemplated changing into an outfit, walking out into the living room and fucking her son on the sofa. She however decided to save the lingerie for another occasion. Give him something to look forward to, she thought. Instead, remaining in her denim, skirt she removed her shirt and bra and replaced it with a tight nylon tank top, her breasts pressed tight to the silky material. In the kitchen she took two beers from the refrigerator and entered the lounge room. Passing a bottle to Darcy she sat beside him, her legs up on the couch. They both took sips of beer and

watched the game. Georgia turned her body to face Darcy, her toes inches from his thigh. She moved her own thighs apart, spreading her knees then back together. Again and again she repeated the move. The skirt did nothing to hide her underwear and in Darcy's peripheral vision he saw the flash of her white panties. His mother's white panties.

His cock was as hard as it got which frustrated him no end. He wondered if he should just go to his room, 'rub one out' and fall asleep, or maybe call the girl from the restaurant. Georgia interrupted his thought process.

"This is boring!" She stated, referring to the game. She reached for the remote and switched channels, purposefully taunting her son.

Mom! I was watching that," Darcy complained and switched the game back on.

Georgia snatched at the remote and caught it before Darcy could react, changing the station again. Darcy put down his beer and Georgia in anticipation of what was to come did the same.

"Give me the remote Mom."

"No," Georgia replied obstinately.

"I won't ask again."

Georgia in response turned on her side, presenting her bottom to Darcy in much the same position as the night before and tucked the remote into her chest, a self satisfied grin plastered on her face.

"Right, you asked for it!" Darcy pounced on his mother from behind, his hands attempted to grasp the remote from it's position between her breasts and his groin pressed into her panty clad ass. Georgia squealed in excitement as she felt his hardness against her for the first time. She

attempted to roll onto her stomach to trap the remote beneath her and Darcy allowed it to happen.

The length of Darcy's cock lay along the crack of his mother's ass and his hands groped at her sides, tickling her ribs in the process of reaching beneath her. Georgia began to laugh and wriggled below her son, she pushed her ass back against his cock, lifting her chest and in a quick motion, stuck the remote down her top. "I don't think so!" Darcy whispered and ran his hands up beneath her tank top from below, the action causing her top to ride up over her breasts, his palms against her nipples. Exposed yet unfazed, Georgia released the remote and quickly rolled onto her back. She wanted Darcy to see her tits, she wanted him between her legs. The remote control now behind her, Darcy wrapped his arms around his mother and fell atop her, his chest to her bare breasts. His left hand made contact with the remote but instead of seizing it, ran his hand down her back until he was grasping her right butt cheek, his other hand behind her neck.

Georgia spread her legs, causing her skirt to ride up around her waist and Darcy pressed his cock against the now saturated panties and began grinding against her cunt. Georgia responded by pushing her pelvis against each thrust and the remote fell to the floor with a thud, the pretext this was a fight over it's ownership falling away with it.

Darcy buried his face in Georgia's hair beside her ear and he inhaled her perfume. His exhalation against her neck causing goosebumps to break out over her arms. Georgia lifted up her son's t-shirt allowing his chest to press against hers and in the same movement pulled his pants down over his cock. When his mother's hand wrapped around his erection, Darcy finally accepted this was really happening and in turn moved his hand from her ass

to her pussy. His fingers entered through the leg band, coating his hand with her juices. Two fingers found her hole and he entered his mother.

Georgia let out a sigh of pleasure and Darcy pressed his face alongside hers, their mouths beside each others. Georgia furiously stroked her son's hard cock in the little room between their bodies. Faster and faster she pulled and Darcy tried to match her progress, stabbing her sopping pussy with his digits. Darcy held his breath as his orgasm approached and Georgia sensing this, pressed her legs tightly together trapping Darcy's fingers inside her. Turning her head she thrust her tongue into her sons mouth. Darcy sucked on her, biting lightly down on her tongue as she brought him to orgasm, the volcano of cum spraying across his mother's stomach and breasts. She held onto his cock, even squeezing tighter as she milked the last of his semen. Darcy's fingers remained deep in his mother's cunt and she spread her legs slightly to allow their release, relinquishing hold of his cock in the process. Darcy collapsed atop his mother, his cum smearing between their bodies and there they lay for minutes afterward, like lovers in a post-coital embrace.

It was Georgia who finally made a move and broke the silence. "I think I might take a shower," she matter-of-factly stated and Darcy allowed her to slide from beneath him. The cum was everywhere and he began to feel embarrassed at the mess he'd made. Doubts began to form in his mind, was she disgusted by his cum? Maybe she regretted what happened. Half way across the room Georgia turned to face her son and Darcy feared she would say it had been a mistake. "Maybe you should join me, you still haven't seen my tattoo!" She smiled and Darcy's cock began to harden.

Chapter 2

Carol Oakley left her desk and headed quickly to the ladies room, her cheeks burning. She wasn't prone to behaving this way, the hot flush would have been mistaken for a symptom of menopause to anyone but her. No, what she felt at that very moment was sheer carnal lust. A desire for sex she'd not had in eons. Her husband passing more than ten years before, she believed her sexual life over but the stories Georgia was now sharing had awakened the dormant volcano inside.

Once alone in a cubicle she unbuttoned her pants and slipped them and her underwear to her knees. Leaning back against the wall, her legs spread, she used her left hand to lift and part her labia and her right found her clitoris and began the stimulation. Closing her eyes she imagined how Georgia must have looked, masturbating to the images on her son's computer. Her see-through dress and kissing her son in the hallway. And then her own fantasy crept in. Her boys. Always her boys.

She thought of them coming to her in the night. Their hands on her body, her breasts. Carol lifted a hand under her shirt and into her bra, squeezing tightly on her right nipple. The slapping of her masturbation echoing around the bathroom. Her son's hot breath between her legs, a cock taken into her mouth. She moved her hand from her breast to her mouth and plunged two fingers in, her tongue wrapping around her digits, coating them with saliva. On her bed she was atop one son, his brother moved behind her and then "it" would happen. Carol quickly dropped her hand from her mouth and moved it behind her. Her fingers found her waiting asshole and entered. The orgasm came in an explosion of relief, fire spreading throughout her body from her cunt to her brain. Her knees weakened and she slowly slid her

back down the wall until she was sitting bare bottomed on the cold tiles of the ladies room.

The two fingers remained buried in her ass. Her eyes kept closed. She knew when she opened her lids and withdrew her hand the fantasy would be over, reality would dawn on her. Her sons would not be there. She heard the outer door of the bathroom open and footsteps at the sink. She opened her eyes and looked down. What am I doing? She asked herself. Here she was, a mature aged woman, mid 60's (although she told everyone she was late 50's) sitting on the floor of a toilet, half naked, having incestuous fantasies about her boys. Is this how a respectable woman behaves? She asked herself. Standing up she took toilet paper and wiped dry her hands and flooded vagina. Pulling up her pants and fixing her bra and shirt she flushed and exited the bathroom. Checking her appearance in the mirror she did look every part the "respectable" woman and she gave herself a wry smile.

* * * * *

"So what's your next move?" Carol asked Georgia, sitting beside her as the last person drifted out of the lunchroom.

"I'm going to take him lingerie shopping!" She replied, feeling more than a little like a teenager discussing boys with a girlfriend. "Hopefully he'll make a move on me in the change rooms. I've always had a public sex fantasy!" She amazed herself at how frank she was now speaking.

"Oh sweetie, that does sound wonderful. I do hope it works out for you." Carol felt more than a tinge of jealousy. She was happy for Georgia of course but had to admit she wished it was her detailing her planned seduction of her sons.

"I am doing the right thing, aren't I?" Society wouldn't condone it I suppose." Georgia reflected.

"Screw society, I think you should do whatever makes you happy. As long as it doesn't hurt someone else of course. Oh if only I was in your shoes my dear!" Carol proposed.

"And why can't you be?" Georgia asked. "You said yourself your sons were interested, surely those feelings don't go away."

"My God Georgia, that was more than 20 years ago! They have families now. They probably wouldn't even remember."

"Don't be so sure. I certainly remember what I was doing when I was 18, I'm sure men are the same. And the families thing?" Georgia placed a hand on Carol's and looked her deeply in the eyes. "Is it really cheating if it's with your own mother?"

The two women couldn't help bursting into laughter. "Oh my Georgia, you are so bad!" Carol stated.

"Just following your lead." Georgia smiled.

The rest of the afternoon Carol found it hard to concentrate. A photo of her family stood in a frame beside her PC and her eyes regularly drifted towards it. Her sons stood proud either side of her, their wives and children around them. They were twins but not identical. Douglas, the elder and the taller and William, secretly her favorite and a mommy's boy at heart. Taken at her 60th birthday party she remembered their arms around her waist, their hands on her hips. The birthday kisses on the lips. She raised her fingers to her mouth and pressed them lightly in remembrance, smelling herself from the earlier indiscretion. Would they remember? She asked herself.

* * * * *

Upon arriving home, Carol poured herself a generous gin, defrosted a meal and ran a bath as it cooked. Standing naked in the bathroom she dipped a toe into the steaming water and finding it adequate, lowered herself into the warmth. Between sips from the glass she used a wash cloth to continually drip the water down her face and across her breasts. She looked at them, glistening in the light. Still perky! She thought. She wasn't unhappy with the progression of time on her body, or her face for that matter. She lied about her age, not out of shame but to avoid other people placing her in a category she believed she didn't belong. Inside she felt no older than her twenties. Under her clothes, she didn't look in her 60's.

Carol lifted her pelvis above the water and gazed across her flat stomach to her groin. Her mound covered by a small trimmed patch of brown pubic hair. Taking the razor for her legs and soaping up her crotch she carefully shaved herself smooth and delighted in the vision she beheld. Her bottom again resting on the floor of the bath she ran a finger along her slit and found herself lubricated. Wetter than water! She thought and smiled.

Drying her body and hair, then moisturizing, the sound of the oven signaled her meal was ready. Wrapping her robe around herself and now quite ravenous, she left the bathroom for dinner.

On Carol's third gin of the night she made her first phone call. She would call Douglas to begin. He would be hesitant to come around on a Friday night, he lived the furthest away and had the more nagging wife. If she could secure his attendance, William would be a piece of cake. She ended up not even having to speak with him. Her daughter-in-law answered and when Carol explained to her she needed to see her son, Melissa assured her she'd make sure he was there within the hour. William was his usual sweet self, saying he'd drop what he was doing and be right there. Really she

hadn't needed to worry about them not coming, very rarely did she ask a favor and if she was asking them to come to her on a Friday night, then it must have been something important. She scolded herself for not mentioning to come alone but upon reflection it may have sounded weird.

Carol took the time she had to dress for the evening. Taking her glass with her and already feeling quite tipsy she opened her dresser and chose her ensemble. Black thigh highs, transparent black panties and matching bra. Standing in her room admiring herself she had the wicked inclination of greeting her boys dressed as is. She looked at her empty gin glass and decided she had maybe had enough. A white with black polka dots dress completed her look and after tying her hair up and slipping into black heels she heard her doorbell ring and the nerves finally kicked in.

"Hey Mom, you look pretty," was Williams opening when she greeted him at the door. He was dressed casually in jeans and a checked shirt. Her heart raced when he kissed her on the cheek and touched her bare arm. Another car drove up the driveway and turning, William recognized it as his brothers. "Dougy's here too? I just thought you needed me to fix something. Mom, what's going on?" He asked.

Before Carol had a chance to elaborate, Douglas was on her doorstep. He was still wearing his suit and tie, having come from work and looked as handsome as ever. "Hey Billy, still playing out your cowboy fantasy I see!" He jibed, referring to his shirt.

"Still suckin' corporate cock I see!" William retorted and the two threw air punches at each other and began regressing before Carol's eyes.

"My god, are you two going to grow up soon?" Carol jokingly rebuked them. "And as for you William. Mind your language. You're not too old for a spanking!" The words had just slipped out of Carol's mouth and when she

thought about the reason they were there, the idea of a spanking sent a shock-wave to her vagina.

Douglas finally noticed his mother and complimented her appearance in the exact words as his brother. "So what needs fixing, Mom. Though if we're both here, what needs moving?" He asked as Carol ushered them inside and into the living room.

"Actually nothing, do I have to have an ulterior motive for wanting to see my boys?" Carol asked, moving towards the bar on the far side of the room. Douglas watched his mother's dress move with her ass as she walked, clinging to each cheek. William's eyes hadn't left her body since they'd entered the house.

Stepping behind the bar, her lower body shielded from the prying eyes of her boys, Carol offered drinks all round. Douglas was quick to accept a post work whiskey and William settled on a beer. Carol thought about how much she'd already imbibed and chose a beer for herself as well. "I think I'll join you honey," Carol stated and knelt down to retrieve two bottles from the small bar fridge. A plan entered her mind and she quickly shook one of the two beers before returning to her feet and pouring Douglas' whiskey. William sat down on the couch and Douglas took up residence in his fathers old recliner, something he would never have dared to do when he was alive.

Douglas raised his eyebrows, "Since when do you drink beer Mom?"

"I'm trying a lot of new things actually. I'll be retiring soon, I'll need something to keep me busy." Carol opened one of the beers and came out from behind the bar.

"What, drinking?" Douglas joked as she walked past him to give William his bottle then presented the glass to Douglas.

"Ah no mister. In fact I've got a lot of new things in mind, one of them selling this house!" Carol knew the mention of which would stun her sons.

Before they had a chance to respond to her bombshell Carol sat at the bar, crossing her legs and used the bottle opener on her beer. As she'd expected the agitated brew burst forth from the neck. Douglas missed the initial explosion, he'd looked towards William for a reaction to the selling of the house news but William saw it all. The surge of froth caught his mother on the chin and sprayed her chest. To his surprise she didn't direct the spray away from herself, allowing the beer to flow down the front of her dress. If it wasn't his mother, he would have suspected she had done it on purpose, such was the action.

"Oh no!" Carol exclaimed, finally placing her mouth over the neck of the bottle (in a suggestive way to Douglas' eyes, now he was looking in her direction) to stem the flow. Douglas was sitting to the side of his mother and didn't have the best vantage point for what happened next. It was the reason it was 'he' who scooted behind the bar to obtain a cloth for Carol and not William, who sat transfixed by his mother.

The front of Carols dress was saturated, her black bra clearly visible through the white material. Placing her bottle on the bar, she swiveled on the stool to completely face William. Looking down at herself she marveled at how well the stunt had payed off. Innocently spreading her legs she took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it off her thighs. "Oh god, I'm drenched!" She cried. William saw the tops of her stockings and the flash of black underwear. She then stood up, still holding out her dress. "God even my panties are wet!"

The words struck William and Douglas like a bolt of lightning and Carol could almost hear their minds blowing. "Oh, that came out wrong," she

giggled and continued to hold out the front of her dress, flapping the material as if to dry it. From Williams lower position he stared at his mother's aforementioned panties. Are they? Jesus, are they see-through!? He asked himself. Does my mother shave her pussy!?

The sight of Carol's long legs, stocking tops and exposed panties, as well as the thoughts running through his mind caused a swelling in Williams groin and he was thankful when Douglas finally handed his mother the towel to dry herself. The last thing he needed right now was his mother to see his erection. Finally Carol allowed her dress to fall back into position and accepted the towel from Douglas. "Thank you honey but I think I'll have to go to the bathroom and get out of this dress." She pressed the towel to her front as she walked out of the living room, the eyes of her boys fixed again on her bottom.

"What the fuck was that!?" Douglas whispered when she was out of sight.

"Are you kidding me, you didn't see half of what I did!" William responded, trying to mentally will his erection to subside. There was silence between them for a few moments before Douglas spoke again.

"She's gone to the bathroom."

"Yeah?" William replied.

"Remember what we used to do?" A wry smile appeared on Doug's face.

"Do you think we should, you know..?"

"Dude, she's in her 60's!" The thought of her standing before him flashed back into his mind. "We can't, can we?"

Douglas debated it in his head for a few seconds. "Fuck it, I'm gonna do it!"

William meekly whispered back, "no" but followed his brother quietly out of the room towards the bathroom anyway.

Carol stood in the bathroom in her wet dress and waited. Her eyes were fixed on the light of the hall beneath the door. Maybe they won't come? She thought. They might think me foolish. She hated to even consider it, maybe senile? She held her breath as the seconds ticked by and then it happened. A shadow appeared at the door. A wicked smile crept across her face and she released a breath of relief. Game's begun, she thought.

Douglas placed his eye to the keyhole and commended himself on his perfect timing. Carol stood facing him and lifted her dress up and over her head placing it on the vanity beside her. In Douglas' eyes his mother looked better than she had more than 20 years ago, the last time he had spied on her in the bathroom. His mouth went dry as she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra, discarding it with her dress. Her tits look bigger, he thought to himself as she grasped her panties and slid them down her stockinged legs.

A sudden pang of guilt swept over Douglas as he spied his mothers nudity, her still pert breasts, her perfectly bald pussy and as she turned, her rounded buttocks. He wrenched his eyes from the keyhole and vacated the prime spot at the door. What am I doing? He asked himself. A happily married, middle aged man spying on his mother like a horny teen.

William saw the expression on his brothers face and recognized the guilt, he felt the same yet those teenage memories were impossible to resist.

Lowering his face to the keyhole and looking through, Williams breath was taken away. His mother stood facing him, legs shoulder width apart. She was in the process of wringing a washcloth out just below her chin, allowing the water to run down her breasts, her stomach, and over her

smooth pubic mound to trickle to the floor beneath her. It was a vision of beauty unsurpassed by anything in his memory. That she still wore her heels and stockings accentuated the wondrous sight. The erection he'd managed to will away came roaring back and instinctively his hand went to the area. Douglas tapped him on his shoulder, breaking the spell he was under.

"Dude! We're not teenagers anymore. Come on." William watched as his brother walked back to the living room. Knowing he was right, he deprived himself of one last look at his mother and followed Douglas' example.

Carol watched the shadows depart. She dried herself off and reached for a long black satin robe hanging from a hook on the back of the door. Picking up her panties which were actually untouched by the beer, she tucked them into her pocket and walked out of the bathroom. Her second mission accomplished.

Douglas had poured himself another whiskey and William was now sitting on his fathers recliner. Carol looked at the half empty beer, "I think I might stick to my gin and tonics, what do you boys think?" She asked and Douglas offered to make one for her.

"So what's this about selling the house Mom," Douglas asked, passing her the tumbler.

"Thank you honey. Well I have been debating it. I mean it's so big, more than I need really." She replied. Douglas having passed her the drink was now focused on her attire. His mother had returned to the bar stool she had been previously and the robe, although tied at the waist wasn't tight around her torso. Each time she moved he noticed it opening further until finally. Jesus, he thought, I can see her nipple!

William tried not to stare at his mothers legs but his cock was controlling his faculties. She had climbed upon the stool and crossed her legs which

allowed her robe to fall aside, revealing the lace top of her stockings. He positioned his beer bottle over his crotch and subtly pressed it hard into his erect penis. Not listening to anything she was saying he thought back to the countless times he and Douglas had spied on her. Then came the recollection of her panties. Stealing them from the laundry. Smelling her feminine scent, tasting her on them. The feeling of wrapping them around his cock and cumming to the image of her nude in the bathroom. And then it all stopped. Their father catching them spying on her. He hadn't thought about this in years. He hadn't really discussed it with Douglas after the beating either. She had been masturbating. Openly. She wasn't hiding it and she must have known they were watching. Did she want them to come in and join her? The way she was acting towards them now, did she still want it?

Douglas was thankful he was behind the bar. His cock was proudly erect and unlike William wearing jeans, in his suit pants it would be hard to hide. His mother's breast was now half exposed and as she swiveled on the stool he noticed her robe loosening at the waist as well. Another few twists, he thought. And then, sure enough, it happened. The robe opened up at the waist revealing her bare stomach. Her legs were crossed, preventing him seeing her pussy but the triangle of smooth skin below her stomach was equally as appetizing. Much of what she was saying went in one ear and out the other but he did catch the words "I'm sorry" and it brought him out of his horny stupor.

"What was that Mom?" he asked. "Sorry for what?"

"For what your father did. That day. It was my fault!"

Jesus, Douglas thought. Here she was talking about the day we watched her masturbating and I'm off in fantasy land.

Williams ears pricked up as well. He hadn't heard a word she was saying either. Managing to pry his eyes from her stocking tops he asked her to repeat what she was saying.

"My god. Men. Do you ever listen?" Carol exclaimed taking another sip of her gin. "I was saying, we're all adults here. I was hoping we could finally be honest with each other."

"Honest about what?" William asked.

"That day. When you both saw me, well, you know. And your father caught you."

Douglas and William looked at each other with the same shocked expression and remained silent.

Carol went on. "It was my fault. I left the door open on purpose. Do you understand? I wanted you both to see me." She intentionally left out her knowledge of the bathroom spying and the panty stealing to not humiliate them, turning it back onto herself. "It was wrong and I hope you can forgive me."

The boys were dumbfounded and aroused at the same time. Douglas was first to speak. "Mom, there's nothing to forgive. While we're talking openly, I think I can speak for Billy as well here, we were pretty obsessed by you back then. We would've done anything to see you doing that. We wanted to come in!"

William didn't expect Douglas to admit it but was relieved when he did. A twenty year open secret was laid bare between the three, it felt as if a weight had been lifted.

Carol placed down her glass and lay a hand atop Douglas'. "You don't know how happy that makes me honey. To hear you say that. I know it's wrong

but I wanted to make love to you. To teach you how to be men. Both of you." Carol turned towards William leaving her hand on Dougs, her robe opened up fully, exposing both breasts. William immediately got up and approached his mother as she held out her other hand to him. "It can still happen you know, if you want it!"

William took her hand in his and held it against his heart, almost pledging himself to her. Douglas on the other hand withdrew his. "Mom! That was a lifetime ago. We're married now. We've got kids!"

Carol turned back to him. "They never need know. Tell me Douglas, how is your sex life? Is it once a month, on your birthday?"

Douglas was shocked. "Mom!"

"Does she go down on you honey? I'm just saying, I'm willing to do anything for my boys. Whatever you want." Looking back at William she lowered her hand down his chest and over his stomach. Reaching his belt she went further until she felt his hardness. William let out his breath as his mother rubbed her hand along his length.

Douglas had seen enough. Coming out from behind the bar he made towards to hallway. "I can't do this," he stated as he passed by his mother and brother. Carol stood up and went to him, catching him by the arm. "Honey wait," she stated. Her robe was now fully open, her breasts jutting out towards him and her smooth pussy barely a foot from his groin. Carol moved in closer and ran her hand down his side. "Before you go, just one more question Douglas. Does she let you put it in her ass?"

Douglas didn't answer. He looked at William as if for support then left the room and the house. Reversing his car out of the driveway he took one final look at the house and began driving home. His mind was a blur. None of it

seemed real. What had just been teenage fantasies was now a reality. Well for William at least, he thought. He needed some normality back in his life, the sound of his wife's voice. Pulling over the car he decided to call her and let her know he was on his way home. Reaching into his jacket pocket for his phone his hand met something soft. He pulled it out and tuned on the interior light. He was holding his mothers panties. "What the fuck?" He asked himself. "When did she?" And he quickly remembered as he left, her running her hand down his side. He ran his fingers across the transparent material where only minutes before his mothers pussy had been. The teenager in him took control, lifting the panties to his face and inhaling their scent. He closed his eyes and thought of her naked. She did look good for her age. She had been so honest. It must have taken such courage, he thought. As he breathed in his mothers aroma he was suddenly aware his erection had returned. "What am I doing?"

Douglas' car screeched to a halt in the driveway. He burst through the door and into the living room. Carol sat on the couch with William laying on her lap. Her left breast was in her sons mouth and he was sucking at her nipple like a baby. Williams pants were down mid thigh and Carol was masturbating him, not stopping as her other son entered the room. "OK. I want in!" Was all Douglas said.

* * * * *

In 1993, Yvette and Georgia left the bar after 2am. The band they'd seen, Tool, had been amazing and Georgia was still buzzing. The first night out for Georgia after the birth of her child and the first drinks she'd had in nearly a year, she wasn't as drunk as she'd thought she'd be. "What do we do now sis?" Yvette asked as they walked along the entertainment strip. "Another bar, a nightclub?"

Georgia's eyes focused on a neon sign ahead of them and an idea formed in her head. She thought of her baby boy at home with her mother. The love she had for her son, the boy she named Darcy. "That!" She pointed at the red flashing letters.

"Are you serious? Mom'll kill you!" Yvette laughed as the girls entered the building, the word "Tattoo" illuminating their faces.

"I'll just have to get it where she won't see!" Georgia smiled.

* * * * *

Darcy knelt on the shower floor before his mother. His face was inches from her groin. He looked up into her eyes as hot water cascaded down from her head and body. "I love it Mom!" He looked back at his mothers crotch and the small love heart tattoo to the left of her pubes. The word 'Darcy' wrapped around it in italics. He kissed the tattoo and then her pubic mound. His lips went lower and he kissed the top of her labia. Water ran into his mouth and he sucked it up along with her clitoris. Georgia sighed and clutched at her breasts, pinching the nipples between her fingers. She kept her eyes on her son, not wanting to miss a moment of their lovemaking. Darcy took hold of Georgia's buttocks and squeezed whilst pulling her onto his face. His tongue found the entrance to her vagina and he penetrated, reveling in the taste and heat of her cunt. Georgia obscenely worked her pelvis back and forth across her sons mouth. She wanted to taste herself on him, she needed him inside her.

With a reluctant gasp Georgia extracted her son's mouth from between her legs and pushed down on his tattooed shoulders, causing Darcy to sit on the floor of the shower. His cock stood rigid below her and Georgia lowered herself to within inches of the proud head. Darcy steadied her progress by holding her buttocks and Georgia took hold of his cock. She directed it to

her opening and then allowed her son's length to slowly invade her vagina, filling her completely. Their pubic bones met and their faces came together. Georgia's tongue thrust inside her son's mouth and Darcy sucked it as he'd done her clitoris moments before. Georgia tasted cunt on her son, her own cunt. She felt a surge of maternal love, of devotion. Nothing could have prepared her for the emotion she now felt. Tears welled in her eyes as she realized she'd found her soulmate.

She thrust her hips back and forth on his cock. Darcy had one hand on her ass and the other on her breast. He could have cum at any time but he forced himself not to. She would cum before him, he would guarantee it. He moved his mouth from hers and kissed her chin, gently biting along her jawline, her neck. Georgia leaned back and his mouth went to her breast. He enveloped a nipple and sucked, moving his hand up to the other to pinch. Georgia leaned further back, one hand on the floor behind her and her feet either side of Darcy. Her son watched as she placed a hand at her cunt and whilst riding his cock, began masturbating her clitoris. The water sprayed across their bodies and the heat in the shower increased. Georgia's neck and face were flushed red as she slapped at her clit and began to climax, her body shivered and explosions went off in her head, her scream filling the bathroom. She clasped her hand down hard on her clit and slowed her gyrating.

The orgasm subsiding, Georgia thrust forward and wrapped her arms around her son. Her mouth went to his ear. "You can cum inside me." Darcy needed no further prompting, the slightest movement of his hips against his mother's groin had his orgasm approaching. He held his breath with his mouth open as Georgia again moved her lips to his. She felt his cock release inside her, every pulse, every spurt of semen. She squeezed her pelvic floor around him prolonging his orgasm. Darcy finally took a breath and kissed

his mother's mouth, their tongues entwined like mating snakes. For minutes they made out like teens, caressing each others body, joined at the hip. The water continued to fall and their adventure had just begun.

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A suburb away, Carol lay in the bath shaving her pussy.

Chapter 3

Her dress was all tulle, white lace and ruffles. She felt like a princess under her veil. Charles looked so handsome, she thought. The brown tuxedo brought out his almond eyes. His father, a minister, conducted the ceremony and she cried when Charles said, "I do." At the reception they slow danced to Roberta Flack and Carol felt the world could never be as perfect as that summer day in 1973.

In the hotel room she undressed for her husband. The very first time they would make love. She wanted the lights on, to not miss a moment as she gave him her virginity, Charles however insisted they went off. Not a big thing, she told herself. The sex would make up for it. Charles didn't enjoy her mouth on his penis and didn't even consider reciprocating the act. Her attempt to direct his fingers to her ass failed, recoiling in disgust at even the thought. She abandoned asking him to put his cock in there. In the end, she lay on her back and stared at the darkened ceiling as the man she'd pledged her life to, came inside her. It can only improve, she told herself. It can only improve.

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William relinquished his mouth's hermetic grip on his mother's nipple and sat up when his brother entered the living room. He took the opportunity to remove his pants fully and take off his shirt. Carol stood up and went to her son. Her robe fully open and hanging loosely from her shoulders. Douglas again admired his mother's beauty. She was nearly 65 but had the body of a woman half her age. Of course she had stray grey hairs on her head and a few wrinkles on her face but Douglas marveled at her almost Madame Bathory-like ability to stave off the effects of time. He felt like the teenager

he was more than twenty years prior, Seeing his mother in her prime through the bathroom keyhole. His cock had been hard before he entered the room and now as she approached he was almost bursting out of his pants.

"You don't know how happy this makes me darling." Carol hummed as she placed her hands on Doug's shoulders. She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. A motherly kiss. Their faces stayed close and ever so slowly each turned until their mouths came together. Carol's tongue gingerly licked Doug's top lip. He felt the warmth of her breath, he smelled the pleasant juniper aroma of gin and the perfume on her neck. Her belly pressed against his cock and they kissed the way a mother and son rarely do.

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Georgia walked along the hallway naked. Her feet making no sound on the long pile carpet. Darcy had told her he would only be a minute, leaving her alone in her bed. That had stretched out to ten and she was curious as to his whereabouts. Really she hoped she would find him on his computer. Catch him in the act of manipulating another of her images. She'd feign horror and as punishment force him to show her each and every picture he'd created. Maybe whilst sitting on his lap! She giggled to herself.

When she reached his room she stopped at the sound of his voice. "Come on, you've always wanted to see my cock!" For a moment Georgia thought he was talking to himself, possibly playing out some fantasy whilst looking at the computer screen but then he continued. "No, Mom doesn't know." He was on the phone, she realized. "First thing tomorrow morning, I'll tell her I'm going to the gym or something." It's a girl, she thought. He always softens his voice when he's speaking to a girl. And then came the words that broke her heart. "Oh I'm sure you can get me hard!"

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William, now completely naked approached his mother from behind and pressed himself against her. His cock nestled between the cheeks of her ass and he moved his groin up and down the satin covered crevice, pre-cum dampening her robe. Carol begun undressing Douglas, first his suit jacket and then loosening his tie. Douglas didn't want to break the kiss now it had begun but eventually took a step back to finish the job his mother had started. Unbuttoning his shirt he wrenched it from his body and had his shoes and pants off in seconds. William's hands were now on his mother's breasts from behind as he kissed her neck.

Carol raised a hand and ran her fingers through William's hair. In the process she turned and broke the embrace. "Let me see my boys cocks." She purred while making her way to the couch, sitting back and spreading her legs. Douglas and William stood naked before her, dicks rigid. Their erections, the sincerest form of flattery on display for her eyes only. All for her. Pulling both legs up she revealed the glory of her cunt to her sons, glistening under the bright lights above. "Pull those cocks boys, jerk your cocks off for Mommy." She ordered and delighted in the sight of her son's masturbating before her. Douglas was bigger than she'd imagined, thicker and longer than William by at least an inch. William was completely shaven whereas Douglas although with shaven smooth balls, had a strip of light hair form his pubic bone to his navel. She couldn't decide which cock she thought more beautiful and called it a draw.

Lowering a hand to her pussy she ran her fingers up and down her dripping slit, then using her whole hand to smear her wetness around her entire vulva. Desiring to taste herself she brought her hand up to her mouth and licked the length of her fingers. "Can I taste you Mom?" Douglas pleaded.

"You both can! Leaving her robe behind, Carol stood between her sons, her legs parted. As if reading her mind Douglas dropped to his knees before her and William did the same behind. With one hand she spread the upper labia of her pussy and the other she spread a cheek of her ass. "Dinner's ready boys!"

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Georgia returned to her bed and pulled the covers over herself. I'm so stupid she thought, why would he want to be with me alone? It had been so hot though, the wrestle, the shower. All the teasing. Maybe he just needed to get me out of his system. Who was she, she wondered? The girl from the restaurant? When Darcy eventually came to her bed she pretended to be sleeping and he didn't attempt to wake her. Tears ran onto her pillow.

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William couldn't believe what he was looking at. His mother's anus before his eyes. Level with his mouth. She was holding aside a cheek demanding he kiss it, taste it. The most intimate, private part of her body. He wouldn't waste any more time. One hand on his cock he used the other to part her left cheek, her ass now obscenely spread for his perusal. Leaning in, he first pressed his nose to her puckered hole and inhaled deeply the aroma he'd only had hints of from her underwear as a teen. I have to taste it, he thought and opened his mouth to encircle his mother's anus. His tongue flattened against her wrinkled skin and licked across the hole. His hand gripped his cock, already harder than he reasoned it could get. He heard his mother sigh as he attempted to poke his tongue inside her tight sphincter. She loosened her anus and his access was granted, allowing his tongue to dig deep inside her rectum, his mouth sealed to her butt.

Douglas kissed the insides of his mother's glistening parted thighs. Her shaved smooth pussy was literally dripping onto his face and he sucked at her moisture like a man dying of thirst. When his tongue slid between the folds of her labia he had to cease masturbating his own cock for fear the excitement would cause a premature ejaculation. Doug's chin bumped up against his brothers as he buried his tongue further into his mother as if seeking the womb from whence it originated.

Carol could hardly contain herself. She released hold of her ass and pussy and clutched her breasts, pinching and pulling on her engorged nipples. Never had she felt such pleasure. A tongue in her asshole and another in her cunt. Not just any tongues, the loving mouths of her adult sons. It was all too much, her climax was beginning. She began moving her pelvis back and forth upon her son's upturned faces. With their chins touching she found she could almost rest her weight on them, sliding her cunt and ass over nose, then mouth, mouth, then nose and back again. Their faces became a slip and slide, slick with her vaginal juice and saliva. A tongue would enter her anus and then her cunt and repeat. She became light headed with the exhilaration and her orgasm came with a wave relief. Her cunt stopped on Douglas' mouth and she reached down and pulled the back of his head into her. William took the opportunity to bury his tongue back inside her anus as a rush of fluid gushed forth from her vagina and into Douglas' mouth. Her asshole tightened around the tongue inside it and her legs became weak as Carol realized she had just cum in her son's mouth.

Douglas would give his wife oral regularly but never had she cum in his mouth. Not to this extent where he had to swallow the fluid. Carol lifted herself off William's tongue and Douglas' mouth and with a flushed red face looked down at him, he thought, almost apologetically. "Oh darling I'm sorry, I didn't know that would happen." She offered. "Sorry? What for? I

loved it." Douglas pointed down to his erect penis. "Look how hard you've made me." Carol did look where he directed, she also noticed Williams hard cock, his hand still manipulating his organ. "Well, let mommy do something about them then."

William sat on his mother's satin robe on the couch. The material felt good beneath his ass, cold and silky. His cock stood erect and waiting as Carol climbed upon his lap. First sliding her greased pussy along his length she took hold of his shaft and guided the head to her opening. And then he was inside her. Deep inside. Further than her husband was ever able to penetrate, kissing her cervix.

Douglas watched from behind and waited until his brother was fully inside before acting. His mother's anus beckoned his attention, her hands reached behind, separating her ass cheeks wider, further emphasizing her need for more cock. If his mother was unsure whether she could accommodate his larger size (and anally), she didn't show it. He pressed the bulbous head of his member to her anus and gently pushed. Her lubricated sphincter opened and swallowed his glans, drawing him inside her, begging for further intrusion.

William could feel his brother's cock sliding against his own through his mother's vaginal wall. He grasped her breasts as she moaned her ecstasy at the double penetration. "Oh yesss. Boys, fuck me. Fuck my ass baby!" Carol ordered as Douglas began pumping his cock in and out of his mother's ass, filling her rectum with his nearly eight inches. Carol lifted one of William's hands from her breast and pulled two fingers into her mouth, sucking his digits like a third cock. He dropped his other hand to her cunt, tickling her clitoris. Douglas was quick to take hold of his mother's

abandoned breasts, reaching around and squeezing the engorged nipples and kneading her flesh.

Carol could feel another orgasm approaching, pulling William's fingers out long enough to beg Douglas not to stop. He would keep it going all night if she ordered. The slapping of his groin against her ass echoed through the house and Carol's scream when she came could be heard from the street. It was too much for William. "Mom I have to cum!" "Me too!" Douglas chimed in. "I want to see it, I want it on me boys!" Carol proclaimed.

Douglas pulled out of his mother's ass with a pop and Carol eased herself off William. She went to her knees beside the couch, her face turned upwards, "I think you know what I want." The brothers were quick to satisfy her. Douglas began to cum even before William was off the couch. Aiming his penis directly at his mother's face he unleashed jet after jet of thick cream from her forehead to her chin. Minimal pulls of his cock saw William emptying his balls in and around her mouth. Carol squealed in delight as her face was coated in her sons frosting. Taking hold of Douglas first she wrapped her mouth around the head of his cock and sucked out any excess sperm, then doing the same with William. She lifted both hands to her face and smeared the cum all over as she would a moisturizer and the boys agreed afterwards they'd never seen her look so lovely or as happy.

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Darcy left the house early, writing a note indicating he would be at the gym and attaching it to the fridge. When the girl opened the door to him she was still yawning. "Only for you do I do this!" She remarked and welcomed him inside the tattoo parlor. "What, the tattoo?" Darcy replied. "No. Get up this early!"

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Georgia took the note off the fridge, crumpled the paper and threw it in the trash. He'd lied, she thought. He was seeing someone else. It was so strange though. He'd been so loving, so eager to fuck. Another idea entered her mind, a faint glimmer of hope, maybe he was breaking up with someone. If that was the case, he'd be home soon to discover her unwashed, makeup smeared, she looked at the unflattering gown she wore. "Nuh Uh! If it is the end, I'm going down fighting." Georgia headed for the bathroom to prepare for his return.

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Chrissie did all of Darcy's work. From the first small Celtic design on his shoulder to the mural of skulls, vines and symbols that now decorated both arms entirely. Her own body was a tapestry of color, piercings adorned her face. Her hair was dyed a vivid red. "Are you sure about this?" Darcy enthusiastically nodded his assurance. "Never more so." "I don't have to tell you, it's gonna hurt!" She warned. "It's worth it." "Ok, get yourself ready." Darcy took out his phone and opened the photo he had taken of his mother in the kitchen as she bent over. Her long legs, her denim skirt riding up over her ass. He zoomed the photo in, the white panties clinging tightly to her buttocks. His cock began to rise. "Alright, I'm good to go!"

* * * * *

It was just before noon when Darcy entered the house. Georgia was nowhere to be seen and he presumed she'd gone for a run. Good, he thought. I'll have to avoid her for a while anyway. Taking a can of coke from the fridge he made his way to his bedroom. Georgia sat at his desk, the computer on, displaying the manipulated photo she'd discovered of herself only two days before, standing pants-less in the kitchen.

Darcy stopped inside the doorway and took a moment to take in the scene. His mother had never looked so beautiful. Her hair was tied up tightly in a high ponytail, her eyes smokey, her lips bright red with lipstick. She wore the bridal lingerie she'd purchased the day before with white thigh high stockings and heels. It was then he noticed the image on the screen and his heart raced with nerves, his face flushed with embarrassment. "How long have you known?" He asked sheepishly. "A couple of days." "I'm sorry, I'll delete them. All of them." Darcy made a move towards the computer but Georgia stopped him. "Don't!" She placed a hand over his as he attempted to reach for the mouse. "I like them. It's flattering." Darcy looked down at his mother. More alluring than any image he'd created onscreen. Her cleavage heaved in the tight white corset, her stocking clad legs slightly parted. She lifted a hand and placed it against his crotch. Darcy reeled back at her unexpected touch.

To Georgia it was verification of her suspicions. "There's someone else isn't there?" Darcy looked confused. "What? No!" "Then why don't you want to?" "I can't!" Georgia looked confused. "I'll have to show you." Darcy began by taking off his shirt, revealing his bare chest and tattooed arms. He gingerly undid his pants and pulled them down along with his boxers. Standing naked before his lingerie clad mother his cock began to rise.

Georgia's mind began to process the wondrous sight before her eyes. Her son's cock looked red and swollen and seemed to glisten with what looked to be Vaseline. Her first thought was there was something wrong but as he hardened she realized the reason why it was in this state. The first letter sat beneath the underside of the head, below the eye of his cock. A "G" emblazoned in bold grey italic. The other letters trailed downwards towards his ball sack, the "A" at the base of his now fully erect penis. Her name, "GEORGIA" tattooed forever on her son's cock.

The tears that now flowed from Georgia were not out of sadness. "My god baby, what have you done?" "I did it for you. You have my name on your body, I wanted to show how much I love you as well." So many thoughts ran through Georgia's mind. The devotion it took, the dedication, the pain he must have gone through. The love he must have for her. She stood and went to him, careful as she pressed her body to his. "You don't hate it do you?" Georgia kissed Darcy lightly on the lips, leaving her mouth to his. "How long until it heals?" His lips touched hers as he answered. "A couple of days, why?" "Because I'm curious to know just how many letters I can swallow!"

Glory Days

Fiona Martin looked at her watch and noted the council meeting had run over time by twenty minutes. A heated and drawn out debate over zoning rules between those with vested interests had seen most in attendance head home for dinner. She was looking forward to going home herself and desperately needed to relieve her bladder. The sooner the meeting concluded, the better as far as she was concerned. Two regulars remained in the public seats and along with the four councilors, they were the only occupants of the town hall.

"Next item on the agenda," Councillor Williams continued. "The repair of the glory hole in the unisex bathrooms outside town hall."

One of the audience of two stifled a chuckle and two councilors whispered between each other.

"I'm sorry David," Fiona remarked. "Did you have something to say?"

David Wilke cleared his throat. "Uhum. No Madam Deputy Mayor. Nothing official. I was just mentioning to my colleague that I for one was never in favor of implementing the replacement gender neutral bathrooms in the first place."

"Your objection was duly noted at the time, thank you David." Fiona stated. "And please, just 'Fiona' will do. But am I missing something here? What is a..." Fiona looked down at her agenda. "Glory hole?"

Another muffled laugh came from the audience. It was David Wilke who was eager to answer Fiona's question. "Ah how should I put this Madam Deputy Mayor. A glory hole is a portal between cubicles designed for the

anonymous pleasure and dare I say, sexual gratification of one or more parties."

Fiona tried to comprehend the explanation David had given her but was still scratching her head. Councilor Morgan Williams, a man in his early eighties was also eager to get home. "Oh bloody hell. It's a hole in the wall for getting a blow job!"

"Oh!" Fiona could now envisage what it was and blushed noticeably. "Ah, this is a thing?"

David Wilke wondered how at her age she had never heard of a glory hole. "I did warn something like this would happen!"

"O.k so what do we do about it? Can it be repaired?" Fiona asked.

Again it was Morgan with the information. "We have enough in the budget to cover the replacement of the wall, in the meantime I can get my son to come in and temporarily cover the hole. Now is that all because Maude's cooking a roast and I'd like to get home while it's still bloody warm!"

"Well I approve of the repairs, do we have a quorum?" Fiona asked the other councilors and a chorus of "Yea's" ensued. "Morgan can I leave it with you to get a quote?" To which he nodded. "Then if that's all. I call this meeting over."

Hurrying to the Deputy Mayors office to retrieve her handbag and car keys, Fiona realized she wouldn't make it home, she was now busting to pee. The new public bathroom was at the front of the town hall and instead of leaving by the rear of the building to access the car park, she quickly made her way to the unisex toilet. Wouldn't hurt to check out this "glory hole" thing as well, she told herself.

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Bernard Martin built up speed off a small ramp and kick-flipped his board before grinding along the rim of a concrete curb and coming to a stop alongside his best friend. He looked around the empty skate park adjacent to the town hall. "This town is dying man!" Bernard exclaimed. "Remember when we were kids, this place used to be full all day!"

"And night!" Russell answered, equally exasperated. "Remember how many girls used to just sit and watch us?"

"Can't blame 'em I guess. Climb a high enough tree, you can see the lights of L.A. No wonder everyone's left."

The two friends sat on the top of a ramp. "We need girlfriends man!" Russell stated.

"Tell me something I don't know!" Bernard quickly replied.

Russell waved a hand towards the town hall. "Did you hear about the town hall toilets?"

"Nah, what?"

"Someone drilled a hole between the stalls, you know, for blowjobs."

"You're kidding?" Bernard replied.

"Nup. Who do we know that works at the town hall again?" Russel asked, a smirk forming on his face.

"Shut up dude!"

"Oh that's right! Your mom's the Deputy Mayor isn't she?"

"I said shut up!"

"You ever see her taking power tools to work?" Bernard joked.

"Right, that's it." Bernard grabbed Russell in a headlock and the two boys playfully wrestled down the ramp.

"Alright, alright, I give." Russell offered and Bernard released his hold. The friends got back to their feet dusting their clothes. "So anyway man I'm gonna get going. Shit to do and all that."

"Yeah, I'd better get home too, Dad's cooking tonight. He gets shitty when we're not all there on time." Bernard remarked.

"Oh yeah? Your sister gonna be there?" Russell asked.

Bernard shook his head at his friends ongoing obsession with his older sister. "Keep dreaming dude."

"What is it the age thing?" Russell asked.

"Nah man, she just doesn't date dickheads!"

The two boys took up their boards and after saying their goodbyes began skating off in opposing directions on the empty street. As Bernard passed by the front of the town hall he again looked at his watch. If it had been earlier he would've gone in to see if his mother could give him a ride home. Being close to six p.m however, she'd be long gone. His eyes settled on the new public bathroom at the front of the building. Glory hole, he thought. At eighteen he'd never had oral sex. Mary Parker had jacked him off behind her dad's grocery store but that was the limit of his sexual experimenting. Couldn't hurt to just check it out, he thought.

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Fiona entered the bathroom to find it vacant. Not surprising as all the other councilors had departed leaving her the buildings sole occupant. The bathroom could be accessed from the street and was self locking after nine

p.m. Inside was modern and clean, no urinals and only two cubicles. Fiona entered the stall on the right and swinging the door partially closed immediately noticed the aforementioned glory hole. Roughly five or six inches in diameter and positioned around waist height, there was no doubt it's *raison d'etre*.

Leaning forward Fiona cautiously peered through the hole. All that was visible was the opposite wall and the toilet roll holder. Thankfully it wasn't possible to spy on someone actually on the toilet but it would obviously need to be covered. Exiting the cubicle she entered the left and closed the door behind her. Inspecting the hole in the same manner from this side she placed a hand between her legs at the groin as her need to pee increased. Finally positive she couldn't be seen she placed her handbag on a hook, stepped back and began to raise her skirt when she heard someone else enter the bathroom.

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Bernard skated up to the toilet and kicked his board up into his hand. Not expecting anything to come of it he entered the public toilet and was greeted with the well lit, surprisingly clean amenities. The door to the left cubicle was closed and he could certainly feel the presence of another person in the room. Not only that, there was a smell of perfume. It was familiar to him but he couldn't put a face to the smell, whatever, he thought, it meant there was a girl in there and that meant there was the possibility of something happening. Remote, he reasoned but possible.

Bernard placed his skateboard beside the outer door and entered the right cubicle, closing the door behind him. He noticed the hole in the wall and without making it obvious in case someone was innocently looking through he peered through the hole from a distance. Nothing. He leaned down and

looked under the dividing wall and sure enough in the limited space provided he could see a woman's feet. She wore black sling back heels, her toe nails painted a vivid pink. Oh shit, he breathed as he stood back up. She's hot! Well at least her feet are, he told himself. His hand went to his cock and he rubbed himself through his jeans. This might actually happen, he thought.

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Fiona had her skirt up around her waist and her panties half way down her thighs. She hovered above the toilet seat as she heard the person enter the cubicle beside her. Ever so quietly she lowered herself down onto the seat and waited. Hoping whoever was next door would think they were alone in the bathroom, finish their business and leave, she held on to her bladder even though the desire to pee was now overwhelming.

Still silence from the adjoining stall. It was too much. She couldn't hold it any longer and with a sigh of relief she released her stream of urine into the water below with force. The sound of the woman pissing next to him helped Bernard's cock rise in seconds. He quickly unzipped and released his erection through his fly. Stroking himself fully erect he had a last second doubt about whether to go through with it or not. Fuck it, he thought, it's what it's there for!

Bernard moved forward and pressed his body up against the wall. His feet slid under the divider and he guided his cock through the opening. Fiona saw the shoes first as she had her eyes downwards. Worn skate shoes, average sized but definitely the shoes of a young person. The initial shock of the encroachment into her cubicle was unmatched compared to her reaction when she raised her eyes.

It was possibly that it was such an uncommon sight. A human penis protruding from a smooth white wall. Her jaw dropped and she thought she'd feel revulsion, a man exposing himself to her but it was quite the contrary. She was intrigued. She hadn't seen another man's penis apart from her husband in nearly thirty years. Here before her was an erection, not just any cock, a large (definitely bigger than her husbands she thought) unattached, wholly anonymous cock awaiting her equally anonymous attention alone.

She was fascinated. Still peeing she moved in a little closer to examine the member. He was circumcised and allowing for an inch of wall, roughly seven inches in length. It was dark around the hole but she couldn't see obvious pubic hair so the hair color of the individual couldn't be ascertained. A thick vein ran down the underside and she traced its course with her eyes. When she reached the wall the penis twitched and she jumped back with a start, a smile creeping across her face. What do I do? What do I do? She asked herself.

Bernard could feel more blood rushing to his cock. He'd never done something so risky, so erotic. He felt harder than he'd ever been and he didn't even know who was on the other side of the wall. His cock twitched as more blood filled his length. Do it! Do it! He silently begged the woman.

Fiona's pee turned to a trickle and then stopped. She didn't want to wipe as touching herself down there would verify the fact she didn't want to acknowledge. She was turned on and she was becoming wet. No one saw me come in, she told herself. They don't know it's me, she thought. Can I really do this, she questioned? Finally her arm seemed to work on autopilot and she reached out with her left hand and clasped her fingers around his shaft. She heard the sigh come from over the wall and she squeezed gently

on the warm cock. It seemed to grow in her fist and she began to work her hand up and down its length.

Bernard was in heaven. Only one girl had ever touched him before then and Mary Parker had nothing on this woman. So gently she pulled on his cock. Just the right amount of grip around his girth so as not to be painful and on the other hand, not make him cum too quickly. This mystery woman knew what she was doing, he couldn't have done it better himself.

Fiona lifted herself off the toilet seat and with her panties still down around her thighs she squatted down in front of the man's cock. Releasing her hold, she quickly changed hands, using her right and stronger arm to manipulate her hidden lover. Acknowledging her own arousal she lowered her left hand to her crotch and slid her fingers through her thick mat of red pubic hair. She (as she knew she would) discovered her labia slick with her own wetness and coated her fingers in the juice. Moving back up, her fingers found her clitoris and she pressed hard then began massaging herself.

Bernard closed his eyes. When the woman removed her hand he thought it would be replaced with her mouth but this would do, obviously now her dominant hand had taken control. Fiona's face was only inches from the head of the man's cock. She watched the eye of his penis open wide when she lowered her hand and close when she reached the top. With each stroke the amount of clear pre-cum increased and flowed downwards, eventually acting as a lubricant for her hand. Increasing her own rhythm on her pussy, Fiona was losing her inhibitions. She felt as if it wasn't her in control. She was looking at her own younger self, experimenting for the first time, open to anything sexual.

The cock was beautiful, she had to admit. Irrelevant as to whom it was attached, she needed to kiss it, to taste it. With her orgasm approaching she

moved closer, her knees hit the wall and her mouth was on his cock. Again the sigh came from behind the wall as her lips wrapped around the head of the penis. The taste was the same as her husbands or from what she could remember. So long it had been since she'd given a head job she barely remembered the sensation. Her tongue pressed the underside as she took more of the cock into her, it's head rubbing the roof of her mouth. Finally she let go of it's base and allowed her mouth alone to control the penetration.

Bernard pressed both hands to the wall and with his eyes still closed imagined the woman whose mouth was around his cock. He couldn't form a complete picture, strangely and somewhat annoyingly his mother came to mind. It was subliminal he knew. He was outside her workplace and now he recognized the perfume as that his mother wore. It did nothing to decrease his pleasure though. Whoever she was, she was equally as good at oral as she was at hand jobs and he could feel his orgasm building.

Fiona held her clitoral hood open with her left hand and rapidly flicked her clit with the right. She was so wet, she felt splashes against her thighs and her fingers regularly slipped off her pussy. Bernard could feel she'd taken her hand off his cock and her mouth was now closer to the wall. He could now move his hips back and forth and the sensation of fucking a wet mouth through a hole was undeniably wonderful.

Fiona allowed the cock to plunge deeper and deeper with each thrust into her throat. Saliva flowed freely from her lips and dribbled down her chin to the floor. The wet sound of her gagging, and the slapping of her hand on her pussy filled the bathroom. Bernard was on the verge of cumming. He didn't know what to do but thought he had to warn her. "I'm gonna cum!" He whispered loud enough for her to hear.

Fiona heard the voice over her own noises and was delighted at the words. Amazingly she felt a sense of pride that at fifty she'd brought an anonymous stranger to climax. And it was that, she knew. It was the anonymity. The fact that she, the Deputy Mayor was secretly sucking off a stranger in a public restroom. It was so forbidden, so out of character, so hot she thought.

Her mouth remained on his cock. She was timing herself, when he came she would bring on her own orgasm. He increased his thrusting and then it began. She felt some shoot down her throat before it closed up and she took the following spurts in her mouth. Sliding her hand from her clit she penetrated herself with two then three fingers and her orgasm swept down her body from her brain to her cunt and back. She took hold of his cock with her other hand and pulled her mouth loose. His length was slick with cum and saliva and she jerked rapidly the remaining semen from him, spraying her nose and chin.

Her mouth was full of cum and she risked allowing her secret lover to see the product of her endeavors. Releasing her hold on his softening cock she put her mouth up close to the hole and opened. Bernard withdrew his dick from the hole and stepped back hoping to see her through the opening. He was greeted with an open mouth just the other side. Her lips were painted a matching pink to her toes and her mouth was full to the point of dripping, with his semen. She moved aside and he caught the hint of red hair and a tan colored shirt. Unaware of the protocol of the sex act he'd just undertaken, Bernard sat down on the closed toilet seat and ripped some paper from the holder. He wiped his cock dry and waited for her to make a move.

Fiona had never had such an amount of cum in her mouth. Her instinct was to swallow, her desire was to swallow but reason was quickly taking over

and she leaned over the toilet and allowed the cum to flow out of her mouth. She began to think with her head and not her pussy. Her next move had to be to extract herself without being seen. If she allowed him to leave first he could easily wait around for her to exit thereby discovering her identity. No she had to move now.

When she heard him tearing paper from the holder, Fiona acted. She flushed the toilet and quickly opened her door. As she passed the mirror she saw the state of the front of her shirt, saliva having flowed freely from her mouth leaving wet streaks. Her chin was also slick with saliva and cum and a thread of semen ran down from her nose. She reached into her handbag and fumbled for a tissue as she crossed the restroom. Beside the exit door was a skateboard, an anarchy symbol across the deck. It looked familiar. She opened the door to an empty street and wiping her face she entered the town hall to access her car from the rear.

Bernard was a little disappointed the woman hadn't hung around. He had visions of them fucking again in the toilet. He didn't care what she looked like, he'd fallen in love with a stranger. The knowledge that there was someone in the town willing to play out such an erotic scene left him hopeful for future encounters. That red hair though, he thought, there was something about it. He left the stall and picked up his skateboard. Looking around outside he saw no one else around, certainly no redheaded mystery woman.

Feeling pretty pleased with himself, Bernard stepped on the board and began skating along the street towards home. At the first crossroad he stopped to allow an approaching car coming from alongside the town hall, right of way. As it neared he recognized the color and make. His mother's

blue Hyundai. He could see her clearer behind the wheel as she approached, finally coming up level to him on the street.

The color drained from her face as she pulled the car to a stop. Bernard couldn't describe the mixture of feelings when he saw the tan shirt she was wearing, when he noticed the front wet with liquid. He saw the pink color of her lipstick, her red hair. Fiona stared at her son's skateboard with the anarchy symbol, the shoes she'd seen only half of under a wall. She felt faint as she leaned over and opened the passenger side door. Bernard needed no more convincing but he looked at his mother's feet to see her vivid pink toenails in sling back heels.

Neither said a word as Fiona began the short drive home. Yet they had much to discuss.

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As Fiona pulled the handbrake in the driveway Bernard made to open his door. His mother's hand grabbed at his forearm and her fingers dug into his skin. He looked into her face for the first time since he'd entered the car and saw a frightened girl, not his usually strong independent Deputy Mayor of a mother. "Please don't tell your father." She begged and the words were totally unexpected. He thought she'd be disgusted and angry with him but she looked and sounded like she was more disgusted with herself.

"Mom, I would never!"

She breathed an audible sigh of relief and Bernard felt her loosen her grip on his arm. "Bernie you have to believe me, I've never done anything like that before. I've never cheated on your father."

Bernard noticed tears welling in her eyes and he felt the compulsion to embrace her. At the same moment the front door of the house opened and

his father stood in the doorway pointing at his watch, a tea towel slung over his shoulder.

Fiona released her hold on his arm. "We'll talk later O.k?" She whispered.

"I told everyone, six o'clock, dinner would be ready." Victor Martin complained as his wife and son entered the house. Fiona quite deftly held some documents over her shirt front as she passed him and her husband was unaware of the dampness of her blouse.

"Well dinner will have to wait a little longer honey, I'm going to have a quick shower first." Fiona stated to which Victor held his hands out in defeat, looking to Bernard for support.

Bernard shrugged and followed his mother down the hall. When he reached his room he stopped and watched her from behind. Her heels clicking along the hallway, the bare skin of her calves before meeting the dark brown knee length pleated skirt. Up to her tan shirt and the shock of red hair above. If she was a random woman on the street he would stare, she really was quite stunning. Why was it only now he had noticed?

As if Fiona had felt her son's eyes on her, she turned towards him as she reached the bathroom. Victor had gone back to the kitchen leaving them alone in the hallway. A nervous smile crossed Fiona's face. "Are we good?"

Bernard smiled broadly back. She wasn't just stunning he thought, she was beautiful. "Yeah, we're good."

* * * * *

To Victor's chagrin dinner was on the table and everyone seated thirty minutes late. Bernard couldn't understand what the big deal was, a simple lasagna with salad wasn't quite a time sensitive cuisine. As was usual

Bernard sat across from his sister Stephanie who seemed more interested with her phone than the meal.

"No tech at the table Steph," Victor stated and Stephanie rolled her eyes before completing her text and placing down the phone.

"Russell asked about you today." Bernard admitted to his sister.

Again Stephanie rolled her eyes. "Ugh he really needs to get a girlfriend!"

"He really needs to get a job!" Victor responded before looking at Bernard.

"So do you. You can't just hang around the town hall all day!"

Bernard looked up at his mother quickly before looking at his dad. "How do you know I was at town hall?"

"Well you came home with your mother, obviously you were at the skate park." Victor looked to his wife. "That reminds me, why were you so late getting home darling?"

Fiona's mouthful 'went down the wrong hole' and she coughed to clear her throat. Taking a drink of water she looked back to her husband. "Oh the council meeting ran over. Wilke and his zoning laws again, you know same old, same old." Fiona looked sideways at Bernard and the corner of her mouth turned up a fraction before she continued on with her meal.

Bernard watched her movement. The way she cut her food before swapping hands with the fork. The graceful manner in which she raised it to her mouth. Opening, taking it in. The way she'd taken his cock. The same mouth he'd filled with cum and she'd delighted in presenting to him. His cock hardened beneath the table.

* * * * *

Bernard played video games until ten p.m. when he undressed and turned the lights out for bed. He heard his mother and father still watching television in the family room. They'd opened a bottle of wine and in his mind's eye he could see them sitting together on the couch. Post shower his mother was wearing blue athletic tights and a UCLA sweater. He'd peeped at her ass as she did the dishes with his sister and he hadn't noticed a line of underwear. Victor had noticed his son staring at his mother and commented, "That's where you should go!"

Bernard felt himself go red. "What?!"

"UCLA! You wouldn't be having this jobless situation if you'd gone to college!"

Bernard smiled as he remembered it now but he again thought of his mother and father on the couch. Dad can just reach over and touch her if he feels like it, it's not fair, he thought. He rolled over and pressed his cock into the mattress. As he fell asleep he ran through the glory hole in his mind.

* * * * *

"Are you awake?"

Bernard opened his eyes to complete darkness thinking he'd heard a voice.

"Are you awake?" The voice came again and he rolled over to see his door ajar. At first he thought it was his sister in the doorway but as his eyes adjusted it was clearly his mother.

"Mom. Yeah, what is it?"

Fiona left the doorway and closed the door most of the way behind her. She seemed to float across the room to his bedside so graceful was her

movement. He knew she had been a dancer when she was young but only now was he noticing the way her body moved.

"I waited until everyone was asleep," Fiona whispered and sat down next to her son as Bernard made room.

"What for?" Bernard asked, still half asleep and not thinking clearly.

"It's cold, can I get in with you?" She asked.

And there it was. Bernard was fully awake. Not since he was a little boy had he been in a bed with his mother. Something was afoot. Bernard quickly pulled aside the covers and made more room as his mother climbed into bed with him. He relinquished his warm spot for her and covered their bodies. "Mmm, toasty." She purred.

"Mom, what's going on?"

"We haven't talked!" She whispered. Bernard could smell a slight aroma of brandy on her breath but she didn't seem drunk. He had no idea what she was wearing and desperately wanted to find out.

"What do you want to talk about?" He asked, playing coy.

He felt her move closer in the bed, her face only inches from his. "You know!" She hinted.

Bernard's cock began to swell in his boxer shorts and he lowered a hand to pull it out of the fly. "I thought you'd be angry or disappointed with me," he confessed.

Fiona brought a hand up to his face and palmed his cheek. "I would never think that. You're young and well, a guy. It's me who should've been more responsible. You must hate me."

It was Bernard who now made a move, reaching out and placing his hand on her shoulder, caressing up and down her upper arm slowly. "I could never hate you Mom. I love you."

Fiona breathed out heavily and moved in closer. Her face came within a inch of her son's. "You don't know how happy that makes me baby." Still holding his face she guided his lips onto hers and planted a kiss, not sexual, motherly and caring. Loving. Instead of removing her mouth though, she kept it there.

Bernard was now rock hard. Their bodies being so close he was surprised it wasn't already touching her belly. Apart from the brandy, another smell came to him, it was the smell of a woman. He'd only ever sensed it once before, behind Mary Parker's dad's grocery store and he loved it then as he did now. It was time to make a move. He kissed her back in much the same manner. "Mom, I have something to confess."

"What is it baby?" She exhaled.

Instead of telling her, Bernard took hold of the hand she had against his face. He lowered it and moved it onto his erection. Instantly her fingers wrapped around his length and squeezed, his mouth dropping open in pleasure. "Oh baby, is this for me?"

"If you want it?"

"Oh honey I do want it, and I've got something for you!" Fiona took his hand and placed it between her legs. She wore shorts of her own and Bernard could feel her wetness saturated through the cotton. He wriggled his fingers through the loose leg band and was now touching her vagina unobstructed. Sighing, her mouth again came to his and this time her tongue gingerly entered, meeting her son's.

For minutes they lay like this, exploring each other's sex and making out like teens. Finally Fiona could take it no more. She needed to again taste his cock and have him taste her. So quickly she broke their connection and reached down to remove her pyjama bottoms. Her ass was in her son's face before he was completely aware of her intent but when he felt the warmth of her mouth wrapped around his cock he knew what she wanted. With the pillow behind his head he found her cunt in the perfect position for licking. He tasted vagina for the first time and was addicted.

Fiona held her son's cock in her fist and with her lips wrapped around the head, sucked the pre-cum from the eye. The memory of the glory hole flooded back. Things she would've done differently, the thought of actually being fucked through the hole was enticing. With hindsight, she would've swallowed her son's cum and not wasted it down the toilet. She wouldn't make the same mistake. She felt his tongue enter her vagina and his nose on her anus. Suck my clit, suck my clit, she silently begged and magically his mouth moved to her clitoris, the tongue inside her replaced by a finger.

Bernard assumed he was sucking his mother's clit. It was small and he had limited knowledge of a woman's anatomy but the moans he was extracting told him he was doing something right. He slid his finger deeper inside her and she began to grind her hips on his face.

He was doing exactly what she loved. How did he know? She wondered. On the precipice of an orgasm she popped his cock out of her mouth and sat up straight. Bernard could no longer keep a finger inside her as the cheeks of her ass descended on his forehead but he kept up the stimulation of her clitoris. Her pubic hair tickled his jaw and her asshole again pressed against his nose as she came. Wave after wave of pleasure passed through her. Her husband had never elicited such an orgasm from her. Her whole body

shuddered and she felt an explosion of warmth inside herself. She pushed her cunt down hard on her son's face, a hand clasped over her own mouth to stifle the scream of delight.

Through the crack in the door a light came on down the hall. "Honey, you coming back to bed?"

Fiona turned around on top of Bernard and in the light he could see her place a finger over her lips in a gesture to keep quiet. She climbed off the bed and ran to the door. "Won't be a moment, just getting a drink." She called back in a hushed tone. Coming back to the bed Fiona found her pants and put them on. She hadn't forgotten about her son's cock and took hold of his softening erection. She leaned down and planted a kiss on it's head and it moved with a surge of blood in her hand. She giggled in delight, reminded of it twitching through the glory hole. "Can you wait Bernie?"

"Of course I can Mom."

"Good." She'd coaxed him back to an erection and reluctantly took her hand from his dick. "And don't fiddle with it, I want you full the next time we play."

Bernard ran through when the next opportunity would come. "When Mom?"

Fiona was way ahead. "Meet me after work tomorrow? I think you know where!"

And Bernard did.

Going Green

Brie made a final check of the address on her phone as she scoured the street through the windows of the slowing bus. Already ten minutes late she was thankful the office building was so close to the stop, leaping from the doors the moment they opened.

\$200 for three hours work, she bit her lip as she entered the building hoping her tardiness wouldn't derail the job opportunity arranged by her employment agency before it even began. With no reception desk, she hurried to a list of businesses beside the elevators, searching for the appropriate floor.

CD Promotions-25th Floor, she read and rolled her eyes. Of course it would be second from the top of the building, she bemoaned, hammering the call button of the lift, willing it to arrive as soon as possible.

Taj slammed the door of the uber behind him, his regular driver laughing and yelling out an encouragement to 'run' as he weaved his way across the busy road toward the same office building. Nearly fifteen minutes late by his reckoning, he cursed a slow moving Prius and skirted the rear of a departing bus as he dashed the last few yards to the entrance.

Entering the lift, Brie tapped the button for her floor and reached into her handbag for a mirror, a final check of her makeup before making a first impression, albeit a late one. The doors were slow to shut and her hand shot out to tap the close door button just as she caught sight of a man running towards her.

"Hold the lift," Taj pleaded as he sprinted toward the closing elevator, only to see the two doors come together as if in a mocking clap, catching the

sympathetic grimace of the girl inside as she raised a compact to her face. "Fuck!" Taj hissed under his breath, wondering if he should attempt the stairs but already puffing from his unexpected exertion, quickly put it out of his mind.

The lift was painfully slow and it gave Brie time to wonder what work she was actually showing up for? Marketing and promotion, had been the description given by her employment agency. Vague, but with prior experience it usually meant handing out energy drinks at train stations or flogging charities to pedestrians annoyed at being stopped in the street.

With thankfully no stops along the way, the elevator finally reached its destination and Brie followed a hand written sign directing her to a conference room at the end of the hall. A glass wall revealed two speakers, an assembly of twenty or so seated before them, and as she opened the appropriately squeaky door to the room, all heads turned in her direction.

"We started fifteen minutes ago!" An attractive woman in tight grey business slacks and white blouse informed her. "Just please take a seat."

Allowing the vociferously protesting door to close of its own volition, Brie slinked toward one of the few remaining chairs at the rear of the group, just glad the majority of faces had again concentrated on the speaker.

"So we need you to be the spirit of Froggy Pops..." The woman began before the sound of the door again opening had the entire group turning back toward Brie. This time however past her to the guy Brie's elevator had closed upon.

"Sorry, this is CD Promotions?" Taj asked, self conscious the entire room was focused on him.

"Well we're obviously not the ministry of punctuality!" The other presenter, a young exec with too perfect skin and hair, helpfully assisted.

"Yeah sorry, there was an accident on the freeway," Taj tried to explain as the door noisily accompanied his entrance.

"Well WE all managed to make it here on time," the presenter countered and Taj immediately formed a hatred of him. "Can you just join the group and you can regale us all with your wondrous adventures afterwards."

Eyeing one of the last remaining seats, Taj looked at the girl in the next, her face, unlike the others still fixed on his. The recollection was immediate and he pointed at her accusatorially as he sat down beside her, smiling.

"You're one of the reasons I'm late!" Taj whispered, her face turning red as he spoke.

"I'm sorry, I tried to hold it but I was too late," Brie defended herself, aware she was blushing. Was it embarrassment or shame, the reason she felt so anxious she wondered? Or that he was possibly the hottest guy she'd ever laid her eyes upon? Turning back to face the speakers, she reasoned it was probably a combination of all three.

The two presenters waxed lyrically on the merits of their new breakfast cereal, its energy and protein advantages, as Brie, still facing forward leaned to her side, closer to her tardy compatriot.

"You know it was why I was late as well!" She whispered, referring to the accident.

"Yeah? The freeway? I can't blame it totally though; maybe if I'd had my Froggy Pops this morning I might've made the lift!" Taj whispered in response and Brie couldn't hold back the snorting laugh that leapt from her, dropping her face as eyes once again turned in their direction.

"May I go on?" The male speaker inquired of Taj who managing to contain his composure nodded accordingly. "Thank you. So summing up, what are we?" He shouted to the audience.

"Froggies! Froggies! Froggies!" The gathered participants chimed.

"And what do we say?" The female speaker added.

As one the seated audience, all but Taj and Brie, began croaking as frogs.

"Ribbit. Ribbit. Ribbit..." They sang in unison as the two latecomers turned to face each other in bewilderment.

"What the fuck!?" Taj mouthed amid the chanting which caused Brie to again burst into a bout of laughter.

"...Ribbit, ribbit," the male presenter chorused. "That's right guys, be one with the frog! Now come up and collect your uniform and let's get out there and show the world what Froggy Pops is all about!"

Joining the rear of the throng, Taj and Brie filed towards the front of the room, both thinking the same thing without expressing it to one another. What the hell had they signed up to and what the fuck had they missed in the fifteen minutes prior?

With the other participants claiming their uniforms from large boxes marked "guys" and "girls," Taj and Brie finally made it to the front to be faced by the leaders. Taj taking it upon himself to speak for the both of them.

"Yeah look sorry we were late, is there anything we need to know about what we'll be doing?"

With a sour look on her face, the woman with a name badge that read Vanessa handed a green parcel to Brie and corresponding to Taj.

"We don't have time to run through the training again for you two, bus leaves in ten," she forced herself to convey. "We'll need your social security details and you'll have to get changed. You can get a rundown on the bus. To be honest," she scowled. "Brad and I aren't happy with either of you promoting Froggy Pops' good name. You can consider yourselves fortunate we need you to make up the numbers!"

Chastened, though bemused, Taj and Brie filled out their details before being directed toward separate alcoves off the conference room.

Brie entered the space and immediately had flashbacks of high school change rooms. Nine other females, some still naked, most already sliding into the gaudy green lycra they'd been given. Finding an empty chair, Brie placed down her handbag and removed her own costume from the provided bag, a green felt frog mask and matching spandex or lycra full length bodysuit with attached booties. "Oh God," she whispered to herself as she again scanned her peers. She could have been backstage at the Miss America pageant such were the perfect bodies on display. The majority of the girls blonde, tanned, silicon aplenty and as far as she could tell, not a pube shared amongst them.

Taj recognised a couple of the other guys from modelling jobs. Only on nodding acquaintance, he kept to himself and tried not to look at the other cocks being openly displayed as they changed into the frog suits. The whole scenario strange, he reasoned with wearing the mask, at least no one would recognise him in such a comical guise.

Her clothes removed and most of the room emptied, Brie had the lycra half way up her legs when Vanessa entered the vicinity. "No, no no. You ever see a frog with a vpl?" She challenged and Brie instinctively knew she was aiming the question at her, the woman approaching.

"No underwear!" She continued as the few remaining girls turned their eyes on Brie.

"Um, really?" Brie resisted, the bodysuit up around her thighs and already restrictively tight on her leg.

"We want you to be one with the frog!" Vanessa explained.

"Um, ok," Brie relented. "Actually you wouldn't have a larger sized costume would you?" She asked, sliding the lycra back down her legs.

"Oh yeah sure Hon, let me just look out back," Vanessa mockingly replied and Brie at once knew she was joking. "Ah no! It's one size fits all. And it's not a 'costume,' it's a uniform. It's a statement. Now please get changed, bus leaves in five."

Taking that as the final word, Brie quickly removed her bra and panties, her thatch of dark pubic hair reminding her the outcast she'd rapidly become among the group. As expected the bodysuit was a struggle to get over her hips. She didn't consider herself fat but compared to the potential lingerie models around her, she was definitely chunky. A hidden zipper ran up the front of the suit and sealing it, Brie's breasts bulged through the thin material, the shadow of her nipples clearly visible. It wasn't all. Leaning forward she spied the mound her pussy made, eyeing another girl as she left the room; the same situation. "Oh God!" She again mouthed.

It was just as uncomfortable looking around the room now as it had been when the other men were naked, Taj mused. The lycra bodysuits did nothing to obscure their genitalia, the varied size of his peers starkly obvious. Many of the guys repositioned themselves or in some cases actively pulled on their cock to inflate their appearance as well as their ego;

Taj amazed they were dressed this way to promote an essentially children's breakfast cereal.

With his frog mask under one arm, his bag of clothes in the other, Taj followed the group back into the conference room where the girls were mingling. The sight was nothing short of beautiful, although ridiculous could also have been used. Gorgeous women all, dressed from throat to toe in the tightest of clothing, the green fabric hugging their perfect bodies like a second skin. And then entered his fellow latecomer. A full head shorter than the majority of the other girls, it was her awkwardness though that stood her out from the crowd. Her self awareness. And her body.

Taj could have stared at her all day. Not the lithe Barbie doll figure of the others, she had curves, the bodysuit revealing all of them. Large breasts, hips of a woman. He couldn't help himself but to look at her crotch, the triangular bulge of pussy. She had let her brown hair down; nearly shoulder length, it swayed as she turned her head and her eyes scanned the room as if searching. And they alighted on him.

"This is awful!" Brie laughed as they came together. Keep your eyes up Brie. Keep your eyes up Brie. She screamed at herself as she faced him. His dick was right there! She'd seen it from across the room, leaving nothing to the imagination. So close to him now, it was the rest of his body she had to contend with. His arms, the biceps bulging out of the suit. Surely he was flexing, she thought. His chest and the ripple of abs. He looked like a superhero, she marvelled.

"Tell me about it!" Taj concurred chuckling. "I just had to see the junk of nine other dudes. It wasn't pretty back there!"

On impulse Brie reached out and touched his arm, sharing the joke, an unintentional connection between the two. The frog mask fell from her

grasp and Taj immediately dropped to his knee to retrieve it for her.

Don't look at her pussy. Don't look at her pussy. He repeated in his mind but couldn't help the quickest of glances as he arose to his feet, the mound right there. Inches from his face, his lips. Her own smiling in thanks as he handed the item back to her.

"This is a great day for Froggy Pops guys," Brad extolled. "Today the croak of a new dawn in breakfast cereal begins. And you all are part of history. What do we say?"

Again the group broke out in a chorus of 'ribbits,' Taj whispering to Brie. "Oh here we go again," to which she broke out in laughter, unselfconsciously burying her face into his shoulder, once more caressing his arm. This time Taj did flex, hoping she felt his muscles, and was impressed.

*

"Groups of two if you could," Vanessa conducted as they entered the bus. "Guy and a girl, if you can organize amongst yourselves. As far to the rear as possible please, we could only get the small bus today."

"Me and you?" Taj proposed to Brie as they waited for other couples to climb aboard.

"Oh big surprise there!" Vanessa overheard his offer and decided to give her opinion.

Ignoring her, Brie smiled and stepped up onto the bus hoping he would look at her ass as he followed.

He did. Two steps above him her rear rose to eye level and he feasted on the curve of her buttocks. Stretching the fabric to its limit, her globes bulged

out either side of the dark crevice of her ass crack. The desire to press his face into, overwhelming. Ascending, he almost did as Brie stopped short before him.

"No more seats," the driver advised. "You'll have to stand."

Brie shrugged, looking back at Taj. "We can do that."

"You two will be first off anyway, it won't be long," Vanessa added in her first moment of civility toward the pair.

She made to turn away and Taj called her back. "Weren't you going to give us a rundown on the bus?"

A look of recollection came to her face before she shrugged.

"Oh there's really not much to it, hand out the samples until they're gone and wait to be picked up."

The doors of the bus began to close as the engine kicked into gear and Vanessa's face changed with a look of concern. "Oh and whatever you do don't sq..."

The doors closed on her final words and jolting as the driver ground gears, the bus set off along the road.

"What did she say?" Taj looked at Brie who shook her head blankly, her knuckles white as she held onto a hand rail.

He looked around at the closest couples who seemed uninterested in his affairs before gazing back at Brie. "It was probably nothing. I'm Taj by the way," he held out his hand and Brie accepted it as the bus suddenly accelerated, causing her to fall forward against him. To Brie's delight he caught her, the hand holding his possessions clutching her side as her breasts pressed his chest.

"Taj? As in Mahal?" She asked as she reluctantly stepped back, their physical connection broken.

"Uh huh, my parents were hippies," he conceded.

"Brie," she offered.

"Two e's?"

"No, like the cheese!" She smiled. "Mom's favourite."

"Oh, that's nice. Could have been worse. You might've been named Gorgonzola!"

The bus again jolted and instinctively Taj returned his hand to her hip to steady her giggling frame, delighted when her own hand rose to hold his upper arm.

"What's with these suits?" Brie mused, still laughing from the cheese joke. "I feel more like a camel than a frog!"

"A camel?" Taj furrowed his brow.

"Yeah, you know," Brie replied, a red hue forming on her face. "Down there!" She nodded down her body toward her groin.

For a moment Taj didn't cotton on, following her eyes downwards until feeling foolish, he realised she meant the cameltoe that had formed at her crotch. Blushing himself at the sudden mention of her pussy he looked back up into her brown eyes, lined with mascara, a blueish green eye shadow.

"Hey it's alright for girls," he countered. "You're all pretty much the same down there. What about me? I feel like I'm smuggling a stick of salami down my pants."

"Salami?" Brie raised her eyebrows smiling.

"Well maybe a pickle and some olives!" He laughed, becoming closer to the girl both physically and emotionally the more time they spent.

"I mean, add some wine and they all go well with Brie!" Brie laughed, amazed at herself for speaking so openly about such things, even euphemistically.

"Business district," the driver interrupted their bonding as the bus came to a halt. "That's you two," he added as the doors opened. "You can leave your belongings on the bus. They'll be safe." He motioned his head up to the storage rack and Taj deposited his bag, followed by Brie's, the two of them retaining their frog masks. Off the bus the driver opened the holding compartment to the rear and began unloading cardboard boxes onto the sidewalk. Ten all up, Taj helped retrieve the last few as Brie looked at their surroundings.

The afternoon rush was yet to begin. Post lunch business people heading back to the office, eyeing her inquisitively in her green garb.

"So you guys have this corner," the bus driver explained. "I'll be back in roughly three hours. Be right here or I'm moving on. Got it?"

"Got it," Taj concurred, nodding to one of his acquaintances that waved from a window as the driver moved the bus along.

"So how do I look?" Brie called from behind him and he turned to see she'd donned the mask. An oversized smiling frogs head looking back at him.

"Honestly," pretty comfortable their relationship had progressed far enough to be truthful. "Like a really sexy Kermit!" Taj offered, laughing.

He thinks I'm sexy! Is what Brie took out of it. All of those girls back there on the bus with their perfect bodies and fake tans and he thinks I'm sexy.

Her face burned under the mask, not only from the heat. She took it off and smiled back at him to show his comment hadn't been out of line.

"You know it's a lot better with the mask on," she admitted. "You don't feel so self conscious."

"Yeah cause why would we be self conscious, it's not like we're essentially naked, parading ourselves on a street corner or anything!" He reached for a box and moved it against the wall of the building they stood before, Brie quickly helping in the endeavour.

"It's not going to take us three hours to hand all this out," Brie opined.

"There's a park across the street," Taj noted. "We can go and hide out there once we've finished."

"Good thinking. We'll be perfectly camouflaged," Brie agreed.

"If there's a pond we might never leave!" Taj added and once again Brie laughed at his joke. Her cheeks beginning to hurt. That hadn't happened in years, she thought.

The boxes against the wall, Taj broke open one and examined the contents, pulling out a small plastic wrapped sachet. "Oh Jesus, look at theses things," he remarked, holding out the opened packet to Brie.

Reaching in she took one between her fingers and held it up before them. A small green ball of indescribable substance.

"Gone on I dare you," Taj challenged. "Eat it. Be one with the Froggy Pop!"

Brie popped the cereal in her mouth without hesitation, a crunch and it had dissolved.

Taj looked on with a worried expression.

"Are you okay?" He asked bemused. "Do I need to call the paramedics?"

Brie shrugged, swallowing the remainder that hadn't disappeared entirely.

"Actually they're not that bad!" She admitted. "Kind of like Froot Loops without the other colors."

"That's not a ringing endorsement," he countered, looking at the ingredients.

"Yep, as I thought. First ingredient, sugar!"

"Probably why they're so delicious," Brie giggled, taking another small handful from the pack. "Have some."

"I'll rely on your opinion," Taj smiled getting goosebumps from the sound of her chewing, enjoying watching her mouth move, her lips. Such kissable lips, he thought. "You seem trustworthy."

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The street's pedestrian traffic was sporadic at best. The small baskets they found in the boxes to hold the sample packs were emptying way too slowly. With the mask over his face, Taj had free reign to admire Brie's body without being suspicious or overly creepy. It was, (creepy) he acknowledged, but he couldn't help himself. The green lycra turned an almost white where it stretched against her curves, it was so tight. Her nipples poking noticeably, even the darker shadow of her areola visible. But it was her crotch where his eyes often returned. The twin mounds of labia sitting below her pubic bulge. And was it pubic hair he could see through the material? Definitely a triangle of darker skin. When she turned and he admired her ass there was no panty line, so clearly it wasn't her underwear. He forced himself to look away as he felt the arousal. An erection is most certainly something he didn't want, he reasoned!

Why did he keep looking away? Brie wondered. She wanted his eyes on her. Undressing her. Not that there was much left to reveal. The mask was wonderful she thought, as she ran her eyes again over his body. Never entirely comfortable with her own physique there was no way she could've stood in the street in such a state without being anonymous. It also allowed her to perve on him. For that was what it was. Her eyes on his ass, seeing herself digging her nails in the cheeks. That chest, and when he twisted. My God, she thought, those abs! But it was his cock she favoured. The balls so clearly outlined. One definitely higher than the other, she noted. And the dick itself. Bigger now. She observed. Do they do that? She wondered. Change size throughout the day? Or was he aroused?

The thought gave her that familiar feeling. A wonderful deliriousness that started in her head and headed straight to her groin. Oh God Brie, she told herself. Don't get wet!

Their conversation had stalled. Brie knew exactly why she had nothing to say, her mind focussed entirely on sex, but what was his excuse she wondered?

"Go on tell me!" Brie demanded out of the blue.

With few to no pedestrians, Taj was happy to once again pay her attention. "Tell you what?"

"I've seen the looks I've been getting, is it really that visible?" With the basket over one arm, Brie made a pointing gesture to her crotch with both hands and watched as Taj's frog mask dipped downwards, his gaze surely on her groin.

She'd given him license to stare. To not only stare, but examine. And he relished the opportunity, stepping closer to her.

"Well I mean, I don't know what to say," he stumbled and it was true. Should he tell her from where he stood it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen? That he wanted to lavish it with kisses and declare his undying devotion to her pussy. "I don't understand what the big deal with women and their cameltoe is anyway? They should be proud of it, they look good," he stated, removing the mask from his head and looking back up into hers. Brie quickly doing the same so that their eyes could meet. "Yours looks...beautiful!"

Taj watched as her cheeks reddened. He knew he hadn't gone too far. There was something between them, it was obvious. It had been obvious since their first meeting; well maybe not the elevator he reasoned. And then it started to happen. He could feel it. The tightness of the lycra, the silky feeling against his skin, the visual and emotional stimulus before him, it was bound to happen. He began to harden.

Quickly Taj returned the mask to his head, turning his face to look down the street.

"What?" Brie asked jumping in the direction he was facing.

"Nothing!" Taj dismissed her, lifting the basket before himself.

"There's something!" Brie giggled. "You can tell me."

"It's not important," Taj declined her offer.

"Why are you holding the basket like that?" Brie grinned amid her blush, feeling she knew the reason.

Fed up with trying to avoid her gaze, Taj directed his frog head towards her.

"I think you know!"

Brie feigned ignorance, furrowing her brow as Taj moved the basket aside to reveal his erection.

"Oh goodness Taj!" Brie exclaimed in mock surprise, her eyes feasting on his hard-on perfectly traced by the lycra. "Really? In public?"

"Well what did you expect?" Taj defended himself, gesturing toward Brie's body so provocatively dressed before him.

"That's because of me?" She expressed mock doubt, her own sex becoming wetter the longer she stared at his cock. God, I'm probably soaking through, she thought. "Well you can't stand in the street with that thing! Would it help if I turned around?" She asked, trying to refrain from laughing.

Taj watched as she slowly presented her ass to him, suggestively looking back over her shoulder. "Does that help?"

He dragged his eyes up from her perfectly peachy bottom, shaking his frog mask.

"Yeah that did the trick!" Taj sarcastically replied, his cock pulsing as more blood rushed in.

"Maybe I could just stand in front on you and block the view," Brie declared, stepping backwards and pressing her rear against him. His balls and lower shaft sat in the crack of her ass, the swollen head of his dick pressing the small of her back. "I mean this doesn't look suspicious at all!" She laughed as she felt the full hardness of his desire against her body.

"Oh God!" Taj breathed as Brie slowly wiggled her bottom upon his erection, the desire to reach around and touch her breasts, her pussy, overwhelming. "Maybe if we just change the subject," he added.

"Good idea," Brie conceded, stepping away and replacing her mask. Her eyes remained on his cock however, the drop of dew that had formed right below the tip of the head. I could suck him right through the lycra, she thought as she struggled to think of something other than sex to discuss.

"What do you think Vanessa was saying when the bus left?" Taj rescued her, reluctantly tearing his gaze away from the temptation.

"Oh you mean the 'whatever you do don't sq...' speech?" Brie answered.

"Don't know. Don't sq...uander your pay on chocolate!"

"Don't squish your testicles in a vice?" Taj offered, the thought of which thankfully had his dick softening as passing pedestrians accepted their freebies.

"Whatever you do don't...squirt on someone without warning?" Brie proclaimed.

"Jesus," Taj exclaimed, laughing. "I thought you were trying to help me here Brie!?"

"Sorry, it just came to me," she apologised. "I'll be good."

Looking one way down the empty street then back at the still unopened boxes, Taj sighed.

"We're never going to get rid of all that at this rate," he complained before spotting a potential solution. Half way down the block a large group of schoolchildren had exited a building accompanied by a few adults. "Hang on, look."

Brie stared in the direction Taj pointed, the adults, most probably teachers in charge of an excursion, seemingly in debate as to which direction to

head. "Do something to get their attention," she suggested. "How loud's your ribbit?"

Taj laughed, recalling the conference room. "Not loud enough!" He mused. "I know."

Handing Brie his basket, Taj bent his knees, squatting down on the concrete sidewalk and did his best frog jump under the circumstances.

Further along the street, the man in green acting strangely had caught some of the six year olds attention. Brie noticing a few raise their arms, pointing in their direction.

"It's working," she laughed. "Keep it up."

The children had gained the attention of the adults who with minimal debate began directing the group of twenty or so toward the two lycra clad frog-people.

"Ribbit," Brie sang as they drew closer, the children pointing and laughing. "Ribbit," she repeated only partially hearing the ripping sound that came from her side.

Taj heard it. He thought he'd heard a slight tear upon the first squat and leap but had continued on. On the third and fourth, there was no doubt. And on the fifth frog jump, already well into the action and unable to pull out, he felt the costume finally give way and split at the crotch.

The children's laughter turned to screams as they saw the wardrobe malfunction on the frog man. More so when Taj dropped his gaze to look at the damage himself and the mask fell from him, the decapitated frogs head rolling away on the pavement.

Brie, holding out the baskets in anticipation of a run on the free cereal, turned her head to see the cause of the children's sudden shift in demeanour.

"Oh God!" She yelled, handing her baskets to one of the approaching chaperones. "Please, take what you want!" Brie added, referring to the extra boxes before removing her mask and rushing to Taj's aid.

Taj had returned to a standing position and amid a fifty/fifty split of screaming and laughing from the audience, did his best to cover his exposed groin. Brie quickly in support, placing her mask over one of the problem areas, his cock, the less contentious region, his ass, left uncovered.

"Come on," Brie stated, too shocked to join in on the laughing just yet. "Let's get you out of here before we're arrested."

Clasping the mask over the split in the suit, Taj allowed himself to be led across the road between the traffic, the two quickly making their way into the small park opposite.

Brie looked around and spied a patch of lawn between a hedge and a small garden bed of rose bushes; out of view from the sidewalk it was the best option for a place to hide out whilst they took stock of the situation.

Slumping down on the warm grass, the two allowed themselves to laugh at the spectacle they had become.

"What the fuck just happened?" Taj declared, his face still burning from the embarrassment, the frog mask still obscuring his package.

"What, apart from you traumatising those children for the rest of their lives?" Brie responded jokingly. She got to her knees and looked over the hedge toward the scene of the crime. Her offer for them to take what they wanted seeming to have been taken up as she watched the group walking back the way they'd come, each child loaded up with as many bags of

Froggy Pops as they could hold. "Although it looks like we've gotten rid of most of our supply!"

Taj wasn't thinking about the sample packs. Leaning back in the sun on one arm, his other hand holding the mask in place, his eyes were once again on Brie. That most talked about cameltoe. Her breasts less than a foot from his mouth. She looked down at his out of character silence and blushed as she realised he was again focused on her body.

"So at least one good thing has come out of this," she coyly smiled, once again kneeling down beside him.

"I'd say more than one good thing," Taj smiled back. He could feel himself hardening in the void of the mask, the green felt hiding the problem area leaving only a small strip of skin under his navel visible.

Brie smiled, looking down at her frog mask. His cock inside what had only minutes before been on her head. "Is the tear that bad? Can we stick it together somehow?"

"You saw it!" Taj laughed.

"Well to be honest it all happened so quickly," Brie countered. "I thought I heard a rip and then there was the laughing, the screaming!" They both again laughed at the recollection. "I saw a flash of your bum. And then of course your..."

"To be fair you'd pretty much seen it all afternoon!" Taj chuckled.

"Oh God it's true," Brie agreed, looking down at her own body. Her nipples rigid through the material. "Why did they make them so thin?"

Taj unashamedly stared at her breasts along with her. "To be honest, I'm not complaining."

Brie raised her eyes to Taj's and saw them lazily drift up from her chest. "Can I see it?" She cautiously asked and without hesitation, Taj lifted the mask from his groin.

Breathing in, Brie once again focussed on his crotch, no longer veiled. Biting her bottom lip she marvelled at how much larger it looked now so close, so hard. The lycra, split from his thighs to his belly button formed a frame around his smooth balls and cock, a thin strip of clipped pubic hair running up his stomach. He was rigid. Standing almost vertical and it was for her, because of her. The sincerest form of flattery. She could feel herself leaking through her own costume. Her wetness spreading around her crotch.

"Can I touch it?" She whispered, almost begging.

"Can I kiss you?" Taj replied.

"You can fuck me!" Brie raised the ante, laying all her cards on the table.

They moved so quickly. Brie taking in her grip the prize she'd sought all day, her fingers wrapping his thick column of flesh, squeezing and stroking as their mouths came together.

The first kiss. It could've been their thousandth so expertly their tongues danced. Saliva flowed from Brie's mouth; Taj greedily devouring her offering as she beat him below. He reached out to touch her, holding her side with one hand and enjoying the feeling of her flesh beneath the fabric whilst raising the other to stroke through her hair.

It wasn't enough for Brie. Taking his hand she forced it from her hip to between her legs, clamping it upon her sodden crotch. Taj took over, feeling the soft lumps of her labia, slipping and sliding against the wet lycra. His fingers delved in the crevice, pushing through the barrier that kept him from penetration, exploring from asshole to pubic bone.

Unzipping the front of her costume, Brie allowed her breasts to burst from the lycra, climbing onto Taj's lap. Her pussy pressed down on the underside of his erection as she guided her lover's head down onto her chest. Without delay, Taj took a breast in his mouth. Sucking the engorged nipple, biting down through his lips as Brie encouraged the action with a sigh.

Amid the pleasure Brie looked around to be sure they weren't observed. The hedge protecting their position from the sidewalk, the rose bushes shielding them from the park. Unless someone were to approach the roses specifically, their lovemaking would go unnoticed by the city around them.

Taj had moved to the other nipple, eager to sample everything she had to offer, whilst his cock ground against the object his mind was constantly focussed on. As if reading his thoughts, Brie pushed him down onto his back and climbed along his body until her crotch was above his face.

Looking down between her boobs, she met Taj's expectant eyes. "Will you kiss it?"

His answer came directed. Lifting his head to press his lips to the saturated lycra, Taj planted kisses on his fixation. His tongue running up and down the bulging labia of her cameltoe, breathing in the sweet perfume of her arousal.

His tore so easily! Brie thought as she watched him lavish kisses between her spread legs. Why not mine? Dropping her hands she dug her nails into the material at her crotch and pulled, the familiar sound of ripping lycra coming to both their ears. Taj was presented with pink. Wet, dripping labia below a small patch of dark brown pubic hair. His mouth was once again upon her. Now unfettered, given license to enter. His tongue inside her body. The taste of a woman, the flavour of a Goddess.

She ground her cunt down upon his mouth, feeling his tongue deep inside her, his nose against her pubic bone and then he found her clit. His lips sucking her most tender of places, his tongue expertly licking her in just the way she loved. Brie closed her eyes as she came. Stars burst against the backdrop of the darkness of her eyelids and ridiculously she thought of their earlier joking. '..don't squirt on someone without warning.' It was too late. Her neck back, her jaw open and mouth locked in an 'o' she came upon him. Taj felt it against his chin. Her pussy quivering, twitching as he sucked and licked her clit and then the flow. A burst of liquid that gushed from her in a beautiful surprise. He lowered his jaw and caught a spray in his awaiting mouth. A flood of hot juice he swallowed greedily as if life itself depended on it.

Brie held her breath as she looked down upon her steed. A hand across her mouth to prevent the scream of pleasure the orgasm demanded she release. She watched herself fill his mouth. Saw him swallow. Go back for more. Kiss her pubes, her inner thighs. Smear his face in her vagina and she knew she loved him. That he loved her. She was upon him. Her cunt sliding down his body as her mouth descended on his. As if magnetically guided, her pussy found his cock. The head pressing against her vulva and so softly, so silkily sliding inside. He breathed out into her mouth as his erection reached its zenith, her pelvic bone connecting with his. Their coupling complete as their lips locked, tongues entwined.

She squeezed her pussy around him as they fucked. Taj's hands caressing her bare ass where her own costume had torn. Cupping and separating the buttocks he'd ogled at as she climbed aboard the bus. Now mere hours later and his to do with as he pleased, kneading the warm, soft flesh.

How was it possible? Brie wondered as she felt herself cum again. Out of body she could see herself atop him, laying upon the green lawn in the bright sunlight. "I love you," she heard herself admit and shocked, brought herself back into reality, lifting her mouth from his to search his face for a reaction. Afraid she'd gone too far, within an instant, with just a look in his eyes she knew she had nothing to fear. He was the one. He was always and would always be, the one.

"I love you," Taj confessed, knowing it wasn't only his impending orgasm talking. Her face, her smeared lipstick and flushed skin. He could never grow tired of looking at her. Waking beside her. Fucking her in the darkness of the night. "I'll forever love you," he committed as the squeezing of her pussy increased. "Oh shit...I'm gonna cum!" He added, hoping his newest confession hadn't destroyed the romance.

It hadn't. They were the words Brie longed almost as much as his confession of love to hear. She'd brought him to the brink of climax. Her mission almost complete, she needed to see it, to witness the culmination of her endeavours. "Really?" She breathlessly whispered, continuing to grind herself upon him. "Can I watch it?"

"Quickly!" Taj nodded lifting his back from the grass as Brie slid off his slick cock with a slurp, remaining in his lap. Together they grasped his thickness, the pole between them, while as one they finished the job. "Oh God!" Taj gasped as he came. His hand wrapped around hers, they masturbated his shaft as spurt after spurt of thick white cream burst forth. A spouting volcano of molten semen spraying their bodies equally.

"Fuck yes, cum on me Taj," Brie commanded as he groaned, plastering her still bare breasts, hitting her neck. The front of Taj's costume splattered with cum, their hands slick with jism.

"Oh my," Brie giggled, squeezing the last of the cum from Taj's pulsing cock and looking at the outcome of his orgasm. "What a mess!"

"Yeah sorry," he sheepishly, yet admittedly quite proudly, stated. "I should've warned you there might've been a lot."

Brie leaned in and kissed him, the taste of her own climax still on his mouth. "You never have to warn me if you promise to give it to me every day," she softly whispered.

"I promise," he pledged, wanting nothing more from life.

The horn of a large vehicle brought them out of their ecstasy. Determinedly pressed, it blared from the street behind them and the couple made it to their knees to spy over the hedge. Vanessa paced before the bus looking from the empty boxes to the watch on her wrist.

"Uh oh!" Taj mused. "Time to face the music." He whistled to draw her attention and Brie contributed by meekly waving their presence behind the shrubbery.

Vanessa looked in their direction and held out her arms in questioning before heading across the road toward the two. Openly agitated she stopped the other side of the hedge as she took in their appearance.

Brie was still in the process of zipping up the front of her cum stained bodysuit, caring not about her exposed vagina. Taj on the other hand, equally as daubed with semen, held a hand over his softening erection, trying to maintain a semblance of decency.

"Oh my God!" Vanessa remarked, the evidence of what had taken place unmistakable. "Have you been fucking?"

"We prefer to call it spawning!" Taj tried to lighten the mood with a joke but only amused Brie who tried to hide her laughter behind his arm.

"What the hell did you do to the uniforms?" Vanessa questioned. "Did you squat? I told you not to squat!"

"Oh, SQUAT!" Taj and Brie turned to face each other, repeating the word simultaneously.

"We didn't hear," Brie explained. "Do you want them back?"

"Ah, no!" Vanessa turned her nose up as she looked at the amount of cum covering their clothing.

The bus driver appeared behind her and having obviously summed up the situation from afar, held out their bags of personal items. "Frankly I'm questioning whether or not to even pay you two!" She finished.

Taj turned to Brie and openly kissed her in front of Vanessa. "I don't care," he stated. "I've discovered something far more valuable."

"Ugh," Vanessa turned on her heel and headed back to the bus.

They claimed their items from the bus driver who made no attempt to disguise his ogling of the lovers before he too left them to their own devices.

Alone, they once again dropped to the sanctuary of their special place, hand in hand, loathe to separate now they had shared so much. Kissing, Brie's hand found Taj's cock and discovered him once again hardening, giggling as she thought of something.

"What is it?" Taj asked, stroking her hair behind her ear.

"I was just thinking," she smiled. "I kissed a frog and found my prince," her hand bringing him to a hard-on, her mouth lowering onto the head, eyes still

on his. "What happens if I suck a frog off?" She grinned.

Taj once again groaned, leaning back and marvelling how beautiful she looked. "Well, he'll propose, she'll say yes and they'll live happily ever after," he confessed.

And as Brie took his cock in her mouth, over her tongue and into her throat; she thought she could definitely live with the ending of that fairy tale.

Healing Hands

"It's going to be weird this weekend," Mom stated out of the blue as she unstacked the dishwasher.

I looked up from my phone long enough to see her glance in my direction, obviously waiting for me to ask to what she referred?

"The work picnic...Fourth of July," she waited for me to respond and I offered a perplexed shake of my head. "It's my first flying solo, so to speak," she explained and I all of a sudden felt terrible for being so inconsiderate.

Coming up to the anniversary of Dad's passing, it was understandable Mom would be feeling his absence considerably.

"You don't have to go you know," I offered.

"Oh, no I must," she assured. "It's tradition. Well..." she paused. "...it's expected."

"I'm sure your boss wouldn't mind if you missed one," I posited. "Under the circumstances."

I saw the cogs in her head turning but I knew, company woman that she was, she wouldn't be missing a year. I also knew what was coming.

"Remember how much fun we used to have? When you used to come," she added.

"Yeah, when I was like, eight or something," I countered and she was quiet, focusing on stacking the dinner plates. Her silence was working and the guilt built inside me. "Okay. Do you want me to come along?"

"What?" She feigned surprise. "No, I wasn't...I mean you don't have to...I wouldn't expect...would you?" She enthusiastically ventured and seeing the childlike excitement in her face, I couldn't help but feel sympathetic.

"Yeah alright, I'll keep you company," I agreed and she looked genuinely emotional. "Hard to turn down a free feed," I added to provide levity to the atmosphere.

Surprisingly, she skipped across the kitchen and wrapping her arms around my neck from behind, kissed me on the cheek. The waft of her perfume; a tickle from her hair upon my neck; the warmth of her embrace and lightest of kisses. I'm not ashamed to say it was pleasant, and strangely as she withdrew, I had the compulsion to draw her back. To prolong the embrace.

Her hands slid back around my neck but before she broke the connection completely they briefly massaged my shoulders. The action fleeting, it was still long enough for me to enjoy the feeling.

"Aww, you can keep that up," I sighed and she playfully slapped my arm as she headed back to her chore.

"You wish Mister," she laughed. "I'm already late for work," she added and I absently allowed my eyes to drift down her body. Her regular office attire, mid- thigh length grey skirt over opaque black pantyhose. Yet to don heels, her appearance quite comical with sheepskin slippers upon her feet. I made out the black of her bra through her blouse and funnily enough the sight was almost stimulating. If on ANY other woman but my mother, I was quick to add.

*

"Batter up," I laughed as Mom took possession of the bat. Acting as catcher in the casual game of softball that had eventuated at the work picnic, I

squatted back into my crouched position behind the home plate as Mom took a couple of practice swings.

The first throw by the roughly twelve-year-old girl pitching, sailed right under Mom's bat and into my mitt, Mom laughing at her lack of timing.

"Strike one," I chuckled, throwing the ball back to the young girl.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Mom smiled down at me before turning back to the pitcher. Without lecherous intent, I scanned my eyes up her legs, her tight blue denim jeans hugging her hips hermetically. High waisted, her ass filled out the rear and with her shirt tucked into the waistband, it really accentuated her curves. At only 52, she'd have no problem attracting another partner if she chose to pursue it (perish the thought) but as I said, I wasn't ogling...at the time.

The next pitch would've been a ball if she'd left it but as Mom was want to do, she swung wildly, turning a full circle accompanied by her laughter.

"Keep your eye on the ball," I offered my helpful advice as I rose to throw the softball back, and as my action caused me to step forward slightly, Mom chose that moment to practice a swing.

It looked worse than it felt.

The bat hit me right in the groin and to all watching it must have looked painful. Painful, and of course, extremely humorous. Playing up the theatrics for the kids present I went down clutching my balls howling my discomfort. Mom dropped the bat and raised a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide in horror at what she'd done.

"Oh God Seth," she dropped to her haunches, a hand reaching out to touch my shoulder, the other upon my thigh "I'm so sorry!"

Laughing, I removed the mitt from between my legs and noticed Mom's eyes zero in on the area.

"It's alright, really," I assured her as I made to stand, thankful the bat had indeed hit my penis and not my balls. Fully aware of the difference in pain.

"You're sure? Jesus, I feel terrible."

"Yeah, I'm fine," I stood before her as she scowled at a girl filming the event on her phone.

"This'll go viral," the girl laughed and with Mom doing her best to get in the way, I used the opportunity to 'rearrange things downstairs,' so to speak, placing my cock in a more comfortable position.

It was just then her eyes strayed back onto me and once more she looked concerned.

"You're positive? We don't need to go to emergency or anything?"

Again, I laughed. "No, seriously, it's all good," I reassured and dropped to hand her the abandoned bat. "Come on, let's get back to it."

With some trepidation, Mom faced another pitch and to my surprise managed to connect, making her way to first base. When the next batter scored a hit, I was able to watch Mom run to second, self-consciously holding her breasts as they bobbed. Had I noticed before then how large my mother's boobs were? The thought took me by surprise and when she ran for home two pitches later and I allowed her to touch the plate, they were in fact what I was attempting to NOT focus upon.

The day turning out better than I'd expected, we had our fill of BBQ and come late afternoon made to head home. In the car, the couple beers she'd

imbibed loosening her tongue, Mom admitted that for the first time in a long time, my father hadn't been foremost on her mind.

"To be honest Honey, I had a better time with you today that I ever had with him," she raised a hand to her mouth in shock at what she'd declared, quickly following up. "Is that wrong?"

I made no judgement, but whilst driving I glanced in her direction, the tightness of her jeans, the curve of her breast and the smoothness of her cheek as it caught the sun. And admitted I too had had an enjoyable day.

It would only get better.

*

A light meal at dinnertime, neither of us hungry after the feast we'd partaken. When early evening she entered the living room in her nightie and casually asked what I was watching, I caught myself and refrained from saying, 'her.' Some mindless game show played on the television but it was my mother where my interests lay.

She'd probably done it before in my presence, opening a small container of skin cream and applying it to her feet and legs as she one-by-one rested them on the coffee table. But I had certainly never paid such close attention. With her eyes on the screen, I was able to watch her process. Her fingers well lathered up, sliding between her tiny toes, massaging the soles of her feet and up onto her calves and eventually thighs. A leg raised onto the couch, her nightie sliding down to her hip. The briefest glimpse of what looked like white satin panties. I adjusted my penis to a more comfortable position as it twitched into life.

She applied more cream to her fingers and worked on her elbows and arms, finally wringing her hands together before screwing tight the lid. The show

over, I risked a brief rub of my cock and just as it'd been earlier in the day, it was at that exact moment she chose to look in my direction.

"Oh God, I forgot all about you," she proclaimed and I felt myself blush.

"W...what?" I stammered, subtly removing my hand from my dick.

"Your...well your testicles. Do they still hurt Darling?" She asked.

"Oh. No, it's fine, ah they're fine," I fumbled.

"You're sure? You wouldn't keep anything from me? You can tell me, I'm your mother."

"No, it's all good," I admitted but her eyes remained on my groin. I looked down myself and wasn't unimpressed. My brown cords tight, I bulged out the fly handsomely I noted, penis, even balls quite defined.

Mom seemed to let it go, glancing back at the television before her eyes alighted on the container of skin cream.

"You should rub some of this in," she suggested. "It's aloe. It'll be soothing."

Just when I thought we'd moved on; she'd focused right back on the issue.

"I really don't think I need to Mom," I made a final denial but she seemed to be on a mission.

"Nonsense. I know how hard I hit you Honey. I could've really down some damage," she rose from her armchair and moved the couple of paces to stand right before me. "Now come on. Pants down Mister. Let me take care of it."

"W...what?" I repeated.

"Oh, don't be shy. Come on, you've got nothing I haven't seen before."

Working on pure motorized instinct, I undid my button and fly and lifted my bottom off the couch as I slid my pants down mid-thigh. For a moment it seemed quite natural, exposing myself to my mother. Almost as if I was visiting a doctor. But when she scooped up a large amount of the cream and looked down upon my groin, reality kicked in and I made to cover my hardening cock with a hand.

"Might be easier if you stand up," she suggested and instantly I rose as she in turn knelt.

Her face level with my junk, I grew lightheaded as she reached out and cupped my testicles in her hand.

This was ridiculous. For starters, I hadn't even been hit in the balls, it was my dick that had taken the full brunt of the blow. Second. My mother was on her knees, rubbing skin cream into said testicles! Was I dreaming?

"Ooh," I gasped as she used both hands to cup and massage my shaved sack.

"Did I hurt you? See they're still sore!" She looked up expectantly.

"No, it's just cold." I still had a hand over my cock, holding it in position vertically and I hoped she couldn't ascertain as to my hardness.

"Sorry," she smiled, her fingers sliding between my thighs then back, creeping up high on my groin before again rubbing my balls. "Would you like to move your hand?" She queried and it was the moment I'd been dreading.

"Um, it's just..."

"What?"

"I've got...well..."

"Oh, come on Seth," she grinned. "I've seen it all before."

I was pretty sure she hadn't in fact seen her son's hard-on, but taking a deep breath, I removed my hand. If she was shocked, she didn't let on.

Admittedly I wasn't fully erect for which I silently thanked God; this wasn't meant to be sexual. She was just a concerned mother rubbing ointment over her adult son's balls. The very thought had me more aroused and even as her eyes panned from her rapidly emptying container of skin cream back towards my groin, I grimaced at her expected disgust at seeing me swell before her.

To her credit she didn't at first acknowledge my condition. Oh, she looked at it! But it was only as I noticed the skin upon her bare chest begin to blush that she gave away anything happening here was out of the ordinary. Her chest! The nightie not being overly hugging, from my vantage I could see right down between her boobs. They jiggled as she once more lathered my scrotum with the cream and I pictured her holding them as she ran the bases. What base were we on in our relationship right now? I humorously wondered.

She kept a hand under my sack as her other, the more lubricated, ventured up onto my cock proper. Not encircling me but smearing the cream up the underside of my shaft. It gave me a full-blown erection and as I twitched violently against her touch, it proved too much for her to continue to ignore.

"Well I didn't expect this to happen," she acknowledged, looking up into my face, a smirk upon her lips.

"I'm so sorry Mom," I admitted, though skeptical in her assertion she didn't expect something like this to occur.

"It's okay Darling," she insisted. "It's natural. It's also a good sign things are working correctly."

Her positive spin was welcomed, as was her hand as she wrapped her fingers around me and worked the lotion up my length. This as she looked me in the eyes as if gauging my response to her manipulation. I was more than consenting, even moving my hips ever so slightly in a thrust as she slowly jerked my cock.

Finally, her eyes once more lowered and she was in time to see a dribble of pre-cum ooze from my eye. Unfazed, her thumb reached the head and smeared the clear fluid back down my shaft along with the cream. Another stroke from base to tip, her grip so tight. The hand cupping my balls pressed harder into my body, did she know it was pleasurable? Surely not. This wasn't sexual. This wasn't sexual, I repeated again to myself as she clearly increased her pace. Oh God, I voiced to myself as I felt it happen. What to do? I questioned as I understood what was about to occur. Pull away? Admit to her? My choices were moot.

Quicker than I think I'd ever cum in my life, a volcanic spurt of semen erupted from me. The breath I'd been holding came out in a relieved gasp as I watched torrent after creamy torrent pour forth. All upon my mother. The first rope of cum hit her face. Splashing against her forehead to lay in a ribbon down over her eye and onto her cheek. The next upon her nose, her lips open mouthed in shock, sealing tight as the cum streaked her face. Her hand didn't release its hold around me however. In fact, though her reaction to my spontaneous eruption was horror, her touch was nothing short of consensual. She continued to jerk my cock as it pulsed each ejaculation. Her chin caught a spray before she aimed me downwards. Was it to give her

face some relief? Whatever. It just enabled me to release the last of my seed upon her breast, glistening her wondrous tits as it slid down her cleavage.

Her hand slid off the end of my cock, taking the dripping with her I noted and she leaned back against the coffee table, once more looking up into my face. She was yet to speak and with my cock still monstrously hard, it dominated the space between us.

"Jesus, I'm so sorry," I once more apologized. This time for a lot more than an unexpected hard-on. I wanted to help her to her feet but I instead chose first to pull up my pants, hoping the removal of the culprit would make things more comfortable. Tucking myself away, I offered a hand and with one eye closed, Mom made it to her feet. "Mom...you okay?" I tentatively asked as I allowed her fingers to dislodge from mine.

Her hands stayed held out at a strange angle as if she was unsure where to put them, finally to my surprise, dropping them to the hem of her nightie and raising it up her body. My initial thought was she was undressing, her panties coming into view (correctly identified as satin) but she stopped as she met her head and used the front to wipe her face. I felt like an idiot for not immediately offering a towel or even my own t-shirt but as her face once more came into view, it was clear she bore no grudge.

"Um...okay," I could see she was clearly preventing laughter. "That just happened." She wiped cum from her boobs but her nightie drenched in my semen, it made more mess than use.

"Can I get you a towel?" I too late offered but she shook her head.

"No Honey, that's fine. I think it best I just go take another shower," she said, allowing her nightie to once more cover her hips, the front of it smeared with cum, a hard pink nipple appearing through the material.

"I'm sorry," I once more ventured and she offered me a dismissing shake of the hand in response as she made her way out of the room.

"Oh shit!" I breathed out as I slumped back down onto the couch.

*

Her shower indeed running. I remained in the lounge room long after it stopped, television off, hearing her going about post shower business. When in her bedroom, possibly wearing a new nightie, I waited still. For her to come to me and say it was all okay. That she'd encouraged it all. That it had been planned. For surely it was. Mom's didn't offer to rub their son's cocks! An accidental baseball bat to the nuts or not. I couldn't be held solely responsible for cumming on her face. Could I? The awful feeling began to creep in that indeed I was to blame. That she was just doing her motherly duty and here I was getting off on it sexually. When I later crept to my room and sleep eventually came, it was troubled and full of shame.

*

I heard her up and about Sunday morning but I was in no hurry to face her. My morning erection was inspired by her raising her nightie. I imagined her in my room, standing beside the bed and lifting the white material (sans cum) to show me her naked body. Her satin panties hugging her pussy, a hint of camel toe. The word incest floated into my brain as I stroked and it had me on the verge of orgasm. Incest. Jesus. It was the first time I actually realized what we'd done was incestuous. What I'd done. I corrected myself. For she was the innocent here. It would be me going to jail for my crimes.

Foregoing breakfast I played Ps4 in bed until, hours later I heard her leave the house and being Sunday, I knew it was to exercise. Before showering, I used the time alone to feed myself and knowing I had at least an hour

before she returned, stashed away some extra food in my room so as to possibly avoid seeing her at lunchtime.

I tried not to think of her as the hot water ran my body. It was totally unhealthy I knew. A boy can't fuck his mother, a boy can't fall in love with his mother. Yet even as I attempted to dismiss my feelings, my cock presented a rebuttal. I thought of her exercising. What pants was she wearing, I wondered? The tight pink ones she wore doing yoga? I'd indeed noticed them before. Absently looking at her ass in the kitchen as she filled a water bottle. Noting the way they hugged her crotch, that delicious bulge of a woman's sex, almost begging to be kissed. With eyes closed I took my cock in hand, picturing myself upon my knees worshiping her pussy. Nose, lips, pushed hard into her labial softness, the hard pubic bone above. It was only seconds later I found myself cumming, a wave of incestuous ecstasy mixed with anger at myself for the indiscretion. Guiltily washing away the infuriatingly sticky evidence from the shower floor, I cursed myself for facilitating the fantasy.

Half an hour later, I'd be glad I had.

*

Safely in my room, door closed, I heard her return home. Expecting the sound of her showering, I instead heard her in the kitchen. The routine was all over the place, the kettle boiling for a coffee or tea whereas that was usually after lunch. I was trying not to picture her and concentrate on my game when there came a knock at my door, closely followed by her peering through the opened space.

"Hey," I nonchalantly acknowledged her presence before she entered proper and it forced me to look. I was wrong. Not the pink leggings, light blue. Was it possible they were in fact tighter? The white tank top housed her

breasts perfectly, a similarly toned sports bra strap visible at her shoulder. But it was to her hand that my eyes were drawn.

"You ready Mister?" She held out and shook the container of skin cream that had been the catalyst for the previous night's tryst.

"What?" I barely managed to ask, amazed she was possibly offering to repeat the therapy.

She frowned. "What do you mean? You can't just expect to use it once. Typical male, you have to re-apply! Come on, come down to the kitchen. We should probably talk. Don't you think?"

I literally threw down my Ps4 controller and was off the bed in no time, noting a slight smirk appear on her mouth as she backed out of the room.

In the kitchen she'd already prepared two cups of coffee, steaming upon the table, and obviously planning on her 'talk' before my treatment, she pulled out her chair to sit. I did likewise and there was a moment of uncomfortable silence before we spoke at once.

"...I'm sorry about last..."

"...I couldn't sleep..." She admitted before I smiled and told her to go ahead.

"What I was going to say was, I couldn't sleep last night for worrying," she finished.

"Worrying. About what?" I asked. "It's me who fucked up," I stated, quickly apologizing for swearing.

"What? No," she seemed incredulous. "You did nothing wrong Honey. I'm concerned about how quickly you, well, how quickly you ejaculated though."

I was taken aback. "Wait, what?"

"Mhmm," she nodded, taking a sip of her coffee. "I mean I admit I've never been..." She struggled to find the words. "...well I've never had someone...release on my face before," and at this she allowed herself to giggle. "God knows your father always asked me to allow him!"

Now here was a revelation. "Dad wanted to cum on your face?" I boldly questioned and despite how brazen were my words, Mom seemed not to mind, smiling as she nodded, though through a blush.

"Uh huh," she confirmed, hiding behind her mug. "I was maybe a little prudish."

"Mom you have to know I didn't mean to," I confirmed.

"Oh, I know Darling," she reached across the table and placed a hand upon mine. "It's what I'm concerned about. Do you have that issue regularly? I'd hate to think me hitting you has caused a problem."

This was what she was worried about? Not the fact that I'd cum in the first place but that I'd cum so quickly. Was she serious? Mom giving me her first hand-job. How was I expected to last any longer?

"Um, I don't know," I admitted. "I mean last night was just a bit different."

"Oh, I know, of course," she took back her hand and cupped her coffee mug before taking another sip. "Well I think my hands are suitably warm, shall we get started?"

"You're seriously going to put it on me again?" I asked, disbelief overriding reality.

"Well of course Honey," she smiled. "Can't expect YOU to do it correctly, can I?"

I was up and around her side of the table before she'd even placed down her mug and she noted my enthusiasm with a chuckle.

"Now let's get these down," she said, undoing the draw string of my track pants. My trunks pulled down to my knees with my pants, my flaccid penis came into view and Mom took a moment to peek before she reached for the aloe. Her fingers scooping a decent amount from the container, she turned back to my groin and wasted no time in reaching for my balls.

The cream cold, I felt my testicles retract somewhat as her fingers connected. With her other hand she lifted my cock to fully access my scrotum and it was then I began to swell.

"Oop, here we go again," she smiled up at me and I thought she'd never appeared so beautiful. Well possibly when her face was streaked with my seed, but still, she looked good. "Hey Mister!" She sounded surprised.

"We're you just looking down my top?"

I hadn't. I'd been simply admiring her face but sensing she wanted me to comply, I said I had.

"You have really nice boobs is all," I admitted and her smile broadened.

"Oh really! Is that what you think?" She laughed. "Well I don't think a boy should be looking at his mother's breasts."

Her hand had brought me to a full erection and she was concentrating more on applying the cream to my length than the testicles she was so concerned about prior.

"I don't know," I challenged. "I mean it's only fair, you've seen pretty much all of me."

"Oh, is that right!?" She removed her hand from my cock and for an instant I thought I'd overstepped the boundary. She instead reached again for the cream before pausing and looking back at me. "Do you really want to see them?" She asked seeming surprised and I managed a nod.

She didn't even take the time to think twice, reaching up and scooping one then the other breast from her top and bra, exposing her tits obscenely. I got harder! And she noticed.

"Oh, look at you," she laughed at the twitching of my cock before she once more obtained more cream. "I'm nearly out," she observed, lathering the cream again into my cock and balls. It was now I was thankful I'd jerked off in the shower. Her tits out, legs spread wide in that I could see the mound of pussy in her athletic tights, and her hand essentially jerking me off, I would surely have cum just as quickly as the night before. Not now. Now I was ready for the long haul. If she wanted me to cum again, she'd have to work for it.

No longer feigning any therapeutic massage, Mom furiously beat her hand along my length, a determined look on her face, even biting her lip. "Does that feel any better Darling?" She looked up into my eyes.

"It feels so good Mom," I admitted, wanting to tell her I loved her for it. For everything.

"Do you think you'll..."

I knew she wanted to say 'cum,' but couldn't bring herself to say the word.

"No," I shook my head and to my surprise, she looked disappointed.

"Oh," she was clearly shocked. "Am I doing it wrong?"

"Oh no. No way," I quickly reassured her. "It's just maybe I need a little more... I don't know, stimulus?"

She frowned and looked down at her boobs, her nipples so hard.

"Well, I want to make sure you're working correctly down there," she stated. "Is there anything else I can do to help you?"

She'd opened Pandora's box.

"I mean," I sheepishly ventured. "If it'd be okay. Only if you want to. Maybe I could see your...your," I looked down between her legs and she immediately understood what I wanted.

"Oh! You want to see my vagina?" She exclaimed; no offense discernible in her articulation.

I nodded my assent and she was quick to comply. Her hands taken from my cock, she rose before me and took hold of the high waist band of her leggings. In one sweeping movement, they slid down her thighs revealing she wore no panties beneath. Even from my perspective I could see the wetness that had saturated her gusset and the scent of a woman wafted up as she once more stood straight in front of me. "I suppose it can't hurt," she almost whispered. "A boy seeing his mother naked."

My cock was barely inches from her dark tuft of pubic hair, pristinely manicured into a perfect triangle. Both of us with pants around our knees, we stood silent, looking in each other's eyes seemingly for a direction on what to do next. I took it upon myself.

"Mom."

"Yes Darling?"

"Can I?"

"Oh, God yes," she stated her approval to seemingly anything I'd suggested. I wondered what she thought I'd had in mind before I leaned in to kiss her. Had she expected me just to touch her? To get to my knees and bury my face in her vagina? To fuck her without any foreplay? Believe me I wanted to. My base instinct was to go down and stick my tongue into her without a second thought. But the son in me wanted to love her. And what better way of admitting a son's love for his mother than a kiss? A kiss upon the lips. And that is what I did.

She let out the slightest of gasps as my body pressed into hers. My cock met her belly and pushed into the softness of her skin. As my lips descended, her own slightly parted and before our connection I saw her close her eyes. And then our kiss. I'd kissed my fair share of girls. Never a woman. And then it hit me. As her tongue entered my mouth. How many men had kissed their mother like this? I was of a rare few. So fortunate. I could feel pre-cum leaking from me and my cock slid against her as we drew ever closer. Her hands were on my ribs, caressing me through the t-shirt but it wasn't enough for her. She clasped the material and dragged it up my torso, breaking our kiss only momentarily as she lifted it above my head and discarded the unnecessary item. Her own top and bra quickly to follow.

Back to her mouth, her tongue a whipping snake as it licked my lips, my chin. I grabbed a now unsupported boob and she moaned her approval as her fingernails raked my back and combed up into my hair.

"Oh, Baby yes," she hissed as I pinched her nipple. "Do everything."

I took a mile from the inch she offered and whilst simultaneously shuffling out of my pants, I left her mouth and descended on her free boob. Too long we'd been apart, my mouth and her nipple. Of course, no memory of her feeding me, but a primal understanding of the connection I had made. She

felt it too. The pleased sigh as I once more sucked at her teet, swapping to lavish the other with the same treatment, kissing and nibbling upon her swollen nipples.

But I needed more sustenance. Only one thing could satisfy my hunger that morning and with her hand in my hair pushing my head ever lower, she knew what food was her son's favorite. I kissed her belly on my way downwards. I met a lawn of public hair into which I buried my nose, inhaling her as my mouth finally connected with her dripping sex. A rich flavor of woman. An aroused and sweaty cunt that flowed freely with a fine mature wine. I savored her strong taste, filling my mouth with her juices and swallowing her gift. My tongue lashed out and found clit, my lips soon to follow, nibbling and kissing much as I'd done her nipples, jaw sliding along her labia.

Her hands gripped my hair at the root and pulled me forcefully into her groin as she ground her pelvis into my face. "Yes, my good boy," she sighed. "Eat Momma's pie Baby."

I wanted to smile, even laugh at her label but my mouth was occupied, agape as my tongue fucked its way inside her body. Nose buried in her pubes, a mouthful of vagina, I could happily have stayed there but she had other ideas. I was wrenched from her groin and lifted to my feet, our mouths once more coming together as she lasciviously tasted herself on me, her tongue and mine dripping with saliva and cunt.

"Fuck me Honey," she almost begged and fell back upon the kitchen table, bringing her legs up for me to remove her leggings. Her Reeboks ripped from her feet without unlacing, I followed with her pants, leaving her in only white ankle socks. And I was upon her. Guiding my cock between her slick folds, I found her vagina and entered. Slowly, I allowed my length to

penetrate her cave, her walls accommodating my size, clasping me like a hand in glove. I pulled her up from her elbows and her breasts met my bare chest, our lips together once more.

"I love you," I breathed out into her mouth and I felt her vaginal walls tense around my cock. She needn't say it back. Her action was love enough.

And like that I fucked her. On the kitchen table. Where we'd eaten countless meals. Family dinners. No memory of thanksgiving or Christmas would ever compare to this. Mother and son, fucking like newlyweds. Coffee spilled from my cup as the table moved with every thrust, but we cared not. She arched her back and I was again on her tits. Her ample boobs that I'd admired from afar as she ran bases, now lavished with kisses as they deserved to be.

"Oh God," she moaned as she brought my mouth once more to hers. "Grab my ass," she insisted and I went one better. Kicking a chair out beside me, I clutched both of her cheeks and lifted her from the table, setting down with her now atop me. She took to the position with gusto, taking charge of the insertion, slamming her groin down onto my pelvis. Leaving a hand upon her ass, I pulled her body to me and we were as close as two people could get, her breasts smushed into my chest and I made my confession.

"I have to cum," I looked into her lazy eyes and I'd never seen her look so proud.

"Do you Baby?" She hummed, her hips ever bucking on my cock. "Are you going to cum in me my baby?"

"Yes," I gasped, fighting back the ever-increasing urge.

"You gonna cum in Mommy?" She panted. "Cum in Mommy's pussy?"

"Oh, fuck yes Mom," I cried. "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum," I repeated, thrusting my groin into her each time she descended. With an arm around my neck, she reached back with the other and took hold of my hand on her ass, guiding my fingers between her cheeks. Knowing full well what she wanted, I found her asshole and tentatively entered before she forcefully pushed my middle finger inside herself.

Her mouth fell open as she was double penetrated, triple as my tongue entered her gaping maw. She stopped moving for a moment, her breath held before I felt her vagina squeeze around my cock, her anus twitch around my finger. And then she was slumped against me, her body shaking as I in turn felt her orgasm surge through her frame, from her brain to her sex and back. She bit down on my tongue and feeling my cock through the walls of her ass, I thrust up into her.

It was all it took, and I was cumming. Her orgasm ending as mine began. I gasped my pleasure and she kissed me. My mouth, my cheeks. "I can feel it Baby," she beamed as she kissed my eyelids, my forehead. Spurt after spurt of cum released from me. Amazed I could produce so much so soon, yet not surprised in the slightest. It was her. She was the source of my lust. Every ounce of cum I would ever produce was now for her, dedicated to her, and I swore I'd never love another.

We hugged for what seemed hours. My cock hard inside her, cum leaking to the chair below. We kissed and caressed each other and again we fucked. The kitchen smelling of sex and cum until we finally made it to her bathroom.

The water falling upon our bodies, she took me in her mouth and before my eyes, swallowed my cum. Rising with a mischievous grin I took her in my arms and told her I loved her for it, for everything, and she giggled.

"What?" I joined her mirth, hugging her close and kissing her.

"Nothing," she smiled. "Just. I never even did that with your father," she admitted.

Once more further revelations about their romance. I found it didn't trouble me, hearing about my parent's sex life. I loved my father, my mother even more so. A part of me felt I was simply continuing on his part in her life. He'd passed the baton to me and I was taking it with honor.

I shook my head at her honesty, smiling at how comfortable she'd become talking to me.

"I want to know everything about you," I kissed her. "I want to do everything with you."

She returned my kiss, her tongue playing with mine as she began to grind her pussy against my leg.

"Everything?" She cheekily challenged.

"Anything and everything," I reiterated.

"Even something your father would never give me?" She mysteriously asked. "No matter how much I begged?"

I leaned back dumbfounded, imagining her begging, for what? "I promise," I pledged.

Breaking from my arms, she turned her back to me and reached for the bottle of soap, pumping a large amount into her palm. With her eyes watching my reaction over her shoulder, she pushed her ass out and lathered the soap between her cheeks, leaving little doubt as to what she wanted. My cock responded, standing proud once more as it readied for duty. "Oh God,"

I sighed as she spread her cheeks and revealed her lubed asshole ready for my attention. "Really?"

She responded with her alluring giggle, sliding a finger around her winking sphincter.

"Batter up Baby!" She laughed.

Home Care

Having just completed the greatest kill streak of my gaming career, I was sitting back on my bed in satisfaction when I heard the crash and then the screaming. It was a horrible sound, not the cry of someone reacting to a spider or mouse but a guttural scream of someone in agony. And I knew it was my mother.

With the bathroom adjacent to my room I'd heard her turn on the shower as I began the stage, and with the water still running I knew her screams were coming from there.

I threw down my controller and ran to the bathroom door only to find it locked. "Mom, what's happened?" I yelled, knocking on the door.

"Josh! God help me." She managed to cry out amid agonized tears.

Breaking down doors is not as easy as in the movies but after a couple of well placed kicks and a shoulder charge, the lock gave and I burst into the steamy bathroom.

I was met with the vision of my mom lying on the floor of the shower, the water cascading down upon her naked form. Her arms were caught beneath her at a strange angle and her legs, splayed.

Now I wasn't looking at her in the least sexual way, in fact there wasn't anything sexy about the situation. She'd slipped and was in immense pain and needed help and I quickly moved into action.

First turning off the water I gently slid my arms around her back beneath each of her armpits and moved her into a sitting position, leaning against the wall.

Now that her arms weren't pinned beneath her, the pain eased somewhat and she ceased her screaming. Her wrists were swelling up tremendously, she must have fallen and in an attempt to brace the landing, bent them both backwards.

Mom held her arms out in front of her and I could see in her face the pain must have been excruciating. I grabbed a towel and placed it over her body to give her some modesty then ran to call the paramedics.

I was on auto-pilot as I gave them the details, opened the front door then ran back to my mother. She'd settled somewhat and was able to talk rationally to me for the first time.

"Thank god you were here Josh. I don't know what I would've done," she gushed.

"It's fine Mom just relax, the paramedics are on their way, they'll be here any minute," I reassured her. "Do you want me to help you up, maybe put on your robe?"

For the first time, I think she realized the position she was in and looked down at herself. As she'd lifted her knees and spread her legs to rest her arms on, the towel I'd covered her with had ridden up around her waist. This had left her vagina completely exposed and though I tried not to stare I couldn't help noticing her pink labia and small brown asshole beneath, sitting amongst a thick forest of wet brown pubic hair.

She'd allowed it to fall below her breasts as well. With arms outstretched before her however, they were quite well covered with just the cleavage visible.

It was the first time I think I'd ever seen my mother blush from embarrassment. "Umm. Yes, could you help me up darling?" She asked

quietly, tears streaking her cheeks.

I, as before, knelt beside her and with one arm around her back and the other trying to hold her towel in place, lifted her to a standing position. I kept the towel pressed to her body at her breast and reached for her white satin robe hanging from a hook on the back of the door.

Once again I saw her naked, as I dropped the towel in the action of placing the robe around her body. That thick patch of pubic hair, I ridiculously had the inclination to run my fingers through it but immediately cast the idea aside. Her breasts were large, probably a d-cup and although she'd recently turned 40 she was in pretty good shape.

The robe now hiding her nudity, I grabbed another towel and made an effort to dry her hair as she sat on the edge of the bath. The medics arrived shortly after and made the decision to take her to hospital for x-rays.

I followed the ambulance in my car and reflected on all that had happened. I felt proud of myself for the way I'd handled things. It could've been really awkward but I think I was pretty mature and I hoped Mom thought so too.

Mom. Shit I'd seen her nude. I'd seen her asshole for fucks sake. She did have nice tits. Stop it. What was I thinking? She was my mother. I hadn't seen her butt from behind yet. Stop it. I thought about something else, the pain in my shoulder from breaking down the door. That'd leave a bruise. God that hairy bush. It was doing no good!

Mom was taken into emergency and I paced in the waiting room for what seemed to be hours. Eventually a nurse called for me and led me to her in a recovery cubicle.

"Ah, so you're the hero!" A doctor grinned at me as I entered Mom's room. He was wearing a name badge that read Wesley Fuller M.D. I ignored his

comment and concentrated on my mother. She was sitting up on a gurney, her wrists enclosed in plastic braces from her forearms to her hands. She looked a lot brighter and smiled as well when I approached to give her a kiss on the cheek.

"I was so worried, are you OK?" I asked.

Doctor Fuller answered for her, "She's very lucky. No breaks thank goodness but her wrists are badly sprained. You'll have to be taking it very easy for the next few days Mrs. Taylor."

"It's Ms. I'm not married." Mom replied. Was she flirting with this guy?

"Anyway, I think you're also lucky to have this young man, heard you were quite the superhero!" He patted me on the shoulder I'd used to break the door as he left the room and the pain didn't make me feel much like a superhero and gave me another reason to dislike the guy.

"You ARE my hero though Josh! And I promise I won't lock the bathroom door any more," she said. Then realizing how it sounded quickly added, "In case I fall again. Not that I will of course. Oh you know what I mean."

"You'd better not, my shoulder can't go through that again," I coolly responded. "I'm just glad you're alright Mom."

A female nurse entered with the pain medication the doctor had prescribed and informed us that we were free to go. "Now you understand Mrs. Taylor you can't use your hands for a few days, the tendons need time to repair." I noticed my mother didn't correct her about getting her title wrong. She went on. "These meds will help manage the pain until it goes away naturally and when it does you'll be free to remove the wrist restraints, OK? Now as I said you won't be able to do things for yourself for a while so will your insurance cover a home care nurse?"

Mom looked to me for advice then with nothing forthcoming back to the nurse. "I don't think I'd be covered for that, no."

"Oh, OK." The nurse looked at me then back to Mom. "Do you have a daughter Mrs. Taylor?"

Mom looked a little puzzled and answered, "No, why?"

The nurse again looked at me then back to Mom. "Oh it's just as I said you won't be able to do things for yourself," she hesitated, "but I'm sure you'll make do."

I think it was then Mom and I both realized what she was getting at. I'd be her primary carer. I was the one who had to do everything for her. She couldn't use her hands. We didn't mention it to each other in the car on the way home even though it had already begun. I'd had to open the car door for her and help her in. She was still only wearing the satin robe, no underwear and when she wriggled across in the seat the tie came undone, exposing her bare front, her breasts and that thick forest of pubic hair. I had to re-tie it and put the seat-belt around her. It started to dawn on me just how helpless she was and I think she must have felt it too.

When we arrived home and I helped Mom inside I asked her what she'd like to do first and she said she wanted to get dressed. Jump in at the deep end I thought, this would be a test to see how this situation was going to play out.

We walked together into her bedroom and I asked her what she needed.

"I think we should start with some underwear, don't you honey?" She replied.

I went to her panty drawer and opened it up. "Which ones do you want Mom?" I was trying to sound confident and nonchalant but I was freaking

out, I was about to help my mother put her panties on. Imagine taking them off. Stop it, I told my brain.

"I don't mind Josh, you pick a pair." Jeez now I was choosing panties for my mother to wear! I chose a red satin pair with black lace trim, pulled them out and held them up proudly to my mother.

"Are these alright Mom?" I asked.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed waiting and smiled, "Yes darling, they'll be fine."

I walked over and crouched down separating the leg holes and with shaking hands placed them at my mother's feet. Mom must have noticed my obvious nervousness.

"Josh, honey stop a moment, let's talk," she said. "Come on, sit up here next to me." I did as she instructed, holding the panties in my lap and she continued.

"Look I know this is going to be a bit weird for the next few days but I think we can get through the awkward stuff, don't you? Why don't we make it a bit of a game or something."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well I don't know, pretend I'm just a regular patient and you're my nurse or something," she proposed. It didn't help, now she was turning it into a role-play situation, it would only feed my fantasies!

"I mean," she went on. "You're my son and I trust you. It's not like you're going to molest me or anything are you?"

"No of course not Mom. I guess I'm nervous because I don't want to stuff anything up."

"Oh sweetie, you won't stuff up! You've been wonderful. Come on, give me a hug." She held out her arms and I carefully wrapped mine around her, avoiding her bound wrists.

This time I confidently placed her knickers at her feet and she slid each in. As I slowly lifted them up her legs I noticed for the first time they probably needed shaving. She stood up when I reached her thighs and I pulled them up completely over her bottom whilst still underneath the robe.

First mission accomplished, I knew she'd need a bra so I quickly made my way back to the drawer to pick up the matching piece I'd spied moments before. I was starting to enjoy the process. Choosing items for her to wear, putting them on. Holding the bra I stood before her, "I have to take your robe off," I stated.

"I know honey," she smiled back. "It's OK."

I reached forward and undid the belt of her satin robe which fell open immediately. I cautiously dropped it down over her shoulders and wrists and threw it behind her onto the bed. My mother now stood before me dressed only in a pair of red satin panties, her breasts moved up and down slightly with each breath and her nipples were erect which surprised me as the room definitely wasn't cold. It was only then that I realized I had an erection.

Who could blame me? I was 18, only kissed a few girls in my life and until a couple of hours ago, never seen a woman naked. Here I was standing in front of a near naked female helping to put a bra on. Yes, she was my mother and if you'd mentioned this prospect to me even a day earlier I would've been disgusted but now, in reality, it was extremely hot.

I cautiously placed her bound wrists through the arm straps and fitted the cups over her breasts, making sure not to touch them. I then circled around and attached the clasps. Mom complimented me on how well I did it, "Wow you did that well, I wonder if you'll be as good taking it off?" She'd meant well but the comment came out a little awkward and we both realized.

"OK, what do you want to wear?" I asked as she stood there in the middle of the room in her matching bra and panties.

"Oh just some leggings and a t-shirt will do, they'll be comfy," she replied.

Leggings, I thought. Tight pants where I'll have to essentially rub my hands up her legs to get them on. Shit, did my dick just swell further at the thought? I found a pair of grey leggings in her drawer and again with the panties I placed them at her feet, the length rolled up to easier pull them up her leg.

As I presumed, when I got to mid thigh they began to get tight on her legs and I had to touch her skin to pull them up fully around her hips. I may have been too enthused and pulled them up high, causing them to tightly snug around her crotch creating an amazing looking cameltoe.

"Ooh, bit too high baby," Mom chuckled.

"Oh sorry," I apologized. "I can pull them down a little."

"No that's fine honey. You're doing great." The comment helped me relax and when I'd found a t-shirt and then a pair of ankle socks and some slippers, everything seemed back to normal.

I stood back and admired my creation. "There, all done," I exclaimed.

Mom twirled and I quickly checked out her butt as she did so. The leggings clung tight, giving her a visible panty line and entered the crack of her ass

slightly. It looked good enough to kiss and I was shocked at myself for thinking it. Her white t-shirt was tight and the red bra beneath was clearly visible through it. Overall she looked hot.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Beautiful," I responded and hoped I hadn't given anything away.

Mom asked me to brush her hair and tie it up for her and I did so gladly. It was now late in the afternoon and I asked her what she'd like for dinner. We decided that calling for a pizza would be the easiest option and it arrived as we were watching the nightly news on TV.

I'd found some straws in the kitchen, so Mom could at least drink for herself but I had to feed her the pizza. Holding the slice up to her open mouth and waiting for her to chew and swallow, then repeating. The medication she was given could only be taken with food, so I organized that and soon our first post-accident meal was complete.

Mom and I were sitting together on the couch watching TV when she sheepishly confessed. "Um Josh. I have to use the bathroom."

It was something else I hadn't thought of until now, just how this detail had slipped my mind I didn't know but here I was being presented with a new test.

"Ah OK, let's do this!"

I led her down the hall to the bathroom. When I reached the door I noticed I'd done a great deal more damage to the lock than I'd appreciated. The entire wood section of the handle was shattered and missing and the door would therefore not stay closed. I walked over to the toilet and lifted the lid and Mom approached behind me. Standing back, I allowed her to move to

the bowl. I casually took hold of her leggings at the waist and slid them down mid thigh and she seated herself on the toilet.

"I'll be just outside Mom, I have to hold the door closed. Just call when you're done."

She smiled nervously back at me, "Thank you baby."

Standing outside the bathroom I waited a little while then finally heard the stream of her pee hitting the water. It was a strong flow and continued on and on. The poor thing must have been holding on for ages and I felt sad for her at how helpless she must have felt. Finally her pee trailed off and she called out to me.

"I'm finished honey."

I opened the door and approached her still sitting on the throne. She had tears running down her face and the sight broke my heart.

"Mom, what's wrong? Why are you crying?" I asked, kneeling down in front of her.

"I'm so sorry Josh. You shouldn't have to do this. It's too much," she continued to cry and I reached for a tissue from the vanity.

"Mom stop it," I pressed the tissue to her cheek and dried a tear. "I don't mind. I want to help you. I'm your nurse remember, it's my job!"

This seemed to brighten her a little and she smiled, I held the tissue to her nose which was dripping and she blew it and I threw the tissue in the bin.

"Now come on, let's get you up."

"Ah, baby. You have to wipe me!" She stated.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Oh, of course," how could I have been so stupid. That was probably what she was crying about. I tore off a few sheets of paper

and then stopped, joking. "Are you a folder or a scruncher Mom?"

She laughed and it made me feel so much better, "Ah folding will be OK baby."

I did as instructed and with Mom leaning back on the cistern and spreading her legs I placed the paper beneath her vulva and pressed. Even through the toilet paper the heat of her pussy was evident, I wiped from the front where I assumed her clitoris would be, to the back where I felt the folds of her labia end, and repeated. The way I held the paper in my hand allowed the top of my thumb to brush against her pubic hair and it wasn't lost on me that earlier I'd fantasized the exact thing.

I tossed the paper into the toilet and proudly declared, "All done. See that wasn't so bad!" I then further tried to lighten the mood. "Oh it was just number ones?" It was a good joke, but we both realized it would be "number two's" sooner than later.

The drugs were a great pain relief but also caused drowsiness. Come 9pm Mom was finding it hard to keep her eyes open on the couch and I suggested I help her get ready for bed. I took her to the bathroom and cleaned her teeth which we accomplished with much laughter and a great deal of mess. In the bedroom I pulled her t-shirt off over her head and undid her bra.

"You're just as good at undoing them I see. The ladies had better watch out hadn't they honey?" She mused and it was good to see her becoming more relaxed. I took off her leggings and again she was left in only her panties. I found a nightdress in the drawer and carefully slid her arms and head into it.

"Now do you need anything else? Don't need the potty again?" I asked, whimsically.

She smiled and tucked her legs up under the outstretched sheets, "No Josh, I'll be fine thank you."

"Alright, well just call out if you need help OK. I'm just down the hall."

"I will baby," then. "Thank you. For everything." I kissed her on the forehead and turned off the light, leaving her to fall asleep with the door open so I could hear her if need be.

In my room I was torn. I wanted to pull my cock out and masturbate to all that had happened. There was no doubt I was attracted to her but she was so vulnerable which didn't make it sexy. Or maybe it did. Maybe her helplessness was the turn on. She was my mother, I shouldn't have even been having this internal debate. Whatever, my cock won. I jacked off to the memory of her nude and peeing and removing her clothes and seeing her anus, touching her pubic hair, her pussy. And as I came I wondered if maybe that would put an end to it. Maybe I just needed to get it out of my system and then I'd begin thinking rationally.

Oh how wrong I was.

I woke quite late the next morning and checked on my mother. Her measured breathing told me she was still sleeping but as I tried to quietly leave her room she awakened and fixed me with the most beautiful smile.

"Hello sleepyhead," I said. "Have a good night?"

Mom yawned and stretched her bound arms out before her. "Mmm I did honey, my wrists hurt this morning though. When can I take my medication doctor?" She was calling me 'doctor' now, that wouldn't help keeping my fantasies at bay, a doctor/patient scenario playing out in my head!

"With breakfast. Do you want to get up? Or breakfast in bed?" I asked.

"Oh I think I'll get up, stretch my legs a little," she answered.

I helped by pulling the sheets back off her and in doing so noticed her nightie had ridden up around her waist. I had certainly chosen the most alluring panties for her to wear but probably not the most comfortable. As she swung her legs around and off the bed the side of her bottom was presented to me, clearly displaying the fact her panties had wedged up into her ass crack. Mom must have noticed me looking and after I'd retrieved her slippers she asked. "Can you fix it for me honey?"

I didn't play coy or pretend I didn't know what she was talking about, I simply had her stand and reached around and slid a finger inside her panties on each bum cheek and pulled them out. "There, perfect." I proclaimed. "Now what do you want for breakfast?"

Mom chose cornflakes and I sat beside her at the table and slowly fed her by spoon. Nearing the bottom of the bowl there was more milk than flake and as I lifted a full spoon into her open waiting mouth it spilled and ran down her chin. Without thinking I quickly leaned in and kissed the dripping milk from below her lips and Mom jolted back startled. "Ooh honey?"

"Um. Sorry, I don't know why I did that." I apologized.

"No it's OK. I just didn't expect it is all." She smiled again and I knew everything was OK. "You know what I'd really like Josh?" My mind ran through plenty of options in the few seconds it took her to continue.

"Coffee! I haven't had one since yesterday morning."

"Sure but medication first."

"Yes doctor," Mom conceded.

After making her a coffee and setting her up with a straw so she could drink it herself I left her in the living room watching TV and decided to put a load of washing on. I gathered up the bra and clothes Mom had worn last night

and knowing I'd have to do her panties as well, walked back into the living room. "I'm doing the washing Mom, do you have anything else?" Knowing full well what her response would be.

"Um just my underwear I guess baby, I'll have to have a shower soon, so you can take them now if you want."

I did want!

"Sure, you want to just jump up there?" I helped her to stand and reaching up under her nightie took hold of her panties on each side and slid them down her legs and off over her feet. "Thank you madam." I threw her panties into the basket I'd compiled and walked to the laundry.

Once there I dropped the basket and lifted out my Mom's warm knickers. They'd been pressed to her pussy and wedged in her ass all night and my cock was demanding I smell them. I released my hard dick from my pants and lifted the red satin to my mouth and nose. It was a violation of her privacy, she would probably be disgusted by my actions but right then and there I didn't care. I was too horny to deny myself. I inhaled the scent of my mother's cunt on the fabric, I pressed my lips and tongue to where I presumed her asshole would've been and gripping my cock, began cumming onto the floor of the laundry.

I felt a little ashamed of myself and couldn't look her in the eye for the next half hour until finally she spoke.

"How are we going to do the shower thing?" She asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I cant wash myself and you'll have to, you know. How will we do it?" She was struggling for words.

"I don't know, we'll figure something out. Did you want to do it now?"

"Oh, when you're ready darling. Um, I'll have to go to the toilet first!" She added.

"Yeah cool, let's go now." I hoped I didn't sound too enthusiastic.

As before I stood outside the door and listened to my mother use the toilet. The familiar sound of her stream of urine and then the unmistakable sound of her pooping. Two small splashes followed by a larger plop in the water. I felt my face redden at what was about to happen, which was surprising as most of my blood was rushing to my penis, swelling at a rapid rate.

Mom quietly called my name to say she was finished and I entered. She was looking up at me as I approached, her nose scrunched up with lips open, teeth clenched. "I'm sorry honey, I had to do number two's. It's a smelly one!" And then the smell did hit me as I walked into it. Not disgusting, just a sickly sweet aroma. Unmistakably shit but not unpleasant, I was surprised.

"Don't worry about it," I said as I knelt before her spread legs, reaching for the paper. "Now let's get you clean." I as before, folded the paper and wiped her vagina of urine first then casually as if I'd done it many times reached further between her legs and found her anus and wiped. As I did so, my upper thumb brushed not only her pubic hair but her labia. My cock pulsed at the touch. I threw the paper in the toilet and folded another few pieces. Wiping her anus again I looked at the paper to see if it was clean, which it was and threw it also into the bowl.

"I'm so sorry you have to do this Josh." Mom whispered down to me.

"Don't worry Mom, I like it!" I replied.

"You like it?" She responded with a questioning look on her face.

"No I mean I like looking after you." I countered and thought I got away with it. "It makes me not feel like such a loser." I stood her up and in the act of flushing looked down at my mother's turds in the water, the sight sending a strange thrill through my body.

"You're not a loser honey. Remember, you're my hero."

I ran the shower and tested it's warmth. We both realized that I would have to see Mom naked again and not only that, wash her body but I tried to treat the situation clinically. I removed her nightie and helped her into the shower. It was the first time I could actually stand back and admire her naked as I allowed her to wet her body and hair beneath the relaxing, flowing water.

Her body wet, the light glistened off her skin as she slowly turned, giving me a full 360deg perspective of her nude form. I loved what I saw. My cock was straining behind my jeans but I hoped she couldn't tell. The idea was for me to remain outside the shower fully clothed while reaching in to wash her body but quickly we both realized it wouldn't work. More water was falling outside the base than in.

"Hang on, I've got an idea." I ran to my room and stripped off my clothes. I found a pair of board shorts and pulled them on, carefully tucking my cock inside and made my way back to Mom.

"Good thinking," she smiled, as I returned and entered the shower with her. It was the best possible solution apart from me being naked as well and I didn't think she'd go along with that. Yet!

The wrist supports, being made of plastic were fine to get wet and I set about washing my mother's body. She instructed me to start with shampooing her hair and I was greeted with the most sensual of

vocalizations from her in response to the massaging of her scalp. She made the same sighs and moans as I used a sponge on her shoulders and back. When I reached her bottom I paused and she read my mind.

"I just soap up my fingers honey," she offered and I responded by massaging my soapy digits over and around her tight little puckered hole.

I returned to the sponge to do the backs of her legs, kneeling with my face level with her ample white buttocks. The desire to spread those cheeks was overwhelming. It would've been so simple to bury my face between them and tongue her holes but I instead made do with watching the water run from the pubic hair between her parted thighs.

I next cleaned her feet which I lingered on, running my fingers between each toe. My cock was almost bursting from my shorts. With each movement, friction caused a masturbatory effect. If I didn't control myself I would soon be cumming in them.

Standing up I had my Mom turn to face me. I lifted each arm gingerly and washed her armpits which needed shaving. I didn't know whether it was right for me to wash her breasts but she didn't say anything or stop me as I caressed each in turn with the sponge, lifting and soaping under each respectively. I moved on to her stomach and was then faced with her thick wet bush of pubic hair. I didn't wait for her guidance as I did with her bottom, I soaped my hand and placed it right over her pubic mound and shampooed her thatch, running my fingers through the hair and massaging the skin beneath. My mother's legs parted slightly and I slid my hand down to her pussy, soaping up her labial lips and sliding the length of my index finger along her slit to her anus and back.

It was wet down there. Yes, I know I was in a shower but this was wetter than that. It was lubricated. And then it happened, with my hand on my

mom's pussy, I came in my board shorts. I tried as best I could to not make any visual sign in my face and I didn't make a sound or alter my breathing. I knew the water would hide the sin so I believed I would actually get away with it and with the release, my cock thankfully began shrinking in size.

I conditioned Mom's hair and rinsed it off and our first shower together was over, I think I'd managed to get away scot-free. I toweled off my mother and wrapped her in a new robe I found in her wardrobe. I managed to blow-dry her hair and style it somewhat, (well put it in a ponytail) and then asked what else she needed me to do. Moisturizing was her priority and I relished the act of rubbing the cream on her legs. They needed shaving and I was summoning up the courage to ask her about it but couldn't do it yet. She asked for a facial moisturizer as well and if I wouldn't mind having a go at putting some makeup on her. I think I did pretty well with the mascara but enjoyed applying the lipstick the most.

When it came to dressing her, it was my choice again. I wanted to dress her up to be as sexy as possible without going overboard. I found a pair of black nylon/elastane panties, they felt like satin and looked small enough to hug her ass tightly. She didn't object to the black lace bra and when I knelt, awaiting her to place a foot inside black pantyhose, she kissed me on the top of the head and laughed.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"It's just fun having you dress me honey, you choose combinations I don't usually think of. It's sweet."

"I just want you to look pretty Mom!" I stated.

"Who for? You?"

"Well no, for yourself, to make you feel better." I know she saw straight through me but it was worth a shot.

She had a denim mini skirt that I'd admired in the past and I fetched it and helped her into it, followed by a tight white tank top. It was enjoyable dressing her in the items but I knew it would be double the fun taking them off and my cock again pulsed at the thought.

Mid afternoon we were sitting together in the living room and Mom was looking at her hands. The plastic covers left only the lower half of her fingers uncovered. "Josh would you do something for me?" She asked.

"Anything Mom, what is it?" I replied, eager to please.

"These things make my hands look so ugly, would you be a sweetie and put some nail polish on for me?"

"Of course, what color would you like?"

"Um the red will be fine if you can find it, it should be in my dresser," she suggested and I went off to fetch it.

For the next 20 minutes I sat beside her on the couch and painted her nails. It was such a bonding experience and being so close to her was so warm and comforting, it gave me goosebumps.

"There, finished Mom. How did I do?" I asked proudly.

"Expertly done honey. I should get you to do it all the time," she remarked.

"Do you want to do my toes?"

Is the Pope catholic? I thought to myself. "Sure, um I'll have to take off your pantyhose!"

"Well obviously, silly," she laughed and stood up.

I raised her denim skirt up around her waist and took hold of the top of her black pantyhose. Making sure not to pull her panties down with them, I tugged them down her legs and off over her feet and placed them on the coffee table.

Mom sat down lengthways on the couch and I took up position at her feet. I took hold of her foot and placed it in my lap. "No tickling honey," Mom laughed as I set about painting her beautiful little toes. Where I sat and how Mom's leg was bent gave me a perfect view up her skirt and between moving onto each toe I would quickly sneak a peek at her black panties. I was close enough to see pubic hair poking out each side and my cock hardened at the vision. Mom's foot was pressed down right over it and she must have felt, let alone seen the swelling but she said nothing. She caught me a couple of times looking up her skirt but again, she said nothing. I blew on her toes when I was finished to dry them off and couldn't resist kissing her foot to conclude.

"Wow," she stated. "If that's the service you get around here, I'm definitely coming back!" She joked. "Thank you though Josh. I do feel better about myself," she pointed at her pantyhose. "You can just put those in the wash if you like, I want to be able to see my toes."

"Sure." I picked up her pantyhose and took the nail polish back to her room. On the way back I stopped off at my room and placed her pantyhose under my pillow for later use. I was only human.

We developed a pretty steady routine over the next couple of days of dressing, feeding, ablutions. Mom was becoming more comfortable with me taking care of her more private business and she'd even stopped apologizing every time I had to wipe her after using the toilet. I was

sticking with the board shorts in the shower and If I lingered a little more each day washing her private parts, she didn't seem to object.

On the third night Mom had asked me if it was OK for her to have some wine with the medication and after a little research I jokingly conceded it was acceptable as long as she didn't get carried away. Mom and I began watching a movie but soon became bored with it. "You haven't played your video games much lately honey," Mom commented.

"That's because I've got something more important to do," I replied.

"You mean looking after me?" She asked. I raised her glass of wine I'd been holding to her lips and she took a sip, looking into my eyes.

"Of course!" I replied, smiling.

"Why don't you play now? I can come and watch."

"You want to watch me play on the ps4? The alcohol must be effecting the medication!" I laughed.

"I'll just sit on your bed and be quiet, you wont even know I'm there."

"Oh, I'll know but OK, come on." I agreed.

I set her up on my bed and placed her wine with a straw beside her on the bedside table. She kept half her promise and was quiet but I certainly knew she was there.

Soon I looked back and noticed she'd fallen asleep. I turned off my game, woke her and took her off to her bedroom. I'd dressed her that morning in jeans and a bodysuit with a snap crotch. Three times I had placed my hand between her legs and unsnapped the suit during the day for bathroom breaks. After removing her jeans I again pressed my fingers to her pussy

and undid the press studs. Mom lifted her arms and I removed the bodysuit over her head leaving her completely naked.

"Right, knickers," I said and Mom quickly stopped me.

"Actually honey just get me my nightie, I've had a lot of liquids and if I need to get up during the night I can go to the bathroom without waking you."

I felt kind of put out, I was enjoying her bathroom visits, though the thought of her in bed without panties, was just as alluring.

"Will you stay with me until I fall asleep honey?" she asked as I placed the sheet over her and I couldn't say no.

The hall light was the only illumination in the room, it was warm and Mom had asked me to pull down the sheet to her hips. I lay beside her and was caressing her tummy as she'd asked. Knowing she was quite tipsy I decided to ask her about her leg hair.

"Oh sweetie I know it's ugly, I was actually going to shave my legs and armpits the day I fell and since then I didn't want to trouble you with it," she confessed.

"Mom, that's what I'm here for. Do you want me to do it tomorrow?"

"Would you honey? I'd love it if you could," she said sleepily

"Right after breakfast Mom," I told her.

"Can you rub my tummy on the skin Joshy, it gives me goosebumps," she whispered and I could tell she was about to fall asleep. I quickly, yet softly pulled her nightie up over her legs, her pussy, to just below her breasts. As soon as I resumed touching her stomach, goosebumps appeared all over her skin and her breathing moderated to show she was asleep.

I continued gently stroking her stomach around her belly button then slowly, incrementally made my way to her pubic mound. My fingers stroked through her long pubes, combing her thicket and massaging the mound beneath. Mom moaned in her sleep as I caressed her pubes then back up to her stomach. Soon I just left my hand over her crotch, my fingers buried in her pubic hair and with a hard-on pressed into the mattress, I lay beside her thinking life couldn't get any better than this.

I must have fallen asleep as the next thing I knew the room was cold and I was no longer clutching my Mother's pubes. I pulled the blanket over my Mom and made my way to my room and bed.

I awoke with a start and looked at the time. 3am. I heard a noise and realized it must have been what woke me. Immediately I thought of my Mom needing the toilet but listening, the noise came from the kitchen. I made my way to the door and peering out, listened again. I heard the fridge open, the sound of a drawer, cutlery. Considering it couldn't be my mother, I silently made my way down the hall and stood in the darkness to observe in secret. It was my mother! She was moving around the kitchen like nothing was wrong, I could see her wrist protection sitting on the table, beside the sandwich she'd made herself. She again opened the fridge and took out a large jug of water and poured herself a drink. How was any of this possible? Just hours before she'd needed me to undress her. I quietly went back to my room.

I sat on the bed in the dark and listened as Mom finished making a meal then clean up after herself. I heard her tiptoe past my room and enter the bathroom. She used the toilet and flushed. I even heard her washing her hands. The strangest thing then happened, she tiptoed back to my door and

stopped as if listening to me. I remained totally silent and she must have assumed I was asleep. She then made her way back to her room.

So that was the end of that I thought. She was better, she'd no longer need me to feed her, bathe her. I was disappointed to say the least. I wouldn't get to shave her legs. There would be no more showering together. No more dressing. I'm not too proud to admit I she'd a light tear out of pity for myself. It took me a long time to fall back asleep.

I awoke at 9am and put on some track pants and a t-shirt. I was glum. I walked to the kitchen and began to make myself a coffee. I made my way down to my mother's room and peered past the half open door. She was awake but still lying in bed and immediately I noticed she was wearing her wrist restraints again.

"Hey Mom, how you feeling?" I asked, purposefully not mentioning last night's incident.

"Oh a little better I think honey. Maybe I'll try not taking the drugs."

"Yeah? You think your hands are OK now? You want to take off the restraints?" I challenged.

"Oh no, I don't want to do that. They're definitely not mended yet. It'll be a little while yet I think." She lied to my face and I couldn't have been happier.

"Ready for breakfast?" I asked.

"Ooh yes, I'm starving. Can you help me up honey?"

I walked over to her bed and pulled back the covers, yet again her nightie was up around her waist but as she wasn't wearing panties the sight was even more wonderful. I regretted having thrown on loose fitting track pants

as my cock began to harden at the sight, creating an obvious tent in the front of my pants. Mom didn't help things by spreading her legs as she swung them around, then falling backwards in her effort to get out of bed, flashing her pussy to me in all its glory. "Whoops. Maybe I should've worn undies to bed. Sorry," she laughed.

"That's OK," I stood between her legs then leaned in and clutched her beneath each armpit, my cock barely inches from her hairy pussy and lifted her up to vertical.

"And because you've been so good lately I'm going to make you pancakes for breakfast, how's that sound?"

"Ooh yummy," she replied and we walked together to the kitchen.

I sat next to her at the table cutting up and feeding her the pancakes, some drizzled in maple syrup, others lemon juice and sugar. We both sat sideways on our chairs, facing each other so as best to eat the meal. Mom's legs were spread and her nightie barely covered her sex. Anyone looking at my pants would clearly see my erection and I did nothing to hide it. Something was going on here. Mom had lied to me about using her hands and the only reason I could come up with was she was enjoying having me do everything for her. The fact she no longer wanted to take the medication as much as proved it but I for one wasn't going to challenge her about it. No, in fact I'd decided right then and there to take it as far as it could possibly go.

With each mouthful my mother would almost seductively open her mouth and hold out her tongue awaiting the fork. I say almost, as I couldn't be sure whether she was doing it on purpose or it was incidental. No matter which, it was hot and if I had to feed her like this for the rest of her life I would oblige.

"Do you remember what we talked about last night honey? About shaving my legs," she reminded me, as if I would've forgotten. "Do you still not mind doing it?"

"Of course not, I have to do your underarms too remember," I added.

"How's is the best way we should do it, in the shower?"

"Oh no! That's what got me in this position in the first place!" She held up her injured arms and confessed to me that attempting to shave her legs in the shower had been the reason for her fall. She usually did it in the bath but on the day tried it standing up in the shower. It hadn't ended well and that's where I came into the picture.

"I think the best way is for me to have a bath, that'll soften the hairs, then you can shave me. Sound good?" She asked.

"Sounds very good," I returned, not even hiding my enthusiasm.

I ran the bath and even lit a candle in there (she always did when she had a bath) as Mom drank her coffee, When ready I called her in and began to take off her nightie. "Um Josh, I have to use the toilet," she stated and I complied by sitting her down then began taking up my usual position outside the bathroom when she stopped me. "You don't have to wait outside baby, I won't be long!" And as she spoke I heard the sound of her pee flowing from her into the bowl. I sat on the bath next to her and waited for her to finish. The urine stopped but she didn't mention she was done and I knew why. I heard the crackle of her turd emerging from her anus and then the large splash down in the bowl followed by another, smaller. My mom was shitting openly in front of me and I couldn't have been more turned on.

After wiping and flushing, I removed her nightie and helped her into the warm bath. I asked if she'd like to just relax in there a while and she agreed.

"I'll put some music on for you," I proposed and on leaving saw my reflection in the mirror. How Mom could not have noticed my erection was unbelievable, was she being willfully ignorant? Maybe saving me from embarrassment? I couldn't fathom but things were definitely heating up.

I found some soothing classical piano that she admired I tuned it up loud enough to hear in the bathroom and made my way back to her.

"A bath, candle, music. Someone's being very romantic!" She stated when I walked into the steamy bathroom. I felt myself blushing and thankfully my erection had subsided in the time spent in the other room.

"What? No it's not like that, I was just," but she interrupted me.

"It's OK honey, I'm just playing with you. You're being sweet." She then lifted one of her legs out of the bath. "Now someone's got some work to do!"

I was able to shave her left leg and the top of the right, quite easily sitting on the edge of the bath but I couldn't reach the back of her right. I was thinking I could get in the bath with her but didn't mention it. It was actually Mom who came up with a far better option.

"If you help me out honey I can just sit on the edge of the bath here, it'll be easier to do my underarms that way as well."

I agreed and soon I was kneeling between my naked mother's spread legs. I lathered up the back of her right leg and completed the job, then sprayed foam into my hand and transferred it to her exposed armpit. They weren't overly hairy and the task was completed quicker than I'd hoped.

"I think you're done Madam," I stated proudly.

"Why thank you Sir, how much do I owe?" She played along.

"Well because you're my favorite customer, it's on the house." We laughed and I rinsed off the razor in the bath.

"Actually honey there is just one more thing you could do," she paused.

"Oh actually, don't worry about it you wouldn't want to."

"Wouldn't want to what?" I asked

"Well it's just my bikini line, I don't know if you've noticed but it's a little overgrown, so to speak!" She remarked. Didn't know if I'd noticed? Her pussy was all I was thinking about!

I wanted to remain cool and not be overly enthusiastic.

"Yeah I can do it, if you want me to."

"You wouldn't be uncomfortable Josh?" She asked and to answer I sprayed shaving foam into my palm and placed my hand directly onto her pubic mound.

"Ooh. That's cold," she giggled as I smeared the foam all over her crotch from beneath her belly button to her upper thighs and between her ass cheeks. My erection had returned with a vengeance as I ran my fingers over her anus along her crack and massaged the lather into her pussy hair. She spread her legs further apart and seemed to be enjoying the experience. I took up the razor and without waiting for her to direct me, ran it through the thickest part above her vagina shaving her pussy down to skin.

"Ah, I didn't expect you to shave it all off, I just meant the sides honey!" She exclaimed, genuinely shocked.

"Oh sorry, I thought. Oh, I'm an idiot aren't I?" I stated.

"No it's alright, I've just never.. Oh just shave it all off Josh, it'll be a change!" She mused.

I was delighted. I was shaving my mother's pussy. I was meticulous and careful around the hood of her clitoris and labored over her outer labia. I occasionally looked up to her face for validation and I noticed her becoming more flushed. My fingers would often slide between her labia due to her pussy beginning to lube and I knew she was loving the sensation of her own son shaving her. I would've thought the length of her pubes would be a struggle but the razor was sharp and I soon had her smooth and bald. The crack of her bottom was almost impossible from the front and when I asked if she would mind getting on all fours to give me better access so as not to nick her, she assented.

I was in heaven. My mom was in doggy position on the bathroom floor and I was spreading her ass cheeks to shave around her anus. If you can come up with a hotter scenario, I beg you to tell me. I finished shaving her ass and helped her to her feet.

"Thank you honey, that feels so much better, I'll just jump in the shower and rinse off." She declared and I adjusted the temperature for her. When she was in and letting the water rush over her body she looked at me. "Why don't you come in Josh, we're just wasting water having separate showers!"

It was a valid argument and who was I to disagree? I stripped off my shirt and pants and without even attempting to hide my hard-on climbed into the shower with my mother. She turned her back to me after glancing down at my cock for an instant.

"Will you wash my hair honey?" She asked and we proceeded to have our regular shower together, yet this time with us both naked. I soaped up the sponge and began massaging her shoulders. Her ass pushed back into me and my cock, pointing directly at her, slid between her upper thighs beneath her pussy and asshole. Neither of us said a word as I pushed my groin up

against her bottom, my dick now protruding out below her shaved pussy. She clasped her thighs together sealing my cocks fate as I soaped up her breasts from behind.

We still both remained silent, the flow of water and our breathing the only sound in the shower. My cheek, then my lips brushed against her ear. I kissed her lobe and then the area behind it. My cock ground against the slippery surrounds. I clasped her breasts, no longer keeping up the charade of washing them. Mom turned her head to look in my eyes and under her gaze, I began to cum. She knew what was happening as my cock twitched and pulsed between her thighs, shooting jets of sperm from between her legs against the shower wall.

We still didn't speak. We finished off our shower together and I toweled her off as normal. Mom was the first to break. "Don't forget, you'll need to moisturize me honey." She said, matter-of-factly. I hadn't forgotten. I grabbed the bottle out of the cupboard and kneeling naked before her began at her feet and worked my way up her legs. When I reached her now hairless cunt I squirted out more lotion and began smearing it over her smooth mound, between her thighs and around her anus, where moments before I'd applied shaving creme. Her pussy was dripping onto my hand to the point where I was no longer sure whether it was lotion or her juice I was smearing. I managed to extract myself from her vagina to apply lotion to her underarms and we were done.

"I'll wait for you in the bedroom." She stated and I watched her ass as it left the bathroom, my cock, hard again pointing in the direction it was headed. I toweled myself dry and naked, followed her to the bedroom.

Mom was sitting on the edge of the bed where daily I clothed her but today there would be no dressing. She'd removed her wrist restraints and placed

them on the bedside table. I walked to her and stopped between her spread legs, my swollen cock inches from her face. "Your hands feeling better Mom?" I asked.

"Do you know, they are honey!" She smiled. "Thankfully too, I'm going to need them."

Mom took hold of my erection with her right hand and cradled my balls with her left. With her eyes fixed on my cock she slowly at first ran her hand up and down my shaft, then looked up at me and increased the pace. "Do you like this honey?" She asked. "Do you like your Mommy jacking you off?"

"Oh yes Mom, I love it," I replied.

"I bet you've still got a lot of cum in there for Mommy, haven't you baby?"

"I think I do Mommy, yes," I answered, amazed at the words coming out of her sweet mouth. She continued to masturbate me furiously, the feeling better than when I did it myself.

"Where do you want to cum on Mommy, honey?" She questioned. "Do you want to cum on my face baby? Do you want to cum on my tits? Or maybe you want to cum in Mommy's mouth?" She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue lewdly and the desire to cum in there was overpowering.

I was on the verge of orgasm and new it would happen any moment.

"Actually Mom," I gasped. "I want to cum inside you!"

"Correct answer Joshy!" She let go of my cock and lay back on the bed spreading her legs, presenting her glistening freshly shaved pussy to me in all it's wonder. I wasted no time and lay upon her, with barely seconds to spare my dick found it's way inside her slick folds and was encompassed in her wet warmth. My lips just managed to make contact with her mouth and

begin kissing as I released my second load of cum for the day, this time deep inside my mother's vagina.

"Oh fuck Mom, that was awesome," I said, as I kissed her and slowly moved my hips against her pelvis, eking out the last of my sperm. "I guess with your hands healed you don't need me to take care of you any more though."

Mom looked me in the eye and smiled. "On the contrary honey, you're going to have to take care of my needs daily, maybe more. Do you think you can do that Josh, can you take care of Mommy?"

I kissed her and my softening cock began to harden again inside her. "I'm pretty sure I can Mom. I promise, I'll always take care of your needs."

Home Maid

My 18th birthday dinner at our favorite restaurant had been a washout. My sister Caitlyn had informed me by text she wouldn't be attending and I quote, "soz benji, won't make it. happy b'day baby bro." Which on top of her recently moving out of home with her new boyfriend, had made my Dad, Geoff, pissed. So pissed in fact he decided to begin drinking even though he'd promised to be the designated driver.

When it came time for my present, Dad channeled my 12th birthday and presented me with a model car kit. Not the new 4k video, slr camera that I'd been hinting at and was expecting. Dad, noting my obvious disappointment, mumbled something about me being ungrateful and wandered back to the bar. My mother Yvette, who I had to admit was looking especially beautiful that night, mentioned she'd talk to me later about my present and we got on with our meal.

Now if you're thinking here that my mother was hinting at some incestuous coupling later that the evening, don't. At the time I actually wasn't sexually infatuated with her. Of course like all boys my age I'd checked out her breasts and ass and I admit I had occasionally smelt her panties but that was more a fetish for the item, not the owner.

Later I dragged my father back from the bar in the hope of discovering just what his problem was that night. Amidst his drunken ramblings my mother and I learned he thought me a welcher, my mother an old maid and the "Japs now owned the country." Now, as I was currently out of school and unemployed, I wasn't in a position to argue that point and the Japanese are

big enough to defend themselves, but I'd be damned if I'd let the "old maid" title go without a fight.

When I said my mother looked beautiful that night I was doing her a disservice. She'd recently had her hair styled in a black bob, which gave her a '20's film star look. Her nearly 45 year old, 5'8" body was toned and the cream colored, mid-thigh bodycon dress she wore, accentuated every curve. Tan, high heeled ankle boots led up to sheer, flesh colored pantyhose adorning her long legs. Her makeup was flawless and her brown eyes looked almost black in the dim, mood-lit restaurant. I pointed out to him how stunning his wife, my mother looked, yet he reiterated the "old maid" statement, pointed out that if I loved her so much I could take her home and declared the night over.

My mother unsuccessfully tried to take the car keys from him and with us not prepared to get in the car, he drove off alone. This left Mom and I to get a taxi home. In the back seat, Mom sat in the middle nestled against me, hugging my left arm, my hand resting on her pantyhosed leg. At one point I noticed the driver adjust his rear-view mirror down, no doubt to obtain a view of my mothers legs but I didn't mind. Nor did I blame him. For here on my arm was a smoking hot middle aged woman, a 'milf' as they say. My milf. My mother I'd like to fuck!

And that was the moment. When that loaded statement entered my mind I think back now and realise, right then was when my love for my mother turned to lust. Now there was no sudden breakout of incestuous sex in the backseat while the driver jerked off and spurred us on. My mother didn't give me a blow job or masturbate me, or I finger her. It was just a slow quiet drive home with the warmth of my moms body pressed against me, her head on my shoulder and an erection in my pants!

Dads car was parked haphazardly in the drive and we found him asleep on the couch in the living room. Mom ventured off to change and ready herself for bed and I retired to my room to relieve the burden I was carrying in my balls. Visions came to me of my mother only two rooms away, as I wrapped my hand around my cock. Was she removing her dress? Was she in her underwear? Was she already naked, or god help me, in the toilet? That did it. On the verge of cumming I was disrupted by a light knock at my door. Jesus. I had just managed to hide my hard-on away as the door opened and Mom entered, carrying a gift-wrapped box.

She had removed her makeup and was wearing a pink pyjama onesie I had actually bought her for a previous birthday, it wasn't sexy so much as cute. It had a hood for warmth and a button up flap in the rear for bathroom visits. My mind raced with the thought of her turning and revealing it unbuttoned, presenting her ass to me, to do with as I desired. But of course It wasn't, she was quite well covered. Mom sheepishly asked if she could come in and I leaned forward a little to shield my erection as she sat next to me on the bed.

"Happy birthday Benjamin," she said with a cheeky smile on her lips.

"What's in the box? What's in the box?" I wailed, doing my best Brad Pitt from Se7en impersonation as she handed it to me.

"Well open it and you'll find out silly," then followed up with. "And It's definitely not Gwyneth Paltrow's head!"

It was the camera I'd been wishing for. So this was what she'd meant back at the restaurant about talking to me later. I was thrilled, I kissed her on the cheek and hugged her tightly, feeling through the onesie that she had no bra on. I quickly mused as to whether or not she was wearing panties as well

and my cock pulsed. It however wasn't pressing against her and if you're wondering, we didn't then have sex in my bed.

The camera it turned out was just from Mom, Dad having decided it was a waste of money. Mom also revealed that Dad and her hadn't been getting along for a while now and were debating separation. Even with my sudden interest in her, I actually didn't want to see them divorce and told her to hang in and give it another chance. After we'd talked for a while and I'd showed her all the things the camera could do, she eventually went off to bed, alone. I finally released an epic load of cum into some tissues and Dad snored his way through to dawn and a well deserved hangover.

The next week saw me taking more photos than a paparazzi paid by the snap. My mother the focus of my work. I assembled a pictorial record of the meals she'd prepared, her daily clothing ensemble and to go with it some sneaky candid downblouses when I was sure she wasn't looking. Yet I spaced it all out with plenty of landscapes, architectural and conceptual, so as not to make my obsession with her, too obvious. An ambulance arriving at a neighbor's house saw me becoming an amateur journo, snapping away as a woman who looked to have hurt her arms was taken to hospital.

The weekend came and as luck would have it, Sunday was Mother's day. Saturday saw me at the mall buying her a new tennis outfit she'd hinted at whilst browsing a sports catalogue. Having procured the dress and heading out I walked past a lingerie store. I wouldn't have thought twice about looking but the display in the front window caught my eye. Three headless, pale mannequins, each wearing the stereotypical sexy costumes of the schoolgirl, the nurse and the french maid. There it was, the maid. What was it my father had kept calling my mother? The "old maid." This could be

what Mom needed to show Dad she wasn't an old maid and in fact she was still the sexy woman he'd fallen in love with. Yes, that was my rationale!

With saving my parents' marriage at the forefront of my mind I entered the store and asked for the french maids uniform. The sales assistant was helpful. If this had been a book or movie or just a fantasy, she would have of course, offered to try on the said item for me in store and we'd have sex right there in the change room. Unfortunately this was reality. She did on my departure however, enthusiastically say, "Your girlfriend is going to love this!"

To which I proudly responded, "Oh no. It's for my mother!" And left.

Mother's day morning I greeted her in the kitchen as she was eating breakfast. She was still wearing her pyjamas, (a lemon colored satin shirt and shorts) and had slippers on her feet. I wished her a happy Mother's day with a kiss and hug. She was thrilled with the tennis outfit, proffering me with more kisses and hugs which I gladly received and went off to try it on. I was thrilled with how it looked on her, pink and white with a pleated skirt. I was ready with my camera to document the fashion show and she was happy to pose, declaring that she liked it so much she'd wear it for the rest of the day.

Well after breakfast and back in my room I positioned my camera on my desk pointing at the bed and setting it to video, pressed record. As Mom passed in the hall I called her in and had her sit on the bed. This was it I thought, I sat next to her and began saying how I'd thought long and hard about her and Dad and come up with a way for him to fall in love with her again.

"I've got another Mother's day present for you, I know it might be a little strange but just hear me out, OK?"

"Ah, OK honey," she replied, with some obvious curiosity in her tone.

I reached behind my bed to retrieve the gift-wrapped box, the ribbon of which had the lingerie stores name emblazoned across it, giving her an immediate idea of it's contents. Before I allowed her to open it, I explained about how Dad had been calling her an "old maid" and that got me thinking he just needed a reminder of what he had at home before he even contemplated leaving her.

A tear had formed in my mother's eye and I quickly lifted a hand to wipe it away, she clasped it as I did so and looked into my eyes. "I love you so much honey, thank you"

"I love you too Mommy," I replied. "Now, open up and tell me what you think?"

She unwrapped the present and opened the box. That trepidatious moment.

"Is it alright mom? It's not too weird is it?" I didn't wait for a response. "It comes with a feather duster and headpiece, it doesn't have the stockings but I know you've got those so I didn't get any. I can take it back if you hate..."

She stopped me blubbering with a finger to my lips. "Honey, I love it. You're so thoughtful. My god I would never have thought of this... I can't believe it! How did I get so lucky to have you, huh?" She leaned forward and embraced me and I responded, pulling her tight into me. I could feel her breasts against my chest, my cheek against hers, her hair smelt so fresh. I ran a hand up and down her back slowly for the duration of the cuddle, I could feel her bra beneath the lycra tennis outfit. I could've stayed like this forever. She broke the embrace first.

"I'll go try it on and show you!" She exclaimed.

I was taken aback and in my stupor I blurted out, "Oh, I don't expect you to!"

"Nonsense honey, you bought it for me. You get to see it first!"

She bounded off and I admired her as she left, the hem of the tennis skirt barely covering the cheeks of her rounded ass. "Fuck," I thought to myself. "That went better than expected!"

I remembered my camera and stopped the recording, pressed play on the file and watched what I'd just filmed. The quality was undeniably good, my hat's off to the manufacturer. My mother entered and in full high definition sat down on the bed. Something happened that I hadn't been aware of at the time. I had to rewind and watch the moment again. When I had reached for the present my mother looked directly at the camera and as if aware it was recording, she did something that took my breath away, and even now after all this time still gets me hard. She spread her legs! It was momentary. I timed it, roughly two and a half seconds. When I had turned back to face her, holding the present she'd closed them. I watched it over again. It was blatant. It wasn't accidental or a shift in position. My mother had looked directly at the camera and given it a clear view of her panties up her skirt.

My mind reeled. What was this? A sign? A come on? Maybe it was nothing, she didn't even know the camera was on, there were no flashing red lights!

My door opened again and mom ventured a little way in, "Ta dah.." She noticed I was holding the camera, "Ah..no photos mister!"

"Oh no I wouldn't, I..." But I stopped talking. What I saw stays with me still. She hadn't put on her stockings or the headpiece but it didn't lessen the sight. The mannequin did it no justice! For starters I hadn't realized the thing was practically see-through. My mother attempted to cover her breasts

with her arm but it wasn't working, I could clearly see her small pink nipples through the sheer material. The string thong that came with it was merely a small triangle of material trying in vain to conceal her dark pubes beneath, it did no good.

"So what do you think?" She asked as I was obviously struck speechless.

I paused and then finally came out with what I actually felt, "You look fucking beautiful Mom!"

She beamed and ran towards me. I had the sudden feeling she'd leap upon me and fuck my brains out but she quickly pecked me on the cheek, fluffed my nose with the feather duster that I hadn't even noticed she was holding and scurried out of the room, covering her backside with her other hand as she left. That was the other thing, apart from the g-string running up her ass crack, the outfit left her bottom completely exposed. I nearly fainted and could've died a happy man right then and there.

Mom went about her daily business, Dad went off to play golf (yes, on Mother's day) and I spent the next few hours watching my Mom's upskirt video on the 30" monitor of my computer. The panties she wore were white and I had a pretty fair idea which ones they were, having become quite the panty aficionado in the last week. Well, for hers at least. With this footage and the memory of her in the french maids lingerie, I was developing the mother-load (appropriate term) of sperm in my testes but I didn't cum. Something told me to hold it and boy was I rewarded.

That afternoon, my father still at golf, I spied my mother entering the bathroom wearing her short satin robe. Having heard the bath running I knew she'd be in there for a while. I walked down the hall and entered her bedroom, sure enough there on the bed was her discarded tennis outfit and sitting on top the white panties from earlier. I lifted them up and was

delighted to find, not only were they still warm but were saturated around the gusset. Pressing them to my nose I inhaled her sweet musky scent, my mother's scent, my mother's pussy scent. The thought made me giddy, my cock couldn't have been harder. I could've cum then and there but still I denied myself.

When Dad returned I made myself scarce and when around 7pm I heard the unmistakable sound of high heels on the hallway floor I knew it was showtime for Mom. I opened my door a crack just in time to see my mother from behind at the end of the hall. She had black high heels on that lengthened her already long legs, complimented by black sheer thigh high stay-up stockings. The maids lingerie tied together at the waist, leaving her upper back and her immaculate white peach shaped buttocks visible. I was an idiot for not having my camera at hand, this could've been the last time I ever saw her wearing it. She turned into the lounge-room where my father was watching television and disappeared from view. I went back to my computer.

I expected not to hear much for a while but when the sound of raised voices and then quiet conversation filtered through I was intrigued. When I heard car keys, the front door opening and closing, then Mom's high heels coming back down the hall, I knew something hadn't gone right.

I waited a couple of minutes and ventured out. In the kitchen were open bottles of bourbon and champagne. Dad was gone. Outside his car was gone too. I went straight to my mom's room, knocked on the door and entered to find her sitting on the edge of the bed, glass of champagne in hand.

"What went wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, hey Benjamin...Come in baby. Keep your old mother company," she replied. "What went wrong? Well I guess I just don't cut it anymore. I

suspect he's found someone else, a younger, better model I suppose. He says we're through."

It came like a stab to my heart to hear her say this. "Younger, better model? Are you kidding me? Have you seen yourself Mom? You look incredible!"

"Oh you're just saying that darling," she replied.

Was she fishing for compliments? I didn't care. "Mom. Honestly, as a guy talking here. You look fucking hot. You could be in por...in magazines!" I'd managed to stop myself from saying it.

"Benjamin...!" She retorted, shocked. "Were you going to say porn!?"

"Well so what if I was Mom? Really you need to see yourself how a guy would see you. Look, let me take a photo of you and you'll see what I mean."

I didn't wait for an objection, I bounded out of there and grabbed my camera along with the champagne. When I returned I topped up her glass and told her to pose for me over near her antique set of drawers. To my delight she did what I said and drowning her glass and picking up her duster she stood awaiting my next instruction.

It was now I could gaze upon her as I'd hoped. "OK, now pretend you're dusting the top of the drawer, turn sideways, push your bum out a little and lean forward."

She laughed, "Gee..Bossy much!"

I took the photo and went to show her. "There, see."

She did look hot. The photo wouldn't have looked out of place in Vogue, let alone a porn site and she knew it.

"Well, I guess I look OK. Probably more to do with the photographer," she chided.

"Nuh..Uh...Mom, it's all you. Let's do some more."

I had her pose in every position I'd seen in soft porn. From behind leaning forward, legs crossed, on her knees, on the bed on her back. Everything I came up with she followed and seemed to enjoy. My cock was rock hard and I didn't even attempt to hide it. She knew it too, now and again looking at it sticking out of my grey track pants. For an hour we must have done this, I was running out of poses for her to perform, yet I wanted every inch of this beautiful women documented. I'd taken closeups of her feet, her mouth, her tongue, her pube covered pussy behind the small thong, her ass and she allowed me. When I brazenly told her to spread her bum cheeks, she did so without objection. Letting her own son photograph her anus, covered only by a thin strip of saturated cotton. Finally she must have thought it was time.

"So what else happens in one of these photo shoots honey?" She asked. I was standing before her as she went down to her knees level with my cock.

"Does this happen?" She pulled my pants down vigorously, unleashing my cock standing at a 45deg angle.

"Does this happen?" She leaned forward and licked up the length of my shaft from my swollen balls to the dripping head.

"Oh god yes, it does happen Mom!"

"Does this happen honey?" She grabbed the base of my cock and wrapped her lips around the head, then slowly sucked it's length into her mouth.

"Oh fuck yes Mommy, yes." I managed to exhort as I blindly clicked away with the camera at what was happening.

She sucked my cock deeper into her throat, it felt better than any time I'd masturbated. The warmth, the wetness, all the while she kneaded my leaden balls. It was too much.

"Shit Mom, I'm gonna cum. What should I do, where should I?"

She removed my cock from her mouth just long enough to reply she didn't mind and anywhere was OK by her. So I did it. I grabbed the back of her head for leverage and began cumming inside my mothers mouth. My god there must have been a lot, 8, 9, 10 times I spurted inside her and she seemed to swallow every drop. Pulling out I threw the camera behind me onto the bed, ripped off my t-shirt and knelt down in front of her, my still erect penis now pressed against her stomach.

With one hand I grabbed her ass and the other the back of her head and kissed her with all the passion I could muster. My tongue darted into her mouth and tasted my cum, her tongue entwined with mine, her lips dripping with saliva and sperm. My hand found the crack of her ass and I ran my index finger over her anus. I needed to taste her cunt. I stood up with her, turned her around and lifted her back onto the bed, spreading her legs wide in the process. She lay on her back before me and I began by kissing her stockinged leg at her knee and working my way up. Past the lace stocking tops and the soft skin of her inner thigh. The entire region was slick with her pussy juice and so much heat and scent emanated from her cunt. I pulled the flimsy black panty aside and buried my face into her hairy crotch. With my thumb and index finger I separated her lips above her clit, giving me access to the little engorged button and let my tongue go to work. With my other hand I'd been pressing my thumb against her anus but now I used two fingers to penetrate my mothers pussy, going deep and curling them trying to find the most stimulating spot.

"Yes Benjamin, yes. That's it baby. Tongue mommy's pussy," she screamed as she grabbed my hair and ground my face between her legs. "Oh god honey you're gonna make mommy cu...cu...cum. Oh my baby. My baby boy. Make mommy cum!" She wrapped both her legs around me and pulled my head into her, I actually stopped fingering her and licking as there was no room. It was all her. She held the back of my head and ground her pussy up and down over my mouth and nose.

I couldn't breathe nor did I care. If I'd suffocated right then, my life would've been complete. After all I was born from this pussy, I'd be happy to die here. Mom had stopped breathing herself, she went extremely quiet and just held my head tight between her legs, my face hermetically sealed to her cunt. She then must have cum, as her legs began quivering and her breath let out in a massive sigh of relief and ecstasy. She held me there a moment longer then released me and pulled me up on top of her. In the process I pulled the lingerie over her head and tossed it aside. We were now chest to chest. My arm went beneath her head and the other beneath her ass. My cock found it's way to the entrance of her sopping cunt and poked it's head in.

"Do it baby," she ordered. "Stick that cock in mommy's pussy. Fuck me hard Benny!"

I needed no more prompting. I went deep. I slid effortlessly inside my mom's vagina. My balls slapped against her ass. My left index finger found her anus, teased then slid inside. She must have loved that as she bit down on my earlobe and hissed again to fuck her hard. My finger now wedged in her asshole I could feel my cock through her vaginal wall plunging deep into her. I knew I wouldn't last long and she must have known.

"Do it honey, cum inside mommy. Fill me with cum Benny. I want it so bad."

When she said my name, that did it. My cock exploded inside my mother's cunt, shooting load after load of semen as deep as her womb from whence I came. The feeling was indescribable as she squeezed my cock with her pussy and drained the excess sperm. I kissed her mouth, her neck, her jawline. I buried my face in her hair and she whispered her love for me into my ear.

We lay together on her bed in the afterglow and with my dick softening inside her, Mom looked me in the face. "That was just what I needed honey. You've given me the best Mother's day ever."

I kissed her on the lips again and felt my cock stiffening.

"My god, are you getting hard again baby?" She asked.

"I can't help it Mom, it just feels so good." I replied. "There is one thing I want to ask you about though, what about Dad?"

And then something happened. As if saying his name had summoned him somehow, we both heard the front door of the house opening, then close. "Yvette," he called out. Mom and I looked at each other in horror.

"Oh shit," Mom whispered as we leaped out of bed. Grabbing my pants and shirt I looked at Mom in the process of finding a robe to quickly throw over herself. Knowing I couldn't make it back to my room without being seen asked what I should do and she immediately rushed me into her en-suite and closed the door behind me.

I put on my clothes and listened at the door. Mom must have made it back to bed as I heard Dad enter and begin his apology.

"I'm sorry Yve, I've been a fool. Can you forgive me?"

"You were so cruel. I was just trying to look pretty for you Geoff, that's all. You've been so distant since Caitlyn left, I thought the lingerie might have changed things." She didn't mention that I'd bought her the maids outfit but I held no grudge, it probably wouldn't have helped. "Look, why don't we go to the lounge and have a glass of something and talk?"

"Sounds like a good idea," there was a pause. "What's this camera doing here?" He asked. Oh shit, I'd left the camera on the bed.

"Oh Benjamin was just showing me what it can do, he must have left it there. Here let me take that from you."

I think she'd gotten away with it and then my Dad spoke again. "I hope he didn't see you in that getup you were wearing, you'd give the boy nightmares!" He laughed as I heard him leaving her room. Mom entered and passed me the camera.

"OK, he's gone. Quickly honey, go to your room."

I looked at her and she must have seen the concern on my face, "Mom, what does this mean? I mean Dad coming back. What does it mean for us?"

"I don't know Ben, I'll just have to see what happens but I do still love him," she replied.

"So we're over, you and me?"

My mom moved closer to me and kissed me on the lips, "Oh no Benjamin, you and I have only just begun!"

Home Remedy

Author's note- Not to be taken too seriously, this started as a very short "stroke piece" but got a little out of hand. Hope you enjoy nonetheless and consult a doctor before attempting any of the therapies contained herein.

In mid-conversation on a video call, Mom acknowledged my return home with a wave of her hand, and I tried to remain quiet as I entered the kitchen seeking some after-school refreshments.

"So, as I said, give the magnesium and zinc a go; keep up the vitamin B12 and calcium. Of course, stay active and we'll see how we've progressed in... shall we say, two months?" The woman my mother was talking to posed and assuming her to be a doctor, I was glad I'd come home at the end of the telehealth appointment, not during.

"Great Doctor, thank you. I'll arrange an appointment then," Mom ended the call, and feeling her eyes on me, I gave her my attention as I emptied the fridge of food and drinks. "You're going to eat us out of house and home," she giggled as she typed something on her laptop.

"Hah," I laughed, nodding toward the computer and alluding to the appointment. "All good?"

"Oh, fine," Mom dismissed my concern with another wave of her hand.

"Just my usual aches and pains. Nothing for you to worry about," she added as she studied whatever she was looking at on the screen. "My goodness vitamins are expensive," she said, more to herself.

"Everything's expensive these days," I casually remarked and left her to her own devices, heading off to my room with the spoils of war.

*

It was early evening and post-dinner when Mom again raised the subject of her doctor's appointment and in the process of doing the dishes, I was a captive audience as she accosted me, wine in hand.

"I was shocked at the price they're asking for simple supplements these days," Mom leaned against the benchtop, and I had to politely nudge her aside to place the dinner plates back in the cabinet.

"Oh yeah?" I engaged, admittedly disinterested.

"I just can't justify the expense at the moment," she continued. "We're stretching the budget as it is," she added, and I felt a twinge of guilt at the effects of my appetite on the household spending.

"Well, I'll see if I can't get a few more shifts at the supermarket if that'll help Mom," I proposed. "They need more people to pick the online orders."

"Oh goodness no Honey," Mom refuted the idea. "I don't want you working all hours. You need to concentrate on your studies. No... we'll make do," she tapered off and I once more had to request her to move, as her butt pressed up against the cutlery drawer. "Oh, silly me. Getting in the way again," she laughed, and I couldn't deny she was behaving stranger than usual, even with the advent of alcohol, equally strange for a worknight.

"Well, whatever I can do," I again offered, hanging the tea towel up to dry, and by the look on Mom's face as I prepared to leave the room, I could see she had something else to say. "What?" I paused and she pursed her lips, stifling a smile.

"Oh, it's nothing," she swatted away my concern, taking another sip from the wine glass.

"Okay!?" I made to turn and again paused as her eyes remained on me, her anxiety or eagerness palpable. "Seriously, what is it?" I questioned her and she laughed.

"Oh, it's silly," she shook her head. "Just something I discovered this afternoon. Online," she elaborated.

"Oh yeah?"

"Well. It's so funny actually... you'll laugh," she determined, and I was admittedly becoming curious as to what she was building toward. "It's all about those vitamins you see. I don't know if you were there, but my doctor recommended I take some certain supplements."

"Yeah, I heard," I admitted. "Vitamin C or something wasn't it?"

"Well, it's funny you say that because Vitamin C IS something else that's apparently in it."

"In what?" I asked and she didn't immediately answer.

"Along with magnesium; zinc; calcium; B12," she continued listing vitamins, as I began to tune out and she could obviously see my waning interest. "In semen!" She enthusiastically proclaimed and her face began to blush.

"What?" I made sure I'd heard her correctly.

"Uh-huh," she nodded and headed to the fridge where she refilled her glass with white wine. "Crazy, isn't it? That's what's so funny. Basically, everything my doctor suggested I take, is in human semen!"

She took that moment to turn back toward me and it was now I that began to redden.

"Um, yeah," I offered under her searching gaze. "That's weird. I didn't know... I guess," wondering why indeed she'd informed me.

"You're right Honey, it IS weird," she agreed and took a larger-than-normal draught from her glass, noticeably swallowing. "Weird that I'd discover that, right when we were here talking about finances and the cost of everything."

Her eyes remained on me, and I felt it wasn't the end of the conversation.

"Well, as I said Mom, whatever I can do to help... those extra shifts are..."

"Do you mean that Baby?" Mom interrupted.

"What?" I questioned and she paused before she responded.

"I meant what I said earlier Darling. I don't want you working extra shifts," she crossed the kitchen to place her glass on the benchtop. "But you can still help..." she breathed in deeply. "Have you..." she struggled to voice before fully turning toward me and confidently speaking. "Darling, have you been masturbating lately?"

They weren't words I thought I'd ever hear her say and I felt a little lightheaded as I processed her query.

"What?" I whispered.

"Masturbating," she repeated. "I know you've done it in the past," and here she threw up her hand. "Don't get me wrong Honey, there's nothing wrong with it. It's natural for a boy your age. I was just wondering if you're still..." and she finally faltered.

My face burned and I swallowed hard, the lump in my throat.

"Mom... I..."

"Look, all I'm saying is if indeed you're... well. If you need to... you know. You could possibly save it. And, well as I said, the price of vitamins being as they are, I could... well, make use of it. Somehow."

I was hearing her correctly. Mom wanted me to jerk off, save the cum, and give it to her to, what... consume? The world had just exploded.

"Mom... What?" I questioned her; her sanity. "Are you serious?"

"Well, I mean, it's just simple nutrients. I know it might sound strange, but I think we're making too much of a big deal about it really," she defended.

"But how would you.... what would you do with it?" I asked, astounded we were discussing the matter.

"I don't know. I could blend it into a smoothie or something. I haven't thought that far ahead really," she reasoned and somehow her idea didn't seem that outlandish.

"I'm not dreaming here, am I?" I managed to laugh. "You're not punking me or something right? Is there a hidden camera somewhere?" I looked around exaggeratedly.

"No," Mom shook her head slowly, expectation, and sincerity in her eyes.

I breathed in as I thought about her proposition. I could do it, I supposed. I HAD offered to help in any way. What would be the harm? I jerked off every day. More than once most often! It suddenly didn't seem such a big deal at all.

"I'll do it!" I declared and immediately I saw relief and delight in her face, and I felt good I'd made her happy. "I mean, I don't know how you want me to..."

"Oh... you could just," and I watched as she reached down to open the cabinet at her hip, withdrawing a saucer. "You could just go on this I suppose. Or..." and she marched across the kitchen, her long pleated skirt swishing as she moved. "...in a glass," she produced a shot glass from the upper cabinet. "I don't mind. Whatever suits you," she brought them both toward me, holding them out in offering.

"Oh, you want me to do it now!?"

"Well, only if it's not too much trouble. The sooner I get onto these vitamins the better I suppose," she confided.

I looked down at my choices and went with the shot glass, accepting it from her grip, her finger brushing mine in the process and strangely, goosebumps broke out on my arm.

"Soo, I'll just go and..." I proposed and Mom smiled excitedly, nodding.

"I'll be waiting," she enthusiastically stated, and I headed off to my bedroom.

*

Surreal. That's what it was. I loaded up some porn on my phone and sitting on my bed, had my dick out and shot glass at the ready. It didn't work. A change of position, laying on the bed. Another of my favorite porn stars. Nothing. It was too clinical. My limp cock could merely secrete a dab of pre-cum and the longer my impotence persisted, the more pressure and anxiety I felt.

"Honey?" And an accompanying knock came from outside my door and ridiculously as if I was about to be 'sprung' jerking off, I quickly tucked my penis back into my pants.

"Yes?"

"How's it going in there?" She amazingly queried. "It's been a while."

"All good," I lied, pausing. "Ah, Mom. Not helping!" I informed her.

"Oh, sorry Baby. I'll be in the kitchen..." and she too paused. "Waiting."

I heard her footsteps departing and wondered why I hadn't heard them approach. Had she sneaked up?

I found another porn site and a whole new set of models, oiled-up lesbians that would've normally had me prematurely spurting but provoked little more than another leaking of pre-cum. I was useless. My nerves and the pressure of the situation had found me lacking, and despondent; I knew I had to admit my failure.

*

"Ah..." I ventured as I walked back into the well-lit kitchen, Mom's ass greeting me as she leaned upon the bench. "I couldn't really..." I trailed off as she turned expectantly.

"What is it, Honey?" She asked, her eyes dropping to the empty receptacle in my hand.

"I'm sorry Mom," I apologized. "It just wouldn't happen."

"Oh Darling, that's alright," she welcomed me into an embrace and her soft body admittedly felt nice pressed up against me. "I put too much pressure on you didn't I!"

"I don't know what's wrong with me," I spoke into her hair, the smell enticing. "Usually it happens pretty quickly," I freely and strangely admitted.

"Ok," she pulled out of the embrace, and I admit I was somewhat disappointed, having enjoyed the feel of her breasts against my chest. "So, what did you do?"

"What?" I questioned.

"I mean, do you have a magazine or something? Or did you just use your imagination?"

I could feel my face blush.

"No, I watched something on my phone," I tapped my cell in my front pocket and Mom's eyes dropped to my groin.

"Oh. And that didn't work? Hmm," and here she paused as if in thought.

"Now, was it you couldn't... well... ejaculate? Or was it you..."

"Yeah, the other," I found myself admitting. "I couldn't get hard... er, an erection."

"Hmm," she again hummed. "There's no pressure Honey. You know that?" She smiled and I managed to nod despite all that I felt to the contrary. "You know I wonder if..." and she seemed to dismiss her train of thought.

"What?" I inquired.

"Oh nothing," she waved her hand.

"No, what were you going to say?" I asked.

"Well, that's just it," she began. "I have put ALL the pressure onto you, haven't I!?" She declared.

"No," I refuted. "It's just..."

"No, wait, Honey, hear me out," she demanded. "It's not fair that you have to bear this burden all yourself. And here I am just standing around waiting

for you to... produce, so to speak."

"Mom, I don't mind really. I said I'd do what I can to help."

"And that's what I want to do Darling. Help. If I can."

A million thoughts began racing through my mind and Mom then voiced one of them.

"You know, would it be easier... I mean, would it help if someone else were to..." she trailed off as her neck began to redden, quickly followed by her cheeks. "I mean it might feel... more enjoyable let's say. For you. And I mean, I really should be taking more of a front-row seat to this, if you think about it."

"You want to..." I paused. "You're offering to..." I couldn't form the words.

"Well, yes," she nodded. "I mean it's only right for me to be more hands-on... literally," she laughed.

"And we just... I mean I just," I lowered my eyes to my groin and finished my sentence as I looked back into her face. "Here?"

"Uh-huh," she nodded. "How about I just..." She dropped to her knees before me and looked up almost submissively. "I mean, I'm still your mother and everything, so you might like to look at your pornography video or whatever it is, while I..." And here she reached out to take hold of the fly of my pants and unzip. Confidently, my mother's hand worked into the gap provided and tugging gently down on my underpants, brought out my still-soft penis as casually as she'd produced the shot glass not twenty minutes before.

I heard myself gasp as her warm hand surrounded my cock and the next sound, the adorable giggle from her lips as she discovered pre-cum dripping

from the eye.

"Well, that's a start," she smiled as she scooped up the dribble from the head and using her thumb ran it down the length of my flaccid cock. "A little lubricant! Now why don't you watch your porn, and we'll see if we can't get you hard," she proposed and almost in a trance, I pulled my phone from my pocket.

Not for a second was I planning on navigating to a website. Immediately as I lifted the phone between us, I opened the camera app and pressed video recording. And there she was. My mother, on her knees in the kitchen with her hand around my cock. A cock, I'll have you know, that was rapidly hardening within her loving grip.

"Now that's done it," Mom exclaimed as she stroked me to erection, seemingly proud as she looked up into the camera. "See. Teamwork. There's nothing a mother and son can't do if they put their minds to it. Now. Let's get you ejaculating. What do you say?"

Nothing.

Words wouldn't come; nor could I have vocalized them, my mouth frozen open in exclamation. I concentrated on the screen of my phone as her wide eyes devoured the head, her hand expertly jerking my length.

"My goodness Darling," she sighed. "You do have a lot of pre-cum, don't you?" She noted, the underside of my dick, slick with the lubricant. "And you're such a big boy. I'll admit something. Every mother's curious about her son's size," she matter-of-factly acknowledged. "I guess I'm just one of the lucky ones who gets to find out."

I began to wonder if she was talking out of nervousness, my mother being prone to such behavior. It mattered not, she could read a shopping list as far

as I was concerned as long as she kept doing what she was doing. And doing it so well. Her handjob better than I gave myself, I could feel the orgasm approach.

"And so thoughtful you are Darling," she continued. "To help me out this way. I know it must be uncomfortable to have your mother do this, but it shows how much you care. How much you love me. And I love you, Baby," she found my gaze looking down at her. "And the money we'll save," she stared into my eyes. "This could even make us closer," she proposed, and I questioned how we could be any closer than this. The thought dispelled with my impending release.

"Mom..."

"Yes Darling?" she replied, her lips remaining open as she increased the pace of her handjob, surely understanding the conclusion was imminent.

"Mom, I'm gonna..." I held my breath.

"You're about to cum Darling!?" She was clearly enthusiastic.

"Ye... Yes!" I managed; the bulbous head of my cock, so close to her open mouth. The idea of cumming on her, in her mouth, enticing.

"Good boy," she exclaimed, still furiously jerking me off, her hand a blur.

"Do we have the glass?" She questioned and I looked around at the shot glass placed on the bench, grabbing it with my free hand.

"Here," I gasped, dropping it before her and as quickly she took possession, pulling my cock down to the horizontal and aiming it at the glass receptacle.

"Are you gonna cum Baby?" She asked. "You're gonna cum for Mommy?" She added and there was excitement and dare I say it, desire in her eyes.

"Yes!" I gasped as she squeezed my cock hard, clearly acknowledging the final buildup of pressure trapping my seed and increasing the pleasure.

"Do it for me, Darling. Give me all that cum I need," she demanded. "Show Mommy how much you love her, Baby!"

A fountain of love. Perfectly she held the shot glass at the eye of my cock as I exploded. A geyser of white lava captured; my incestuously extracted seed safely deposited in my mother's chosen vial. Again and again, I came.

Spurts of taboo nutrients, carefully procured; squeezed from my engorged shaft by the most expert of milkmaids.

"Jesus," I finally breathed as Mom pinched the head of my cock, oozing out the last of my eighteen-year-old elixir. Lovingly brewed.

"I was going to say the same thing," Mom raised the over-half-filled shot glass before herself. "God, that's a lot of cu.. er... ejaculate," she corrected herself and I felt a slight change of mood in the air. Her hand came from my erection, and she stood without my help, still holding the cum filled glass at a distance.

I stopped the video recording and placed the phone back in my pocket as I, in turn, hid my still-hard cock from view, Mom's eyes (I didn't fail to notice,) watching until it was safely inside my pants.

"So, what are you going to do with it?" I questioned and saw her already flushed face, redden further.

"Oh, well, I'll mix it into something. A shake perhaps," she seemed unsure, placing the glass down upon the bench before she once more looked me in the eyes, a sheepish expression coming to her face. "You must have been watching something exciting," she nodded toward my pocket. "On your phone. To get so hard. So quick."

"Ah, yeah," I didn't exactly lie. "It was pretty hot."

"You know, those things I said," she reminded me. "As you were... well, ejaculating. I just did it to help things along you understand? There's no need for us to be uncomfortable about it. Any of it."

"No," I shook my head. "I'm good," my cock pulsed in my pants, still hard, still showing its desire for her. "Soo, if we're done here, I'll," I pointed back to my bedroom and Mom smiled gleefully.

"Of course, Darling," she unexpectedly leaned in, and I presented my cheek for her welcome kiss. "And thank you. As I said, this will save us sooo much money."

I returned her smile as we parted, and halfway across the kitchen, I stopped as she once more spoke, more to herself than me.

"Oh, it's silly making a smoothie just for this isn't it," she posed, and I turned to see her holding the shot glass. "So much easier to..." she continued, and I watched as she made her way to the cutlery drawer and remove a teaspoon. "Oh, now don't watch me, Honey" she feigned embarrassment as she lifted both the shot glass and the spoon before herself. Clearly though, she'd wanted me to see it, and I didn't disappoint as I watched her dip the spoon whilst raising the glass to her mouth.

I realized then that I'd discovered my soulmate! Right there in our kitchen. My cock strained against my pants as I watched my mother spoon my cum into her mouth and swallow, go back for more, scraping the sides of the shot glass, devouring the contents with relish before using her tongue to lick the inside clean.

"Waste not want not," she apologized needlessly. "These are precious vitamins," she winked at me, and I sleepwalked back to my bedroom,

wondering if indeed I WAS in fact, dreaming.

*

I jerked off three times overnight watching the video back. Pausing on her face. Zooming in on her lips; her eyes; her cleavage; her beauty. I had no doubt I was in love, and it took everything not to go to her room. To climb into bed with her and confess my desire, my incestuous devotion. I must have slept. Stirring to find light in my room and my hand still holding my cock, my phone remaining where I'd positioned it, angled toward me to watch her as I'd drifted. The screen now black.

I didn't expect to see her, but I swept through the house nonetheless in the faint hope she'd taken the day off work. Not to be. And I made do with mere thoughts of her as I showered, refraining from orgasm as I pleased myself. Sure in the belief she'd be seeking my seed when I arrived home.

*

And as soon as possible did I! Jogging from the school gates to the surprise of my friends. How could they understand? On arrival, I paused outside the front door to catch my breath and marveled at the time I'd completed the near-mile trek. My own personal record. Worth the stitch that stabbed my side.

"Mom! You home?" I called when I found the kitchen and living room empty.

"Oh, um. Yes," came the reply and I followed the sound to the source, finding her peering out from behind the door of her bedroom. "It's just..."

"What are you doing?" I laughed, my heart still racing from the run, possibly the expectation of her.

"Well, you'll think me silly," Mom blushed, and I noticed more of her, hair tied back, her shoulder bare. "I really hope I haven't embarrassed myself," she added, and I frowned in confusion.

"What? What are you talking about, what have you done?" I questioned, and she allowed the door to swing toward her, slowly revealing her body.

"Now before you laugh, let me explain," she requested, and despite her presumption, I couldn't laugh, I couldn't even speak as my eyes slowly descended to take in the sight. "I was passing the costume store," she seemingly defended her appearance. "And, well. I mean it did feel a bit like a clinical procedure yesterday, didn't it!? So, I thought this would be funny, lighten the mood maybe!"

My eyes were stuck in position, focused on her torso, barely clothed, and the white stay-up stockings adorning her legs.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she turned and made her way across her bedroom to her dresser, and I was witness to her bare buttocks, the thin string of a white thong disappearing between her cheeks. "There's this 'headbandy' thing as well."

She stopped to collect the headpiece and place it in her hair before she once more turned, and I was able to take in the ensemble completely. This was no 'costume store' outfit as she'd proclaimed. Clearly lingerie, the nurses uniform consisted of merely a white nylon bra with red crosses upon the cups, and lower, a matching thong, failing to contain the tuft of dark pubic hair that protruded over the hem.

I remembered to breathe, and it came out in a gasp.

"Mom!" I exclaimed. "I..."

"Oh," she made her way closer toward me in her high heels. "I hope I haven't been presumptuous. You still wanted to help me with the vitamins?"

"Yes!" I declared, quick to disarm her of doubt. "You just look..."

"Silly?" she misunderstood. "Oh, I haven't made a fool of myself, have I?"

"No!" I again announced. "You look..." I wanted to say hot, beautiful, stunning, but ridiculously held back. "...great," as far as I went, foolishly not wanting to come across as too enthusiastic at her appearance.

She smiled and I wanted to kiss her. To hold her and fuck.

"Well, if you're ready," her eyes momentarily dropped to my groin, and I had no doubt she noticed the erection already tenting my school pants. "We just have to get our glass," her hand found mine and together we walked back through the house to the kitchen.

"You know I've had other thoughts about how we can do this," she divulged as she left me to retrieve the shot glass from the cabinet. The lighting better in the kitchen, every line of her body made available for my perusal, every muscle and sensuous curve. And as she turned, again that enticing thatch of exposed pubic hair, the folds of pussy below, bulging the nylon thong. Above. Her smooth belly and kissable navel, her sizeable breasts, their nipples rigid and darker hue visible through the red crosses.

"Oh yeah?" I managed, swallowing and blushing at being seen openly staring at her body.

"Well, you could ejaculate on my toast in the morning!" She outlandishly proclaimed. "I was thinking it would go well with jam, maybe even honey?" She frowned. "On my granola, instead of yogurt. What do you think? Also, in my coffee! I mean, it IS cream, isn't it!" And to this, she smiled.

"Yeah," I gasped. "All good ideas," I agreed, again wondering if I was dreaming or if it was all a practical joke. How was this my life right now!?

"Something to think about I suppose," Mom proposed and again she took my hand and led me out of the kitchen. "I'll have to sit this time Honey," she explained the change of venue as we entered the dining room. "My knees and everything," she winced exaggeratedly before taking a seat on a dining chair. "But if I keep taking my vitamins, that might not be a problem in the future!" she beamed. "Now, shall we...?"

Without delay, Mom once more reached for the fly of my pants and had a hand inside my boxer shorts. "Oh, you're already hard," she was surely feigning surprise as she pulled my erection from the fly, looking up into my eyes. "Hmm, thinking about some girl from school no doubt!" She giggled as ever so gently, she ran her hand down my shaft. "Are you going to watch your porn videos?"

"Oh! Yeah," I slapped my hand on my back pocket and drew out my phone, immediately opening the camera app to record our second encounter for posterity.

"Good Boy," Mom smiled, looking back at my cock. "You watch something hot to make this easier for you. I understand it must be so uncomfortable. Not every boy has his mother jerk him off. But I really do need it, don't I Baby? Mama needs her boy's cream," she sighed as her hand gripped me expertly, perfectly stroking my shaft.

"Oh, you probably don't want me talking, do you," she continued, not waiting for my response either way. "I just think that if we treat it as natural as possible, it'll go smoother. Is that silly? I mean really, there's nothing as natural as a mother wanking her son, is there? It's actually quite beautiful if you think about it," she added, rambling, her hand increasing its rate, pre-

cum lubricating her action. "We're bonding most intimately. So loving. So, nurturing. Almost like breastfeeding!" Her eyes once more found mine and it was then I began to cum.

"Oh shit!" I gasped as I sprayed her chest, Mom quick to drop her eyes, her jaw receiving the second blast from my cock as she took in the sight of her son prematurely ejaculating over her tits. "I'm... I'm sorry," I panted as she continued to stroke me, seemingly unfazed by the unintentional and misplaced deposit.

"My God, Darling no," she jerked pulse after pulse of cum onto her chest. "It's fine," she squeezed my shaft, as was becoming habitual, drawing as much semen from me as possible. "We can still use this..." she eyed the glistening upon her boobs.

"Keep going," I interjected, and she looked up, a thread of cum hanging from her chin as if drool from her mouth.

"What Baby?"

"Keep going Mom," I managed, my cock having lost none of its rigidity, ready for more. "I can cum again!" I declared and her mischievous eyes widened.

"More?" She excitedly questioned, her hand taking up the challenge, the muscles in her arm flexing.

"Ye... yes," I proclaimed and with mere strokes, I released a second round of jizz upon her breasts accompanied by her delighted squeal, all captured forever by my cell phone.

"Goodness!" Mom sighed, her hand finally leaving my dick, scooping and taking with her a strand of semen. "That was unexpected. And a bonus," she

added as she took the shot glass from the table and positioned it between her boobs.

I watched enthralled as she coaxed rivulets of my load into the glass, wiping up as best she could the mess I'd made of her body.

"I think that might be all," she rose from the chair, standing only inches from me, my semi-erect cock almost touching her exposed belly.

"Ah, you've got a..." I lifted a hand to my mouth to signify hers and she mimicked my action, finding the cum hanging from her chin.

"Oh goodness!" She repeated, lifting off the thread and deftly adding it to her collection. "Well, thank you, Honey. I'd best go and clean up. First, take my daily dose of vitamins though," she conceded and with my eyes upon her, raised the shot glass to her lips and tipped. Her tongue drew the thick and creamy contents into her mouth and with my own open, I marveled as she swallowed my seed, a smile appearing on her glistening lips. "Mmm, thank you, Darling. Now. You go and have your after-school snack. I'm sure after this you need some replenishing!" She ventured and I kept my eyes on her as she left me alone in the room.

Was this normal? Could I even summon the courage to ask any of my friends if they'd done something similar? The answer was no, to both. What was happening here was extraordinary and it made me wonder if she was indeed crazy. Drunk perhaps? Cum drunk, came to mind and I smiled as I looked down at where she'd been seated.

Now call me a pervert if you want, but I don't apologize for what I did next. Where Mom's ass had been placed seconds before, there was a noticeable wet patch in the bone-colored padding, and there was no doubt in my mind what was the source. Without thinking, I dropped to my knees and, yes,

depraved as it was, pressed my nose into the dampness left by her sex. Inhaling as best I could the subtle fragrance of her pussy juices saturating the seat cushion. My dick returned to its natural state around her and begged to be touched and I didn't disappoint it, grabbing and wanking as I breathed in the scent of my mom's arousal. My third ejaculation of the afternoon, a mere spurt into my opposing palm, questioning if I should take it to her, laughing to myself as I dismissed the notion.

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"I don't know what I did to deserve all this," Mom remarked as I took her empty dessert plate from before her. "You cook my favorite meal and then feed me cheesecake for dessert! I should be the one lavishing you with attention after all you've helped me with."

She couldn't have been serious, and it was getting to the point where I just wanted to declare my feelings. For both of us to admit how we felt and abandon the charade we were playing.

"Actually, on that. There may be something else you can do for me," she hinted as I placed our plates in the dishwasher.

"Anything Mom," I returned, dutifully refilling her wine glass and sitting beside her. She'd showered and though changed out of her nurse's lingerie; I wasn't disappointed with her alternative. The tightest of dresses hugged her body, cleavage on stark display as if a reminder of where I'd cum on her. Even the thought I'd cum on my mother, caused my cock to harden as I listened to her new proposition.

"Well," and I watched as she blushed. "After you... well, after you came on me, to put it bluntly," she laughed, and her hand reached out to touch mine. "It had me thinking. So, after I had my shower, I did some more research

online. Well, it turns out, semen is great for the skin," she revealed, and I refrained from smirking though pretty sure her 'research' was a fabrication.

"Oh yeah?"

"Mm-hmm," she nodded. "It locks in the moisture, tightens the pores or something. It's essentially like a treatment you'd receive going to a beautician."

"Ok," I couldn't help but smile. "So, you need more..."

"Only if you don't mind Honey," she was quick to add. "You've done so much for me. I'm ever so grateful."

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It was only two hours later I was standing in her ensuite in only my boxer shorts, my hard cock protruding through the fly.

"You're sure you don't need your pornography?" Mom asked as she looked at me in the reflection of her mirror, her eyes dropping to my erection.

"That girl that's on your mind must be quite something."

"She's beautiful," I admitted and was sure Mom understood I was talking about her. In the process of removing her makeup at her bathroom vanity, I ran my eyes down to her exposed buttocks, the red bodysuit she claimed was 'just her regular pajamas,' tight and sheer and leaving nothing to the imagination. She smiled coyly as she binned her wipe and turned once more to reveal her near nudity, her nipples hard against the lace and nylon, and below, a perfect triangle of dark bush proudly on display.

I exhaled noticeably at the vision and Mom picked up on the reaction.

"Oh, Honey. I'm sorry. It is a little transparent isn't it!?" She needlessly defended her attire. "I have a little confession to make," she added,

whispering as if she was about to share a secret. "I lied about it being my regular pj's," she giggled. "I just thought, well... there's no harm in wearing something a little sexy now and then, is there?" And to this, I shook my head as she slowly approached. "You see. That's why you're the best son in the world," she stopped before me and leaned in for a kiss on my cheek, my dick pressing hard into her belly going by without comment before she pulled away laughing. "Best to kiss you now before you... you know," she laughed as she made for the toilet, sitting down on the closed lid. "Ok, I'm ready."

My dick twitched with anticipation as I approached her, her legs seductively parted, her head the perfect height for what we were about to attempt.

"As I said," she alluded to an earlier conversation. "I think you should jerk off on my face. I mean you'll be able to aim your cum better than I would!" She explained and after all that had happened in the last two days, her words now didn't even seem shocking.

"Where do you want it?" I questioned, stroking my cock barely two inches from her expectant face.

"On my forehead," she sighed. "It should run down over the rest of my face. Oh!" She remarked as her eyes focused on the head of my cock.

"What?"

"Well, I mean there's that pre-cum again!" She noted the wet eye of my dick.

"Yeah?" I continued to jerk myself off, admiring her eyes and lips devoid of makeup.

"Well, it seems a waste, doesn't it? Just dripping there. Now I wonder," she paused. "Oh, no it's silly," she dismissed her thought.

"No, what? Tell me," I encouraged.

"Well... it's a bit out there," she looked up into my eyes. "But, what about you put it in my mouth?" She suggested. "I mean, we wouldn't be wasting any of the pre-cum, I'm sure there must be some valuable nutrients in that, not that I've researched it or anything..." She spoke and her words began to fade away with the clouds of my thoughts. Staring down at her, I believed she'd never looked as beautiful. Her glistening lips smiled as she talked, babbled even. And those eyes. Wide and glowing. Full of life and wonder; excitement. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to stop the charade. To tell her I loved her. Not only as a son but as a man. As her lover. To hold her in my arms and with cock embedded, confess my incestuous commitment, to hell with society and the law.

But who was I to decide? If this was her fantasy, that the only way we could be together was to keep up this bizarre masquerade of personal wellness and nutrition, who was I to end it? And what if it was legitimate? Remote of course, but what if somehow, she believed the spin? That every sexual activity between us was innocent. How would my admission of Oedipal affection go down then? What if it wasn't reciprocal? My revelation could be disastrous, irrevocably damaging the beautiful incestuous relationship we'd somehow developed. No. I would continue her game. To whatever end...

"... I mean, I know it's a little different, a mother... well ostensibly sucking off her son," she continued. "But I mean I've seen your penis now, many times and if you're the one to finish off, you know, over my face, well it wouldn't be like I was giving you a blowjob or anything..." She was rambling and I couldn't help but smile.

"Mom," I cut her off.

"Yes?" She looked up into my eyes submissively.

"Open your mouth," I commanded.

Lips wide, she presented her mouth to me. Her tongue suggestively poked out, seeking my dick, a red carpet begging my cock to walk down. I didn't disappoint, guiding the head of my penis into the awaiting receptacle where she was quick to take up the reigns.

The feeling was... my God! As close to heaven as I deemed possible. Mom was quick to wrap her hand around my shaft as she lovingly gorged on the head, her tongue slithering around me, her cheeks sucking the pre-cum she'd sought, fought for, oh so badly.

"Mmm," her lips popped from the head, her hand holding my dick upright as she licked from base camp to summit. "Thank you, Baby," she obliged, kissing the tip, lavishing me with affection and it was I that should be grateful. My mother, sucking my cock, was as dick-hungry as I could ever hope a woman to be. Saliva dripped from her mouth, ran down my length and she was eager to follow, her lips sucking and kissing my erection and I gasped at her devotion, groaning as she again enveloped the head.

"That feels so..." I struggled to voice, holding my breath.

"Good Baby?" She finished my sentence. "Am I doing it right Darling?" She jerked on the slick shaft. "Is Mommy a good little cocksucker?" She questioned.

"Oh, fuck yes," I sighed. "Soo good. I love it. Suck my cock, Mom."

"Yeah? You like me sucking your cock?" She rubbed her cheek up against me, smearing my dick all over her face. "You like your mother sucking your big fucking dick?"

"Yes," my mouth remained open in pleasure as she slapped my cock down repeatedly on her tongue.

"Then choke me, Baby," she demanded. "Fuck my throat and cum all over my face, Lover!"

She'd said it. 'Lover.' Was that not an admission we were something other than mother and son? That we were now in fact, lovers? The dirty talk was something she'd explained away before, but this was new. Exciting. I had other things on my mind at present however as I reached down to take hold of either side of her head, my fingers combing through her hair as she allowed my dick to slide once more between her lips.

So deep I drilled. The amazing feeling of her lips meeting my pelvis before I pulled out to indeed begin fucking my mother's mouth. In, her hands on my groin, caressing up to stroke my abs. Out, her fingers finding my nipples as she massaged my pecs. A steady rhythm as she explored my torso, her hands finding their way to my ass where she assisted, squeezing my butt as she pulled me into her face.

"Oh fuck," I sighed as I fucked her mouth, my dick pulling nearly all the way out with each thrust, copious saliva drooling, a melodious 'ngyuck ngyuck' sound from her throat as she dined on me. A hand found my balls and the new sensation had me edging. "Mom..." I pulled from her, her cheeks red, eyes watering.

"Yes Honey, cum," she understood the break. "Cum on me son. Shoot your load all over my fucking face."

Her mouth fell open in submission, tongue poking and expectant as I grabbed my cock and pulled, spanking my engorged meat not an inch from her nose.

"You want it, Mom?" I gasped.

"Yes Baby," she moaned. "Give me your cum. Feed me, Honey. Shower Mama with that hot love."

"I'm gonna..." I cried.

"Yes Lover," she used the word again. "Cum all over my face," she demanded and on cue, I delivered.

"Aaghh!" I sighed as I released. A powerful blast surged from me to hit her forehead. Again and again, I came, great thick threads of incestuous seed drenching her from eyebrows to chin. "Fuuck!" I panted as her tongue caught a spurt, greedily sucking my affection into her mouth to savor and finally swallow, a mischievous grin appearing on her face as I forced the last of my ejaculation onto her cheek.

"Mmm..." she exhaled before chuckling to herself. "Oh God, Baby! I have to see this," she exclaimed as she rose before me, and again, despite the cum now coating her face, I felt the urge to kiss her. To hold her body to mine with my dick between her thighs and admit my love. Running a hand over my chest with tenderness, Mom moved back to the mirror and leaned over the sink to take in her reflection, an excited gasp coming from her. "It's wonderful," she stated, proudly. "It worked better than I'd imagined," she declared, turning her head to take herself in from multiple angles before turning around to face me. "Thank you, Darling," she smiled, bashful. "For my facial," she added. "Now I'm saving money on beauty treatments," she declared, and I couldn't deny she did look beautiful. "Who knows what other ideas we may come up with!?" She posited and I began putting my mind to work.

*

Two days we kept it up, the charade our relationship was nothing more than a wellness ritual. It became almost a schedule. Morning, I was awoken with a blowjob before she'd leave for work. Afternoon, she'd greet me wearing some form of sexy clothing, ready for my post-school handjob. Evening, I was there for her bedtime facial. We both knew it went further, but how to cross that boundary? The forbidden line dividing acceptable familial love and bonding and the taboo of a full-blown incestuous relationship.

"Have you heard of a Nuru massage?" I questioned Mom as we stood looking down at the inflatable mattress, I'd positioned on the floor of the living room.

"You're offering to give me a massage?" Her face lit up and I was enthused with the response.

"Well, I was thinking about those 'aches and pains' you well telling me about. I mean they're the reason we've been doing all this stuff right?" I alluded to our illicit relations and her face surprisingly blushed. "So, I was going to book you a massage, and then when I saw the prices..." I trailed off and Mom was quick to take up the reigns.

"Oh, no no no," she exclaimed. "We're trying to save money, Baby. This is a much better idea."

"I mean I don't know how good it'll be..."

"Honey. I don't mind," she touched my hand. "Just the thought you'd offer. But all you've done for me over the last two days... it should be me giving you the massage in thanks."

I believed she was serious. All I'd done for her! I'd never had as much sexual interaction with a woman in my life. I was the grateful one.

"Well actually, about that," I said. "This Nuru massage thing. It's Japanese. They use a special kind of oil, but I thought..." And again, Mom was quick to interject.

"Oh, no. My massage oil would be fine," she opined, and I was relieved as I revealed the bottle I'd taken from her bathroom.

"Cool... but what I was getting at was, this Nuru thing... well it's not like a regular massage. It's a bit more..." I ridiculously struggled despite how intimate we'd been of late.

"I think it's given naked, isn't it?" Mom interrupted and I could see the understanding in her eyes, and more, desire.

"You're okay with that?" I managed and watched as she immediately began to undress.

"As long as you are Darling!" She giggled as her dress came off her shoulders. "I mean, I've seen a lot of you in the last few days, but I hope you... well, a lot of boys might be uncomfortable seeing their mother naked."

Her eyes stayed on me as her dress fell to the floor. Wearing only a tiny thong, this too was quickly removed, and as predicted, she stood before me naked. There, however, was no discomfort.

"So, I should just," she lifted a foot onto the mattress and moved into the center. "Wait for you?" her eyes dropped down my torso as she said it and I knew she was longing to see my dick, the effect she had on it. I didn't dally.

My t-shirt came off, track pants and briefs removed to reveal my erection, and Mom didn't let its state go unmentioned.

"Oh, Darling," she feigned surprise. "I wasn't aware," she looked around the room. "Where's your phone?"

"What, why?"

"Well," her eyes fell back to look upon my erection, twitching under her gaze. "Something's got you... you must have been watching something arousing before we..." and there she left it, blushing further as she understood it wasn't porn that had me so hard. "Well," she cleared her throat. "Maybe we should get started. Will you just...?" She began to ask but I was well ahead, climbing onto the mattress before her and raising the bottle of oil.

"The way that it's done, we both have to be oiled up," I tentatively conveyed admittedly having only attained my information on the massage from porn sites.

"That's fine Darling," Mom enthusiastically smiled. "You do me, then I'll do you!"

My dick wouldn't stop twitching, somewhat embarrassingly pulsing with anticipation as more blood pumped into my length and Mom wasn't unaware of its movement.

"Well, I guess it IS nearly time for your afternoon milking," she smirked as I tipped the bottle of oil up and squeezed its contents out onto her upper chest.

"Ooh," she laughed as I generously squirted the oil onto her shoulders and upper arms. "It's cold."

"Yeah, sorry," I apologized as I began smearing and spreading the oil on her torso, her arms, and neck.

"It's ok Baby, it's warming up," she sighed as I squirted more on her spine and coated her back, circling once more to concentrate on her breasts, tentative. "Go ahead Honey," her eyes met mine as I hovered around her tits. "It's just a massage. You don't have to be shy."

It was a license to grope and with my palm slick with oil, I pressed it upon her right breast, feeling its weight, the hardness of the erect nipple, letting out a sigh as a fantasy was realized. The other, more oil, her upper body shiny under the downlights.

"Now I'll do your..." I dropped to my knees on the mattress as I explained my progress, my face level with her groin, eyes unashamedly ogling her perfect triangle of dark pubic hair. "Legs," I managed and aimed the bottle at her stomach, squeezing out and smearing the oil down her pelvis to her upper thighs. I purposefully avoided her inner thigh and crotch, dropping to coat her shins and the top of her feet before I raised my eyes to look up between her breasts.

"It's ok Honey," Mom smirked down at me. "You'll have to touch it at some stage," she purred and with my cock aching in response, I lifted the bottle to just below her navel and squeezed its contents to trickle down into her pubic thatch. Mom parted her legs just enough to allow my hand to slide between her upper thighs and catching the oil as it dripped from her mound of pussy, I smeared it back onto her sex. "There," she sighed as I rubbed the oil into her pubic hair and lower, caressing it along her already lubricated labia and down her inner thighs. "That wasn't so hard," she chuckled before turning to present her ass to me.

My dick pulsed and looking down, I'd never seen myself as hard. Mom bent forward to touch the mattress and with her feet well parted, I had the perfect view of her exposed asshole and pussy below.

"I hope you've got enough oil for my big butt," she giggled, and I took a breath, forcing myself to relax in the face of such beauty.

"It's not that big," I tipped the oil out onto her upper buttocks, watching for a moment as it ran down her crack and over her puckered asshole. "It's perfect," I complimented before adding more oil to her legs and beginning to smear. There was no hesitation now. With assurance I massaged the oil into her buttocks and slid my fingers over her anus and pussy, her labia wetter than a moment before, her juices as slick as the oil, her scent strong and alluring.

"What's 'perfect' are your hands, Darling," Mom straightened and turned when I'd completed the task, her entire body slick and glistening. "I'm looking forward to the actual massage beginning."

"Yeah, um. You know it's more body on body, than with the hands," I revealed, and Mom smiled.

"Oh, I know that Baby," she took up the bottle of oil. "That's why we need to get you oiled up."

There was no apprehension on her behalf. Confidently she tipped and squirted the oil onto my chest, immediately rubbing it into my pecs and lower, her hand wrapping my erection to lube my length. "Hmmm, that makes things easier," she seemed delighted in her task, her hand slipping down to coat my balls. "I'll start using a lube with your vitamin handjobs," she stated, more as an aside to herself.

My legs smeared, she moved onto my back, her body so close I felt the hardness of her nipples against my skin, her warm breath on my shoulder. Slathered, glistening, we fronted one another, and Mom coyly looked down

at my erection. "I must admit," she said. "I'm a little confused why you still have an erection."

"Are you?" I responded and an embarrassed smirk came to her lips.

"Ok," a red hue rose on her neck and cheeks, and she changed the subject.

"So, should I just?" She asked as she dropped to her knees and my immediate thought was, she was about to once more suck my cock before she again spoke. "Maybe, lie on my stomach?"

I watched as she turned on her knees, excess oil upon the mattress pooling around her before she lay forward and stretched out.

"Yeah," I gazed down at her naked, shining body, curvy, mature, and beautiful. "That's perfect Mom," I praised her position before stepping over her and lowering, straddling the small of her back. The feeling of her soft skin against my inner thighs was beyond pleasurable and with my balls sitting on her spine, my cock twitched its delight. "How's that?" I questioned as I pressed my hands on her shoulders and began kneading her flesh, a contented sigh immediately coming from her to encourage my action.

"Mmmm... so good," she moaned, and I allowed my hands to explore, venturing around her torso to feel the sides of her boobs, sliding down her back to take hold of my cock momentarily and stroke my engorged length, pre-cum flowing. I shifted my position, shuffling down to mount her thighs and my hands made contact with her lower back, tentatively moving onto her buttocks. "Yesss," she sighed, and I was further motivated, squeezing and separating her cheeks to eye her asshole, puckered and seductively winking.

"I have something to admit Mom," I whispered, and she turned her head, presenting an ear.

"What is it, Darling?" She exhaled as I ran a hand down the length of her spine, allowing my fingers to slide across her anus, experiencing every wrinkle, before massaging her inner thigh.

"Well, I've only really watched this Nuru massage thing on porn sites," I revealed, and she let out a soft giggle. "I don't really know what I'm doing."

"Everything's right so far my baby," she purred sleepily. "Just do what's in your videos."

They were the words I wanted to hear, and immediately I dropped forward, laying my body upon hers to her welcoming moan. My dick settled comfortably between her buttocks as if made to be there and with my arms laying atop hers, our bodies were totally as one.

"Ohhh, God," Mom slowly breathed, her hips noticeably gyrating under my pelvis, her ass cheeks milking my cock, the heat of her asshole kissing the underside. "Now this is a massage," she sighed.

With my lips against her ear, I risked further intimacy, kissing her lobe before whispering.

"Does it feel good?" I queried, humping her gently, the sensation almost too pleasurable.

"So... so good Baby," she lazily responded and so relaxed she seemed, if she hadn't been moving, speaking, I'd think her asleep. So much so that it came as a surprise when her slippery body began to turn beneath me. "Can you..." she paused as I allowed her to roll completely, my cock never leaving her body, from buttocks to hip, to belly. "Do my front now?" She managed, her sleepy 'fuck me' eyes finding mine.

Rising from her body, I once more mounted her hips, and with my balls in her damp pubic thatch, I took hold of her breasts, caressing the flesh and stimulating her erect nipples. My own erection glistened and twitched at the action it witnessed, desperate to become involved in what we both knew was foreplay. Again, I descended to connect our torsos, sandwiching my dick between our oily bellies.

"You know, I was thinking," I whispered into Mom's mouth, our chins almost touching, her lips opening further to reveal her tentatively poking tongue.

"Yes?" She sighed barely a breath, her arms on my back, hands caressing my skin.

"Didn't your doctor say you should be more active or something?" I questioned and immediately I saw the understanding in her eyes. "I mean, you said we should just follow the Nuru method on the videos," I hinted and felt her body awakening.

"Yes, Honey," she agreed. "That's right. And what better workout is there than se... intercourse?" She corrected herself, unable to commit to saying 'sex.'

"So... If I was to..." I moved my body on hers, slightly downwards to feel the head of my cock comb through her pubic hair. Mom spread her thighs, her legs wrapping around my hips as my dick found where it belonged, poking her outer labia. "I mean there's nothing wrong with us..." I pushed into her, the tip of my dick penetrating ever so slowly, her lips parting to draw me in, hugging and sucking me inside her body.

"Nothing wrong," she gasped as I slid inside, her warmth, her tightness, unimaginable. "So right," she managed as I entered her fully, my pelvis

meeting hers, my mouth falling upon her expectant lips.

We were one. My tongue discovered hers, entwining as we kissed, as we fucked. Mother and son, the way it was meant to be. Making love without shame. An incestuous coupling, eighteen years in the making, the longest of unrequited romances.

"I love you," I broke our kiss long enough to confess my desire and it fired her even more, her body writhing beneath me, seeking a change. On top she found herself and I lay back as she went to work, her hands on my chest as she rode my cock, grinding her pussy into my pubic bone, slapping her ass down on my thighs.

"So... long, Baby," she panted between exertions before she fell onto me, her slick boobs smashed against my chest. "So long I've wanted... it," she confessed. "For you to... fuck me!"

Her last comment came across as both an admission and a command and with my mouth locked on hers, I did my best to hold her ass for leverage as I rammed my cock up into her body.

"Yes," she gasped. "Fuck me."

"Do you love it?" I kissed her, speaking into her open mouth.

"I love it, Baby," she breathed. "I love your cock. I love your cum. I love yo... Oh, God!"

Her last words were barely audible as she buried her head in my shoulder, sucking on my neck as I hammered my dick inside her.

"Make me..." her muffled voice found my ear. "I'm gonna... Oh God, don't stop," she begged as she kissed, bit my jaw, her lips nibbling onto my mouth. "Cum...." she garbled. "I'm... cumming!" She revealed as her thighs

squeezed my side, her body shuddering, pussy noticeably quivering around my stabbing cock. "Don't ss... stop," she managed to hiss and dutifully I did as told, slapping my groin up into her torso, my cock piston-like as her orgasm progressed, flooding our incestuous connection. Fingers dug into my back, an exhalation of breath and a final shiver as she came down from her euphoric height, my thrusting easing as she settled. "Cum," her lips again met mine, kissing. "You made me cum Darling," she sighed, a contented almost embarrassed giggle.

"Is that alright?" I whispered between her lips and her pussy squeezed around my placid cock in reply, almost giving its approval, both of us laughing.

"I'm sorry," she surprisingly stated, our eyes locked, and I frowned in response. "For the deception," she explained, and I shook my head before she went on. "No, I should've been honest from the start. About how I felt. About how I've always felt."

I kissed her again, wrapping my arms tight around her oiled body. Slowly beginning to move in and out of her.

"I loved it all," I confessed. "Something like this is..." I began increasing my thrust. "...is almost impossible to begin. But you did it perfectly," I praised her, and she smiled, giggling.

"Did you know from the start?" She sighed, her mouth dropping open in pleasure as I pushed deeper with each penetration.

"I had my suspicions," I admitted. "But you're a good actor."

"I'm not acting now," Mom ground her pelvis upon me, moving in time with my fucking. "I want your cum."

"Say that again," I exhaled.

"I want your cum, Baby," she moaned as I hammered up into her, my abs aching.

"Where?" I gasped.

"Everywhere... anywhere," she revealed. "I need your cum all over me Baby."

Wrapping my arms around her, I turned our bodies once more upon the oiled mattress, coming down hard between her slick thighs, my cock buried deep.

"Do you need your vitamins, Mom?" I drove into her rapidly, caressing, squeezing her tits.

"Fuck yes, Darling. All over me Baby. Give me your hot cum."

"You want it?" I drilled deep, hammering, my pelvic bone meeting hers.

"I need it!" She screamed. "Cum all over me, Lover."

I couldn't hold out any longer, pulling from her as I came, a blast of my seed coating her glistening outer labia and spraying her wet pubic hair. I managed to rise along her body, taking my cock in hand as I mounted her chest, jerking off as I aimed my ejaculation at her breasts, her neck, and finally, her awaiting open mouth.

Mom was quick to reach for my cock and guide it between her cum covered lips, her hand milking my length, extracting the last of my pulsing orgasm.

"Oh fuck, yes," I groaned as she sucked on the head, her grip tight around my shaft as she continued to jerk me off, her eyes questioning. "Yeah," I nodded in response as she sought another orgasm, moving my hips to essentially fuck her mouth. "That's it, Mom," I sighed. "Suck that cock. Show me how much you love it."

Her response was an encouraging moan and seeing her approval, I continued.

"You need my dick, don't you Mom?" I stated, reaching behind and finding her pussy, caressing her labia, and seeking her clit. "It's all yours. My dick. My cum," I thrust harder, her hand guiding me into her welcoming mouth. Sliding and wiggling a finger inside her, she groaned around my dick and allowed it to slip from her lips.

"Cum inside me!" She declared as she smeared my dripping cock all over her face.

"What?"

"Fucking fuck me. Cum inside my pussy," Mom cried, and I slid my finger from her sex, wasting no time in slipping back down her body and ramming my cock between her velvety folds. "Oh, fuck yes Baby," she whimpered as I buried deep, thrusting. "Cum in me son. Fill me with all that hot jizz. Cum as I...." She struggled with the sentence, and I could feel her body shudder as she began another orgasm. I wasn't far behind. Locking my mouth to hers as I released a second time, pausing my movement to allow her quivering vaginal walls to finish the job, squeezing and sucking the cum from my dick to indeed fill her pussy with my love.

My breath held; our lips locked in incestuous passion; our taboo love enshrined in a shared climax. I felt every ounce of cum drawn from me by her pussy's affectionate embrace, and finally, I relaxed upon her, spent, our slick bodies one in forbidden familial union.

"I love you so much, Mom," I exhaled, never so comfortable, never so sexually satisfied, and her tongue found mine, drawing me back into her mouth.

"I feel it, Darling," she whispered as we kissed. "I can feel your cum inside me. Your love."

"It's all yours," I repeated the earlier pledge. "Only you," I declared my intention and she hugged me tighter.

"So, I can still have my daily vitamins?" She mischievously smiled and I kissed her grin, her cheeks, her chin.

"However you want my cum, it's yours," I sighed. "Forever," I promised, and my cock remaining hard, once more began to slowly fuck her as her face surprisingly flushed. "What?" I questioned thinking we were past embarrassment.

"Well..." she paused. "On that. I did do some reading on how your body can absorb vitamins."

"Oh yeah?" I moved inside her gently.

"Uh-huh," she bit her lip. "Did you know you can take them up the butt?" She questioned cheekily and my cock, already hard, stiffened further.

Home Schooling

"So," Tess paused as her son looked up from his phone. "Harry Flack asked me out on a date."

Flynn eyed his mother across the breakfast table.

"Harry 'what the' Flack, Dad's old friend?"

"Uh huh," Tess spied her son's reaction. "I ran into him at the supermarket."

"Oh."

His response wasn't enough for Tess to gauge his opinion and tentatively she sought more.

"So how do you feel about that?" She asked.

Flynn shrugged his shoulders, noncommittal.

"I mean it's been what, seven years since Dad died? He told you to move on so....when are you going out?"

"Friday night," Tess winced.

"Movie night!?" Flynn couldn't help but voice his disappointment. For that was what he felt. Friday's being their day, an ongoing commitment of family time since his father was alive. Flynn's job saw him starting work early Saturday mornings therefore going out with friends on a Friday evening had never been an option, preferring to stay home with his mother and continuing on the tradition of a movie, take out. In truth he loved the time with her. Over time he'd even come to see it as their own kind of mother/son 'date night.' Innocently of course.

"I know," Tess wasn't surprised at Flynn's obvious disappointment. "It was the only time he was free."

"Harry Flack," Flynn repeated. "Isn't he married?"

"Divorced," Tess corrected.

"Oh," Flynn looked back down at his phone. "Well we can watch a movie any night," he maturely conceded much to his mother's delight. Ultimately he wanted her to be happy. His father hadn't always been the best of partners to her he knew and if Harry 'what the' Flack gave her life some enjoyment, then who was he to stand in her way? To his surprise she stood from her chair and circled around the table.

"Thank you," Tess wrapped her arms around her seated son from behind, Flynn recoiling as she tried to kiss his cheek, eventually allowing her lips to make contact with his skin, surprised at the goosebumps that arose across his body. "I'll make it up to you," she added as she released him from her grip, her hand brushing his bare arm. "Ooh, goosebumps!" She smiled.

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The days leading up, Flynn noticed her demeanour had shifted. Obsessing about her appearance, commenting about some imaginary weight gain, seemingly invisible grey hair. Questioning him as to what to wear, what color to paint her nails? Did that handbag go with this dress? She always looked fine to him, Flynn thought. She was just his mother, ever beautiful whatever she wore, however she had her hair. Was Harry Flack worth this much worry he wondered?

"So how do I look?" Tess posed as she entered the living room early Friday evening, turning for her son as if she were on a runway.

She'd donned the dress Flynn had suggested though now made up completely, hair tied back in a tight pony tail, stockings and heels, he wished he hadn't. She looked amazing and he was sure Harry would agree. It was then the reality of his mother dating another man dawned on him. He could see them together. Holding hands. Would he kiss her? Want more? The thought took him by surprise, not nauseating but close.

"Well?" Tess reminded him of her initial question.

"Oh," Flynn trailed his eyes up her body from her black stockings over the figure hugging red dress and spoke from the heart. "You look beautiful."

Even under the make-up he could see she blushed, the reaction surprising. A car horn sounded from the street, breaking the connection they shared as her eyes unlocked from his.

"Seriously?" Flynn questioned. "He can't even come to the door?"

Tess shrugged. "He always was a bit different," she excused his behaviour and looked at her reflection in a mirror. "Alright don't wait up. Wish me luck," she called as her high heels clicked along the hallway away from him.

He would. And he didn't.

*

It was nearly eleven p.m. when he heard the car pull into the driveway. He'd planned to still be watching television in the living room but the thought of Harry and his mother entering the house, awkwardly conversing with him had seen him take refuge in his bedroom. To his surprise however, he heard the front door opening whilst the sound of the car driving away occurred. She'd come home alone. He didn't hear the sound of her heels on the timber

floor and assumed she'd removed them so as not to wake him as she navigated the house.

After awkwardly removing her high heels inside the front door, tipsy, not drunk, Tess was thankful she'd declined another drink at the bar. The evening had been enjoyable. Uncomfortable to begin, with the combined baggage of their previous partners, it was inevitable much of their conversation had circled around such. Developing as the night progressed.

Feeling her way along the darkened hall she was disappointed Flynn hadn't stayed up to see her home; encouraged when she spied light seeping below his closed door. She paused to listen for the sound of his television and jumped when it was his voice that broke the quiet of the night.

"Are you coming in or not?" Flynn yelled from behind the panel and Tess entered her son's room without delay.

Still clothed, Flynn sat on his bed, a book cast aside as his mom fell into his room.

"I thought you were sleeping," Tess whispered, unsure why, before climbing onto the bed beside him, dropping her shoes on the carpet.

Flynn could smell the alcohol on her but her appearance was much the same prior to her leaving, sans the shoes of course.

"As if, with the sound of you bumping along the hallway!" Flynn chuckled.

"I took my heels off to be quiet!" She defended herself as she leaned down on one elbow, her knees bent and Flynn noticing how her dress rode up high on her stockinged thighs. Had Harry noticed as well? He wondered.

"It didn't work!" Flynn smiled and his mother playfully punched his leg.

"I didn't have that much to drink," Tess confided. "I was a good girl." The hand she'd used to punch him she tucked between her thighs and noticed her sons eyes drift to, then quickly away from the area.

"So I guess you want to tell me how it went," Flynn stated, hoping she hadn't noticed him looking at her legs.

"Oh, it was alright," Tess began, not giving too much away to begin with.

"We went to a movie."

"Yeah? Which one?"

"Oh, the one with the bald wrestler and all the car chases," Tess elaborated, Flynn understanding the movie she meant. "It was o.k. Then we went to a bar and just talked. Then home."

"I hope he wasn't drinking and driving," Flynn challenged.

"No Dad!" Tess laughed. "He didn't have much. I was way ahead of him. Nerves I think."

"Nerves?" Flynn furrowed his brow.

"Well yes. I haven't been on a date for God knows how long." The moment she said it she regretted the statement. She always liked to think of Friday nights with Flynn a kind of 'date night,' silly in that she was sure he wouldn't feel the same. "I realized tonight I haven't even kissed another person on the lips in more than seven years!"

The admission was intimate and took Flynn by surprise.

"So how did it go?" He hated asking but wanted to at least seem grown up in the conversation.

"We didn't!" Tess admitted.

"What?" Flynn sat up, heartened.

"I shook his hand!" She held back laughter.

"Really?"

"Yeah. He must think me a dork," Tess stated. "One second he's leaning in to kiss me goodnight and the next I'm holding out my hand to shake his. Like we were in a business meeting or something."

"Oh Mom," Flynn consoled, though thrilled at the news.

"I know! It was like I'd forgotten how to kiss," Tess confided.

Flynn chuckled. "You can't forget how to kiss!" He stated.

"Well maybe not when you have a new girlfriend every six weeks," Tess teased, alluding to him. "But you can when you're out of practice."

Flynn laughed and readjusted his position on the bed to match hers, almost yin and yang.

"You just pucker up and close your eyes!" He grinned.

"Well come on Casanova, show me," Tess spoke the words before she'd really thought them through. What had she just asked him? To kiss her? Would she ever have proposed the act sober? She hadn't even had that much to drink.

"What!?" Flynn's eyes opened wider.

"If you're so good, show me what you can do," Tess doubled down. It was enjoyable. Playful yet layered with so much connotation. Was that why it felt so thrilling? "Teach me how to kiss."

As Flynn looked in her slightly lazy eyes he could see no sign of playful deceit. She wanted him to kiss her. Her son to kiss his mother.

"You're serious?" He almost whispered, a last chance for her to admit she was joking before he potentially made a fool of himself.

"Flynn I'm your mother, it's no big deal," she matter of factly stated and impulsively he leaned in and kissed her on the lips as her final word was spoken.

A mere peck and he withdrew with Tess left in startled shock.

At first, for barely an instant, Flynn believed he'd stuffed up. That even though she had indeed told him to, the kiss was inappropriate, unsolicited.

"That wasn't a kiss," Tess complained. "I mean a real one."

Oh God yes, Flynn spoke to himself. She looked beautiful. She always did he reasoned, but tonight, especially so. The long sleeved red dress cut down low on her chest, the way she sat accentuating one side of her ample cleavage. Had her hand crept up further along her inner thigh, he wondered? Was it his own, or her heartbeat he heard thumping in his ears?

His lips had been on hers for less than a second. A blink of her eyes lasted longer, Tess mused as she watched him lean into her again, this time slowly, deliberately. It was as it had been in the car with Harry, his body closing in on her. Then her instinct had been to pull away, now she leaned in to welcome her son.

His face she knew as well as her own. Studied every day of his eighteen years. Her eyes trained on his lips before locking on his own, a cautious determination behind them. What was he feeling? Hell what was she feeling? What in the name of God were they doing?

He looked in her eyes until they closed with their lips' connection. What were they doing, he wondered? Closed mouth they kissed until she allowed more, her lips parting to embrace his bottom, the upper. She needed no

lessons, he reasoned as he felt the tip of a tongue dampen his lip.

Tentatively he reciprocated, her mouth opening to take him in, twirling her own tongue around his.

Flynn finally closed his own eyes as the passion grew. Their faces tilting, noses rubbing together as they changed position, tongues deep in the other's mouth. Flynn raised a hand and cradled her head, caressing his fingers behind her ear and along her neck to the encouraging sound of his mother's sighs.

Emboldened he broke from her mouth, no destination intended but kissed her chin and onto her jaw, her head tilting upward to enable him to kiss her neck, his cock hardening. His cock hardening! What the fuck was this? He drew away from her in bewilderment to see her own eyes opening slowly, contentment on her face before she came back to reality. That she was upon her son's bed.

Even as she sat there she could feel the dampness between her legs. Spreading as she so subtly ground her thighs together. Why had he pulled away, she pondered as her eyes opened? Oh that's right, she scolded herself. Because you're his goddamn mother! She yelled in her head. His gaze was penetrating as he looked to her for guidance. How had they, she, let this game go so far? Was it a game? She buckled under his stare and let her eyes fall along his body. Unmistakeable was the bulge in his pants. Oh my god, she breathed.

"So how did I go on my first lesson?" She tried to break the heavy tension that had enveloped them, asking the question as if she'd merely had a driving test.

"Ah," Flynn tried to remain composed, fighting the emotions, the urges he had for her. "Ahem, good I guess." 'First lesson,' she had said, he noted.

Was this not a one off? He certainly hoped not.

"Well thanks Honey," Tess sat up further on the bed, distancing herself from him. "I won't be so nervous on my next date now." She admitted, attempting to dismiss what had just happened between them as totally innocent, nothing more than a lesson.

"Next date?" Flynn repeated, not hiding his dissatisfaction at the news.

"You're going out with him again?"

It was ridiculous but Tess hated herself for revealing the information then and there. She swung her legs off the bed, feeling the pronounced dampness between her upper thighs, her panties sliding against her labia.

"Uh huh, Friday again," she doubly berated herself for revealing the date. Again cancelling their own mother/son date night. But it had to be done didn't it? Whatever had just occurred wasn't normal. Her body reacting in a way she'd never known to a man she'd never considered. She shouldn't consider. Not in that way.

She could see the disappointment in his face but he tried to mask it with humour.

"Well I guess there'll be no more awkward handshakes," Flynn offered, trying not to show his emotions. He watched her pull her dress down her thighs where it had crept up nearly to her hips, smiling down at him.

"And I have you to thank for that," she grinned. "You're a good teacher."

Flynn wanted to say something smart like 'any time' or 'you're a good student,' but she didn't give him the opportunity, hastening toward his door. He looked at her ass as she went, rounded cheeks that swayed with each step. Clench-able, kissable, he thought but wrenched his eyes from the temptation. Stop it, he told himself. It would never happen.

"See you tomorrow night?" She turned when she reached the door, knowing she wouldn't be up when he left in the morning.

"Good night Mom," he replied and with the close of the door, she was gone. Her presence however lingered. The smell of her perfume in the air, on the sheets. Her forgotten shoes beside his bed, the erection that retained its vigour, and the memory. The memory he could replay over and again as sleep eventually came for him. Of kissing his mother on the mouth. Her skin, her tongue, her saliva. The taste of her. And it was a pretty picture he painted.

*

His alarm rang early and his first act was to roll over and see that her heels remained. That none of it had been a beautiful yet ultimately cruel dream. No. They were there. And the very sight of them had his dick swelling.

Tess heard her son leave and a large part of her was thankful he was gone. That she didn't have to face him so soon after the events. She knew her own feelings on the matter, the remembrance creating that familiar yet so infrequent wetness in her panties, but how did he feel? Did he see through the charade of 'kissing lessons?' How could he not?

She lay in bed longer than was usual and was startled late morning from a second sleep she hadn't planned by her phone ringing. Guiltily grinning to herself as she withdrew a hand from between her legs, her fingers wrinkled from her own sap.

"Lunch. Today?" She repeated Harry Flack's words and couldn't think of a valid reason to say no. Well there was one. But he wasn't home and if she was honest, merely a pipe dream.

*

Flynn was understandably sheepish when he encountered her in the kitchen on returning home. Small talk both of their go to's before Tess broke the seal.

"So your kissing lesson paid off," she proclaimed, pouring herself another glass of white wine.

"What? You saw Harry?" A part of Flynn's heart sheared off.

"Uh huh. He took me for lunch," she proclaimed, immediately realizing, far too proudly.

"I thought you weren't going to see him again until next week?"

"Well that was the plan, but I guess your old mom is just too alluring to stay away from," she laughed.

"You're not old," Flynn bluntly stated and turned his back to her as he asked the question he already knew the answer to. "And you kissed him?"

"Well I had to put my training into affect at some stage," she again laughed, nerves, the half bottle she'd already consumed dictating her cavalier demeanour. "It must have worked, he's asked me out again mid week!"

He almost wished they'd not done it, shared the kiss. If she was to be with Harry 'what the' Flack, then why dangle that tantalising delight before him, then so cruelly snatch it away? He was glad he'd made plans that evening with friends and not be tortured further by being in her unobtainable presence.

"Oh that's good," Flynn lied. "I'm happy for you Mom," he managed to again look in her eyes.

Tess had hoped he wouldn't be. That he'd right then and there declare his love for her and forbid her seeing another but he. But knowing the

likelihood was minimal, she fell on her back-up plan.

Flynn watched her down the rest of her recently poured glass and wondered why she was imbibing so enthusiastically.

"So what are your plans for this evening?" She launched, to her son's noncommittal shrug.

"Meeting up with some friends," he confided. "Maybe see the film you did."

"Oh," Tess replied, casting her eyes downward in legitimate disappointment.

"'Oh,' what?" Flynn asked, mimicking her seeming dismay.

She again looked up to him as he stood across from the table an arms length away.

"We're more than mother and son aren't we?" She began. "I mean we've always been more like friends."

Flynn sat down on a chair as he saw the serious look growing behind her eyes.

"I mean, yeah. I guess," he agreed, not knowing where this was going.

Nodding, Tess smiled. "I hoped you'd say that. It was like with the kissing thing. I could trust you with that because it's something a friend would be willing to oblige, maybe not so much a mom and son. Or more to the point, it made it not an issue that we're related. Do you know what I mean? I'm waffling a bit aren't I?"

"No I get it Mom," Flynn was more than eager to agree. "But it's also like, because we are related, there's no worry that whatever we do or say can get in the way of our friendship. Does that make sense?"

Tess grasped her son's hand in hers across the glass table top. "Yes! That's exactly how I feel too," she smiled. "We're so alike."

Again the goose-bumps from her touch as she stroked the back of his hand, not lost on Tess.

"It's a shame you have to go out tonight, I wanted to ask you another favour," she casually threw in his direction.

Flynn saw the change in her manner. Most dramatically in her eyes, turning from serious to almost seductive.

"I mean I don't have to go out, it's not set in stone," he admitted. "What did you want?"

"Oh it's silly," Tess played. "Embarrassing too," she dropped her eyes before slowly reengaging with his. "You probably wouldn't want to do it."

Now Flynn was committed. Silly, embarrassing. They were his stock in trade. "You just have to ask Mom," he confessed. "I'd do anything for you."

Could she have done it without the alcohol? Tess wondered. Yes, was her verdict.

"Well you remember I said I hadn't kissed a man in more than seven years?" She paused, watching her son nod slowly. "Well it's been a lot longer than that since I've....touched a man!"

After the previous night, Flynn was pretty sure what she was insinuating by 'touched,' but needed her to elaborate. Wanted her to say the words.

"What do you mean?" Flynn blushed.

"You know, down there," her eyes dropped to the surface of the table, looking through the glass in the direction of his groin.

"Oh," Flynn swallowed loudly before belying his nerves and chuckling to break the tension.

"What? Don't laugh," Tess smiled. "It's alright for you, you touch one every day," she laughed. "I can't even remember what one feels like."

There was no doubt where this was heading and Flynn hastened its arrival.

"I mean I can show you if you want?" He graciously offered. "Give you some tips."

"You'd do that?" Tess placed a hand on her heart. "For me?"

Knowing there was a lot of performance behind her actions, Flynn kept up their charade.

"Of course Mom. I told you I'd do anything," he reinforced.

"You're the best," Tess stated, already rising from her seat. "I should get you one of those mugs, 'world's best son.'"

Following her lead, their hands still locked, Flynn left the table, allowing himself to be led along the hallway.

"I could do the same for you," he concurred.

She bypassed his room and entered her own, turning to face him fully once they hit the bed.

Flynn wanted to lean forward and kiss her as they'd done the night before but knew it would break the emersion. Let her take the lead, he thought. If she wanted to imagine whatever was happening between them was a lesson, just pretend, then so be it. As stated, he'd do anything.

"So do I have to pretend I'm Harry 'what the' Flack?" He asked. "Why did Dad call him that anyway?"

"Who?" Tess dreamily asked as if forgetting the reason the act was playing out to begin with. "Oh, it's not important." Her eyes scanned her son's chest, her hands rising as if to touch before composing herself and bringing them together below her breasts.

Flynn could see she was struggling and took over, performing his part perfectly.

His cock growing by the second, Flynn took hold of his belt and unbuckled, watching his mother's eyes drawn to the area.

"So let's just assume his pants are already off," Flynn confidently stated, pulling his jeans and underpants down below his shaved dick and balls.

He heard the intake of her breath as she looked down on his swelling, her eyes widening.

"Oh Flynn," she looked up into his face. "Can I touch it?"

"It's why we're doing this!" He smiled and with their eyes still locked, felt her cradle his semi erect penis in her palm.

"Oh God!" Flynn exhaled. "Is what the guy will probably say," he covered.

Swelling in her grip, Tess wrapped her fingers around her son, turning her wrist as he achieved his full erection and slowly running her hand along his length.

"Like this?" Tess coyly asked, seeing by his reaction she was doing it correctly.

"Oh yess!" Flynn concurred, raising his t-shirt up his torso to remove and throw onto the bed. "See it's not so hard."

"Well it IS hard!" Tess brought some levity, smiling at her son. "Do you want to sit down?"

Without word, Flynn backed onto the edge of the bed, his mother not removing her hand, squatting down before him.

"There, more comfortable," she acknowledged, still slowly masturbating him. "Now what else should I do? Would sitting like this turn a guy on?"

Flynn let his eyes fall from hers, dropping to her breasts, obviously bra-less behind a thin white tank top. Her thighs parted, the light blue denim skirt had ridden up to her hips, pink panties covering a clearly damp bulge of pussy meat.

"Um, yeah. That's gonna help!" Flynn managed.

Tess lifted her other hand to his cock, stroking his swollen balls, weighing them in her palm.

"Do men like that, a woman playing with their balls?" She asked almost innocently and all Flynn could do was nod his approval.

Without waiting for further instructions, Tess leaned forward and kissed the head of her son's cock, her lips coming away with a trail of pre-cum before she licked it into her mouth.

"Oh I remember that flavour," she smiled. "Sweet."

Her mouth hovering over the head she once again looked into Flynn's eyes. "Can I?" She asked, both in no doubt as to what she referred and once again Flynn nodded, mesmerised.

So wet, so warm were her lips around him. No more than half his length did she take into her mouth but it was far more than Flynn could ever have hoped or dreamed of. Her tongue swirled around him as she masturbated his base, her eyes fixed on his to see his reaction.

Almost mimicking her own mouth, Flynn's dropped open as he gazed down upon his mother. Gently thrusting his hips up and down in time with her hand's twisting movement. Slurping her mouth from his cock and leaving it slick and glistening, Tess sought more answers.

"Is it better getting jerked off when its slippery like this?" She posed, smearing her saliva along his length.

"Yeah I love that. I mean, I'm sure all guys like it," he quickly explained.

Her fist moved so quickly up and down his column, her gaze fixed on the task at hand, in hand; the muscles in her arm as rigid as the cock she friggd.

"How does it feel Baby?" She looked up to Flynn, her wrist pumping.

"So good Mom," he managed to pant. He looked at her face, her boobs, the nipples so pronounced, between her parted legs, that pussy bulge and knew he wouldn't last. "Mom, you'd better...you'd better stop."

It was a look of satisfaction, not concern that came to Tess' face.

"So I'm doing it right!?" She asked, if anything, moving her hand quicker along his cock, with a tighter grip.

"Oh God yes," Flynn gasped, clutching the comforter in both hands behind him. "So.....good!" He declared as his orgasm rose.

Tess could see in his face he was about to cum, his entire body tensing, the muscles in his stomach pronounced. She pressed beneath his balls and stared at the head, her hand a blur as she masturbated her son, the thrill of the action, the taboo, causing a delirious sensation in her mind, almost orgasmic, saturating her panties. And then he came.

An eruption accompanied by his approving sigh. Jet after jet, long ropes of cum surged from her son's beautiful cock to lay upon his flat stomach, reaching his pecs. Semen flowed down over her knuckles as her hand continued it's rapid movement, the torrent reducing as she massaged his emptied balls.

Flynn let go of the duvet, the warm tingling of his orgasm still flowing through his body. He wanted to kiss her, to declare his love, to thank her for what she'd given him but she got in first.

"Thank you Honey," Tess stated, her hand slowly coming to a stop, squeezing out the last of his cum from the eye as her gaze drifted up to his face. "I probably needed the practice didn't I!?"

If she'd kept tugging him, he knew he would've cum again, so turned on was he and he wanted to let her know.

"No you were great, look," he pointed to his still erect penis. "If you kept doing what you're doing I'd cum again for sure."

"Oh, do you think I should keep masturbating you?" She asked. "Build up my hours, so to speak."

She was already rising from between his legs, her hand in the process of coming from his dick and he didn't stop her, something else just as delightful drawing his attention.

"No," he directed and allowed her cum covered hand to leave his cock, passing her his t-shirt to wipe away the evidence. He kept his eyes on the denim skirt that had ridden up to her hips and stayed there, a triangular bulge of pink nylon covering her pussy. She passed back his shirt and he wiped the cum from his stomach as he looked up into her face. "I was just

thinking, what if Harry wants to touch you? I mean, speaking frankly how long has it been Mom?"

Tess looked down at her own body, knowing full well what her skirt was revealing.

"You're right Darling," she agreed. "It HAS been so long since a man has touched me. Do you think we should try some other things, just so I'm prepared?"

Flynn cast the cum soaked t-shirt aside. "I mean it wouldn't hurt," he added, dropping his eyes back to her pubic bulge then up again. "Do you want me to.....?"

Her nodding was all the consent he needed as he leaned forward. The closer her got the stronger the scent. The smell of a woman, his mother. His mother's pussy. He inhaled deeper as his lips pressed the soft lump of pubic hair and bone behind the damp pink material. Gently kissing the divine region before raising his hands to her hips and beneath her skirt.

With his mouth still pressed to her, he took hold of the band of her underwear and lowered them down her thighs, his lips meeting a wet tangle of pube, kissing her, breathing her in.

"Oh Flynn," Tess sighed above him and he looked up to her as he lowered her underwear the rest of the way down her legs. She ran a hand through his hair, her breathing laboured. "Should I get on the bed?"

The question needed no answer and as she moved beside him, Flynn took the opportunity to remove his own jeans completely, leaving them aptly beside his mother's panties. She lay down before him, skirt hitched around her waist and naked, her son climbed between her legs, his hands on her parted thighs. Flynn took a moment to admire the sight, the v of dark pubes

above the folds of dripping labia before he moved in, his mouth encircling his mother's cunt.

Her hips rose to push against him as his tongue entered her body, lapping, drinking in the fluid she'd created for him, only for him. His hands joining in the fray, spreading her labia as he pulled out and focussed on her clit. The pleasure was unexpected and Tess arched her spine on the mattress, clutching the comforter much as her own son had done as he nibbled, sucked her most tender of zones.

Wrapping a leg around his head, Tess drew her son further into her pussy as he dropped two fingers to her opening. Lapping away on her clitoris, he delved deep, her vagina tighter than he expected, her reaction as welcoming as he'd hoped.

Tess moaned as he fingered her. The pleasure almost too much as he doubled up by sucking her clit. She wondered how he was so good? How he knew just the right way to please her? How many girls had he done this with? It didn't matter. He was with her now. Mother and son. No more intimate relationship could there be, no coupling more righteous. They were made for each other.

Her orgasm came faster than she could manage herself. Did she need further proof they were meant to be? Wave after wave of euphoria swept her body as Flynn suckled her clitoris, his fingers curling inside her, now familiar within her private walls. She lifted her top above her breasts, pinching her own nipples to prolong, enhance the climax, her pussy grinding into her son's face.

Flynn rubbed his cock hard into the mattress as she came into his mouth. The reality of bringing his own mother to orgasm had himself on the verge of again cumming, lifting his groin at the last moment from the duvet

before he embarrassed himself. Would he though? He was at the point where he felt he could do and say whatever in front of her. She to him. They were finally one. Well almost.

Flynn raised his face from between his mother's parted thighs when it finally seemed her orgasm had ebbed. Her expectant eyes looking along her body to him.

"Do you think we should fuc....?" He nearly managed to completely ask.

"Yes!" Tess demanded before he could finish, dragging him up her body, his cock magnetically homing in on her lubricated and awaiting love.

Now they were one. Mother and son as nature intended. Cock deep. Their pelvis' ground together.

Flynn dropped his face to hers and her mouth opened awaiting his lips, his tongue. Their kiss as passionate, more so than the previous night.

"There is no Harry," she breathed into his mouth as they embraced, arms, her legs wrapped tight around his body, drawing him into her.

"What?" Flynn sighed as he kissed her mouth, her jaw. Wondering why she'd even bother raising his name.

"We kissed at lunch today and I felt nothing," she confided and Flynn looked into her eyes, ceasing his penetration as she explained. "Nothing like last night Flynn." She admitted, her eyes tearing with the confession. "It was then I knew Baby. That it's you. It's always been you. You're the only man I want. That I need."

"What about the other date?" Flynn asked.

"There isn't another," a wry smile came to her mouth. "I lied. I broke it off with him today."

That she needed 'help' with kissing, with 'touching' a man had always seemed the flimsiest excuse for what they were doing, Flynn knew but never had he been so happy to be lied to.

"So no more Harry?" He excitedly posed, his mother shaking her head in assurance as he resumed his slow fucking of her before once again pausing. "Does that mean no more lessons?"

Tess lowered her arms down her son's back, cupping his buttocks and pulling him deep inside her.

"Oh no Baby, there's still so much we've yet to do," she assured him.

"I love you," Flynn declared and it was exactly what Tess needed to hear, raising her mouth to again join his.

"Then show me Baby," Tess stated. "Teach me how a son fucks his mother."

Despite her hands locking him in place, Flynn pulled out and malleable, completely at his will, Tess allowed herself to be turned over on the bed. Pulling her onto her knees, she looked back at him, muscular yet still so young. Always her little boy but with the body of a man, the erection to prove it. For a moment she thought he'd take her ass. The idea terrifying and thrilling at once. More than willing to accept him, welcome to anything. He pulled her back onto him, his cock entering her again, doggy style, his pelvis slapping her ass. Dropping forward she clutched at a pillow, turning her head to see herself and her son in the reflection of a mirror. So beautiful a sight. His hands on her ass, spreading her as he fucked. Her body revealed before him, as base as she could be. Submitted. Orgasm approaching.

Flynn could feel her cumming. His eyes locked on her spread asshole, twitching as in turn the walls of her pussy twitched around him. He lifted

her up to kneel with him, her back to his chest. Kissing her neck, she turned her face to greet him, her eyes lazy, delirious from cumming.

"Cum in me," she begged and as if she'd turned a faucet, he came.

Hands on her breasts, their mouths locked, Flynn came inside his mother. His commitment to her in the form of ejaculate. Proof he loved her. With the subtlest of thrusts he painted her walls. Cum surging forth, Tess feeling the flood, her son welcomed once more by her womb.

Releasing his held breath, Flynn dropped down onto the mattress, his mother following, turning with him inside her to face her boy. Kissing, they hugged, Tess squeezing her pelvic floor around him drawing a smile upon his face.

"Looks like you have a lot you can teach me," Flynn marvelled at the sensation around his cock.

"Oh, I'm sure I can come up with a few lessons," she giggled.

Flynn ran his hands down his mother's back drawing goosebumps.

"Mmm," she sighed, slowly moving her hips on his still erect penis. "Think you're ready for a bit more home schooling?"

Flynn lowered his mother back down onto the bed, thanking Harry Flack for coming back into their lives, his slick cum coated cock sliding most of the way out before again fully entering.

"I am," Flynn agreed, kissing her throat. "And I'm already imagining some extracurricular activities for us in the future."

"*Mmm*, I like the sound of that," Tess sighed, thanking Harry herself for re-appearing on the scene.

Home Security

Garret looked at himself in the mirror of his bedroom closet. The suit fit him well he thought. He pulled the badge from the inside pocket and flashed it to the reflection. "Security. You're under arrest!"

The door to his room opened without warning and his mother entered, her face lighting up when she saw her son. "Oh Honey, you look so handsome."

"Mom! Can you knock for once!" Garret pleaded feeling more than a little embarrassed at being caught playing security guard.

Brooke Byrnes crossed the short distance to her son and took him by the lapels. "Oh come now, you've got nothing to hide from me," looking down at his awkwardly knotted neck tie. "Here let Mommy do that for you." She stated, undoing the tie and starting again. "Now watch me Honey. Over, around, around..."

Garret wasn't watching her hands. His mother's satin dressing gown, loosely tied at the waist flashed plenty of her inner boob and understandably the sight caught his nearly nineteen year old attention.

"..up and back down the middle. See, it's easy." Brooke continued. "What will you do when you're living on your own? Oh what am I saying?" She quickly added. "You're never leaving home. I won't let you!" She tightened and straightened the tie and pulled her son to her chest, wrapping her arms around him. Garret in turn felt it wrong to not return the hug and with one hand on her lower back, the other higher, pressed against the silky material and the warm flesh beneath.

Too soon for Garret the embrace ended but his mother remained by his side to look in the mirror. Lifting a hand to her mouth she sighed. "Oh my baby's all grown up. Just look at you. Your Daddy would have been so proud."

The mention of his father took Garret out of his euphoria. "Do you think?" He stated, no hope in his inflection.

Brooke too seemed to reconsider her statement. Her husband resentful of the special relationship she shared with her son, growing to a hatred of the boy. "Well I'm proud of you!" She again raised a hand to her mouth as tears welled in her eyes. "Oh. My baby's first day at work."

"Mom, really?" Garret questioned.

"I can't help it. You've grown up so fast." Brooke again embraced her son and Garret felt her body even closer on this occasion. Her belly and breasts pushing hard against him. "It seems like only yesterday I was nursing you, changing your diapers."

"Okay Mom," Garret broke the embrace much to his mother's annoyance. "I've got to get going. I don't want to be late."

"Well you'll be careful won't you?" Brooke asked. "And you'll call me if anything happens."

Garret shook his head but smiled at her overprotection. "Ah, I doubt it. Mom, don't worry. I'll be okay."

"Oh I know you will baby. You're such a big boy now...but," she paused.

"What?" Garret asked her, placing his phone and wallet in his pocket.

"Well do you need your blankie?"

Garret's face reddened. They hadn't discussed the 'blankie' for months and for her to bring it up right before he started his first day at work wasn't what

he needed. "What? No. Mom!"

"It's no problem Sweetie. You can have them right now if you need it."

Garret paused, thinking about her offer before shaking his head. "No. Look I've got to get going," he crossed his room, kissing her on the cheek as he passed. "I should be home around eight tonight."

Brooke followed her son through the house toward the front door. "Well call if you think you'll be late. I'll have dinner ready for you when you get home."

Garret turned to her as he opened the door. She was handling it all better than he'd expected and wanted to give her credit. "I love you Mom."

She leaned in for another goodbye kiss and her lips pressed to his. "I love you too Baby."

On the bus Garret watched the streetscape pass by but his mind was on other things. The 'blankie.' Why would she bring it up today of all days? From an early age Garret had suffered separation anxiety. Bedtime was especially difficult and without the presence of his mother he struggled to fall asleep, crying relentlessly until her return. Only by accident, her discarded scarf left upon his crib, did she stumble on an answer. Finding him snuggling the 'mommy' scented fabric and dozing peacefully one bedtime. From then on he slept like an angel. Her angel. Only needing an item of her clothing to feel secure, like a puppy sensing its mother's heartbeat. As the years progressed they termed any item of her clothing he slept with, the 'blankie.'

His father had never been happy with the situation and by his son's eighth birthday, with the threat of violence he'd tried to put a stop to it. The ultimatum however brought Mother and son closer, conspiring secretly to

continue the practice when he felt he needed it. In his teens, Brooke had presumed he'd grown out of it until discovering a pair of her panties in his bed shortly after his eighteenth birthday.

Garret had explained their presence with the use of the word 'blankie' thereby extinguishing any sexual connotations and as such, Brooke was more than happy to enable her sons needs, leaving her underwear in places easily accessed by her boy if he needed them. If Brooke was honest with herself, it delighted her. Laying in bed a room away, knowing he was holding them in the night, wondering if he was smelling them, possibly using them to pleasure himself. The idea caused Brooke as much pleasure as she imagined he was having, drifting off to her own dreamland where he and she were the only two people left on Earth.

*

The bus pulled up at the mall and Garret found his way to his employer. The department store had three levels and he was now one of their handful of loss prevention officers, two of which on duty at any time. His colleague was an elderly gentleman and Garret took a liking to the man immediately.

"The security tags have brought down the theft," Roy Carter explained.

"We'll still get junkies trying it on, they just ignore the alarms and lights and do a runner. You don't chase them lad," Roy raised a finger to emphasise the point. "Let the cops deal with that. No, our job is to watch the monitors and walk the floor."

"So how often do you catch someone stealing stuff?" Garret inquired, looking at the array of screens before them.

"Oh maybe once a week," Roy looked closer at a screen, using the mouse to highlight and zoom in on an area. "Here we go now." The camera focussed

on a small group of schoolgirls gathered in the makeup section. "School kids are the ones to look out for." Watching intently the behaviour of the girls for a minute, Roy leaned back in his chair. "Nah, they're not up to anything. School kids and bored housewives. They're the ones to watch!"

"Housewives?" Garret responded.

"Yep. Kleptomaniac cougars I call 'em," Roy chuckled to himself. "Middle aged women, nothing to do at home so they spice up their lives with petty theft. Must give them some kind of thrill. You'd be surprised."

"I am," Garret admitted, thinking of his own mother. She would never do something like that, he reasoned.

"Alright Lad. You've got your radio? Let's go stretch our legs."

*

The day ended uneventfully. With sore feet and an honest days work behind him, Garret made it home on time much to his mother's delight and eager to hear of her son's first day.

"Nothing much happened at all really," Garret explained over dinner. "I like the man I work with. He reminds me a bit of Grandpa."

"So no criminals, you didn't thwart a diamond heist?" Brooke mused, refilling her son's water glass.

"Nah. I wouldn't even know what to do if I saw a thief at this stage," Garret expressed.

"But you've had training?"

"Yeah it's not that, it's how I'd react I guess. I suppose I won't know until it happens," he admitted.

"And I'm sure you'll do just fine Baby. Oh Honey. Have I told you how proud I am of you?" Brooke placed a hand over her sons.

Garret smiled back, enjoying the feeling. "Ah yeah. I think you mentioned it once or twice!"

"Oh Sweetie don't be mean to Mommy. I'm just excited for you, that's all."

"I know," Garret conceded shovelling food into his mouth, his first full work day building up a mighty hunger.

"Oh! Roy did tell me something funny. That's my boss," he explained. "He says middle aged housewives are the biggest shoplifters!"

"Really?" Brooke replied, heaping her uneaten meat onto her sons plate.

"Yep, them and school kids," Garret elaborated. "Roy says they must be bored at home and shoplift to liven up the day or something like that."

"Is that so?" Brooke stated. "Well I don't need to do anything illegal to liven up my day!" She thought of her actions before Garret had returned home. Laying on her son's bed, her hand in her underwear, masturbating to the thought of Garret in his new suit.

"Oh I'm not saying you'd do it Mom," Garret laughed. "You're much too straight and predictable."

"Am I now?" Brooke rose from the table, taking their now empty plates to the sink. Garret took a moment to admire her body from behind. Her long bare legs leading up to a short denim skirt. Her ass was large but definitely not fat and he could see her bra through the thin material of her top.

"Well did you predict what Mommy left on your pillow then Honey?" Brooke enquired over her shoulder.

Garret was taken aback. He'd not noticed anything when he returned home, dropping his phone and wallet off in his room without lingering. He suspected what she was hinting at and was immediately aroused. Sheepishly he rose from the table and moved towards his mother.

"Is it a blankie?" Garret asked cautiously.

Brooke smiled at her boy as she turned to face him. "I thought you might need it after a long day," she smoothed his hair away from his face and left a hand on his cheek. "Just to help my little man relax that's all."

Garret felt a stirring in his pants and was eager to get to his room. His face blushing, he smiled. "Thanks Mom. It's just to help me sleep!"

"I know Honey," she leaned in and kissed Garret on the mouth, her lips slightly parted leaving a drop of moisture behind on her son. "Now go on, off to bed. Let Mommy clean up in here."

Garret tried to refrain from racing to his room and when the door was closed behind him he was quick to remove his clothing and jump into bed. His mother's panties were cotton. Blue and white checks and wet at the crotch. He'd been home for an hour and yet their dampness remained. Had she taken them off just before he returned? With his erection growing and breathing in the scent of his mother's pussy on her underwear he wondered if he'd grow out of his need for the 'blankie?' Maybe, he thought; but as his hand encircled his swollen cock, he didn't see the need to stop right now.

*

Garret was in the dvd section keeping an eye on a group of teenage girls when the radio on his hip received a burst of static and Roy called him. "Garret. Come up to the office, got something to show you."

"Be right there," Garret replied and leaving the teens, made his way to the security office.

Opening the door to the bank of monitors, Garret was greeted by Roy motioning him forward with his hand. "Here look, we've got one."

Garret sat down beside Roy and looked at the appropriate screen.

"I've been watching her for the last ten minutes," Roy proclaimed. "She's not even trying to avoid the cameras!"

Garret watched the woman as the camera followed her course. Browsing the lingerie department she stopped at a row of panties and took a pair off the rack. Casually placing them in her handbag she continued further along the aisle.

"That's the third pair she's taken!" Roy stated before turning to the younger man, yet to say a word.

Garret was as white as a sheet as he stared at the woman.

"What's wrong with you?" Roy asked the boy. "You said you were hoping for some action today. You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"Not a ghost," Garret said, turning in the chair to face Roy. "My Mom!"

*

Brooke hadn't really thought it through. She imagined it would be funny, that Garret would see her immediately and understand it was a joke. Having placed two pairs of panties in her bag and having been there for more than ten minutes she was wondering whether she was being observed at all. In full view of the camera she took the lace thong from the rack and added it to her collection. A sheer black bodysuit caught her eye and out of genuine interest she examined it on the rack waiting for her son to discover her.

*

"What do you mean it's your mother?" Roy frowned, desperately trying to prevent it turning into a smirk.

"I guess she thinks it's a joke," Garret explained. "I was telling her about the housewife shoplifters and about how I hadn't apprehended a thief yet. She must have thought it would be funny for me to catch her."

Roy was doing all he could to stop himself laughing. "This isn't a game Garret. She could be in serious trouble."

"I know Roy."

"She could go to prison for this!" He added and immediately felt bad when he saw the fear in the kid's face. "Alright look. Granted she hasn't stolen anything until she's left the store. I'm sure we could let her off with a warning just this once."

"If we could! It's just a joke Roy I'm sure. She would never do something like this!" Garret assured him.

"Alright Buddy. Go get her. You can bring her back here if you like. Show her around. And if she really is a thief maybe tell her to find another profession, because she's piss poor at shoplifting that's for sure!"

"Thank you Roy, will you come with me to tell her?" Garret asked already heading for the door.

"No I'll save her the embarrassment. I'll head off on my break and see you in half an hour. You're in charge son and please, in the future. No more practical joking family members!"

*

Brooke placed the bodysuit on the hanger in the changing room and her handbag on the seat. Looking at herself in the mirror she noticed how pronounced her nipples appeared through the dress. It's the excitement of shoplifting, she thought to herself; must be the reason we middle aged housewives turn to crime. No, she quickly rebutted. They're hard for another reason aren't they Brooke? She added. It's him. The thought of Garret finding her in the change rooms. Arresting her, only jokingly of course. Handcuffing her and searching her like they do at the airport. Patting down her body, his hands all over her.

Oh get a grip Brooke she told herself. He doesn't even have handcuffs! But the thought of her son's touch on her body didn't go away, the familiar feeling creeping into her groin. Untying her wrap dress and pulling her arms from the sleeves she placed it on another hanger and again eyed her reflection. He could come in now, she imagined. She removed her bra and as her panties lowered she noticed how wet she'd become. Standing totally naked but for her heels she ran a hand down from her breast and across her stomach, imagining the door opening and Garret entering. He'd close it behind himself and gaze upon her nudity. She'd see the hardness growing in his pants and the hunger in his eyes. Her baby boy, now a man would press her to the wall and...no Brooke. She broke into the fantasy, pulling her hand from between her legs and regaining her faculties. Don't cum now.

Garret crossed the women's department heading for the lingerie section.

"Oh good," a shop assistant caught his eye and approached. "I was just about to call you guys."

Garret hadn't been introduced to everyone in the store and the girl, roughly his own age was unknown to him.

"Oh yeah?" Garret asked, resting his hand on his radio, all of a sudden feeling quite important and hoping she wasn't alluding to his mother.

"What's the problem?"

"Well you've seen her right? That's why you're here?"

"Ah seen who," Garret looked down at her name-tag. "Katie?"

"The woman stealing all of the panties! She's gone into the changing rooms."

"Um yep, we've been watching her." Garret felt himself blush at his mother's actions. If anyone else found out who she was, he'd never live it down. "I'll take care of it."

Brooke did a final turn in the mirror. The bodysuit was tight and sheer enough to reveal her pubic hair and nipples. Would Garret like it? She asked herself. Where was he? The fantasy was for him to be in there with her. Reluctantly she lowered the lingerie noting she'd dampened the crotch and guiltily grinned at her reflection. Oh well. I was going to buy it anyway! She told herself and reached for her own underwear. Resigned he wasn't coming she was quickly dressed and taking her handbag opened the change room door.

They both jumped as they met each other face to face. "Oh goodness Garret! You surprised me." Brooke exclaimed.

"Mom!" Garret challenged. "What the hell are you doing?"

Recovering from the fright, Brooke smiled with relief. "Well here you are finally. I was wondering how long you'd take to catch me."

"What? 'Catch' you! Mom this isn't a game."

"Oh come now Sweetheart. You know I was only playing." She held open her handbag to reveal the panties and Garret reached in, taking possession.

"And what about that one?" He asked gesturing to the bodysuit.

"Oh I was actually going to buy this." She held it up to her body. "Do you like it?"

He did like it but wasn't in the mood to debate its merits right then and then. The staff member entered the change rooms and being within hearing distance Garret thought it time they move along. Adding the bodysuit to the panties, Garret took his mother by the elbow and led her past the sales assistant, leaving the underwear with the girl. "Right this way Madam," he stated keeping up the charade she was unknown to him.

Garret guiding his mother quickly through the store toward the back offices, to the average customer and even other staff looked exactly like the shoplifting apprehension he intended to have them believe it was. He navigated the back passages until finally they were alone in the security office and Garret challenged her again.

"Seriously Mom. You could have gotten into trouble or had me fired," Garret tried to rationalize. "What were you thinking?"

"I was trying to help," Brooke began. "You said you didn't know what you would do if you saw a shoplifter. I thought you could do a test run on me!"

"And what if I wasn't here when you came in?"

Brooke had to admit to herself again, she probably hadn't thought it through. It had worked out well enough though. Here she was, under arrest by her own son. "It worked though didn't it? You got the thief. What would you do now if I was the real thing?"

"Call the cops I suppose," Garret offered, still frazzled.

"Oh!" Brooke replied a little disappointed. "But what about the stolen goods? Wouldn't you have to search me to get the items back?"

"I already did! They were in your handbag."

"Ah but I went into the change rooms," Brooke stated. "What if I'd hidden some more items on myself?"

She was right, Garret thought. She (or the potential thief) could be wearing stolen items and just walk out of the store. "Mom. Do you have any more items on you?"

"Well no but maybe you should do a test run on me anyway!"

"You want me to search you?" Garret asked.

"Well yes. Isn't it part of your job?"

"Um to be honest; no," Garret explained. "Actually I think it would be against the law."

"Oh that's nonsense, come on someone must have to do it at some stage, you'd best get some practice while you have the chance."

She was making some valid points. It hadn't been part of his training up until then but he'd seen police do it. Maybe he should practice on his mother, as she said, 'while he had the chance.'

"Um okay, I guess I could do it," Garret complied, beginning to sense there was more to this than his mother helping to provide on the job training.

"Good boy," Brooke commended him. "Now, what would you do if you thought I'd hidden some goods?"

Garret looked at his mother up and down. Her green wrap dress was tight fitting and didn't offer any potential hidden compartments. His eyes settled on her breasts.

"Ah, pat you down I guess," he proposed.

"Alright," Brooke replied dropping her handbag onto the table behind her.

"Tell me what to do Darling."

"Um, arms out to your side," he commanded and was surprised to see his mother immediately comply. Running his hands from her wrist along the sleeve of her dress he reached her armpit and stopped as she giggled.

"Mom, you have to take this seriously."

"I'm sorry Honey, it just tickled is all," she defended herself. "Okay now the other."

Garret repeated the process on her left, then avoiding her breasts ran his hands down her sides to the hip. Dropping to his knees he looked up into his mother's eyes.

"Excuse me madam but I have to do this!" He explained, beginning to enjoy their play acting. With one hand outside her dress, the other beneath, he slid them up her leg. Inching upwards from the hem at her knee along her inner and outer thighs before stopping when his hand hit her crotch. He repeated the action on the other leg, his hand pressing harder this time as he made contact with his mother's panty covered pussy.

"I'm sorry," he offered as he began to blush.

Brooke was breathing heavier and whispered back. "It's fine Darling. You have to be sure."

Garret stood back up and again stared at his mother's breasts.

"Oh my baby's so smart!" Brooke stated. "It's probably where I'd hide something too!"

Garret swallowed hard and hesitated.

"It's okay sweetheart. You can touch Mommy's breasts!" Brooke whispered.

With shaking hands and an erection growing in his pants, Garret gently pressed his palms to her bust. Her nipples hardened under his touch as he moved his thumbs and fingers across her cups, pressing, lifting, weighing her boobs in his hands. He would have been content to just hold them. To cradle them in his palms for the rest of the day but Brooke, as aroused as her son was obviously becoming, wanted more. "Good boy Baby, you're so thorough. Let me help you, just to be sure."

With a deft move of her hands, Brooke undid the belt around her waist and her dress fell partly open, remaining sealed at her chest merely by her son's touch. Garret dropped his arms and it opened to reveal her underwear. The white bra, nipples he'd just caressed clearly visible and matching panties; a pair he knew all too well. His favourite of many 'blankies.' Noticeably blushing, Garret let out a held breath as he took in his mother, his eyes trailing down from her breasts, drawn to her pubic mound.

"Do you see any stolen goods Honey?" Brooke asked.

Garret could merely shake his head.

"You should probably search me again, don't you think?"

This time Garret nodded.

His hands rose again to her breasts and having shed all doubt this wasn't sexual, confidently pressed them to her bra. Pushed up from beneath, Brooke's breasts pointed suggestively towards her son; the nipples rigid.

Garret massaged the soft satin and the skin beneath with love, pinching his mother's nipples gently between thumb and forefinger.

Brooke could see the erection twitch in her son's pants. She longed to see it in person. "Do you need to inspect inside Mommy's panties Darling?"

Brooke hinted, aching for him to touch her vagina.

Garret was finding it hard to verbalise and again nodded, sliding a hand down her belly to her groin. Hitting the waistband of his mother's panties he continued, cupping his palm onto her pubic mound, his fingers between her legs.

He could feel the dampness through her panties, her thick inner thighs slick with juice. Garret looked up into his mother's eyes. "Like this Mom?"

"Oh yes Baby," she sighed. "Just like that. Your so good at your job."

The heat from his mother's pussy increased as he pressed harder into her groin, gently rocking back and forth as Brooke's mouth fell open with pleasure.

"Hmm, nothing here," Garret stated, enjoying the look on his mother's face. "I think I'll have to check them from behind Madam," he ventured.

"If you say so," Brooke purred. "I'll do anything to co-operate Mister!"

Excitement showed in Garret's face as he turned his mother to face the monitors, bending her forward over the back of a chair. Brooke was compliant and spread her feet as her son lifted her dress up over her bottom to rest on her lower back. Her peach shaped rear exposed, Garret used the opportunity to readjust his erection before placing his hands on the cheeks of his mother's panty clad ass.

The white satin was taut across her globes and he caressed the familiar material (a pair he'd snuggled up in bed with on many an occasion), and her warm buttocks beneath.

"That's right my angel," Brooke purred, swaying her ass gently under his touch. "Touch Mommy's panties."

Garret could smell his mother's arousal. From his vantage point he could see the wetness of her gusset. He took hold of the hem and eased the underwear over his mother's ass exposing her bare buttocks and slid them half way down her thighs. His cock ached to be loosed from his pants. To be pressed against her beautiful bottom, to penetrate his mother as nature intended.

The lips of his mother's pussy clearly visible, her hairless anus above, Garret thought he would faint. So many times he'd dreamed of this moment, her panties to his face, wrapped around his cock all the while imagining it was her in bed with him. The charade this was practice for his job was well and truly over; they both knew it but Brooke continued playing the game.

"It's called a cavity search Darling. Go on, put your fingers inside Mommy's pussy," she sighed.

Garret was eager to comply, first pressing the backs of two fingers to her sodden pubic bone and sliding them along her labia until reaching her asshole and returning. Literally dripping, he placed them at the entrance to her vagina and entered.

"Oh Baby," Brooke moaned.

"Oh Mom," Garret chorused, pushing them in and out, amazed at the heat inside her body. "It feels beautiful!"

"Does it Sweetie? Do you like fingering Mommy's pussy?" Brooke sighed, using one hand for balance the other to tweak a nipple.

"I love it Mom, it's amazing."

"Don't forget Mommy's asshole Baby, you have to search there too!"

Brooke hinted, desperate to have both her holes filled by her son.

Garret was quick to facilitate his mother's desire. Sliding his fingers from her pussy he smeared her already wet anus with lubricant and pressed his index finger to her tiny puckered asshole. It looked so small, he thought, they'll never fit. But as he pushed, her anus opened allowing his digit to pass the rubbery sphincter and enter her rectum. A whole new world opened up to him. An undiscovered country within his mother's body, hereto unexplored by his mind let alone his fingers. He pressed his other hand to her pussy below and about to enter was stopped by his mother. "Use you dick Darling!" She begged and being a dutiful son, Garret obliged.

His fly was open in seconds and his cock aimed squarely at his mother's pussy. With his finger buried to the webbing inside her ass, his penis joined it inside her body.

Nineteen years Brooke had waited for this moment. To have her baby back inside her. To finally be one with him again. Her orgasm began the moment his penis pressed to her vagina. Exploding in her brain, flooding her body with pleasure and his cock with fluid. "Oh my baby boy yes! Fuck Mommy," she screamed. "Fuck Mommy's wet pussy Garret."

Garret was almost in tears so great was the feeling. Her body shuddering, his mother's pussy twitching around his cock, hugging his shaft perfectly as though made for him. No, he thought. I was made for her. I was born to fuck her. The only woman I'll ever need or love.

Through bleary eyes Brooke absently watched the bank of monitors as she came. She saw the change rooms where she'd tried on the lingerie. A woman with a younger man. Were they mother and son? She wondered. She pitied the woman if she never felt the love she now experienced. To have her son inside her.

Garret's groin slapped against his mother's ass. He pressed his exploring index finger down and felt his cock inside her. Just the idea of which, hastening his orgasm. He too looked at the monitors, the lingerie department, the group of girls now near the change rooms, the entrance to the store and Roy heading back from his break. "Oh shit," Garret exclaimed as he looked to another camera, Roy now nearing the back offices.

"It's okay Honey, you can cum inside me!" Brooke declared, thinking her boy was alluding to an impending orgasm.

"No Mom, it's Roy!" He pointed at the monitor as he reluctantly pulled his dripping cock from her vagina followed by his finger from her anus accompanied by a satisfying pop.

Brooke disregarded her sons aimed finger, instead focusing her attention on the slick hard flesh staring up at her as she turned.

"Then I'll have to escalate your training," she huffed as she dropped to her knees before her son.

Garret, with mouth agape, followed his mother's progression as she took hold of his rigid cock, her own mouth opening to take him between her lips.

He'd fantasised this happening. In his mind he was always in bed, in his pyjamas, his mother sucking him off to sleep. In reality it was much, much better.

She cupped his balls, so heavy, laden with accumulated teenage boy sperm. She squeezed his wet lubricated shaft, jerking her hand along and around him rapidly as her mouth sucked furiously on his swollen head, drinking down his sweet pre-cum.

"Oh Jesus," Garret managed to gasp as he felt his orgasm approach. He conceded the quickest of glances at the monitor to see Roy's approach paused as he spoke to a manager, then directly back at his mom, her head bobbing, more of his cock entering her mouth.

"Mom I'm gonna cum!" He confessed, warning her. At least giving her the option of not taking his load in her mouth. He wasn't surprised when she didn't release him from her oral confines, in fact milking harder his pussy juice, saliva slick, incest pole.

He exploded inside her. Brooke, although expecting and welcoming the cum, shocked at the volume, the speed it shot into her mouth. Down her throat, jets of sperm rocketed before she even thought about swallowing, her tongue instinctively blocking its passage and her cheeks filling with cum, before finally having to remove the cock from her mouth for lack of room.

The head of his still cumming cock slurped out from between his mother's lips, sperm spraying her nose and cheek as she angled him upwards.

"Fuck Mom," he gasped, in pleasure, in apology, in relief before darting his eyes again toward the monitor. Roy nowhere. "Shit, get up," he screamed, helping his mother to her feet as she swallowed her mouthful of son cum, annoyed she no longer had his cock in her hand, let alone between her lips.

"He's nearly here," Garret explained as he stuffed his erection back into his pants, bending forward uncomfortably as he did up the fly.

Brooke had her dress together and tied as Garret raised a hand to her face, his index finger scooping up the streak of jizz, about to dispose of the evidence before his mother took his hand and wrapped her lips around his digit. Sucking the cum from his finger, dessert after the main meal, Brooke swirled the flavour around her mouth before swallowing another load of her son's produce.

The security office door opened and Roy was surprised by the presence of the two. The woman especially. "Well I take it this is the thief?" He joked as he entered the room and approached the occupants.

"Yeah, um Roy," Garret sheepishly began. "This is my mother."

"Brooke Byrnes," she ventured, holding her hand out to the older man.

Roy took it and inspected the woman. Closer up she was very attractive, possibly in her forties he assumed judging by the age of Garret. Now closer to her he could smell the scent of a woman. Strong, the pleasant aroma of sex. He looked at Garret, standing uncomfortably, stooping almost. No! He thought to himself.

"Dangerous game you were playing here young lady!" Roy declared.

Brooke for an instant believed their incestuous coupling had been discovered before Roy went on.

"Stores policy is to prosecute shoplifters!"

She smiled nervously. "Oh I can assure you it was only meant as a harmless joke."

"Yeah Roy," Garret added. "She was only trying to help me get some experience." He thought of the experience she had given him. He'd lost his

virginity with her, his mother. Or had he? He wondered. Does it count if you cum in their mouth? He put that thought on hold.

"Well I hope you gave her a stern talking to." He smiled as he said it and it reassured both mother and son there would be no repercussions.

"I did Roy, I was pretty hard on her!" Garret confessed, smiling at his mother.

"That's right," Brooke added. "And I'm sure he'll give me a thorough tongue lashing when he gets home tonight!"

Garret did his best not to laugh as he led his mother out of the room. Roy watched the two leave, again admiring the boy's mother. He thought of his own, now in her eighties. Curiously his mind drifted back to his youth, sneaking her underwear from the wash. His cock twitched in his pants and he made a note of visiting her on the weekend.

In the hallway, the door closed behind them, Mother and son stared into each other's eyes before bursting into stifled laughter. It seemed so natural. His mother undressing before him. He'd seen her naked before of course. Boyhood peeks as she moved from the shower to her bedroom; a bathtub moment forever in his memory where the bubbles dispersed to reveal her pubic hair. Nothing like this. He'd seen her asshole, fingered it, had his cock inside her, he'd cum in her mouth!

Brooke raised a hand to her mouth as if reading his thoughts, a final inspection to be sure there was no residual cum as her giggling subsided.

"Oh goodness Darling, that was close!" She breathed, reaching out and straightening her sons tie.

"Yeah Mom, this can't happen again. You could get me fired or worse get caught by someone else!"

"Oh I know Honey, I've learnt my lesson," she conceded. "You've set Mommy straight. I'll be good from now on."

"Oh really?" Garret looked at her questionably.

"Well...I'll try to be," she admitted. Satisfied with his tie, Brooke took a step back, holding his hand to keep the connection.

"Well I suppose I'll see you when you get home," she conceded reluctant to leave his presence. "Don't worry I won't embarrass you by kissing you goodbye in public," she added.

"Screw that," Garret laughed and moved in immediately, his lips pressing to those that had moments earlier been around his cock, his tongue entering the mouth that had swallowed his cum. "If we can fuck in public, we can kiss as well," he told her.

His mouth on hers, his hand casually wrapping around her hip to caress her ass, feeling the bare skin of her buttocks through the dress.

"You forgot to pull up your panties Mom," Garret challenged her.

Brooke pulled back with a wicked grin on her face, looking either side to be sure they weren't observed.

"No Honey, I forgot to take them off," she whispered as she bent down to slip her underwear from mid thigh to her ankles and off.

She brought the white satin up between them, presenting her panties to her son.

"I thought you might need a blankie to bide you over until home time."

Garret's cock stiffened in his pants, longing like its commander to again be inside the woman.

Taking the delicate material from his mother, Garret placed them in his pocket.

"Don't think that this precludes you from receiving that tongue lashing when I get home Mom," Garret confidently warned her.

"Oh no Honey, when Mommy's been bad she needs to be punished," she sighed, feeling her juice dripping between her thighs. "And Mommy's been a bad, bad girl."

Home Shopping

Chapter 1

'Well, how will I get to and from work each day?' I overheard Mom ask my father from the kitchen. Dad had been given an overnight shift at the plant for the next few months and it was already throwing out my parents' schedule.

Ever since I could remember, Dad had driven Mom to work, gone on to his own workplace, and picked her up on the way home. It had been practical and convenient, meaning they had only ever needed one car.

Mom worked at the local television station. It sounds glamorous I know, and when I was a kid, it was pretty cool seeing her on the news desk each day. She was a local celebrity in the community and by association I was pretty popular in grade school. Unfortunately, our town had been slowly dying over a number of years and with cutbacks, the local news was no longer being broadcast from the station, leaving the Home Shopping channel (thankfully being syndicated) the only production coming out of it.

Mom went from newsreader to salesperson pretty much overnight and I and most of my friends (teleshopping not being required viewing at our age) rarely saw her face on screen. There were still perks, however. The house was filled with unused exercise equipment; rarely used kitchen appliances and utensils; and Mom had a never-ending supply of cheap jewelry; all compliments of the advertisers.

I turned the volume down on the television and sunk into the couch in an effort to hide my presence. I had a feeling I knew what Dad was about to say, that she could use my car, or I could drive her, and I didn't like either prospect. I was enjoying the same free time my older sister had taken between school and career, she had traveled; in my case, I was lazing

around the house. I certainly didn't want my style cramped now by driving my mother around, or worse still, losing my car each day.

'What about Corey drives you?'

Fuck, I thought as Dad made the suggestion. Mom was quiet in response and Dad went on.

'We can't expect him to loan you his car, but he could at least give you a lift. Christ knows he does nothing else all day!'

I silently cursed him for the comment, obviously thinking I couldn't hear but I had to admit he was kind of right, and to be honest, I was admittedly even getting a little bored. There were worse things in the world than chauffeuring my mother around I supposed, right then I couldn't think of any, but I was sure they'd come to me eventually.

I waited for Mom to finally give him a response and when I heard a chair move and her approaching footsteps, I knew she'd gone along with him.

'Honey?' Mom asked over my shoulder.

'I'll do it!' I broke in before she had a chance to ask me the whole question.

She came around the couch and faced me. 'What, you overheard?'

'Yep.'

'And you don't mind? It'll only be for a couple of months or so. We'll... I'll, be ever so grateful!' She smiled in the light from the television.

'Oh yeah? Remember that when it's my birthday!' I grinned back at her.

*

A few days in and it wasn't so bad. Dad told me not to pay my weekly board to cover the extra gas I was using, and it was even pleasant spending twenty

minutes or so each day in the car with Mom. The station was well out of town on the interstate, atop the highest hill in the region, and as per usual, I'd taken to getting there a few minutes early each day to enjoy the sun setting over our picturesque Californian township.

6pm came and went and Mom hadn't appeared. I did an impatient lap of the parking lot to stretch my legs and spent a few more minutes sitting on the hood of my car listening to music. Come 6:30 I headed inside the station to find out what was the hold-up.

The reception area hadn't changed in at least the ten years since I'd been there. More amazing, nor had the woman behind the desk.

'Well look who it is! Little Corey Douglas,' the woman exclaimed.

Her name was totally lost to me, but I smiled as though it wasn't. 'You remember me?'

'Well of course Honey. Little Corey Douglas. You and your sister used to pretend you were newsreaders in the studio when we were off-air! Used to love playing on the kitchen set as well if I remember correctly. You here to see your mom, Love?'

'Yeah, to pick her up actually,' I replied.

The woman looked at the time behind her. 'She still has half an hour. You go on through Hon; they're recording so just keep it down now,' she lifted a finger to her mouth as if to emphasize the point and gestured me towards the studio doors.

I had been there countless times as a child. I recall I did enjoy playing on the kitchen set, fake oven and all. If they were cooking something on-air it would be done in the staff kitchen prior and made to look as if it was done right there and then. The wonders of television I suppose.

I walked through the double doors and as the receptionist whose name was on the tip of my tongue had advised, I kept it quiet. The studio itself was dark but the set for the home shopping was brightly lit. Before the two cameras, only one of which was operated by a human, three women were waxing lyrical about the product they were plugging. I didn't need a degree in advertising to know what that product was.

Standing before the others, the tallest of the three was dressed only in pink underwear, a bra, and panties. Even from where I stood, well back in the darkness, I could see she was beautiful. Probably about my age, maybe older. Long blonde hair and a body not out of place on the cover of magazines. The other two were older, one with her back to me wearing a ridiculously tight mid-thigh dress that accentuated every curve, and the other in a business dress. I couldn't see Mom anywhere and just as I was about to head back out, I was taken by the elbow.

'Hey stranger,' the woman whispered as I turned. My mother's friend Delores, whom I hadn't seen in years as well, smiled brightly at me. Wearing a headset with a microphone, she was obviously producing. 'Your mom told me to look out for you.'

'Hey, Delores. Yeah, I'm meant to be picking her up. Have you seen her?' I whispered back.

A slightly confused expression came upon her face. 'Open your eyes silly, she's on set!' She remarked, then looked down at her watch. 'One more change and she's done.' Someone must have spoken in her ear, and she raised a finger to me as if to wait before shaking her head and leaving in a hurry.

My eyes were open! Or more to say, they were opened. I looked again at the three women and now not so fixated on the younger of the group, I realized

the woman in the skin-tight dress, was my mother. Now facing me, her blonde hair up in a bun and face heavily made up, she was hardly recognizable as the woman I'd dropped off that morning. To be honest, she looked stunning. I moved in and took up one of two chairs behind the camera. Now closer and able to hear, she only looked better, and my initial fascination with the underwear model was forgotten.

'...that's right Gayle, no panty line!' My mother remarked. 'And also, as you'd know, women of our age,' she let out an endearing giggle, 'everything tends to sag. Not with the Wonder Panties. They tone the booty. They cinch the tummy, and dare I say it, Gayle, with the added lace trim. Even provide a bit of sex appeal.'

Jesus, I thought. My mother was talking about "sex appeal."

'Well, now you mention it Angela, and we'll look here on our lovely model Sasha while you get changed. The lace trim...'

I tuned out as Mom turned and walked off the set, her legs long and high heels clicking. High heels! Mom never wore heels. The woman in the business suit, Gayle, was pawing at the underwear model, stretching her panties at the leg and running her hand almost seductively across her buttock. Ordinarily, I would be fascinated with the show, but my mind was elsewhere, backstage with my mother, wondering just what she was changing into. I didn't have to wait long.

She returned from stage left and for that one amazing instant, the flesh-colored underwear matching her skin tone perfectly, I thought she was naked. Walking forward to join the other women, Mom looked directly at me and squinted slightly, obviously finding it hard to make me out under the strong lighting. A look of recognition came across her face and smiling

before turning her attention to the others, gave me the slightest wave of a hand.

She knew I was watching her. Watching her in her underwear. I wondered what went through her mind at that moment. Did she even consider it? Was I making too much of a deal over the fact this was the first time in my life, as far as I could remember, I'd ever seen her in bra and panties? In heels, bra, and panties no less. With another semi-naked woman!

Gayle turned her attention to my mother, molesting her in much the same fashion as the younger girl. I looked up to the monitor showing what was going to air and the cameraman had focused down on my mother's crotch, her groin taking up all the screen. Some moments stay with you for life, this was mine! Mom moved her leg slightly and above the smooth pale skin of her inner thighs, the twin bumps of her cameltoe came into view.

Gayle took her by the hips and turned my mother around as my eyes stayed glued to the screen. Her ass filled the monitor. A real woman's ass, not the skinny butt of the model beside her. Plump, meaty, and delectable. At the top of her crack, I could see the line of a thong beneath the so-called Wonder Panties, before finally, the camera panned out to release me from my spell. The damage was done, however. My dick left rock hard in my pants.

'...now we're getting low in the XXL in the pink. Is that right Delores?'

Gayle spoke off-set and waited for a response in her earpiece. 'Uh huh, yes ladies and we've sold out in all sizes in the nude!' Gayle enthused.

Of course, they have! I thought. With my mom advertising them, even I was thinking of buying a pair! A tap again on my shoulder and Delores reappeared beside me. 'Sorry about that,' she whispered. 'My production assistant has gone AWOL; I'm having to do everything.'

'That's okay,' I was thinking of how obvious my erection may have been in the front of my track pants and needed to get out of there. 'I was just going to wait out the front, can you tell Mom I'll be in the car.'

'Oh sure, you can stay here though, you don't need to run off,' Delores suggested but I was already out of the chair, stooped forward a little so as not to reveal my secret.

'That's cool, good to see you again Delores,' I remarked as I made my way out of the studio without looking back. The receptionist had her attention on a phone call and casually waved as I hurriedly left.

*

In the safety of my car, I finally relaxed. What the fuck had just happened? I had seen my mother in her underwear, gazed, focused on her pussy and ass and I'd got an erection. Was I sick? A pervert? I gripped the wheel and willed my cock to soften. Five minutes passed and it did. Just in time for Mom to hop into the passenger's seat.

'I'm so sorry. I couldn't text you, my phone died. Wonder Panties booked another slot, and we went into a second hour. You're not angry with me, are you?' Mom asked.

She'd changed into the clothing I knew her in, jeans and a t-shirt but somehow, she still looked sexy. Still wearing makeup, her hair remaining in the bun. I looked into her heavily mascaraed eyes, and her full red lips, and felt the desire to kiss her.

'I... I didn't know you did that, back there,' I stammered.

She looked confused. 'You know what I do! I've done this for years,' she opened her bag and took out makeup remover and some tissues. She

stopped as I think she realized what I meant. 'Oh!' She turned to me, and a smile spread across her beautiful face. 'Did I embarrass you?'

I felt myself go red and diverted my eyes, putting the car in reverse. 'No!'

'You left in a hurry. I turned around and you were gone. Thought you would've hung around to meet Sasha.'

'Who?' I asked.

'Ah, the underwear model! She's from L.A.'

'Oh, I didn't even notice her!' I answered, and it was mostly true.

'Yeah right!' Mom laughed as she began to remove her makeup.

I looked across and wanted to tell her it was her I'd been watching. I wanted to tell her how amazing she had looked and the effect it had had on me. 'The makeup's nice on you. You looked pretty.'

Stopping at the turnoff to the station, Mom momentarily paused removing her makeup. She looked over at me seemingly stunned. 'Wow!' her expression softening, she touched me on the thigh for an instant. 'A compliment? Thank you, that's nice of you to say.'

I shrugged. 'No big deal,' I said, my face afire. 'Just remember it on my birthday.'

My cock was already beginning to re-harden.

*

That night I watched the Home Shopping Network in my room in the hope of an encore screening. It didn't come. Instead, I saw Mom presenting the latest in food-slicing technology. The Slice-n-Dice. I knew the product; it sat unused in the cabinet under the sink. The appliance held no interest; my

mother, however, captured my attention. She wore a black skirt and a red satin shirt. In one camera angle, I could see her black bra at her cleavage and even the bump of nipple poking out the satin. This woman on the screen, with her immaculate makeup, perfect fingernails, and styled hair, was two rooms away from me wearing a nightie and about to go to bed. I wondered if she was wearing her Wonder Panties and I dismissed it. Of course, she isn't, I told myself. You know she was wearing a thong underneath, the devil on my shoulder whispered. She has a thong on under her nightie. No, that would be uncomfortable, my thoughts rambled. She's wearing nothing! It wasn't long after I came into my hand and went to bed reliving the entire day's events, but one woman firmly in the front of my mind.

*

With my PVR set up to record the day's programming on the Home Shopping channel, I left with Mom to drop her off at work. In the car with her dressed in old gray leggings (which I now noticed her legs looked so shapely in) and a blue sweater that sadly covered her impressive breasts, I tried small talk. 'How's Dad liking the new shift?'

'Oh, you know. We'll get used to it. It's strange sleeping alone though!' She yawned before taking a sip from her coffee mug.

I wanted to say I would be willing to keep her company but decided against it.

'So... What's on for today?'

'Oh, I don't know honey. I'll have to check the rundown.'

I glanced across at her while at an intersection. She wasn't wearing makeup, yet she looked beautiful. The natural lines of a middle-aged woman, her

hair tied back, yet to be styled. I risked asking the question. 'No... what was it? Wonder Panties, today?'

She looked at me and smiled. 'Ah, I know what you're up to Mister!'

I looked ahead as I drove on, blushing. 'What?'

'You have to get up a little earlier to get one over your mother!'

'Mom, seriously I don't...' I began.

'You're hoping to see Sasha again!'

'What? No!' I admitted, relieved she hadn't seen through my facade.

'I don't blame you, she's beautiful. I wish I looked as good as her. It's a little intimidating standing next to that.'

I wanted to tell her how hot she looked, that I only had eyes for her. 'You looked good too!'

'Hah, yeah right. You didn't even notice me!' She laughed.

'No, I did. You looked really good actually!' I had said it, thrown in the "really" for added effect.

'Hmm. Okay. Two compliments in two days. You really are after a good birthday present this year, aren't you?'

'Ah... yeah. I guess,' I lied.

*

At the station, Mom leaned across and kissed me on the cheek to thank me for the ride. She never did that! I watched her walk toward the doors, her ass swaying and waited until she was out of sight before I headed off more than a little disappointed. I brightened however, as I thought of seeing her

on TV when I returned home, and the potential advertising slots she'd host throughout the day.

Nearing our house my phone began ringing and I put it on speaker.

'Honey sorry to bother you, but could you come back to the station?' Mom asked. 'Delores wants to talk to you!'

'What about?' I inquired.

'Um, probably better to discuss it in person.'

She was being vague, and I immediately wondered if my erection the day before hadn't gone unnoticed. I had visions of myself on video skulking from the studio, my cock tenting out my pants like a common pervert. I pulled up the car and headed back the way I'd come. 'Yeah, I'll be there in ten.' To face the music, I thought.

The same woman was still behind reception, and I wondered if she ever left. She greeted me as warmly as ever and directed me to the office directly behind her. Mom and Delores were seated, and I was instructed to join them.

'Why do you look so nervous?' Delores quizzed and I hadn't realized I was giving off such a vibe. She looked at my mom. 'He must have been like this on parent/teacher night!' She laughed and it gave me the impression this meeting thankfully wasn't about the "erection" incident.

Mom took a sip from her coffee, still wearing the clothes I'd last seen her in.

'No, he was always a good student,' she smiled at her friend.

'Well anyway Corey, I was talking to your mom, and she tells me you're currently unemployed,' Delores said.

I shifted in my seat as I realized what this may have been about. 'Yeah, I don't know what I want to do just yet.'

'Well as I may have mentioned to you yesterday before you ran off so quickly...' Did she know about my hard-on I wondered? 'The station's production assistant has quit and left us in the lurch so to speak. I, we...' she looked at Mom. '...were wondering if you might like to try out for the position?'

I couldn't hide my enthusiasm. I would be working with Mom. I wasn't thinking about the money or the experience right then and there. All I could think about was, I'd have the opportunity to see her in her bra and panties again. 'Yeah!' I blurted out.

'There'll be no favoritism though. Just because you're Angela's son doesn't mean you can slack off,' Delores stated.

'No, I won't!' I jumped up from the chair as if readying myself to get started.

'Whoa relax Corey. I was only joking,' Delores laughed.

'No, I'm just grateful,' I looked across at Mom who smiled back at me. 'How good is this, Mom? We'll be working together.'

She nodded and looked back at Delores. 'See, I told you he'd be enthusiastic.'

Delores glanced at her watch. 'Right, we're on air in twenty minutes. You have to get to makeup,' she looked at Mom, before focusing her attention on me. 'And you need to be shown the ropes.'

*

Production assistant meant gopher. Go for this, go for that. I felt slightly important with my headset and microphone, but I was under no illusion I

was on the bottom rung. I didn't care; I was now a part of television. Showbiz was in my blood. A semi-famous chef came in mid-morning to plug an air fryer and my job was to see to it his coffee was continually topped up for the whole two hours. Mom looked stunning in a white satin tank top and gray pencil skirt, and I couldn't believe I hadn't been watching her every day for the last ten years. She was funny and intelligent, her smile and her eyes brightened the room and lit up the screen. I loved her. No, more than that, I was falling in love with her.

No Wonder Panties! Funeral cover; pet insurance; throw rugs; and overpriced stuffed plush bears, filled the day. I was kept constantly busy; relaying stock levels to the hosts; preparing products for display and even cleaning and swapping sets between shoots. Never bored, the day flew by, and come 6pm, Mom came to find me to tell me it was time to go. 'You'll have to help me load some exercise equipment into the car,' she said as we walked from the studio to the back of the station.

'Oh yeah? More freebies!'

'Yep. I'm demonstrating tomorrow. I want to figure out how to use it, so I don't look a complete fool on air.'

'You never look like a fool!' I was quick to say.

'Hah, you've never seen me on exercise equipment!' She laughed.

No. But I was about to, I thought.

*

It was probably the stupidest contraption I'd ever seen. All-In-One Exercise Machine it called itself but everything you did with it could be done without it, using your own body's resistance. Looking like a thick Pogo Stick with pads on either end, it could be separated to form two smaller versions of

itself, thereby doubling its ineffectiveness. Mom and I laughed as we attempted to make each of its suggested exercises look presentable for television.

She had changed into workout wear I'd never seen her wearing before, light purple yoga pants with a matching tank, her feet remained bare. 'Okay, you place it under your butt and just do squats,' I fathomed from the manual.

Cautiously Mom did as I said. Balancing the contraption beneath her ass and attempting the squat. I knew what it was designed to do, take pressure off the knees and other joints for older people, but it was so awkward it would more than likely lead to imbalance, potential hip surgery, and eventual legal action.

'Oh!' I stated from my vantage point before her as she reached the bottom of her squat and repeated.

'What?' She asked, attempting not to laugh.

I didn't know how to say it, but it looked as if she were fucking the thing as it retracted and expanded beneath her, seemingly penetrating her ass. 'Um, it looks like you're... ahh.'

Mom re-positioned the device to be able to see in her bedroom mirror. It only took one squat before her mouth opened in horror and she climbed off. 'Corey!' She laughed, hitting me playfully as I defended myself.

'Hey, don't shoot the messenger.'

Mom looked back at the piece of exercise equipment. 'How am I going to do that on air?'

I flicked through the manual and stumbled upon another feature. 'Oh, hang on. Mom... it gets worse!'

'What?'

'It says here there's a vibration function!'

'It does not!'

I reached over to the contraption and found the switch, and sure enough the sound of the vibration filled the room, the padded end shaking on the carpet.

'It says it stimulates blood flow,' I read. With it placed directly beneath the user, there was no doubt as to what it would be stimulating, and Mom knew it too. With a hand over her mouth, I knew she wasn't going to get back on it with me in the room. 'Okay, well, I guess I'll leave you to it,' I added.

'Oh no wait, you have to check my pants!' Mom stated as I began to leave.

'What?'

'This active wear. It's a new line. We have to do the squat test,' Mom explained.

'The what test?' I asked.

'Remember a few years ago they were selling see-through yoga pants?' She continued. 'Well since then when we advertise new gym clothes we do a squat test, just to make sure. You know! Your father usually does it for me!'

If that was the case, I was happy to help out. 'Um, okay. What do I do?' I asked naively.

Mom stood up and turned her back to me. 'Just tell me if you can see my panties while I do a squat?'

On my knees, in my mother's bedroom, with her ass pointed at my face, she was telling me to look at her bottom to see if I could see her panties through

her clothes. Yes, this was happening! She performed the squat, followed by another, and kept going. I forgot what my job was as I dined on the beautiful image before me. Her rounded cheeks lowering, pushing out towards my face as they reached the base of the squat, then rising, the material disappearing into the crack, the lump of her pussy between her legs.

'Well?'

'Well, what?' I responded, mesmerized by her ass.

'Can you see them?'

'Oh,' I focused on my task. 'Um, no I don't think so.'

'Oh good,' she immediately stopped to my disappointment. 'Um, now's the weird bit.'

I had no idea what she was talking about or what was coming next.

'Just tell me if you think the front looks... okay?' She shyly stated.

'"Okay" how?' I asked, guessing what she was hinting at.

'Ugh. Your dad would normally do this, um... that you can't see my, well... bits!' Her face went red as she said it. She was asking me to look directly at her pussy. Her son, to stare at her crotch and inform her if he saw a cameltoe. I gazed at her groin, at the rounded triangle of her pussy bulge, my mother's pussy bulge, and saw no tell-tale bumps of labia.

Swallowing hard I looked up into her face. 'Um no, it looks nice, I mean good. I mean, I can't see your... um.'

She smiled as I stumbled over my words. 'Thanks. Just two more to go!'

I watched as she took other pairs of pants from a bag and walked into her bathroom, leaving me on the floor trying to hide my hard-on with the exercise machine manual. Quickly returning, she came out still pulling her leggings up high on her waist. This time in black, we repeated the previous process and again achieved a satisfactory outcome. 'One more and I'll let you go,' she told me and disappeared again.

I chanced a rub of my cock with her out of the room and for a moment thought I'd made myself cum in my pants, willing myself back from the precipice of orgasm as she left the bathroom. For the first time changing her top as well, she returned wearing a light pink ensemble. 'I love this color,' she remarked as she first admired herself in the mirror before taking up the aforementioned squat position in front of me. As her ass descended, the pink material stretched against her skin. My eyes focused on her ass crack and expected to see the line of underwear in the sheer fabric. Nothing. It was impossible; I could see her skin showing through on her buttocks. Surely, I would see her panties! Nothing. It was then I realized it. She wasn't wearing any!

The darkness I saw between her cheeks with each squat was her asshole, her pussy beneath. And yes. Even as I watched it, the appearance of dampness. Could it have been sweat? Of course. But what if it wasn't? She turned for me to perform the cameltoe test, pulling up her pants tightly around her pussy. She needn't have worn them, so clearly was her vulva visible to me. The bumps of her labia, the clitoral hood. There was no sign of pubic hair and with all the underwear modeling she must have done; it didn't surprise me. Continuing to pull the pants against herself I was struggling to fathom what I was seeing was real, let alone answer the question.

I was about to cum. The pressure of my pants against my cock was all the stimulation needed. I had to get out of there. 'Um, maybe not these ones,' I managed to say, climbing to my feet. Turning, trying to conceal my erection, I headed to the door.

'Oh, you're going? Well, thank you for helping me out,' she seemed to giggle but I was already outside her room so I couldn't see her face to confirm the smile. I pulled the door closed behind me and leaned back onto it as I ejaculated, pressing my hand along my length to encourage and extend the orgasm. With my head against the door, I heard the sound of the vibration function being turned on on the exercise machine.

No! I thought to myself. She's not. Is she!?

*

Sasha took the limelight. Whether it was the cameraman's doing or possibly my mother had expressed her concerns about the exercise machine and had a word to him. The focus of the hour was on the younger model. Mom was dressed in her gym gear along with the guest presenter, but only twice did she perform any of the exercises on air and they weren't the vibrating squats. I recorded the show at home of course and over the next few days made use of it, if you get what I mean.

Come Thursday of the following week I was sitting in Delores' office with my mother and Gayle. Gayle had another ten years on my mom and (as she constantly reminded us) her time in front of the camera was coming to an end. I also resented her for rubbing her hands all over Mom's body the first day I'd dropped by. Something I had yet to do.

'Good news girls,' Delores smiled, hanging up the phone. 'Wonder Panties have booked another slot for tomorrow and Monday.' It was definitely

"good news" as far as I was concerned, and Delores turned her attention to me. 'They're sending new designs by courier, so Corey if you could keep an eye out for them that would be great. Um. I think that's just about it for now ladies, oh... and gentleman. We're on in ten, so have a great day.'

'Ooh you've got a ladder in your stockings, Angela,' Gayle noticed as we began to leave. Mom and I both looked down at her tan pantyhose and sure enough a long rip had appeared. It would definitely be noticeable on air.

'Oh Honey,' Mom asked. 'Would you be a dear and run to wardrobe for another pair of hose? I'll be in makeup.'

Wanting her to look her best for the diamantes and zircon showcase, I hurried off with a nod to find a pair of new pantyhose.

When I returned backstage, the girl from the local beauty school was putting the finishing touches to my already beautiful mother, blotting her lipstick on a tissue. 'You have such good skin for a woman your age Angela,' the girl stated, obviously not thinking it could have been a backhanded slap. 'What's your secret?'

Mom looked at me and smiled as I entered, carrying her new pantyhose. 'Plenty of facials!' She bluntly stated and I wondered if she had in fact wanted me to think of the double entendre?

'I've got the stockings; I think they're the same color.'

Mom stood as the makeup girl packed away her brushes and left the room. 'Thank you, Darling. Oh, I probably shouldn't call you that at work, should I? Not very professional.'

Something else that may or may not have been professional proceeded to happen. Mom began raising her skirt. I immediately made to turn my back

and leave but she stopped me. 'No wait, there's not enough time. I need you to open the pack.'

I didn't dally; turning back to my mother I lifted the pack of pantyhose off the desk as in the corner of my eye she raised her cream mid-thigh skirt up over her hips. I felt the heat rising on my face and I fumbled with the plastic wrapping on the cardboard box of the pantyhose.

For a moment she stood there as if posing for me and I allowed my eyes to stray across and take her in completely. She was looking at her makeup in the mirror, but it wasn't her face I was staring at. She wore black panties beneath her tan pantyhose. Even through the nylon, I could see they were lacy. As I watched she placed her fingers in the waistband of her hosiery and began to lower them over her hips. Once mid-thigh she sat back on her seat and kicked off her heels. I finally tore through the plastic and opened the box just as she was pulling them off her feet.

Mom looked up and instead of discarding her handful of delicate nylon, handed them to me in exchange for the new pair. 'You know what to do with them.' She remarked and I noticed she didn't say throw them away. I did know what to do with the special gift. As soon as I was out of her sight, ladder or not, they went straight into my pocket for safekeeping, sitting snugly beside my hardening cock.

*

'Before you go, Angela,' Delores shouted out to us as we crossed the lobby. Catching up she handed Mom a folder. 'Can you run through these show notes for the advertisers before tomorrow if possible?'

'Tonight? Late notice Delores!' Mom remarked.

'I know Sweetie, sorry. They only just emailed them through.' Delores fixed her eyes on me. 'Corey, did the Wonder Panties get delivered?'

I shook my head and Delores looked concerned. 'But don't worry Delores. I called and they promised to have them expressed in the morning.'

It was true, I'd grown concerned myself when they hadn't arrived and with less than altruistic thoughts in mind, had contacted the suppliers unprompted.

'Oh, you are wonderful,' Delores exclaimed and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me to her ample breast in the process. I looked at Mom mid-embrace and she seemed less than impressed her friend was all over her son. Was it possible she was jealous?

*

Mom headed off to bed early with her folder and a glass of wine. More than a little annoyed we weren't spending the night together, I turned off the television in the family room and pottered around the house. As Mom noticed me passing her bedroom for the third time, she called me in. 'Come and help me study about Australian opals if you don't have anything else to do. We may as well be bored together!'

I jumped at the chance of being invited again into her room. The scene of our first real incestuous encounter. Yes, I may have been reading too much into it, she may not have even been aware of what her workout gear had done to me, but I thought better.

'Ah, before you get in,' she began. "Get in", I wondered, as I was climbing onto her bed. 'Would you be a dear and top up my glass?'

I took her empty glass to the kitchen. "Get in", she had said. I was planning on sitting above the sheets. Did she want me to get in with her? I took a

chance and dropped by my room. Rarely did I wear pajamas, usually sleeping in just my boxer shorts, but I changed into a pair of long pajama bottoms and a fresh t-shirt just in case and made my way back to her room.

'Oh, in your pj's! Good idea, much more comfy,' Mom remarked as I placed her glass of white wine down on her bedside table. Again, sitting down on Dad's side of the bed I rested back against the pillows. 'Jump under the sheets Honey, it'll be much cozier!'

Yes!

Two hours later, Mom was an expert in precious mineraloids; knew all there was to know about Persian rugs; and was second to none when it came to alpaca wool blankets. I yawned and Mom looked at the time. 'Oh goodness, it's after eleven; we've got to get up soon!' She was being overly dramatic. We got up at seven and Dad usually arrived home about then as well. I began to get out of her bed, and she stopped me. 'Just sleep here, your bed will be freezing.'

'What? I can't sleep in your bed.'

'Why not?' Mom exclaimed, more than a little tipsy. 'Come on, do it for me. I find it so hard to get to sleep without your father beside me.'

'Well,' I tried to sound as if I was reluctant or under duress. 'Alright, I guess I could.'

Mom was quick to turn off the light and darkness filled the room. I lay there for a moment in the quiet before letting out a chuckle. I felt her roll over towards me. 'What is it?'

'Oh, I was just thinking. What if Dad came home early?'

'And what?' She asked.

'Ah, found us in bed together!' I nervously laughed again.

'Oh, don't be silly. You're our son. It's perfectly harmless.'

We lay together in silence for a moment longer and I began to feel ashamed at the suggestion. Of course, it was harmless. We were mother and son. She had no sexual thoughts for me at all. Mom rolled over again in bed, her face turned away from me and once more she spoke. 'Actually, maybe we should just keep this between us. Your father doesn't need to know.' I took her comment as final and in the quiet of the room I didn't feel the need to respond. I wondered what she'd been thinking in those few minutes of silence to come up with her conclusion, and all pointed towards sex. We were now sharing a secret, who knew what would come next?

I would like to say we began fucking then and there, but so warm and comfortable was her bed I felt myself lulling into sleep. During the night I woke and remembered where I was. Her breathing was heavy beside me, and I could feel the heat of her body across the sheet. I didn't dare try anything sexual for fear of ruining what we'd developed thus far but laying on my stomach I casually bent my leg so that my knee made contact with her body. She didn't stir and I satisfied myself with this limited access as my cock hardened against the mattress.

The next thing I knew was an alarm was going off and Mom, climbing out of bed. 'Time to get up,' she remarked as I watched her through squinted eyes walk across the room. Her nightie had risen over her right buttock and revealed half her ass. The black satin and lace panties I'd seen the day before, themselves caught in her crack to display the pale skin of her butt. My morning erection already in full flight, I ground my hand down on my length beneath the blanket as she opened her dresser and removed a pair of

white panties and a bra. She looked back at me as she made her way towards her bathroom. 'Come on lazy bones. Up. We'll be late.'

I contemplated jumping out of bed to reveal my hardon but thought better of it. 'Yeah yeah. I'm coming.' I replied and waited for her to close her door before getting up myself. I slept with my mother! I joked with myself as I made my way to my bedroom. The day couldn't have started any better.

*

'It's a disaster,' Delores raved as we sat in her office. 'Sasha has gone back to L.A. which means you have to do all the modeling Ang; we've lost our makeup girl, and two crew have called in sick.'

'Relax Delores,' Gayle calmly stated. 'We've been in this situation before.'

'Exactly Hon,' Mom added. 'We just have to run more graphics and still shots during Wonder Panties, and Corey can help out backstage.'

Delores looked at me. 'Oh God. Tell me we got the Wonder Panties delivery?'

I assured her we had. It had been my priority when I arrived that morning. Come hell or high water, I would make sure I'd be seeing my mother in underwear. I was curious what Mom had meant by me helping out backstage and as we left the meeting I asked her.

'Well, with only one model we'll have to do quick transitions. I'll need support with garment order, and panty fitting,' she smiled at me. 'You might even have to do my makeup!'

She must have felt my horror.

'Oh, don't worry. I'm joking. I can do my own makeup!' She laughed. 'So, what are the new designs for Wonder Panties?'

My mother constantly repeating the word "panties" was becoming just another fringe benefit of my job. I told her I hadn't opened the package yet, and excitedly she led us backstage to where I'd left them.

'It's like Christmas,' Mom remarked as she opened the box. Among sheets of tissue paper were multiple sizes of several underwear items. I recognized the original Wonder Panties from last week, along with its matching bra. The other items we removed from the box were new to me and it seemed by her reaction, Mom as well.

'Oh,' Mom held up a flimsy white bodysuit before herself. Although shapewear, the predominant material on the item was lace. There would be no doubt it was see-through. 'This is nice. Make sure we have pasties, Corey,' Mom added before exploring the box further.

'What?' I asked.

'Pasties. Oh um, nipple covers.'

'Oh,' I felt myself go red and Mom noticed.

'You're just disappointed you won't get to see Sasha wearing this stuff, aren't you?' She smiled, seemingly enjoying my embarrassment. I didn't get to answer in the negative before she pulled out another item, holding the thong up between us. 'Hmm. Don't know how these can be defined as shapewear!'

I ached as I looked at the tiny panties and ached more when I remembered I hadn't set my PVR to record the upcoming show. Fuck, I thought. I'd been too busy jerking off in the shower that morning and rushed my preparation for work, completely forgetting about it. In my despair, I debated calling Dad and asking him to record it but thought he may not have welcomed the strange request from his son.

Our time together was cut short when I heard Delores speaking into my headpiece that the overnight encores were about to end, and Mom had to get on set. The morning was taken up with the Australian Opals followed by the alpaca blankets. I had to admit the throw rugs were nice and made a mental note if we didn't get one gratis, I'd buy one for Mom on Mother's Day.

Come early afternoon, Delores was more frantic than ever. The air conditioning in the building had failed and the heat was making everyone's job more difficult. I had to feel for the onscreen talent under the set lights. Menopausal Gayle was finding it especially difficult with her hot flushes, but Mom soldiered on like a trooper, taking over Gayle's Magic Vegetable Spiralizer slot to give the woman some respite. It meant that Mom would be going back-to-back presenting and modeling, and as the hour drew to a close, she was noticeably heat-affected onscreen.

Delores screamed in my ear to have the Wonder Panties attire ready to go backstage, but I was well ahead of her, having studied the show's rundown. Each item sat beside the other on the desk in running order. Mom had told me her size but had left it up to me to decide on which colors she'd wear. I had her pasties ready to go and a bottle of water for her when she came off set.

The Spiralizer hour ended and Delores, as frantic as ever, began counting down the time before the next segment. I was a little annoyed that I had to deal with a delivery at the very time Mom finished hosting, so I missed her first outfit change. I caught up with the show as the now familiar on-screen molestation of my mother by Gayle began. I could see the method in the madness of course. Gayle's sixty-plus-year-old fingers caressed the curve of my mother's breast to show the lift of the bra. Her digits slid into the leg

band of Mom's panties just northeast of her pussy to highlight the lace edging. I admit, when Gayle knelt down beside her and clasped both of Mom's ass cheeks, I struggled to find a reason, but it was hot all the same.

'Corey, what are you doing out here?' Delores whispered in my ear and having become used to her yelling through the headset, it came as more of a shock. 'You should be backstage!'

I turned to face her, and she seemed a little calmer now the day was almost over. 'Yeah, I'm on my way. Any word about the air conditioning?'

She shook her head and pulled her shirt at her breast, fanning herself. Whether I was just super turned on by my mother or I'd developed an attraction for older women, I had to admit something else. Delores was hot! And not just in temperature.

'Thank goodness for your mother Corey,' Delores began as I was just about to head backstage.

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'Doing the whole show; covering for Sasha. If she hadn't, I would've had to go out there!' She looked at me and I picked up a definite flirty vibe. 'And no one would want to see me parading around in my underwear,' she added, and I knew she was fishing for a compliment.

'I don't know Delores; I think you could pull it off!' I offered and she slapped me playfully on the arm.

'Don't be silly Corey. I'll leave that to your mom. Ooh speaking of whom, she's about done. You'd better get going.'

I didn't know what my role was going to be backstage but as Gayle began to describe the other items coming up on the show and Mom did a final

runway walk, I ducked behind the cameras and left the studio.

Backstage, Mom's clothes from the previous segment were sitting on the back of a chair. The panties I'd witnessed her take from her dresser that very morning lay with her bra on the seat, and it took all my willpower not to scoop them up and devour them. Luckily, I hadn't succumbed, as the hurried click of Mom's heels preceded her appearing behind me. She rushed into the room, and I now had the fortune of seeing her up close. She looked better than from a distance.

'Oh, thank god you're here Corey,' she said, dashing to the mirror to check her makeup. 'The heat's gone to Gayle's head, she's started introducing the leggings, not the bodysuit!' She sat down on the swivel chair whilst reapplying foundation to her face. 'Quick Sweetie, undo Mommy's shoes.'

She pointed her feet out towards me, and I knelt before her. At the time I did feel her use of the word "Mommy" was out of character, but I put it down to the stress of the moment. Deftly unbuckling the sling of her heels, I removed them from her feet. As with her panties, it took all my strength not to kiss her sweet little toes or for that matter, suck on each individually.

'Ugh I'm sweating like a whore in church,' Mom remarkably complained as she stood up and before my eyes grabbed at the high waist of her black Wonder Panties and began to lower them. I did the chivalrous thing and turned my face away as it happened but fortunately, the mirror allowed me to see the entire reveal. Of course, she wasn't completely disrobing in front of me, I'd forgotten about the modesty thong she wore beneath. Flesh in color however, she might as well have been pants-less anyway.

I reached for the leggings and handed them to her as she in turn threw me her panties. The leggings rose up to her navel and clung fast around her pussy. So tight they might have been stockings. Helping her back into her

heels she took one look in the mirror and rushed back to the stage entrance before casually striding onto set. So professional, I thought.

Delores was ranting again, her momentary calm broken by Gayle going off script. 'Make sure the bodysuit is next!' She yelled in my ear. 'It's the launch, we're meant to be showcasing it.'

I told her I'd make sure of it, and she complimented me by saying. 'Thank God someone around here knows what they're doing.'

I wanted to mention I was looking forward to seeing Mom wearing it as much as the advertisers but thought I'd keep that to myself.

Even from where I stood off-stage, the heat of the lights was oppressive. Mom finished the leggings run-through and casually strode towards me. When off camera she quickened her pace and as before fell back into the chair. 'Shoes Baby,' she ordered, and I was quick to respond. Barefoot and without a thought of her son being in the same room as her, she lifted the hook-less bra up over her head. Covering her breasts with her hands, she looked down at me. 'Where are the pasties, Honey? Oh, never mind,' she added as she located them on the desk. 'Leggings!' She stated, and reading between the lines I guessed she wanted me to remove her leggings as she applied the pasties to her nipples.

It was all happening so fast that I had little chance to admire my mother's partly exposed boobs as I took hold of her pants and lowered them. Down over her ass, I pulled them, making sure to not remove her thong in the process. My face was inches from her butt. I could have leaned in and kissed, inhaled her asshole if I'd seen fit. Would she have allowed it, I wondered?

'Shit I'm too sweaty,' Mom exclaimed as I pulled her pants to her ankles. She lifted each foot in turn as I removed the leggings and stood beside her. She turned to me and now completely unabashed presented her naked breasts as she demonstrated her problem. 'Look, they won't stick!' Her skin was sweaty from being under the lights and the adhesive on the rear of the nipple covers wouldn't stick to her.

I remained remarkably composed in the face of such a momentous reveal. My mother's bare breasts rounded and firm, her nipples pink and pointed, all within arms, kissing distance from me! Thinking quickly, I grabbed a towel and took it upon myself to wipe her chest. In effect drying my mom's body. She tried again but the damage was done, they wouldn't adhere. 'Stuff it, I'll go without,' she decided and cast the pasties aside as I gave her the white lace bodysuit.

Delores was agitated in my headset. 'Corey, what's the delay? She should be out there!'

'Yeah, we're going as fast as we can,' I abruptly replied, her interference not helping matters.

Mom stepped into the bodysuit and lifted it up her body. I couldn't help but take in her beauty. It looked like bridal lingerie and could only have been made better by white stay-up stockings. Placing the straps over her shoulders, she slumped back in the chair, and we combined putting her shoes back on.

Finished, she stood and looked in the mirror and we both saw the problem immediately. Not the fact her nipples were clearly visible through the sheer lace but that the legs of the bodysuit came up so high on her hips that the band of her modesty thong was showing. She tried to tug on and pull up the underwear, but it wouldn't stretch to the height of the bodysuit.

'Where is she? Gayle's having a conniption out here!' Delores shouted.

'I can't go out there like this!' Mom shrieked about as frantic as Delores. 'It looks ridiculous!' There wasn't time for her to remove the bodysuit and thong and re-dress. I saw a pair of scissors on the desk and realized it was the only option.

'Good thinking,' Mom complimented me as I cut the string of her thong on one and then the other leg. Mom took over and pulled the panty out from her crotch and handed it to me. She kissed me quickly on the cheek. 'What would I do without you?' She remarked and hastened to the set, leaving me alone with her ruined underwear.

This time I relented to my desire. I raised the flesh-colored panty to my face and inhaled my mother's scent left upon the fabric, the sweet odor of a woman's sex. Not any woman, my mom's! I watched on the monitor as she joined Gayle who seemed as taken by her as I was. The cameraman did a fine job of zooming in on my mother's breasts and I couldn't blame him, her nipples obvious behind the lace. Gayle was enjoying stroking my mother and it dawned on me that she may in fact have been a lesbian. No one had said anything to hint at it but the way she enthusiastically groped my mother's curves, it would explain a lot.

'She looks great Corey, well done,' Delores encouraged through the headset and I had to agree. More than that, she looked stunning. My cock was about as hard as it got as I realized I was still smelling her panties, quickly putting them in my pocket for safekeeping. Onscreen Mom paraded the bodysuit, walking the small catwalk and again allowing Gayle a good feel. The screen went to graphics and sizing options, and I opened a bottle of water and readied the next underwear. Thinking ahead I grabbed the towel in case she

needed wiping down again. Mom joined me presently, this time not so hurried.

'How did it look out there?' She asked as she saw the water and took a sip. Seeing me holding the towel she held up her arms and I moved in immediately to wipe the sweat from her body.

'It looked beautiful. You look beautiful!' I freely admitted. I was wearing jeans, and I knew they did nothing to hide my erection; I was hoping she'd look down and see it but was more than content for her to remain looking into my eyes.

'Next! Quickly,' Delores yammered, having moved on from her temporary praise and the moment between us was broken. I reached for the Wonder Thong and matching bralette and handed them to Mom.

'Delores is yelling at us!' I explained, and Mom smiled.

'Okay. I'll do the top; you do the bottom!' She offered the thong back to me and it dawned on me what she was expecting me to do.

Trying to remain professional I went to my knees as she pulled the straps off her shoulders and lowered the bodysuit. I looked up as she revealed her breasts, slowly followed by her stomach, and then released her hold on the lingerie. I took it as my cue to take over. Noticeably shaking I grabbed the garment and pulled it down over her hips. Her hairless pussy came into view, and I did nothing to disguise the fact I was looking directly at it. I was now in no doubt something was happening between us. This wasn't how a mother would act in front of her son, none of it was. There was no way this interplay would've even happened between her and the usual backstage staff, I was sure of it.

An admitted devout student of the pussy, her lack of pubic hair was a welcome thrill. I'd had the suspicion she'd be in this state, (what with all the modeling) but seeing her bald mound in the flesh was a wet dream come true. I allowed her bodysuit to drop down her legs to her ankles and as she stepped out of it, with each leg rising, noticed the glistening of moisture on her inner thighs.

I looked up and noted she'd made no move to put on the bralette, seemingly enjoying standing completely naked before me. I felt each of us was waiting for the other to make a move. To finally act on the obvious attraction between us. Mom reached out and as if soothing me, ran her fingers through my hair, her hand ending up holding the back of my head. Our eyes still locked; she so softly began to pull my head into her crotch.

'What's the hold-up?' Delores once again questioned our progress and with my face inches away from my mother's pussy I was about to lie to her in the headset when I realized she wasn't in my ear, she was behind me. 'Oh!' Came her next observation.

I stood up immediately and try as I might, I couldn't not act like a naughty schoolboy caught "up to no good" by his teacher. Mom seemed less concerned as her friend took in the scene. A mother now standing naked beside her son. It wasn't too outlandish I supposed. I was working backstage at an underwear show where my mother was starring. Nudity was obviously a possibility.

'We're almost done, Delores. Gayle's covering!' Mom was quick to respond to her question. She handed me the bralette. 'I have to step into this one as well Honey,' she explained, and I casually dropped to my knees again as she did so. When I raised it to her hips she took over and positioned the pink

bra over her breasts. Lifting each foot delicately into the thong I slid it too up her legs until I had it sitting snugly over her pussy.

The job complete, I looked back up at Mom who was staring at Delores with a smug smile on her face. Was this a game she was playing with her, I wondered? Getting back at her friend for hugging me the day before? Staking her claim, so to speak. I didn't care. I was loving it.

Now that it was on her I could see the thong's shapewear credentials, the waist rising high and holding in any excess around the middle. It was still sexy though, and when she turned to show me her rear, if Delores hadn't been there, I felt for sure I would've gone ahead and buried my face between her glorious cheeks.

Mom strode toward Delores and ran a hand down her arm as she passed. Delores joined me in admiring her rear and then my boss' eyes turned back to me. If I hadn't thought my mother and I were on the verge of incest I would've acted on the vibe I picked up from Delores right then and there. Her eyes strayed from my obvious hard-on up to my face. She was flushed and I knew it wasn't just from the heat. Her purple satin shirt clung to her body, her nipples protruding seductively. I'd known her most of my life, had fantasized about her as a teenager and here she was, obviously about as horny as I.

'I think we pulled it off!' I stated, referring to the hour of television.

Her eyes strayed again down to my erection. 'Hmm. There's something I'd like to pull off!' She declared before regaining her faculties. 'Oh my God Corey, I apologize. That was completely unprofessional.'

I smiled as she entered further into the room, seeing the honest regret in her face and probably going through sexual harassment laws in her head.

'That's alright Delores. I won't hold it against you. Not unless you want me to!'

She dropped her jaw in mock outrage and slapped my arm. 'You're just as bad as I am!'

'Worse,' I grinned.

Delores left me to watch the rest of the show on my own and sitting back in my mother's chair, her underwear scattered around me, I wondered if I may have just found the dream job. Without sound on the screen to explain Gayle's fondling I might have been watching softcore lesbian porn, more so when she raised her own dress up her leg to reveal she was wearing her Wonder Panties as well. How I hadn't been watching the Home Shopping Network for years, was beyond me!

The hour ended and I was joined backstage by the onscreen talent. 'I wouldn't have lasted another minute out there. Look I've sweated through!' Gayle pointed to a hardly visible damp patch under her arm, and it prompted me to admire the mature woman's breasts, so large, so attractive. Mom passed her co-host a water bottle and Gayle carried her on-screen persona off-screen, by embracing Mom in a gesture of thanks. To me it was more fodder for my fantasies, my semi-naked Mom pressing her body against an older woman.

Mom sadly didn't perform another costume change, preferring to wear home her now-new underwear under her own clothing. My final task of the day was packing Mom's belongings away as she met with Delores for their Friday debrief. 'Don't forget my panties,' she'd said to me as she left the room.

'As if I would?' I ventured and she winked back at me, dare I say, seductively.

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The next time I saw her she walked towards my car carrying a bottle of champagne. How had I not seen her beauty before this week? Her blonde hair, up in a ponytail and swinging behind her as she moved. The curve of her breasts beneath the white blouse; her hourglass hips swaying inside the gray knee-length pleated skirt. Her black high heels clicked across the parking lot. She was drop-dead gorgeous. As she neared the car, she shook the bottle and wiggled her hips with her mouth wide open in a smile.

'What's that about?' I asked, nodding towards the bottle as she sat across from me in the passenger seat.

'It's from Delores. A thank you to us both for today and a hugely successful week,' Mom unexpectedly leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

'And what was THAT about?'

'That, my son, was congratulations. Delores said I can tell you the trial is over, and you've got the job!' Mom beamed.

'Serious? That's awesome!' I gushed.

'Uh Huh! Your father is going to be so happy,' Mom added and it tempered my celebration. Dad. I hadn't been thinking about him. He'd be home when we got there. His presence would be enough to dampen any potential for a continuation of our backstage antics. He'd be around all weekend and apart from the kiss, her current demeanor didn't hint at any romance between us, and I reflected my mood by slumping in my seat.

Like the perfect mother, she must have sensed my frustration and without coming out and saying it (something we were both struggling with) she threw me an incestuous bone. 'Come on let's get home. I want to open this bubbly! I feel like getting drunk and you know what I'm like when I'm drunk!'

I did know! It was a family joke that Mom got flirty when she drank. She would prey on my sister's and my embarrassment when we were young, being overly affectionate with us and especially my father. I drove home in a slightly better frame of mind.

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Dad had made dinner, which was usually his breakfast. He greeted Mom with warmth and was ecstatic about my job. It was hard for me to feel bad towards him and I realized it was just as hard for my mother. It was then it dawned on me. We were such a happy unit. There was no way my mother was going to cheat on my father, not even if it was kept within the family. If she was going to sleep with me, it wouldn't be some dirty secret between us. It would be with my father's knowledge. My hope in my mother and I fucking was ebbing away as I ate dinner with them. Mom attempted to set a record for finishing a bottle and seemingly showing my father more attention than usual.

They joked about the news; local gossip; and the new toilets outside the Town Hall, which seemed to be the talk of the town for some reason. I missed the crux of the discussion, only paying attention when I thought I must have misheard my father mention something about a glory hole. Their conversation had moved on by the time I was involved, and I wasn't going to ask them to repeat it.

Mom got up and began clearing the table and Dad joined her in the kitchen. They were laughing and Dad even spun my mother in a dance move. The act lifted her skirt up and teased me with a glimpse of the panties I'd seen only hours before. I was miserable. I picked up my own half-finished meal and entered their love-in, emptying my plate into the rubbish. 'Well, fun's over. I'd better get going!' My father stated.

Had I misheard? I was under the impression he was home for the weekend. 'What?' I asked, suddenly interested in what they had to say. 'You're going to work?'

Dad had an arm around my mother's waist and smiled at me. 'Well, yeah, you're not the only one that works around here you know!'

It was fantastic news. Not only was Mom in one of her more amorous moods (thank you alcohol), but Dad also wouldn't be here.

'Oh, by the way, Buddy. I saw the show this afternoon. Your Mom says you were a great help backstage,' Dad added.

I felt myself go red. How much had she told him?

'Ah... yeah, I did my best,' I coyly replied.

Mom was smiling brightly, her face flushed from the wine.

'Oh, look at you guys. My two favorite men. Come on. Family hug!'

Dad groaned and I would've too if I hadn't been willing to do anything my mother said. Family hugs had disappeared with my sister's and my childhood but now, with Mom overtly gesturing to me to come to her, I was glad they were back. She held out her arm as I approached and wrapped it around me as I nestled into her side. Her breast against my chest, I did nothing to prevent my groin pressing into her hip. Mom looked first at me

then at my father standing in roughly the same posture as I. 'This is nice, isn't it?' She cooed, and Dad in response leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. Mom turned to me, and I felt it was as if I should do the same, but how could I in front of Dad?

There was a brief pause before Dad broke the silence. 'Well, I can't stay here all night, much as I'd like to,' he admitted. He looked at me along with Mom and his face hardened. 'Corey, I just want you to know I'm proud of you.' his gaze broke from me, and he again kissed my mother. His words were so out of character, even his mannerisms were off, different somehow, I noted, before he took his keys and left for work.

Mom had retained her hold on me and although I could've stayed there forever, I still held my plate. I broke her embrace and placed my dishes in the dishwasher. Upon turning, my miserable mood from earlier was but a distant memory. Mom sat up on the bench. Leaning back on her hands, her legs were spread, the skirt falling between them. Her feet swung beneath her and the look on her face behind the smile was one of wickedness.

'So, Mister. What are your plans for the rest of the night?' She asked, and I swallowed nervously.

'Um just go to bed I guess,' I admitted.

'Oh. Why don't you come over here?'

'What for?'

'Find out!'

This was it! I was sure of it. My mother had never behaved like this before. Everything that had happened during the week had led to this moment. I knew some of our interaction was incidental to the job but surely neither of us could deny there had been something sexual going on, far more so than

normal mother/son byplay. I advanced and only stopped when my groin touched the bench between her spread knees. I lifted my hands as her inner thighs pressed to my hips and then I didn't know where to put them. Mom solved my problem when she leaned forward and took hold of my arms, placing my hands down on her skirt-covered thighs.

Leaning back into her initial position I noticed she'd undone the two top buttons on her white shirt, the pink bralette I'd helped her put on, visible at her cleavage. She saw where my eyes had settled and didn't let it go unnoticed. 'They're pretty, aren't they?'

'What?' I asked snapping out of my momentary hypnosis.

'The new designs.' She used a hand to grab the hem of her skirt from beneath mine and pulled it up to her waist, revealing the pink thong. I didn't know what to do. I thought of waking up beside her that morning. The bravado I'd felt in bed, ready to reveal my erection. The opposite now. I felt like a boy before this woman I was only just meeting. The mother I'd had all my life, yet never really known.

'You don't like them?' She posed the question, possibly surprised by my inaction at what was being offered to me. 'You picked the color!'

My hands were on her bare thighs. From my position, I could see her pussy mound pressed hard into the pink nylon, elastane, or whatever material her panties were made from. Lower, and the damp that had seeped through, turning them a darker pink.

'No,' I managed. 'I love them,' my response seemed to make her happy, the wicked smile returning to her face. Although shaking and still nervous I knew it was real. My mother and I shared the same desire. My erection

pressing hard into the bench emboldened me. 'In fact, I love them so much, I have to kiss them!'

Looking into her eyes as I leaned down, I pressed my lips to the mound of pussy right where I presumed her clitoris would be hiding. Her smile vanished, replaced with an intense look of concentration. Her mouth dropped open and a held breath left her with a sigh. I kissed her panties again, this time lower, pressing my lips into the wetness seeping through. Casually she unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and allowed it to fall open and off her shoulders. I was loathe to remove my mouth from between her legs but the chance to kiss her breasts, her mouth, was too much to refuse.

She must have been thinking the same thing as she sat up and our faces became level. For just that single moment we looked in each other's eyes and saw only love. The unequaled love of a mother and son. Our lips came together, and I tasted champagne and lipstick. Her tongue entered my mouth as I wrapped my arms around her now exposed back, pulling her into me. 'I love you so much, Mom,' I panted into her open mouth before kissing my way over her jaw and down her neck. She pushed my head into her cleavage and my lips decorated her breasts with kisses.

'Take them off me, Baby,' she demanded. 'You put them on me, you can take them off!'

I needed no further prompting, taking hold of her bralette on either side of her breasts and with her shirt now off behind her, lifted it up over her head. I'd seen her topless at work but now she looked even more beautiful, more real. Here was my mother in the family home, in the kitchen where I'd seen her every day of my life. Where she'd made my lunch and sent me off to school, where she'd cooked Sunday roasts and helped me with my

homework. Now bare-breasted and begging me to remove the rest of her clothing. 'Now my panties Honey. Take off Mommy's panties!'

The words didn't seem real and yet I made them flesh as I took hold of the high waistband of her thong and slid them down her legs. Off over her heels, I didn't let go as if dropping them would dissolve the wonderful dream I was having. I feasted my eyes again on her bald pussy. Now spread before me, glistening, dew dripping from her exposed labia. I didn't wait for instructions, wrapping my arms under her thighs and pulling her groin into my face as my tongue penetrated her slit. 'Oh yes Baby, lick Mommy's pussy. Fuck me with your tongue, Corey.'

So deep I plunged my tongue. Digging inside her, drinking in her delicious flavor. And drink I did, her pussy dripping like a tap onto my cheeks, my jaw slick. I licked my way up her lips to her clit and sucked on her as I aimed two fingers at her entrance, looking into her eyes as I penetrated my mother. Finger fucking her as she pinched her own nipple, her mouth wide open as if mouthing a silent scream. Faster and faster, I stabbed at her pussy as I licked and kissed her clitoris and finally, she began to cum. Her groin grinding obscenely into my face, now vocalizing her pleasure. 'Oh, fucking fuck, Corey. I'm cumming. I'm cumming Baby. You're making me cum!' Again, she went quiet, holding her breath as she released her tit, using both hands to pull my head into her pussy, her legs wrapping around me.

She held me like this for at least a minute, but it could've lasted forever. I needed to be nowhere else but between her legs, my face in her vagina, cumming into my mouth.

She let me up for air only to press her mouth to mine. To taste her own cum, the flavor of her own pussy. 'I want to see you cum,' she whispered, and it

was only then I thought of my own pleasure, my erection yearning to be out of my pants.

I still held her panties and I used this hand to lift my t-shirt as my mother worked on my pants. My cock sprang out and it took her by surprise. 'Oh my god! You're bigger than your father!' She declared (something every boy wants to hear one day from his mother's lips), and I took it as a compliment, but it also raised concerns in my mind,

'Mom, what about Dad?' I tentatively asked.

She slid off the bench and undoing her skirt allowed it to fall to the floor. We stood in front of each other fully naked, her shoes her only attire. My cock pointed out towards her as if signaling the direction it wanted to go. She took hold of it and kissed me on the lips. 'Don't worry about it, Baby. He knows!'

My head swirled and so many questions came to mind. My mouth opened to ask her to explain when she dropped to a crouching position and her mouth was around me. All else seemed irrelevant as my mother's lips slid along the length of my cock. Her tongue formed a bed for the base of my dick as it found the back of her throat and would go no further. She pulled out with a choking sound and saliva ran from her lips. Her hand was quick to scoop up the spit and coat it along my hard-on, jerking me off with the lubricant.

With her mouth around the head and sucking she looked up into my eyes as her hand expertly pulled me. Her cheeks puckered with the force of her sucking, her tongue licking around the head. She looked so beautiful, and I thought of the week. My mind flicked through the images of her parading in her underwear on live television; lifting her dress to show me her pantyhose; exercising in front of me and demanding I stare at her ass and

cameltoe. Dressing and undressing her backstage and seeing my mother topless, naked. My face between her legs; my tongue inside her body; my lips against hers and now... my cock in her mouth. She had wanted to see me cum and now, it was about to happen.

She held me beneath my balls as she continued to jack me off into her mouth. I ran my fingers across her hair and reached the ponytail on the back of her head. Taking it in my hand I gently pulled her head from my cock in a signal I was about to cum. She leaned back against the cabinet, her legs spread and breasts ready for coating. It began. I couldn't speak, didn't breathe as I began to cum. She continued to pull me as I began spraying her with semen, directing my flow as much as she could onto her tits. I spurted into her face, hitting her jaw, her tongue immediately poking out to catch the gift. Cum drenched her neck and ran down between her breasts. My flow waned and she squeezed hard around my length to draw every ounce of sperm from my cock, finally wrapping her mouth again around the head to catch the last drops.

I finally breathed out. 'Mom,' I whispered as I raised her to her feet. 'That was beautiful.'

'Was it worth the wait?' She asked as she scooped semen from her neck and breasts and brought it up to her mouth. The act of a mother eating her son's cum was seemingly made normal by her before me.

'It's the best thing that's ever happened to me!' I admitted. 'What do we do now?'

Her hands wet with cum and saliva she reached back down and took hold of my still-hard cock. 'I think we can use our imaginations.'

Amazingly I grew harder in her grip. 'I mean about us, Dad?'

'Oh. Well, we have a lot to talk about,' her hand began stroking me up and down. 'Should we do it in your bed, or mine?'

I didn't care either way as she led me out of the kitchen by the penis. Whichever room she took me to, wherever we were headed, I would follow. She was my leader, my goddess, my mother. I would do whatever she asked. Twenty years after she'd given birth to me, my life had only just begun.

Chapter 2

When we were kids and had misbehaved, my older sister Theresa and I would be forced to wait for our sentence on the leather couch in my parents' study. They would drag it out, letting us sit in there alone thinking about what we'd done and we deduced early on that the anticipation of the punishment was part of the punishment itself. I say we, but it was Theresa who saw through their plan. We ended up just quietly playing I spy with the countless ephemera my father had collected while we waited for the inevitable soft consequences.

I sat on that same couch now, waiting for my father to return from the kitchen with the beer he'd offered. So many years later and playing I spy, was the farthest thing from my mind. I'd had sex with his wife! My mother. Sure she had hinted he was aware but I had no idea of his reaction to the new reality.

He walked back into the study and passed me an open bottle before taking a seat in his high backed leather office chair. He stayed silent and my heart raced faster than it ever had as a child. It wasn't lost on me that my parents strategy all those years ago was now working better on me than it ever had as I waited for Dad to say something, anything.

"You can relax Corey, you're not in trouble," Dad proclaimed and it eased my pulse somewhat.

We both took a swig at the same time and the antique clock on the bookshelf chimed midday.

"I want to tell you a story. It'll go a long way to explaining a few things, will you hear me out?"

I nodded my agreement and he took another drink of beer before sitting back in his chair and beginning his tale, my ears pricking at his words.

"How well do you remember you grandfather, my dad?" He asked me.

I looked up to the picture frames on the walls and saw Grandpa and me together in many. He had died when I was about six and although the photos were evidence of our meeting, the memory of the man was long gone.

"Not really," I freely admitted, not sure where he was taking me.

"Well he was a good man. The best I've ever known. When I was about, oh eighteen I suppose, we first shared a beer together. I remember it was during a long hot summer and I was still working out at the old Westin gas station on the edge of town. Well, one afternoon I came home early and Dad offered me that first beer out on the back porch. Mom was out there shelling peas in preparation for dinner and I remembered looked especially beautiful in a white linen summer dress. Her hair was tied up and was wet around her neck where she'd splashed water on herself to keep cool."

"She had the bowl of peas between her thighs, her dress pulled up beneath and when she finished she placed the full bowl down on the table beside her. I wouldn't have thought of doing it but it was my father who raised his eyebrows to me and nodded his head in my mother's direction. I of course followed his gaze and saw it. Saw what he was alluding to. My mom's thighs were parted as if she still held the bowl. The dress was raised high enough that I, we, could see what I thought were her panties. It wasn't. It was my mother's pussy I could see Corey. My mom's thick dark thatch of pubic hair."

I listened intently to my father's words. He was talking about my grandmother, a woman who was still alive and lived only houses away. She was nearly seventy and the woman he spoke of seemed so far removed from the grandmother I knew. He went on.

"I can admit to you Corey if anyone had told me I would be sexually attracted to my mother a day before, I would have punched them in the nose, but seeing her then, that furry mound between her legs, I felt a lust I'd not experienced with another girl. I couldn't look away and didn't care if I was caught. In fact I wanted her to see me. To see me looking at her pussy. When Dad rose from his chair and stood beside me, his hand on my shoulder didn't even register. It was only when Mom spread her legs further, lifting a foot onto the porch rail did I realize they had been conspiring together. Dad tapped his bottle against mine and I tore my eyes from Mom to look up into his. 'You're hers now son!' He smiled back at me and entered the house to leave us alone."

"Jesus Dad, are you serious? Nana?" I remarked.

He nodded. "Yes, your grandmother. When I looked back at her she'd unbuttoned the top of her dress and I could see a nipple. She didn't need to say a word to me, nor I to her. Dad had given me his blessing and I took advantage of it. Without a second thought as to whether it was wrong or right I dove in Corey. I pushed my face into that hairy pussy and buried my tongue so far inside my mother my jaw ached for days. And what a pussy it was. So wet, so sweet. If they bottled the dew that dripped from her I'd drink nothing else. She brought me up for air after I'd made her cum and I kissed her on the mouth as she fumbled with my pants."

"She was my first Corey. When I came inside her I pledged I'd never be with another woman. Why would I want to when the woman I loved most

in the world was also letting me fuck her? But she wouldn't allow it. She said I could always have her love but encouraged me to be with others. And of course I met the second love of my life, your mother. And with her I was blessed when along came your sister and eventually you."

I had to admit I was floored by my father's story. We'd never had 'the sex talk' when I was a kid; we learnt about it at school and my parents were smart enough to realise we had the internet. This was the first time he'd ever openly talked about such a personal subject and I felt closer to him than I ever had.

"Did you sleep with Nana again?" I asked.

He smiled. "That's what I'm telling you, I never stopped."

"And Mom knows?" I added.

He nodded. "She knows." He stood up and approached me, placing a hand on my shoulder. Lowering his bottle to mine he tapped the two necks together. "And that's what I'm here to say to you now my boy. As my father once said to me. You're hers now son!"

* * * * *

Seventeen hours, twenty one minutes earlier.

Mom led me down the hall by my erection. Her small fist wrapped around my length and prevented from sliding off by my engorged head. The closest bedroom was mine and that's where she turned, entering my room and proceeding to the bed. She turned and sat before me, her face level with my cock and she again took me in her mouth. My mother's lips lavishing my length with kisses. She looked up into my eyes as her tongue circled the head. "I want you to cum inside me Corey. Will you do that for Mommy?"

I didn't need to answer her and she didn't wait for a response as she slinked backwards onto my bed, her legs spread and waiting. I climbed between them and eased my body down onto hers. My cock found its home without guidance and pressed its head between her smooth labia. She felt so tight and accommodating. As I slowly entered her our mouths came together, her tongue mimicking the penetration below. And there it was, my dick buried to its limit inside my mother on my own bed. I could have just stayed there, my groin pressed to hers, glued at the pelvis but Mom wanted more, her hands on my ass coaxing me to fuck her. "Fuck me baby," she begged and I vowed to do as she said.

That I had already cum was a godsend. There would have been no way I'd have lasted more than a few thrusts had I not. I wrapped my arms beneath her and hugged her body to mine as I furiously fucked her, our mouths never separating. The first woman I ever made cum from sex was my mother! She had climbed atop me, her hands on my chest as she slapped her ass up and down on my crotch. I held her breasts in my hands and squeezed her nipples as I recognized the same facial expression from the kitchen. She lifted her knees up alongside me and collapsed down onto my chest, her mouth on mine as the orgasm swept over her. She shuddered above me and breathed out into my mouth. "Oh baby yes! Now you," she ordered.

I clasped her back and squeezed her body against mine. I barely had to move as her pussy gripped around my dick and willed my orgasm. Kissing her neck I released inside her and later she would tell me she felt every spurt as I finally returned to her womb.

We lay together in my bed for hours.

I never once pulled from her.

I came twice more.

* * * * *

In the morning my mother lay face down naked on the mattress.

Goosebumps appeared on her flesh as I ran my fingers across her back. The sheets lay in a mess at the base of the bed. "Mmm that feels nice," she purred and I ran my fingers up into her hair, massaging her scalp.

"What did you mean by, Dad knows?" I asked her and she rolled her head over on the pillow to face me.

"Oh that's right, I said we had a lot to talk about, didn't I?" she smiled. "I must have gotten distracted!" She pulled a hand out from underneath herself and reached for my penis.

Hardening in her grip I continued to stroke her hair. "You're beautiful," I confessed.

"You're only saying that because I have your balls in my hand!" She laughed.

"No. I saw it that day!" I continued. "The day I came to pick you up. You thought it was that skinny model I was looking at, it wasn't. It was you Mom."

"You know I loved that you were watching me!" She admitted and my cock fully hardened in her hand. "And in my bedroom, with my exercise gear. We could've done this then you know!"

I was shocked but not completely. Her display had been nothing short of open flirtation. I rued the fact I'd not acted on it then and there. "You're kidding? When you were wearing those pants? The leggings! Fuck Mom you looked so hot."

She smiled broadly. "You know, I wasn't wearing panties!"

That didn't come as a shock. "Ah no shit!"

Again she laughed, her hand now slowly masturbating me.

"But seriously, what about Dad?" I asked again.

Mom rolled onto her side and I again feasted my eyes on her bald pubis.

"He'll be home in a few hours. It's probably best you hear it from him.

Anyway, it's rude to talk with your mouth full!"

She leaned in and wrapped her lips around the swollen head of my cock and I fell back on the pillow in ecstasy.

* * * * *

Monday morning and I sat in Delores' office with Mom, Gayle and Bertrand, one of the other male presenters.

"It's that time of year again ladies," Delores began; obviously only referring to the women in the room. "Wet Waves have their new line and they've booked a one hour promotion."

"Oh lord is it summer already?" Gayle complained. "I haven't had time to get to the solarium. When is the slot?"

Delores looked at her computer screen. "Nor will you have. 2pm to 3!"

"Today?" Gayle shrieked. "Oh, good thing I didn't eat those extra yams at dinner last night," she added rubbing her stomach.

I had no idea what they were talking about. "What's Wet Waves?" I coyly asked.

Mom turned to me with a wicked smile on her face. "Swimwear darling. You're going to have to put up with watching your mother modelling swimwear!"

I couldn't have been happier.

* * * * *

Massage chairs, foot spas and Bertrand hosting male grooming products took up the morning programming. In the lunchroom I sat across from Gayle and the subject of last Friday's Wonder Panties hour came up.

"Angela told me you were a wonderful help backstage Corey, are you rostered on for the Wet Waves shoot?" Gayle asked as she sucked on a smoothie.

"Um I'm not sure, Delores hasn't said anything."

"Oh, well I'll have a word to her then. Lord knows I always need help fitting into those things and we're so short staffed at the moment."

"What, so you're modelling? Along with Mom," I asked, the realization Gayle wanted me backstage with her in varying stages of undress slowly registering.

"Of course. Wet Waves have suits for the older woman as well, unfortunately that means me. I do it every year; I suppose you were hoping Sasha would be here."

"No not at all."

"Well either way, I know your eyes won't be on these old bones during the hour."

I wondered what she meant by that. Was she aware of the special relationship that had developed between Mom and I? Or was she hoping for me to dispute her assertion. I looked at her mouth sucking on the straw, the fine wrinkles around her deep red painted lips. The table allowed me to only see her torso but it didn't disappoint. The red wrap dress hugging her large

breasts. Her hair dyed strawberry blonde to hide the possible gray. I knew she was at least sixty but she looked fine for her age. I opted to dispute.

"I don't know Gayle; I think you'd look great in swimwear!" I offered.

Her face openly brightened and but for the makeup, I think she may have been blushing. "Oh Corey, stop it!" She laughed and looked down at her magazine. I kept my eyes on her breasts, her nipples visibly hardening through her dress.

About an hour later and Delores passed me as I carried a delivery from the loading bay.

"Are you fine to help backstage with Wet Waves?"

Stupid question I thought but I played it cool. "Yeah I guess. Don't know what I'm supposed to do though."

"Just what you did during Wonder Panties, you were great," Delores complimented me and ran her hand down my arm. Electricity flowed through us and if I wasn't holding a box I felt I may have returned the physical contact.

"So when are you going to get up on stage and model?" I asked, "I thought it was all hands on deck at the moment."

She laughed and we continued our workplace flirtation. "Maybe we should go out there and host together?" She offered. "We might be a good onscreen couple."

"I'm sure we would be. But maybe we should do a test run privately beforehand; I've got a camera in my bedroom at home!" I proposed.

"Oh Corey you are so naughty aren't you!?" She laughed, slapping my arm. I watched her ass as she walked away, her cheeks swaying inside her tight

pants. When she reached the doorway she looked back and was still smiling. I doubted life could get any better.

Oh but it could!

With Gayle and Mom modelling, Bertrand was hosting the Wet Waves hour. As gay as a Christmas sweater, I warmed to him (possibly as I saw him as no threat) pre-show as he hovered backstage with the women and I. "Oh pet, these are going to fly off the shelves," he gushed over a floral patterned two piece bikini, handing the tiny item to my mother.

"Tell Bertrand to get out here Corey, his earpiece mustn't be working!" Delores screamed in my headset. Mom had already begun undressing and my eyes were fixed on her as she removed her black blouse. The flesh colored bra came into sight and I felt the urge to take her from behind in front of everyone.

"Corey! Did you hear me? Oh Jesus does anything work around here?" Delores panicked and I woke from my incestuous daydream.

"Oh yeah, I hear you," I replied into my microphone. "Bertrand. Delores wants you on set."

He placed back a white one-piece he'd been stroking and rolled his eyes at me. "Tell the dragon I'm on my way love," he conceded before heading out of the room.

Mom was in the process of removing her jeans and I got to see the panties she was wearing. We hadn't slept in the same bed since Friday night, her and Dad spending the weekend together. An unspoken deal had been made it seemed where I would be with Mom weekdays and Dad had the weekend. However this relationship was going to work was fine by me; it was all Moms' call. As Dad said, I was hers now.

Her pink cotton panties didn't match her bra but it did nothing to lessen her beauty. "It's the floral bikini first, is that right Corey?" Mom asked, lowering her underwear. I reached for her flesh colored modesty thong and passed it to her as she in turn handed me her warm panties which I quickly tucked into my pocket.

"Yep," I looked at the rundown and found Gayle's clothing order. "And Gayle, you're in the vintage two piece."

Looking up, Gayle was in the process of herself undressing. "Thank you sweetheart, would you bring it over?" She replied.

If Gayle had any inhibitions about disrobing before me they didn't show. She unwrapped her dress, allowing it to fall open to reveal a matching red lace bra. With her back to me, her dress came off and was thrown over the back of a chair. I lay my eyes upon her rear. A larger woman than my mother, her legs were clad in tan pantyhose and I realized she wore nothing underneath.

Gayle reached behind and unclasped her bra; pulling it over her shoulders she turned to me keeping it in place to cover her breasts. She cared little about revealing the delights below however. Her pantyhose pulled up high around her waist did nothing to obscure the thick patch of pubic hair at her crotch. Mesmerized I passed her the swimsuit and she used it to replace her bra at shielding her breasts before realizing the absurdity and uncovering her boobs completely. I tried not to ogle of course but I did take in the size and the large areola surrounding her erect nipples. For a sixty plus year old woman, she looked gorgeous.

My cock was already hard from watching my mother undress and with now another woman near naked, it wasn't going down any time soon. Rendered speechless myself, I turned back to Mom now with the bikini bottoms on

and in the process of placing pasties over her erect nipples. "Still not traveling to Brazil I see Gayle!" Mom laughed.

"The solarium wasn't the only appointment I've missed darling," Gayle chirped.

"A little help honey?" Mom asked and I moved to tie the back of her bikini, the cups tight over her large breasts.

"A man's perspective Corey, manicured or natural?" Gayle asked and I turned back to see she'd donned the tankini but her bottom half remained exposed, her hairy crotch on open display.

"I...ah," I stumbled over my answer and Mom moved her ass back onto my groin, pressing hard against my erection. I thought of my father's story. Burying his face between my grandmother's legs. Eating out her hairy bush. Gayle looked equally as delicious and thankfully my necessity to decide between a bald or hirsute pussy was taken from me.

"Two minutes Corey," Delores shouted in my ear. "Tell the girls to get ready."

It was a lifeline, how could I choose between the two? "Um, that'll have to wait. Delores wants you out there." I stated and Gayle, smiling, lifted the boy shorts to take her sex from my view. The two women examined themselves in the mirror a final time before heading towards the set and now alone I took a moment to catch my breath. Falling back on a chair and looking up at the monitor I watched Mom and Gayle join Bertrand. They looked beautiful on live television and it was hard to rationale I had just seen these two women completely naked.

Taking Mom's panties from my pocket, I treated myself with a brief smell of her scent and was on the verge of pulling my hard-on from my pants

before Delores again interrupted.

"Get the next suits ready Corey. We'll be introducing them individually from now on," she advised in my earpiece as I reluctantly lowered the underwear from my face and tucked them away.

"On it!" I replied and consulted the rundown. Mom would be wearing the yellow bikini next and Gayle the plus-size alternative. On-screen Bertrand was less hands on than when Gayle hosted but the camera operator was just as enthusiastic as ever with his close-ups on my mother's crotch. No cameltoe unfortunately but her mound looked delicious all the same, her ass especially so, the only detriment the visible line of the modesty thong. I made a mental note to see what I could do about that.

They came backstage together and I had laid out their respective swimsuits over the backs of each chair. Mom went to the mirror to fix something she felt was wrong with her hair and I went to assist Gayle if needed. Again I delighted at the sight of her thick brown bush and she was now in no way apprehensive about me looking. I took the vintage suit from her as naked, she picked up the new one.

"You know Angela; your son didn't give us an answer!" Gayle proclaimed, in no hurry to clothe herself.

I sensed my mother turning around to watch us. "You're right Gayle. Well Corey, have you been thinking about it?" She added.

"What? I, um. I don't know." I stammered, still gorging on her hairy crotch.

"Here, will this help?" Gayle stated and reached out for my hand, using my fingers to comb through her pubic hair from the top to her labia. "See, doesn't that feel nice?"

I felt giddy as my palm was pressed against her pussy. I looked over my shoulder at Mom, smiling and shaking her head as she removed her bikini top.

"One minute Corey! Send Gayle first." Delores piped up.

"Ah Gayle, Delores says you have one minute," I reluctantly advised her, my hand remaining pressed hard between her legs, my cock harder in my pants.

"Oh spoilsport," Gayle giggled allowing my hand to fall away as she put on her suit. It was unflattering and Gayle knew it. Designed for larger women than her, it contained a skirt that covered all the alluring curves of the ass. "Ugh," Gayle complained as she pulled the straps up over her arms. "You can't even see my best feature in this thing!" As if to accentuate her point she raised the rear of the skirt to Mom and me as she headed back on-set and I had to admit she did have a great ass.

Mom and I alone. She lowered the floral bikini bottoms and prepared to step into the yellow pair.

"Hey, you know you can see the thong through the bikini!" I quickly interrupted her.

"Oh really?" She coyly smiled. "What do you suggest I do?"

I moved to her and stopped as we were face to face. "If I may?" I boldly stated and took hold of the thong at her waist. Kneeling as I did so, I pulled her underwear slowly down her legs and off over her heels. My face inches from her smooth pussy I looked up into her eyes. "I think this will be better!"

She grinned back at me and taking me by the hand pulled me up to my feet. "I do too baby," she whispered as she kept hold of the hand that had only

seconds before been on another woman's pussy. Raising it to her face she smelled then kissed my fingers. "Are you going to fuck Gayle?" She bluntly stated before lowering my hand to her own vagina.

The difference between the two was stark and I had to admit to myself, I preferred it smooth. My fingers delved between her folds and found her dripping wet. I slid my middle finger inside her and her breath rushed out against my neck. "I thought she was a lesbian!" I whispered back, kissing her on the cheek, moving across to her mouth.

Mom pushed her tongue between my lips. "She is! And that's why I'm going to be there when you fuck her."

How was this woman my mother? I thought to myself. Her vagina was saturating my palm as I fingered her, spreading her wet all over her groin.

"Two minutes Corey!" Delores butted in, managing to always find the worst time to interrupt.

"We've got to stop Mom," I breathed into her mouth, her pussy squeezing around my finger.

Her face showed her displeasure as I pointed to my headphones. "I love you so much Corey," she confided as she understood the gesture.

"I love you too," I admitted as I pulled my finger out of her, my hand from my crotch. The area it left was smeared with moisture and quickly finding a solution I eased my leg between hers, wiping her off against my jeans. The feeling must have been pleasurable as she joined in, grinding herself obscenely along my thigh.

Gayle came into the room already undressing, her breasts on show just as Mom pulled up her bikini bottoms. She looked down to my pants leg immediately and grinned as if she knew where the dampness had come

from. Nothing would get past this wily old vixen I reasoned. Mom made a final check in the mirror but nothing would hide her flushed cheeks, satisfied enough she made her way to the set entrance.

"Please tell me my next one is remotely attractive Corey," Gayle inquired.

I looked at the rundown, my unexpected sojourn with Mom putting me behind schedule. "Um yeah, it's the white one!" I reached across to the clothes hanger and found her size. Turning back Gayle was more than ready to receive her new suit. Totally naked her ass pointed in my direction as she bent forward slightly, checking her lipstick in the mirror. Wearing high heels her legs looked longer and it tightened her ass, the crack between her cheeks beckoning for me to examine further. Her eyes in the mirror again looked down at my wet pants leg, my groin, then up at the swimsuit.

She turned and took the one-piece from me and unfazed by her nudity and our close proximity, stepped into the swimsuit. As it rose up her legs and over her pussy I could see it would be tight on her. Finally as she raised the straps over her shoulders she returned to the mirror and we both took in her appearance.

The suit cut tight across her large buttocks and the racer style dropped low on her back leaving a lot of flesh exposed. It looked good as far as I was concerned and better from the front as she turned to show me her boobs stuffed into the material.

"Oh no, no no!" Delores declared as she entered backstage approaching Gayle and I quickly. "What's this Gayle?" She added looking down at the other woman's crotch. "We're selling swimwear. Not Persian rugs!"

I too gazed down to Gayle's groin and could clearly see what Delores was alluding too. Gayle's pubic hair protruded either side of the white swimsuit

and the darkness was even clearly visible through the material.

"Well I'm sorry Delores, I told you I wasn't prepared for this," Gayle defended herself. "Maybe if you gave me a little more notice next time."

"Well you can't go out there like that," Delores continued before looking at me. "Corey, you're managing backstage. You take care of it!"

"What do I do?" I asked.

"I don't care, just fix it!" She stated before heading back the way she'd come speaking into her microphone as she left the room. "You have five minutes!"

I looked at Gayle who seemed less fazed by the situation than Delores or I. "O.k. Let me think," I said, dropping to my knees in front of her. With my face level with her crotch I took in her pussy from a different angle. It wasn't that bad, I looked up at Gayle. "May I?" I asked.

She smiled wickedly down at me. "Of course!"

I raised my hands and placing my fingers inside the leg-band beside her vulva I tried combing the stray pubes underneath before replacing the swimsuit. It didn't work, the high cut of the legs revealing the roots of the hairs. It then came to me. Bertrand's male grooming segment from earlier in the day. The wet and dry shaver he'd threatened to demonstrate on my designer stubble on air.

"Don't move Gayle, I'll be right back," I stated before adding to my orders. "Actually. Get undressed!"

As I ran to the storeroom to retrieve the razor it didn't go unnoticed I'd just told a woman over sixty to get naked. The power felt good. I found what I was looking for and made it back to where Gayle was waiting. Totally

naked except for her heels she leaned back against the desk in expectation of my return. Up on the screen Mom was doing what looked to be her final run on the small catwalk. "Three minutes Corey," Delores added to the tension.

Gayle, upon seeing the razor in my hand parted her legs in preparation. I had it turned on even as I knelt down between her spread feet and without waiting for her approval pressed it to the top of her pubic hair and shaved downwards. The razor worked better than I had expected, removing the hair down to smooth skin. Three more downward strokes and the majority of Gayle's pubic hair was removed. I placed a finger over her now exposed slit to protect her clitoral hood and outer labia as I tidied up the area and Gayle helped by spreading her legs further, displaying obscenely her mature vagina.

Satisfied with my work I took my finger from her and it came away wet; the pussy it left, literally dripping. I switched off the razor and the silence in the room was overwhelming as our eyes connected, Gayle biting her bottom lip. My erection lay along my pants leg and as I rose from between her legs, Gayle's eyes remained cast downwards.

"Thirty seconds Corey," Delores reminded me.

Finally Gayle's eyes met mine, the desire between us palpable. I reached for her swimsuit without breaking our stare and passed it to her. "It's time Gayle," I informed her and again dropped to my knees to help her into the costume.

Combining to pull it up over her body, the swimsuit sat snugly over her now smooth crotch. "How do I look?" Gayle asked me, my hands remaining on her hips. Surely my erection was answer enough but I wanted to show more, to let her know how sexy a woman of her age could be.

"You look..." What was the word? What was the word? "Fucking hot!"

She blushed! Even after baring all to me, allowing me to touch her vagina, a couple of words could make her embarrassed. I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to do more but ever reliable Delores ingratiated herself into the situation.

"Right Corey, your Mom's done, send Gayle out."

"Time to go," I turned her and eased her towards the set entrance. Mom walked around the corner and I smacked Gayle on the bottom to send her off, to which she giggled like a schoolgirl.

Mom saw my erection immediately and the pile of pubic hair at my feet.

"Well you've been busy!" she smiled.

Delores entered the room behind Mom. "She looks fantastic Corey.

Whatever you did, well done."

Mom turned her back to me and I undid her bikini with Delores' eyes on us both before lowering it below my mother's breasts.

"Just a bit of maintenance, Delores. All part of the job," I offered and her eyes strayed down to the mess of pubes.

Mom took off her bikini bottoms and waited for the next suit. "So what's next?"

Having browsed the rundown I knew exactly what was next and was looking forward to it. Delores' presence made me wonder if she as well was anticipating the private show. I held up the material and it weighed nothing in my hand. Fluorescent yellow, the bathing suit consisted of a couple of strings linked by small patches of nylon lycra. Mom took the offering from me, her hand caressing mine as she did so. "Delores while you're out here, could you help me with this one?" Mom asked her and I wondered what now she was up to.

I didn't have to wait long as Mom handed the micro bikini to her friend, holding onto the thong for herself. I found Gayle's next bathing suit and it wasn't dissimilar in size, my cock throbbing at the thought of her wearing it. Refocusing my attention on the women, Mom had pulled the thong up into position and Delores stood behind her tying the top before spinning her around to face us both.

Delores and I both saw the first of the problems. Mom looked down and saw it too. The pasties covering her nipples protruded either side of the tiny triangle supposed to act as a cup. "Well I won't be needing these," Mom acknowledged, tearing them from her skin and readjusting the straps. Her nipples stood erect and proud through the material, their pink hue clearly visible beneath the almost entirely transparent fabric.

Mom followed mine and Delores' gaze downwards and the bikini bottom pulled up tightly between the lips of her pussy, exposing herself to us. "Who wants to fix this one?" She asked us and Delores jumped at the opportunity before I even had a chance to answer.

Dropping to her knees before my mother she took hold of the thong. "I'll take care of it Ang."

I watched as her fingers slid beneath the string and pulled it out from the folds of my mother's vulva. She adjusted the thong downwards slightly and with her fingers brushing across my mom's bare pussy, fit it over the lips. Delores looked around and up to where I stood. "Does that look good Corey?" She asked, her hand stroking the inside of my mother's thigh.

As with her nipples, her labia were clearly visible through the material. "It looks beautiful!" I freely admitted. For the briefest of seconds I wondered if she was dressed appropriately for live television but the thought was cast aside as Mom continued.

"I think my son might need a hand down there too Delores, would you mind?"

My mom's eyes were focused squarely on my hard-on straining against my pants and Delores followed her gaze down.

"Oh! I'll see what I can do!" She proclaimed, shuffling across on her knees. Her hands went to my fly and slowly unzipped. Reaching inside she pulled my erection out through the opening and even I was impressed with how large I looked.

"Ah, I see the problem," Delores giggled and lifted my cock vertical before opening her mouth, poking out her tongue and licking me from the base to the head in one action.

My mouth fell open and I released a long held breath. "Oh Jesus!" I exhaled as her lips sealed over the head of my cock, her hand squeezing the length. I felt her tongue swirling around, licking me all over and entering the eye, finally pulling the length of my dick into her mouth to hit the back of her throat. I looked up to Mom, her eyes fixed on Delores. Reaching out I took her arm and pulled her to me, our mouths meeting as I ran a hand down her back to her buttocks.

Delores was making gagging sounds with my cock deep in her mouth. Cupping my mother's ass I slid my index finger under the thong between her cheeks and pressed it against her asshole, the rubbery sphincter twitching at the touch. Our tongues entwined as I pressed harder, Mom releasing a moan as I stimulated her anus.

"So how long was I supposed to stay out ther...Oh good lord!" Gayle exclaimed as she rounded the corner and laid her eyes upon the goings on.

Delores slurped off my cock and realizing the show must go on, looked up at Mom.

"I hate to ask this now Ang but would you?"

Mom stroked the back of Delores' head and smiled. "Of course, I'll leave you to it." Mom winked at me and my hand reluctantly fell from her ass as she left to do her stint, her hand touching Gayle's as she passed as if tagging in the older woman.

"I'm sorry Gayle, something came up!" Delores tried to explain, still on her knees, my drool covered erection in her hand.

Gayle didn't take her eyes from my cock. "Well not yet it hasn't! But I want to be there when it does." She declared and moved towards us.

"Wait," I stopped her, handing her the next swimsuit and seemingly the only one still thinking about work. "Put this on first."

Gayle took the bathing suit without complaint and hurriedly began to undress as Delores wasted no time in getting back to sucking me off, the area around my fly now saturated with saliva. My eyes were trained on Gayle as she became naked then fumbled with the string that was her swimsuit.

Finally figuring out how it went on, she pulled it up her body. She might as well have been naked. The design was a V, a one-piece that supposedly covered the crotch and flowed up across the breasts and over the shoulders. Gayle seemed less concerned in fitting the swimsuit properly than getting to my cock and with her nipples exposed, the string sitting one side of her pussy; she joined Delores on her knees.

Pulling my cock from Delores' mouth, Gayle wrapped her lips around me, her tongue sliding along my already lubricated length.

"I thought you were a lesbian!" Delores stated, miffed she'd lost control of her toy. I placated her by caressing her hair and aiming her head alongside my cock. I did the same to Gayle, easing her off my penis and repositioning her so my cock was between the two women's mouths. They seemed to relish the new position, sharing my cock, their mouths and tongues sliding back and forth along my length as though playing a harmonica.

The feeling was unlike I'd ever experienced, so soft and wet. Their tongues found each other and kissed above my cock, saliva dripping onto me as Delores masturbated me and Gayle cradled my balls. I looked up at Mom on the monitor. The camera man zoomed in on her breasts, the nipples protruding through the material. He panned down as she turned and her ass came into view, the thong disappearing between her luscious cheeks, the lump of her pussy visible for a second between her thighs before she again spun. And there it was, the triangle of fluoro yellow lycra doing nothing to hide her outer labia. Just the vision of which could have made me cum, the combined actions of the women below me, merely icing on the cake.

I couldn't hold it back any longer. Gayle was squeezing my balls, pressing up beneath my sack. Delores was furiously masturbating me and their mouths alternated between kissing each other, my cock and sucking the head. I was surprised I'd lasted this long. "I've got to cum!" I admitted to the ladies and as one they opened their mouths, looking up to me obediently. I took over from Delores, and gripped my saliva slickened dick, a mere stroke away from orgasm.

Aiming as best I could I found Delores' mouth and spurted deep inside her, quickly directing my flow to Gayle, this time not so accurate, my cum landing beside her nose and down onto her chin. Delores reached for my

cock and took possession once more, her hand over mine as I looked up to Mom, wishing she was back here with us.

When I again looked down at the women the last of my orgasm flowed from me onto Gayle's tongue. Her mouth quick to wrap around my head and drain the remnants. Both their chins coated in semen they kissed and I saw cum exchanged between them. I looked up to the monitor and the camera was on Bertrand, his hand on his ear looking confused. Mom stood beside him in a pose, now and then turning for the camera. It was then I realized my headphones had slipped off around my neck, looking down, Delores' also.

My cock softening I pulled the headset up and immediately heard the angst in Bertrand's voice. "Do we have the next swimsuit back there?"

"Fuck, Gayle you're on!" I gasped and helped her to her feet. Delores herself regaining her professionalism.

"Oh God fix it up!" She stated as she noticed Gayle's nipples and pussy exposed.

I took care of adjusting her crotch, my fingers delighting in rubbing across her dripping slit while Delores and Gayle covered her nipples. One final check of the suit and we sent her on her way.

"Was that the last?" Delores looked to me, her face and neck flushed. I nodded and noticed she still had cum on her chin and I reached up to wipe it from her before she took my hand and licked the semen off my finger.

We must have thought it at the same time; we certainly said it at the same time.

"Oh shit!" We cried in unison and looked up at the screen.

The camera panned up Gayle's body as she entered. Her long legs looked pale under the studio lights, her full ass, delicious. She turned as the camera pulled back somewhat but Delores and I saw it immediately. The light reflecting off the cum glistening her chin. There was no mistaking what it was. To have two near naked women on live television was one thing. To have one of them with a cum facial was an entirely different level of controversy.

My mother completed another run of the catwalk and facing Gayle must have noticed. Ever the professional she leaned into the older woman as they passed, Mom hugging Gayle and stealing a kiss. To the viewing public it would have come across as theater, playing up faux lesbianism possibly. Delores and I, holding hands were in no doubt of the action and when Mom's face came away from Gayle's, to our combined relief the cum was gone. Mom having licked it from her face.

"Corey!" The voice came from the backstage entrance.

I looked down from the monitor towards its source and the girl standing in the doorway.

"The receptionist, um what's-her-name, said you were back here!" Her eyes strayed down my body to settle on my semi erect cock still protruding from my pants.

The blood drained from my face as I looked upon the girl I'd known my entire life.

My sister, Theresa had returned.

Chapter 3

Two Years Ago

I lay on the floor of the living room, my neck against the sofa and PS4 controller in hand as I guided Nathan Drake through wave after wave of enemies. A cut scene eventuated and absently I looked to my right to see Theresa reading a foodie magazine upon the couch, bare feet up on the coffee table. It was not the magazine which captured my attention.

Legs crossed as she flicked the pages, from my vantage I had a clear view of the back of her thighs. At eighteen years of age, it wasn't my brain in charge and instead of taking a quick peek and moving on (the perfect crime), my eyes fastened upon the vision. And sister or not, it was beautiful.

Her white linen dress caught beneath her bottom, nothing covered the bulge of pussy and the orange panties clinging to her lump like a second skin. It was mesmerizing, and captivated I stared for God knows how long, making out the line of labia, even a stray pube. If only I had my phone at hand, I thought. I could easily take a photo...

"Why don't you take a photo? It'll last longer!" Theresa peered around her magazine and had caught me red handed; red faced.

"What!?" I dismissed and immediately concentrated on my game, my prowess clearly effected as I died onscreen, and in the real world, of embarrassment.

She made a mocking sound but out of the corner of my eye went back to reading her magazine and after a few more minutes I surreptitiously took another peek. If anything, her pose was more provocative. Legs thrown to the side to bare her entire ass, the panties disappearing between her cheeks

to even reveal the darker skin around her barely obscured asshole and once more an enticing bulge of pussy.

The phone ringing in the background, quickly followed by the sound of Mom's footsteps approaching drew me out of my hypnotism and when she passed the hands free to my sister excitedly, I was concentrating solely on my game.

*

The call had been the job at a restaurant in L.A. Theresa had applied for. Confirmation of her success. It would see her departing the very next day. Leaving our house, our town and me. Mom and I waved her goodbye as Dad drove her out of our lives for the foreseeable future and toward a hopeful career in the city.

Heading back into the house, Mom could sense my mood and placed an arm around my waist in comfort. "You're going to miss her, aren't you?" She noted and I had to admit, I would. Once inside we went our separate ways and it was as I entered my bedroom that I heard my phone beep a text message.

It was from Theresa and all it said was, 'Check under your pillow.'

*

Present Day

"Are you fucking serious?" Theresa blared as she approached Delores and I. At first, I thought she was talking to me but as she moved between us, Delores was where her eyes and her question were directed. "Delores! You're like our Auntie!" She continued.

"Theresa, I can explain..." I tried to intervene as I tucked my now flaccid cock back into my pants but my sister would have none of it.

"No Corey, you're the victim here," she threw her arm back and her hand came to rest on my chest and even under the circumstances of the contact, I had to admit, her touch felt nice.

Delores, over her initial shock at Theresa's appearance began to defend herself. "No, Theresa it's not like that, really..."

Before she could go further, the giggling conversation of our mother and Gayle entered the room directly followed by the women themselves, holding hands and smiling.

"Oh good, Mom do you know what's been...." Theresa stopped her question short as she turned to see what the women were wearing, changing her statement completely. "Mom! What the fuck have you got on?"

All eyes were now on my mother and the micro bikini she hardly wore. Gayle dressed similarly (if not more provocatively) stared as well and was first to answer my sister's question. "Come to think of it Angela, we do look like a couple of sluts!"

"Oh totally!" Mom laughed and approached Theresa as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "Honey, what are you doing in town? When did you get here?"

Theresa was left with nothing to do but accept my mother's embrace, her moral indignation cast aside momentarily with the family reunion. I however was put in the unusual predicament of seeing my near naked mother with her body pressed to my older sister, something I had never envisioned and until this moment hadn't even fantasized about. Theresa's torso leaning into my mother's, her dress inched up the rear of her thighs

disappointingly stopping below her buttocks. Ridiculously my cock began to stir.

Did my mother's hand venture a little lower on my sister's back than would be considered normal? Possibly. Or more likely my erotically charged mind was projecting. What I couldn't deny however were Mom's eyes on my crotch, slowly straying up to my own as she looked over her daughter's shoulder. "Gayle," Mom broke the embrace. "You remember Theresa, don't you?"

As if presenting Theresa to the older woman, Mom held my sister by the arm and reacquainted the two. Gayle was more than enthusiastic to lean in for the obligatory peck on the cheek, her breast pressing momentarily to my sister's. That did it. My hard-on returned.

After the pleasantries, Theresa was keen to get back to her initial gripe. "Mom you need to talk to your friend. What I saw out here was entirely inappropriate," she leaned into Mom and whispered in her ear before looking back in Delores' direction with scorn on her face.

"Honey," Mom began. "Your brother is twenty years old. I don't think anyone is taking advantage of him."

Theresa looked as if she were about to refute her assertion but her eyes were distracted by Gayle. The sixty plus year old had moved to the other side of the room and was in the process of removing her swimsuit. The little skin not already exposed came into view and I again gorged on her large white ass and as she turned, her freshly shaved pussy.

Theresa seemed equally as taken by the older woman, her eyes I noticed straying down from her breasts to (dare I say it) enjoy Gayle's exposed sex.

"Has anyone seen my panties?" Gayle asked the room, looking around completely unashamed by her nudity. "Oh, never mind. Silly me, I wasn't wearing any!"

My sister's incredulity at the casual nudity and sexual activity she was witnessing, I thought couldn't have increased. Our mother however found a way. As eyes had been on Gayle, she herself had removed her top and with a hand resting on Theresa's shoulder for balance was in the process of taking off her thong. Fully naked she threw her bikini onto the chair behind her and looked around. "Now where are MY panties?"

All of a sudden, the small piece of material weighed a lot more in my pocket. Mom knew damn well where they were and was challenging me in front of my sister. With Theresa inspecting every move I reached down beside my swollen fly and retrieved my mother's underwear, handing the pink panties to her right under my sister's nose.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Theresa searched our faces. "Have you all lost your minds?"

"It's not that bad..." I attempted to say but Theresa threw up a hand to silence me.

"I'm going. We'll talk about this later. Corey, I have my suitcase in reception, can I put it in your car?"

I felt my back pocket for my keys and nodded. "Yeah, yeah sure."

*

In the two years since Theresa had taken up the job in one of L.A's finest restaurants, her visits home had been infrequent, welcomed, and never long lasting. That she had mentioned a suitcase and not her overnight bag, hadn't gone unnoticed.

I caught her as we reached the foyer and the long serving station receptionist beamed when she saw us together. "Well look at you two, all grown up and still as thick as thieves. You'll be back playing on the kitchen set in no time, won't you?"

"Ha, you might be right Vivienne," I replied and saw the look of recognition on my sister's face. I couldn't blame her; it had taken me a week to remember her name after seeing her again.

I was right about the suitcase. It was the big one, and reached for it before Theresa had a chance.

"Thank you, Corey. Just be careful with the latch, it pops open," Theresa warned.

She opened the doors and I followed pulling the case. The wind had picked up outside and caught her hair and I admired her as she pulled it off her face and behind her ear. "So, are you going to tell me, or what?" I asked.

"Why I'm back?"

Nodding at her we walked side by side across the parking lot towards my car.

"The restaurant went broke. They were trading insolvent for months, weren't paying us for weeks," she explained.

"Fuck. What have you been doing for money?" I asked.

"I have savings but they're running low. I thought I could come back here, find a part time job and see what happens."

"Did Mom and Dad know?"

We stopped at the trunk of my car and Theresa shook her head. "They would've just worried. Sent money. I didn't want to trouble them what with

Dad's new shift and the station's problems."

"What problems?" I inquired. If the station was in trouble, it was news to me. Yes, we were running on an oily rag and I knew sales and ratings were low, but I hadn't heard anything further.

"Jesus. You work here, don't you talk about it? They're thinking of shutting you down and moving the production to L.A." Theresa informed me. "It was on the socials."

I had probably been more focused on other things of late and now she raised it I had overheard some strange conversations among the staff. "I guess I've just been too busy to pay attention," I offered.

"Yeah, I saw what you've been paying attention to!" She tried to hide the smile that wanted to appear on her face as she alluded to what she'd walked in on.

"Yeah, about that, I..." I began.

"Agh," she held up a hand. "I don't want to hear about it."

I pulled my keys out and unlocked the trunk. Lifting up her case the edge tapped the bumper and sure enough as she'd warned, the bottom fell open spilling the contents onto the asphalt.

"Oh fuck, Corey!" Theresa exclaimed as her clothing spread out at our feet.

"Shit sorry," I begged as I deposited the now empty case in the back and dropped to my knees to retrieve her possessions. The wind caught the smaller items and I chased after what I could see was a red thong. I caught it half way across the parking lot and the satin felt nice to the touch and nicer still when I realized they weren't fresh.

Thinking she'd been watching my pursuit I spun around holding it up victoriously but her back was turned. Bent forward she lifted clothing up into the trunk as another gust of wind blew through. Her dress, a spotty mid-thigh skater, flew up around her hips giving me the most beautiful view of the half of her buttocks bulging below her lavender colored panties. Dumping her clothes, her hands went down to cover herself and she turned to face me, a coy look on her face.

Approaching I held out her underwear and as she looked down at my hand, she struggled to contain her grin. "So why exactly did you have Mom's panties in your pocket?" She asked, her fingers momentarily touching mine as she took back her briefs.

I felt my face redden as I searched for a reasonable explanation and none came.

"Um. It's a long story!" I declared.

"I've got time," she countered, closing the suit case and the trunk.

A thick noise of static came through my headphones causing me to jump.

"Corey are you online?" Delores interrupted our conversation.

I frowned at Theresa and pointed to my headset. "On my way Delores!"

"Meet me in my office," she explained in a shower of crackle, the radio struggling to cover the distance.

I focused again on my sister, handing her the car keys. "Pick me and Mom up at six, can you? Dad should still be home now, actually why didn't you go there first?"

"The bus stopped just down the road. Thought I'd surprise you and Mom."

"Well, that you did," I admitted and thought if she'd been there any time sooner, she would have caught Mom and I together. How would that have gone down I wondered? I looked down at her legs when she'd taken her position in the driver's seat, the short dress laying across her thighs, before quickly seeking her eyes.

"So, have you still got them?" She smirked, and just as I was understanding to what she was referring, she placed the car in reverse, delighting in my dumbfounded expression and without waiting for a reply, backed out of the car space and was gone.

*

Two Years Ago

I frowned at my phone, and without replying, looked across to my bed. Still unmade from the morning I saw no obvious sign of what in fact she was talking about before lifting a pillow, then the other.

There they were. Orange, delicate, and as I picked them up with a shaking hand, still slightly warm. My sister's panties. The very ones that had captured my attention on the couch the night before. I could feel myself blush as I sent her a simple text back.

'Wtf?'

The answer came within seconds. 'Something to remember me by,' followed by an 'x.'

I didn't know how to respond, flippantly sending a smile emoji. What did it mean? How was I supposed to take my sister leaving me her unwashed panties as a goodbye gift? We never spoke of it again.

*

Present day

Mom and Gayle were seated within the office, and as I entered, Delores asked me to close the door behind me. "Who's on air? Bertrand?" I asked, surprised he would be presenting back-to-back.

"Uh huh," Delores looked up over the rim of her glasses as she turned from her computer screen. "He's covering Gayle's solar garden lights," Delores explained. For a moment I felt like something was wrong, had we gone too far backstage? Delores was involved so surely it couldn't be that.

"Well," Mom asked Delores, obviously thinking along the same lines as me. "What's going on?"

"Nothing!" Delores began, a broad smile spreading across her face. "I just wanted to hold a meeting with my stars!"

"Stars!" Gayle exclaimed. "I've been here 25 years, never been considered a star before."

"Well, you are; you all are!" Delores enthused, looking around at us. "I just received an email from Wet Waves," Delores continued. "Sales are through the roof. The big thing though, management are thrilled. The last quarter hour was the highest ratings we've registered in years. They said we were trending!"

"You know I'm not surprised about that," I stated. "To be honest, being the only male here. If I was at home, I'd be watching!" I felt Mom's eyes on me and even after all we'd been through together, I still blushed at my confession.

"Well management love what we're doing," Delores continued. "They want more! More sex appeal. More gorgeous women on set."

"I guess that means Sasha will be on her way back," Mom bluntly stated.

"I've already emailed her agent," Delores confirmed. "We have the new Skin-Tightz line scheduled for Wednesday. Sasha'll be perfect."

"Well, she has the legs," Gayle added and I felt I had to speak up.

"The 'legs' for what?" I asked.

"Hosiery," Delores dropped her glasses down her nose. "Pantyhose."

"And why do we need her?" I inquired, my mind racing.

"Well, she's the professional model Darling, Skin-Tightz are an exclusive brand," Mom explained and when I countered with a sigh, the three women looked at me to expound.

"Look, I know I'm new here," I began. "But you said so yourself Delores, ratings have picked up in the last week."

"Yes?" Delores agreed.

"Well, that's post Sasha," I stated.

"So?" She questioned.

"Well, that tells me people want to see 'real' women on their screens advertising stuff. Not supermodels. Especially when it's underwear and swimwear. They want to see what it'll look like on them, not some stick insect. No offense to Sasha," I added.

I could see the cogs in Delores' head turning.

"Bertrand's on leave from Wednesday. If Gayle modeled again, who'd host?" Delores grimaced. "I can't ask him to put off his trip to Napa now."

"Gayle hosts," I affirmed.

"Then who models Corey?" Delores removed her glasses completely. Seemingly genuinely interested in my thoughts. "Your mother can't do it alone. And I'm certainly not doing it!"

"Theresa," I stated and there was silence from the women as they processed my idea.

"She's got a job Honey," Mom advanced.

"No, she hasn't, the restaurant closed," I countered.

"She's never modeled," Delores seemed equally as dismissing.

"So?" I rebuffed. "Don't take this the wrong way, but it's not exactly rocket science. You just walk out there and do a few turns while Gayle feels you up."

"I love the idea!" Gayle enthused at the mention of her and Mom sniggered. Delores turned to her and questioned. "She's your daughter, Angela. Do you think she'd do it?"

*

"I'll do it," Theresa declared as she drove us from the station.

"Really?" Mom taking off her makeup in the passenger seat turned to her.

"Yeah, why not? It'll be fun," Theresa laughed. "It's just like when we were kids, hey Corey? I'll have to practice walking in heels again I suppose," she added. "What are we modelling? Kaftans?"

Mom biting her lip, turned fully to look at me in the back seat, I guess expecting me to break the news.

*

Mom walked into the living room to greet her awaiting audience of two and my cock immediately began to rise.

"Pantyhose," I finally answered my sister's question, her shocked face looking to me momentarily before back at our mother. Dressed in a black crotchless bodystocking, Mom did a turn for good measure, her bare ass cheeks pale under the light, the black string of a thong lost between her voluptuous globes.

"Well, hosiery," Mom corrected. "We don't have the products yet, but it'll be something like this."

The bodystocking was sheer, and bra-less, Mom's nipples were on full display, the sight causing the need for me to adjust my erection, right as Theresa looked back in my direction as well.

Her eyes were caught by the indiscretion and lingered for a moment before she got back on subject. "It's lingerie!?" She exclaimed. "I don't even wear it myself."

"Well, it's not just lingerie," Mom countered as I dined on the vision of near nudity, the tiny black thong barely covering her pubic mound. "As your brother said, they make pantyhose and thigh-high stockings..."

"Yeah, ah Mom. I don't think you're helping," I quickly inserted and Theresa looked back at me, a concerned expression on her face. "What are you worried about? You've got a great body. You'd look awesome in this stuff," I assured her.

To this, she blushed. "You think?"

"Oh, of course Honey," Mom added enthusiastically. "Here, try it on."

Both my sister and I panned our heads back toward Mom well into the act of lowering the bodystocking from her shoulder, a breast exposed.

"No!" Theresa leaped from the couch aghast, quick to prevent Mom going any further. "Mom. Seriously?" She tilted her head in my direction and Mom was quick to dismiss.

"Oh Darling, your brother's seen me naked at the studio plenty of times. It's no big deal."

"Well, it is to me," Theresa declared almost fighting with Mom to get the bodystocking back over her shoulder. The sight of the struggle was more than arousing and my cock twitched its agreement. "Maybe I'll just try walking in the heels," Theresa added to change the subject.

Mom seemed about as despondent as I that Theresa wasn't going to model for us. Or was it that she'd lost the opportunity to be naked before her children? The whole thing began to raise issues for me. Was Theresa aware of the family tradition? I knew Mom and her talked often. Had she not mentioned we were, to put it bluntly, fucking? If that was the case, would I even be able to spend the night in Mom's bed?

I watched as Theresa walked in Mom's stilettos, no evidence they posed a problem. Her pale bare legs stretched, her calf muscles became pronounced as she presented them with her turn and again my penis expressed its admiration.

*

It was meant to be an orientation day. Theresa just following me around, learning the ropes and the day to day running of the station. That was until all hell broke loose.

"Bertrand's gone to Napa a day early!" Delores screamed into my earpiece as I was guiding Theresa around the loading dock. "What color panties is your sister wearing?"

Taken aback by the question, I felt myself blush as I looked at Theresa, wondering how or even why I'd ask her?

"Ah, I'm not sure wh..." I began to question Delores before she cut me off.

"Tan Lines are booked for 10a.m. Your mom has to host!"

I still couldn't make the connection to my sister's underwear and asked what it had to do with Theresa?

"Bertrand was meant to present with their rep. Angela was going to model but with Gayle not starting until midday, your mom will have to host and someone else model."

"Can't you just call in Gayle early?" I looked at my watch, still half an hour until showtime.

"Have you ever woken Gayle on her morning off?" Delores asked sarcastically and I read between the lines. "Theresa has to step up earlier than expected. Just find out if she's wearing white panties."

I looked at Theresa and cleared my throat as I tried to prevent a smile appearing.

"Um, Delores wants to know what color panties you've got on?"

Obviously just as confused, Theresa smirked. "What?"

"It's something to do with the fake tan promo in the next hour. You might have to model."

A look of horror replaced the smile.

"Don't worry, you'll be out there with Mom," I eased her concern. "Soo, ah. Your panties?"

"Oh, um."

Whether it was because she'd genuinely forgotten or just wanted to show me, I watched as my sister slowly lifted the front of her dress to expose her groin, both our gaze aimed downwards as her pink knickers came into view.

Tightly hugging her mound, the sight had my cock enthusiastic, blood flowing into its length.

"Ah, they're pink," I spoke directly to Delores, hearing her sigh. "Is that a problem?"

"They have to be white. It's to do with the contrast. Look, just come to my office. Both of you."

Delores' statement was final and with Theresa still holding her dress up for me, I reached out and took her hand. "Come on, we've got to go."

*

I knocked once and entered to find Delores standing, on the phone, and undressed down to her bra and panties.

"Whoa!" I began to back out when she threw up a finger to wait, before gesturing we both enter.

"Yes, we're doing all we can," she spoke to whomever was on the other end before hanging up with a curt thank you. "Come in, come in," she welcomed. "Management. Just checking up on us."

Despite the fact this woman had no less than sucked my dick only a day previous, it was still uncomfortable being in her office with her partial

nudity, though as she made to unclasp her white satin bra behind her back, I felt I was getting used to it!

"So," Delores continued as her boobs dropped from her bra, placing it upon the table and reaching down to her matching panties. "I'm sorry to do this to you Theresa. Throw you in at the deep end so to speak. But we need you." She, without qualm tucked her thumbs into her panties and lowered them down her legs, stepping her bare feet through the holes and clutching them in her hand. My eyes remained on her manicured thatch of pubic hair and only lazily rose when she again started speaking.

"I'm just guessing you aren't wearing a white bra, so..." she looked down at the table.

It was then Theresa and I realized what was happening.

"Oh!" Theresa exclaimed. "You want us to swap!?"

Seemingly less amazed at how bizarre the scene was than me, Theresa immediately made to lift her dress up her body. Once more her pink panties came into view, quickly followed by a matching bra. See-through, I feasted on her nipples as they hardened before my eyes, only to be doubly delighted as she removed her bra as easily as Delores had before holding it out to the older woman.

Any animosity between the two after their initial reconnecting a day earlier seemed to have dissolved along with their clothing and Delores reached out to accept my sister's bra.

"Oh, I didn't mean we had to swap as such," Delores remarked, shrugging as she examined the bra and passed her own panties to my sister. "But, well. I suppose, why not?"

In the process of threading her arms through my sister's bra, Delores and I looked down at Theresa as she pulled her own panties down her legs. I immediately knew what the producer's reaction would be. My sister presented to us a surprisingly well grassed pitch, her dark brown pubic hair clearly not waxed, nor trimmed for that matter, in some time. "Oh goodness!" Delores exclaimed. "Oh well, we'll see how it looks behind the panties."

Embarrassed, Theresa pulled the white satin panties up tight over her mound and looked up expectantly waiting for our appraisal.

"Actually, that's not too bad," Delores affirmed, looking to me for another perspective. "What do you think Corey?"

Granted license to look even closer at my sister's crotch, I dropped to my knees and moved in to search for stray pubes, disappointed when none presented.

"It looks good," I gave a thumbs up and reluctantly rose as Theresa accepted Delores' bra.

"The model would normally wear cotton panties and usually a tank top," Delores explained as she stepped into my sister's pink panties, the underwear swap complete. "But as head office wants us to be racier, I think we can get away with this."

"What do I have to do out there?" Theresa, looking nervous brought the conversation back to reality and Delores, in no hurry to clothe herself approached.

"Oh Honey, nothing really," she took Theresa's hand and held it for reassurance. "The rep will do all the work applying the tan, your mom's hosting. All you have to do is stand there and look good." Delores' eyes

panned down to my crotch and embarrassingly Theresa's followed, both alighting on my bold erection. "And by the looks of the audience, you're doing a wonderful job already!"

*

"Sorry about that," I apologized to Theresa as we walked to the changing room behind set. If she was having any problem being partially naked in the workplace it wasn't apparent as we strode by a sound guy whose eyes didn't hide his own appreciation of my sister's body. "I didn't mean for you to see it," I alluded to my erection and she turned to me as we approached the green room door.

"I know what boys are like Corey," she did a fine job of not smirking. "You can't help yourselves. Even it seems, when it's your own family."

"Oh good, you're here," Mom reached around the corner and drew Theresa into the backstage area, leaving me to ponder my sister's slightly cryptic comment. Did she know about Mom and me? Or was it purely my erection at her own nudity to which she referred? I followed the two into the room and found a third party, an attractive middle-aged woman dressed all in white.

"Oh, you're wearing that!?" She reacted to my sister's attire, her eyes straying from the satin and lace bra clearly a size too small, Theresa's breasts bulging around the cups, down to the satin panties closely hugging her buttocks and pussy mound.

"They're white, aren't they?" Mom was quick to defend her daughter, hugging one of Theresa's arms to her own. The sight had my cock once more hardening and I pictured Theresa naked beside our mother. Was there a possibility?

The Tan-Lines rep made no more mention and as I pondered another detail, the make-up girl entered to get to work on Theresa. Mom was meant to model! Didn't that surely mean she would have been wearing the white underwear? Where was it? Why wasn't it her that swapped with Theresa and not Delores? They were all roughly the same size. My train of thought was interrupted by a voice in my headpiece informing me of a delivery and feeling like a third wheel backstage anyway, excused myself quietly from the proceedings.

*

It was well into the hour that I even managed a peek at one of the monitors to see how Theresa was doing. One leg bronzed, the rep applying tan high on her thigh, the camera was zoomed in on her pubic mound and yes, a pube had escaped the cage. I watched fascinated, disbelieving that right there on public television was my sister's pussy bulge, the slight hint of labial bumps behind the satin and above the distinct shadow of concealed pubic hair.

"Management are loving it," I jumped at Delores' voice, momentarily believing it from the headpiece before feeling her presence beside me. "Sales are up ten percent on usual. Is this the Skin-Tightz range?"

I looked from Delores back down at the hosiery delivery I'd been reconciling with the invoice, my cock hard in anticipation of Mom and my sister wearing the items.

"Yeah, it's all there ready for tomorrow," I acknowledged.

Delores moved in closer and a hand reached down and pressed my fly.

"Looks like you're ready for tomorrow as well!" Delores stated and I laughed at the corniness of the line.

"Did you plan it?" I asked and she frowned before I elaborated. "Getting Theresa to undress like that. Swapping her underwear?"

To this she smiled. "Well, Angela and I might have had a discussion," she began to blush. "But Bertrand going to Napa early was definitely not expected. We just improvised. Oh, that reminds me," she lifted her other hand, holding Theresa's bra and panties. "You can hold onto these for her, can't you?"

It was now me that grinned, Delores rubbing my hard-on more deliberately. I dropped my invoice and reached out for my sister's underwear, discarding the bra but keeping the panties. Still warm, Delores must have only minutes before removed them and sure enough, dampness covered the gusset.

"Oh fuck," I sighed as Delores unbuttoned my pants, the unzipping of my fly following. Knowing she was naked beneath her dress had me harder and when she pulled me from my underpants, I stood like a tower of granite.

"Smell them," Delores whispered as she dropped to her knees, taking my cock in hand and then mouth, her lips enclosing around the head.

"What?" I nervously replied, admittedly the desire to do just that, overpowering.

"Sniff your sister's panties," she ordered, her lips popping from my cock before wrapping once more, eyes upon me.

I managed to take my eyes from the sight to look up at the screen, my semi-naked big sister smiling at the camera. Mom beside her in a tight pencil skirt, noticing then the white tank top beneath her blazer. Mom had wanted this as well, planned it I thought, as I raised Theresa's pink panties to my face, pressing the damp gusset into my nose and mouth and inhaling the combined scent of my sister and Delores.

"Is it good?" Delores slurped off the end of my cock. "Can you smell her pussy? Can you smell MY pussy Corey?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I gasped as she continued to beat off my cock.

"You like it?" Delores sighed.

"Oh yeah."

"You want the real thing?"

"Oh, fuck yeah!" I groaned, wasting no time in reaching down to raise her to her feet.

The press studs down the front of her dress came away as I navigated Delores back onto the bench. The manicured pussy I'd spied an hour earlier once more coming into view, now the pink below as she spread her legs. Burying my face into her crotch I made sure to coat my nose and jaw in pussy, inhaling the alluring scent of an aroused woman and then, my tongue inserted. Delving as deep into her vagina as possible, my jaw hurting as my mouth spread around her sex.

"Fuck me Corey," Delores sighed from above and I wasted not another second. Rising, shuffling a step forward as my pants dropped to my ankles, my cock found its own way between her legs and as Delores pulled me atop her, I slid inside her body like a hot knife through butter.

An almost guttural sound emanated from her as my pelvic bone met hers, pulling out completely, my length slick with her juices before plunging back inside.

"Yes, fucking yes," Delores gasped as I began a steady rhythm, my balls slapping her buttocks as we fucked. "Give me those panties Corey," she hissed and her hand wrapped around my own, drawing the underwear up to

her face. As if chloroforming her in a movie, my hand covered her nose and mouth with the panties, my other clutching an exposed boob as I increased my penetration. "I can smell her," Delores almost screamed through her mask of panty. "I can smell her pussy."

It was perverted. It was a betrayal of my sister's privacy. It was also as hot as fuck. My cock slammed into Delores who'd sucked the panties into her mouth, holding them in her jaw like a dog with a bone. Intermittent glances at the monitor to see my sister, turning as the rep massaged her thigh with the fake tan, her ass bulging out of Delores' white panties. Holding both breasts, squeezing her nipples between my fingers I managed to fuck her harder, feeling it in my abs, my buttocks, the greatest of workouts. An almost pained expression came to her face before her head lolled back, mouth agape and the panties falling away.

"Oh God," she gasped. "I'm, I'm cumming," she needlessly informed me, the evidence all over her face, in her cunt where her vaginal walls were squeezing my girth, tensing with each wave of her orgasm.

It was enough to have me following, every thrust bringing me closer to my own climax as Delores reached out for my neck, dragging my body closer to hers to meet my mouth. With her tongue licking my lips, seeking out my own, she managed to mumble an order.

"Cum on me Corey," she sighed. "I want it all over my tits!"

She didn't have long to wait.

Another thrust and I was there. Gasping as I pulled my face from hers, my cock from inside her body as cum was already blasting from the eye. I sprayed her pubic bone before I'd even grasped my length, a long thread laying atop her pubes. And then, with control of my direction, up onto her

stomach, upon my toes to aim at her chest, jet after jet of molten lava upon her awaiting and upturned boobs.

"How will I even get this off?" Theresa's voice came from the entrance to the set, followed by that of my mother as the three women entered the backstage area.

"I usually just scrub it off in the ba..." she paused mid word as I stood upright and Delores dropped down off the bench. I caught the sight of Mom smirking, a look of horror upon the faces of both the Tan-Lines rep, and more so Theresa when she saw Delores using her panties to quickly wipe the cum up from the front of her torso.

"What the fu..." Theresa began as I clumsily pulled my pants up over my erection, the second time in two days she'd caught me with my pants down, so to speak.

"My apologies Francine," Delores was concentrating on the rep (and the 'rep' of the station I supposed) as she re-attached the studs at the front of her dress to cover her nudity, the still shocked woman holding up a hand in dismissal.

"It's none of my business," a similar smirk to my mother's began to appear on her face. "As we've discussed, it's the way you operate that made me come out from L.A. to begin with."

Delores turned her attention to my sister, one arm, one leg tanned, holding out her now cum saturated panties for my sister to retrieve.

To my amazement she did. A slight frown as my semen made contact with her fingers but the initial shock of once more finding me in congress with Delores seeming to slip away.

"So," Gayle came around the corner and entered backstage. "What have I missed?"

*

The remainder of the day was nowhere near as eventful. A Slice 'n' Dice cooking segment capturing Theresa's attention for much of the afternoon, her assistance utilized with off-screen food prep. It wasn't until the car ride home that I spent any quality time with her and Mom and even then, I could sense tension between my sister and I.

Dad at home for the evening seemed to conspire further towards another night in bed alone. Nearly two days since I'd last had sex with Mom being far too long and with them hugging and kissing post dinner in the kitchen, I doubted it'd happen any time soon. Generally moping around the house, (admittedly for no good reason) I came upon the open door of the bathroom and the filling bath, Theresa with a towel wrapped around her body, entering.

"You come to help?" She allowed herself to smile and relieved she was actually talking to me, I questioned what she meant. "This fucking fake tan," she held out her one bronzed arm. "I tried to scrub it off over the sink and it did nothing."

"Oh, yeah," I nodded. "Mom says you have to do it in the bath."

"Hence," she made a sweeping motion toward the bath and I leaned against the door frame as she crossed the bathroom to turn off the water.

The towel rode up clear to her buttocks as she leaned over the tub, no panties there, and I immediately pictured her back at the studio. Once again, she'd had no problem undressing before me, or Gayle for that matter who'd suspiciously hung around in the backstage area. Theresa handing me

Delores' white bra and panties before donning once more her own dress, cum soaked underwear disposed of in her handbag. From there I wasn't aware of their journey but I hadn't seen them in the laundry basket when I'd deposited some of my own clothing, my face blushing with the recollection just as Theresa rose from the bath, satisfied with the water level and temperature.

"Soo, you coming in?"

The question caught me off guard.

"What?"

"Well, are you going to help or not?" She reached her hands up and unwrapped the towel from around her breasts, my eyes immediately dropping to that lustrous thatch of dark pubic hair.

"You were serious?"

"Why not? You can do my leg while I take care of my arm."

She was already climbing into the bath as I closed the door behind me and as I approached, she slid beneath the heavily bubbled surface. I sat down on the edge of the bath and reached over to grab a sponge from around the faucet when Theresa sniggered. "What are you doing?"

"What?"

"Aren't you getting in?"

I'd misunderstood. She'd been inviting me into the bath with her, not just the room. Not since toddlers had we bathed together. The realization I was about to be naked with my sister setting my already rapidly beating heart aflutter. Casual, as if what was happening was an everyday event, I removed my shirt and then fumbled with the button of my pants.

"You don't seem to have as much trouble when Delores is around!" Theresa jokingly mocked but I noticed more than a little truth behind her mirth. "Or Mom for that matter."

Did she know?

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," she took a loofah from the shelf and dropped it below the surface, all the while looking under her eyebrows at my progress.

My semi erect cock bounced out of my pants as I dropped them to my feet and stepped into the warm water, a smile coming to Theresa's mouth as I quickly hid my affection below the surface.

"So. Do you still have them?" She cryptically inquired as I once again took up the sponge, my face revealing my confusion to the question. "My panties?" She elaborated.

"Delores gave them back to you!" I frowned, focusing on my reason for actually being there and lifting her leg out of the water beside me.

"Not those ones Corey," she whispered. "You know what I'm talking about."

Her slippery skin in my hand, my fingers pressing into the soft flesh of her calf, I thought of that day two years prior. The day she left. Her orange panties found under my pillow. My cock reacting now much as it had done then. And Theresa noticed. Her eyes dropping to the foamy surface of the water as the head of my dick rose like a shark's fin through the bubbles. A smile turning the corners of her mouth. She began casually scrubbing at the fake tan on her arm as I felt her free leg shift position in the bath, her toes sliding below my balls.

"Oh shit," I sighed as my back straightened with the contact, lifting my pelvis and my cock rising from the foam like a submarine's periscope. "Ah, yeah. I kept them. They're secret; they're safe," I realized I'd paraphrased Gandalf and hoped she hadn't noticed, the words sounding cool at the time.

Silent for a moment, my erection a lighthouse between us, Theresa dropped her hands below the water and I noticed her loofah rise to the surface a moment before she clasped my cock between them. Once more I sighed, lost for words as my sister touched my penis for the first time in our lives, expecting her mouth to follow.

"What's the deal with Delores?" She surprised me with the question as her hand began to slowly slide up my length.

"What? Nothing," I insisted. "I'm not with her."

"No, you're with Mom," she immediately retaliated and caught me off guard with her knowledge.

"You know?" I asked and her eyes climbed up to mine as she nodded.

"Corey, I know about the family tradition," she admitted as she began milking my hardness. "It should've been me!" She declared as her mouth finally wrapped the head of my awaiting cock.

"Oh shit," I repeated my exclamation, raising my hips to accept her, the head of my cock meeting the roof of her mouth. She slid off with a trail of drool, her hand smearing the saliva back down my length as lubricant as her eyes once more found mine. "I wanted it to be you," I admitted and it made her smile. "But you went away."

For a moment I thought I'd said the wrong thing, her smile dissolving though her hand continued to stroke me.

"I'm back now," she studied my eyes as the rate of her jerking increased.

"I know."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," I declared with all conviction.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

"Oh yes," I sighed, my cock hardening further in her grip in anticipation of being inside her.

The movement was swift. Theresa's leg that had been in my possession was dragged away as she changed position in the bath. In a wave of water, she made it to her knees and descended forward atop my body, my arms embracing her as she climbed upon my hips. Her dripping and soapy boobs made contact with my chest the same moment my cock found its way between her legs, Theresa's hand there to guide it inside. And we were one. Brother and sister connected at the sex. Her mouth descended upon my own and as my cock plunged further into her, to its zenith, her tongue slid between my lips.

This was perfect. So tight was her vagina it gripped me like her fist. So slippery her skin as my hands caressed her back, down to her buttocks.

"Say it," Theresa gasped as we kissed.

"I love you," I immediately replied, sliding a finger along the crack of her ass to press against her anus. "I love you so much," my tongue entwining with hers.

Her ass crashing down in the water with every thrust caused waves to splash the edge of the bath, onto the floor. Ignoring it, I grasped a breast and

found her nipple, tweaking it between thumb and forefinger before deciding I needed to taste and leaving her mouth for tit.

More than a mouthful she gave me. Perched in my lap, Theresa fed me boob and greedily I sucked at her nipple. One then the other. Lavishing her chest with kisses before moving on to her neck. Her head fell back, pussy still bucking on my cock as I nibbled her flesh, biting and kissing my way across jaw back to her mouth.

"I wanna cum on you," she groaned as I matched her descent, lifting my groin up into every penetration. "I want to cum on your face," she followed, almost embarrassed at her honesty.

"Fuck yeah," I kissed her. "Give me that pussy Sis," I declared, embarrassed myself for using the term 'Sis,' one that I'd never. "Let me taste you."

Wasting no time, Theresa rose from my tower of love and bowlegged, thrust her hirsute and dripping pussy into my face. Water and her own lubricant flowed into my mouth as I wrapped my lips around her lips. My tongue delving between her labia to enter her body then back up to her clit as she ground herself into my jaw. Hands were pressed to the back of my head, fingers through my hair as I licked and sucked her little aroused button, my hands gripping her buttocks for support.

And then the squeal of delight from above, her fingers forcing my mouth back onto her vagina as I accepted her increased lube. No squirting, just a steady stream of her sweetness which I swallowed with relish, poking my tongue once more into her pussy to feel the shudder of her orgasm. "I'm on the pill," she whispered through stifled breath as she slid down my chest, my cock finding its home and filling her once more. Mouths again bonded. Her tongue seeking the taste of her cunt as her pussy clasped my dick, her pelvic floor doing the work and bringing me ever closer.

"I fucking love you Theresa," I gasped as I released a held breath and my ejaculation inside her, the earlier admission giving me permission to cum within her body. And what a release. Twenty years of brotherly love flowing from my heart to hers by way of the sex.

"I feel it," she almost cried and I wondered if she meant my love or my cum as I spurted countless times inside her. "I can feel your cum Corey," she promptly answered my question, her arms embracing my body, kisses of affection upon my lips. "It's beautiful," she declared.

*

There were giggles when I pulled from her minutes later and we set to actually removing the tan from her body. There were kisses and more than the occasional touch of cock or pussy. We were just having fun and it felt as innocent as when we were kids. When Mom opened the door on us however there was that initial feeling of being sprung, an instant instinct to disguise any inappropriate behavior that might be taking place. The look on her face told us it was unwarranted.

"Are you two still in here?" She smirked, Dad taking a peek over her shoulder with a similar expression on his face. "You'd better get some sleep. Delores texted me and they've moved Skin-Tightz forward. We're on first thing tomorrow morning," she managed to relay before Dad wrapped his hands around her waist and dragged her squealing away toward their bedroom.

Theresa and I looked at each other and shared a laugh before her hand reached for the hot faucet.

"I think we can stay a little longer, don't you?" She cheekily smiled as her other hand reached for my rapidly hardening cock.

I was in total agreement.

Chapter 4

It had annoyed me from the day I started working at the station. No sound coming through the monitor backstage. I climbed up onto the bench and ignoring occupational health and safety, reached across to the edge of the screen and found a control panel. Success. Gayle's voice increasing in volume as I pushed the appropriate button. Finding a suitable medium, I leaned back to watch the screen itself, an encore of a recent Suck U Dry steam vacuum segment. It wasn't the vacuum that caught my attention.

Gayle's pants looked to be painted on. Flesh colored they clung to her like skin, her large ass looking naked as she pushed the vacuum across the intentionally littered floor. And then standing upright. Facing forward as the camera panned up the length of the vacuum and her legs in the one shot. Stopping as it reached the handle and respectively, her groin. The cameltoe must have been intentional. Her pants disappearing between her feminine folds to perfectly trace the outline of upper labia and clitoral hood. She was surely not wearing panties.

My cock twitching within my pants, I dropped back down as the woman herself entered the changing room and looked up at her own image. "Ooh, I hate the sound of my own voice," she waved dismissively at the screen before looking back down at me, her eyes dropping further as she noticed the increasing bulge in my pants. "Oh goodness Corey," she smiled. "Someone's looking forward to the next hour!"

I felt myself blush and a little self-conscious, I was relieved when she turned her attention to the hosiery.

"So, which should I wear?" She cast her eyes over the arrangement upon the bench.

"You? Aren't you hosting?"

"Oh, I'll always wear a pair under my dress while presenting. A quick lift for the audience," she added, taking the front of her skirt and pulling it up her leg as a demonstration. She stopped just shy of her groin, her thick thigh and pale skin, smooth and longing to be kissed. My cock strained against my fly and I ached to know what underwear she wore?

The screech of the radio in my ear cut short our conversation as I indicated to Gayle, Delores was on line.

"Say again," I asked.

"Theresa and your mother are on their way," she informed me. "Has Gayle arrived? We've got twenty minutes 'til air. I want this to be one of our best, so Corey... do your thing. Management is watching!" She ended on an ominous note and I immediately turned my attention back to Gayle.

"Are you wearing panties?" I shamelessly asked the sixty-plus year old woman and despite her demonstrated casual attitude to nudity and sex I'd witnessed over the last two weeks, she blushed.

"Of course I am Honey," I noticed her nipples harden in her tightly wound satin wrap dress. "Why?"

I walked across to the box of excess stock and removed a pair of flesh colored pantyhose and turned back towards her.

"Well take them off!"

*

Gayle didn't need convincing. As if it was a regular day to day routine, she casually tucked her hands under her dress and sought out her underwear, her

eyes on me as she lowered the orange satin and lace panties down her legs. Off over her heeled feet, she stood back to attention and held them out.

"I trust you can hold onto these for me?" She smiled; her coyness long gone.

My dick now begging to be released from my fly, I took Gayle's panties and feeling their warmth, tucked them beside my hardness in my front pocket for later perusal, handing her the hose in return.

"Oh, you might have to help me Sweetie," she held up her nails. "Just had them done. Don't want to cause a run."

Her smile gave away the fact she was perfectly capable of putting them on herself without incident, but ever the gentleman, I took back the packet.

Gayle took it upon herself to raise her dress in preparation, lifting the skirt well above her groin before backing onto a director's chair and resting her ass. She made sure my gaze was on her as she raised her leg, crossing it over the other as a man would sit as she undid the sling of her heels.

Fumbling with the plastic packet, my eyes zeroed in on her slit. The shaving job I'd done two days earlier holding up, her pubic mound perfectly smooth.

"Fuck you're hot!" I hastened to compliment the mature woman before me as the packet ripped open and I dropped to help remove her second shoe.

"And you're quite the gentleman," Gayle praised me, taking her now bare foot and placing it upon my shoulder. I cocked my neck to brush my cheek against her, my eyes struggling to rise from between her legs as I kissed her ankle. It seemed to delight her and her now bare other foot left my hand and planted square upon my bulging fly. "Why don't you get that out and I'll show you what a lady does for a gentleman?"

The pantyhose in my hand, I wasted no time in unzipping my fly and unleashing my erection, standing proud as Gayle ran her toes up my length.

"Oh, for goodness' sake Gayle," my mother's voice entered the fray and we looked as one as Mom and Theresa entered backstage hand in hand. "We can't leave you alone for a minute."

"What?" Gayle once more acted coy. "He was helping me put on my pantyhose!"

"Is that what we're calling it now?" Mom laughed. "You can put on your own pantyhose woman," she grinned and I rose blushing, my cock still protruding from my pants. Theresa was sharing the mirth, a smile on her face as her eyes locked onto my cock.

"Yes Gayle," Theresa stuck her tongue firmly in her cheek. "Not very professional."

Indignant, Gayle took the pantyhose from my grasp and rolled them in preparation.

"Well, I'm going to be out front for the next hour," she defended herself. "It's alright for you two," she looked down at my cock. "You'll have access to it for most of the show."

Feeling suddenly self-conscious, I made to put my dick back in my pants only for Mom to stop me.

"Oh, Corey wait," she hummed. "I think you can leave that out."

I didn't need to be told twice.

"Ten minutes Corey," Delores spoke in my ear and it caused me to jump, reacting immediately to her reminder.

"Got it," I answered and with all eyes in the room still focused on my incredibly erect penis, clicked my fingers to get their combined attention.

"Okay. Ten minutes 'til we're on. Mom, Theresa. Get undressed."

The power of the comment had me ridiculously getting harder and the desire to touch it was almost overwhelming, resisting as I made toward the bench-top and the organized Skin-Tightz range. Having studied the rundown forensically, I lifted two pair of the black opaque pantyhose and turned back to the room. Gayle with her tan pantyhose around her knees, Mom already down to bra and panties and my sister bottomless, in the act of removing her shirt.

"So usually you wear a tank top, right?" I asked Mom, nodding her agreement, her nipples clearly visible through her black mesh bra. "Not today. Go with the bra."

I handed her a pair of pantyhose just as Gayle finished pulling hers up. The ungraceful last movement as she pulled them high on her waist, her pussy smushed against the nylon and gusset.

"And Gayle," the woman crept her eyes up from my cock. "That thing you showed me before, where you flash a bit of leg," I reminded her. "Don't be afraid to go a little higher."

A wicked smile came to her lips. "Oh, you naughty boy. Can we get away with that?"

"You don't remember what you were wearing the other day?" I reminded her of the swimsuits and she winked her acceptance.

Theresa, like Mom, was down to her bra and panties and was thankfully wearing black, Mom handing her the opaques to put on.

"Five minutes Corey," Delores radioed in. "Why isn't Gayle on set?"

I turned back to her and took her arms in hand, her dress silky to the touch.

"Okay, you're on. And that other thing you do," I began and she frowned.

"Where you feel up the models," I elaborated and she smiled knowingly.

"Do more of it!"

"Get Gayle out there," Delores once more yelled in my ear and I turned the host in the direction of the set.

"Good luck," I patted her on the ass and she giggled like a schoolgirl before pausing and turning back.

"At least let me have something before I go," she asked and without warning, reached down to grasp my dick. I looked on as she tightly stroked up my length, drawing out a large dribble of clear pre-cum and scooping it onto her thumb. As Mom, Theresa and I watched, she grinned as she raised her hand to her face and ran the moisture across her already painted lips, an added gloss for the awaiting camera as she once more turned tail for the studio.

"Okay, Delores," I reported back. "Gayle's on set."

Turning back to my family, I found Mom and Theresa pretty much ready to go, in the final act of putting on the matching black heels. With Mom in a thong, the black opaques hid everything, but Theresa's full panties, though black as well, left a panty-line.

"Get the girls ready," Delores called and I decided the panty-line would have to stand, its presence irrelevant in the next change anyway. Side by side they stood for me awaiting my approval and I took a moment to be grateful for the position I was in.

"So, how do we look?" Mom smiled and placed her hand in Theresa's as they'd first appeared.

What could I say? Matching apparel. Their hair up showing their necks. The resemblance between mother and daughter now striking to me, their beauty and the love I had for them was overpowering in the moment and it almost brought a tear to my eye.

"You look beautiful," I shrugged and it drew sympathetic sighs from my women, kisses to my cheek.

Gayle was announcing the Skin-Tightz hour on the monitor and Delores once more reminded me of the time. "Okay, you've got to go," I composed myself and turned them toward the set entrance, watching their asses as they walked away.

Delores entered as they exited, Mom shaking her head and breathing "unbelievable," as they went their separate ways.

"What!?" Delores grinned as she passed by the women before her eyes clearly searched the room for me or more pointedly, what was poking out of my pants. "Just thought I'd keep you company out here," she smiled, making straight for my erection. "I see the show's already started without me."

With a good ten minutes until the next scheduled change, I slunk back onto a director's chair as Delores moved in beside, our eyes up on the monitor as her hand wrapped around my cock.

"I love going with the bras instead of tank tops," Delores praised, her hand working slowly up and down my shaft. "It's more natural."

On set, Mom and Theresa entered and Gayle once again introduced Theresa to the audience as our newest model, the words making me wonder what Sasha would be thinking, being replaced by an amateur? The camera zoomed in on my sister's face. Not a model. The 'girl next door,' and in my

mind and eye, one of the two most beautiful women on Earth. No prizes for guessing the other as Mom, parading the catwalk, was captured by the camera operator.

I was wrong. The lights of the studio could make out her thong under the opaque tights, and as she turned, there was the string diving between her luscious cheeks.

"What do you think about the visible panties?" I looked up at Delores momentarily then back at the screen, not wanting to miss a second.

"Hmm," Delores pondered as the camera scanned back toward Gayle and Theresa, the older woman in the act of tucking her hand into the waist of my sister's pantyhose to demonstrate the opacity or lack thereof of the high-waisted tights. "I don't mind it actually. Leaves something to the imagination."

Just as she said it, Gayle demonstrated the effect on herself, taking my suggestion to the extreme.

"...though that certainly doesn't!" Delores gasped as Gayle lifted her dress. Showing the tan pantyhose on her hip at first, she turned with the skirt still raised and presented her crotch to the audience. The camera zoomed in on the sight, the gusset protecting a little of her modesty, but the top of her slit clearly visible behind the thin nylon. "Oh my God!" Delores sighed, expressing her shock though her hand began moving quicker up and down on my shaft.

"It was my idea," I was quick to defend Gayle to any possible backlash from exposing her pussy on live television.

"She's not wearing any... where are her panties!?" Delores' eyes locked on the screen and hand rapidly moving on my cock. Pre-cum was lubricating

the underside of my dick and I reached into my pocket beside to retrieve said item.

"Here!" I proudly presented Gayle's orange underwear and Delores' eyes slowly tailed down from the screen.

"Well let's put them to use, shall we?" Delores plotted, taking them from my hand and wrapping them around my cock to use as stimulus. The silky nature of the undergarment, along with the very thought of what was happening had me edging, more so when Gayle began talking about Theresa's ass.

"...and let's not forget about the tush ladies," Gayle said, turning Theresa around to present her rear to the camera. "The Skin-Tightz lift and shape the booty... not that Theresa here needs help, do you Sweetie?" She remarked, her hand caressing Theresa's cheeks, constantly moving sensually over my sister's ass, even between her thighs. "And another thing," Gayle continued, her fingers clearly pressing, almost cupping Theresa's asshole. "...the moisture wicking gusset. Now we all get a little wet now and then don't we girls?"

"Jesus Christ!" Delores exclaimed.

"Yeah, that might be me as well," I admitted. "I may've told her to go a little further with feeling up the models. The gusset thing was all her though," I quickly added.

"Delores, are you on line?" The voice of Vivienne the receptionist came over the radio and caused Delores to stop jerking me off. In time too. I actually didn't want to cum so soon and it was getting to the point of no return.

"Yes," Delores answered.

"Ah, we've got multiple complaints and I've got management on hold for you," her voice was suitably anxious and my heart began rapidly beating.

What had we done?

*

I'd just tucked my cock back into my pants and secreted Gayle's panties back in my pocket when Theresa came striding backstage.

"Did you see me out there Corey?" She beamed. "How did I look?" When she saw the look on my own face, her demeanor changed dramatically.

"What's wrong?"

"I think we've gone too far?" I grimaced and explained further when I saw her look of confusion. "Gayle had her hand around your asshole!" I exclaimed. "And I don't think the bare pussy was a good idea."

"What? Why? It just seemed so natural out there at the time. I thought management wanted us to be sexier."

"Well, yeah they did but they're talking to Delores right now. And there've been complaints."

"What?" Theresa seemed incredulous. "Who'd complain? I watched the encore screening of that Wet Waves show the other day. We haven't done much worse."

She was right. Were they real complaints or just prudes looking to be offended? Maybe head office wanted to compliment us!? My train of thought was derailed anyway as Theresa made to remove her pantyhose.

"So, what am I wearing next?"

I tried to focus, concentrating on the rest of the show as opposed to outside influence, hurrying to the bench to get Theresa's next outfit. It was then

Delores came back into the room.

"Oh, you put it away!?" Her eyes were firmly planted upon my groin and I was amazed she was still thinking of sex in the circumstances.

"What? Forget about that; what happened?"

"Hm?" Her eyes strayed onto Theresa down to her panties and bra and only lazily drifted back to me. "Oh, management? Yeah. They love it," she waved a hand dismissively.

"And the complaints?" I asked.

"Oh, don't worry about them. We get complaints during scented candles. What's next?" She looked at the array of hosiery before me and relieved, I turned back to the two women, holding stockings.

*

"You can't wear those panties," Delores observed when Theresa had donned the thigh-high stay-ups. Tan in color with lace hem, they clashed with her black underwear and I was quick to agree.

"Which is where this comes in," I held up the tiny modesty thong, its sandy color matching the stockings.

As she'd done in Delores' office a day before, Theresa had no problem removing her panties, sliding them down her legs and once again passing them to our boss. Her lush thatch of pubic hair drawing our eyes, I could sense the cogs turning in Delores' head and attempted to allay her doubts before they were voiced.

"The thong'll cover it!" I assuredly stated as I handed my sister the minuscule g-string, my own doubts rising as she stepped into the item.

"Okay, maybe not!" I relented as Theresa pulled it up tight on her mound.

Though manicured into a perfect triangle, Theresa's pubic hair still showed above the hem of the thong, an unmissable fringe of dark locks.

"Fix it," Delores demanded of me. "She can't go out there like that!"

Immediately I dropped to my knees and slipping my fingers into the string sides of my sister's panty, pulled it up higher on her pussy. A familiar conundrum appearing. The front managed to obscure her pubes, but it caused the gusset to slide between her labia, creating a whole new set of problems.

Theresa managed to find it amusing, laughing at the situation and possibly the feeling of the string obviously pressing her clit. Pubic hair and labia bulging around the cotton, it was clear she couldn't go on tv like this.

"You know what you have to do," Delores stated, absently caressing Theresa's black panties as she watched on intently. "It's just like Gayle all over again. There's time."

I looked up at my sister and then back down at her crotch, pulling the thong back down to its initial position. I knew I had to do it. Shave her as I'd done Gayle. But it felt so wrong. I'd loved every second of burying my face in her crotch the night before. Kissing her mound and feeling the tickle of pubes; breathing in their perfume. I couldn't do it!

"I can't!" I stood and looked at Delores.

"What!?" She seemed shocked.

"Look at this," I exclaimed as I reached out and pulled my sister's thong down mid-thigh. "It's beautiful." I ran my fingers down through her pubic hair, the strands between my digits like a comb. "It'd be a crime to remove it."

Delores moved in and placed a hand upon mine and I allowed her access, her fingers replacing my own and massaging Theresa's pubes. It seemed to do the trick and I sidled in beside Theresa, her hand dropping to my fly and unzipping. As Delores slid her fingers lower, cupping my sister's pussy, my cock was drawn from its housing and Theresa began to jerk my length.

"It is natural, I suppose," Delores whispered as she clearly began fingering Theresa, the muscles in her arm tensing as she worked. I reached around and grabbed Delores' ass, caressing her buttock as I drew her in ever closer.

Pressing up against Theresa, her chest met my sister's and Theresa exhaled loudly at the connection. It was then I deftly undid her bra.

The straps of Theresa's bra fell from her shoulders and Delores noticed, moving her chest back slightly to allow the bra to fall away altogether, Theresa's upturned breasts and erect nipples once more pressing into Delores' awaiting bust. I could smell my sister's pussy below and with one hand kneading Delores' ass through her dress, I dropped the other to do the same on Theresa. Two asses in hand. I slid a finger between Theresa's cheeks and found her asshole, wet from her spreading lubricant. Further and my fingers met Delores' and we tangled in my sister's pubes and dripping labia.

With their face's inches apart, it was Theresa who leaned in to close the distance, her lips meeting Delores' and greeted with the older woman's tongue. Another hand joined Theresa's around my cock and the two women worked perfectly together, sharing my length as they squeezed and tugged. I wanted in on the kiss but a voice from over my shoulder alerted me of the time, Gayle foreshadowing the change of hosiery. "...so, I'll let you go and get changed Angie darling and I'll run through the sizing and availability ladies..."

I looked at the monitor just in time to see Mom leave the set, back at my sister and Delores locked in the most intimate of kisses and then Mom enter the backstage area behind them, reluctantly drawing my cock away from the combined grasp to get back to work.

"Oh, don't let me stop you," Mom laughed as Delores and Theresa as well paused their lovemaking, their saliva slickened lips parting and heads turning toward my mother.

"Ah, Angela," Delores drew her hand from Theresa's pussy. "We were just discussing the next segment."

I made my way to the bench and found Mom's stockings, matching thigh-highs as Theresa's yet in black, heading right back to my sister.

"What do you think Mom?" I once more dropped to pull up Theresa's thong, snugly sitting it over her now sopping pubic hair. "Can we get away with this?"

Delores moved back to allow us all a good look at my sister, her lubricant causing the lower half of her thong to darken.

"The wet panties or the pubic hair?" Mom asked before waving a hand in dismissal. "Let's just go with it," she giggled before commenting on Theresa's lack of bra, now fallen to the floor. "Are we going topless too?"

It was a joke. We all knew it, and as Gayle began to run through the forthcoming hosiery lines on the monitor, Mom began hurriedly removing her pantyhose and Theresa made for the tan tank top to match her thong. It was then I thought about it.

"Wait a second," I stated to the room as Mom took the stay-ups from my hand. "What are we selling here?"

"Hosiery," Delores immediately replied.

"Exactly. Not some other brand's bras," I looked at Mom. "Or some unflattering tank top," I caused Theresa to pause. I walked behind Mom and unclasped her bra, goosebumps rising on her skin as I delicately removed it from her body. "Let's go topless!"

"Impossible!" Delores declared.

"Honey we can't. Not in this time slot," Mom added.

"Not in any time slot," Delores seemed adamantly opposed.

"Wait, hear me out," I argued. "I don't mean have the boobs out. Covered!" I lifted up Mom's hands to press to her breasts and immediately saw Delores soften.

"It could work," she brightened, looking to Theresa who in turn lifted her hands in demonstration, her breasts bulging around her pressed palms. "It's risqué though."

"No more than Gayle flashing her snatch on TV just ten minutes ago!" I countered. As if on cue, Gayle announced the thigh-highs and it was now or never.

"Okay, do it," Delores bit her bottom lip as Mom and Theresa made for the exit.

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Delores' hand still holding my sister's panties, reached out to mine as we looked up at the monitor. On screen, Mom entered first and the camera operator was clearly taken off guard, the shot of my mother topless, blurry as he hurriedly zoomed in on her appearance. If Gayle was taken aback, it wasn't evident as she professionally called the play.

"...and here we have Angela again and might I say looking gorgeous in the coal-black thigh highs."

Mom, smiling, walked the length of the catwalk toward the camera, the one arm and adjoined hand obscuring her nipples, the rest of her boobs heaving around the limb. She turned and presented her bare bottom. The black thong disappearing between her cheeks and the camera sure to zoom in on two of her best features in the act of filming the stockings.

Theresa entered and walked smiling and clearly slightly embarrassed towards Mom, both hands used to cup her large boobs and the camera forgot all about the stockings, framing my sister's torso in the shot from her pubic hair bursting over the hem of her thong to her breasts bouncing as she walked.

My hand left Delores' and made its way back onto her ass, instantly setting the woman into action. "I need to be fucked Corey," she desperately sighed, moving in front of me and bending forward over the back of the director's chair. Her ass presented to me; I wasted no time in lifting her dress up over her hips to reveal her black lace panties. These I ripped down her thighs, leaving them rolled at her knees as I dropped to my own. With eyes looking up over her exposed ass to the television, I spread her cheeks and dove in face first.

If she was surprised at where my tongue entered, much like Gayle's reaction to the models topless, she didn't show it as I slid myself inside her asshole. Poking herself out for me, her sphincter welcomed my penetration as I stabbed at her most intimate of crevices like a madman, all the while dining on my mother and sister's near nudity.

"Oh, fucking yes, eat my ass you dirty fuck," Delores showed a whole new side to her personality as I grabbed my cock and beat myself below, even

more turned on by her filthy tongue. Rising I lifted my t-shirt and ripped it from my body before undoing my pants. Delores, sensing my undressing undid the front of her dress and had her boobs out, my hands quick to find them as I pressed into her body.

Clothes and my radio scattered on the floor; my dick entered her effortlessly. With tits in hand, I used them as leverage as I pulled myself into her body, my cock fully inserted and pelvic bone pressed hard up against her buttocks. "Fucking, fuck me," Delores demanded and a good employee, I did as told. Slamming into her we watched the screen as Gayle dropped to her haunches, her knees parting to allow the camera a peek up her skirt as she ran her hands up and down Mom's inner calf and thigh. She moved to Theresa as I held Delores' hips, my groin slapping her ass as I drilled her pussy.

The smell of sex filled the room as Gayle once more had Theresa bending forward. For what reason, I had no idea. But the effect was ridiculously hot as the camera zoomed in to film the lace tops of the stockings on her upper thighs. Above and the darker skin around my sister's asshole was visible behind the string of the thong and the very sight had me on the brink of cumming. Onscreen Theresa straightened and turned, the camera remaining focused squarely on the triangle of her thong, the dampness seeming to have spread and the tuft of pubic hair peeking over the rim even more pronounced. This was no Home Shopping network. We were a sex channel. Undeniable. It was then, amid her panting and begging me not to stop, that Delores began to cum.

Her vagina squeezed my cock, her body shuddering below me and stifled breaths leaving her lungs. So tight she hugged me it was all I could do to keep fucking, the increased lube flowing from her the saving grace,

allowing movement and lessening the friction. "Jesus Christ," Delores puffed as she straightened and turned her head to me. "Kiss me."

Managing to find her mouth I immediately thought of her kissing Theresa, possibly my sister's saliva I tasted as our tongues entwined. That and the sight of her walking the catwalk once again had me about to cum and I pulled out, apologizing when I saw Delores' expression.

"No need Corey," she smiled. "Your mother would kill me anyway. She said she wants it today!"

Naked, I reached down and pulled Delores' panties back up her legs and she allowed her dress to fall back down her body.

"Don't worry about that," Delores remarked when she saw me make to retrieve my clothes. "You're just fine the way you are."

Full of testosterone; an erection composed of solid granite and a mind totally focused on sex, I agreed it only natural I remain naked and as Delores, satisfied, departed with a kiss to her office, I set about preparing the next change.

Whom should wear what? Two bodystockings lay before me. White and black. Completely sheer; pasties for their nipples lay beside the lingerie but since Mom's had been visible the entire show through her bra and not the slightest mention had been made, I pushed them aside. Theresa had to wear the white I decided. More virginal and just the thought of her bush having nowhere to hide behind the tiny white modesty thong, it was a no-brainer. But then another thought invaded my brain. Just as with the bras. We weren't advertising thongs. My cock swelled at the very idea. Could we do it?

Not concentrating on what was happening on the monitor, the sudden sound of voices behind me had me startled and I turned to see all three of the onscreen talent. With Gayle between my mom and sister, they had arms locked and could have been casually walking along a street. If not for the lack of clothing. With all eyes on my nudity and Gayle's in particular aimed square at my cock, it was she that spoke first. "You see, I miss everything being out there!"

"Who IS out there!?" I fired back, confused at her appearance.

"Oh, they're just running the promo," Mom answered, first to break and approach, her hand reaching out for my cock. Still slick with Delores' juices and pre-cum flowing from my eye, Mom gently stroked her hand up and down my length before lifting it to her mouth and tasting. "Let me guess, Delores? You'd better not have..."

"I haven't," I admitted I was yet to cum and she smiled.

"Gayle," Mom signaled out to the older woman. "Maybe you'd like to keep Corey hard while we change?"

My sister already sliding her modesty thong down her legs and revealing that heavenly bush, and Mom about to do same, I needed nothing to 'keep me hard,' but Gayle hungrily aiming toward me, I was willing to take one for the team.

An experienced mouth, Gayle wrapped her lips around my cock and lavished me with affection as I watched Theresa remove her stay-ups. Completely naked, she joined me in admiring our mother as she too rose from a chair and it was then I fathomed we were all three of us naked at once. The first time in our lives for certain. Surely not the last.

"So, who's wearing which?" Mom looked at the remaining hosiery, the differing bodystockings.

"Yeah," I managed to voice as Gayle deep-throated herself on my dick, gagging and retching from my length in a flood of saliva, all eyes upon her.

"Sorry," she looked around self-consciously, collecting the drool in her hand and slathering it back onto my cock. "Got a little carried away."

"So, yeah I was saying," I continued as Mom lifted the white thong from the bench. "You're already in black so I thought Theresa should go with the white."

"Theresa in the showstopper," Gayle broke into the conversation, her hand still jerking my lubricated length. "I love it."

Mom immediately passed the thong to Theresa but I was quick to remonstrate.

"Ah actually," I remarked as their hands made contact via panty and heads turned in my direction. "Why don't we go without?"

"What?" Mom questioned.

"Are you serious?" Theresa doubted.

"I love it," Gayle repeated, rubbing my cock against her slick chin and cheeks.

"Well, it's just like the bras," I defended. "Were not selling panties; it's the bodystocking everyone's looking at."

With mischievous eyes, Mom smiled cheekily. "Have you run this by Delores?"

"Ah, no. But I'm sure she'd agree," I stood by my suggestion.

"Promo's ending, where's Gayle?" Delores voice managed to rise from the radio upon the floor and it was then I could've sought her approval, deciding against.

"Let's just do it!" Gayle reluctantly rose from her knees with my help and eventually took a hand from my cock. "What's the worst that can happen? We get taken off air? The station'll probably be closed in a month anyway."

It was the first time I'd heard anyone acknowledge the rumors and it made me doubly sure we were doing the right thing. As Gayle checked her face in the mirror, I walked toward Mom and my sister and reached out for the thong.

"We can do this," I confidently stated and took possession of the g-string.

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I couldn't help myself. Theresa modeling the crotchless bodystocking for me, nipples hard, her dark bush perfectly framed by the surrounding transparent nylon, I moved in and embraced her. My cock slid between her accepting thighs, easing along her lubricated labia as she in turn wrapped her arms around me. With cheeks touching, we looked at the monitor as Gayle introduced our mother onto the set.

"...and here we go ladies... oh Angela you look divine," Gayle laid eyes upon her for the first time along with the audience. No modesty thong to obscure her bare sex. No pasties to conceal her aroused nipples through the see-through black nylon. The one-time local newsreader my friends and I had grown up watching on television was now essentially naked before the viewing public. She paraded the length of the catwalk as the camera devoured her appearance, a pan up her body from heels to smiling face and kudos to the operator for delaying on her bald snatch and poking nipples.

"She looks amazing," Theresa whispered and turned her eyes back to mine, her pelvis slowly grinding upon my erection, using my cock as a balance beam.

"You look amazing," I admitted and our mouths met.

"...and as you can see you can wear it without panties," Gayle spoke through the monitor and my closed eyes opened to peek at the screen to see Gayle place her hand between Mom's legs. Live to air, Gayle cupped Mom's pussy, a casual movement as she clearly fingered her colleague. I thrust my groin into Theresa, fucking her thighs as the lube from her pussy coated my length.

I could hear the phone lines ringing from reception, a constant chorus of what? Disapproval? Controversy creates conversation. Was any press, even negative, better than none? Mom turned onscreen and presented her ass, the cheeks half covered by the stocking, Gayle quick to place a hand upon her, tracing the line of the nylon, caressing Mom's buttocks. Theresa was watching the screen with me. Our tongues licking the others, her pussy now rapidly sliding the rigid pole between her thighs.

"Touch my ass," she demanded between kisses and ever so quickly I complied, my hand sliding down her back to squeeze a buttock before slipping my middle finger between her cheeks. "Poke it," she strangely breathed as I found her asshole. The tip of my finger inside her tightest of holes; my sister came on me.

Her mouth encircled mine as she gasped her pleasure. She pulled her body against me. A leg raised, she seemed to desire to mount me and amenable, I cupped her ass with my other hand and lifted her into my arms. My cock slid inside her body effortlessly and with legs wrapped around me, I felt her pussy quiver its orgasm around my erection.

"...and it comes in two colors girls," Gayle's voice filtered into our lovemaking and Theresa lazily opened her eyes to me.

"I'm on," she acknowledged, although she could've been referring to my cock inside her. "I have to go, don't I?" She reluctantly unwrapped her legs from my hips as I nodded and I allowed her body to slip from mine, my cock last to relinquish the hold.

"Do we have the lovely Theresa ready to go?" Gayle questioned as Mom did one final walk of the stage.

My dick had never looked bigger. Maybe it was the light glistening off the saliva and pussy juice lubed length but as it popped from Theresa's hirsute pussy, I felt my hardness alone could've supported her weight if she chose to stay.

Onscreen, Theresa entered. Mother and daughter exchanged the most intimate of handovers, no casual kiss upon cheeks, a sensual kiss. A, without doubt incestuous meeting of lips and tongue before going their separate ways. I looked to the entrance of backstage and she appeared. My mother. My goddess. Her face was bright. Cheeks flushed that weren't apparent on the television, color to her neck.

"How's it going?" She asked as her hands held out to greet me. "Any complaints?"

"Not from me," I joked as I took her in my arms. The phone lines were still ringing constantly and the fact Delores had been silent for the last ten minutes was either a very good sign or the opposite.

"Then fuck me," Mom insisted as my wet cock met her belly. "It's been too long Baby," her mouth met mine and tongue forced between my lips.

"Momma needs her boy's cock!"

The camera was focused squarely on Theresa's hairy snatch as I lifted Mom back onto the bench-top. Her legs parted to allow me into her and as nature intended, I was back inside my mother. Deep I delved. My pubic bone meeting hers. So perfect was her grip around me; so long I'd waited to be back within her, my orgasm was unstoppable. Her laughter was surprising, without malice and completely beautiful.

"I can feel it," she giggled as I came inside her, no ridicule at my premature ejaculation. Was it though? For near an hour, I'd been hard. My dick had been inside four different women in some form. Brought two to orgasm. I was amazed I'd lasted this long.

"I'm sorry," I gasped as I felt my cock pulsing inside her, an immeasurable amount of cum gifted within.

"Don't be Baby," she cupped my face in her hands, bringing me closer to her as she squeezed her pelvic floor around me, milking my cock. "Just don't get soft."

It was the simplest of orders and the easiest with which to comply. As I renewed (more rightly began) my thrusting, I doubted I'd ever lose my erection again around such beauty.

"...and you can just make out the nipples," Gayle caressed Theresa's breast, misrepresenting the product in that my sister's nipples were entirely visible through the white nylon. "So that gives a certain mystery to your special someone. Leaves something to the imagination..." she continued as Mom and I fucked.

"Yes, look at her Honey," Mom panted, her back against the mirrored wall behind the bench. "Look at your sister's tits Baby." As she said it, Mom pulled the bodysuit down below her own, essentially hinting I lavish some

attention. And lavish I did. Dropping my head, I in turn lifted a boob and brought my lips around her, her nipple filling my mouth before I sucked. "Oh, fuck yes Baby," Mom purred. "Suck on my tits you good boy."

The other. To take it in my mouth as my hand took up the duty. Grasping her boob, kneading the nipple between my fingers. Back onto her mouth and our kiss as intense as expected of the still new lovers we'd become. Had it only been two weeks? It felt like years. So right was our love. So perfect was the feeling of my cock inside my mother.

I was puffing. Covered in sweat as I hammered myself into her. My buttocks ached from thrusting; my abs just as exhausted. But thankfully, mothers know their sons. "Sit back Baby," she whispered, and ready for rest I lifted her from the bench, cock still deep, and shuffled back onto an awaiting chair.

With a sigh, I reclined and she took up the task. Insatiable, Mom slammed her ass down onto my thighs. My dick catching the light as she rose up along its length, her pussy greedily devouring me over and again. "Grab my ass," she gasped into my mouth. Like mother, like daughter I observed as I complied with her wishes. Two handfuls of ample buttock. Squeezing and assisting with the fucking as I pulled her ass down into my lap. "You're going to make me..." her words were lost as her mouth fell upon my own and boobs pressed to my chest. Again, and again, she bombarded me with her pussy, my cum, her own juices flowing freely between my thighs. "I'm cumm... I'm cumming," Mom managed to gasp into my mouth and I took it upon myself to test her asshole with a finger.

She squeezed around the tip of my digit as she came. Her teeth biting into my tongue in much the same manner as her pussy in turn gripped my cock. She owned me. I was hers forever and would be there to please her every

whim. Again, I came. Like turning a faucet, I released inside her and our orgasms were one. Mother and son locked together in cum, in love.

With the sound of Gayle describing how gorgeous Theresa looked in her bodystocking, Mom and I kissed and caressed in post orgasm haze. It was only when Delores entered the room and tut-tutted, did we acknowledge where we were, our eyes opening sleepily as one. "Well, I hope there's still some in there for me," she had her eyes aimed at our groins and, as Mom slowly climbed off me to reveal the slick and frothy evidence of cum, at my dick.

"Be my guest," Mom smiled, leaning in to kiss me once more as Delores amazingly made for my cock. The action was surprising, wantonly obscene and ridiculously arousing. Delores grasped my cock at the base and pressed her lips to my underside, her tongue to follow. Greedily she licked the lubed length of my erection, wrapping her mouth around the head and sucking the remaining cum from me like a straw. A grin on her wet lips when she looked back at Mom's face.

"Your son has the best tasting cum," she complimented my mother and in turn me. "You should be so proud."

"Oh, I am," Mom caressed the back of my head, kissing me before she moved into the rising Delores, their mouths coming together to share a cummy kiss. I'd clearly died and gone to heaven.

"I told you I'm always missing out!" The voice of Gayle woke me from my spell and I turned to see her enter, hand in hand with Theresa.

"Oh good, were all together," Delores reluctantly broke from making out with my mother. "Don't worry Gayle, you'll have plenty of opportunity in

the future," her face could barely disguise her excitement at whatever she was hinting at.

"What does that mean?" Mom began removing her bodystocking and I rose from my chair, Theresa quick to come to my side and I wrapped an arm around her waist.

"We've had a record number of complaints," Delores seemingly conveyed bad news though her smile remained and Gayle waved it away dismissively.

"I've had complaints during non-stick frying pans," she stated. "It means people are watching."

"Exactly," Delores continued. "A lot of people!" She beamed. "Head office is impressed. Skin-Tightz have had record sales and it's all because of you four," she included me and admittedly I felt a little insignificant. I'd just been playing the role of a horny sex obsessed viewer. My direction for the women to display more of their bodies was completely self-serving.

"So, what does it mean for the future of the station?" Mom asked, now totally naked and my still erect cock twitched at the sight.

"We've been renewed!" Delores grinned. "Management have taken bookings from new brands. Even Lauren Brooks' Fashion would you believe!?" She conveyed and the significance of the name went over my head.

"So, they're not closing us down?" Gayle questioned.

"Not if we keep doing what we're doing," Delores smiled and came to stand beside me, a hand lowered to take my cock once more in her grasp. "Do you think you can keep it up Corey?" She asked and all eyes were cast upon my erection as they awaited my response.

And of the answer; I was certain.

Incest is the New Black

"Looks like incest is the new black!" The woman across from Carmen Grey commented, spinning the gossip mag in her workmates' direction.

Carmen stifled the laugh that tried to escape mid mouthful of her quinoa salad by placing a hand across her lips. Finally swallowing and examining the glossy cover.

"What are you talking about Barb?" She quizzed, reading the headline, the word 'scandal' emblazoned across a photo of a woman and an obviously much younger man kissing.

"Lauren Brooks. You know, the fashion model," Barb elaborated. "Seems she's been having an affair with her own son of all people. Can you imagine that?"

"Well it's none of our business," Carmen declared. "Honestly you can't believe anything you read in these magazines anyway."

"Hmm," Barb leaned over the table of the lunchroom and lowered her voice. "It's going around though," she whispered.

"What is?" Carmen joined in the whisper, unsure exactly why.

"Incest!" Barb affirmed. "Did you hear about Evelyn Parker upstairs in accounts? Remember that gorgeous young thing she brought on to help her with the update? Everyone knew they were having an affair."

"Cain I think his name was, yes, so?"

"He was her son!"

"No!" Carmen again raised her hand to her mouth, this time out of genuine surprise and slightly annoyed with herself for engaging in workplace gossip. "Really?"

Barb leaned back nodding her head. "He WAS beautiful though! Can't really blame her," she laughed.

"Barb!" Carmen scolded her friend but thought of the young man herself and the memory was pleasant.

"Your boy's nineteen now isn't he?" Barb commented after a moments silence between them.

Carmen immediately recognised what her friend was suggesting and nipped it in the bud.

"Don't even go there Barbara," she jokingly warned.

Barb feigned innocence but immediately gave the game away. "I just wish I'd had a son. A younger healthier version of my Donald around the house. Who knows what we'd get up to?"

"Oh Barb you're incorrigible," Carmen dismissed her but thought of her own home life. Husband passed away. Mother and adult son under the one roof. Neither having a current partner. She hurried the train of thought from her mind before it went any further.

"It just makes you wonder if they're all thinking it," Barb continued.

"What?"

"Men," Barb explained. "Do they all secretly want to sleep with their mothers?"

"I doubt it very much," Carmen decreed.

"Hmm," Barb licked her finger and flicked through the magazine. "I'd keep an eye on that boy of yours if I were you," she smirked.

"Oh stop it," Carmen shook her head smiling. Chuckling to herself at the ridiculous proposition. It WAS ridiculous. Preposterous. And as she finished her lunch and the women headed back to work, Carmen endeavoured to completely put it out of her mind.

But a seed had been planted.

*

Vince Grey gestured over the steering wheel to his acquaintance standing outside the 7 Eleven and the man entered the car on the passenger side.

"Yo, Vincent. I got it man," the character confirmed. "One Ounce. \$250 just like we talked about."

"Sweet," Vince nodded, looking around the parking lot for evidence of anything out of the ordinary. "Money's in the glove compartment."

The man pulled a green cling wrapped parcel from his coat pocket and swapped it with the wad of bills folded inside the compartment and was gone as quick as he'd arrived.

Vincent pulled out into the traffic and headed home.

*

'Be home late,' Carmen glanced once more at the scrawled note stuck to the front of the fridge as she passed through the kitchen. She'd been disappointed that they'd again not be sharing an evening meal. They so rarely did these days, she pondered. It had been different once. When her husband was still alive. Every night without fail the family would dine together. Happy; in conversation. Vince had gone off the rails post his

father's death. Minor run-ins with the law. Dabbling with drugs. But he'd promised that was behind him. He had a job, was avoiding the so-called friends that had been nothing but a bad influence. If only he could get a stable girlfriend, Carmen thought. Maybe that would settle his restless spirit?

She poured the last of the Shiraz into her glass and was surprised to see it empty, taking the bottle and placing it beside the backdoor for recycling. Catching her reflection in the glass of the door, the sight took her by surprise and she looked down at herself as she went back to her wine. It hadn't been a consciously planned decision to wear the nightie. A shower after work and seeing she'd have the house to herself, her attention was drawn to the rarely opened bottom drawer of her dresser and one of her more feminine garments. Just to feel a little special, she'd reasoned.

Her nipples had hardened when they contacted the lace of the bust. A slipperiness between her legs when she ran her hands down the white satin. She'd almost foregone panties altogether but seeing the dark shadow of her pubic hair through the thin material deemed it necessary to regain some modesty. A quick dinner alone and the bottle had seemingly opened itself. That she was now draining the last of the glass as she stood by herself in the starkly lit kitchen, probably shouldn't have come as that much of a surprise she figured.

*

Vince watched his mother through the glass of the back door place a bottle in the recycling. He had to go in, she'd most likely heard his car pull up. She'd be wondering what was taking him so long? Through the front door, he contemplated? No. That would be too out of the blue. She'd suspect he was up to something nefarious. The wrapped package of marijuana now

seemed heavy in his hand; too large to fit in any of his pockets, he quickly adopted the next best option and placed it down the front of his pants as he unlocked the rear door of the house.

Carmen jumped when she heard the door open just as she'd rinsed out her wine glass and placed it on the drying tray. She'd not heard his car so the sudden appearance of her son was shocking but definitely not unwelcome.

"Hey Mom," Vince acknowledged her as he tried to make his way quickly across the kitchen toward the hallway.

Carmen turned to watch his progress, too quickly and her head spun under the influence of the wine, reaching behind to catch and steady herself against the sink.

"What, in a hurry for the toilet?" She enquired.

"No," Vince answered and immediately regretted it, not wanting to face her.

"Well sstop and talk to me, we never see each other," she slurred and blushed at her obvious inebriation. "Sit down I'll make us a hot chocolate," she quickly added pretending not to be drunk and giving her the ability to look away from her son, to hide her red face. And also to momentarily hide her body. She looked at the front of her nightie as she gripped the sink, the lace across her breasts, her nipples clearly visible. The robe she'd taken out and thrown on her bed now seemed so far away. Own it, she told herself. He's your son, he doesn't care what you're wearing. No matter how provocative.

'Sit,' Vince repeated in his head. She'd inadvertently thrown him a lifeline. Beneath the security of the table she'd have no idea what he was hiding in his pants and without looking over his shoulder, slinked sideways to ease

onto a chair. Only then did he stare directly at her and register what in fact she wore.

He'd seen her in less. He guessed. At the pool obviously. But then there were always others around. Other women for him to concentrate on. Here and now his full attention was devoted to his mother. He didn't recognise the nightie, if that was in fact what it was called? Because as he took her in, the white satin taut across her back and buttocks, barely reaching her upper thighs, the term lingerie came to mind. Even more so when she turned and his eyes lazily crept up from her waist to her breasts. They're her nipples! I can see my mother's nipples, he marvelled.

"So how was work?" Carmen tried to make conversation as she steadied herself and looked at her son. Seated at the table, did his eyes at the last moment creep up from her breasts, she wondered?

"Work?"

"Yes. Isn't that why you were late. Working back?"

"Oh," Vince felt his cheeks blushing at the real reason for his absence and hoped she wouldn't see through the lie. "Yeah, work. It was good."

Oh my god, Carmen thought. He's blushing because he WAS looking at my breasts. Was it true what Barbara had said, all men do secretly want to sleep with their mothers? She headed to the fridge, aware that his eyes were on her and removed the milk. Was it a conscious decision to accentuate her ass as she did so, bending forward maybe a little too much, she pondered?

Vince watched his mother move from the fridge across to the stove. He hadn't needed to see her with the wine bottle to know she'd been drinking, her speech was enough to give the game away, but her movement was the clincher. The way she'd needed to hold onto the fridge door as she removed

the milk, bending forward awkwardly. She obviously had no idea the action had revealed the transparent material hugging the curve of her buttocks, the cream colored gusset. On any other woman, under any other circumstances it would've been hot. At present, with the package of marijuana weighing heavily on his mind and in his pants, it was just making things more uncomfortable.

The hot chocolate was a good idea Carmen fathomed. She was drunker than expected and the milk would help sober her up she figured. Despite her state she was able to successfully put the milk on to heat and walked to the pantry to obtain the sugar and cocoa. Turning from the cupboard she eyed Vince, a hand beneath the table, eyes downward. Clearly manipulating himself she almost gasped at the connotations. The voice of Barbara rang in her ear. 'I'd keep an eye on that boy of yours..' Was it possible?

Her spoon found the cocoa jar empty and she headed back to the cupboard to find a refill. On the uppermost shelf she spied the unopened box and moved the two step stool into place to reach. If I climb up he'll see right under my slip, she thought and the idea excited her. He's watching me right now, she reasoned as she placed a foot on the bottom rung.

This was ridiculous, Vince thought. Why couldn't he just quickly nip into his bedroom and stash the package? His mother occupied, clearly drunk, she'd probably not even notice his absence for a few seconds anyway. He rose as she entered the pantry once more, admittedly he allowed his eyes to drift to her ass as she lifted a foot onto the stool, wondering if her bottom had always looked so good?

Carmen heard the chair move behind her. Oh god he's coming, she imagined. She rose onto the second rung and pictured what he could see from behind. Can he see my panties? She wondered. Suddenly,

unbelievably she wished she'd indeed not worn them to begin with, the thought making her lightheaded.

Vince kept an eye on her as he quickly crossed the room, the back of her creamy thighs as she rose onto the second rung and then her obvious unbalance. Was she about to fall?

Carmen retained a hold on the shelf before her as her head swum with images of Vincent, the magazine cover, the talk of incest and then she felt it, the strong hands on her hips.

It was a split second decision to go to her. To momentarily forget the contraband and prevent a possible accident. "Careful Mom," he suggested as his hands gripped her sides, the satin silky beneath his fingers, her flesh warm. "You almost fell."

Carmen's breath was taken away at his touch. She dropped a hand upon his own for reassurance as she felt him coax her backwards off the stool, wishing he'd circle them around her body to touch her sex, her breasts.

"Oh," she sighed as once again her feet hit the floor. "I guess I've had more than I thought," she stated as she turned to face her son, disappointed his touch no longer remained.

So close they stood together in the confines of the walk-in pantry. She could feel the heat of his body, the presence of his absent hands lingering.

"I'll get it," Vince proclaimed, rising up onto the bottom rung. "Was it the cocoa?"

Carmen barely heard the question. Her mind, her eyes were elsewhere. As her son stood up on the top of the step-ladder, his groin came level with her face and she saw it. The evidence. Unmistakable. His affection, his desire, there for her to see. And didn't it look impressive. The bulge pressing out

the front of his jeans. His hardness a declaration of his love for her, of a son for his mother.

"Oh god it's true!" Carmen finally exhaled.

"What?" Vince looked down at his mother, shocked to see where her eyes alighted. "Oh Mom, I'm sorry."

"No don't be Darling. It's wonderful," she extolled. "We spoke about it at work. It's in the magazines."

Vince climbed down from the ladder, confused by her words as he moved his hand to the waist of his pants, his mother's eyes following his actions.

"Yes Baby get it out. Show it to Mommy," Carmen breathed, feeling the slick seeping through her underwear. She watched Vince place his hand down his pants, why didn't he just unbutton, she wondered? No matter, he wanted her and she him. It was true, all of it.

And then he removed his hand containing the cling wrapped marijuana.

"What's that!?" The excitement, all heat was taken from her intonation.

"I said I'm sorry," Vince once again apologised, in the moment misreading all the signals of the last minute.

"Is that..is that pot?" Carmen took a step back, as confused as her son by what had just occurred.

"Um yeah, I thought you knew," Vince replied now more perplexed. "You said you were talking about it at work or something."

The sound of the milk boiling caught Carmen's ear and thankfully she was able to extricate herself from the pantry, turning her burning face from her son.

"Oh yes of course I knew," she scrambled to cover her actions, her words. Turning off the milk she felt Vince exiting the pantry. "That's what I was saying. That it's wonderful that it's essentially legal now," she covered.

"Ah yeah," Vince agreed. "I just...I thought you'd be upset. My promise and everything."

Carmen felt humiliated. She didn't dare look him in the eye lest he see through her charade.

"Oh no it's fine," she lied. "Actually I don't really feel like that hot chocolate anymore. I think I might just go to bed."

Vince stood in the middle of the kitchen and watched her. He could see the blush that had spread from her face down to her neck and as she turned to head past him, to her breast.

"Would you mind cleaning up in here Darling?" Carmen asked as she hurried from the room, barely maintaining her mask of composure. "I need to sleep, I've really had far too much to..." She left without even bothering to finish the sentence.

"Yeah of course," Vince watched her progress until she was out of the room. It was only then the questions arose.

He sat back at the table and looked into the pantry. What the fuck had just happened? He wondered. How did she know he had the dope in his pants? Why wasn't she upset about him bringing drugs back into the house after all that had happened in the past? All of his promises. He again looked at the step ladder. Thought of her ass as she bent at the fridge. Her nipples. Oh Jesus Christ, Vince reasoned. She didn't know! So what did she want to see in his pants? He questioned himself and the answer slapped him across the face. "Oh my god!" Vince spoke to the empty room.

*

If Carmen had had a worse nights sleep in her life, she couldn't recall it. For hours she sat up in bed listening for any sign of Vince. Did he understand what had happened? Did he see through her veneer? How could he not? Her face blushed every time she recalled her own words. 'Get it out. Show it to Mommy.' What else but his cock would she be talking about? The drugs. She cared not. Pot. How much different was it to alcohol really? She'd even smoked it herself in college. At least it wasn't anything harder. Harder. The word stuck in her mind and amid the humiliation she was at least able to laugh. Oh God, she mocked herself. It had definitely looked like an erection. It looked exactly like her son had a hard-on. A hard-on given to him by his mother.

All night he debated going to her. Entering her room and then...what? He had no idea what would happen. It was impossible to believe she'd been flirting, but then what was with the satin slip and the provocative gestures? What had she said? He tried to recall the exact words, hazy upon reflection. 'Pull it out, give it to Mommy,' or something like that. That was sexual, of this there could be no doubt and even as he repeated them in his head his cock agreed, hardening to the memory. He stopped short of masturbating. What are you doing Vincent? He asked himself. She's your mother. But as he awoke the following morning from a sleep he thought would never have come, his first thoughts and his morning erection were devoted to her.

*

At the first sign of light, Carmen was out of her sleepless bed. One hour earlier than usual she entered her bathroom and freshened up before dressing for work. Attempting to remain as quiet as possible she silently cursed herself for forgetting to do the laundry the night before, her

underwear drawer devoid of panties. There's always the bottom drawer, she reminded herself of her sexy, rarely worn attire but images of the night before flooded back and she chose against. Tugging tan pantyhose from the dresser she fell back on the bed. I suppose I can go without panties for one day, she reasoned.

None of the normal noises had preempted the sound of his mother's car starting up and leaving the drive. The house gave away every secret, he'd heard no shower; she didn't even have breakfast. It was a disappointment. In his head he'd come up with scenarios, their hands meeting in the sink as they did the dishes together leading to them kissing, fucking on the dining table. Walking in on her in the toilet. That in particular had his cock granite-like. His mother seated, legs splayed as she masturbated him, took him in her mouth. He came upon his chest as his alarm went off; a metaphorical reality check. This is the real world Vincent, he told himself. Your mother doesn't want to fuck you.

*

Carmen volunteered to work late.

She hated what she was doing but the thought of facing him again had her red faced, her heart rate skyrocketing. It was ridiculous she knew. Delaying the inevitable. But every time she imagined what he may be thinking of her, it was worst case scenario. He'll think me disgusting. A freak. She saw herself on that programme, what was it? She asked herself. Jerry Singer, Springer? The audience booing her for attempting to seduce her own son.

"What are you still doing here?" The voice came from over her shoulder. "It's 7:30 Carmen," her manager spoke as she swivelled in her chair. "Go home to your family."

The words were a wake up call. Vincent wouldn't hate her. He was her little man, her son. A part of her. Who knows, she thought. Maybe he thinks I really WAS talking about his pot!

*

Sheepishly she unlocked the back door and entered the house. Well after 8pm, the heartening smell of cooking still lingered in the kitchen but no human presence remained. His car was in the driveway which was strange for a Friday night she thought but he wasn't in the living room and his door shut, she resigned to allow the confrontation to be delayed at least a little longer.

He would be aware she was home, she knew that. The walls of the house were like paper and as she returned to the kitchen the sound of his door opening came to her ears. A deep breath and she turned to face him.

"I made dinner," Vince declared as he opened the fridge and took out a Coke. "I didn't know you were working late. I left a plate."

Carmen gripped the back of one of the chairs and tried to remain composed. "Mmm, something came up at work. Sorry I should've called."

"No big deal," Vince offered. No, he screamed at himself. This wasn't how it was meant to go! "Well as I said, lasagna's in the fridge if you want it." He looked at her for a sign, a thrown bone.

"Uh huh," Carmen replied. "Thanks."

Nothing. "Ok," he resigned, deflated. "Well, I'll be in my room."

"Ok," she managed as she watched him shrug and shuffle off back down the hallway.

She slumped where she stood.

"Ugh, you idiot Carmen," she whispered. You're acting like a child, she told herself. Opening the fridge she found the meal, a note attached, 'five mins in microwave should do,' an 'x' at the end. Now she really felt a child. She wanted to go to him. To break the awkwardness and confess her sins but cowardice won out. She heated and ate the meal in silence.

*

The clock read 10:30pm and Vince stared at the wall of his bedroom. No sound for nearly an hour, she must have gone to bed, he reasoned. Fuck this, he thought. I can't hide in here forever.

He was surprised to see the lamp on in the living room, the flicker from the television on the walls as he approached the doorway.

She was slumped on the couch, her legs out before her, feet on the coffee table. Her head turned in his direction as he stopped at the entrance.

"Hey, I thought you'd gone to bed," he ventured.

"Nope, just watching tv," Carmen offered.

"Sound's down low," Vince observed.

"Mmm, it's ok. I didn't want to disturb you."

Vince exhaled, frustrated.

"Look, Mom is something wrong?"

"No," Carmen looked back incredulous.

"Is it about the marijuana? I can get rid of it if you want," Vince offered.

"No, I told you I don't care about it," she stated. No, no, no. Carmen screamed at herself. What is wrong with you woman? Tell him, confess everything. But still she remained silent.

"Well then," Vince shook his head, throwing his hands out in despair as he turned to head for the kitchen. "I don't know what to do!"

Carmen hated herself. The moment he was out of sight she slapped a hand upon her forehead. What are you doing? Fix this.

Vincent placed the jug of cold water back in the fridge and switching off the light headed back to his bedroom. If only there was a way back that didn't take me past her, he lightheartedly imagined. Instead, with head down he hurried past the doorway.

"You know I used to smoke it in College!" The voice came from the room and Vince stopped in the hallway.

Carmen's heart beat rapidly as she waited for him to acknowledge her confession. The seconds for him to return to the doorway, like hours.

"What?" He smirked as his face came around the doorframe followed by his body.

"You heard!" She giggled as he ventured into the room.

The mood between them had dramatically changed, they both felt it as Vince knelt down on the sofa a cushion away.

"Really?" He challenged.

"Hey I was young too once!" She laughed and it was infectious, Vince too joining her.

"You're still young," Vince chuckled. "They say forty is the new thirty!"

Carmen snorted, stifling the laugh that leapt from her.

"What?" Vince asked, surprised at her reaction.

"Oh nothing Baby. Something someone said at work."

'Baby,' Vince repeated to himself. Like, 'show it to Mommy Baby,' or whatever she had said. It was so good to see her laughing, smiling. The wall that had been between them for twenty four hours now seemingly crumbling. He looked at her legs, her dark burgundy skirt ending mid thigh, pantyhose covering the rest to her unshod feet, the television beyond.

"What ya watch'n?" He enquired.

"Oh nothing really," she admitted. Had he just looked at her legs? She wondered. Please stay, she begged to herself. Please stay.

Vince dropped his knee from the sofa and slumped down in the seat, still a cushion dividing them. "There isn't anything on free to air anymore," he lamented, picking up the remote and scrolling through the channels, eventually leaving it where it was.

There was another awkward silence and Vince was determined to not let it linger.

"Look how small your feet are!" He laughed.

"What?" Carmen feigned indignation, twisting her foot on the coffee table. "There's nothing wrong with my feet!"

Vince took advantage and sidled across on the couch, his hip meeting her own.

"Look," he stated, placing a foot up against hers, their entire legs touching. "That's a normal sized foot!"

Again Carmen laughed. "No, that's a freakishly large foot!"

"I'm offended," Vince laughed, nudging her body with his shoulder. The action caused Carmen to further slump, her skirt rising noticeably along her thigh.

"You shouldn't be," Carmen spoke after debating whether to say it or not. "I mean you know what they say about men with big feet!"

The statement hung in the air for moments before they both laughed, Carmen covering her face with her hand in mock embarrassment. She wasn't. She wanted nothing more than to talk about his cock. To discuss its size. To weigh it in her hands. To feel it inside her. She could feel herself getting wet, the fact she wasn't wearing panties accentuating the sensation.

Their feet remained side by side, legs touching. Innocently Carmen stroked her sons foot with her little toe, such a gentle contact that would ordinarily possibly go unnoticed. Not now. The sensation was as stimulating as a massage to Vince. He moved his foot against her, again so innocently, a mother and son incidentally touching as they watched television together. But neither of them concentrated on the screen.

Vince moved a hand from his lap to rest along his thigh, his little finger making connection with the pantyhosed leg of his mother but keeping his eyes on the tv. Just as she did his foot, he subtly moved his finger against her, feeling the silky nylon. The contact had immediate effects. On her, on him.

Was that movement? Carmen asked herself. Again she glanced at his groin, the same jeans he wore the night before, the bulge of his cock and balls, nothing like the mistaken protrusion of yesterday. Yes, it happened again. Unmistakeable, she saw the lump move, a defined shape appearing under the denim, lengthening. Hardening, she stated to herself.

His little finger was now not so subtle. More than an inch of space it covered as it moved back and forth on her thigh. Her nipples stood out boldly through her white tank top. Jesus, she could smell herself, she

thought aghast. But then checked herself. No, it was exactly what she wanted.

Vince wondered if she'd noticed? Half erect, steadily growing he felt the urge to move its position in his pants but didn't dare upset the flow. Let it happen naturally, if it's going to happen at all, he proposed. Don't fuck this up. He allowed another finger to touch her leg and she didn't stop him. A third. Her foot moved harder against his own and he wondered which of them would finally make the first overt move?

Her breathing was laboured. She could feel her face was flushed as she turned her gaze to look at him, her head resting back on the cushion. Vince had his whole hand on his mother's thigh. The skirt was under the palm, his fingers caressing the pantyhose. Fuck, he thought as he turned to look in her eyes. I can smell her.

Their arms, shoulders touching, mother and son stared at each other in silence. Both aware of what was happening but finding that final hurdle almost insurmountable. Almost imperceptibly slowly their faces closed in, eyes never unlocking. Vince was fully erect, his cock pained and begging to be loosed from its confines. Now or never he thought as he covered the last few inches between them, seeing his mother's eyes close at the very last second as their lips connected.

It was soft, sensual. The first intimate kiss between mother and son. In no way to be misconstrued as anything but incestuous, with confidence they exchanged their love through their lips, a tongue and then two. Mouths open as they explored the taboo. A whole new world of passion opening up to them.

With an open mouth, lips wet, Carmen withdrew to look again into her sons eyes. "I didn't know it was pot!" She confessed, an unnecessary admission

in the circumstances but a relief to be out in the open nonetheless.

Vince couldn't help smiling, his eyes dropping to his crotch. "I'm afraid the reality isn't as impressive."

Carmen grinned mischievously. "Let me be the judge of that!" She sighed as she leaned forward, her hands moving to the front of his pants.

Vince looked on in contented awe as his mother unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, wrenching them with his underwear below his buttocks to leave him bare assed on the sofa. His cock looked fantastic if he did say so himself. Fully erect, pointing at the ceiling, a trimmed covering of pubic hair at the base. He wondered if she was as impressed but lost the thought to pleasure as her hands were laid upon him.

"My baby's all grown up!" Carmen exclaimed as she was able to wrap both hands, one above the other around his cock. Her face descended upon him to plant her lips against the swollen head protruding between thumb and index finger, kissing the bead of clear pre-cum that daubed the eye. Her tongue drew it into her mouth to savour before she was back, this time not so restrained.

Vince watched her lips envelop the tip. Her mouth so warm around him, so loving. A hand removed, half of his cock sliding into her, saliva dribbling down his length to be used as a lubricant.

"Oh Mom," he exhaled as her fist stroked him, her mouth twisting around the head seemingly determined to extract his orgasm as quickly as possible.

Amazing the things one thinks when being given head by their mother, Vince pondered. Do I tell her I'm about to cum? He wondered. She made sounds he'd never expected to come from his mother, a slurping, a pleased moaning as if she was gaining as much satisfaction as he by the act. Her

spare hand moved to his balls and cupped and it was then he needed to stop her before it was too late.

"Mom stop," he gasped, sliding back on the couch, his slick cock popping from her mouth but her hand retaining its grip.

She looked up at him with wide expectant eyes, her chin glistening. "Why?"

Vince exhaled laughing. "Because I was about to cum."

"But it's what I want," she admitted, almost begging.

Vince pulled her off her knees to once again be by his side.

"Is this a once off?" He asked.

"I hope not, why?"

"Then. And I can't believe I'm about to say this Mom but, I'll cum in your mouth another time," he promised. "But right now there's something I really need to see!"

Her skirt had ridden up to her groin anyway but the final reveal came as he gently pushed her back onto the lounge. Her legs spreading, Vince pushed the skirt the rest of the way and revealed her pantyhose covered pussy. She saw the surprise in his eyes at her lack of underwear and felt she needed to explain.

"I had no clean panties!" She acknowledged.

Vince took in the vision. The small gusset and her inner thighs saturated, her labia splayed against the nylon and a thick patch of dark pubic hair above pressed down by the thin material. Such a beautiful sight, his cock hardened further, twitching below to remind him it desired to inspect as well.

"It's beautiful," Vince declared, looking up from her groin to her face.
"You're beautiful Mom."

She felt when he was born she could never love him more. Now that he knelt between her legs, so close from whence he came, she knew that was untrue. "I love you Vincent," she sighed, almost on the brink of tears.

As if in response, he moved his head into her.

"Oh," she breathed and he stopped, inches from her pussy. "I haven't showered!" She volunteered and she watched him shake his head at her almost in pity with no malice attached.

"I don't care!" He proclaimed and pressed his face into her cunt.

Carmen threw back her head and arched her spine up from the couch. Her pussy pushed up into his nose and mouth, feeling his lips opening and his tongue slide along her slit. Greedily he licked her through her pantyhose, revelling in the strong flavour that seeped through the nylon. He wanted more. To be inside her. Taking hold of the waist, Vince wrenched his mother's hose down her hips, hitting himself in the jaw as he tugged them over her pussy and along her legs.

Carmen wasn't idle. Her tank top removed, her bra followed until she was naked for her son. How she was meant to be around him. To be his slave, his slut, his mistress. Whatever he wanted her to be as long as she was naked. Vince once again buried his face between her legs, finding her clitoris, wrapping his mouth around the hood, a tangle of wet pubic hair. He pressed his nose in her bush, inhaling her. Back in her cunt to delve his tongue deep. Mining his mother's vagina for nutrients, for her quenching fluid.

Carmen cupped her breasts as she watched him, her mouth fixed in an open 'O.' Had anyone been so enthusiastic about going down on her? Not even her husband had lavished her cunt with such affection. Again her son licked, sucked her clit as he pressed a finger to her opening. "Oh yes Baby," she encouraged. "Finger me son," she insisted as she pinched her nipples, feeling his digit slide gently inside her.

Holding apart her clitoral hood, Vince nibbled on his mother's little button. Such a precious pea he'd be happy to suckle for hours. Two fingers he now used to fuck her, moist slapping sounds music to his ears. "I'm cumming, I'm cumming," he heard on repeat from above and he increased his rate of penetration before her declaration changed to an order. "Give me your cock Baby," she demanded and Vince wasted not a second more.

Her pantyhose on one foot, his own jeans around his knees, he climbed between her spread legs and shrugging off his t-shirt, fell upon her. His engorged dick finding its mark and effortlessly sliding deep into her body. Her mouth was at his before their bodies had even connected, drawing his tongue between her lips as his penis reached its zenith.

She bit down as he felt her cunt convulse around him. Thrusting into her as she came. With her eyes closed, Carmen saw stars. Felt outside of herself as wave after wave of orgasm swept her shores. This was love. This was what a true connection with another human was meant to feel like. To hell with the world if what they shared was immoral. Seen through her eyes, a mother and son fucking was the most beautiful act that could be committed. The purest form of passion.

Vince pounded away. She was wet, possibly too wet. He could feel her walls hugging him inside the way her mouth embraced his tongue, the way her arms clung to his back. Finally she set his tongue free, only to fill his

mouth with obscenities. "Fuck me Baby, fuck my cunt. Fuck Mommy's pussy lover," she begged, their eyes fixed on one another's.

He brought her knees up to her chest, locking her legs in place with his forearms. His heavy balls slapped her asshole as his cock plunged piston-like into her perfectly moulded vagina. And then. Her boobs framed by her thighs, her red face blemished by the dark streaks of her running eyeliner, he came inside her. Inside his mother. Releasing 19 years of pent up unacknowledged incest in the form of an orgasm. Jet after jet of jizz escaped him. As she'd flooded him, he did to her. A firehose of cum surging forth into her red hot fiery mom cunt. Seemingly never ending pulses as they stared into the other's eyes. Carmen feeling and loving every spurt until finally he fell again upon her chest declaring his love.

Her fingers ran through his hair and it was possible he'd fallen asleep for some time as he eventually moved his head from the crook of her neck.

"Big shoes," he whispered, kissing her collarbone.

Goosebumps ran all over her body as she laughed. "What?"

"What they say about men with big feet," he explained and she chuckled, kissing his mouth.

*

Carmen swivelled in her chair when her name was called from behind her.

"There's a young man here to see you," the receptionist explained, pointing over her shoulder at Vince who stood unsurely beside the elevators.

"Thank you Inez," Carmen stated, taking her handbag from beneath her desk.

"Cute too!" The receptionist acknowledged before heading off in the other direction.

Carmen could barely hide her pride as she walked towards her son, eyes of her workmates spying her activity.

"Hello beautiful," Vince welcomed her as she approached, surprised when she leaned in for a kiss in front of her workplace. She encouraged his arm around her waist and as they turned, the door of the elevator opened upon Barbara whose eyes immediately dropped from their faces to the open display of intimacy.

"Oh, hello," she stated. "Going to lunch?"

"Uh huh," Carmen beamed as they sidled past through the doors. "Oh Barb, you remember my son Vincent."

The two smiled toward each other in response as Carmen pressed the down button before leaning into Vince and kissing him again lasciviously.

"Oh, and you were right," she called out to Barbara as the doors began to close. "Incest is definitely the new black!"

Incest, Lies and Videotape

8:45pm and just putting the finishing touches on a quote for a retaining wall for a prospective client, I was surprised when an email appeared from my mother. The subject simply titled, "Just for you", I found myself frowning as to why she'd chosen this, namely my business, and not my personal email address. Assuming it important, a potential job perhaps, I clicked on the message to find an MP4 file attached, immediately opening the video.

Every assumption I could've harbored was instantly proven incorrect. The camera set in portrait showed my mother in the familiar space of her bathroom. A glass of white wine was before her on the vanity and she was in the process of moving back from the screen as she smiled. I was about to speak aloud my confusion when she broke the silence.

"So, here it is," she giggled, lifting the glass and taking a sip before resetting it to its position. "What you asked for. Naughty boy!" She didn't sound drunk, but I sensed the glass in frame wasn't the first. "But you have to do something for me first," her hands slid up the front of the white bathrobe she wore and as they passed over her breasts, clearly caressing, I realized I wasn't watching anything related to a job opportunity. In fact, I didn't know what the hell I was witness to! I began to mouth the words, "what the fuck" when she continued. "I want you to take out your cock and jerk it for me!" I actually heard come from my mother's lips as I watched her spread the front of her robe and reveal her tits.

It was then my phone began ringing and I managed to tear my eyes from the laptop screen to see the woman herself calling me. With my mouth dry and

a shaking hand, I paused the video upon her topless state and answered the incoming call.

'Where are you?' Mom instantly questioned as I answered, foregoing pleasantries.

'Hey, what?' I stumbled over my reply, my eyes creeping back to look at my mom's boobs as we spoke. 'Um, at home,' I informed her.

'I'm sorry Honey,' her voice clearly conveyed anxiety. 'I've just accidentally sent an email to you. Mistakenly to you, I mean. You can just delete it. There's no need to open it. Just delete it,' she couldn't hide her nervousness and admittedly her confession went some way to relieving my own tension. Whatever the video was about, it wasn't meant for me. Which at that moment was, I guess, comforting.

'Oh?' I didn't want her to think I'd already seen it. 'I haven't seen anything!' I winced as I said it, thinking she could have read between the lines at my deception.

'It was to your work email,' she explained. 'Just delete it,' she once more pleaded, the third time in fact and I felt for her in her worrying. But who was it actually for, I wondered.

'Ok, I will,' I assured her and with the vision of her half-naked before me, I couldn't think of anything else to say. 'So... was that all?' I questioned. 'You called just for that?'

'Oh, um...' she seemed understandably preoccupied and I laughed to break the awkwardness. 'How's work?' She managed to muster and not wanting to drag out her discomfort any longer than needed, also curious to get back to the video, I gave her an out.

'Flat out. I was actually just working on a quote when you called,' I admitted and again winced, in effect revealing to her I was at the computer and may have seen her email.

'Oh, ok,' she seemed not to put two and two together. 'I'll let you get back to it,' she offered and we made our goodbyes.

So, it's not for me! I sighed as I focused my attention back on the video. Yes, I said I'd delete it, but this is where I admit I'm not a saint. Don't judge me. Honestly, what would you do!?

The shock of seeing my mother's breasts for the first time in my adult life passing, I resumed the video, my eyes laser-focused on her chest, her own dropping to admire them as well. "Do you like them?" She looked at the camera, her hands moving to hold her boobs, lifting them and squeezing. "Are you jerking off? Would you like to suck on my tits? Huh? Suck on my tits while you jerk off that fat cock?" She once more giggled, clearly surprised at her own words.

Now this is where I admit I began to have that moral dilemma.

Understanding that what I was watching wasn't intended for me and having lied about it in the first place, I battled with the shame of my actions, the devil on my shoulder ultimately winning the admittedly short conflict. It's a victimless crime, he whispered and didn't fight it when I began to swell inside my track pants.

"I have a secret," Mom continued, taking a small step backward to allow the camera to capture her hips. "I did what you asked," she intriguingly admitted and I watched as she undid the tie at her waist, allowing the robe to fall away and off her body entirely.

'Jesus!' I exclaimed as I looked at my mom's naked body.

"Yep!" she giggled. "I shaved it for you!" she proudly revealed, her hands sliding down onto her pelvis, massaging the flesh around her pronounced pubic mound. "Are you beating that cock?" She asked and I allowed my hand to press the front of my pants, the taboo nature of the act heightening the pleasure, subconsciously nodding my head in assurance. "I bet you'd love to lick my pussy," she breathed. "Get on your knees and stick your face between my legs. Stick that tongue right up my pussy!" she suggested. "And I know what you want to do to my ass!" She grinned, turning her back on the camera.

With my hand squeezing my engorged length, Mom grabbed her buttocks with both hands and spread, revealing her asshole to me under the bright LED lights of her bathroom. "I want you to eat my ass," she demanded. "Stick your tongue up my ass while you jerk off. Are you jerking off? Jerking off that big hard cock?" She ran a finger over her anus, pressing against herself before turning back to face me. "Are you going to cum? Jerk on that cock. Pull that hard dick for me. Cum on my tits," she ran her hands back up to her breasts, pinching her nipples, manipulating her impressive tits. "Titty fuck me, Larry," she revealed "his" name. "Cum on my face. Cum in my mouth while you titty fuck me!" She declared as she moved into the camera, her face filling the frame as she poked her tongue out suggestively. "Cum for me," she almost begged as I stroked myself through my pants. "Cum in my mouth," she again stuck her tongue out as I began to ejaculate. "Mmm... Mmm," she sighed as I moaned. "I love your cum. I love your cum all over my face," she slowly flicked her tongue at me as if licking up my orgasm and I finally was able to breathe, gasping as I milked myself, creating a terrible spreading mess inside my clothing.

On-screen, Mom was smiling, taking another sip of her wine before she blew a kiss toward the camera. "And you said I wouldn't do it!" she laughed

and the video ended as her hand made contact with the screen.

'Jesus Christ!' I exhaled, looking down at the dark stain showing through my grey track pants. 'Mom!' I sighed shaking my head in disbelief at what had just occurred, so many thoughts running through my mind. Not least of all, who the fuck was Larry?

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Showered, and my pants and shorts in the wash, I took my phone into the living room and sat down on the couch, opening up my work email account. In line with my assurance to my mother, I deleted the email she'd sent me, after, I hasten to admit, I'd saved the video directly to my phone. With a sober mind, I watched it again. No more than four minutes long (Larry obviously a premature ejaculator, I mused before realizing the hypocrisy of my thought) I paused multiple times amid its duration to take screen grabs of pivotal moments as my heart raced and my cock throbbed. I was well aware of how incestuous the whole thing was, and apart from some experimentation with her underwear as a teen, I hadn't thought I was that way inclined. How wrong I was as I found myself jerking off once again, this time prepared as I released into a strategically placed paper towel, the one thought again entering my mind. Who was Larry?

Mom hadn't dated once in the years since Dad had passed. And the thought of her with anyone but him had never crossed my mind. Obviously, it had hers! I wracked my brain for anyone named Larry in our orbit and came up dry and it was as with dick still hard and beginning to watch the video once more that Mom called me for the second time that night.

'Hey,' I nonchalantly responded to the call and she was silent for a moment before I heard her breathe.

'Honey,' she sighed. 'I think I've made a big mistake,' she confided and I again thought about lying, saying I hadn't seen the email before she went on.

'In what way?' I replied. 'What's wrong Mom,' I asked, tucking my dick back into my pants, sensing it wasn't a conversation to be masturbating to!

'I think I've been a fool,' she whispered and her tone had me worried for her.

'Mom... what is it? You know you can tell me anything,' I hinted at the video without bringing it to light.

'I know,' I could hear her on the verge of tears. 'I'm probably just being silly. I mean I have been silly!' she managed to chuckle. 'Oh, I don't know.'

'Mom. Tell me,' I said, hoping she'd come out and admit the recording, a large part of me hoping we could watch it together, laugh perhaps. Perhaps more, my cock speculated.

'Can you...' she paused. 'I know it's late, but can you come around?' she requested and I assured her I'd be there within the half hour.

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She wasn't the blubbering mess I'd expected her to be when I arrived. In fact, she was quite relaxed. An open bottle of red wine on the kitchen counter probably assisting her mood. I wasn't. Relaxed that is! A bundle of nerves, I wasn't sure what my visit would entail but had cleaned myself up for a second time that night just in case something sexual was to eventuate. Why I would think that I didn't know, but just like a good boy scout, it pays to be prepared.

'You're going to think me an idiot,' Mom laughed and she offered me a glass of wine which I didn't turn down.

'What, more than I already do?' I too laughed and she playfully slapped me on the arm before sliding me a well-filled glass.

'No, I think I've really made a fool of myself,' she grimaced, and sure she was discussing the video I wanted to assure her she hadn't been foolish. Quite the contrary. How fucking hot she'd looked. 'I met someone online,' she admitted and awaited my reaction. Little forthcoming. 'You're not surprised?' she frowned and I shrugged.

'It's how people meet nowadays,' I tried to convey an air of maturity. 'It's been a long time since Dad died,' I took a sip of the shiraz, my mind picturing her back in the bathroom opening her robe to show me her breasts.

'Well!' she seemed taken aback by my lack of shock. 'I admit I thought you would've reacted a little differently,' she nervously chuckled.

'I guess a divorce and turning thirty forces you to grow up,' I reflected on my position, also reinforcing to her not so subtly I was unattached if she wanted to incestuously fool around some!!

'Maybe it does,' she smiled softly before looking towards her phone on the benchtop. 'I want to show you something,' she reached for it and I felt my face begin to blush, my heart beginning to beat rapidly as I envisaged us watching the video together.

'Mom, I...' I began to admit I'd seen the email. I moved to her side of the counter preempting our embrace, would we fuck in the kitchen, I wondered, or in her bedroom? 'I...' I was about to take her in my arms when she interrupted me.

'I received this email from him,' she held her phone out to me and I dropped my eyes to her hand to read what she presented to me.

"Thank you so much for the money again mia cara. I would pay the bill myself but for the time money transfers take in this godforsaken country. I fly back to Italy after the weekend and expect to be piloting a flight to America soon. Then we shall finally be together. I hate to request this of you, but would a further \$1000 be possible? I know I ask so much of you but be assured you'll be recompensed once the court case is settled. The same account would be fine. All my love bella donna. Larry."

I looked up from her phone and she obviously caught my look of skepticism.

'I'm a fool, right?' she proffered and I tried not to be too cynical.

'Mom, how much have you given this guy?'

'Oh,' she closed the phone, shaking her head as she momentarily avoided my gaze. 'I don't know... maybe two thousand,' she winced as she once more found my eyes.

'And you've never met him?' I inquired, admittedly more enthusiastic about this fact than angry she'd been taken for a ride by an obvious romance scam.

'No,' she shook her head. 'Oh, I'm an idiot aren't I!' she took a draught of her wine and I reached for her hand when she placed the glass back on the counter.

'Mom,' I enveloped her small hand in mine. 'Smarter people than you have been duped by romance scams,' I insisted.

'I'll try not to be offended,' she gave the briefest of smiles. 'And you think that's what it is?' She sought my confirmation, obviously aware herself.

'How long have you been talking to this guy?' I nodded toward her phone.

'A month or so,' she paused. 'Maybe two.'

'And when did he start asking for money?' I asked.

'Only in the last few weeks. It was because of the court case you see. His divorce. He found it hard to pay his lawyers from the places he was flying to. He's a pilot!' She seemed proud to convey.

'Yeah, I got that,' I looked back skeptically.

'No, he is,' Mom slid her hand from between mine to once more retrieve her phone. 'I have his photo,' she navigated to her gallery and presented me with an image of a man (pretty good-looking admittedly) in a pilot's uniform. 'He found me on my Facebook,' she admitted. 'We've been emailing ever since.'

'Can I?' I took the phone from her and pressed on the photo.

'What are you doing?' she moved in beside me and I was well aware of her breast pressing into my arm.

'Just...' I paused as I navigated to Google, 'reverse imaging his photo,' I explained as the results began to pop up on the screen, tilting the phone further in her direction. 'Larry, you say his name is!' I tried not to scoff as his photo returned with another name attached.

'Matteo Forte,' Mom read. 'Died April 5th, 2012 in a plane crash in the Swiss Alps...' she gasped. 'Then who have I been emailing?' She exclaimed.

'Just emailing?' I inquired. 'You never spoke to him?'

'Well, no,' she admitted. 'Oh God I've been such an idiot, haven't I?' She took the phone from me to further inspect the deception. 'Matteo has ah... had a Facebook,' she pressed on the link, examining the page. 'These are the photos Larry sent me!' She seemed genuinely surprised.

'Larry. Not very Italian sounding,' I laughed and Mom looked up at me, trying not to laugh herself and I was impressed with how well she was taking it.

'Don't make fun of me!' she slapped my chest and I felt her hand clung to me slightly longer than normal for the interaction, but I may have been imagining it.

'I'm not,' I shook my head, catching her eye as I lost the frivolity. 'Anyone can get scammed like this. I'm just glad you realized before it went any further,' I praised her and she began to blush.

'Oh, so am I,' she rolled her eyes. 'You have no idea.'

'What?' I nudged, hoping she was alluding to the video, hoping she hadn't sent it to "Larry" after the initial mix-up.

'Well, it was because of earlier tonight,' she began. 'That vid... email, I mistakenly sent to you,' she corrected herself. 'His address is so similar to yours you understand,' she held the phone out to show me and I read.

""LivingLegendLarry,"" I quoted the beginning of his email address, understanding how she could get it confused with mine, "LivingLandscapes" being, I supposed somewhat similar, with the same provider.

'I was sending him that email, well, YOU that email when his came through. It made me stop and think. Oh goodness, I should've known he wasn't real the first time he asked for money. I only have myself to blame, I suppose,' she belittled herself and I reached out to touch her arm.

'Don't do that,' I shook my head. 'You have nothing to be ashamed about. It's this guy that's at fault. So, what do you want to do?'

She paused in contemplation before shaking her head.

'To be honest, I just want it all to go away. I don't really even care about the money.'

'Yeah, but he might do it to someone else. You say he's in Italy?'

'Well,' she managed again to laugh. 'He told me he lives in Italy. Said he's in Morrocco at the moment. Previous to that it was Portugal, Spain. He made a great show of the fact he was flying over Ukraine once. I guess it was all lies. He probably lives in downtown Los Angeles.'

'Well, I think we should at least inform the police,' I suggested and Mom looked apprehensive.

'They'd go through all my emails, wouldn't they?' she proposed, and as if on call, her phone screen lit up with an alert to a new email. 'It's him,' she whispered as if he might hear.

I took the phone from the benchtop to Mom's minor reluctance and opened her email account, reading.

"How are you going with that money transfer mia cara? I don't mean to pressure you, but we're so close now. Please come through for me. P.s. The photo you sent last week, my god! I can't wait for more in the vid..."

Mom reached out and took the phone from me before I could finish the line, but I got the drift of his sentiment.

'I don't want to hear any more,' she explained her abrupt action and I looked at her face, her cheeks beginning to color.

'You're not going to respond to him? Will he keep emailing?' I questioned.

'I don't know,' she shrugged. 'I don't know about anything,' she looked exasperated and I rubbed her arm in support.

'Why did you get involved with him in the first place?' I questioned. 'You never said anything about moving on after Dad.'

She shrugged and looked into my eyes. 'It was just nice to be noticed by someone,' she admitted. 'You wouldn't understand Darling, sixty-year-old women are invisible to most men. I was just swept up in someone paying me attention.'

Her words cut at my heart and I wanted to tell her she was wrong.

'That's not true Mom,' I refuted. 'First of all, you're only fifty-six last time I checked,' I smiled, 'and you still look great. Any man would be proud to have you on his arm.'

'Oh, Honey,' she waved away my flattery before placing her hand again on mine. 'Why "she" left you I'll never know,' she laughed. 'Look at us, two romantic fools. How are we both single?'

'Yeah,' I chuckled. 'Maybe WE should get together!' I daringly proffered in obvious jest and she took it as that, shaking her head as she giggled. However, I did notice the skin on her neck redden at the prospect.

'So, seriously, Mom. What do you want to do?' 'What's this photo he was talking about?' I tentatively inquired and her cheeks grew redder.

'Oh,' she paused, 'just something silly,' she quickly diverted. 'I don't want to go to the police. I can break it off with him quite easily,' she admitted. 'I just really needed someone to talk to about it,' she smiled stoically. 'And you were there for me,' she raised a hand to touch my cheek and the act gave me goosebumps. 'For that, I thank you.'

'Hey,' I lifted my arms to bring her into an embrace, her body so soft and warm against me. 'I'll always be here for you,' her head pressed against my cheek and I inhaled the scent of her hair, having to pull my groin back from

her as I felt myself begin to harden. 'And furthermore, on what you said about someone paying you attention. Well how about I come around tomorrow and start on that garden bed you've been wanting?' I proposed.

'Really?' She pulled her face back to look me in the eyes. 'You're not too busy?'

'No,' I insisted adamantly. 'No. From now on you're my number one client,' I winked. 'You think men don't see you! Well, I'm going to be seeing a lot of you from now on. So, get used to it,' I purposefully loaded my statement, hoping she'd read into it whatever she desired.

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With Mom's blessing, I gave a friend of mine with certain advantageous computer skills the email of her lothario. Just to look into to find out any information he could about the guy. I didn't have high hopes of taking him down or anything, but if there was any way to get back some of Mom's money, it was worth a shot.

I fell asleep having masturbated to Mom's video twice more. Yes, it was wrong. But did I care? Not one iota. In my incestuous laden mind, she'd subconsciously intended for me to see it in the first place. Yeah, our emails were similar. But when you're sending a sex tape to someone, don't you make sure you get the address correct!? By the next day and my morning erection devoted to her, I was even beginning to believe she'd made the video for me to begin with.

I moved around my schedule to devote the day to Mom. Being a Saturday, I was only planning on working until midday anyway, so if Mom wanted someone to show her attention, she'd have me for the entire day, the whole

weekend if necessary. Anything to show her she was wanted and definitely not "invisible", at least to me.

I had much of the materials I needed for her garden bed; edging; and fertilizer, but ordered a ton of soil and the plants she'd mentioned in the past from my usual supplier to pick up on the way. By 10am, I was at Mom's and was not unhappy to see she hadn't expected me so soon. Fresh from the shower, her hair was wet around her face and she wore the robe I'd spied in the video.

'Can I get you a coffee?' She proposed as I started, spray painting the lawn to determine the position of the bed, and was enthused when she chose to join me outside, setting her own mug on a garden bench to watch me work. Seemingly in no hurry to clothe herself, I was afforded a near-transparent view through her robe as she allowed the sun to bathe her body, and the morning being warm, I decided I no longer needed a t-shirt as I went about my business.

Under her watchful eye, I found myself flexing more often than not. Accentuating my movements as I wielded the spade.

'Your friend,' Mom inquired. 'He won't be able to see the emails I sent, will he?' She tentatively questioned and I wondered what she'd put in them. What words of pent-up sexuality? The photos she may have included. You don't go from simple flirting to full-on sex tape without some progression. Yes, her actions had been for another man. But it didn't mean I too couldn't be aroused by them.

'It won't be like that,' I informed her. 'He'll just find out his IP. Find out who and where he really is in the world. Let's face it, I doubt he's Italian.'

'Well, he isn't,' Mom declared. 'He apparently married an Italian woman. He's American.'

'Oh, hence the Larry,' I laughed, leaning on the spade handle as I used the back of my hand to wipe sweat from my forehead, purposefully clenching my abs.

'Look at you!' Mom swooned, her eyes not disguising where they traveled as she admired my body, my ploy working perfectly.

'What?' I attempted to look nonchalant, keeping the flex in my biceps.

'Well, you could be in one of those calendars!' she laughed. 'Like the firemen do!'

'Give it a rest!' I scoffed, feigning embarrassment as I continued digging.

'But speaking of photos,' I kept my eyes on the work as I questioned her.

'What was the photo Larry was talking about in that last email?' I probed, turning the tables.

She paused before she answered and I looked up to see her reaction, a smirk on her face.

'Oh, Honey. Just something silly. I can't tell you,' she insisted, giggling.

'Oh?' I poked and could see her noticeably blush. 'Oh!' I overtly reacted, not letting her off so easily. 'Mom!?'

'Baby!' she laughed. 'Let's just say, it wouldn't have looked out of place in one of those calendars!'

'Whoa!' I breathed, noting her nipples had become rigid through her robe, hoping it was reactionary to our conversation.

'I nearly made a bigger mistake before I came to my senses,' she divulged and despite my arousal, I felt deep sympathy for the position she'd been put

in.

'Mom,' I again leaned on the spade's handle. 'You're not a fool. I hope you know that,' I informed her and she smiled understandingly, her eyes locked on mine in silence.

'This is nice, isn't it?' She reflected after the extended moment between us.

'What?' I laughed. 'Sitting back and watching someone work in your backyard for free?'

'No!' she giggled. 'Well, yes. But I mean, us. Talking like this. Spending time together. I feel like somehow, it's... well like Larry has brought us closer.'

'Yeah,' I locked my eyes on hers. 'It's nice,' I agreed before plunging the spade back into the soil, laughing.

'What?' Mom asked.

'Just a crazy thought.'

'About?'

'Remember a few weeks ago I mentioned I needed someone to do the books?' I reminded her.

'Me?' She immediately understood where I was headed.

'Well, it'd be one way for us to spend more time together,' I proposed. 'Just something to think about. That or you could become my helper,' I laughed. 'I was thinking about taking on an apprentice!'

'Hmm,' Mom giggled, seemingly excited. 'Bookkeeper or laborer. That does give me something to think about.'

*

'Lunch is ready,' Mom called from the back door of the house and I grabbed my t-shirt as I surveyed the morning's work. Only a few of the mature flowers and bulbs left to plant, it actually disappointed me that my time there would be coming to an end so shortly. I contemplated ways to hang around as I headed inside.

'What did you do, just run your hands under the water?' Mom laughed as I wiped my hands on the front of my jeans.

'I washed them!' I looked back incredulously.

'Oh, my goodness. Did I teach you nothing?' she scoffed as she directed me back to the sink, lifting the soap dispenser up in readiness. Admittedly, dirt remained around my nails and on the webbing between my fingers, and to my surprise, Mom's hands joined mine under the running water to lather the soap. It was a feeling unlike any I'd known, her fingers slipping around mine as she massaged my hands, our lubricated digits sensuously writhing around the others. Overtly sexual, I watched almost entranced as she jerked her fist along each individual finger, her expression concentrated as she washed me.

I found myself studying the skin on her face. The folds of her ear and the grey flecks in her hair tucked behind. The curve of her neck and shadow of cleavage as my eyes chanced to spy down the collar of her t-shirt.

She must have sensed my gaze and my eyes were slow to find hers when her face turned toward me, her fingers still locked around mine.

'You're just like your father,' she whispered in the quiet of the kitchen and I hoped she understood that extended to my feelings for her. 'He wouldn't wash his hands properly either,' she elaborated and our eyes locked for an extended moment. I wanted to hold her. To press my body into hers and kiss

her mouth. 'Come on,' she finally broke the stare, rinsing our hands, still combined, 'I think you're done!'

But we were far from done!

*

She stood beside me as we looked at her new garden bed. Daffodils and Violets in full bloom.

'The iris and tulip bulbs will bloom next season,' I assured her, and she surprisingly put an arm around my waist from behind.

'I love it!' she declared, looking up at me, squinting in the sun. 'It's just what I needed right now.'

I leaned down and kissed her head, my lips pressing the warm silkiness of her hair.

'It's what you deserve,' I wrapped my arm around her shoulder, pulling her into me, her breasts against my chest. 'I meant what I said. I'm going to be here for you, Mom. Whatever you need... whatever you want,' I quickly added. 'I'll give it to you.'

I was admittedly coming on strong, but I wanted her in no doubt as to my feelings. What was stopping us fucking? I wondered. If we were both on board, who was to deny us being together?

'You're giving me everything I want right now,' her hands caressed my back and her belly pressed into my semi-erect cock, the reaction on her face immediate. 'Um... so, what do I owe you?' she slipped from our embrace and I followed her progress as she moved in to examine the plants.

'What!?' I laughed, staring directly at her ass as she bent forward as if presenting herself to me. Her threadbare black leggings hugged her buttocks

and I spied the red lace of her panties through the material, my dick completing the erection process. 'This is my shout,' I revealed.

'What!? No, Honey. It's too much,' she rose, turning to look upon me. The sun in my face, I was possibly mistaken, but I was pretty sure her eyes lingered at my groin as they crept up my body. 'I have to give you something,' she determined and every neuron in my brain screamed as to how indeed she could repay me, hoping she picked up the psychic link.

'Well, we'll figure something out,' I smiled.

*

The offer of dinner was an acceptable start and going home to shower and change, I assured her I'd be back before she knew it. Even driving I was thinking about her, treating myself to occasional rubs when stopped at lights. The word obsessed lingered in my mind and walking around the normality of my house, I began to have doubts. What actually had happened, I asked myself and the facts presented themselves to me, the image it created was not as enticing and salacious as the reality.

Accidentally, she'd sent me a naked video of herself. I had to repeat, accidentally. She thought she was in a relationship with someone else. The video was for someone else. Not her pervert liar of a son. She even mentioned his name in it, thereby proving it was never her intention for me to see it. All that had happened from that point on were acceptable altercations between mother and son. Nothing to see here, I told myself.

And then I thought of her washing my hands. Was that normal? My dick reacted to just the memory as I pulled on my microfiber jocks, the silky material encouraging my erection. Her belly pushed into my groin. Was that normal? Her eyes on my semi-erect penis. Normal? No, I won the debate as

I slipped into jeans and a fresh t-shirt. I may have only just rekindled a long-doused fire of incestuous desire, but as I walked from my bedroom back into the living room to once more watch the video (was it the tenth/twelfth time?) now on my television, it was becoming a raging inferno.

*

'His name's Benny Larreto. He's twenty-one years old, lives alone in a two bed, one bath condo in New Jersey,' I relayed the email I'd received from my acquaintance. 'His advice was, as he's obtained money from you by deception, it's wire fraud. You can go to the police or the Feds. It'd be a RICO case or something. Probably you'd have to attend court as a witness on the East Coast sometime in the future. The guy has no priors, so he'll most likely walk and there's not a great chance of ever seeing your money again...'

Mom looked unconvinced by the news, waiting for me to go on.

'...or, as a favor to me, I'll probably have to end up building him a pergola or something, he'll take back the two grand you've handed over, scrub your existence from his computer, you won't hear from him again, and we'll never have to get involved.'

'What!?' Mom looked shocked. 'He can do that?' She asked and I smiled.

'Mom...' I paused for dramatic effect. 'It's already done!' I chuckled as her jaw literally dropped.

'What!?'

'Seems the guy, Benny, was doing this to a heap of other women. My friend withdrew your money before putting a bank-appointed freeze on his

account, then made an anonymous, evidence-laden tip to the FBI about the guy's crimes,' I proudly relayed what I knew.

'Baby!' Mom rose from the couch and followed me into the kitchen. We were well into our second bottle of wine, and for the rest of the evening, I wanted Mom to be clear-eyed, procuring us both glasses of water. 'Who is this friend of yours, Batman?'

'Ha,' I laughed. 'He'll get a kick out of that. He's just a guy I know; runs a crypto agency, "A Bit on the Side." He does this kind of stuff for kicks, Mom,' I handed her the water and watched her take a sip, a drop of condensation falling from the glass to spot her dress at her breast, Mom's eyes following mine downwards before languidly rising.

'I wasn't in love with him,' she confided and I didn't respond, allowing her to clear her conscience. 'To be honest, a part of me always knew it wasn't real.'

'Mom, I...' I began but she stopped me.

'No, I just don't want you to think me a stupid old woman,' she said and I immediately shook my head. 'I did some foolish things, but a lot of it was just, well... fun really!'

'Ok,' I laughed and she smiled coyly in response.

'You know, being flirty and all that,' her neck reddened and she couldn't hold my gaze, focusing on the glass in hand. 'I didn't think I still had it in me,' she divulged and seemed more than willing to share, obviously the water not sobering her up that quickly.

'Whoa, you're not talking about that "silly" photo you took, are you?' I feigned reluctance to discuss and she giggled.

'Which one!?' She laughed as she threw a hand over her mouth in what was obviously mock embarrassment.

'Mom!' I laughed. 'Have you been a naughty girl?' I allowed my libido to do the talking.

'Well, you'll never find out Mister,' she stepped forward and playfully poked me in the chest. 'There're some things a boy doesn't need to know about his mother!' she cryptically explained, giggling.

'Oh!' I threw a hand up over my eyes, laughing as I played along with her charade, but I sensed she wasn't uncomfortable with it all, the possibility of her showing me the photos, quite real.

*

'I might have to get an Uber,' I placed my empty wine glass on the coffee table and leaned back on the couch beside Mom. 'Doubt I'm good to drive home,' I stated the obvious having consumed over a bottle alone. Not that I was feeling the effects however, my tolerance to alcohol had been unfortunately strengthened during my divorce over the previous year.

'Oh, you can't drive Darling!' Mom was quick to concur. 'I thought you'd have just stayed here though,' she placed her hand on mine momentarily before self-consciously it seemed, drawing it back. 'The guest room's always made up. It gets so little use; it'd be nice to have someone stay.'

I chuckled to myself and she asked what it was about.

'Just us,' I informed her, the volume of the television down low. 'It's only 8:30 Saturday night and we're home like a couple of losers in love talking about going to bed! I mean... separately!' I quickly added. 'I didn't mean, you know, together,' I laughed.

'Oh, I understand,' Mom smiled, pausing. 'You know, I never wanted... "him", my fictional Larry, to actually come to America,' she changed the subject and I turned on the couch slightly to face her, putting a hand up on the backrest. 'It would have made it real, not just the online fantasy I was living.'

She'd suddenly turned our conversation from superficial to earnest and I took the opportunity to offer affection in response to her honesty, moving my hand to touch the back of her head and stroking her hair.

'You weren't really interested in a relationship?' I inquired and receiving the desired result, she moved her head back in my hand, clearly enjoying my tentative scalp massage.

'Oh, Baby,' she giggled. 'I've only ever been with your father,' she freely revealed the intimate detail. 'I couldn't even imagine what it would be like with another man.'

It was the most personal discussion I was sure we'd ever had and now seemingly so willing, I encouraged her to reveal more.

'You were just having fun,' I reassured her. 'We all deserve that. You did nothing wrong,' I declared.

'Oh, I don't know about that,' she cheekily giggled. 'You didn't see the photos!' she quickly took a sip of wine, looking guiltily over the rim at me.

'Pfft!' I waved away her words. 'Again, with these photos. I doubt they even exist!' I challenged her and she scoffed.

'Well, I can't show YOU!' she laughed.

'Whatever,' I grinned as I focused on the television, attempting to be uninterested.

'Ok then smarty,' she leaned forward to grab her phone from the coffee table, leaving her near-empty wine glass. 'Now I can't show you the whole...' she paused as she unlocked and navigated to her gallery, '...screen,' she giggled as she angled it toward me, her palm covering two-thirds of the image.

It was a bathroom selfie she showed me, and though her hand shielded her body, it was obvious from her bare shoulders she was at least topless.

'I mean, everyone has taken at least one bathroom selfie!' I dismissed the scandal she'd made it out to be.

'Oh, ok,' she drew the phone away, possibly feigning dejection. 'Well, what about this then?' She once more aimed the screen at me, this time allowing most of the image to be revealed, a transparent lace tank top hugging her torso, the pink of her nipples clearly visible and I exhaled audibly, Mom noting. 'Trust me, you don't want to see the panties!' she laughed and again took the screen from my sight.

Oh, but I did! I wanted to tell her, my dick also curious, swelling to make its presence known.

'Well,' I chuckled, not saying I agreed. 'I know you're right about one thing.'

'Oh?'

'You could be on a calendar!' I encouraged. 'You look great. And you say you're invisible,' I shook my head. Mom smiled at me before focusing again on the phone, not closing the gallery before she looked back at me.

'You really think I looked good?' She clearly fished for a compliment and I didn't disappoint.

'Mom,' I returned my hand to her head, my fingers combing through her hair, kneading her scalp, 'I think you look beautiful,' I admitted and kept my eyes fixed on hers, letting her read my sincerity.

She was silent for an extended moment before she released a small giggle.

'I suppose it doesn't matter, you're my son and everything,' she angled the phone's screen toward me, lifting it between us as she revealed the entire photo, and my breath was caught along with my heart.

The panties in the photo were minuscule, her free hand pulling up on the waist of the thong at her hip to hug them to her pussy. Clearly taken before she'd shaved for the video, a healthy thatch of light brown pubic hair adorned her mound, the material of the lace panties lost between her folds.

'Yep,' I exhaled overtly. 'Now I've been proven right. Not just beautiful... hot!' I appreciated, moving my hand down to the back of her neck.

'Here's the other one,' her thumb flicked back to the last photo of her in the bathroom, now unfurling the complete image, not naked, her arm across her braless chest and a tiny white transparent thong at her crotch.

'Mom,' I sighed, not disguising by my reaction that I was turned on. 'They're really good,' I commended. 'And these are the photos you sent to Larry?'

'Those...' she noticeably reddened, even in the dim light from the lamp and television. 'And this,' she swiped to an image of her laying back in bed, clearly topless though her nipples out of frame. What was the focus however was her face, her mouth open and tongue suggestively poked out as if awaiting a facial.

'Jesus!' I exclaimed. 'You HAVE been a naughty girl!' I sighed.

'You're not ashamed of me?' she removed the phone, placing it beside her, her eyes seeking my approval.

'Hey,' I placed my left hand on her thigh, an act more sympathetic than sexual. 'You're a beautiful and... well you're my mom and everything,' I laughed, 'but clearly sexy woman! Why wouldn't you want someone to admire it!? There's nothing wrong with that.'

Seemingly satisfied, Mom looked down at my hand on her thigh, her crossed leg preventing it from getting anywhere near her sex and she too let out a chuckle.

'What?' I whispered.

'I was just thinking about your dirty hands. Today,' she shook her head as she lifted my hand in hers, her fingers working across my knuckles. 'Just like your father,' she smiled, opening my grip and running her fingers between mine, ever so slowly drawing me closer to her mouth. 'In so many ways,' she pressed her lips to my knuckle, gently kissing her way across each in turn.

'Mom,' I sighed, my cock throbbing within my jeans, poking against the denim. 'I want...' I tried to confess my desire and she interrupted.

'You watched the video, didn't you?' She asked in no more than a whisper and it was now me that blushed.

'Wh... what!?' I breathed; my heartbeat rapid.

'I knew from the moment you came around,' she revealed as she straightened my index finger, pressing it to her lips.

'Mom, I... I'm...' I stammered.

'It's ok Darling,' she soothed. 'You haven't managed to lie to me in thirty years,' she explained. 'A mother always knows,' her tongue slipped from between her red-painted smile to lick the tip of my finger, running the saliva around her lips like a gloss.

'Oh Jesus,' my breath came out in gasps. 'I'm... sorry,' I again tried to lie and she saw right through it.

'And there you go again,' she smirked and I needed to kiss her, to have her scent on my skin.

'Mom,' I panted, feeling the precum soaking my underpants. 'Can I?' I paused. 'Can we?' I didn't need to expand as she nodded her head.

Her body was lighter than I'd expected as I drew her to me, my hand sliding down her back to caress her spine as her mouth met mine. We'd kissed on the lips before. And fleeting images came to me of birth and mother's days, of school drop-offs and camping trip farewells. Every time our mouths had connected, I realized they'd all had something missing. This. Her lips opened to welcome my tongue, her hand on my chest and quickly dropping to my lap, pressing my hardness and tracing along its length. This was how a mother and son should kiss. Passionately. Incestuously. It was the right way. It was the only way.

'I'd already opened it when you called,' I breathed between her lips, explaining myself, the hand she'd freed moving to her chest, to feel the weight of her breast and then the hardness of her nipple through the dress.

'I don't care,' she kissed, bit at my mouth. 'I want you to look at me. I love how you look at me now.'

'I love you,' I sighed as I kissed my way along her jaw, nibbling and sucking on her neck as she tilted her head back.

'Oh Baby,' she gasped as her hand left my cock to free her braless breasts from the dress. 'I know,' she whispered as she coaxed my mouth toward her nipple.

I gazed upon her exposed breasts before I dined, admiring their size, the milky whiteness of her skin; her breath pushing them toward me as if begging to be lavished with affection. I didn't disappoint, cradling in my palm before wrapping my mouth around her nipple, my tongue twirling around her hardness before I sucked as eager as a hungry baby.

'Oh God,' I heard her moan above me and I ran my hand down her torso to her hip, her legs parting in anticipation. 'Yes, Darling,' she sighed as I slipped my fingers under the fold of her wrap dress, meeting the skin of her leg, caressing before I committed to the act, and slid between her upper thighs, finding them hot and wet.

Again, my mouth was on hers as my palm found her panties. The material soaked; her labia soft as I gently pressed against her. Somehow, she'd managed to unbutton my jeans and the pressure of my pants was released as she freed my cock from its bonds, her small hand wrapping me, holding me tight as if for comfort.

'This is awesome!' I immaturely giggled as the magnitude of our actions registered through the foggiest of my lust.

'It's beautiful,' Mom panted between my lips as my fingers worked their way into her panties, nothing separating me from the dripping silkiness of her pussy.

'Can I...?' My cheek rubbed against hers as I looked down at what I'd done, her dress clinging on only at the waist. 'Can I taste you?' I begged and Mom

responded in the best way possible, immediately pushing my head down her body.

She lost possession of my penis and the last thing I noticed before I focused on my task was her hand lifting to her mouth, her tongue licking the clear evidence of my affection from herself, my copious precum glistening upon her lips. With the swiftest of movements, I took hold of the waist of her panties and slid them down her thighs, catching on her heels where my fingers fumbled to release them.

'Leave it,' Mom giggled and I abandoned the side quest, all my attention devoted to the mission as I plunged my face between her spread thighs, nectar coating my jaw and cheeks as I slid my tongue inside her body. 'Oh... Oh Darling,' she sighed above me as I found her clit, my lips wrapping around her, my tongue lavishing her with affection.

Mom ground herself into my face as I ate, one hand helping to spread her labia, the other on her breast, squeezing and pinching her nipple.

'So good Baby,' she whispered, her eyes on me as I looked up over her bald pubic mound, her large breasts to her beautiful face, cheeks flushed. 'Such a good so... so... son,' she managed to gasp as she began to cum. Her thighs squeezed around my head and her hands flew down to fix me in position, my mouth locked to her saturated vulva, tongue inside her pussy, no place I'd rather be.

My head rose with her hips as she squirmed on the couch, her mouth agape in a silent scream as her orgasm wracked her body, my cock literally throbbing with anticipation as together we witnessed her climax.

'Come to me,' she whimpered, her face aglow, eyes teary for all the right reasons and her thighs parted to enable my rising, my jeans slipping below

my buttocks as I climbed between her legs.

'I can?' I sighed as the head of my cock made contact with her slick labia.

'Oh, you most certainly can!' she laughed as I slid inside, my weight coming down on her body. Nothing had ever felt so right I believed as inch by inch I eased inside her tight pussy. So welcoming, the walls of her vagina embraced me, my cock now a part of her, enveloped in her loving maternal grip. 'My darling son,' she sighed as my pelvis met hers, fully penetrated within, her pussy tensing around me as though sucking me further inside.

I held the back of her neck as we kissed, slowly pulling out of her below before plunging back inside, her head tilting in my hands to once more expose her throat to my lips, lavishing her with kisses.

'I have to...' Mom sighed as I fucked her slowly, enjoying the feeling of the repeated penetrations, balls deep with every thrust. 'I have to tell you... something,' she struggled to speak as I increased my momentum, slapping my groin between her thighs.

'Just tell me I can cum inside you!' I huffed, chuckling as I knew I'd not last much longer.

'Oh, God. Yes, you can Baby,' she moaned. 'Cum inside me. It's all I want. All any mother wants!' she admitted, my dick unbelievably hardening further at her confession. Was it true? Did every mother secretly desire their son? Could I have come to her years before? Even without the advantageous events of the last day? The mistakenly sent email? The photos?

'I meant to...' Mom panted; her languid orgasm doped eyes on me, mascara running. 'I meant to send...' she struggled to voice her confession. '...the email!' She admitted and I could feel my ejaculation approach. 'I sent it to

you...' she gasped, '...on purpose!' she proudly confided and I began to cum, groaning as I fell onto her, pumping my love deep within her body.

Burst after burst, the dam released. A Biblical flood of semen surged deep within, loosening her grip around me as her pussy was inundated. My cock drowning in the combined fluids of our incest as her words began to register and I allowed air to once more enter my lungs as I studied her expectant face.

'You sent it on purpose?' I made sure I'd heard correctly, ceasing my thrusts to wallow in her cum filled sex, Mom nodding as she bit her lip.

'I wanted you to see,' she looked vulnerable and more beautiful than I ever thought she could get. 'What would be the harm, I thought. You'd either just delete it, or...'

'Thank you!' I kissed her, my cock as deep as my love. 'It was the best gift you could ever have given,' I admitted, and her pussy tensed around my cock. 'Well, the second best!' I laughed as our mouths met, sealing our love in post-orgasm affection.

*

I woke to see her still sleeping, the sheets off my body and her hand wrapped around my flaccid cock! A Sunday morning lie-in couldn't get any better, I reasoned as I began to harden and the effect caused Mom to stir, her sleepy eyes opening.

'Finally,' she lazily responded to the day. 'I was holding it for hours,' she sighed and I watched mesmerized as she slid down the bed, climbing between my legs to take my rapidly stiffening cock in her mouth.

'Oh God!' I sighed as I lifted myself into her, her small mouth endeavoring to accommodate most of my length, failing and popping off with a trail of

saliva. 'Fuck I love you!' I declared and she slowly jerked my slick cock against her cheek.

'Enough to fuck me again?' she smiled, kissing up and down the shaft.

'And again, and again...' I laughed. 'Come here you,' I reached out to coax her to me and she climbed aboard, her pussy coming down on my erection, effortlessly accepting me inside. 'Oh God,' I sighed as she received my entire length, my hands cupping her breasts, thumbs teasing her hard nipples.

'Do you like them?' Her eyes left mine to look at her breasts.

'They're exceptional,' I lifted my pelvis up into her as she slowly gyrated on my cock. 'Good enough to titty fuck!' I referenced the video and watched her noticeably blush.

'I was thinking of you when I filmed it,' she divulged and she took my hands in hers, locking our fingers and almost using me for balance as she ground her pussy into my groin.

'Really?' I marveled.

'You're surprised?' she questioned. 'You don't think mothers fantasize too?'

I pulled her down onto my chest and my hands went to her ass, kneading and spreading her buttocks.

'I'm gonna cum in you!' I whispered into her hair, ramming my cock up into her body. 'I'm gonna cum in you every day...'

Her head turned and she pressed her lips against my ear, her breathing giving me goosebumps as I ejaculated.

'Every day, Mom,' I promised.

*

8:45am and just out of the shower, I was standing at the bedside table putting on my watch when I noticed the email notification on the screen of my phone, frowning when I identified the sender. 'What are you doing?' I mused as I opened the app and looked at the subject line. "Just for you", it read and with a smile coming to my lips, I opened the email and the attached MP4 file.

Mom's face filled the majority of the screen and she leaned back to reveal her location as the video played, the familiar bookcase and office chair. They weren't where my eyes were focused. Mom smiled at the camera as she waved her hands over herself before completing a full turn. "So, furthermore to our discussion, I'm leaving it for you to decide between the two. This..." she looked down at her costume, the smallest, tightest pair of khaki shorts I could've imagined. She highlighted their nature by moving into the camera, accentuating the cameltoe created at her crotch before again showing me her ass, her buttocks bulging around the pockets. "Perfect for digging holes in backyards!" she claimed, her words loaded with innuendo. Her boobs were just contained in a tight white tank top, her nipples suggestively poking through. "What do you think, Baby?" She giggled. "Can you imagine me working under you in this?" She asked the camera and I smiled as I nodded my affirmation. "Now. If you'd prefer me to just do your bookkeeping," she smiled into the camera, caressing her breasts. "Well, you'll just have to come find me!" She reached in to end the video.

My dick already hard, I placed my phone into my pocket and left my mother's bedroom, walking down the hall to enter Dad's old study. Mom, as expected was waiting for me, leaning back on the desk. She'd changed of

course, and I marveled at how much she'd achieved in the little time I was in the shower.

'So, you saw the email!' she giggled and I didn't need to lie on this occasion, unashamedly rubbing my hand along my hardon as I admired her appearance. Dressed for the office, (well the workplace of my fantasies I supposed) her tan skirt failed to drop below her groin, and the white satin panties she'd donned cinched between the folds of her labia.

'Mom!' I sighed as I walked to her and she rose from the desk on the highest of heels, flesh-colored stay-up stockings on her legs. 'Well, you look more than qualified for either position!' I smiled as I took her in my arms, noting the transparent nature of her white blouse, her braless breasts clearly visible.

She placed her hands on my shoulders and pushed her groin into me, the delight on her face obvious as she felt my erection nudging her belly.

'But of course, it'd be remiss of me if I didn't test out your skills before I make a decision,' I explained and playing the role perfectly, Mom brought her hands to my belt and unbuckled, leaning in to kiss my lips before she lowered herself to her knees. I groaned as she pulled my cock from its confines and pressed her lips to my already dripping eye.

'I assure you, Sir,' she looked up with doe eyes as she rubbed her cheek against my length. 'If part of my role is being your fuck toy, then I'm definitely the right woman for the jo...'

'You've got the job!' I interrupted and smiling, she wrapped her mouth around the head of my cock.

Let's Talk Cameltoe

Gordon Black saw the identity of the caller on his car's console and bristled as he pulled up at the lights.

"Celia. Hello," he greeted his ex-wife, hoping her mood had improved since the last time they'd spoken.

"She's coming to live with you," Celia declared, foregoing pleasantries.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"Teagan. She's probably already at your house. Try and talk some sense into her would you. For God's sake, she doesn't listen to me."

"Some sense,' about what?" Gordon furrowed his brow, glad the focus of her call wasn't about 'them;' their daughter Teagan however, a subject they could at least always agree upon.

"Just..." Celia began, Gordon hearing another person communicating with his ex in the background, her attention distracted. "Uh huh, yeah look, Gordon I have to deal with an issue here, 'she'll' no doubt fill you in when you get home. Give me a call would you, when you've discussed it with her. Oh, and tell her more packages arrived."

"Packages." Gordon repeated. "What packages?" He attempted to question but Celia hung up from the call mid word. "No hello, no goodbye," he commented. "Well at least she's on form," he mused as he drove through the intersection, curious as to what in hell his ex-wife had even been talking about?

*

Teagan's hatchback was parked in his driveway, the rear door still open, boxes and clothing strewn about within. His daughter sat on the topmost step of those leading up to the porch, EarPods in her ears, large sunglasses blocking out the world.

"Surprised?" She grinned as her father headed up the stairs, his eyes staying well away from the tiny shorts she wore, her thighs suggestively spread, though innocent he supposed with no one else but he around to witness.

"Not exactly," Gordon smiled. "Your mother called me."

"Ugh," Teagan groaned, rising from the landing. "Surprised she had the time."

Gordon chuckled. "Yeah, it actually was a bit like that. You forget your keys?" He added as she leaned up to kiss his cheek as he opened the front door.

"You know what I'm like Daddy, I'd forget to put on clothes if someone wasn't there to point it out!" She laughed, following him inside and throwing her handbag upon the entryway cabinet. "Are you going to help me bring in my stuff?"

"Of course," Gordon agreed, placing his keys and briefcase on a kitchen bench. "But first tell me what all of this is about."

"Help me with all my stuff and you'll see," she fired back.

*

"What even is this?" Gordon carefully removed the circular light from the rear of his daughter's car followed by a tripod.

"It's my ring light," Teagan explained. "Don't break it. They cost a fortune. Though that one was given to me for nothing. Oh, remember to grab the

camera next," she commanded as she carried her laptop back inside the house.

Multiple return trips and the loaded car was emptied of all it had contained, Gordon still none the wiser as to what was the catalyst for his daughter's presence or his ex-wife's cryptic phone call. As he reentered his kitchen, Teagan leaning over her laptop, he finally called for an explanation.

"Ok Honey, enough. What's going on? Your mom says I have to talk some sense into you. I'm happy to have you here but I need to know, what gives?"

Teagan looked over the spaghetti strap of her otherwise bare shoulder.

"Come and look," she directed her father.

The laptop open on YouTube, Gordon studied the page his daughter had entered, a channel named 'It's Teag's,' displaying a glam shot of his daughter in the header.

"That's you!" Gordon exclaimed. "You have a channel?"

"Ah, yeah Dad," Teagan rolled her eyes. "Everyone has. But not everyone has this many subscribers!" Her finger pointed at the tally, approaching 500 thousand people following her.

"Is that good?" He asked.

"Is that good!"" Teagan repeated. "Well it's not the best but it's enough for me to drop out of uni!"

And there was the issue, Gordon understood. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Oh, please don't be as annoying as Mom about this," she focused back on the screen, possibly hoping he'd let it drop. Sadly mistaken.

"Oh, I will be! You're not dropping out of school young lady, not if I have anything to say about it," the moment he said the words realizing, he really didn't.

"Dad. Before you go all schizo about this, I made \$4000 last month, just on advertising alone!"

About to continue his tirade, Gordon was stopped in his tracks. "You what?" To which his daughter just nodded, biting her lip, almost embarrassed. "That's more than I make!" Gordon added.

"What can I say?" She seemed to apologize.

"For doing what?" Gordon looked back at the screen for an explanation.

"Make-up tutorials. Try on hauls, vlog posts. Whatever comes to mind really. It's fun, easy, and pays more than my degree would've ever. So..." she concluded.

"So, you've dropped out of school and are becoming a full time YouTuber," Gordon finished her explanation, a thousand thoughts running through his head, so many questions. "But how long can you keep this up? There's only so many ways you can put on eyeliner!?"

Again, Teagan rolled her eyes. "Dad, I get sent new brands almost daily. I've got a sponsorship from a fitness wear company. The more subscribers I get, the more stuff businesses send me. I'm not even doing this full time yet, think of that."

For Gordon, it was hard to deny his daughter's logic. Yes, it was disappointing she wouldn't be going to school but that could wait. The capitalist in him could see the benefit in exploiting her popularity while it was 'hot,' so to speak.

"So, your mother knows this? The money I mean," Gordon questioned.

"Ah yeah. She just doesn't get it; you know what she's like. Between you and me, I think she's jealous."

Gordon could understand that, Celia even envious of his own relationship with Teagan when a child.

"She's seen the videos you've done?" He asked.

"Uh huh. She's even been in one," Teagan declared.

"No!" Gordon exclaimed.

"Ah yeah," Teagan assured, scrolling through her playlist and clicking upon a thumbnail titled 'Mom rates my clubbing dresses,' Gordon looking on incredulous.

Celia seated, albeit uncomfortably on the couch of her apartment, Teagan standing beside in the shortest, tightest dress Gordon believed he'd ever seen, his daughter scrolling through the video to show her parading a number of similar outfits, his ex-wife commenting.

"When do you actually put on a clubbing dress? Surely this is the underwear," he joked, the humor falling flat, Teagan rolling her eyes, seemingly forming a habit.

"All these dresses were given to me," Teagan stated as if defending herself.

"I don't even have to send them back." She closed the video, scrolling down through the playlist, Gordon noting the titles, many he tried not to imagine their content, especially those labeled 'lingerie,' or 'underwear,' when he noticed them.

"Well," he paused, Teagan looking at him expectantly. "I'm good with it!" He surprised even himself with his response, Teagan's face lighting up,

turning to throw her arms over his shoulders.

"Oh Daddy, I knew you'd understand," she delighted, her breasts pressing her father's chest as he gently rubbed her back.

"Slow down," he laughed. "I'm not happy about the school thing, we can talk about that another time. But this YouTube business. Go for it Honey. If it makes you happy, I mean it's obviously making you money, so make the most of it while you can. I'll deal with you mother," he confided. "Oh, that reminds me, she says there are packages at her place for you."

"There always are Dad," Teagan smiled, closing the laptop. "It's something you'll have to get used to."

*

The conversation with Celia was painful. Accusing him of taking their daughter's side as per usual. It was probably true, always a Daddy's girl, she had a way of winning his heart her entire life. Ultimately Celia was just relieved she was staying with him; she may not be approving of her chosen career path, but she was happy to at least have her remain under one of their wings.

Neither of them feeling like cooking, they ordered Uber Eats and pouring a post dinner scotch, Gordon put his feet up and opened a book he'd been looking forward to starting. The loud music began almost simultaneously and he couldn't help smiling. So, this is what it was like living with one's child back in the house, he recalled, though glad to have her near.

*

She'd commandeered the living room when Gordon arrived home from work the next day. Her neon ring light up on its tripod. An expensive looking Canon camera on an adjacent stand attached to her laptop. Cables

running the floor. He almost didn't recognize her as she attended to the computer before acknowledging him, her make-up like he'd see on a Hollywood actress, her attire that of a fitness model.

In her white ankle socks she padded toward him and welcomed him home with an embrace before he'd even managed to place down his briefcase. The tight-fitting leggings she wore left nothing to the imagination, Gordon doing everything in his power not to glance at his daughter's anatomy, there for him and the rest of the world to behold. The crop top equally as revealing, the coolness of the interior of the house encouraging her nipples to stand proudly through the thin material.

"Oh, you noticed," Teagan smiled as she headed further into the kitchen, pressing the button to activate the expensive coffee machine she'd brought with her. "Espresso?" She added.

"Um yeah, thanks," Gordon nodded. "'Noticed' what?"

"Ah, the material," she scoffed. "It's ridiculous they even try to sell this."

As Gordon watched his daughter she looked down at her own crotch, pulling up on the waist of her leggings.

"I'm thinking of calling the video 'Let's talk cameltoe,' she laughed as she highlighted her labia proudly standing out below her pronounced mound of Venus.

Gordon's eyes, though he tried to drag them away, remained fixed on his daughter's groin, the twin lumps of her folds, as she directed her own gaze back to her father.

"They'll never pass the squat test!" She laughed as she concentrated again on the coffee.

Struggling to swallow, Gordon was just glad she no longer looked at him. Should he feel so uncomfortable in her presence? She was his daughter. Before thirty seconds ago, he didn't even picture her having a vagina, (metaphorically speaking), now she was displaying it openly, discussing it. Was this why his wife was tired of her in the house, he wondered?

"Don't worry Dad," Teagan remarked as she placed the espresso down before him, Gordon acknowledging how nice it was to have someone else in the house, doing the little things, offering a coffee. "You'll get the living room back in about an hour, I just have two more outfits to try on."

"Oh, I'm not worried Teags, take your time," Gordon smiled, cautiously sipping the coffee and nodding his satisfaction. "Actually, I was just thinking how nice it is to have someone else in the house," he admitted.

"Oh Dad," she smiled, cocking her head as she leaned back against the opposite benchtop. Her pelvis pushed out, further emphasizing her groin, though looking her in the eyes, Gordon could still see the bulge of her pussy, her nipples erect above. The flesh colored tone of her active wear, it was almost as if she stood before him naked. "You're not starting to miss Mom, are you? You're both so much happier when you're not together!"

That was true, Gordon thought. "No not at all. Perish the thought," he laughed. "It just gets a little lonely sometimes. I suppose I should get a cat!"

"Ugh you and Mom, always thinking alike. Seriously don't, you'd both become those crazy cat people," she laughed skirting the island bench Gordon sat behind to come within touching distance. "Anyway, I'm here now, no need to feel lonely. You're not seeing anyone at the moment, are you?" She added, her brow furrowed.

"Seeing anyone?" With the amount of time I get off work? No," he smiled.

"Good," Teagan leaned forward and kissed his cheek. "That means I have you all to myself."

He watched her make her way back to the living room. Twenty-two years old. It seemed like only yesterday she was starting her first day of school. So confident then as she was now, he thought. His eyes remained as she started recording, adjusting something on the camera before she addressed it, reaching for a pair of shorts and matching crop top and holding them against her body.

When it happened, it didn't seem real. Gordon watching as his daughter set the items aside as she reached up to remove her top. Her petite breasts revealed to him a room's distance away, lit brightly by the impressive lighting system she'd rigged. Small nipples, starkly pink and erect amid her pale skin. "Jesus, Teagan," he gasped, placing down the coffee cup loudly upon the bench. "Sorry, I had no idea," he apologized for being there to witness it, making his way into the hallway as quickly as he could. "I'll get out of your way."

Teagan seemed surprised by his actions, his words; tapping a button on the laptop and using the removed top to cover her breasts as she called out after him.

"Dad, it's ok," she headed into the hall to catch him half way through the house. "You can stay."

"No, I've got work to do in the study," Gordon tried to remain composed, knowing she was looking at him as he scurried away. 'You can stay,' he thought to himself as he entered the office in the rear of the house. Stay and what? Watch his daughter remove the rest of her clothing? He slumped down in the leather office chair and stared straight ahead, unable to remove

the vision of seeing her topless. That was until she appeared in the doorway, semi clothed, he supposed.

Having donned the new pink shorts and top, she stopped at the door and knocked unnecessarily on the frame, her father already aware of her presence. "Did I shock you?"

"No," Gordon tried to feign indifference, failing. "I just didn't expect it is all."

She entered the room and stopped across the desk from him, her current clothing as tight and revealing as her previous.

"Sorry Daddy, I'll let you know when I'm going to take my clothes off next time," she conceded, but it came across as more of an invitation to watch as opposed to a warning.

"That doesn't, ah, go to air does it?" Gordon stammered, his eyes unwittingly straying down to her bottom as she turned to survey the large bookshelf lining the entire wall, absently brushing her hand across the spines. The shorts cut across her buttocks, leaving a large amount of flesh exposed, Gordon even noting the bulge of her labia visible between her upper thighs, exhaling, blushing as he scolded himself for even looking.

"What? Oh no, not on YouTube. That's for my Patreons!" She casually informed him.

"I'm sorry?" Gordon asked.

"\$100 per video for the unedited footage," she revealed as if it were a normal transaction.

Enough of being the 'cool, understanding dad,' Gordon figured. "What the hell are you talking about Teagan? You're selling nude videos of yourself?"

"It's not like that Dad, everyone does it now. It's normal," Teagan explained, finally coming back to stand across the desk from him. "I'm not a little girl anymore Daddy," she raised her brows as if letting him in on a secret. "I'm an independent businesswoman..."

"Living at home with her father," Gordon quickly rebutted and immediately regretted it.

"I don't have to be," Teagan attested, her posture straightening. "I'm staying with you and Mom because I want to be close to family. I can move back out if it's not going to work."

Contrary to how he thought he'd feel, Gordon was suddenly reassured by her assertiveness. She'd just stood up to her own father, she was smart enough not to be taken advantage of by anyone. Nude videos or not, he couldn't deny her business acumen.

Teagan saw the initial resolve in her father drift away and she circled the desk, placing a hand on the arm of his chair to spin it toward her. "I know what I'm doing Daddy," she confided as she seated herself down upon his lap, seeing her father's Adam's apple bob as he swallowed, clearly intimidated. "You don't have to worry about me," she added.

Gordon didn't know where to put his hands. Her bottom wasn't positioned directly on his penis, but it was close enough. She placed an arm around his neck and the action caused her breast to press his chest, the warmth of her skin felt through his shirt. Leaning in she kissed his forehead, fingers playing with the short hair on the back of his head, giving him goosebumps. "I just want you to be happy," he stated, looking in her eyes when she pulled her face back.

"This makes me happy," she replied before lifting her bottom from his thighs, touching his hand as she walked back out of the room.

Gordon released a breath he wasn't aware he was holding, still feeling the pressure from her weight on his legs, the warmth from her skin, the smell of her perfume. He rose and headed to the bottle of scotch on the drinks tray and poured himself a large glass, lifting it to his mouth and swallowing before he looked down and was aghast at what he saw.

He had an erection.

*

Why had she done it? Teagan asked herself as she tried to once more focus on her video. Yes, she'd sat in her father's lap a thousand times, but certainly not that she could recall in the last fifteen years or so. It had just felt so right at the time. Even now thinking about the act, the memory causing an awkward feeling inside herself. Her bottom pressed to his thighs, her breast upon his chest, arms around his neck. And that other thing. It was there, she knew. A softness that almost imperceptibly caressed her thigh through his pants. His penis. Her father's cock. The thought of it had her blushing and she concentrated on her review to banish the notion from her head, pressing record.

"So, this is the crop top and matching shorts from the same line; super cute. I love the colors and the feeling of the material but I don't know what it is but it seems they have the same issue. Now I don't really have a problem with it but I know that a lot of you do, so, let's talk cameltoe!"

As she said the words, she emphasized her crotch to the camera, pulling up on the waist of the pink Lycra shorts, pushing out her vagina.

"Now we all have one so it's no big deal, but this seamless line seems to emphasize the lady bits maybe a little too much. As I said, I don't have so much of a problem with it. I mean if a guy wants to stare down there, so what..." As she said the words Teagan thought of her father looking toward her pussy not half an hour before. With her consent of course. She'd basically forced him to stare at her vagina, take in her femininity. Losing her train of thought she stumbled over her words and abandoned the recording, heading to the laptop to erase the last minute.

Squatting to access the computer, the tightness of her shorts was pronounced between her thighs, the material sliding between her folds, pleasurable. She reviewed the last minutes of her video and her eyes went straight to her own groin on the screen, pantyless, the moisture had soaked through the material hugging her pussy. Completely without her knowledge she'd saturated her shorts, only now feeling the slipperiness as her mind wandered back to the catalyst of her arousal. Once more imagining the feeling of it beneath her leg.

The cock in her father's pants.

*

The shower hotter than normal, Gordon luxuriated beneath the flow of water trying in vain to get her out of his mind. When his eyes were closed, he would see her in the kitchen, pulling her leggings tight against her pussy. Open, he gazed down upon his semi erect penis remembering the feeling of her sitting in his lap; so close to his cock. Had she indeed felt it? The thought had him hardening and instinctively he moved a hand to encourage his hard-on. The faint ring of the house phone going unanswered broke through the cascading water and took him somewhat out of his fantasy and reluctantly Gordon decided he'd probably been in there long enough.

Teagan picked up the receiver on the eighth ring, annoyed her editing had been disrupted by the intrusion. Who even had a landline anymore anyway? She mused as she heard her mother greet her on the other end. Oh, that's right, she giggled to herself, my parents.

"I don't know, I'll ask him." Gordon heard come from the hallway before the half-closed door to his bedroom swung open.

Mid way across the room, naked but for the towel around his shoulders like a scarf, Gordon's eyes met his daughter's as she stood in the doorway. The cordless phone pressed to her ear, her face reflected the shock, embarrassment, even amusement of the moment as she raised her free hand to cover the microphone.

"Jesus Teagan," Gordon gasped as he struggled to wrench the towel from around his neck. His effort nowhere near as quick as his daughter's eyes as they lowered to 'feast,' it seemed to him, on his exposed manhood. "What the hell?" He managed amid his blushing as he finally held the towel over his penis. Pressing hard against his pelvis he could feel he was still semi erect and ridiculously a part of his mind was proud he would've looked 'large' down there to her eyes.

Trying to conceal the smirk, her own face a red hue, Teagan did her best to apologize without saying sorry. "I thought you were dressed," she declared, barely holding on to the laugh that clearly wanted to escape her.

"You couldn't knock?" Gordon questioned, attempting to wrap the towel around his waist, his fingers not playing along however and deciding it safest to remain as he was. "What is it anyway?"

Her eyes remaining on his body, she seemed shocked to be reminded of her reason for being there, Gordon noting her react seemingly to him and the

caller at once.

"Oh yeah, sorry Mom," she finally uncovered the mouthpiece, taking her eyes from looking at her father directly. "Mom wants to know if we can both come for dinner on Friday?" Teagan revealed to Gordon.

"Yes," he responded, more to end the altercation than the actual desire to dine with his ex-wife.

"Ok, Dad says 'yes,'" Teagan replied to her mother, her eyes fixed over Gordon's right shoulder.

"Is that it?" Gordon shook his head.

"Oh, yeah," Teagan finally managed and almost, it seemed to Gordon, reluctantly turned and left the room, the door swinging closed behind her.

Alone, he turned and sat down upon the bed, staring into the full-length mirror that had been behind him the whole time. "Oh God," he remarked, aware his naked rear had been exposed to her the entire interaction. He pulled the towel from his front and wasn't shocked to see the full-blown erection that had grown as they looked at one another.

*

Gordon lifted the handset and waited for his assistant to answer the call.

"Please, no interruptions for the next half hour Prue," he requested as he looked back down at the screen of his computer in his private office. He'd managed to avoid her for nearly two days. Not entirely on purpose, their schedules not aligning, but the absence had been a blessing. He needed to get it straight in his head. His initial shame at the arousal he'd felt for her ebbing as the days passed, turning to a guilty passion. A secret fantasy. Harmless, in that he'd never really act on it. Nothing would ever happen in

the real world, he assured himself. But in his head, scenarios played out between them. Illicit. Forbidden. Taboo. And on the screen, he had hours of visual stimulation to fuel his incestuous desires.

'Halloween try-on haul,' the video was called. And with the door to his office securely locked, Gordon loosed his erection from his fly and watched his daughter model the sluttiest costumes he had ever seen in his life.

*

Teagan stood naked in the laundry, the clothes dryer rattling. On tippy toes, her pussy pressed into the corner of the machine as it stimulated her clit. In her hand she held his underwear, pressing the crotch of his boxer shorts to her face. The smell was of his body wash, the scent of her father. But it was the connotation of what had been pressed to the material only hours previous that filled her mind. 'Daddy's dick,' she told herself. 'My daddy's cock, against my face!' The climax came as easily as the fantasy, her legs wobbling as the orgasm began in her head and vagina as one and surged through the rest of her body. She collapsed onto the top of the warm dryer, the underwear still against her face as reality wormed its way back into her world. "It'll never happen," she spoke aloud as she extricated herself from her newly found sex appliance, a glistening left upon the whitegood just as a thought entered her mind. "Or could it?"

*

"Together!?" Gordon remarked, amazed. "No one wants to see me on YouTube."

"Of course they do," Teagan smiled, climbing upon the bench in the kitchen across from her father, more than aware the skirt she wore revealed a great

deal of her legs. "They're always fun. You should watch the one I did with Mom."

Gordon swallowed. He had watched the video. More than once. But would never admit to Teagan of his indiscretion. The 'clubbing' dresses as alluring as the 'Halloween costumes' if not more so in that they were real world clothing items. There was a possibility he could even see her wearing one in person. He kept his eyes well away from her lower body as he addressed her.

"Honey, I wouldn't know what to say. I've never done anything like that before," he admitted.

"And that's what would make it work. It'd be funny. Awkward even," Teagan smiled as she gripped the edge of the bench, her legs parting slightly. "My followers would love it!"

Gordon couldn't help but see the flash of panty as she moved on the bench. The white triangle between her upper thighs stark though his eyes remained fixed on her face.

"What, so I would just say what I thought about your outfits? What would you wear anyway?" Gordon questioned, more than willing to accommodate his daughter's wish but attempting to disguise his enthusiasm.

"Well," Teagan paused, her face turning from him as if hesitant to reveal her plan. "I did just receive a haul of swimwear from a designer," she turned back to face him. Did his eyes drift up from her legs, she wondered?

"Swimwear?" Gordon repeated, feeling himself blush. "Oh, I don't know Pumpkin." Don't blow this, Gordon screamed internally, still rebuking himself for nearly getting caught looking up her skirt as she'd turned away for a second.

Teagan slid off her perch and approached her father around the island bench, Gordon swiveling on the stool as she neared.

"Please Daddy," she played up her innocence, batting her eyelids as she raised her hands up to wrap his neck. Gordon responded to her intimacy by placing his own hands upon her hips, her pelvis only inches from his groin. "For me. I really want this," she added.

He felt himself stir at her words. His cock moving of its own volition in his pants. 'Really want,' what? He wondered. For him to be in her video, or for their bodies to touch? Ridiculous, he forced his fantasy out of his mind.

"Alright," Gordon smiled. "For you," he added as her face lit up. "But I don't want to look like an old fool! I want to see the video before you post it."

Teagan swiftly moved in and kissed his cheek. "Oh Daddy, you're not old!" She confided, spinning as she broke their connection. "This is going to be great," she added. Gordon noticing her skirt flying up in the process revealing the bare cheeks of her bottom, the flash of the bulge of her pussy sitting snugly in the white thong between her upper thighs. He also noticed she didn't correct the 'fool' component of his statement.

*

She orchestrated everything. Where he sat, even what he wore, choosing his business attire sans jacket, deciding after a test in camera to remove his tie for him. Teagan already wearing one of the suits she was to model, the closeness as she undid his tie unsettling for Gordon who on the exterior maintained a facade of stability, almost aloofness, yet inside was a cauldron of nervous expectant energy.

"Much better," she confirmed tossing the tie upon the sofa alongside his jacket behind him, giving the impression of hurried undressing in the frame. Teagan leaning over her laptop to examine the shot, capturing her father's glance at her ass, obviously unaware she was observing. The 'lifeguard' style swimsuit hugged her body perfectly she knew, had even admired her own reflection when she'd tried it on previous for size. But it wasn't what she desired him to see her wearing. That would come later.

It was that enticing lump of pussy between her legs that got him every time. He hadn't planned on ogling her but as she leaned forward to look at her computer, he couldn't help sneaking a peek at her rear. Her body was perfect, of that he was sure. She took after her mother at the same age, in manner and appearance. Possibly smaller breasts he'd noticed, but the same ass that had so attracted him to Celia in the first place. She turned and there was an almost smirk upon her face, Gordon unsure as to why but quickly putting it out of his mind when she informed him, they were recording.

"Just be yourself Dad," she smiled as she took up position beside him.

"Hi guys and welcome back to my channel. First things first. Please like and subscribe if you love what I do and remember to tick the little bell notification to be sure YouTube lets you know I've uploaded. Feel free to follow me on Instagram, all the socials, and special mention to my supporters on Patreon. Thank you so so much guys, every dollar helps me continue doing what you love to see me do."

"Now today we'll be doing something different and I've brought along my dad to help out," Teagan paused as she placed a hand on her father's shoulder, Gordon looking from the camera up into the face of his daughter. "Actually, no let's start again Dad," Teagan decided. "It doesn't feel right."

Gordon once more let his eyes drift to her bottom as she attended her laptop, feeling his dick twitch in response to the visual stimulus. 'Jesus, don't you get hard!' He commanded his cock, forcing his gaze away from the temptation.

"Ok, let's try this again," Teagan made her way back to him only this time approaching him head on. "If you don't mind Dad, can we try this?"

Without waiting for him to either accept or decline, Teagan lowered her ass down onto her father to sit upon one thigh of his parted legs, an arm circling his shoulders. On impulse, Gordon lifted a hand to press to her hip, touching equal parts flesh and the silky swimsuit to balance her before taking it away as quickly.

"No, it's alright," she declared, lifting his hand back to where it had landed, pressing it firmly against her body. "It's more natural like this," she assured him before once more addressing the camera and delivering her opening spiel a second time. Under his eyeline, Gordon took in the expanse of bare skin on her torso, the suit delivering a large dose of his daughter's side-boob barely inches from his lips. Her bare legs between his own, her barely covered ass and most importantly, what he knew to be her pussy pressing hard into his thigh. Much to his shame, his horror. His cock began to swell.

The preamble over, Teagan reluctantly withdrew her body from her father's lap and turned beside him to parade the current swimsuit. Gordon now given license to look directly at her, relished the opportunity, not feeling the need to disguise where his gaze settled. Staring directly at her pussy he commented on the high cut of the onepiece. Confirming that as a father, he thought she was showing too much skin. Teagan laughing and insinuating he hadn't seen anything yet to which Gordon silently groaned.

"So pretty much you give this a thumbs up Dad?" Teagan asked after her father had exhausted his opinion. "So, out of ten. What would you give it?"

Gordon freely provided the highest score. He found it hard to imagine giving her anything less no matter what she wore.

"Ok so that's a 'yes' from Dad. For me, I don't know. It's super cute, I love the sides here." Gordon watched as she turned side on to the camera and revealed the side-boob he himself had appreciated. "I don't know, the color, this red, it just doesn't do it for me. So, it's a 'no' from me. But only because of the color, so let's get changed and check it out in the white."

Teagan went to the laptop and paused the recording before looking back at her father. "That was great Dad," she revealed. "You're better than Mom, seriously."

It was the moment Gordon had been agonizing about, the change of outfit. Knowing full well she would undress for her Patreon subscribers, he wondered if she was about to disrobe in his presence? Unsure of his reaction if it occurred. Much to his relief, (though he had to admit, minor disappointment) Teagan took a white swimsuit from an adjacent couch and after placing a hand upon his shoulder as if in some sign of acknowledgment, hopped off into the guest room beside the lounge.

His mouth was dry and he wished he had a scotch at hand. He imagined her naked in the room next to him and it had his dick stirring. "Don't you dare," he whispered down at his groin, a bulge clearly forming as Teagan rejoined him in their now de-facto recording studio.

She looked stunning. Was it a smaller size, he wondered as she sidled past him and went once more to the laptop to start the camera recording? Her buttocks bulged out from the tight white material cutting across her flesh,

the racer-back style of the one piece revealing nearly all of her spine. And then she turned. The material so thin and taut the shade of her pink nipples was clearly visible, a pronounced cameltoe sitting below her mons pubis. There was nothing he could do to prevent his cock hardening. His only wish, she, nor the camera picked up on it.

"I know I should wait for Dad's verdict," Teagan addressed the camera. "But I have to say, I love this."

She turned for her audience, Gordon admiring the swimsuit as well, more so the wearer. No, he was wrong. She didn't take after her mother; she was an individual beauty in her own right; she was a goddess. Her eyes descended upon him and he swallowed nervously.

"No, I agree, it's nice," he concurred. "I only wonder being white, it could be transparent when it gets wet," he ad-libbed, immediately blushing as he thought of the connotation. "Also, it is very small," he added.

"Oh, you're right Dad, this is the smaller size than the red. I'll put in the description all the sizes for you guys and the links on where you can get them," she addressed the camera before looking back at Gordon. "So, thumbs up or down Dad?"

"Oh, definitely a thumbs up," he conceded, wondering what Celia would think of him appearing in the video. Rating her daughter's swimsuits? Couldn't she have started off with 'Dad rates my raincoats,' anything less provocative?

"Cool, so that's two thumbs up on the one piece, we'll be right back with the bikinis," Teagan stopped filming.

"I might just get a drink Honey," Gordon rose from the couch as Teagan turned back from the computer. Did her eyes stray to his crotch as he angled

his body away from her to leave the room he wondered?

"Oh, sure Daddy," she agreed. "Take your time, I just have to go and change again, I'll wait."

In the spare room, Teagan slid out of the white swimsuit, noting the dampness on the gusset. "Oh God," she sighed. Did he see? She asked herself. Grinning wickedly into the mirror when she hoped he had. Three more swimsuits to reveal. Purposefully ordering them to leave the most revealing for last. She picked up the bikini bottoms and stepped into them, pulling them up above her knees before she noticed her slick inner thighs, an actual trickle of dew running down her leg from her pussy. "This is sooo wrong," she smiled as she pulled the bikini up over her sodden vagina.

Gordon downed the glass in one go and re-filled, taking the scotch with him back to the living room without delay. His erection had thankfully subsided but as he lay eyes upon his daughter squatting before her laptop, reviewing all she'd filmed; he knew that wouldn't be the case for long. The bikini was a pale blue, the position she was in, allowing the rear to ride up between the cheeks of her bottom, rising and pulling it out with a finger of each hand as she became aware of his presence.

Her breasts small, they still filled the cups of the top well, her nipples standing rigid in the triangles of blue nylon.

"Ooh scotch, can I have a sip?" Teagan remarked as she approached her father, Gordon happily handing the glass over and watching her lips caress the rim. A trace of her lipstick remained as she passed it back, their fingers touching. Gordon's cock swelled.

The same process. Teagan modeling the swimwear, highlighting how the bottoms could be cinched between her cheeks to provide a different look,

even asking her father which he preferred, in or out? Gordon declaring the conservative look, however desiring the latter.

She changed yet again. Admitting there were only two remaining to put him out of his misery. She couldn't be more wrong, he thought. Gladly he would've stayed there and watched. Nothing in the world could've captivated his attention more than this. His calling was to watch his daughter model for him, to turn her body and have him look at her. To rate her appearance. To worship her. He swallowed the last of his glass, his lips upon the lipstick stain to feel all the more close to her as she re-entered the living room. He wasn't prepared.

If this was clothing, he'd never seen a woman wearing less. Her nipples were barely covered by the material, two small pink triangles over the lighter shade of her areola creeping around the bikini's top. The bottom, a thong, cupped her pubic mound, her labia sitting snugly inside their housing yet seemingly capable of slipping from the restraint with the slightest of movement.

"Jesus Teagan," Gordon couldn't help but voice. Some semblance of the parent remained inside him and he felt he had to raise his doubts as to the appropriateness of the outfit.

"What Dad!?" Teagan seemed taken aback, yet aware herself of the controversy of her appearance.

"Are you serious?" Gordon questioned. "Did you look at yourself?"

She gazed down at her body, barely covered by attire and had to admit even she wouldn't dare wear it on the beach or at a pool. In private, alone with her father however. Now that was a different story.

"Well yeah, it's a bit revealing, but it's for my channel," she conceded. "Don't worry, I won't wear it out!" she smiled and it seemed to temper her father's reaction. She walked past him to the laptop and began filming, catching her father's eyes lazily drift up from her bottom when she turned back, delighted at the fact. How will he react to the next one? She wickedly wondered. "You should've saved that reaction for when we were filming Dad," she giggled as she once more took up position before him and began addressing the camera.

It was totally wrong, Gordon knew that. His cock so hard in his pants, barely hidden from view from his daughter and the camera by his crossed legs, or so he thought. Had she noticed? Did he want her to notice? Her exposed bottom only inches from his face, he imagined her once more sitting in his lap, grinding her ass upon his cock. The cock that was erect for her. Was it her he could smell? Over the scent of perfume, his scotch. The muskiness of a woman. An aroused woman. Surely not! As she looked at the camera, he, with impunity, glanced between the cheeks of her ass, her upper most thighs glistening with a moisture that took his breath away. He bumbled his way through the rest of the review, giving his fatherly opinion. Not happy with the exposure, the amount of skin on display, ultimately declaring that she did look beautiful, proud of her empowerment. In reality, enraptured by her appearance, deciding she wore too much. That he wanted to see her naked, to see her naked and spread for him. To be inside her.

"I'll be right back," Teagan admitted, and with the feeling of her father's eyes pleasantly not leaving her body, she entered the guest room to change into the final bikini. It was extreme, she knew that. She had to closely inspect herself in the mirror to be sure it was on right before she left the room. Made up of only string, the yellow strips formed the hem of an actual bikini without the material that went with it. The cups replaced with a single

strand that covered the nipples, the base a triangle of straps that left the bulk of her pubic bone exposed, a strip wedging between her labia. She was essentially naked.

A deep breath and she walked toward her father waiting expectantly for her arrival. His head turned to watch her progression and under his gaze her boldness evaporated, a hand almost reaching in front of herself to cover her nudity before once more she embraced it, proudly parading her body on her approach toward the laptop.

This could not be happening, Gordon told himself. Surely a dream. A deviant incestuous, shameful fantasy, but only that. Reality would dawn on him eventually he reasoned. To wake from this forbidden delight and go on with his everyday life. Until then, he decided. He'd enjoy the show. His eyes followed her as she strolled past him. Unable to speak he took in her body, not hiding the fact he stared at her breasts, one of the strips of material dislodged from its position, exposing her entire nipple. He trained his eyes down past her belly to her bald pubic bone. Only then realizing she was hairless. Waxed smooth with only a thin string dividing her labia, disappearing between her clearly wet folds.

Thinking he was already at his limit, ridiculously his cock swelled further against his pants, readjusting himself for comfort when she passed his side to lean into her computer. No squatting this time, she bent forward and with her feet parted shoulder width set up the camera to once more begin recording, knowing his eyes were devouring her from behind. Her legs splayed; Gordon was given an unfettered view between the cheeks of his daughter's ass. The thin strip of yellow laying over the darker skin around her anus before disappearing into her pussy. He thought he'd faint.

Teagan could feel herself dripping. She'd had men admire her before. Inspect every part of her body. This felt different. Far more dramatic. Far more emotional. This was the man she loved most in the world, that no other could compete with, seeing her in the most intimate of ways. She almost felt she was wearing too much. That she should just be naked for him to enjoy. For his eyes only to witness. She turned and his eyes trailed up her body until they reached her own. She could see the lust behind them, the love. Recording, though her back was to the camera she managed to break from his vision and look down at herself, seeing the exposed nipple, doing nothing to fix it.

"Do you like this one Daddy?" She sighed before looking back at him, her eyes caught by the bulge in the front of his pants. "Oh, I think I know the answer to that!" She grinned.

Gordon followed her gaze down to his groin, the erection clearly tenting out the fly of his pants. Knowing full well of its presence he was still shocked to see his forbidden arousal so blatantly displayed and he moved quickly to cover the protrusion.

"Oh God Teagan, I'm sorry," he gasped, placing a hand over his crotch in a feeble endeavor.

"What? No, don't be," Teagan was quick to respond, dropping to her knees before her father, her hands placed upon his thighs, sliding them upwards.

Gordon flinched at the unexpected contact and instantly rose from the couch in a bid to flee, his action merely bringing the object of discussion closer to his daughter. Teagan's face level with the swollen protuberance, her hands remained on his legs and again she moved them toward her father's cock.

More successful this time, her right hand met the hardness and as one they released a held breath before sense came again to Gordon.

"Jesus, no Teagan," he exclaimed and swatted her hand away, on this occasion making his objection more definitive by fleeing the scene.

"Dad, it's ok," Teagan reasoned as she rose to her feet in the wake of his departure. "I want to."

Gordon's escape route was flawed, unthinkingly ending up in the dead end of the kitchen, the soft padding of his daughter's bare feet only steps behind. He turned when he met the sink and she was upon him, hands upon his chest, his neck, as his own gripped the bench behind.

"Pumpkin," Gordon sighed as her belly pressed into his erection, her now both uncovered nipples soft against his defined chest. "We can't," his voice trailed into a whisper as her lips gently touched his chin, her breath so warm, as her hands worked their way back down his body.

"We can," she in turn whispered as she found his fly and unzipped.

No dream this, Gordon felt lightheaded as single handedly, expertly, she extracted his length from its confines, never a cock feeling so hard in her grip. Erect, he was bigger than she expected, the outline in his pants not doing him justice.

"Jesus," Gordon gasped as she began stroking him, the reality of their situation dawning. "Princess, are you sure?" He managed to voice.

As if response enough, Teagan used her free hand to wrench her father's wrist from the bench and pull his arm behind her, planting his palm upon her buttock.

"Touch me Daddy," she commanded and following his orders, Gordon cupped an ass cheek, feeling the softness, the roundness of his daughter.

His mouth ajar in shock, awe, Teagan's tongue tentatively tasted his lips, the sweetness of scotch, before committing and entering. At once embraced by her father, his hungry mouth devouring her, their tongues entwined as she felt her wetness run her inner thigh. As tentative as her tongue, Gordon's index finger examined the crack of her ass. The string of the bikini a final impediment to full contact as her hand beat his cock with increasing fervor. As if aware of his hesitance, again she pulled him onto herself, her hand pushing his fingers between her cheeks, a digit finding her anus, another feeling the slick of her pussy.

The realization of where his fingers were, the mental stimulation it provided, not to mention the tactile. The impromptu handjob. It was all too much. With Teagan sucking his tongue, he felt the climax approach. Felt he should warn her but didn't care to break their connection. Never had he felt so close to her, physically of course but now emotionally. She knew him as a man, his desire, his lusts. And he in turn felt he could tell her anything. Confess his love for her alone, that he'd created in her the perfect woman.

Teagan could've cum. If only he'd pushed inside her, between her dripping lips, even her asshole. She knew the slightest penetration would've had her climaxing upon his fingers, if only she'd been more specific when she'd directed him to touch her. As she felt the pulses in his cock, she knew the moment had passed. So soon! She marveled as she was showered with cum. A relieved breath came from his mouth with the sigh of pleasure as spurt after spurt of semen coated her stomach, breasts, her hand. Gordon's shirt saturated with his own emission; the fly of his tan pants wet with the lava flow of cum. He felt giddy as wave after wave of the orgasm flowed from

his head through his body, his legs wobbly. Eyes momentarily closed, opened to his daughter's expectant eyes, excitedly searching his own for, what? Praise. He wished he handled it better.

"Oh, shit Teagan," Gordon whispered, her hand still softly coaxing his flow of cum, extending his orgasm. "What have we done!?"

"What we both wanted," she calmly replied, leaning up to again go for a kiss.

Gordon pulled back, remembering his fingers were lodged between her ass cheeks and wrenched his hand from her buttock.

"This was a mistake," he gasped, looking down at the evidence of the incest all over the front of their bodies. "I'm your father, I should never have let it..."

"Daddy, it's all good," Teagan tried to persuade him. "I loved it. Really," she emphasized by lifting her hand from his cock, fist coated in slime and attempting to raise it to her mouth.

"Jesus no!" Gordon stopped the wanton display, ceasing her progression. "Pumpkin. This can never happen again. Your mother would..."

"She never has to know," Teagan interrupted, annoyed she wasn't already tasting her father's cum.

"We're seeing her Friday," Gordon reminded her. "How can I look her in the eyes? No," Gordon reaffirmed. "This never happens again."

His cock quickly losing its rigidity, Gordon extracted himself from before her, tucking his penis back into his pants in the process and left the kitchen, Teagan following his progress with her eyes, not as crestfallen as she expected to be upon hearing his words. She leaned back against a bench top

and looked down at her glistening stomach, raising her aforementioned hand to her face. The smell was strong as she ran her tongue over her knuckles, the taste familiar but different. It was the unique taste of her daddy. And she was addicted.

"He'll be back," Teagan smiled to herself as she swallowed his cum. "He'll be back."

*

"What's going on with you two?" Celia remarked, raising her wine glass to her mouth as she finished her meal.

Gordon coughed on a mouthful of potato salad which caused Teagan to giggle softly to herself.

"What do you mean?" Gordon managed, blushing, taking a draught of his own wine to clear his throat.

"You've hardly said a word to each other all night," she noted. "Let alone look at one another! Not that I can blame you Gordon," Celia added looking at her daughter. "What happened Teagan, forget your bra again?"

The words caused Gordon to glance once more at Teagan, what she was wearing. More to the point, what she wasn't wearing. The yellow tank top struggled to contain her admittedly small breasts, braless, a large expanse of side-boob protruded around the almost completely transparent material.

"I'd hate to ask if you're wearing panties?" Celia concluded.

"Celia," Gordon reacted. He knew for a fact she wasn't, Teagan suggestively letting her short denim skirt ride up her legs as she'd sat in the car beside him on the ride over. The sight once more of her smooth bald mound causing him to blush then much as now.

"See, look what you've done to your father," Celia rose from the table collecting plates. "He doesn't want to see you parading around half naked."

"Um actually Dad knows what kind of clothes I wear and is fine with it," Teagan responded, rising to help with clearing the table, her actions not helping her case as her skirt stayed up high around her hips, the flash of bare pussy for all to witness before she tugged it down, Celia groaning. "He's even been in one of my videos!" She stated.

"Teagan," Gordon decried.

"What? It's ok Dad," Teagan reassured him.

"What video?" Celia questioned, skeptically.

"He rated my swimsuits," Teagan proudly proclaimed.

"Oh Jesus," Gordon groaned.

"You made him do that?" Celia's voice rose.

"He was happy too," Teagan stated and Gordon wanted to climb beneath the table. "Not everyone's as prudish as you you know!"

"Prudish?" Celia seemed taken aback by the accusation. "I.."

For once in his life, Gordon saw his ex-wife seemingly lost for words. A high level manager in her business, work had been her focus most of their married life and conservatism had crept into their bedroom and her wardrobe early on. Teagan must have seen the vulnerability in her mother and went in for the kill.

"Maybe that's why Dad left you," she stuck the knife in and twisted.

"Teagan enough," Gordon raised his voice and she looked down at her father shocked but aware she'd overstepped the line.

"Whatever," she rolled her eyes, abandoning her attempt at helping tidy up. "I'm going to wait in the car," she declared before looking back at her mother. "I'm sorry. Thanks for dinner," she summoned before leaving the two alone.

Celia remained where she'd begun the argument, her hands holding plates tightly in her grip as Gordon rose to assist.

"Hey, don't listen to her, she's obviously in one of those moods," Gordon tried to ease the tension and Celia looked in his eyes, the evidence of tears forming.

"But it's true isn't it?" She stated.

"What? No, she's just a kid blowing off steam," Gordon tried to dismiss Teagan's statement.

"No, she's not," Celia defended their daughter much to Gordon's amazement. "She's a successful, intelligent and sexy woman that speaks her mind," Celia asserted.

"That we raised," Gordon agreed, taking the plates from his ex-wife's hands. "We did something right Celia," he smiled and was glad to see a glimmer of happiness come to her eyes. "Come on, let's do these dishes."

*

"Well that went well," Teagan remarked in the light of her phone as Gordon entered the vehicle.

"Don't say one more word," he warned as he started the engine and began the drive home.

*

It was after ten p.m. when Gordon heard the knock on his door. Sheepish, Teagan waited for him to answer before poking her head through the gap.

"What?" Gordon questioned as her puppy dog eyes surveyed him, shirtless as he read in bed.

"You still angry at me?" She inquired to which Gordon grunted. "Do I need to be spanked?" She added and though he tried to prevent it, a smile came to his lips.

"What do you want?" he asked her as she entered the room wearing a full-length winter dressing gown, a part of him wondering why she was so conservatively covered, especially after the altercation at Celia's?

She climbed upon the end of the bed, keeping the gown cinched at her chest and legs and Gordon allowed his mind to actually think about spanking her before chasing the image away.

"I need your help," she began.

"With what?"

"A video," she proudly proclaimed.

"Oh, Jesus Teagan no, not again," Gordon stated.

"No not like that," she dismissed. "Although I do need you to film the outro on the bikini haul. No this is a bit different."

Gordon placed his book down before him, inadvertently resting it upon his flaccid cock, the pressure noted however.

"Different how?" He questioned.

"I'll have to show you. In my room," she bit her lip.

"Oh, no, Pumpkin. I told you..."

"It's for \$500," she added and it stopped Grodon mid speech.

"Ok, I'm listening," he said.

He'd noticed her stockinged leg when she climbed off his bed, purple with an intricate pattern. It wasn't until she allowed her dressing gown to open further up her torso as they entered her bedroom, did he realize it was most likely a bodystocking she indeed wore.

Much as it had been in the living room, Teagan had set up her lap top, camera and lamp facing her bed, Gordon seeing what he instantly realized were sex toys, all pink, upon the top sheet.

"No way Honey," he declared, all of a sudden feeling way too underdressed in only his loose-fitting boxer shorts.

"You haven't heard what it is yet," Teagan stated, releasing the tie of her dressing gown and letting it fall to the floor.

"Oh shit," Gordon sighed as he took in his daughter. He was right about the bodystocking, her nipples clearly visible through the material, her bare pussy no more than an arms distance away in her crotchless magnificence.

"What are you doing Baby?"

"It's a cam session Daddy," Teagan matter-of-factly explained as she climbed upon the bed. Gordon tried not to follow her progression, to keep his eyes from her ass as it was presented to him. But he was only human. The bodystocking revealed just enough of her buttocks, framing the most important part, her exposed asshole and already wet pussy below, before she turned to face him and the camera, settling on her knees.

"Jesus, is it recording now?" Gordon stepped back from beside the bed, making sure he wasn't in the frame.

"No, I'm on a time-out," she casually informed him, looking at the clock. "I have five minutes."

"Until what?"

"Until I'm back streaming. Not recording," she made inverted commas in the air.

"Oh Christ," Gordon turned from her, running a hand over his face before looking back. "You're doing porn!" He challenged.

"It's not porn," Teagan was quick to defend before debating it in her head.

"Well not really. It's sexual expression," she decided upon. "It's liberating."

"Oh God, Pumpkin. Really?" Gordon in an internal debate himself as to how to deal with this revelation, all the while aware his cock was hardening behind the measly veil of his shorts. "What's this \$500 about?"

"Well that's what I'd usually make each session, but a client is willing to pay \$500 more for something, 'extra,' so to speak."

Gordon looked at her expressionless, pretty sure where this was headed.

"Go on, say it," he moaned.

"Well I always do this solo," Teagan explained. "He wants to see me with a real..."

Gordon followed his daughter's eyes as they trailed down his bare torso to his groin, the tower of his cock embarrassingly obvious.

"...cock," Teagan finished.

"I can't," Gordon sighed. "We can't. Not again."

"It wouldn't be like that Daddy," Teagan hinted. "This is just business. Just like you helping me out with one of my YouTube videos."

Ridiculously to Gordon, when she framed it like that, it made sense. What would be the harm, he wondered? No, you monster, he yelled at himself before shaking his head.

"Would you rather I used some stranger?" Teagan proposed, aware it was little shy of blackmail.

Much to Gordon's chagrin, she raised a valid point. Wasn't it better that he himself assisted her as opposed to some miscreant who cared not for her wellbeing? He loved her. Some random had no interest in her success, they'd merely be there to get their own rocks off, so to speak. If he didn't himself go through with it, was he not doing her a disservice?

"Alright," he whispered.

"What?" Teagan was almost taken aback, ready to summon some other argument.

"Alright, I'll do it," Gordon heard himself state.

"Really? Oh, thank you Daddy," Teagan rose up on her knees to hug him, having to forcefully pull her father closer to the bed. Well aware of his erection, when it pressed to her belly through his shorts, it still came with a rush of excitement.

"It's not incest," Gordon pulled back to face her once more, his hand remaining on her lower back, the lace of the bodystocking silkier than he'd imagined, and definitely not unpleasant to the touch.

"No, of course not Dad," Teagan was willing to concur. "It's just business."

Nodding, Gordon finally broke their embrace. "So, what is it you want me to do?"

Jumping into action, Teagan was quick to take charge. "Well you won't need these for starters," she casually gripped the sides of her father's boxer shorts and pulled them down his legs.

Once more, just as he'd been after the shower, he was naked before his daughter. Now more intimate in his aroused state.

"My face can't be on screen Honey," Gordon managed to elucidate under the circumstances.

"Oh, don't worry we aren't going to fuck, Georgie just wants to see me blow a guy!"

"Georgie?" Gordon questioned, shocked at himself for feeling somewhat disappointed they weren't going to have sex, yet equally amazed at her casual reference to fellating her father.

Teagan looked up at him as she typed on her laptop.

"Georgie, he's the guy giving us \$500," she explained.

"And it's not recording? Just streaming?"

"Yep. There's some encryption software on the hosting website," Teagan divulged. "It's just for us, him and anyone else watching at the time. It's pretty anonymous, you can relax."

'Relax,' Gordon thought as he watched Teagan tap away on the keyboard before positioning him just out of the scope of the camera. Relax. While his heart pumped a thousand beats a minute. Relax. As he watched her lay back on the bed and spread her legs for the camera, for him. Her labia glistening under the light of the neon, her fingers equally as she ran them along her slit, drawing them to her mouth via her nipples which she coated with her dew once pulling her breasts from the bodystocking.

She'd done this before Gordon thought, of that there could be no doubt. The laptop beside her, she seemed to be receiving instructions as to what to do next, rolling onto her stomach where she displayed her ass to the camera, her pink asshole just as damp as the pussy below. His cock hadn't ever felt harder as Gordon unselfconsciously stroked up along his length. Have to keep it erect he told himself, for when I'm called upon. In reality it was for pleasure. He could've stayed hard for days looking at her asshole alone, to not masturbate would've been foolishly denying himself. It also seemed to please her when she turned to spy him.

"Of course Georgie, he's right here," Teagan addressed their benefactor before coaxing Gordon into shot with an outstretched hand. "Come here Da..ah, Dan," she managed to correct herself. Not sure how the incest play would've gone over with her audience and saving herself in the nick of time. Gordon's knees hit the edge of the bed and as her hand once more wrapped his girth, his position allowed him to see the act displayed on the screen of the laptop. Familiar with the feeling of her fingers upon him, it was indeed like he was watching a movie scene as he saw her head descend upon his groin from the vantage of the camera and as her mouth met his cock, from his own perspective.

Teagan looked up into her father's eyes as her lips encircled the head of his engorged shaft. A hand around the base, she ran her grip tightly along his length to draw his pre-cum, rewarded with a sip of his sweet nectar, her lips coming from him with a trail of the clear fluid. Back upon him as she savored the taste, so different to that of his cum. Just as delicious.

Her eyes left his as she cupped his balls, glancing back at the camera to include those watching. To Gordon it was a disappointment. Yes, it was 'his' cock his daughter sucked, but the action meant her attention was divided.

He wanted her all to himself. Now and forever. He wanted to stroke her hair, to show affection as she pleased him. No. He wanted to pleasure her as well. He should be reciprocating, he reasoned. His mouth should be on her pussy as she blew him. His tongue upon her clit, inside her, as his cock was in her mouth. The image had him groaning as she took him over her tongue. The head of his cock finding the back of her throat, her mouth pulling off in a fountain of saliva as she gagged, her hand scooping the drool to coat his length. It was primal, debased, almost obscene as she repeated the act over and over and to Gordon it was the hottest thing anyone had ever done to him.

His cock slick with spit; his daughter's chin a torrent of bubbly saliva that ran her torso to the bed below, her glistening hand constantly pulling his column, Gordon was aware his orgasm approached. When her eyeshadow smeared gaze once more locked on his he whispered the warning and Teagan was quick to respond.

"Oh, yes Dad...Danny. Cum on me. Cum all over my face," she demanded, a smile appearing on her lips before her tongue poked suggestively out and licked the head of his cock.

Her hand rapidly jerking his length, Gordon didn't need to assist the delivery of the package but wanted to aid her aim. Taking over he continued masturbating, Teagan focusing on the camera for an instant before devoting herself to her father, leaning back on her hands, mouth wide open and ready for her present.

He wanted to tell her he loved her as he was about to cum but resisted the temptation for the sake of the audience. Instead hamming it up for the camera.

"You want it Baby?" He panted as he furiously pulled his saliva slickened cock.

"Fuck yes, give me that hot cum. Cum in my mouth," Teagan replied, a hand moving between her legs to cup her vagina.

The final strokes and even Gordon was amazed at the volume he produced, the intensity of his orgasm. Pausing his action to aim toward his daughter's awaiting mouth, Gordon shot forth a torrent of semen hitting her directly upon her lips. Much entered her mouth with the first spurts before, resuming his masturbating, coating the rest of her face, a rope running from forehead to chin. Her nose dripped with a snot-looking thread of cum, her tongue protruding to catch and display the last of her daddy's present.

"Ugh, shit," Gordon gasped as the last of his sperm dripped from the head. "Fuck," he sighed as Teagan lasciviously scooped cum from her face into her mouth to gargle as she abandoned her father and moved closer to the camera.

"That's for you Georgie," she addressed her audience as she swallowed before blowing a kiss to the camera and tapping away at the keyboard. "Ok Dad, thanks," she glanced at Gordon quickly before continuing on with her work and Gordon felt at once redundant and strangely, used.

"Oh, ok," Gordon replied, fetching his boxer shorts from the floor and pausing a moment to see if there was any further reaction from his daughter. None forthcoming, he almost meekly wished her a good night and silently left her room.

In his bedroom, Gordon sat upon the edge of the bed still naked. His cock refusing to completely soften, he used his shorts to wipe a drip of cum that seeped from the eye. A forlorn figure, he looked at his reflection in the

mirror and questioned his decisions. A day before he was determined to never let anything sexual occur between he and Teagan again. Now, after 'that,' he just wanted to be with her constantly. Incest be damned, illegality, to hell with that. He loved her, not just in a fatherly way but in the way a man loves a woman. He lusted for her like he'd not done with another since meeting his wife. Did she feel the same? Her indifference after he'd cum, her almost dismissiveness suggested otherwise. Or was he reading too much into it? She had work to do. It would never have happened between them in the first place if she didn't share his desire.

His cock thickened with just the memory of what they'd done. The clothing she wore, discussing the look of her pussy with him. Her intruding upon his bedroom, seeing him naked. Her eyes on his cock. The swimsuits. Was it all just to turn him on? It had certainly done the job. Her reaction to his erection. A handjob in the kitchen and now this. As if he'd conjured her, the door to his room opened and she entered unannounced. She was naked, her face cleaned of cum yet her makeup still smeared. She was beautiful.

"Oh good, you're still hard!" She stated as she went to him.

No denial of their love now, Gordon took his daughter in his arms as she fell upon his body.

"I love you," Gordon sighed as her lips met his. "So much," he emphasized.

Teagan didn't need to respond verbally, her hand finding his cock and inserting it within her body, sliding down her father's length until they were one at the groin, the act proof of her affection.

Falling onto his back, Gordon raised his hands to her breasts and caressed, manipulating her engorged nipples between his fingers, the action delighting Teagan who threw her head back as she bucked upon his

erection. Her ass slapped upon his thighs with the fury of her assault before she once more collapsed onto his chest where she was embraced in the comfort of her father's strong arms.

Their tongues entwined. No fatherly kiss this, Teagan closed her eyes and luxuriated in the warmth of their love, his hands on her back, his dick plunging into her vagina as she squeezed herself around him. The orgasm took her by surprise, her body shuddering with such force Gordon paused to be sure of her safety before she moaned to keep fucking her. No father could resist, Gordon turning his daughter onto her back, her legs tucked beneath her arms as he furiously hammered his cock into her gushing pussy.

"Yes. Fuck yes Dad," Teagan gasped. "Fuck me Daddy. Fuck me hard."

"I love you Pumpkin," Gordon panted, the bed shifting beneath them with the vigor of their lovemaking.

"I love your cock!" Teagan admitted. "Cum inside me Daddy. Fill my pussy with your hot cu..." she attempted to state as another orgasm swept her body, Gordon feeling the surge of wet spray around his dick. It was too much for him and he released, wrapping his arms around her as he fell completely upon her body.

Thrusting with every surge of cum, their mouths locked upon the others. Not breathing to heighten the pleasure of their simultaneous orgasm, their tongues entwined. Teagan squeezed her cunt around her father's granite-like organ as she felt his cum coat her walls, locking him within her body, forever she hoped. Again, and again he came. Better than before, more intimate, more loving. Finally, with the last pulse of his ejaculation, Gordon exhaled in a satisfied release of exhaustion.

"Oh, God that was good," Teagan couldn't help but giggle as Gordon rolled off her torso, taking her with him to once more have her on top. He felt a trickle of fluid flow between his legs in the process. Was it his, hers? He cared not.

"Are we really doing this?" Gordon stroked his daughter's hair behind her ear as she rested her chin down on her arms upon his chest.

"I think we already did Daddy," she smiled.

"I mean this isn't a one off?" Gordon tried to compose himself. "I know I said we can't, but I was wrong Honey. I love you. I want to be with you."

It was exactly what Teagan wanted to hear. He loved her as a woman, not just as his little girl.

"You promise to keep helping me with my videos?" She teased as if it was a condition of their relationship.

"I'll do anything you say Baby," Gordon confessed truthfully. Right there and then he cared not about anonymity. He wanted the world to know of his love for her. That a father and daughter could be together and it could be beautiful. The world would see, he'd show them.

"Good," Teagan playfully kissed his lips. "Because I've got a lot of interesting ideas if you're willing?"

Gordon's cock hardened in the warm confines of his daughter's pussy.

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Epilogue

Celia Black ate her lunch at the desk of her office as usual. A short respite from work she scrolled through her recommendations on YouTube, the bell notifying of a new video from 'It's Teags.'

She smiled at how uncomfortable Gordon looked as he rated their daughter's swim suits. Each piece becoming smaller than the previous. "Now you know how I felt!" She laughed as Gordon clearly blushed as Teagan paraded a bikini before him.

Absently Celia perused the comment section, mostly favorable, the occasional troll calling her a 'slut,' 'overweight,' 'underweight!'

'See her naked here,' the comment from someone named Georgie2020 stated, including a link to an outside website. It wasn't standard for her to click a link but she moved her mouse over the URL and pressed, a window opening to a porn site she was aware of.

The girl dressed in the purple lace patterned bodystocking lay on her back whilst she masturbated for the camera, her bare labia glistening with moisture. Celia watched her move to her stomach and present her asshole to the audience before focusing her attention on an erect penis that entered the frame from the left. An erect penis that Celia knew all too well, her mouth dropping open even as the girl took it in her own.

Two things Celia became aware of as she watched her ex-husband cum upon their daughter's face.

The world would never be the same again.

And her panties were wet.

Life's a Beach

Chapter 1

"Why don't we go away this weekend?" I asked Trish as I muted the advertisement on the television. "You could take Friday off, maybe Monday, we could drive up the coast or something!"

My wife looked up from her laptop and grimaced. "It's a bit short notice. It's going to be hot this weekend isn't it? You know I don't like the heat."

"Well yeah, that's the idea of going to the beach." I encouraged. "Come on, we haven't gone anywhere in ages. You could do with a break."

Again she looked not overly enthused. "We're really busy at work right now!"

"I know, that's why you need a break. They're running you ragged." I reached out and placed a hand on hers and caressed. "Come on, what do you say?"

The intimacy seemed to sway her and she smiled, turning back to her laptop. "Alright. Find us a place to stay and I'll put in for the leave."

"Awesome!" I jumped up and before heading for the computer leaned over and tilted her head up from her screen. Her strawberry blond hair tied up, her dark eyes smiling back at me through her black rimmed glasses. I kissed her on the lips and her eyes closed momentarily. "I love you."

Again she smiled. "I love you too Calvin. Now let me get some work done or we won't be going anywhere!"

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I was pretty happy with myself. It's true we hadn't had a getaway as a couple for a long while and I think our love life had suffered for it. A

romantic weekend at the beach sounded like the perfect tonic. I narrowed down my search to two potential destinations and later in the evening presented Trish with the options. Both on the coast, one was in a resort hotel, classy, yet with limited rooms remaining, looked to be pretty crowded. The other, and certainly the more expensive option was an air b'n'b house with beach frontage. I was more than ecstatic when she chose the latter.

The house was one of only a handful of private homes at the end of a strip of coastline. The public access to the beach was far to the south and looking at Google maps, it would seem we'd have the beach pretty much to ourselves. The house itself was modest, the website showed ample photos both inside and out. Two bedrooms, a large open plan kitchen and living room, a balcony that ran the entire perimeter of the building and an outdoor hot tub that looked more than inviting and almost screamed possibilities.

I booked the house for three nights. All going well, we'd leave Friday morning, drive the two or so hours up there and come back on Monday, refreshed and and our relationship renewed. I repeat, all going well.

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During the week Trish seemed to be going out of her way to let me know how busy she was at work. As an Industrial Engineer she was paid well for her time and being a woman in a male dominated field, she worked doubly hard for the respect she deserved. I was a private builder at the time and with only a couple of minor jobs on the go, enjoyed a relatively stress free working week. I was sympathetic to her to a degree but had to admit she brought it on herself. Always saying yes to other people. Going further than was necessary. Accepting more and more work than was healthy. I wanted

her to take time out for herself, for us. As far as I was concerned, the weekend couldn't come soon enough.

Wednesday, on a trip to stock up on our liquor supplies for the weekend I walked past a swimwear store. I stopped and doubled back when I thought of how long it had been since I'd seen my wife in her bathing suit. The sales girl was helpful, blonde and ridiculously attractive, no more than twenty she introduced herself as Katie and showed the uncomfortable middle aged man to the bikini section and recommended a few styles. She seemed to be eager for me to consider a string bikini for Trish, no more than dental floss, I was pretty sure my wife would never have gone along with it. Eventually I did settle on a white bikini that came with two bottoms, (a thong and full back brief). I even picked up a pair of black Speedos for myself at the salesgirls suggestion, when she flattered my ego by hinting I'd look great in them. I left the store feeling even more expectant of a great weekend and picked up beer and expensive champagne to help oil the wheels of romance. As I said, I was pretty happy with myself.

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Walking through the front door I nodded to Trish on the phone with her mother. I hid her new swimsuit in the bedroom and upon returning from a second trip out to the car to retrieve the alcohol she accosted me in the kitchen with an overly warm embrace.

"How many rooms does this house have?" She asked after kissing me on the lips.

"Why?" I queried, pulling back slightly.

"It's just that I had a great idea when I was talking to Mom!"

My stomach turned as I presumed the news she was about to break. "Baby. What have you done?"

"Well remember we were talking about what to get her for Mother's day? So I brought up with Mom that we were going up the coast and it just came to me that we could bring her along! Like a family holiday."

I'd presumed correctly. "Jesus Trish are you serious? It was meant to be for us to get away. Just us. Next you'll say we should bring my Mom as well."

"Well yeah, that's the idea! We invite them both. It kills two birds with one stone."

Not only the birds I thought. That stone had seriously killed my potentially amorous weekend as well. "I wanted it to be romantic!" I managed, whilst slumping in her arms.

"Oh I'm sure it'll still be romantic. The photos look lovely, we can walk along the beach and all that. It should be fun. Should I call your mother and tell her the good news or do you want to?" Trish asked.

I looked over at the small amount of alcohol I'd picked up and decided another trip to the liquor store was in order to get me through the weekend. To get us all through. "Oh you call, I've got to back down the street."

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Friday morning and I'd pepped up as I excitedly packed away Trish's new bikini in my clothing bag. I thought of only taking the thong but I knew my wife too well and packed the full brief also. I was a little disheartened when I saw what Trish had decided to wear for our first day away. Denim shorts, and not the kind you may be thinking. These were unflattering and almost knee length, reminding me of something Marcy, the neighbor from Married with Children would have worn back in the late 1980's.

My mother arrived at our house punctually at ten a.m. Trish complimented her on her appearance and even I had to admit she did look nice. She'd come from her weekly appointment at the hairdressers and with a new color in her hair and having had it straightened, she looked refreshingly youthful. Mom would turn sixty in a years time and I greeted her with my regular "you don't look a day over fifty nine" jibe. She took it well and hugged us both, thanking us for the 'mother's day getaway'.

"Where did you get that dress Heather? It's beautiful." Trish asked her as we loaded her bag into our car. It forced me to look at my mother as well and I picked up a detail I hadn't noticed on our initial greeting. The dress she wore was a green wraparound that ended just above the knee. Tight around the torso, it highlighted something I wouldn't normally have taken any interest in. My mother wasn't wearing a bra. With no sign of straps from the back, my occasional glances from the front confirmed it when the cool morning breeze had her nipples proudly erect through the thin material. I found my eyes strangely drawn to her ample breasts over the next few minutes and had to remind myself not to stare. I neglected to hear her answer to Trish's question, my mind more concerned with why I'd become so fascinated with my mother's boobs all of a sudden.

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We pulled up outside Trish's mother's at ten thirty. Mom and I stayed in the car and waited while Trish went inside her apartment block to fetch her. I busied myself on checking the weather on my phone in the time available and only looked up when I heard my mother speak from the back seat.

"Oh good lord. What's she come as?"

"Huh?" I looked at Mom in the rearview and then in the direction she was staring. Trish and her mother were walking down the long drive towards the

car. Seeming to have over-packed, my mother-in-law was dragging a mid-size suitcase on wheels behind her and Trish held another bag slung over her shoulder. It wasn't the luggage my mother was referring to however, nor was it that caught my eye. It was what she was wearing.

The saying 'like mother like daughter,' obviously didn't apply to Trish and Faye when it came to clothing. The denim shorts her mother wore were the complete antithesis of Trish's and more of what I'd hoped to see my wife wearing. To say they were 'short' was an understatement, to say they were 'tight' was doing the word an injustice. I hadn't seen smaller daisy dukes outside of a men's mag. She complimented her ensemble with a tight purple tank top, a black bra, clearly visible and brown wedges on her feet. "My goodness. How old does she think she is?" Mom remarked from the backseat.

"Go easy Mom." I replied.

"She looks like a cheap whore!" My mother exclaimed.

"Mom! Enough." I chided her before exiting the car to help with the bags.

"Faye, good to see you. We're glad you could come." We kissed on the cheek and I took her bag.

"I wouldn't have missed it sugar. I'm chomping at the bit to get to the beach."

My mother exited the car to greet Faye. "Champing. It's 'champing at the bit' Faye."

"Champing? Well that don't sound right." Faye challenged and looked to Trish and I for support. Finding none she turned back to my mother.

"Heather! Now don't you just look fine. No bra for you I see!"

The retort took my mother by surprise and seemed to genuinely embarrass her, a red flush appearing across her chest. She immediately looked towards Trish and I as if to apologize where one wasn't needed. "I didn't.. ah the dress didn't suit one."

Faye quickly interjected. "Oh honey it looks good. Hell I don't even need one, these things aren't going anywhere!" She clutched at her own large breast implants and lifted. "The beauty of going plastic."

The self depreciating comment seemed to break the potential ice between them and they embraced smiling. I somehow managed to tear my eyes away from Faye's magnificent ass and the cut off shorts covering only half of each cheek to see Trish's look of relief, feuding mothers wouldn't have been the ideal opening to the getaway.

"You two buckled up back there?" I asked over their chatting in the backseat before getting away.

"Yes Daddy." Faye replied, catching my eyes in the rearview mirror. Something about a sixty one year old women calling a man twenty years her junior, 'daddy' caused a stirring inside me. I liked it.

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We stopped for lunch in a roadhouse and sitting across from Trish in a booth I was disappointed to see her pull out her laptop. "I thought you were on leave baby!?"

"Well I am but I want to use their wi-fi to check something at work. I'll only be a minute." Trish explained and I let it go when I felt her foot caress my leg beneath the table. My mother sitting beside me followed Faye's lead and ordered a burger and fries. They seemed to be getting on swimmingly, enjoying catching up after not seeing each other for a couple of years. The

passing of both their husbands in recent years had them essentially in the same boat and Trish had hoped they could be friends to each other. It looked like that was now a potential.

At one point a trucker walked past our table and out of the blue quipped I was a lucky boy. The ladies giggled and I reflected on my situation from another man's perspective. There I was dining with an out and out cougar in my mother-in-law, an attractive almost school teacher looking woman in my mother; and my wife, although hiding her sex appeal under a bushel, equally as attractive. Trish had lied and spent the entire lunch working away on her laptop but in keeping up her manipulation under the table she'd coaxed an erection from me so I wasn't going to say anything disparaging.

I finished my meal first and sat back satisfied. It was only then I realized just how close I was sitting beside my mother. A sideways glance and there was her cleavage, it wasn't intentional but my eyes sought out her nipples to see if they were still hard. Finding no joy I quickly looked to Trish to make sure she wasn't watching me then back to my mother. I lowered my gaze to her midriff, a roll of love-handle through her dress, (not unattractive) and her thighs. Sitting cross-legged, the split in her skirt exposed a large piece of flesh and I unexpectedly found myself wondering the color of her underwear.

I figuratively slapped myself across the face for thinking it and looked to Faye for a distraction. It didn't help. She hadn't changed much in the twenty years since she'd first introduced me to her daughter. The breast implants were a relatively new addition but her tanned skin, her 'come fuck me eyes,' her smile, were all the same Faye. It was the smile she fixed me with then as she caught me glancing at her breasts. I quickly looked away embarrassed and talked to Trish about going to pay the bill.

Upon returning to the table the ladies were ready to leave. Mom passed me her handbag as she slid across the seat to exit the booth. In doing so my question as to the color of her underwear was answered as her legs parted and the split in her dress rode up along her leg. I was presented with an unobstructed view of the yellow panties covering my mother's pussy bulge. My eyes, as if on rails, slowly rose up her body to her ample cleavage and then to her face, her own eyes looking into mine. I felt like a naughty schoolboy caught looking up his teachers skirt but mom didn't seem to be fazed. "What do we owe you for lunch?" My mother asked as she stood before me and I handed back her handbag.

"I think you just repaid him Heather!" Faye laughed, having seen the entire event exiting the booth herself. I was mortified at her for making the remark and felt myself redden further. Faye bypassed me still amused with herself and took my mother by the arm, walking out together ahead of us. I watched with delight as their asses swayed with their movement through the diner and out across the car park. The denim tight over Faye's cheeks and cinched in her crack and my mother's slightly larger bottom, the faint line of her panties across each mound. I still maintained an erection and I wondered if it was from my wife's caresses or the beautiful sight before me.

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At two p.m we pulled up at the beach house, the sat nav having done a wonderful job of leading us through the back roads to get there. The house looked just as it did in the photos, the only difference the addition of a swing set on the large lawn. The keys were where the owners had said they were and after unpacking the car and jokes about whether Faye realized she was only away for three nights due to the amount of luggage she'd brought, settled into the house. Faye and Heather were more than happy with their

room. The house was most likely designed for a family, parents and two kids with the second bedroom only holding two single beds but we all agreed it would work well for our needs.

After loading the fridge with the alcohol and food I'd brought we all walked the short distance from the house to the beach. Less than a hundred yards through dunes and we were looking out onto the pacific ocean. The beach stretched for miles in each direction with no one else within sight. Having looked on google maps, the public beach was way down to the south and cut off from us by an inlet. With only a couple of other houses nearby and it being the end of summer, I was pretty sure we had the entire beach to ourselves. It was idyllic.

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Back at the house I opened a bottle of champagne to christen our vacation. Trish declined which I wondered about but Faye and my mother were more than eager to imbibe. Taking my wife by the hand and leading her into our bedroom we left behind the now best friends to their conversation. "What are we doing?" Trish asked when I swung the door closed behind us.

I could hardly control my excitement as I went to my bag to retrieve the swimsuit. "I bought something for you. I hope you like it." Taking the gift bagged bikini from it's hiding place I presented it to my wife.

Trish gingerly opened the bag, an unsure expression on her face. Taking out first the top she held it between two fingers Her other hand entered the bag and pulled out as luck would have it the thong and held it in the same manner.

"What's this?" She asked.

It wasn't the reaction I'd been hoping for but I persisted. "Well it's obvious isn't it? It's a bikini. There's another bottom if you don't like that one."

She looked at each of the items again and then down into the bag. "I don't wear bikinis."

"Well yeah, usually but I thought there's no one else around, well there wouldn't have been if our mom's weren't here, and they don't really count. I just thought you might try it out." It really wasn't working out well.

"Ah. O.k." As if saving her from even touching the bikini let alone trying it on we heard her phone ringing from the other room. Trish placed the swimsuit back in the bag and dropped it down onto the bed beside her before hurrying out to answer the call.

I followed her out deflated, watching as she grabbed her phone and walked out onto the lawn to gain better coverage. It was obviously work related as she enthusiastically began discussing 'implementations' and 'integration.' I tuned out and poured myself another drink. Faye and Heather it seemed had also moved onto their second and were amusing themselves sharing photos on each of their phones. About ten minutes passed before Trish re-entered the house and faced me. "Hey can we talk?" She asked before this time, leading me into the bedroom.

"You're going to hate me." She began.

"O.k, why?" I asked but I felt I knew what she was going to say. The knowledge didn't make the words hurt any less however.

"I have to go back!"

I was dumbfounded. "What do you mean? We only just got here!"

She touched my arm. "I know you were looking forward to this..."

I broke in. "We both were weren't we?"

"You knew I was busy at work!"

"So why didn't you cancel earlier? Why wait until we got here?" I questioned with I thought, reason.

"I didn't want to disappoint you. And our mom's. Look I didn't think I'd have to go back but somethings come up. I can probably drive back up tomorrow."

It provided me with some hope. "Well how about I drive home with you tonight and we can both come back up tomorrow. It'll work."

"No. It's just I might not be able to get away. I don't want us both to miss out on a weekend away."

"What, so I stay here and entertain our mom's and hope you come back? Sounds great!" I was on the verge of sulking and tried to refrain myself.

"Don't be like that. I will try and get away. I promise."

"Did you at least like the bikini?" I tried to salvage something from the situation.

Trish gazed down at the bag as if she'd forgotten of it's existence. Looking back at me she rolled her nose. "Yeah it's not really me though, is it?"

And that was it. I was fully deflated. Trish broke the news to Faye and Heather who offered to all go back home but she refused, saying us three could still enjoy ourselves. She promised to them as well that she'd return but to me it was a dead promise. Of course she had to return. She had the car. I wasn't too proud to admit that I fought back a tear when she left. More for myself than for her. She was going off to do what she loved, her phone already on speaker as she drove out of the property.

"It's such a shame Calvin." Mom greeted me on my return to the house. Seeing how miserable I must have looked she opened her arms to hug me and I accepted the embrace. I had to acknowledge it felt nice pressing my body against hers. Her hair smelled like she had indeed come from the hairdressers and her lower back felt so soft beneath my hand. I felt the compulsion to lower it, to run my palm across her buttock, to caress the dress and the yellow panties I knew she was wearing beneath. I broke the cuddle before the stirring in my pants became obvious and went to the fridge for a beer.

I'd downed most of the bottle before Faye piped up that she'd join me in a beer. First filling Mom's champagne I collected another two bottles and joined the women, sitting between the two on the couch. Opening Faye's beer for her we clinked bottle necks and each took a sip. "So what's on your phones that had you so amused?" I asked trying to distract my mind from Trish's abandoning and placing my bottle between my legs at my groin.

"Oh you'll hate me!" Mom replied reaching for her phone. Leaning forward her dress opened up further where it was wrapped and tied, exposing a whole lot more of her breast. I wasn't sure but I think I saw a nipple. Mom leaned in close and held her phone before me. She flicked through photos of me as a baby, first day of school, playing dress ups, generally every embarrassing moment of my childhood. She informed me she'd spent ages scanning each of them from the original and had made a copy on usb for me to have. It was touching and I was also a little surprised she was computer literate enough to have pulled it off. "Mom, why would I hate you for this? I love it. Thank you." I put my arm around her shoulder and kissed her on the head.

"Oh that's sweet. Wait let me get a photo of you two for Trish." Faye proposed and leaned back across the couch raising her phone.

"Oh wait not with the beer there." Mom remarked and reached out for the bottle between my legs. Too late, the flash going off and Faye looking down at the result.

"Oh, now that's not Freudian!" Faye sarcastically sniggered, holding the screen towards us.

The photo was perfectly timed with my mothers hand wrapped around the neck of the bottle at my crotch, her body leaning forward and her mouth in the shape of an 'O' above it.

"Oh my god, that's terrible. Delete it and do another. It looks like I'm..." Mom didn't finish her sentence but she was right, it did look like she was about to give me a blowjob. It would become my favorite photo.

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It had only gone three o'clock and I declared we should go to the beach for a couple of hours before dinner. Faye and Mom were equally as enthused, I think the alcohol had played a major part in that. I ventured into my room to get changed and the women did the same. Opening up my bag I looked at my options. Board shorts or the little black Speedos. I thought of Mom and Faye in the next room changing together and chose the relative protection of the boardies. If by chance I happened to get another erection the Speedos would secret nothing. I wasn't going to take that risk.

I grabbed a beach towel and applied some sunscreen in the living room while waiting for the girls. Looking around I found a beach umbrella out on the deck and thought it would come in handy to protect us further from the sun. Mom and Faye came out of the house together and I was glad I chose

the board shorts. I don't know whether I was just particularly horny in anticipation of the weekend with Trish but to my eyes the two women before me looked about as good as it gets.

Faye wore a bikini I'd hoped for Trish. Exactly the same design only in black. She filled it out better than my wife ever could. The material tight over her firm tanned breasts, the bottoms hugging her pubic mound like a second skin. If Faye looked good, my mother looked divine. Was it because she was indeed my mother that I was so fixated by her? I didn't know but as she descended the couple of stairs to the lawn where I was waiting I couldn't take my eyes off her. The light pink one piece swimsuit was ridiculously tight on her body, her breasts fighting against the material, spilling out around the straps and bust. She wore a white sarong that for now covered her crotch and ass and I craved to see her remove it.

"Good idea with the hat Mom." I proclaimed nodding at the large white sunhat adorning her head and attempting to act nonchalant in the presence of goddesses. We walked together barefoot across the lawn where it turned to sand and along the path between the dunes to the beach. Once on the foreshore the breeze made the air less oppressive and we set up our towels at the base of the dunes.

"Who's coming in?" I asked excitedly feeling not unlike the child I'd just been shown in the photos. I was met with a combined yes from the ladies and I waited with bated breath for my mom to remove the sarong.

Pretending to fiddle with the umbrella I watched as she untied it from around her waist and drop the material to the sand. It was all I expected and more, From behind her plump bottom was a perfect white peach. The tight pink elastane, like frosting on a cake, adding to the delight as it cut across her buttocks. And then she turned.

The swimsuit was high cut on the legs which made me think it was an old one, possibly from the '90's. It was entirely possible it was the only one she owned as I'd not seen my mother in a bathing suit since I was a child. Stray dark pubic hair framed the triangle of pink covering her vagina, the bulge of the pussy itself was large and I could have spent the rest of the afternoon staring. Her hand self consciously covered her groin momentarily until she lost inhibition and bared herself again to me, unashamed and beautiful. The hand she had used to cover herself was taken up by Faye and with a scream the two women began running towards the surf. I stood up and only then did I notice the erection in my pants. The erection my mother had given me. I ran after them to join in the frivolity.

The waves weren't large and broke a distance off the shore. I amazingly was the responsible adult of the three and aware we'd all been drinking made sure we stayed clear of the rip. Waist deep in the water I caught up with Mom and Faye who were still holding hands, screaming each time a wave rose up to their shoulders. The cold water had killed my erection and I felt a little like a third wheel until Faye held out her other hand for me to join them.

I gladly took it and like teenagers or excited children we faced each new wave together, screaming and laughing in the afternoon sun. A large set rolled in and I lost my grip on Faye, tumbling with the force of the water. I took hold of the closest object and found my arms wrapped around my mother's waist from the side. She in turn clasped her arms around my shoulders and we came up out of the water gulping for air, salt water in our eyes and mouths.

Laughing, with our bodies so close, I held her with one arm and raised a hand to her face to stroke her wet hair from over her eyes. We both thought

of Faye and at the same time looked around to see her raising up out of the water only a few feet away. Wiping her face and slicking her hair back she waded towards us unaware of the wardrobe malfunction at her chest. The right cup of her bikini had been dislodged by the force of the wave leaving her nipple exposed. Small and erect it stood amid a triangle of white untanned skin at the center of her at least DD sized breast.

Mom was first to react. "Oh my lord, Faye. Your boob!"

Faye looked down and laughed. Funnily enough she looked straight at me as she adjusted her top. "No big deal. We've all seen them before!"

True enough I thought but "I" had never seen my mother-in-law's breasts before and the vision was now stored in my mind for safekeeping.

Mom let go of my shoulders and I reluctantly released her body as we waded to the shore. The warm breeze began drying the water on our bodies as we crossed the hot sand to our beach towels. Mom slumped down on her back reclining, her elbows supporting her. Unlike Faye her nipples weren't hard but her areola were a slight shadow through the almost transparent pink bathing suit. I allowed my eyes to stray across her groin and the dark mat of her pubic hair was clearly visible through the wet material. My mind debated whether I should even have been looking. She was my mother for god's sake. I had no business even thinking about her body or Faye's for that matter but I couldn't help it, they both just looked so beautiful. I would just make sure I wasn't caught.

Faye lay down on her stomach beside my mother. I noticed the untanned skin on her ass where one side of the bikini had ridden up and again the responsible adult in me made me think of sun protection. "Did anyone bring the sunscreen down with them?" I asked and when greeted with a chorus of "no's" I mentioned I'd run back and get it.

"Oh can you bring back my book honey? It's on my bedside table." Mom asked and I set off back to the house.

The sand was hot and once out of the breeze the dunes made it stifling. I was grateful for the cool lawn when I reached it and the shade of the house when I entered. I walked to my room and retrieved the sunscreen, placing the small bottle in the pocket of my board shorts. Entering the second bedroom I walked between the beds, my eyes focused on one of the bedside tables and Mom's book. My attention however was diverted by the two piles of clothing on each bed. Mom's green dress on one and Faye's denim shorts and purple top on the other. It made it obvious who was sleeping where. I stopped in my tracks as I noticed what else was with the clothing, both women's underwear.

There are decisions we make that define our lives, that set us on courses we otherwise wouldn't have ventured. This was my moment. My journey would begin here. I reached down and picked up my mother's yellow panties I'd spied in the diner. Bright yellow they were, silky to the touch with a waist band of yellow lace, a small pink bow sat at the top. With my left I lifted up the small black lace thong that Faye had been wearing beneath her shorts. At once I raised them both to my face and pressed each to a cheek then slowly brought them across to my nose and mouth. Inhaling each woman's scent at once I entered an olfactory wonderland, unaware of whose sex I was smelling but assaulted with slightly different aromas, both equally as pleasant. My cock stirred in my pants begging to be wrapped in the softness of their panties.

"Ah Calvin! What are you doing?"

Blood drained from my face and I felt faint as I quickly turned, dropping my hands full of panties behind my back in an attempt to secret away my

indiscretion. Caught red handed so to speak I was met with the quizzical gaze of Faye in the doorway. The blood that had departed now surged back to my head, flushing my cheeks and neck red with embarrassment. Faye walked into the room as my mind tried in vain to come up with some feasible explanation.

"Are they...were they our panties?" She asked, stopping only two feet before me.

I pulled my hands out from behind my back and held the evidentiary material between us. Faye looked down from my eyes to my hands and then back, a smile beginning on her lips as I think she began to realize what I was doing.

"I was just checking the sizes" I lied. "Trish wanted me to find out yours and Heather's size so we could buy you clothing in the future. That's all." The idea wasn't outlandish I thought but why I had them against my face was something I wasn't even attempting to explain.

"Oh. O.k." Faye seemed to buy it as I handed her panties back to her and placed my mother's back on her dress.

"So what are you doing back here?" I quickly tried to change the subject.

"Oh, I thought I'd take back some drinks for us." Faye threw her underwear onto the bed and turned to walk out of the room. I breathed a deep sigh of relief that I'd somehow managed to extricate myself from the situation and grabbed Mom's book from the table. Faye took a six pack of beer from the fridge and we began the walk back to the beach together. Half way along the dunes I broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Hey you won't say anything to Mom about that back there will you?"

Just as we were about to descend to the beach she looked at me and smiled. "What about you sniffing your mother's knickers? No Calvin, your secret's safe with me!"

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We lay in the late afternoon sun and drank a beer each. Mom read her book and Faye sunbathed. I looked out to the sea with the occasional glance at Mom and Faye's gorgeous mature bodies. No one passed by on the beach for the entire time we'd been there, we may as well have been the last three people on Earth. "I might go for a walk along the beach, anyone coming?" I eventually said.

Faye opened her eyes and sat up. "I'll come."

"Mom?" I asked.

"Oh no you two go, I'm just getting to a good bit in my book." She shielded her eyes, smiling. "Have fun."

Faye and I walked with our feet in the water. Close together, every now and then our arms would touch as she was edged towards me by a wave. It was pleasant and I felt the compulsion to hold her hand like lovers would do but restrained myself. We walked a long way, talking about everything and nothing. I felt myself becoming closer to this woman that was such a large part of my life yet I'd never paid much attention to. We reached a point where the water line came close to the dunes and I mentioned we should probably turn back. I thought of how far we'd walked and therefore how far it was back to the house and the sudden realization hit me that I was desperate to relieve my bladder.

"Hey Faye just hang on a sec, I've gotta pee!"

Faye laughed at my disclosure. "You should've gone in the water when we were swimming. I did!"

My mind now solely focused on the fact my mother-in-law had been pissing right next to me only a short time ago I headed up between the sand dunes to find a place to go. I was aware from the map there were no houses this far down the beach so I knew I wouldn't be seen. Thinking I was out of sight of Faye I made to pull down the front of my shorts when a shadow appeared alongside me. "Whoa, you nearly caught me with my pants down!"

"That's what I was hoping!" Faye declared.

"What?"

She crossed her arms beneath her breasts and raised one hand to her mouth, biting a nail. "Can I hold it?"

"What?" I repeated myself.

"When you go. Can I hold it?"

My mind whirled. My mother-in-law was asking if she could hold my cock whilst I was pissing. What alternate reality had I stumbled into? "Why would you want to do that?" I asked laughing, thinking it was a joke.

"I've never done it. Does it fly around like a fire hose? I don't know?"

"You've seen a guy pissing before surely."

"Well yeah but I've never held one. Will you let me do it Cal, just this once?"

I was desperate to go and either I submitted to her request or I did it in my pants, something was about to happen. "Fuck, alright." I lowered the front of my pants and she immediately approached me from the side. Her hand

lifted my cock and pointed it out straight and I instantly let go with a flood of relief. It was a first for her and for me, It was hard to describe another person holding it, definitely sexual and totally different. Whereas I would use a thumb and two fingers, Faye had her entire hand around my cock. She began to laugh as she directed my stream across the sand and then around in circles.

"My god you could write your name with it! Well that's something off the bucket list." She enthused, seemingly delighted with the process. My flow decreased and trickled down to nothing. "What do I do now?" She asked.

I again laughed and placed a hand on her shoulder for support. "Just shake it a little."

"Like this?" She moved her wrist up and down and shook off the drips but retained her grip, if anything she tightened it. "Like this?" Her hand began working it's way back and forth on me and I began to swell.

"Oh shit." I breathed as she worked my cock fully erect, her other hand reaching out and cradling my balls.

"Like this Calvin?" She sighed, her face getting closer to mine. I ran my hand down her back and found her ass, her bikini taut across her buttocks. I squeezed both cheeks and pushed a finger hard into her ass crack.

Faye's hand quickened on my cock. She wanted me to cum and was expert enough to make it happen quickly. I looked at my cock and then up into her face as she turned to me. I wanted to kiss her, to taste her mouth, her tongue but something stopped me. I could see my wife in her eyes. Jesus, I thought. I was about to cheat on my wife with her mother, I had to stop.

"Wait. We have to stop." I implored.

"It's O.k we can do this." Her hand continued to pull my cock, the feeling wonderful.

"No seriously Faye, we have to." I took my hand from her ass and twisted out of her grip. The look on her face was heartbreaking and I quickly took up her hands in mine. "I didn't mean to hurt you. It's just I can't do this to Trish."

Saying her daughters name seemed to bring Faye back to reality. "It's not about me?"

"No of course not, you're beautiful! It's Trish."

Her face brightened and the minx returned. "I really thought you wanted it, what with the thing in the diner and all."

I was confused as to what she meant. "What thing in the diner?"

"Why rubbing your leg silly! I saw what it did to you down there." Faye's eyes looked down to my cock.

"Wait, what? You were rubbing my leg? I thought it was Trish!" I was astonished, the only bit of connection I'd felt between my wife and I was actually with her mother.

"Oh hon, I'm sorry, I thought you knew. It doesn't change anything though. I know how I feel. I wouldn't have said anything about this you know." Her eyes straying across the wet sand. It would just be another secret between us."

"I think I just need to work this thing out with Trish before I do anything I might..." I didn't finish the sentence and Faye completed it for me.

"Regret?"

"No, not that. I wouldn't regret doing anything with you!" I admitted.

The words seemed to be just what Faye wanted to hear and she threw her arms up over my shoulders. Her breasts pressed against my chest and we were both aware of my still hard cock pressing to her belly.

"I love you Calvin." She whispered, her mouth only inches from my own.

"I love you too, Faye." I answered, my hands caressing her back.

"Come on, let's get back. Your mother will be wondering where we are."

We both reluctantly released our hold on each other and held hands until we reached the beach.

"You know I saw you first!" Faye spoke as we began the walk back.

"What?"

"When you met Trish. I saw you first."

"Well yeah, you introduced us." I countered.

"Yes but I was attracted to you. I'd planned to take you home."

"Oh is that right?" I laughed, genuinely surprised at the information. "And what about your husband at the time? You remember him, Trish's father."

Faye laughed at this. "Oh Calvin, you knew we had an open relationship didn't you?"

It was news to me. If Trish had known she had never mentioned it. As we walked she filled me in on further details about her life and with each step I was genuinely forming a deep affection for her.

As we approached Mom on the beach blanket we could see she'd fallen asleep. The book was placed over her face to shield her eyes from the setting yet still blazing sun but it was her lower half my eyes were distracted by. Her legs were bowed at the knees and splayed obscenely

apart. Laying that way to get sun on her inner thighs I knew she'd be mortified to think we would see her in such an overtly sexual position. I knew I should wake her but had to admit I would loved to have stayed there and admired her for longer. When I tore my eyes from between my mother's legs I looked to Faye who seemed equally as engrossed in the vision. She felt my eyes on her and she raised her eyebrows and smiled knowingly. We were behaving like oversexed teenagers and I was beginning to like it.

* * * * *

As the sun set I fired up the bbq and checked out the hot tub. There was no way I wasn't going to make use of it even though I'd imagined Trish and I lounging in it's luxury. Mom took a shower to wash the salt water out of her hair and (as she put it) the sand out of her crevices. Sipping on a beer I imagined her washing the sand out of her crevices and began to get another erection. What the hell was wrong with me? I wondered. Thinking it would take my mind of it I went to help my mother-in-law with the salad in the kitchen. Big mistake.

Faye had been first to make use of the one bathroom and now freshly showered and changed she padded around barefoot across the kitchen floor. She wasn't making it easy for me to stay faithful to her daughter. Dressed in a pair of pink velvet shorts, pulled up high so as to leave a dark crevice of her ass crack, leaving me wondering if she indeed had underwear on beneath. From the front she was equally as alluring, her pussy bulging through the shiny material. Having said that, it was her breasts which took my breath away. Having baited my mother with the no bra tag, she herself now went without. A tight light blue tank top with spaghetti straps, barely able to constrain her marvelous tits, the nipples poking proudly through.

The sight was almost enough to make me remove my wedding ring right then and there.

"Can I help with anything?" I asked when I'd finished leering.

"Um, just about done. Heather will need a drink we she's out of the shower. No doubt more champagne, you may as well open another bottle now, I'll have one."

"Can do." I replied and as if we'd conjured her, Mom left the bedroom looking beautiful and entered the kitchen like a summer breeze. Wearing a white peasant dress, her hair only partially dried she saw me pouring the glasses and squealed in delight at the sight.

"Oh there's more of that one! Fantastic, it's delicious." She exclaimed and took a sip from the nearest. She was still tipsy from the afternoon and it made me feel good to see her so happy.

"It'd want to be delicious for the price we payed."

"Well thankfully they pay your wife well for all the work she does!" Mom said and it brought the mood of the room down a little. Mom was quick to realize the effect of her comment however and changed the subject immediately. "Oh by the way, I think I got a little sunburnt."

Faye took a sip from her glass and seemed more than interested. "Oh yeah show me."

I leaned back against the bench and downed the last of my beer as Mom reached down and took hold of the hem of her skirt. Lifting it up one leg she showed her flushed pink skin high up on her thigh. Faye wasn't convinced it seemed and wanted to see more. To be honest I did too.

Placing down her glass, Faye walked over to my mother. "It's hard to tell Heather. Let me have a look." Taking hold of the other side of my mother's dress, Faye lifted it up even to where my mother held hers. "Mmm looks a little red." She then took it upon herself to raise it even higher to just below her crotch and looked at me. "What do you think Calvin?"

Both women now looked at me. "Um, I'm not sure." I managed to offer.

Faye again took charge and lifted Mom's dress higher to reveal her white lace panties.

"Ooh Faye!" Mom giggled but I noticed, did nothing to cover herself.

"Oh relax Heather, he's your son, not some stranger."

"Well I know that but Calvin doesn't want to see his mother's panties!"

Mom suggested and Faye and I both knew just how wrong she was.

"So what do you think now Calvin, is she burnt?" Faye asked. I knew what she was doing of course. She wanted to fuck me and she was going to do everything she could to get me as horny as possible. It was working. I was forced to stare openly at my mother's pussy, indeed given license to stare at it without fear of rebuke. It was cunning and as I said, it was working. I had to get out of there before Mom noticed my growing hardon, it would be humiliating.

"Yeah looks a little burnt. Anyway, I'd better go cook those steaks." I hurriedly replied and went to the fridge to retrieve them.

"Nah, it's just heat rash. A little bit of aloe will soothe that," Faye declared.

"Go and sit down on the couch Heather, I've got some in my bag."

I took the meat from the fridge as Mom did as she was told with her glass of champagne in hand. Placing the steaks on a board I cut the excess fat off

and salted the meat. Faye returned and knelt down before my mom. "Slide down a little hon." She suggested and I watched in my peripheral vision as she did so, her back on the seat of the couch, legs spread. I was loitering over the steaks and Faye must have sensed it, turning her head whilst taking hold of my mother's dress. "Ahem. No boys allowed in here. Are you nearly done?"

"I'm going!" I replied and taking up the board began walking past the women. As I did so Faye took the opportunity to raise my mother's skirt. Lifting it higher this time it afforded me a complete view of her whole panties. High cut, they rose to just beneath her belly button, the pubic hair visible through and either side of the lace.

Faye's positioning of my mother had been cunning. Although I'd been banished from the room the location of the bbq on the deck meant I would be staring directly back into their direction through the open screen doors. And what a sight it was. With Faye kneeling between my mother's spread legs she poured out a dollop of creme into the palm of her hand and began applying it to Heather's inner thighs. The sizzle of the steaks on the bbq reflected how hot the scene playing out before me was. Faye's massaging neared my mother's underwear. "Pull your knickers across a little sweetheart." Faye proposed and Mom took hold of her underwear and cinching, pulled them up towards her waist. The action caused them to slot between her labia. A furrow of white in the forest of brown pubic hair. With access granted to beneath her panty line, Faye's hands lathered my mother's skin alongside her vagina, fingertips brushing her pubes and up to her hip bone.

The steaks were done and trembling I took them off the heat and walked back into the house. "Hey, didn't I say no boys allowed!" Faye challenged.

As I passed the ladies I jokingly held up my hand to shield my eyes from them but made sure I could still see everything.

"It's O.k I can't see anything!" I lied.

"I think we're done anyway honey." Mom proclaimed, releasing her hold on her panties and allowing them to fall back into place. Faye pulled down her dress and helped my mother stand. "Thank you Faye. It feels better already."

"Any time Heather." Faye replied and looked in my eyes as she took the aloe back into her bedroom. She was good, I'd give her that. The erection in my pants attested to it.

* * * * *

I was glad I'd made that second trip to the liquor store. Only half a day into our three night stay we'd gone through two bottles of champagne and about ten beers. We wouldn't need the alcohol to have a good time but it was certainly loosening inhibitions. In my mother particularly. As the darkness fell I lit a tiki lamp on the lawn and turned on the fairy lights on the deck. A cheese and fruit platter on the coffee table, champagne and red wine at the ready and the hot tub steaming in the cooling night air, the atmosphere in and outside the house was very romantic. As I changed back into my board shorts in the bedroom I looked at the bikini still in it's gift bag and felt more than a tinge of sadness. My wife should have been there. She could have been there. She chose not to be there. She chose her job over her relationship. I took off the board shorts and swapped them for my new Speedos and left the room.

Mom and Faye were already in the hot tub when I entered the living room. I picked up the cheese platter as I passed it and walked out to offer the ladies

something to eat.

"Woo hoo." Faye screamed as I exited the house. "All you need's a bow tie and you could be the male entertainment!"

Mom turned to see what the fuss was about and I saw her eyes go directly to my groin. "Oh goodness honey. They're small!"

This coming from the woman who'd worn "that" swimsuit and been essentially flashing her panties to me all afternoon. I looked down at myself and was happy with what I saw, turning in a circle to give the women the show they were after. "Woo hoo!" Faye repeated and wolf whistled like a college girl on spring break before clinking her glass with Mom's and both giggling like schoolgirls.

They accepted a strawberry each and I took the platter back into the house, pouring a glass of red wine for myself in the process. Joining the women in the tub I settled back in the warm water and let the massaging effect of the jets do it's work on my back.

Mom and Faye were wearing the same swimsuits as that afternoon. Mom had flushed cheeks and neck from either the warm water or the alcohol, probably both and Faye looked her perfectly tanned self. To think I was against inviting our mother's along on this getaway, admiring these two beautiful mature women now I did feel all of the "lucky boy" I'd been called back in the diner. All that was missing was Trish. As if we were all thinking the same thing, Faye said. "My daughter doesn't know what she's missing!"

"Mmm. It's a shame she's not here. Calvin have you heard form her?" Mom asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'm sure she'll come back tomorrow though. There's no reason for her to be there on a Saturday. The office will be closed." The

mood had again turned sombre and we all took a drink from our prospective glasses in the silence. It was my mother who changed the vibe.

"I just love your breasts Faye!" She stated out of the blue.

I snorted on my wine. "Mom!"

"What?" Mom turned to me. "I do, they're beautiful."

"Thank you Heather. The best money can buy. I wasn't as blessed as you." Faye returned her compliment.

"Oh Jesus." I muttered under my breath.

Faye looked to me. "I think he's embarrassed Heather. They're just boobs Calvin. Here look." With that she reached behind herself and undid her bikini top. Pulling it off over her head she cast it on the side of the tub and raising out of the water she presented herself to us.

Even Mom seemed a little taken aback. "Oh God Faye, you're incorrigible!"

It was hard to look anywhere else. The perfectly formed breasts between my mother and I, I immediately thought we could so easily take one each in our mouths but quickly put the idea out of my head.

"They're lovely Faye. Can I touch them?" My mother asked and I wasn't sure I believed what I was hearing.

"Mom!" I exclaimed.

"Of course you can Heather." Faye replied and moved towards her in the tub. I watched as Mom placed her glass on the edge of the tub and with both hands cup Faye's breasts.

"Oh wow, they're so firm."

"Yep. As I said, these babies aren't going anywhere!" Faye declared.

With her hands still full of tit, Mom looked to me and Faye's eyes followed. "Calvin you have to feel these." She looked back to Faye. "Can my son touch them?"

"Why certainly, we're all family here!" Faye proclaimed and turned fully towards me, my mom's hands falling from her breasts.

"Ah that's O.k, I'll pass." I stated. Right then and there I wanted nothing more than to hold them. To suck on them but the spectre of my wife hovered in my mind.

Faye lowered back into the water. "I think he's a little shy Heather. Come on though, I showed you mine, you show me yours!"

It was now Mom's turn to be embarrassed. "What? Here?" Her eyes flicked across to me and back to Faye. "I can't!"

"Oh he won't mind, he's your son. Just turn your back!" Faye proposed.

Mom showed little hesitation and moved between Faye and I. With her back to me she lowered the straps off her shoulders and then before dropping the swimsuit looked back to me. "No peeking Calvin."

I didn't respond. I couldn't speak. I had a hand on my rock hard cock beneath the water as my mother lowered her swimsuit and revealed her breasts to my mother-in-law. "Oh they are beautiful." Faye told her. "They're so heavy, oh look your nipples are getting hard!" Both women laughed and Mom ducked down in the water and resumed her seat, this time closer to Faye. I noticed she didn't raise her swimsuit. Mom reached out for her glass and I saw her areola above the water for a second and it was gone. She downed her glass and Faye a moment later finished hers.

"Be a dear and top up our glasses would you Cal?" Mom pleaded. "We're not really dressed for it!"

A dilemma. I was happy stroking my cock through my Speedos and now I had to get out of the tub with a raging hard on. There was no way I could do it yet. "Yeah sure, just give me a minute."

Mom looked a little puzzled. "What, why?"

Faye leaned into my mother's ear and whispered something and my Mom's jaw dropped over dramatically. "No!"

She didn't say what had been said but I was pretty sure Faye had told her I had an erection. Mom's eyes darted back to me and I noticed stray down to the water. I was 100% sure she couldn't see anything, just as I couldn't see her breasts. I thought she'd let it go but it seemed she really wanted her wine regardless of my state. "Please Cal, before we get too pruneey in here." Mom begged.

Faye was quick to add her encouragement . "Come on Cal, you did say you'd be our entertainment!"

"No actually that was what you said Faye." I quickly corrected her but to hell with it I thought. There was no way I was going to lose the hard-on in a hurry and it was what they seemed to want to see. What was wrong with showing the effect these two beautiful women had had on me? I stood up proudly in the water and I watched Mom and Faye's eyes stay straight ahead, directly gazing at my crotch. I looked down myself and was shocked to see how clearly outlined my penis was inside the swimwear. There was no hiding the fact I was hard with the material only preventing it from pointing directly at the women. I climbed up and out of the tub and dripping, walked into the house with their eyes burning into me from behind and their giggling ringing in my ears.

Before picking up the bottle of champagne I thought about what may be about to happen. I would walk back out there and climb in the tub. We'd all had a lot to drink, the women especially. Were any of us thinking rationally? I thought of Trish. She'd be here tomorrow. How would we all feel then if something had happened between us. It wasn't only me that had a lot to lose. Faye's relationship with her mother would be destroyed. Even me and Mom. It would be incest. Was that something I even wanted to contemplate? Or was I getting ahead of myself? Mom hadn't shown any real sexual desire for me, it had all been simple flirting, if that. Was it all in my head? I picked up the champagne and headed back out to the tub, despite my internal debate, my cock still hard.

What I saw put most of my doubts about my mother aside. Her pink swimsuit hung over the edge of the tub alongside Faye's bikini top and now her bottoms. They were both naked. My mother no longer hid her breasts underwater, her nipples and large areola sitting just above the churning surface.

"New hot tub rule Calvin," Faye declared. "No clothing allowed!"

I did nothing to hide my erection as I sidled up to the tub, both women were staring at my groin. Mom held out her glass and I topped her up followed by Faye. My instinct was to remove my pants and enter, to have sex with my mother and mother-in-law. My brain told me to get out of there.

"Actually ladies I'm going to call it a night and go to bed."

"Oh no Calvin please stay. We'll behave." My mother implored, resting her wet hand on mine on the edge of the tub.

"It's not that Mom. Trish will be here tomorrow, I should get a good nights sleep." I reluctantly released my hand from under her grip and left the bottle. "You two have fun though. Don't drink too much."

"Oh we'll be good Calvin." Faye replied, giggling. "You can trust us."

* * * * *

I woke as the sun was rising and went for a jog on the beach. I'd heard my mother and Faye go to bed late in the night, stumbling and attempting to be quiet but in their drunken state making even more noise. Their stifled laughter made me smile. I imagined them walking naked from the tub to their room, possibly holding each other for support. Did they dress for bed or go naked? Did they sleep together? None of it helped my erection subside but I didn't relent. I would save it for Trish. I just hoped she would be ready.

I worked up a sweat on my jog and before heading back dove into the cold ocean. It cleared my head and I emerged feeling reinvigorated. Back at the house I found Mom and Faye's swimsuits on the hot tub still wet. I hung them up on a line to dry then went inside to shower. With Mom and Faye still asleep, I began making breakfast. With the clock approaching nine a.m I knocked lightly on their door and entered. The room still dark I walked between the two beds and raised the drapes slightly to allow some sunlight to filter in. My mother lay on her back, the white chiffon nightie she wore had twisted in her sleep leaving both breasts exposed. The large pink areola spread at least an inch around each nipple, erect in the cool air coming through the open window. Her eyes remained closed, her mouth slightly open, a tiny trickle of drool down her cheek. I wanted to kiss her awake she looked so beautiful. My mother, the sleeping beauty.

With Faye, she'd gone to bed naked. No surprise there I thought. Face down, her sheet only covered one half of her body leaving her back and one buttock exposed, the untanned flesh stark in the low light. Faye I wouldn't kiss to awaken, I would fuck. Such was her sex appeal. The Lilith to my

Mother's Eve. I left their door open and hoped the smell of the cooking bacon and my noise in the kitchen would soon wake them.

It did the trick. Mom first emerged still in her nightie. It barely covered her groin but was irrelevant anyway, the thing was see through, the white panties she had worn yesterday afternoon clearly visible, her nipples dark behind the lace bust.

She came to me in the kitchen, shuffling, her hair a mess. "I'm sorry about last night. I was drunk. Can you forgive me?"

I smiled and kissed her on the forehead. "There's nothing to forgive. I love you." This seemed to brighten her and she smiled before yawning and pressing a hand to her head. "How are you feeling?"

"A bit seedy."

"Well this should help." I replied, gesturing down to the stovetop.

"Mmm bacon. Is it nearly ready?"

"About five." I informed her.

"Oh good. I'll be back." I watched as she turned and again shuffled back towards the bathroom. noticing for the first time the french cut of her panties across each cheek. Why was it I was only noticing her as a sexy desirable woman now? I wondered.

Faye was more used to drinking to excess than my mother and was full of energy. After a quick shower she emerged wearing a fluorescent yellow bikini. She wore her denim shorts over the bottoms for, I guess, modesty. Breakfast was satisfying and we discussed our plans for the day. They pretty much included the beach, food and drink and none of us were

disappointed. I said I was looking forward to Trish returning and as if on cue my phone rang in the bedroom.

"What do you mean you can't make it back?" I almost yelled into the phone, my heart breaking.

"The client is in town and I offered to show them around!" Trish explained.

"You offered? It's Saturday. You should be up here with us!"

"This is more important Calvin." The moment she said it I knew she must have regretted it but sadly she made no attempt to take it back.

"More important?"

"Well...quite frankly yes. I'd rather be at work creating something than lounging around on a beach with our mothers!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "It was your idea to invite them and it was meant to be us lounging on the beach together. You know, like a couple. Doing stuff couples do!"

She was silent for a moment and I was about to try again to get her to return when she cut me off. "Look I'm actually just a little too busy for that kind of thing right now. We can talk about it when I come and get you all on Monday."

"Monday! You're not even coming tomorrow?"

"No I've organized a lunch with colleagues." She matter of factly stated.

I was dumbfounded. She was too busy to spend time with the people who loved her but was eager to organize business lunches and who knows what else. I wondered if I was being selfish and no matter which way I looked at it I couldn't side with her. This wasn't the woman I'd loved for nearly twenty

years. I had no idea who this imposter was but she certainly wasn't the wife I knew.

"So what do I, we, do 'til you get here?" I asked.

I heard her yawn with seeming disinterest. "I don't care, whatever you want to do. I'm sure you can entertain yourselves. Well anyway as I said, I've got things to do so I'll see you Monday."

She hung up without waiting for a response.

* * * * *

After my initial outburst I'd tried to keep my voice down but the way Faye and my mother looked when I returned to them proved they'd overheard a lot.

"I can't believe she's doing this Calvin. Do you want me to call, try and talk some reason into her?" Faye offered.

I held out my hand to Faye's and she took it in consolation. "Thank you Faye but no. It's her call. She's chosen work over me, us. She's made her decision."

"Well I won't let her ruin the weekend, who's for the beach?" Faye proposed.

I looked at Faye's breasts straining against her bikini. Trish who? I thought.

"I'm in, it was beautiful down there when I went this morning. Mom?"

"Actually I might give it a miss. This head." Mom held a hand to her temple.

"You've still got a headache? I know, I do this for Trish all the time." I sat down on the couch and placed a cushion on the floor at my feet. "Come on Mom, jump down here." I probably hadn't explained myself correctly and

Mom walked over and knelt down on the cushion between my spread legs, her face at my crotch looking up at me expectantly.

I smiled and contained a chuckle. "No I meant sit on the cushion. I'll massage your temples!"

I watched as her face went red. "Oh of course. I knew that."

Faye burst out laughing. "Oh god Heather. I wish I had the camera again."

I wondered if Mom had thought I was seriously going to prescribe her to suck my cock as a cure for her headache? I tried to take my mind off it but as I began to massage her temples from behind, I found it impossible. The back of her head was only inches from my growing erection. My vantage point enabled me to see down her nightie, the cleavage and the darkness of her nipples beneath the lace. She sat cross-legged with her hands joined at her crotch.

"How's that feel?" I asked as I worked my fingers from her temples and into her hair.

"Mmm, beautiful. Don't stop." She sighed in response.

"I won't." I whispered back, my fingertips massaging her scalp from the crown to the base of her skull. I combed my fingers through her hair and she moaned at the sensation.

"That feels so good." She purred and I ran my fingers down behind her ears to her neck and shoulders. "Ooh, goosebumps! Feel."

I let my hands slide down over her shoulders along her arms to feel her skin, my fingertips pressing the side of each breast, her goosebump flesh beneath my palms then back into her hair.

"Oh this is wonderful baby," My mother again sighed. "You could touch me all over!"

Faye, reading a magazine and watching the proceedings sniggered again and Mom explained herself. "I mean a massage. You give a good massage is all!"

I leaned down and kissed her again on the top of the head. "Any time Mom. Now how's your headache?"

She seemed to have forgotten she had one. "Oh. Goodness it's gone. I didn't even realize. Thank you." She turned to look up to me but her eyes were momentarily diverted by the obvious erection lining the inside leg of my pants. I did nothing to hide it.

"You're welcome Mom. Whenever you want one, just ask. Now who's for a swim?"

Mom went to collect her swimsuit from outside and came back in holding the still wet material. "Oh-wuh! I hate putting on a wet swimsuit." She complained. I immediately thought of the bikini I'd bought Trish and jumped up with an idea.

"Hang on Mom, I've got something you could wear." I stated and rushed into the bedroom. I came out with the gift bag and presented it to her. "Trish doesn't want this. You can have it if you like."

I wasn't expecting much after my wife's reaction to the gift but Mom's response couldn't have been more dissimilar. Taking out the bikini her face brightened. "Really! I can have it?"

"Sure."

"Oh honey, I love it. Trish's crazy." She threw her arms around me and quickly kissed me on the cheek. "Let me just go put it on."

Trish 'was' crazy. The weekend was going beautifully. If she'd been there it may have been perfect, as it was, it was pretty close.

I went to my room to change into my Speedos. No board shorts for me from now on I thought. When I exited Mom and Faye were waiting with towels at the ready. Where yesterday Mom had gone with a sarong, today she left nothing to the imagination. I'd suspected she would have chosen the full back brief but to my amazement she wore the thong. It was smaller on her than I'd expected. Her breasts were snug in the top but the thong was possibly one size too small. The triangle of white nylon surrounded by a larger triangle of her pubic hair. She didn't seem to mind and I certainly wasn't complaining, my balls getting heavier at the sight.

Faye retained her denim shorts which surprised me being that her competition was next to nude. It didn't detract from the spectacle as I trailed behind on our short walk to the beach. The string of my mother's bikini bottoms lost in the flesh of her buttocks, the ridiculously tight daisy dukes of Faye's clinging to her immaculate posterior like paint on a wall. Needless to say I was sporting a semi erect penis when we dropped our towels on the sand.

"This beach is perfect Calvin. How did you find it?" Mom asked as she settled back on her towel, her book at the ready. "Just a fluke really. It was one of a few places that came up in a search of the area. Trish and I thought this looked the best. I'll definitely keep it in mind in the future." I replied, looking at Faye as she began to unbutton her shorts between us. A day ago I would've looked away or at least covertly spied. Today I stared openly as she unzipped and slowly lowered the denim. Mid thigh she stopped to

adjust her bikini bottoms, pulling the leg bands high up on her hips and tightening the yellow material against her obviously waxed vagina. She turned and presented her ass to me and as she bent over to remove them I discovered the reason for wearing her shorts to the beach.

The fluorescent yellow string of her bikini bottoms dove down between her cheeks and disappeared until being pushed back out by a pink circular disk as it reached her asshole. For a second I was unsure as to what I was seeing then the realization hit me that Faye was wearing a butt plug. She turned again and looked down at my face with a sly smile then lay down on her side, facing my mother. With her ass towards me and my mother's head buried in her novel I was able to examine Faye's rear more closely, the white of the untanned skin on her buttocks making the butt plug stand out even more starkly beneath the string of her thong. I needed to touch her, it.

Mom licked her finger and turned a page as I edged slightly closer to Faye on the towel. I figured Mom wouldn't be able to see what was happening over Faye's body and if by chance she could, I felt it wouldn't be the worst outcome. Laying on my side as well I reached down and boldly placed a hand on Faye's right butt cheek. Her ass immediately pushed back onto me and I knew the game was on. With her left arm supporting her head, her right hand came over and sought out my groin, massaging my hardening cock through my Speedos. I pulled aside the thong and pressed my fingers against the butt plug, pushing it into her ass and moving it in a circular motion. Faye's hand slid back and forth along my length and soon had me rock hard. I edged a finger each side of the plug and pulled gently, ballooning the skin around her anus as Faye squeezed hard on my cock.

My mother fortuitously placed the book over her face as if sleeping and it signaled Faye to make a move. Her hand pulled aside my Speedos and

brought forth my throbbing erection, wrapping her fist around it and began masturbating. I continued playing with her butt plug now with my thumb and fingers. Pulling out further, bulging her asshole then pushing back in and twirling around. I slid a finger lower and found her pussy dripping with fluid which I then coated around her anal opening and the pink plug. Faye turned to look over her shoulder at me and mouth the words 'pull it out' and I was quick to respond. With one hand I spread her cheeks wide and with my right I took a firm grip of the butt plug and pulled. Her anus spread obscenely as it grew around the slowly exiting toy, the sphincter finally retracting but staying open as the plug was fully removed. Faye took her hand from my cock and raised it to her mouth and released a large amount of saliva onto her fingers. Returning, she coated the head of my cock in her spit and pulled me towards her.

I wasn't thinking about my wife as my cock approached her mother's asshole. I didn't care that my own mother was laying not two feet from me as the head of my cock pressed against Faye's awaiting butt. In fact, as my penis slowly slid inside my mother-in-law's anus, it was her prone body I now stared at and imagined fucking. Faye's dilated asshole accommodated the head of my penis perfectly, the sphincter sealing around and holding me like a grip. I moved my torso in close and wrapped my arms around her, one hand holding her head the other seeking out a breast. Faye's face turned and our mouths came together as I pushed my pelvis against her, my cock sliding completely inside her ass, my groin to her buttocks.

Faye let out a sigh as I pulled back and thrust gently again. I slid a hand off her breast and ran it down her belly to eventually cup her pussy. Faye reached behind, undoing her bikini and pulled it off over her head. I ridiculously thought what would Mom think if she awoke to see Faye topless but quickly realized the fact I was fucking her in the ass whilst

fingering her pussy would probably catch Mom's eye first. Faye tugged on a nipple as I increased my pace in her ass. We both noticed my mother move a hand to her stomach to scratch away a fly and psychically realized we should probably hurry up. The friction of her ass wasn't going to make me cum alone and I think Faye knew it. Reaching back when I pulled out she took hold of my shaft and began jacking me off with just the head of my cock inside her. I used both hands to spread her ass cheeks as I starred fascinated at the sight. Her sphincter tightened around me and I could feel my orgasm approaching. My cum surged forth from my swollen balls and rushed along my length. Faye must have felt the pulse in her hand as she tightened her fist around me and then released to allow the rush of semen to fill her rectum.

Although attempting to remain silent, the breath rushing from my lungs at the sudden pleasurable release caused me to moan loudly and Mom reacted. I popped out of Faye's ass and just managed to roll onto my back, recovering my penis as she removed the book from her face and sat up. "Oh I must have fallen asleep. It's the sun I think!" She looked at Faye as she too rolled onto her back. "Oh gosh Faye. Going topless. Is that allowed here?"

I sat up on my elbow, rolling towards her, my thigh covering my softening erection. "I don't think there's any one around to police it Mom. We can do whatever we want."

"I have to get rid of these tan lines somehow Heather. Why don't you join me?" Faye proposed.

Mom immediately looked at me. "Oh I don't think I could, not in public."

"Oh hell, Cal won't care and there's no one else to see. Anyway suit yourself, I'm going for a swim. Anyone joining me?" Faye exclaimed,

standing herself up and I noticed, deftly pulling her thong back into place on her ass.

"I'm in!" I stated, rising with her. "Mom?"

"Yes but just wait a second would you?" She asked me as Faye began walking to the surf. "Calvin would you mind if I did?" For a moment I wondered what she was asking and then she elaborated. "It's just that last night in the hot tub. I know I embarrassed you, you probably didn't want to see me like that. You know, undressed. Would you be upset if I joined Faye? Topless?"

I wanted to play it cool though every fiber of me was bursting with hormones. I smiled down at her. "Mom, you can dress any way you want. I don't mind." I held a hand out to her to help her up. She took it, smiling herself and I raised her to her feet.

Her face slightly below mine with the angle of the sand, she looked into my eyes. "Thank you."

"For what? Helping you up?" I asked.

"For accepting me. I know I don't have a body like Faye's" Her hand strayed over her crotch, covering her pubic hair "I probably should've waxed!"

I wasn't going to beat around the bush any more. After what had just happened with Faye I was on a high. If there as anything potentially happening between my mother and I, I was going to embrace it wholly. I reached out and took hold of her hand and removed it from hiding her groin. "You're beautiful Mom. I want you to know that." I released her hand and running mine up her arm I walked behind her. She breathed deeply in as I caressed my way across her shoulder and down her back to the tie of her bikini. Goosebumps broke out over her skin as I undid the string and let it

fall. I pressed both hands on her arms and ran them up to her neck and lifted off the bikini and dropped it on the towel. My hardening cock was merely inches from her ass but I resisted pressing myself to her. Not yet, I thought. It would happen. Just not yet. Without even glancing at her breasts I took her by the hand and we walked down the beach to join Faye, wading into the surf.

Why Faye was even wearing her bikini bottoms was a mystery. They were entirely transparent when wet. I even noticed Mom taking longer and longer glances at her bald pussy and the labia through the see-through material. The water was colder than yesterday and my mother's nipples were soon standing erect along with Faye's. The surf was stronger than previously and I found my mother staying closer to me and clinging to me as each wave tumbled ashore. Faye as well took every opportunity to hold my arm or clutch at my shoulder to balance herself. After a while all pretext was lost and the women just stayed either side of me holding my shoulders and each others arm with my arms around their waists.

Faye found my cock underwater and with my mother right there began to get me hard, squeezing and kneading my balls. My hand inched lower on my mother's waist and soon enough I held her buttock in my palm and she, our fate and the potential of incestuous love, in hers. Faye moved to be in front of me, her breasts bobbing with the waves. I thought of buoyancy vests but put the joke out of my head when my mother in turn came closer to Faye, my hand still openly groping her rear. Faye and my mother joined arms and their faces drew nearer until their mouths were inches apart. Their breasts touched and I felt another hand join Faye's on my cock. It had happened, my mom was touching my penis.

Mom didn't look at me. She may not have been ready to fully acknowledge what was happening. Her eyes were on Faye as their lips came together. "What are we doing?" My mother breathed into Faye's open mouth as their tongues entwined.

"Just go with it darling," Faye implored and broke the kiss. Taking hold of the back of my mother's head she directed her towards me and I was ready. With a hand now on both women's asses I inched closer to my mother. She in turn, with the prompting of Faye readied for the kiss and then we were together. Her mouth on mine, her lips tasting of salt water and strawberry balm. Our tongues explored each other, we kissed like eager teens. My cock was released from my Speedos and a hand, two were wrapped around it's length and pulled furiously. Faye broke into our kiss and we shared a three-way, my mother more than eager to embrace her new found bi-sexuality. The sight of the two mature women making out, the manipulation of my cock, was all too much. I arched my neck back as I came into the ocean, my semen lost in the foam and churning tide. Faye and my mother stopped kissing and grinned at me with open mouths as they realized what they'd done.

"Calvin. Did you just cum?" My mother asked and after the events of the last day, her speaking those words didn't even sound unusual.

"How could I not?" I replied, catching my breath. "You two are beautiful."

Faye and my mother seemed genuinely moved by my confession, looking at each other and coyly, almost bashfully smiling. We waded to the shore and with my arms around the women we strolled along the beach to let the sun dry our bodies. When I noticed a man fishing with a surf rod a fair way ahead (the first other soul we'd seen) we turned back and found ourselves back at the towels. My mother went quiet for a few minutes and I asked her

if anything was wrong. With her still topless I knelt down before her and held her hands on her knees. A tear ran down her cheek and I feared what she would say, Faye looking on concerned.

"I'm just so grateful," she confided. "You called me," she looked at Faye. "Us, beautiful. I don't think I've ever felt so desirable, so wanted. I need to thank you Calvin, Faye. Even if this was just a one off, I want you to know you've made me so happy."

I leaned over and kissed her forehead and down to her mouth. Faye spoke for me, taking one of Mom's hands. "Oh Honey. I'm sure as hell, it ain't no one off!"

* * * * *

"So tell me again why you stick it up your bum?" Mom asked Faye across from her on the couch in the living room. It was essentially the same question she'd asked on the beach when she'd discovered Faye's butt plug under the towel. Her reaction then had been priceless and led to much laughter. She still couldn't get her head around Faye's attempted explanation.

"Oh my God Heather. It's pleasurable! It also helps it get a bit looser down there for when you're ready to, you know!"

Mom still looked incredulous. The ladies had dressed for dinner and Mom wore a red dress, the same design as her green wraparound and finished her look with tan pantyhose. "You've done that?" She crossed her legs as she asked it and the split of her dress rode up her thigh.

Faye didn't mention she and I had had anal on the beach that morning as she slept beside us and I was thankful. "Well obviously sugar. You haven't?"

Mom seemed shocked. "Of course I haven't!"

Faye looked to be beginning to enjoy herself. "Not even a finger up there? What about a tongue?"

I was standing in the kitchen preparing a salad and even this last one caused me to drop a carrot!

"Oh my god no!" Mom looked at me embarrassed about discussing it in front of me. "Calvin's father would never have done that."

I didn't want to think about my father doing anything sexual with my mother and attempted to change the subject. "Ahem, would anyone like dressing on their salad?" I asked the room and got no response, Faye wasn't going to let this fish off the hook.

"Oh you have to try it Heather, you don't know what you're missing. You can borrow my butt plug if you like. I'll help you out with it." Faye rose and sidled towards me to get to the fridge, her hand traced a path across my shoulders as she passed. "We both will!"

Mom and I looked at each other sheepishly. Our incestuous adventure had only just begun and had already progressed to the discussion of inserting a butt plug in my mother's ass. I had to admire Faye, she was the perfect conduit.

* * * * *

Mom was a little disappointed we had run out of champagne but seemed equally as comfortable with the Australian shiraz I opened with dinner. On our second bottle she'd become tipsy and was openly flirting. The weekend had awakened something in her, in the past she'd been staid and predictable, conservative to a fault. Whether it was the flowing alcohol or the sexual tension from the outset, in only a day, she was a changed woman and I loved her all the more for it.

I set up chairs on the lawn and we drank, ate and talked under the stars. When a cool breeze came in off the sea bringing with it a shower of rain we ran inside laughing, leaving the doors open to freshen the house.

"So what would happen at one of these swingers nights?" Mom asked Faye, continuing on their conversation.

"It would depend on the room," Faye replied. "Some nights it'd just be couples hooking up, others, the good ones, would end in a good old fashioned orgy!"

"I could never do that. I'd be too self conscious." Mom remarked.

"You'd be surprised how quickly you lose your inhibitions when you're nude Heather." Faye took a sip of her wine. "I would enjoy stripping for the room. I loved everyone's eyes on me."

"What a strip tease? Like in the men's clubs?" Mom asked.

"Yes Heather like in the men's clubs. Gosh you're only a couple of years younger than me, what world were you living in?"

I knew the world Mom was living in now, a world of freedom and sexual possibilities. She leaned forward in her chair her elbow on her knees.

"Would you strip for us? There's no music, would that matter?"

Faye smiled and placed down her glass. "No Heather it doesn't matter."

Had they discussed this prior, I wasn't sure? But the dress Faye wore was perfect for the act she began to perform. Standing between my mother and I she swayed her hips and pelvis in a circular motion at one moment bending before me to allow me to see her stay up stockings and black thong beneath her slip of a dress and then my mother. "The trick is to wear two pairs of panties!" She confessed as she reached beneath her dress and slowly

lowered her underwear. "It gets everyone worked up thinking you're naked beneath and then you do a second reveal." Peeling her panties down her straight legs she stepped out of them and presented the thong to my mother.

"From what you've told me I think Calvin might want these Faye." Mom stated winking at her and right then and there I knew Faye had told her about the panty sniffing incident the day before.

Faye came back to me and placed the panties in my shirt pocket. Turning around she mounted my thigh and ground herself down on to me, sliding her pussy back and forth along my leg. When she stood she lifted her dress from behind presenting her bare ass then flashed my mother at the front. "I thought you were meant to wear two pairs of panties?" Mom giggled.

"Oh yeah, I forgot!" Faye sighed and lifted her dress up and off over her head, casting it onto the couch. I couldn't deny what great shape she was in. Her arms were muscular and her stomach flat. The tan lines were still stark even after going topless and they worked to frame the highly sexual areas of her body. My cock was hard even before she again backed down onto me and sat her ass in my lap. Taking the beer from my hand she wrapped her lips around the neck and slowly slid her mouth down it's length.

My mother was transfixed, staring intently between Faye's spread legs. Her eyes focused on her bald pussy as she lowered the bottle and rubbed the neck along her labia. Faye turned her mouth to me and we kissed as I looked down between her breasts while she penetrated herself with my beer. Her breath rushed into my mouth as she pulled the bottle from herself and stood up. Mom was quick to join her, standing and meeting her in the middle of the room. She gladly took the bottle from Faye and as they embraced, Faye dressed only in stockings, my mother fully clothed, she drank from the bottle. I needed to please myself and unzipped, pulling my

erection from my pants. Mom blindly passed the bottle back to me and the two women began to kiss.

I stroked my cock as my mother looked over Faye's shoulder at me. She lowered her hands down Faye's back to her buttocks and took a hold of each, spreading her butt for me to admire her asshole, I noticed still dilated from the plug. Faye broke the hold and circled around my mother, her hands on her waist and caressing up to her breasts. Mom allowed her to reach down and undo the tie of her dress and it folded open to reveal Mom's pantyhose. Pulled up high to above her navel she wore no panties beneath. I couldn't stay seated and quickly went to the women.

Pressing myself fully against my mother I wrapped a hand inside her dress and caressed her hip through the pantyhose, so silky to the touch. Bringing it forward I cupped her pussy and felt her wetness through the nylon before raising it to her breast. Faye kissed my mother behind the ear as I kissed her mouth, tasting beer, pussy, saliva. My cock pressed hard against her belly and as I kissed my way down between her breasts I noticed I'd left a wet spot of pre-cum on her pantyhose.

I pressed my lips to her pubic hair through her hose and then lower. She bowed her legs slightly to allow me to bury my face into her pussy and inhale her sex, my tongue darting out to lick her dripping labia through the material. My mother's dress fell to the floor behind her and I felt Faye's hands brush my cheeks. Before I knew it she had dug her nails into my mother's pantyhose and ripped them open at the gusset. I now had access to her uncovered pussy and delighted in french kissing her vagina as I would her mouth. I looked up to see Faye's and my mother's hands on her breasts, pawing and pinching on her nipples. I needed to be inside her.

Faye and Mom ran hand in hand before me to the bedroom and dove on the bed, kicking off their shoes in the process. I was right behind, pulling my shirt off without unbuttoning and unbuckling my pants, my hard-on still poking through my fly. When I reached the bed they had started without me. Their stocking clad legs entwined, breasts pressing together, mouths attached. For a moment I didn't know what to do so climbed naked onto the bed at their feet. Organically I was incorporated in the lovemaking, with them as one moving towards my cock until their mouths joined either side of my erection.

I hadn't received a blow job in more than fifteen years and now below me were two women lavishing my cock with licks and kisses. My mother would envelop her mouth around me and then as if jealous, Faye would wrench it from her and suck me herself. This went on as a back and forth until I felt guilty for receiving all the pleasure. I turned my mother around and with her legs obscenely spread, her ass and pussy on full display I aimed my cock at her vagina and entered. Her moan was unlike any sound I'd heard come from her. "Yes baby fuck me." She commanded and Faye brought her face up to her ass and kissed her buttocks as I penetrated.

With Faye's face hovering over my mother's lower back I knew what she was after. I pulled fully out of Mom's pussy and entered Faye's awaiting mouth, driving my cock into her throat before pulling it free dripping with saliva and re-entered my mother. Faye wanted fucking and climbed atop my mother, piggybacking and eager for cock. I again pulled out and lowered my face to my mother's cunt, licking up excess juice and saliva, my pre-cum. My tongue traveled north and licked across her asshole which twitched at my touch. Further up I journeyed to Faye's bald cunt and savored the similar flavor to my mother and finally her anus which opened to my mouth enabling me to lick deep inside.

I raised to my feet and squatting, directed the head of my cock to Faye's vagina and entered completing the triad of holes in my mother-in-law. Her pussy tightened around my cock, her pelvic floor milking my penis, begging for me to release inside her. I withdrew and was back in my mother, holding Fay's hips to gain balance and leverage. It wouldn't take me long to cum and aware I changed our positions. Mom ended up on her back and Faye quickly took the opportunity to sit on her face, grinding her pussy down hard on my mother's mouth. I spread and lifted Mom's legs and plunged back inside, holding her with one hand beneath her rear and the other I flicked across her clitoris.

Mom's tongue was working it's magic on Faye and I watched as she clutched at her breasts, tilted her head back with eyes closed and began to cum on my mother's face. "My god Heather, yes. Make me cum you wonderful slut!"

Her climax and possibly her language caused a symbiotic reaction in my mother and although I felt I was doing a good job fucking her I think the orgasm she began to have was more emotionally generated. Her pussy squeezed around my cock as she came, her sighs muffled by Faye's pussy. I was quickly to follow, with three or four more thrusts into my mother I withdrew for the last time and began to cum across her belly and pubic hair. Stream after stream of thick white cum surged from me and dampened her crotch, running back down her labia to her asshole and onto the bed.

Faye climbed off Mom and sat down beside her, the two women watching me jerk the last of my load onto her skin. Faye was first to press her hand into my mother's fur and stroke the semen through her locks like hair gel. Mom couldn't stop smiling as she used at finger to trace to trace a trail

through the cum on her belly. "Well that was something!" I sighed as I lay down beside my mother.

She turned her face to me and we kissed lightly on the lips. "It was beautiful."

Faye joined us in reclining and my mother put an arm around her. "And we still have another whole day together!"

The comment made us all think of my wife and what may come.

For now though, we were all very happy.

Chapter 2

Then

I was eighteen I saw my mother naked!

The layout of our family home back then made it convenient for me to step out of my bedroom window onto the garage roof, walk along the facade of the second storey and climb down a trellis to the back yard. I'd taken that journey a thousand times as a boy. The only danger being if I wasn't supposed to be out I had to duck below the window of my parent's room as I passed for fear of being observed. As a child I felt I was a ninja up there, in my early teens it was a great way to break curfew and in my late teens it was rarely used.

My best friend at the time, James Miles had scored some weed and I was to meet him in the park at 8p.m that Wednesday night. I remember the day now as I was still wearing my baseball uniform from practice. I'd had dinner with my parents, helped Mom with the dishes and watched some television with Dad. Come 7:30p.m I put my plan into action and said I was heading to my room to study.

I was out of my window and going through my escape with the ease of my twelve year old ninja persona in the body of a grown but still immature man. It was at my parent's window where I stopped and checked my surroundings. Being bigger I had to stoop lower to bypass the window unseen. Half way across the lights came on in their room and a moment later the drapes were pulled closed, or as I'd discover, most of the way closed. Curious and knowing I wouldn't likely be seen with the darkness outside I lifted my head up level with the window sill. The space between

the curtains was at least twelve inches and it afforded me a view of much of my parent's familiar bedroom.

My mother stood at the end of the bed. I thought for a moment she was looking at or talking to my Dad, just out of view but I quickly deduced she was looking in the mirror. She still wore the clothes she had on at dinner and I was about to duck back down and disappear when a subtle movement she made stopped me. Mom lifted a hand to the front of her cream colored blouse and began to unbutton.

I should've looked away. The right thing would have been to give her the privacy she thought she enjoyed but my testosterone fuelled eighteen year old brain kept me rooted to the spot, unblinking. I watched as she completed the task and let her shirt fall to the bed behind her to reveal her flesh colored bra. I'd seen her in just a bra before but this time felt different. It was secret, forbidden, it felt like I wasn't watching my mother at all, just some anonymous woman undress before me, just for me.

Her hands moved to her skirt and the belt around the waist. It was unbuckled and unbuttoned before I knew it and then being lowered down her legs. I may have seen her in a bra; I'd never seen her in pantyhose and underwear. Things had just gotten real. Mom reached behind her back and unclasped her bra and her breasts were free. Her thumbs were inside the waist band of her pantyhose and as she pulled them below her ample bottom she sat back on the bed. So gracefully she raised each leg to remove her pantyhose and they joined her other clothing. I assumed the show would be over. She would go to her dresser and find a nightdress, leave the room or go to bed. I was wrong.

With her back to me she took hold of her white underwear and lowered them down her legs. The crack of her ass was dark but even from my

vantage point I swore I saw the lips of her pussy when she bent forward to pick up her panties. My cock was harder than I think I'd ever felt it as I pressed my hand to my groin. At the same time a cat screeched in a neighbor's yard and I looked away ducking from the window at the direction of the noise just as the drapes closed further above me.

This happened more than twenty years ago. I never told a soul, not even James Miles whom I managed to keep my appointment with that night. Not my wife, no one. I didn't even think of it much afterwards. A few months later after some random girlfriends I met the woman who would become my wife and then even the memory of that night faded as real life took over. So why was I thinking of it now? That last vision I had of my mother fully naked, bending before me, was the same beautiful sight I now lay my eyes upon not two feet from me in the steamy shower recess of our beach house.

* * * * *

NOW

Standing beside her, my mother-in-law placed her hands on either side of Mom's ass and spread. My mother's anus came into view, pink against her pearly white skin and stray pubes. "I think she's ready Calvin!"

I looked at the pink butt plug in my hand, glistening and dripping with Faye's and my mother's saliva, and knelt down behind Mom's ass. Faye's face came closer, her mouth hovering above Mom's hole as I lifted the butt plug and dabbed it against her anus. The end was tapered to allow penetration but Mom's asshole looked so tiny and tight I felt it would never fit. Faye dribbled a trickle of spit down her spread ass crack and it added to the already slick butt plug and I pushed again. If anything my mother's anus seemed to contract. "Mom are you sure about this? I don't think it's going to fit." I stated.

"It'll fit!" Faye was quick to reassure. "This is only a small one. Trust me, I have bigger."

The comment didn't surprise me and considering the luggage she'd brought, probably had them with her.

"Maybe if you lick me again Cal? It felt nice before." Mom hinted.

I didn't need to be asked twice to lick my mother's asshole. I passed the butt plug up to Faye and took over the spreading of her cheeks. My tongue was at her opening instantly and began to probe her holiest of holes to the accompaniment of Mom's pleasurable moaning.

"There you go Heather," Faye encouraged. "Just relax it. Push it out like you're...well, pooping!"

"What?" Mom retorted.

"Well obviously you're not going to, I mean just let it open."

The talk had my cock standing rigid. I lowered my hand and grasped its length, still slick with Mom and Faye's saliva and allowed myself a few pulls. Mom followed Faye's instructions and I felt her anus open and push against my mouth. My tongue slid further and twisted around inside her, my lips sealed around her sphincter and Mom let out a guttural moan as I think she possibly came from the penetration.

"Put it inside me baby, Mommy's ready!"

Faye quickly passed back the butt plug and reluctantly I pulled my tongue from her anus, replacing it with the tip of the plug. I pushed gingerly and her asshole opened allowing it to effortlessly slide inside, the sphincter stretching around the girth then sealing at the flared base. Mom stood up and turned to Faye and I, her eyes wide and a grin on her face.

"I did it!" She exclaimed proudly.

Faye smiled and kissed her on the cheek, pressing her body close. "You certainly did sweetheart." She then looked to me. "Are you proud of your mother Calvin?"

I didn't answer, instead pulling the women to me and stepping back into the flow of water from the rainfall shower head. My mother's mouth connected with mine and I shared the taste of her asshole. Faye was quick to join us, my tongue entering her mouth next. With my cock sandwiched between the two women and a hand on each ass, I felt the proudest man on earth.

* * * * *

The shower had sobered us all up a little and Mom offered to make us hot chocolate before bed. She was back in her white nightie, only this time had foregone the underwear. Faye had decided to actually wear something to bed as well tonight, a skin tight flesh colored slip. Pulled down only low enough to cover half her vagina, her labia poking out below. I wore a pair of boxers but they didn't hide the erection I sported, tenting out the front.

"I haven't had one of your hot chocolates in years Mom." I stated, joining her in the kitchen.

"And you're not getting one now! What I found in the cupboard isn't the brand I buy so it won't be the same but it'll have to do." She replied. I watched as she traversed the distance from the stove top to the fridge and back, her gait noticeably affected by the butt plug. Faye joined us and leaned against the opposite bench to me. I couldn't help looking at her pussy, the two lips of her hairless labia, light reflecting off the dew. She hadn't dried her short hair and droplets of water glistened on her chest and

spotted the front of her slip. Without make up it was uncanny how similar she looked to Trish and simply put, she looked stunning.

The resemblance made me think of my wife and although she'd hurt me by putting her career first I really wished she was there with us. Mom handed Faye and I our mugs and we all retired to the couch. The rain had freshened the air and the smell of the ocean coming through the open screen doors was invigorating.

"Do we need to talk about this?" I asked both women at once.

They knew what I was referring to and it was Faye that was first to respond. "We're just having fun Calvin. Your marriage doesn't have to be over you know."

"Why would your marriage be over darling?" Mom added. "We're family; I don't think it counts as cheating." She then quickly looked to Faye. "Does it?"

For once Faye seemed to be lost for words. "I..I don't know!"

"But I love you both. Mom, I've always loved you of course. But Faye. I've just realized how much I care for you, I want to be with you." I touched Mom's leg beside me, "I want to be with both of you. How can I just go back with Trish on Monday like nothing's happened?"

Mom took my hand. "You're not seriously thinking of breaking up with her? Not over us. We can keep this secret. I can wait for this opportunity to arise again. God knows I waited more than twenty years, I can hold out a little longer."

Her words puzzled me. "What do you mean you waited more than twenty years?"

Mom sipped from her mug and looked back bashful. "Oh Calvin. You know."

I didn't. I was confused. "No I don't. What are you talking about?"

Even Faye seemed to be curious as to what Mom was alluding to and we waited for her to elaborate.

"It was your baseball uniform!" Mom finally admitted.

I felt Faye look to me for an explanation but I shrugged and focused again on Mom. "What do you mean?"

I noticed her begin to blush around the neck. "You started playing baseball when you were sixteen remember?"

I nodded.

"Well by the time you were eighteen you'd filled out but were still wearing the uniforms we'd bought you when you started. Your chest, your arms, you were always doing weights. You don't think a mother notices her son's body?"

"Oh Heather! You're full of surprises." Faye interjected.

Mom smiled back at her coyly, then focused again on me. "I loved being close to you. Why do you think I would always ask you to help me with the dishes?"

"Ah because you needed my help?" I offered.

"Oh please Calvin, you're male. You broke more plates than you dried! I just wanted you beside me, spending time with me." She let this information filter through my head before going on. "You don't remember watching me at the window?"

What my mother said had just blown my mind. She knew I'd spied on her all those years ago. Something I'd only been thinking of an hour before. She'd never said anything. It was now me who was blushing. "You knew I was there?"

"Are you serious? Your father and I always knew when you were climbing out your window, you were so bloody noisy."

"I thought I was like a ninja!" I attempted to defend myself.

Mom laughed. "A ninja? More like a sumo, the creaking went all through the house."

My pride was a little hurt but I was fascinated by her admission. "You undressed. For me?"

Mom finished her hot chocolate and placed the mug on the table. "Your father was always telling me to be careful when I was changing. I guess he knew what went through boys' heads at that age. If you'd stayed you would've seen more."

I was recalling everything about the night. "You closed the curtains!"

"Not all the way. I made sure you would still see the bed!" She confided.

"I left!"

"You left." Her voice trailed off with a hint of sadness.

Faye was quick to seize on the moment. "What would you have done Heather? If Calvin had stayed watching you."

Mom looked at Faye and then back to me. "I wanted you to watch me Calvin."

"Watch you what Heather? What did you want your son to see?" Faye asked like a dog at a bone.

"I wanted you to see me naked. I wanted you to see me masturbating Calvin!"

I swallowed hard and thought of the implications of what she'd told me. This weekend wasn't a fluke. My mother had harbored these feelings for me for half my life. Hell, even Faye had desired me for twenty years she admitted yesterday. Was I that oblivious to the people around me?

"There's no reason you can't do it for him now Heather!" Faye stated, rising and sitting down next to my mother. Her slip had ridden up around her hips and she was now essentially bottomless. "We both could."

Mom looked to me. "Is that something you'd like to see Calvin? Would you like to watch us masturbate?"

I felt like laughing at the absurdity of the question. "Are you kidding?"

Mom took it as a yes and turned her face to Faye. Her lips met my mother-in-law's and their tongues began to entwine. I moved to where Faye had been sitting to be directly across from the women and watched the show.

Faye lowered her slip below her breasts and lifted her feet up on the couch, spreading her legs. My mother followed suit only breaking their kiss long enough to lift off her nightie. Now naked she assumed the same position as Faye, their left and right leg interlocked. With a hand each on their pussies, my mother and Faye began to finger themselves in much the same manner, concentrating on the clitoris. My mother moved her other hand down to spread her labia while Faye used hers to pinch at a nipple. I wasn't going to let them have all the fun. I quickly lowered my boxers, unleashing my rock hard cock and began stroking, pre-cum oozing from the eye.

Mom took a hand from herself and ran it down Faye's inner thigh until she was able to take over from her. In turn, Faye began to masturbate my mother, her hand flicking across her hairy pussy. Their kiss broke and they both looked at me pulling on my cock at the sight of such beauty. Our breathing, the rolling surf and the sound of three people masturbating was all we could hear. I flicked my eyes between Faye's bald cunt and my mother's, the pink butt plug sitting below her pink slit. I could feel my orgasm approaching and I wondered who'd cum first.

There really was no contest in the end. I began shooting my load across my chest and belly and it seemed to fuel the women's orgasm. "Don't stop. Don't stop." My mother begged Faye as she increased her own pace on Faye's clit while clutching her breast. Both their eyes were on my slowing hand and the semen still oozing from the head of my penis. Mom was second to cum, followed by Faye. My mother sighed and pressed her legs together on Faye's hand while Faye's eyes closed and her orgasm shuddered her entire body. I watched her clasp her hand down on my Mom's on her pussy and a splash of fluid spray out between their fingers amid her sighs of pleasure. Finally the women kissed again and Mom buried her face in the crook of Faye's neck.

"Jesus!" I stated.

Faye took their hands from her crotch and lifted my mother's fingers to her mouth, licking off the juice that had sprayed from her.

"Holy Jesus!" I added.

Mom smiled at me. "Was it worth the wait Cal?"

I stood up and used my boxers to clean myself up a little. "I think you know the answer to that one Mom." I walked over and took my lovers' hands and

helped them up. "Come on, let's get some sleep. Something tells me tomorrow is going to be a busy day."

* * * * *

I was right. The night had been blissfully peaceful. On the odd occasion I woke it was to find Faye's hand glued to my penis for comfort, the next my mother pleurably moaning in her sleep, dreaming of who knows what but I had my suspicions. To soothe her I edged two fingers either side of her butt plug and gently pushed in and out. It had a calming effect on both of us and I soon drifted back to sleep. The next time I awoke it was light and Faye and my mother had their mouths either side of my morning erection, welcoming the day with the most beautiful gift ever given.

* * * * *

"You're going like that?" Mom asked as I left the bathroom naked with my beach towel around my neck.

I looked down at myself. "You're complaining?"

"No but someone might if they see you on the beach!"

"Mom, there's no one down there. We've seen one other person the whole time we've been here and they were a mile off. As far as I'm concerned, we have our own private nude beach." I knew Faye would agree. She was removing her black bikini before I'd even finished stating my case.

"You too?" Mom asked her when she noticed.

"When in Rome..." Faye responded. I was already waiting at the door and Faye joined me.

"Oh what the hell." Mom laughed and took off what should have been Trish's white bikini. At the deck I slapped the ladies on their asses and

chased after them as they ran across the lawn towards the dunes giggling like schoolgirls.

We might as well have been on a deserted island such was our privacy. We swam naked, kissed and caressed in the surf like three newlyweds on honeymoon, sunned ourselves on the sand, we walked for an hour in the one direction and didn't spot another person or footprints on the beach for that matter. On our way back I had a hand on both women's asses, a finger pressed against each woman's anus. My mother's noticeably dilated from the removed butt plug. I really was the proudest man on earth and life couldn't get any better.

They say pride comes before the fall.

* * * * *

Judging by the height of the sun I figured it was around midday. I was beginning to get hungry and was thirsty for a beer.

"You girls ready to head back? We don't want to get burnt." I mentioned and they agreed. We headed up the dunes and began the short walk back to the house. As the sandy path petered out and the grass began, I stopped short and reached out to my mother and Faye to do so. Ahead, parked on the lawn was my car. Trish had returned a day early.

I wrapped my towel around my waist and Mom and Faye did the same around their breasts. It was blatantly obvious they were topless but maybe it would buy some time inside the house for them to actually get their bikinis or at least make it to their room. Maybe Trish was in the bathroom, or on her laptop or something, anything. I on the other hand would find it hard to avoid her and equally as difficult to explain why I wasn't wearing a swimsuit.

Trish was waiting in the lounge room when we entered. "Honey. You came back. That's great!" Faye exclaimed and went to hug her, surreptitiously attempting to reach for her bikini in the process. It didn't work, Trish wriggling out of the embrace and reaching for it herself.

"After this?" She held out the small pieces of black material and Faye took them from her daughter. "I guessed that one was yours!" Trish looked at me and then pointed down at the white bikini Mom had dropped on the coffee table. "I'm thinking that is the one you gave me. Who's been wearing it though?" She looked at Mom. "Heather?"

Mom didn't answer her question, instead attempting to extricate herself from the situation. "O.k. I might just go and get changed." Mom replied and headed to her room.

"Are you sure that's the right room Heather?" Trish yelled after her and Mom stopped in her tracks. "It's just there's a nightie and pantyhose in our room. They're torn; I don't know what that's about! There's other stockings in there as well, and heels." Trish looked back at Faye. "Mom, do you know anything about that?"

We were all silent. It was like we were guilty students at the mercy of a teacher's inquisition of a class. "Calvin. Your board shorts were still in our room." Trish walked towards me. "What exactly were you wearing down on the beach?" She reached out and took hold of the towel, wrenching it from my body. I was left standing naked before the room of women. "Just what the hell has been going on here?" She was now yelling. The game was well and truly up. I wondered how long she'd been here. Had she seen the butt plug left in the bathroom by Mom? My boxer shorts from last night, covered in cum? Had she seen us on the beach? Watched us from the dunes as we kissed in the water, held each other naked? There was no point trying

to hide what had happened, I wasn't going to take her for a fool. She was my wife, I loved her and she deserved the truth no matter what was going on with our relationship.

"Ah Trish, maybe we could have a word alone?" I pleaded.

"That's a pretty good idea Calvin. You've got a fuck of a lot of explaining to do, haven't you?" Trish again screamed, her temperature rising. This wouldn't be easy. I began to direct her into our room when Faye stopped us.

"Actually no Trish. Calvin doesn't have any explaining to do!" She approached us and walked straight past her steaming daughter. Grabbing my mother's arm in the process and pulling her towards me. When by my side she stopped. "You want to know what's been going on here?"

"Faye, I.." I started.

"No don't worry Cal. If my daughter wants to know what the hell has been going on here, I'll tell her." Faye interjected.

"We've been fucking!" Faye matter-of-factly stated. If Trish was expecting the news that she heard she didn't look like it. "All three of us! Calvin has been nothing but a perfect gentleman from the time he picked us up. He's romantic, caring, considerate. You could learn something from your husband." I thought she may have stopped there but she kept going. "What have you done for him lately? He organizes a weekend away and you ditch him for work. He offers you a gift, something Heather was more than happy to wear by the way, and you throw it back in his face! Who are you? You're not the daughter I raised. What are you even doing back here anyway? You showed no sign you wanted to be here with him, with us! Why are you here?"

It was harsh. Too harsh I thought. Trish had gone from standing self-righteously with her chin raised and arms folded to slumping and on the verge of tears under her mother's barrage. I wanted to comfort her but my mother stepped in before me, approaching my wife and taking her hand.

"Sweetheart, Calvin's spoken nothing but good about you all weekend. He loves you. We all do. We're just confused why you're putting your job ahead of family." I watched Mom's other hand begin to caress Trish's arm while still holding her hand. "Everything that occurred here happened out of love. Our love for your husband, my son. We wanted you here." Mom had moved closer to Trish and now had her arm around her shoulder. Trish had her neck tilted and was looking to the floor but now looked up into my mother's face. "We wanted you to be a part of it." At this a tear ran down my wife's cheek and Mom was quick to dab it away.

I wanted to go to her to tell her everything would be alright but Faye by my side held my arm.

"It's work." Trish confessed to my mother, choking back tears. "They push me so hard. I have to work twice as hard as everyone else. I tried to impress the client this weekend and they blew me off for a golf game with another colleague. I'm not appreciated there. It hurt so much when I was rejected, overlooked." She was now openly crying and my heart was breaking for her.

"See sweetheart," Mom soothed her, drying another tear and running her finger through her hair behind her ear. "You're right, it hurts to be rejected. A marriage can take a lot of work as well. Now how do you think Calvin felt when you abandoned him?"

Faye was now even closer to me, her towel against my naked body. Trish looked towards me, her eyes full of tears. "I'm sorry baby. I'm sorry I left. I

should've been more open with you. I'm an idiot!" Trish agonized.

It was too much for me. I left Faye's side and went to her, holding her in my arms and kissing her wet cheeks, her mouth. "It's alright baby, I forgive you. You're here now, that's all that matters." I reassured her.

"I'll do what I can to make it up to you Cal. I promise. I'm so sorry I yelled." Trish cried into my shoulder.

Faye was quick to seize on her daughters promise to make it up to me. She broke into our embrace, taking Trish by the hand. "Come on Trish honey, let's get you cleaned up." I parted with my wife, our hands holding until she was led away into Mom and Faye's room with Mom following. It only dawned on me then how strange it felt being the only naked person in the room. Strange and also exciting. I went to my room and put on some shorts and a t-shirt then went back into the kitchen to get that beer I'd been hankering for. They were taking their time in the bedroom and nervously I drank most of my beer while waiting. Standing in the kitchen, sipping from the bottle I watched as the door to the second bedroom opened and Trish walked out naked followed by my Mom and Faye, now dressed.

"Oh baby, this is all I ever wanted!" I placed down my beer and began to approach her but Faye stopped me.

"Uh uh. Just a moment Calvin. Trish has something to show you."

My wife looked coy and I wondered what Faye was talking about, she wasn't holding anything, what could she possibly have to show me?

"Mom and Heather said you might like this Calvin." A little smile appeared at the corner of Trish's mouth and still I had no idea what they were talking about. My wife's body was as I knew it, her small breasts, her skin whiter

than my mother's, her trimmed brown bush, the labia visible below. I began to harden as I admired her.

"Go on sweetie, turn around. Show him," Mom encouraged.

Trish did as she was told and began to turn on the spot and I immediately understood what they were on about. Poking out from between the cheeks of my wife's ass was a pink curly pig's tail. She lowered her hands and spread her ass for me and revealed the butt plug snugly inserted in her rear. My cock was now fully erect at the sight. My wife being so deviant, so out of character. She didn't even own a vibrator! For her to now be wearing a butt plug it showed a complete shift in her sexual willingness. It opened so many doors.

"Do you like it Cal?" Trish asked over her shoulder. "Mom said this one would suit me!"

"Oh it suits you baby." I now went to her and turned her to me. I kissed her on the mouth and ran my hands down her body. I couldn't help myself and touched the plug, curling the tail through my fingers and pulling out slightly. Trish let out a breath into my mouth and couldn't help smiling at the sensation. "And I like it a lot!" I confessed.

I was ready to pull my cock out and start fucking then and there but Faye again stopped us. "Not all's forgotten Calvin."

She separated us and held Trish's arm. "Trish wants to do whatever it takes for forgiveness. I think making us some lunch and pouring some drinks might be a good start. What do you think darling?"

"Yes Mommy." Trish replied and obediently sauntered off to the kitchen

I looked at Faye and then my mother and couldn't contain my happiness. They'd done it. My mother especially. They'd turned around what could

have been a disastrous encounter into something fabulous. I seemingly had three women now, dare I say it, a harem. I could never repay them for this.

* * * * *

My mother and Faye lay naked, sunning themselves on towels on the lawn. I stood in front of my wife sitting on the swing in the yard, her legs spread wide. The piggy butt plug hung beneath her, she had never looked so good, so fuckable.

"Is this how it's been all weekend?" She gestured towards our mother's.

I looked back at them and then back to Trish. "For a day. It didn't happen straight away."

Trish nodded and swung back and forth. "Look about work, I'm..."

"I don't want to talk about work." I stopped her mid-sentence and stopped her swing, moving in between her legs. "I want to talk about us baby; them. How is it you could embrace this so quickly. What's changed?"

Trish looked at the two women behind me and then back at me. "When we were in the bedroom. When they put this thing inside me," she looked down at her groin, "it felt good!" Her eyes met mine again. "Being in there, when we were all naked Calvin, it was a turn on. The things they said to me, everything they told me. It was all so beautiful. My god, I am aware she's my mother, Heather's your mom but it felt so normal, so right. How can something that feels so right be wrong?"

I went down to my knees; my cock was hard and just out of reach of my wife's pussy. "I know Trish. I feel the same. It's incest but, I love it. I think I need it."

"You want to make it permanent? Is that what you're saying?"

I ran my hands along the top of my wife's legs and held her hips. "I've been thinking. Our house is big enough. We'd still have separate rooms, privacy when we want it. What do you think?"

Trish bit her bottom lip but she couldn't hide the enthusiasm in her eyes. "It would be exciting wouldn't it? Fuck it why not? Let's do it!"

I pulled her swing towards me and held her. The wet of her pussy against my stomach. "Thank you baby. Thank you so much for this."

* * * * *

Trish stood up in the hot tub, her glass of wine in hand. "Who wants to do the honors?" She proclaimed as she paraded her ass before us.

"Ooh can I?" Mom asked, placing her glass down on the edge of the tub. I was no longer surprised at anything my mother did now and her willingness to pull out Trish's butt plug now seemed second nature. I pulled on my cock under water but soon had Faye's hand replace my own. Mom moved in and with Trish bending forward pulled out on the butt plug. Her sphincter ballooned and Mom spat down on the bulbous surface to lubricate its exit. Pushing back in, Trish moaned in pleasure and leaned towards her mother. Faye took her face in her hand and their mouths came together. Mother and daughter kissing passionately like lovers. Faye quickened her hand on my cock and I focused my attention back on my Mom. She was now licking around Trish's asshole and I placed a hand on her own ass just below the surface of the water. I found her pussy, slick and welcoming to my finger as I slid inside. Mom sighed as I joined it with another and bent my fingers seeking the g-spot.

Faye I realized wasn't being attended to, so the humanitarian in me sought out her pussy from the front with my other hand. Her slit wet beneath the

water, it amazed me how smooth her pubic mound was against the palm of my hand. Mom twisted a finger around the piggy tail and pulled again. This time the added lubricant aided its exit and slowly the plug slid fully out. The thing was more than double the size of the previous butt plug and I wondered how my wife had even carried it around inside her half the day, let alone have it inserted in the first place. I looked on fascinated as my mother licked around my wife's now open, gaping asshole. The dark hollow surrounded by the pink rim. She moved down to Trish's pussy and her mouth was on her clit, Mom's face firmly glued to my wife's cunt. The sight was too much. Faye could feel me cumming and broke her kiss smiling at me, looking down at the water to see my cum float up to the surface. "Oh shit!" I finally sighed as she drained the last of my sperm.

Trish looked down at the water. "Oh my god, Calvin did you just cum in the spa?"

I sheepishly looked at the white blobs floating around on the surface. "Ah yeah, sorry."

"Sorry about my husband ladies, I can't take him anywhere!" Trish apologized. "Maybe we should take our drinks inside while Calvin cleans up."

The women deserted the tub to leave me to collect my cum in a glass. It was humiliating but I didn't mind. I was on top of the world.

* * * * *

When I finally came inside the women had taken it upon themselves to dress. Mom was back in her white peasant dress, Trish in the denim skirt she'd arrived in and Faye, I guess you could say she was dressed. In a black

body stocking, see-through and crotch-less, I found my cock hardening again at the sight.

"We'll need a top up Calvin." Mom mentioned, holding her empty glass out as I passed. I knew what was happening. Earlier it was Trish that was our servant to make up for her indiscretions, now with the balance of gender firmly in the female camp, I would be their help. I wasn't complaining. Naked, I walked to the kitchen and picked up the last bottle of wine, returning as Trish began to break the news about our offer to have our mom's move in with us. Moving to each woman as I filled their glasses my cock grew until I was again fully erect. It was simply from being naked amongst the women. It was thrilling. Finally I sat down next to my mother and her hand casually went to my cock and began to stroke me as though it was a natural thing. The way you would stroke a cat that sat on your lap.

"I can't speak for Heather but I would love to!" Faye responded, ecstatic.

"That apartment of mine is awful; I've wanted to leave for years. Yes. Yes. Thank you both." She came over and sat beside me, first kissing me on the cheek and then joining my mother's hand on my cock.

"What about you Heather?" Trish asked, my wife continually looking down at my cock. "Will you join us?"

Trish allowed her legs to part and I could see her white panties. Mom's eyes I noticed were drawn to the sight as well. "I'd be delighted to Trish. Thank you my dear." Mom turned to me. "And you darling. You've made me so happy."

I leaned forward and kissed her mouth and pulled back before kissing her again, this time more passionately. My mother's tongue touched my lips, my own. I saw Trish rise and kneel down beside my mother, her hand took her

face from mine and then Trish was kissing her, climbing onto her lap in the process.

I turned my attention to Faye as both hers and my mother's hands continued to pull on my cock, Faye's at the base, Mom's at the head becoming slick with my pre-cum. Faye's mouth was welcoming and her tongue eager to wrestle with mine. I placed a hand at her crotch and her legs spread. My finger sliding easily inside her. I needed to fuck someone and Faye was closest to hand.

Losing their grips on my cock I stood and went down between Faye's legs. She raised her pelvis to my face as it approached and I pressed my nose and mouth into her dripping slit. My lips wrapped around her labia on the left and I sucked along its length followed by the right, then burying my tongue deep into her vagina. Back up to her clit I rose and sucked on her little engorged button.

To my left, Trish and Mom had helped each other out of their clothes and the sight of my wife lowering her pussy down between my mother's spread legs had me feeling giddy. I raised my body up and Faye reached down to guide my cock inside her. Deep I plunged. My pubic bone grinding against her clit. Back out fully, my cock dripping with her wet and again inside. "Oh yes fuck me Daddy. Fuck me good!" It was the second time she'd called me 'Daddy' and I loved it. Mom had fallen back on the couch close enough to Faye for their heads to touch as Trish ground her pussy against my Mom's. I turned Faye's face as I fucked her and watched as my mother and mother-in-law made out like wanton whores.

Faster and faster I thrust inside Faye, moving two fingers to her clit and further stimulating her. It did the trick, with her breaking the kiss with Mom and arching her neck back as she came on my cock. "Fuck Daddy yes. I'm

cumming Daddy. Oh god yesss." She hissed as her body twitched below me. I pulled out but kept my hand on her pussy to prolong her orgasm. I had to fuck my wife or my mother. I needed to cum inside one of them. It was decided for me when Trish climbed across Mom towards Faye. We kissed as she passed and Faye stretched out along the couch as her daughter lay down with her. It was a tender sight. Mother and daughter together, their hands finding each other's pussy, their breasts pressing, their mouths connected. I could have watched it all night but I had other things on my mind.

Mom was ready. Her pussy was dripping and too slick when I pressed my cock to her. I pulled back and lowered my face to her, licking up a mouthful of hers and Trish's juice. Back again with my erection and slowly slid inside my mother's vagina, to the hilt. I wrapped my arms around her and felt her legs encircle my hips, pulling me inside her further, trapping me in her. Her tits against my chest, I kissed her mouth and she opened, allowing my tongue to penetrate. The thrusting began and I knew I wouldn't last long. "I love you so much Mom." I confessed.

I saw a tear in the corner of her eye and I kissed it away as I continued to fuck her.

"Oh my baby boy I love you too. Fuck me baby. Fuck your Mommy. Cum in me baby. Cum inside Mommy!" She panted between thrusts and I was happy to do as told.

Clasping a hand behind her head and the other beneath her ass I began to cum. Our mouths opened against each other and I held my breath as each spurt of cum flowed forth inside her. Mom opened her mouth wider in a silent scream as I thrust one more time and she too began to cum. A shared

incestuous orgasm between mother and son, the most beautiful, natural thing on earth.

I looked across to Faye and Trish smiling back at us, wrapped in each other's arms and legs. "Now that would've been a nice photo!" Faye declared and the three of us laughed.

"What are you laughing about?" Trish asked.

"Oh, I'll show you later." Faye replied.

I kissed Mom again and slid my still hard cock in and out of her saturated pussy.

"Oh I forgot to tell you all." Trish exclaimed. "I booked the house for another night. We don't have to leave until Tuesday!"

It was almost the best news I'd heard all day.

Lights, Camera, Incest

At thirty-five years of age, moving back into my family home, (with a parent still in residence mind you) wasn't the greatest thing to happen in my life. However, a messy divorce and the abrupt termination of a lease on my apartment saw me back in my childhood bedroom, a full fifteen years after I left. It wasn't all bad I hasten to add. Mom was glad of the company and it enabled me to secure funds, ultimately to regain my independence.

For two months it felt we weren't so much mother and son, more like flat mates. She had her life, work, friends. And I had mine. Namely work, with many of my marriage's mutual friends siding with my wife. And so, we existed. Under the same roof, shared expenses, shared food and after a chance discovery, a shared bed. I can tell you the exact day and time my feelings for my mother turned from love to lust. If you're curious, it was a Saturday and it was 10:35am. But I'm sure you're more interested in the 'how?'

I was absently scrolling through channels on the television mid Sunday morning when Mom huffed in my general direction as she passed by holding laundry. "What?" I laughed.

"You know what," she sniggered and I acquiesced by switching off the TV.

"I'm bored," I defended my inaction and she again scoffed.

"Well, if you're looking for something to do, clean out all your old junk from the garage. But in the meantime, come help me make the bed."

Neither were the most interesting of endeavors, but short of something else to focus on, followed her progress toward the bedroom.

Strangely, the realization I'd not entered her domain since my return to the house had an impact on me. No reason as to why it should, but helping her with the 'hospital corners,' I felt like getting it over with as soon as possible. Extra cushions perfectly aligned and a throw rug strategically positioned, we soon had it looking like a Good Housekeeping cover and I made to leave before I noticed her closet door.

"What's with this?" I touched the misaligned sliding mirrored door, clearly off its track.

"Oh, that bloody thing," she waved her hand dismissively. "It always falls off the rail."

I gave it a wobble and a tug and on closer inspection could see the problem, a spanner needed to solve the issue.

"Your father had to fix it every few months," she added.

"And how long's it been like this then?" I asked, the ability to close the door completely removed and I waited for Mom to reply, finally turning when she didn't.

She was watching me, the dirty sheets wrapped in her arms. "Since he..." She paused and I knew as to why she'd struggled in responding. Dad's illness, diagnosis, and eventual passing had been swift and in the two years since, the broken door was stark evidence I'd not been around enough to support her. I now was man of the house and starting right then, I determined to right at least one wrong.

"Well," I chuckled to return some levity to the morning. "I was looking for something to do!"

Mom looked past me toward the closet and the partly open door.

"Oh, you don't have too," she moved to my side of the bed, standing between me and the closet in a not-so-subtle attempt to obscure, 'something.'

"It's no problem," I headed out of the room, lightly touching her arm as I left in an attempt at consoling. Allowing her to take care of whatever was in the closet she was uncomfortable with me viewing.

When I returned with the suitable tools, she was gone. A dressing gown thrown over the large cardboard box I'd spied on the floor inside the closet, hinted at what she'd been nervous about. But why? There are those moments where you know what you're about to do could have drastic effects and you contemplate whether to do them. This was my moment. Before I began work on the door, I took a step back to be sure she wasn't coming down the hallway then reached in and lifted the gown.

The box was closed with a simple fold and with an admittedly shaking hand, (memories of sneaking peeks at Christmas presents coming to mind) I lifted one of the flaps. I was actually kind of disappointed when I saw VHS cassette covers. Dad had been a collector of films and my initial thought was this was his excess storage space. A cursory inspection of a label had me doubting this however. A date. Nothing more. More than ten years previous. The others proved similar, no description as to what they contained, only dates. The size of the box had me calculating how many tapes were held inside without removing any more, and I came up with more than fifty. What was on them? Tv shows? Sporting events Dad had wanted to preserve?

I placed the gown back over the box, cursing myself for not taking note of how it was covered in the first place and went to work on the door. Just in time too, with Mom entering to see how I was progressing.

"Thank you for this," she said as she sat upon the bed to watch. To watch? I wondered. Or to make sure I didn't look inside the closet? I put it out of my mind as I effectively reattached the sliding mechanism and had the door back in working order, demonstrating to her the ease of opening and closing. "Thank you Honey," she repeated and I was rewarded with a kiss. Not completely a foreign sign of affection from her, but in the circumstances, unexpected.

*

I let it slip from my mind. It wasn't until at least three days later that I even thought of the box. Its contents. It entered my head when cleaning out the garage of my old ephemera. Books to donate to charity, toys and games from my childhood that had no real value but the sentimental. There were DVDs that I put aside to watch again, before at the bottom of a box I found old dubbed VHS wrestling tapes.

I dumped them straight into the rubbish before the lightbulb went on in my head. What WAS on those tapes, I wondered? I no longer owned a VCR. I was pretty sure Mom didn't either. Now that I thought of it, nor had any of my friends. What was the likelihood of finding a working one on Craigslist, I wondered? And for what reason? Some probably irrelevant TV shows from the past stored in my Mom's wardrobe? It was only when opening a box of old electrical cables and power boards, did I discover the answer to my dilemma.

I'd never seen it before. It was old enough for Mom and Dad to have had it when I was still at home, and if they had, I'd definitely never seen it used. An old bulky video camera, most likely from the 90's, the deck revealing it to indeed be VHS. As if some premonition of what was to be, a strange

feeling washed over me, my hands becoming slightly clammy, my stomach turning.

I turned it on and wasn't surprised it didn't function, the battery clearly being long dead. However, upon searching further in the box I found a charging pack and set about restoring power to the ageing machinery. Probably doesn't even work anymore. I told myself as I found a box of my old comics and set about losing myself in the adventures of the X-Men.

It was three hours later and on my third trip back from the kitchen with beer, that I noticed the red light on the charger had turned to green. Rescuing one of my wrestling tapes from the bin, I loaded it and the battery back into the camera, pressed play and brought the small viewfinder to my eye.

In black and white, Stone Cold Steve Austin was knocking beer cans together prior to chugging in the middle of the ring and I switched it off with a weird feeling in my gut. I didn't want to admit it to myself, but I had a growing suspicion from the moment I found them what may have been on the video tapes in Mom's closet. I couldn't bring myself to openly contemplate it but now that I had a working player, there was nothing preventing me from finding out. Of course, I could just ignore it. Put the camera away and forget about the box in the bedroom. I could do that. But I knew I wouldn't. Curiosity had the better of me and now I just had to bide my time for a chance to investigate.

*

Two days passed. I worked longer hours than Mom and had to travel further to and from. My time home alone was non-existent. I thought of sneaking into her room while she was in the bathroom. She'd announced her decision to take a bath Friday night and immediately my mind went to the

videotapes. I controlled myself. I would be violating her privacy looking at the videos to begin with, I didn't want to exacerbate it by loitering outside her en suite door while she was naked. Naked. I repeated to myself and I finally admitted what I expected to find on the tapes. Was it possible? So many questions. Why did Dad have a video camera he'd kept secret from me? Why else would Mom attempt to hide the cache of tapes?

I figuratively slapped myself across the face. Nonsense. Dad didn't make dirty movies! Maybe the tapes did have some adult content, but it was probably recorded from cable television or something. Whatever the case, I went to bed Friday night with no resolution but the satisfaction I had the means to solve the conundrum.

*

Was I becoming obsessed? You bet. But with Mom playing tennis Saturday morning at her club, I was finally afforded the time alone to put an end to the mystery that had me ensconced. The moment her car reversed from the drive, I was hurtling through the house like a madman. I could see how ridiculous was my behaviour, entering Mom's personal space to snoop through her closet. I justified it to myself that maybe I was saving her from embarrassment. Maybe she didn't know what was on Dad's tapes. Maybe they WERE porn that Dad had acquired and Mom hadn't got around to investigating herself.

When I placed the first in the camera and knelt on the floor of her room, pressing play and squinting into the one-inch screen, it was worse than I'd imagined. Or was it better?

The tape hadn't begun at the start. Clearly by what was occurring on screen, much had taken place beforehand. The room was unmistakable, the one in

which I now sat. The subject, or more to the point, the actor who took up the bulk of the scene, immediately recognizable.

My dad wasn't a small man. His back, which I knew well, was hairy. What I hadn't expected to ever discover was what he looked like from this particular angle. The camera focused on his legs, ass and hirsute balls as he thrust into what I could only fathom was my mother. The sight was admittedly nauseating and for a moment I regretted my every action. I shouldn't have seen this. No one should have to see this! And then, admittedly unable to remove my eyes, he rose from between her legs and left the bed.

The sight of my father's glistening erection would be singed on my brain forever but the burn was soothed somewhat when the camera was taken up from wherever it had been positioned. A moment of unsteady blurriness before it was trained upon my mother. Having remained in her prone position, Dad zoomed in on her surprisingly smiling face before panning down her torso. It was a feeling I'd never experienced. I was witness to something so forbidden that I had to remind myself to breathe. My mother's large breasts, separated as she lay on her back, sat before me. Pale, rounded. Nipples hard amid the shadow of areola. Dad panned down and onto her full bush, her legs spread wide it afforded me an unobscured view of her vulva amid dark pubic hair, and the cum that slowly flowed from her vagina.

Her hand slid down to cup her sex and Dad pulled back, taking one last shot of her entire body. She was naked, she was content and she was ethereally beautiful. The screen turned to black and then snow, the time showing 10:35am, all that was left for me to stare at on the display as I felt the world turn on its axis.

I was right. I was not supposed to see this. A son was never meant to view his mother so. To see her exposed. To see her sex so carnally displayed. But the erection that strained against the confines of my jeans was evidence I wanted to see more. Feverishly I ejected the tape and sought another from the box. Could they all hold similar? If it was the case, there were potentially hundreds of hours of my mother naked, caught on film for posterity.

I didn't look at the dates listed on the label but this time I noted the tape was wound to the beginning. It started with a wonky shot of the living room, the décor as it was today so little idea of the year. Dad's voice way too close to the microphone told someone to enter as though he were directing a scene and moments later Mom walked into the room. Immediately I removed my eye from the viewfinder and pressed stop on the tape. She didn't deserve this. A tiny black and white image.

My days awaiting time alone in the house hadn't been entirely idle. From my back pocket I pulled the composite cables I'd ferreted out of the electronics box and slotted them into the camera. Fortuitously, Mom's old LCD bedroom television had the appropriate plugs and I had the camera connected in seconds, AV selected and standing back to begin the show.

I swallowed a lump in my throat. Mom was in black heels. The purple fishnet stockings she wore must have come with the lingerie above, their color matching perfectly. Thigh highs, they were connected with suspenders to the bodice and between was the tiniest pair of panties she could possibly have found.

As if he read my thoughts, Dad whispered for her to turn and I watched as Mom, with one hand on the mantel above the fire place displayed her ass. It was as I suspected, a thong. The string disappearing between her luscious

bare buttocks. I felt light headed as she, without encouragement, leaned forward and spread her legs, the bulge of pussy split down the middle by a thin purple string.

This was insane. This woman was not my mother. Mom got embarrassed when there were sex scenes in movies for fuck's sake! I wanted to fast forward and see where it led but the box beckoned me and I pressed stop just as she turned and ran her hands up to her breasts. Should I have been rewinding them to their original position as I went, I wondered as I ejected and sought another? Probably. But my dick was in charge now and thinking ahead, I released it from its bonds as I stuffed another tape into the deck.

Of this date, I took notice. Only a year before Dad died. Much like the last, Mom was the opening act and it was possible from the stillness of the camera, Dad wasn't even there. She wore a long evening dress that I'd certainly never seen her wear to any of our family get-togethers. And how could she? There was barely anything covering her breasts. Brazenly braless, they bulged around the black material and the shadow of areola was visible; her midriff was exposed and a slit in the skirt ran to her upper pelvis. With long black gloves she was clearly playing to the camera as she took hold of the hem of the split and allowed it to reveal her groin.

As a furry mound of manicured pussy came into view, I'm ashamed to admit the small amount of pressure of my hand around my cock caused me to spontaneously ejaculate.

I hadn't cum that quickly since I was a teenager! Aghast I attempted to mitigate the damage, cupping a hand over the head of my cock as I released into my palm. It was a complete disaster, cum dripping to the carpet below. I looked up at the screen to at least gain extra stimulus from my mother, to take something from my impromptu orgasm. She'd squatted, leaning back

with legs obscenely spread. Though the resolution was low, the image a square frame within the 16:9 display, she none the less looked immaculate. A (considering the footage was captured nearly three years previous) fifty-three-year-old goddess, nonchalantly masturbating in the living room of this very house, all in front of a camera.

As the pleasure of my orgasm abated and the cum ceased its flow, I took stock of my situation. What was wrong with me? Like a common pervert I was sneaking around the house, invading privacy and ultimately spoiling her space with my seed. I charged into her bathroom taking care to not leak from my hand and unrolled a large spool of toilet paper, wiping my hand and dick clean of the semen before disposing the evidence in the toilet. More paper and back to the cabinet the television was mounted upon. Her carpet long pile, the cum had soaked into the fibers and obsessively I cleaned the impacted area. Shame descended. I hated myself. What was next, going through her underwear drawer?

Much as I hated to admit to myself then and there, that didn't sound like such a bad thing but chased the thought away as I scrutinized the floor for remnants. The perfect crime, I supposed, I looked back up at the still playing video. A completely different scenario. Dad was obviously holding the camera and Mom wore bikini bottoms and no top. Sunning herself in the back yard upon a beach towel, her skin slick with suntan I watched as Dad aimed the camera downwards and revealed his erection.

With large sunglasses covering her eyes, Mom seemed gleeful as she took his cock in hand and then mouth. I hastily pressed stop on the camera and stood back in absolute shock. A glance across to the box still in the closet. My initial guess as to fifty cassettes seemed to be conservative. The depth suggesting there was possibly closer to double that number, if not more.

That was hundreds of hours of footage. I wanted to see all of it. Right then, right there. I could have gladly spent all day going from one tape to the next just to see what she wore, what sex act she performed. But this wasn't possible. My orgasm had been a stark display of how unprepared I was. The only TV in the house that could easily display the camera was in Mom's room. How often would I get this opportunity? I needed a better solution.

*

When I arrived home from the electronics store, Mom's car was in the driveway. It gave my heart a flutter but also filled me with apprehension. Had I placed the tapes back according to how I'd found them? Was there absolutely no trace of my cum on her floor? Would she smell my presence in her room? A sick feeling in my stomach, had I actually flushed the semen filled toilet paper? It was just paranoia. I'd been meticulous in my coverup, I knew that. Even re-entering her room multiple times to be sure no trace was evident.

I HAD removed items however. A whole level of videotapes. My own wrestling tapes rescued from the trash to stand in for the originals. What if she chose today to go through the box? My own cleaning out of the garage inspiring her to spring clean her own closet? I put the thought aside. Again paranoia. Taking a deep breath, I left my car with my newly acquired cables and entered the house. And there she was.

Clearly having not been home long, she remained in her tennis attire and it was now I wondered if her skirt had always been so short? And if so, why hadn't I noticed before now? She sat upon a backless stool at the kitchen bench and fortuitously was leaning over the counter as I entered the room behind her. The pleated white skirt rose off the seat and as she strained to retrieve her phone from the other side of the marble surface, her underwear

came into view. Light blue knickers, full backed briefs that looked to be nylon or some other shiny material. "You're home," she noted as I paused momentarily to take in the view, her plump buttocks bulging out the fabric, exposed pale skin of her upper thighs and yes, there it was. The lump of pussy that begged to be inhaled, kissed, fucked.

She sat back down and the temptation was taken away from me. Not before time too, as I felt the stirring of an erection in my shorts. "Yeah, had to go out," I eventually responded as I headed through the kitchen, eager to get to my room and test out my purchase.

"Have you eaten?" She asked before I could vacate and I forced myself to stop and look back. An empty plate before her, she was finishing a mouthful as she looked at her phone, her mouth unpainted just as it'd been in the last images of the video, her lips wrapping around a cock. That did it. My own penis moving inside my pants as blood surged into its length.

"Ah, yeah I had something before I left," I lied for no particular reason, crossing the kitchen and pouring myself a glass of water.

"Look at this," Mom stated as I drank and I looked back as she circled the bench-top, slowly walking toward me, eyes still on her phone. "It's a video I made."

I choked on the water mid swallow, some even coming out of my nose as I turned back to the sink.

"You okay?" She laughed as I felt her hand on my back, tapping as I coughed.

"Yeah, just went down the wrong hole," I dismissed, looking once more upon her.

"Well, like I was saying," she concentrated again on her phone. "Check out Denise," she giggled. "You know, my friend from the club."

I looked down at her phone as she tilted it in my direction, sidling in beside me to watch along. Admittedly I took in my fair share of her cleavage, what looked to be a white sports bra poking out around her t-shirt.

"What am I looking at here?" I asked as I concentrated on the screen, Mom filming her friend practicing her serves as she watched on from the sideline. And then I saw it, her short skirt flipping up with the follow through, what looked to be lace panties beneath. From behind the phone came the laughter of multiple women before I heard Mom's voice.

"You're terrible Denise," Mom laughed.

Another woman chiming in. "Go on, show us." To which Denise lifted her skirt to reveal the hot pink lace underwear, the hem cutting across her buttocks.

Once more a chorus of laughter before the video ended and began playing again from the beginning.

"Why are you showing me this?" I was flabbergasted. The sexuality on display, overt.

"Well, it's funny," she laughed, absently flicking through other images on her screen. "It's classic Denise."

"Okay."

"Well, you aren't supposed to wear..." She paused. "...well, lingerie when you're playing. It should be just normal knickers...like these."

I supposed it was innocent. A week before and without the insight into my mother's private life, I would've believed it. Now it was just as overtly

sexual as Denise's tennis upskirts. Mom took hold of the front of her skirt and raised it up to reveal her panties. Having already spied them from behind, I was now treated to an unrestricted view of her pubic mound, the light blue material delving between the bumps of her upper labia. It was beautiful.

I raised a hand in jest to shield my eyes from the sight. That would be a son's normal reaction would it not? In fact, merely blocking her eyes from seeing where mine remained focused. I wanted to stare for as long as possible. I cared not that I could feel my cock hardening further in my shorts, doubting she'd notice anyway. Why would a mother look at her son's crotch?

"I'm blind," I joked and sadly whilst laughing she took it from my sight, lowering her skirt.

"Oh alright," she giggled. "You can look again."

I'd never stopped.

"So, this friend of yours, Denise. She single?" I jokingly inquired and Mom slapped me on the arm as she crossed the kitchen with her plate.

"She's too old for you," she laughed as I followed her progress, her skirt once more riding up on her thighs as she leaned forward to open the dishwasher, the briefest glimpse of her panties.

"Maybe my tastes are maturing," I muttered to myself, risking a rub of my crotch just before Mom turned and I managed to evade her eyes.

"What?"

"Oh...nothing," I felt myself redden.

"Well, I'm having as shower," she looked at me suspiciously as she vacated the kitchen.

I had to be more careful.

*

Why WOULD she show me that video? I pondered as I set up my rig. The camera I hid beneath my desk, the newly acquired cables running up the back to join my laptop. If Mom happened to enter the room, the video camera wouldn't be noticed. When not at home, I'd place it in my closet or even back in the garage. I thought of our interaction in the kitchen. Was it to tease me? I plugged in a two-terabyte hard drive and the adapter for transferring VHS to MP4 and turned everything on. Was her plan the whole time to get me to see her panties? Was it her intent when I first walked in, her ass on display? It was all a fancy, I told myself. It was possible Mom had always acted like that, nonchalant about how much of her body she was exposing, yet now that I was harboring incestuous fantasies it was only becoming obvious to me.

Whatever. I pressed play on the camera and watched with satisfaction, the image appearing on my screen of Mom on her bed. Masturbating. Only one more thing to do and I navigated the menus and found what I was after.

'Copy to file.'

*

The sound of the shower running in the background had long ended and I anticipated her arrival not long after by switching off the screen of my computer. Mom finding me innocently reading a book in my chair.

"Going next door for a coffee," she held the door frame. Dressed in casual leggings and a sweater, she still looked great and much as I was thrilled to

have her out of the house, I was somewhat disappointed she was leaving. A paradox. "Want to come?"

"What? To June's?" I referred to our next-door neighbor.

"Well, you said you were bored the other day. You'd be getting out of the house."

I looked to the camera hidden beneath my desk.

"Nah, it's alright. I've found something to keep me occupied."

'An hour or two.' Was the time frame she gave me. And I intended to make the most of it. It had occurred to me early on, making quick trips to and from her bedroom to snatch a video tape or two wasn't going to cut it. Like a junkie in search of a fix, I needed it as soon as possible, all of it. And the only way for that to happen was if I had my own copies. The quick test of her masturbating was successful and I saved the file on the hard drive. Now for the rest of them. With her gone, I dragged the entire box from her room and into my own. Heavier, bigger than I expected, I was right when I'd deduced there to be more than a hundred. 121 VHS tapes to be exact. It was ridiculous to look at when I lined them up on my bedroom floor and attempted to organize them into order by date. Some of the tapes with 4hr run times, I calculated conservatively there to more than 350 hours of potential mom porn for me to wade through, to dub. It was a huge undertaking. But if ever there was a man for the job, it was me!

*

I found the first. It was confusing as the first thirty or so weren't labelled by day or month, only year. But when I began playing a random cassette just to view its contents, I struck gold. The beginning, and an answer to a lot of questions.

Obviously Dad filming, the recording began with a tour through the house, eventually ending up in the kitchen where it looked like Mom was making lunch. The sun streaming through the window AND her dress, Dad focused on her and advanced from behind. "Say something to the camera," Dad's voice came from behind the screen and Mom turned. It was then I noticed how much she'd aged since. Not in a bad way mind you. It's funny, you don't see the progression of time on those you see often and seventeen years can do a lot to one's appearance. Her hair was long, as long as I remembered it being when I was a child. Fascinated with her locks then and Mom more than willing for her son to brush it to his heart's content. The remembrance brought a smile to my face and as she in turn beamed, a hardness to my pants.

"You got it working!" She waved at the camera and the white dress once again revealed its transparent nature. The curve of her torso and hips silhouetted by the sunlight behind.

"Best twenty bucks we've ever spent! And you didn't want to go to the yard sale!" Dad laughed. "Do something."

Bemused, Mom scratched her head, biting her lip before looking behind her and out of the window momentarily. On returning, she raised her hands to the front of her dress and without pause, undid the buttons leading down the front.

"Jesus, Philippa?" Dad remarked as we watched together, mother and wife expose her bra-less chest, cupping her boobs and seductively playing to the camera. "Leo's just outside."

The mention of my name was startling. If the date on the tape was correct, I was aware I was still living there at the time, but that it was happening when I was actually at home! It was mind blowing. "He's playing with his

car," Mom dismissed Dad's apprehension and advanced on the camera. "What, don't you like it?" She giggled.

"No, no, I like it fine Baby," he attempted to sound cool and I laughed at Dad myself. He was no 'cool' guy. A stuffed shirt if ever there was one.

"Then you won't mind if I...?" Mom questioned and she lowered her hands down to the skirt of her dress and raised it up her legs.

"Christ Babe," Dad exclaimed as he lowered the camera and it nauseatingly panned across the cupboard doors. "Are we really doing this?"

"What? It's just a bit of fun," Mom countered and I watched enthralled. The action out of sight, but their conversation conveniently explaining so very much.

"But what if Leo sees it?" Dad was thinking rationally and there was an extended pause before the camera was lifted and Mom's hands came away from the lens, her mischievous face smiling at the screen.

"What he doesn't know can't hurt him," she stated and I could see the front of her dress was now fully undone, her panties removed. She leaned back on the bench-top and slid a hand down her stomach into her thick furrow of pubic hair...

It was her. All along I'd been under the misguided and blatantly sexist impression Dad had coerced her into the films. No. It was her idea. My cock was a rock-hard tower inside my shorts and I undid my fly and let it breathe as I rewound the tape to begin dubbing the first video.

And so, it began.

*

Four days later and I'd refined it to a fine art. Recording in real time the entirety of each video tape no matter the contents, editing digitally later. I set my alarm for three- or four-hour intervals overnight corresponding to the length of the cassette, sleeping in shifts between. Much as I'd initially frowned upon sneaking into her room, I found to achieve my endeavor, it was necessary. Taking the opportunity whenever it should arise; when she was showering; ensconced in a TV show; even to my shame, when she was on the toilet. I began to justify the deception in that I was doing her a service. Was it possible she in fact kept the tapes to hold on to the memory of Dad? My actions, (however nefarious) were consolidating the act. Preserving his image in a longer lasting format, for posterity.

I told myself that as I delved into the box once again. Taking a whole layer of cassettes as she hung out washing in the back yard. Setting up another recording and I as usual grew hard as I looked upon the shiny pink spandex pants she wore. Such that wouldn't look out of place on a street walker. Zoomed in on her pussy, Mom pulled them high on her waist and highlighted her folds as Dad ran his fingers all over her crotch, between her legs. She turned and the same actions were performed on her ass. Mom clearly not wearing panties, Dad had the pleasure of fingering her crack from top to bottom, using his knuckle to stimulate her clit. She leaned forward and the wetness of her sex showed through, Dad a genius at holding the camera and pleasing his wife simultaneously.

Did she still own them? I wondered, thinking of the spandex pants a day later. And what of the rest of the lingerie and yes, costumes, I'd seen her wearing as the years progressed in celluloid. Had she held on to them? I was envious of my father. That she'd worn them for him. Was there any chance she could still wear them for me?

I'd told myself I wouldn't do it, go through her underwear drawer. It was a step too far. Such an invasion of her privacy. And yet, a day later, there I was. Calling in to work with a feigned illness, I found myself with a day alone in the house. With a recording in progress, I trance-like made my way to her room and watched as I saw myself open the topmost drawer of her dresser. And there they were. All manner of delicacies. A spectrum of colors and materials. Panties clearly for comfort and those for play. The drawer below housed teddies, sleepwear, a baby doll I recognized from a solo recording where she masturbated upon the bed.

And further down. Leggings, tights and yes, the shocking pink of remembered spandex. There was no reason I couldn't take the baton from my father. Rub my fingers along her heavenly crack, to feel the same wetness seep through and have her scent upon my own knuckles...

Ridiculous, I admitted to myself. There WAS a reason. And it was a doozy. She was my mother for god's sake. I was delusional. I slammed the drawer shut and turned to see my reflection in the mirrored door of her closet. I was gaunt from excessive masturbation and lack of sleep. I was so swept up in a clearly unhealthy fantasy that I was even missing work, not to mention a social life to comply to its needs. Enough, I told myself. I'd finish my 'project' for the good of humanity and attempt to find a more socially acceptable outlet for my sexual appetite. Enough of the unobtainable fantasies of maternal incest. It would never happen.

Never.

Ever.

And then I was thrown a bone.

*

The video started out unlike most I'd seen up until then. Dad filming, his work vastly superior to his earlier efforts. No more swirling of the camera and quick pans. No, this was someone who knew what he was doing from years of experience. He followed the sound and light from the bedroom toward the bathroom and entered to capture my mother completely naked, perched upon the edge of the bathtub. Legs spread wide, she was in the process of spraying shaving foam into her palm, smiling at the camera as she pressed it to her hirsute pussy.

"And you think this'll do the job?" Dad asked as Mom took up a razor and began shaving her mound.

"Well, he must have looked at least twenty times today and...nothing," Mom cryptically responded and I wondered to whom in fact she referred?

The answer coming directly.

"It was his anniversary Phil," Dad replied. "Leo was more concerned about his wife than taking peeks up his mother's skirt!"

My mouth dried instantly, my heart racing as I turned up the volume on my laptop.

Dad quite steadily lowered the camera to be looking up between my mother's thighs as she expertly removed her pubic hair, her dripping labia glistening not only from the water and foam.

"Ugh," Mom groaned. "She hates him. They hate each other. I give it another six months at most."

"And then what?" The camera began subtly shaking and I wondered if Dad was masturbating? "He turns to you for comfort?"

Mom let out a mischievous giggle. "You said yourself, all boys want to fuck their mothers!"

I reached down and paused the camera to take in what I'd just heard, recording be damned.

What the hell was going on? My anniversary. Judging by how Mom looked, I took it to mean my tenth. Our divorce was more than a year after, but Mom's prediction of six months wasn't outlandish. My mother was openly discussing sex with me in front of Dad. What had she said? I'd looked twenty times or more! At what? Up her skirt? I thought back to my wedding anniversary. We'd gone to a restaurant, my wife, Mom and Dad. I clearly remembered what my wife had worn, a tight bodycon dress we'd bought online together. She'd looked spectacular and for a time I thought our sex life could've saved our marriage. I was wrong. What had Mom worn?

It came back to me right away. We'd joked about it on the night. The two women standing beside each other to compare who had the shortest dress. Mom had won. Had I looked up her skirt? Multiple times? If I had I couldn't recall. But what was the deal with her shaving her pussy? How would that draw me into the scheme she seemingly had underway? I started the tape once more and watched even more intently.

Dad had the same question. "So how's shaving your pussy help out?" The camera even shakier than before, leaving little doubt he was indeed jerking off. "And when's he even gonna see it!?"

A valid point, I agreed.

"Well all women are shaved nowadays. Maybe he likes it better that way. And you're forgetting next weekend," Mom stated.

"What's next weekend?" Dad (and I) asked. She took a wash cloth and dripped water over her groin before wiping between her legs, revealing her smooth pubic mound. "Fuck that looks beautiful," Dad declared and the camera moved to be placed on the toilet seat, remaining focused on my mother as naked and erect, Dad shuffled between her legs.

"And he'll think so too," Mom whispered as she wrapped her arms and legs around him. "Don't you remember? We're playing tennis against them. I'm gonna make sure he notices me this time!"

My dick was as hard as Dad's. Just like that my earlier attempted dismissal of an incestuous relationship was steamrolled by my own mother's words, more to the point, her actions. Regrettably, the tennis match had never eventuated. The cruel hand of fate saw Dad become ill and was in and out of hospital. What had she planned to do? Blatantly flaunt her sex from the other side of the net? We would always have a post-game drink. Had she planned to spread her legs in the bar, seduce her own son with the power of pussy? A bald pussy no less. How would I have reacted? Now the thought of it was ridiculously arousing and I pictured her in the kitchen upon the stool a week before. Rising up to show me her ass. I would've seen her asshole if she'd been panty less then. What about when she'd lifted her skirt to reveal her panties minutes later? Was she still shaved?

As I'd done a week before, I was ejaculating before I had a chance to prepare, standing to cum across the surface of my desk and minimize the clean-up. It was possible. All my fantasies seemingly had the ability to become reality. A tissue in hand, I fervently took care of the mess before rewinding the video to be sure.

Oh, I was sure.

*

"You think your friend, what was her name?...Denise, will be up to her tricks again?" I casually remarked as I passed Mom in the kitchen. I surreptitiously smelled her hair as we moved by one another, controlling the desire to take her in my arms and kiss her. To press my hardness against her body and declare my love.

"Who knows with her," Mom laughed and I watched her take her bottle of water from the fridge. Though upon the highest shelf it was well within reach yet she was up on her toes, her legs lengthening in the short pleated skirt. "She'll probably be wearing a thong," she added.

"Hah, yeah," I laughed. "You should go one better," I casually suggested.

All night as I recorded more of her videos, I imagined ways to admit I wanted her. To reveal I knew of her potentially shared feelings. Her regular Saturday game of tennis with friends was a prospect. Hadn't she herself originally planned it that way?

Mom looked at me quizzically. "What do you mean?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Just for a laugh...go commando."

Her reaction was as I expected. A blush coming to her chest and neck.

"Leo!" She laughed, slapping my arm as she crossed the room.

"What?" I teased. "It'd be funny. It's just you girls."

Not entirely to my surprise she seemed to be contemplating it.

"Oh...no I couldn't," she giggled, moving to her hand bag and depositing the water bottle.

"Go on. You said yourself how funny Denise was. This'd be hilarious. And I bet they'd never expect it from you."

She'd placed a hand around her racket fixing to leave, when her grip lessened.

"What, I take them off when I get there?" She actually sought my opinion.

"Yeah," I paused. "Or now?" I looked square in her eyes and tried to psychically reveal my intent, my desire for her.

The ball was in her court. Almost literally! She had the option to remove her panties before her son. It'd been nearly three years since the video in the bathroom but what I'd seen with my own eyes, heard as well, that kind of attraction bordering on incestuous obsession just didn't go away with time.

I could see the cogs turning in her head

"Oh, no. I'm already running late," she paused as if to drag out the proceedings.

"It'd only take a second," I fired back, then went for it. "Go on Mom. Take off your panties."

It was so sexual. So overtly incestuous. I could see the mental gymnastics she was performing, wondering if it was all innocent or was there far more to the suggestion? I gave her an out.

"Just for a laugh," I added and it immediately calmed her exterior.

"I guess it **WOULD** be funny," she chuckled and released her hold on the racket and her handbag. "Alright, I'll do it!"

It caught my breath when I heard the words. In my wildest fantasies I didn't even imagine her actually agreeing, and then, to see her reach up under her white pleated skirt and take hold of her underwear, I could have fainted.

With her eyes trained on me, she pulled yellow panties down below the hem

and over her knees. One sneaker then the next was carefully pulled through the delicate material before she once more stood tall, holding her panties.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she laughed as I felt my cock harden. In track pants, I did nothing to hide its expected waking, willing her eyes to look down at my arousal. She quickly looked at her watch, then back at her panties. "I'd better get going," she admitted before almost whispering as her eyes met mine. "Can you put these in the wash for me?"

Her hand reached out towards me and I reacted almost too quickly, lunging forward to accept the offering. And what a gift it was. For a mother to present her warm panties to her son, why shouldn't I be enthusiastic to receive this blessing? Our hands touched as she gently placed her knickers into my palm, her eyes momentarily reading mine, the lust surely evident before she glanced away, reaching out for her bag and racket and was flying from the room. "Better get going," she giggled playfully as I begged her skirt to flick up with her movement. It didn't. But who was I to demand more? I'd essentially ordered my mother to take off her panties and she'd gladly complied. I'd made the first move and it'd been monumentally successful. What more was to come?

*

I'd be lying if I said I immediately complied with her wishes. The soft nylon Lycra blend of her yellow sports knickers was far too tempting to simply dispose of in the laundry. No, I kept them with me as I went back to my work. Close at hand as I dubbed more of her videos. The occasional caress and yes, I'm not too ashamed to admit, I breathed in their scent. Was it her panties? Was it the footage I watched of my mother in lingerie, in the bath, the shower? Was it the potential of our coupling in the real world? Whatever, probably all of the former. But for three hours, my cock

remained hard. Not just erect. Easily the hardest, longest lasting erection of my life. It was proof undeniable of the lust, the love I felt for her. And to top it off. I knew she felt the same.

*

It was only minutes after I placed her underwear in the laundry hamper, did she arrive home. I nonchalantly acknowledged her return, not wishing to come across as desperate or overly thirsty. It was a facade. Inside I was a volcano of incestuous desire, ready to erupt. In turn she was coy. Had I expected to her to regale me with every detail of the day? Pretty much, but instead our interactions were not unlike the ordinary. She mentioned she'd won, to which I gave my congratulations. She asked what I'd been up to and I steered clear of sniffing her panties and watching her masturbate with the handheld shower extension on VHS. Clearly, we were dancing around the inevitable and finally unable to take anymore, I broached the subject.

"So, ah...what was the reaction?" I muttered and clearly having been thinking the same thing, she answered immediately without needing clarification.

"They didn't even notice!" She seemed suitably disappointed.

"Oh, really!?" I replied, incredulous.

"I know right!"

"Maybe it just doesn't fly up when you play," I proposed, hoping she'd offer me a practice swing or serve to inspect.

"Hmm, maybe," she seemed despondent. "Shame, you're right, it would've been funny."

"Oh well, maybe next time," I suggested as she began to leave the room.

"Maybe," she repeated. "Anyway, I'm taking a shower." She informed and I struggled to come up with anything to make her stay, or if I was honest, have her invite me in with her, merely nodding my acknowledgement.

I took my eyes off her as she exited the kitchen and she was half way down the hall when she called my name. "Hey Leo," Mom playfully laughed and I looked just in time to see her lift the rear of her skirt. Her bottom pushed out, I stared as my mother mooned me. The moment lasted less than a second I supposed but I recall it even to this day, the smoothness of her cheeks, the darkness of the crevice. The way her thighs clung together with her feet turned inward slightly. "At least someone got to see!" She laughed as she disappeared into her bedroom, the door closing behind her.

I admit I was awestruck. Yes, I'd heard what she'd declared on the video about incest. Yes, she'd only hours before placed her warm panties in my hand. But this was the first time I'd seen her nudity in the flesh. Playful, risqué and yes, beautiful. I closed my eyes for the briefest of seconds and there she was once more, tennis skirt raised, bare ass on display for me and me alone.

But what did it mean? I asked myself as I walked down the hall. Was it an invitation? Or as I'd observed, merely playful flirting? A mother just following through with the joke she'd meant for her peers? I paused outside her bedroom and debated whether I should follow her in. The door closed. Wouldn't she have left it ajar? For me to peek through and see her disrobe? For her eyes to drift to mine and then call me to enter? That's what should have happened. Instead, this. A mixed signal if ever there was. A barrier on any potential coupling. With the sound of the shower turning on, I left to check on my recording.

*

A wine with dinner. Did we need alcohol to facilitate the potential illicit act of mother/son romance? Probably not. But if the incestuous lubricating properties of a fine Riesling, along with my admittedly impeccably cooked salmon couldn't encourage my mother into the bedroom, nothing could.

It wasn't all smooth sailing. I struggled to draw our conversation towards anything sexual during the meal and Mom wasn't making it easy. In fact, if I was honest, I'd suggest she deliberately avoided my eye as we dined and when I directed our discussion back to the tennis and 'the joke,' she quickly changed the subject. Did she regret what she'd done? Had the reality of flashing her naked buttocks to her son changed her sinful desires from years before? When post-dinner we'd cleaned the kitchen and still feeling hungry Mom took a small tub of yogurt from the fridge however, her actions proved otherwise.

The foil lid removed as I refilled our glasses, (wine with yogurt, I did question?) I turned back to see her seemingly waiting for me to acknowledge her. With lid in hand, she lifted it toward her mouth and suggestively poked out her tongue to lick the remnant of vanilla from the underside. It was overtly sexual. Her tongue slow to enter back in her mouth to swallow as if presenting her prize. Once more licking the lid, her eyes on me and again the creamy white yogurt, almost resembling cum upon her pink salivating tongue.

She grinned as she drew it back into her mouth. "Yummy," she declared and I fumbled my glass as I absently reached beside to retrieve it. "Did you want some?" She asked.

If it was from her mouth, savoring the taste of vanilla as we kissed? The answer was yes. If, as I expected it was from a spoon which she then reached for, I was want to decline.

"Oh, come on," she didn't take no for an answer and dipped the teaspoon into the yogurt, moving forward to hold it out in my direction. "It's delicious."

Mom stopped inches before me with spoon held up. She looked up expectedly, almost pleadingly into my eyes, and I couldn't deny her, opening my mouth to accept her offering. She was right. It was delicious and I told her so to which she smiled and regrettably took a step back. I expected her to retrieve another spoon but to my surprise, she dipped her own back into the yogurt and ate right off the same. THAT was a sign, surely. "You want more you'll have to wrestle me for it," she laughed as she again hungrily dipped into the dessert.

I took a sip from my glass and was right. Wine and yogurt didn't mix and smiled as I shook my head. Idiot, I thought as I immediately regretted my decision. Was that an honest invitation at physical contact? Had I just deprived myself of a legitimate yet playful wrestle with my mother? Yes. And I knew why. Just as I wondered if she was having doubts during dinner, I myself was beginning to question whether incest was on the cards. Shit like that didn't happen. Not to normal people like us.

"Your loss," Mom commented as she finished the small tub and disposed of the evidence. I immediately and silently agreed.

*

I opened another bottle. Fully admitting to myself now that the night had advanced, I actually did need alcohol to summon up the courage to make a move. All evening I'd looked for another opening and it came just as I was getting desperate and thinking of turning to an 'adult' channel on cable. I didn't need it. I watched as Mom left the living room. Her glass still

unfinished, I knew it wasn't final although I still held my breath until her eventual return. And return she did. With the means of seduction.

Her hair pulled out of her pony tail, she entered with eyes on the television and ran a hairbrush through her shoulder length locks. "Ugh, knots," she bemoaned as she slumped back beside me on the couch.

And there it was!

"Remember I used to brush your hair as a kid?" I chuckled as I kept my eyes on the screen and the Bruce Willis action movie, we'd both seen countless times before.

"Remember," she laughed. "Your father and I thought you may've been gay, the amount of time you spent styling my hair. We thought you'd at least grow up to be a barber."

"Ha," I laughed. "Nah, I just liked doing it I guess."

"You offering?" Mom herself watched the movie, her question more in jest.

"If you want?" I threw it back at her, nonchalantly looking in her direction.

Her reaction was immediate. Of course it was. She wasn't the knucklehead that had turned down the offer of a wrestle. "Ah, yeah!" She enthused as she handed me the hairbrush and climbed down to the floor between my legs.

I wasn't prepared, and the position I now found her in took my breath away. Her shoulders pressed my inner thighs at the knee, my feet feeling her hips upon the floor. I handed her my wine glass and she placed it upon the coffee table as I casually took her hair in hand and pressed the brush to her crown. Casually, yet inside I was a ball of nerves and sexual repression. The memories of my youth came flooding back. More than twenty-five years before, in the same position. Then so innocent. A child enjoying intimate

time with his mother, the love of his life. Now a man, feeling those same silky locks between his fingers and completely different emotions running through his mind. She sighed as I ran the brush through her hair and the sound was arousing. Wearing track pants, my cock's presence was instantly obvious, twitching under the thin layer of material and bulging my crotch.

Again, I stroked from top to bottom, encountering not one knot and I wondered if indeed there'd been any to begin with? Had this been her intention all along? Once more with the sighs and I laughed at her contentment.

"What!?" She giggled. "It's been so long since someone brushed my hair. It feels nice."

"I'm not saying anything," I grinned, my cock now a tower protruding from the cotton. No knots to be found, I abandoned the brush and before taking to her scalp with both hands, treated myself to a rub of my dick. The feeling was better than I expected and the mere stroke, the pressure of the material, had me bordering on orgasm.

I ran my fingers through her hair and massaged her head with the tips, her sighs quickly becoming uncontrolled moans. "Ahhh, that's so good," she whispered. "So good Baby," she added and I felt her tense between my legs. The way she'd uttered the words was so sexual and I wondered if she'd even surprised herself. I responded by increasing my massage. Down from her hairline and onto her neck; up behind her ears which increased her pleased utterances and feeling even more confident with my endeavors, down onto her shoulders.

For a moment I believed with horror I'd gone too far. She broke from my grip and leaned forward and I cursed myself for not going slower. Felt for

sure she'd turn and see my erection and be mortified at my unwarranted arousal. No. That wasn't what happened.

The bra strap I'd felt beneath my fingers as I touched her shoulders had obviously had an effect on both of us. Me as tactile evidence of her underwear. For her, a barrier to receiving the full massage she desired. Her hand slid up beneath her loose V-neck t-shirt and unclasped the bra, followed by her deftly removing it through the arm hole and tossing it onto the couch beside me. The whole process took less than five seconds and she was back between my legs as if nothing had changed. But everything had changed. I was now given non-verbal license to continue my fondling. Encouraged to delve further, to give her the pleasure she deserved.

I was upon her shoulders immediately, once more running my fingers up behind her ears and down to the collarbone. "Ooh yes," she enthused as I tentatively circled her neck, my little finger venturing onto her chest. Not wanting to push it, I withdrew once more to her shoulders before again circling onto her chest, my finger slightly lower. "Yesss," she uttered no more than a whisper and her hands settled upon my socked feet, caressing, encouraging.

My cock uncomfortable in its position, I moved it vertically to sit against my belly and leaning forward I was able to peer over her shoulder to see her nipples jutting out the front of her t-shirt from the light of the television. Her attire hadn't suggested sex from the time she'd left the shower that afternoon, but now I could see its benefits. Her loose-fitting shirt, the baggy track pants, all would be so easily removed (just as mine) if we were to go any further. And with my hands once more encroaching onto her chest, and the almost sexual sighs emitting from her lungs, further I went.

Her hands had crept to my shins, thumbs stimulating my calves as with one hand in her hair, I let the other drift inside the collar of her shirt. Onto her chest I ventured and got no opposition. In fact she clearly lifted her breast up toward me as I felt her heartbeat under my gentle rubbing. And then...just as Bruce Willis aptly uttered 'Yippee Ki-yay Motherfucker,' I pressed the palm of my right hand onto her left breast.

I heard her breath taken. Mine also held as I cupped her soft mammary. The hardness of her nipple pressed into my palm and I held it for what seemed an eternity. Waiting for a sign. A rejection of the advance. Quashing my inappropriate behavior and scolding my audacity. The opposite. She breathed out noticeably, her body relaxing ever more. "Mmm," she sighed and I slid her nipple between my fingers in response and again the sigh of compliance.

It was the perfect reaction and emboldened, I crossed to the other breast, stretching the collar of her t-shirt yet neither of us seemingly concerned. Her right nipple just as hard, I caressed her breast with all the affection I could muster, tweaking her nipple, moving my hand across to capture both at once between my fingers and thumb. "Oh Leo," she breathed as leaning further forward my cheek came close to hers. "So good Baby," she repeated and her elbows rose up between my thighs. The action caused my grip on her boobs to break and disheartened momentarily I fell backwards as she rose and slid back on onto my lap.

If she was surprised to feel my hard-on press between her buttocks, she didn't say. Instead, she lay fully upon me and lifted a hand up into my own hair behind her. Once more I pressed a hand upon her. My fingers creeping up under her t-shirt and feeling her soft belly, a thumb again touching nipple whilst my little finger teased the waistband of her pants. "My sweet

boy," she whispered as our cheeks pressed and I lay the gentlest of kisses beside her mouth. Her lips parted and I felt her tongue search for mine, obliging as side by side our first real kiss began.

As she licked the edge of my mouth, I plunged my hand down the front of her track pants and found pubic hair. Had I entered her panties? No. She wore none. With my other I again took a boob in hand and squeezed a nipple just as I stroked through her ample locks and came upon her wetness. So slick were her folds, my middle finger slid immediately inside her body, her warmth all encompassing. The intoxicating scent of pussy reached my nostrils and I breathed deep as she turned her face further towards me, I in turn. Again, we kissed. This time fully, her tongue delving inside my mouth as I curled my finger inside her vagina. Her whole body ground against me, her ass in particular. So perfect a fit were her buttocks around my cock I felt I she was moulded to suit me. No, I to her. Two fingers I pushed inside her dripping pussy, as my other hand became sweaty at her tit. Finger fucking my mother as we kissed, pushing my cock up against her ass. One thing was bound to happen and it occurred for both of us simultaneously.

Biting down on my tongue, she prevented me from declaring I was about to cum. Her orgasm however was far more pronounced. One hand on my head, she clenched, tugging at my hair as her entire body convulsed. The other hand she clutched to my own as it groped at her breast. Wiggling, curling my fingers inside her velvety cave, the walls squeezed around me quivering as I felt the shuddering orgasm sweep her body. The idea I'd made my own mother cum was quickly eclipsed by the pleasure of my own premature ejaculation. Inside my stretched track pants, I shot forth my load, burst after contained burst of wasted seed filling my underwear, probably soaking through my pants and onto hers.

With her mouth still hermetically attached to mine, I breathed out with relief and she finally released my lips, quick to kiss me again as she drew her legs together around my hand once more locking a part of my anatomy. "Did you just cum Leo?" She smiled and I managed to finally speak, my first words for almost ten minutes.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I can feel it Honey," she giggled kissing my mouth, my nose, my cheek.

"Oh. I'm sorry," I admitted but she'd have none of it.

"Don't be silly darling," she wriggled her ass around on my cock, no doubt drawing more sperm from my length, increasing the damage I'd done. "It's beautiful."

"You're beautiful," I declared and she brought my face into hers, pressing her cheek against mine.

"I love you," she whispered into my ear and it caused my cock to pulse once more as if declaring its own love in response. This caused her to giggle all over again and I felt her squeeze her pussy around my fingers as if to mimic my own sex's feat. "We should probably talk," she laughed.

*

It was now I that sat upon the floor. After possibly the longest most erotic shower of my life where until the warm water ran out, we held each other, we kissed, we fucked. So comfortable with each other's nudity, so relaxed in each other's arms. In my lap we'd sat upon the tiles as the water rained upon us. My cock within her, so deep. Our mouths locked; tongues entwined. I came inside her and stayed hard. I declared my love.

To then be in her bedroom. Naked and upon the carpet. She stood above me topless, dressed in the pink spandex pants I'd so fascinated about. "Pull them up higher," I encouraged as I masturbated and she complied. Her pussy bulged through the material, a meaty cameltoe longing to be pawed. And so I did. Squeezing her labia together, sliding a finger between the folds and encouraging the moisture that began to seep through. "That's fucking beautiful!"

"Your father liked these ones too," she smiled down at me as I continued to furiously jerk on my cock. She turned and presented her bottom and as if reading my mind, tugged them up at the rear to cinch the silky material between her buttocks. I dived forward and buried my face in her ass, my nose running over the indent of her asshole and breathing in the heady odor of a woman's sex.

It was too much stimulus and bordering on orgasm I withdrew my face, Mom turning to see the affect she was having on me. "When did you know?" I looked into her eyes as she began to remove her pants.

"Oh Darling. I knew you'd looked in the box the very day you fixed the door," she smiled. "When I found you'd discovered the camera in the garage, it was obvious you were watching the tapes. I'm just surprised it took you so long." With panties already removed she was just as naked as I and I watched her move back to her dresser. "What do you want to see me wear next?"

"Anything. Nothing. Just come to me," I held out a hand as I rose to sit on the edge of her bed. She did as requested and climbed once more into my lap, positioning the head of my erection at her entrance and slowly sliding down my length. "Mmmhfff," I breathed out as her pelvis met mine, her boobs pressing my chest.

We kissed and ever so slowly she rocked back and forth on my dick. "You wanted me to find them? Why didn't you just come out and tell me how you felt?"

Squeezing her pelvic floor around my cock, she raised her eyebrows. "It's not that easy you know!"

I did know!

"Your father told me years ago that every boy wants to make love to his mother," she continued. "But as time went on, I felt that maybe it wasn't true."

"It is," I conceded. "It just took me a while to realize it I guess."

"I waited so long Leo," she admitted and a tear came to her eye. "Every boy wants to fuck his mom, but you forget it goes both ways. Every mother wants to fuck her son. So many years I waited..."

"Shh," I kissed her. "You have me now," I told her. "You have me forever."

Her tears dried as I pulled her down onto the bed atop me, her hands on my chest as she ground her groin into my own. I reached up and cupped her breasts and she tilted her head back, her neck so slender, boobs so rounded.

"I want to taste you again," I admitted, so turned on by her and ever so quickly she responded. Climbing off with an accompanying squelch that brought a smile to both our faces, she spun around on the bed and raised a knee up over my head. I'd only expected her to sit on my face, but as she leaned forward whilst lowering her groin onto me and her own head descended upon my cock, this was sooo much better.

I wrapped my arms up and around her hips, pulling her crotch down onto my face and smothering myself in her hot dripping vagina. In turn, I felt her take my cock in hand and then the warm wetness of her mouth enclosing

my head. Her tongue massaging my length, the gagging and slurping of a mature woman dining on her favorite meal. I pushed my tongue inside her as my nose once more buried into her ass, this time without restriction, all senses overwhelmed by the moment, breathing deep her sex and smearing it all over my face. "Mmmph, fuck m...me," I heard her muffled voice and with her not attempting to change positions, I understood it was her mouth she desired to be fucked.

I obliged. Thrusting my hips up from the bed, I felt my cock deep in her mouth, the restriction of her throat a warm wet tunnel for my love. One hand pulling her ass onto me, securing her in place, the other I reached out and found the back of her neck, pushing her hard onto my cock during each thrust. So hard I hammered up into her, even the sound of my balls slapping back between my legs could be heard from my confined position between her thighs. No way could I hold back my orgasm and wanting to look in her eyes when I came, I reluctantly pulled away, taking control of her body and throwing her onto her back.

Her lips dripping with saliva, eyes watery and face red, still she smiled and still she was beautiful. I climbed between her legs and she accepted me inside her as I descended on her mouth. I tasted my own cock, I tasted pussy. Her mouth flowed saliva into mine and I greedily lapped it up, swallowing her every offering as I thrust myself deep. Her arms wrapped my body and nails dug into my flesh as I watched her eyes grow vacant, her own orgasm commandeering her faculties and sending obvious waves of delight the length of her body. Another thrust and I joined her. Harder and faster, I pumped as I released inside her. Spurt after spurt of my fiery love delivered straight to her heart by way of her cunt. With our mouths still locked and tongues entwined I managed to voice my love, my everlasting devotion to her, her body, her vagina. I was hers forever. And she, mine.

*

We did sleep. We did eat. But much of the next day we stayed in bed. Fucking, as any truly loving mother and son should. The afternoon sunlight streaming across her bed, I held her from behind, our bodies perfectly spooned and she wriggled her ass against my groin as she felt my cock once more harden.

Responding, I kissed the back of her neck and she sighed sleepily as my erection found its way between her thighs. Without pause, I felt her fingers press against the underside of my engorged cock and so easily I was once more inside her body, her vagina slick with her own lube and the countless loads of my cum deposited for safekeeping.

"I'm happier than I've ever been," I whispered into her ear as I held her tight and she purred her delight at my admission.

"Good," she sighed. "All a mother wants is for her son to be happy."

"I'm serious," I reiterated, slowly thrusting my entire length inside her. "It doesn't get any better than this."

At that I felt her body stiffen and was surprised when she allowed my dick to slide from her velvety home as she rolled to the edge of the bed and rose.

"What are you doing?" I asked as the sheet fell across my body and she turned to look down upon me.

"You really think that?" She stated as I watched her naked form leave the room and I wondered indeed if or even how I'd upset her?

"What? Mom, come back."

She didn't respond and I questioned if I should go after her, nearly a minute passing before I felt her presence once more approaching the room.

She entered with the video camera from my bedroom perched upon her shoulder and a wicked smile on her face. "There's always ways to make it better," she giggled. "How do you feel about making some movies?"

Grinning, I pressed the sheet down on my groin to highlight the tower of cock pulsing at her suggestion. "Does this answer your question Mom?"

The End

*

Thank you for reading and apologies for the length.

If I may, just a word to say thank you to all those that comment, follow and contact me directly through email; those that were there from the start and supported my writing when many didn't, to those that are only new to reading my fantasies. I appreciate all your feedback, encouragement and engagement. Cheers.

Masked Emotions

The blond girl in long pink pajamas pressed her topless roommate against the wall and had a hand down the front of her friend's sleepwear. They kissed, and in response, I moved my hand more rapidly up and down my shaft, my orgasm approaching. Quicker; tighter, as the girls found their way to the bed and I felt pre-cum lubricate my masturbation. Nearly there! One going down on the other, her face buried in her lover's sex. So close...

The phone vibrated in my hand, startling me, and a caller I.d. popped up over the action on the small screen.

"Mom." I slowed my breathing. "Hello."

"Whatcha doin'?"

Caught nearing completion, I felt myself unnecessarily blush and struggled to come up with a lie.

"Ah, just watching a movie," I told the truth.

"Oh yeah, what one?"

"Oh, nothing you'd know. What's going on?" I quickly changed the subject.

"Your father's gone away again for work," she informed me. "I wanted to ask a little favor of you?"

My hand remaining on my erection, it was actually somewhat exciting talking to my mother over the phone. I recalled similar in my late teens. Receiving a grateful blowjob from a past girlfriend. My parents away on vacation and calling home to be sure all was okay. God, that had been

almost fifteen years ago, I realized, and wondering where the time had gone, brought myself back to the conversation at hand.

Dad traveling on work trips wasn't a new thing and I supposed she needed me to go around and mow the lawns, change a blown lightbulb?

"Yeah, what's up?" I continued to gently stroke my cock, feeling just a little shame at my action.

"Well, it's a big one actually," she divulged and I smirked at her unbeknownst double entendre as she continued. "Work's having after-hours drinks. A kind of party. And with your father being called away last minute, well, I really don't want to go alone. It'll be an open bar," Mom threw in to apparently sway me.

I inwardly groaned. A party with a bunch of people I didn't know. A work party at that. It didn't sound the most enticing of offers. I then thought of the free alcohol. It was a late start at work the next day. There was the possibility of a free feed as well. I'd also be catching up with Mom whom I'd admittedly not seen in months. It was then the guilt of touching my cock whilst talking to her cut in and I agreed to her request.

"What time tonight?" I asked and her answer came quickly.

"Oh, it's not tonight. It's Friday," she replied and then added another pivotal factor before hanging up, a wicked delight in her voice. "And it's a costume party!"

*

What was I complaining about really? Yes, it was the loss of a Friday night. But what had I planned myself? The hope of an arranged Tinder date? A bar crawl with some friends? Mom had texted back immediately with the news

a costume had already been arranged for me, so all I really had to do was show up and be the pleasant son to her colleagues. I could do that.

I arrived no more than ten minutes early Friday night and let myself into my family home, music playing and an opened bottle of white wine on the benchtop in the kitchen. Calling out my presence, Mom made it out of her bedroom and down the hall, empty wine glass in hand. Clearly having just stepped from the shower, she wasted no time in greeting me with a hug and kiss; the smell of wine strong on her, I wondered if it wasn't the only bottle that had been opened that afternoon? As she poured herself another glass and I waved away her offer of one myself, I happened to notice something I hadn't at first.

Her robe.

Tied securely around the waist, it clung tight to her body. Too tight. With the sheen of water still on her legs, it seemed she'd forgone toweling due to my arrival and merely wrapped herself in the thin white robe on her departure from the bathroom. The effect was the gradual dampening of the satin or silk. Most prominent upon her breast. Even as I tried not to watch, the pink of her nipples showed through the material and the sight became more and more uncomfortable. To the point where I broke into her small talk conversation and asked where my costume was? Simply for a chance to get away from the situation.

"Oh, it's in your room Honey," Mom, even after my ten years out of the family home referred to my old bedroom.

To be honest, I was actually looking forward to trying it on. When she'd texted 'Batman' as the answer to what I would be wearing, I was somewhat excited. The fanboy in me coming out. What I found lying in a clear plastic wrapper upon my bed, however, wasn't the Batman I had in mind.

Adam West. Not Christian Bale. There was a grimace as I held the clearly inexpensive spandex costume in my hands but I thought I'd reserve my final judgment until I had it on.

"Did you find it alright?" Mom needlessly called from the hallway and I laughed at her concern.

"Ah, yeah!" I yelled back. "You left some details out!"

I heard her giggle from the other side of the door.

"Well, we had to match," she replied. "I'm going as Julie Newmar's Catwoman."

I tried to picture Mom dressed as the character and the image wouldn't come, focusing instead on getting myself into my suit, until finally, job done, I turned to the mirror and wasn't entirely upset at the reflection.

There was a problem, however. And though not fatal, it did affect the overall look. I was wearing boxer shorts and the tightness of the one-piece spandex (no extra outside underpants) revealed their material and even the checked print through the thin fabric. It looked stupid, and happy with how my chest and arms appeared in the body-hugging design, I wanted to look my best all over. I began the task of removing the costume.

Boxer shorts off, I again stepped into the bodysuit and pulled it over me. I hadn't expected how pleasant the silky spandex would feel upon my now exposed genitals and as it pressed onto me, I could feel myself swell slightly at the sensation. Cape on. Cowl, yellow utility belt, gloves, and boots, I looked back into the mirror and was suitably satisfied with the result. It left nothing to the imagination, however. The clear outline of my dick and balls. Who'd be looking? I declared with fists pressing my hip and chest out in a superhero stance, before I confidently left the room.

In the kitchen, Mom still hadn't returned and I took up the earlier offer of wine, pouring myself a glass for confidence. It was as I lowered it from my lips that I heard the click of heels enter the room and turned to see her approach. It wasn't what I'd struggled to picture.

"Ooh, I'll have another one too Batman!" She purred as she walked towards me and I didn't know where to look.

She was dressed as Catwoman alright, but the costume was significantly different from that of the television show of the '70s. Feeling myself begin to blush, I stared straight into her face but my peripheral vision allowed me to still take in her appearance below. The black catsuit, more a bodystocking, was entirely see-through! Was she not aware? An amulet of sorts hung around her neck, dropping down between her surprisingly (for her age) gravity-defying breasts. Her nipples, which I'd admittedly spied earlier, were again clearly visible. But it was under the gold belt around her waist where the most contention lay.

I could see my mother's pussy! The seamless bodystocking was taut around her groin, the darkness of the nylon almost matching her skin tone as it hugged her crotch. Perfectly smooth was the skin above the slit of labia and the thought entered my head for the first time in my life. My mother shaves her pussy!

"Well?" She turned in a circle upon her high-heeled ankle boots and I allowed my eyes to drop to her ass. To take in her beautifully curved buttocks, just as exposed as her groin, the dark crevice of her crack. "How do I look?" She questioned.

Again, her boobs and pussy came into view and I quickly set to pouring her a glass from the bottle.

"Ah," I paused. "Don't you think you've forgotten something?" I hinted at her lack of underwear as I slid the wine across the benchtop and she looked puzzled for a moment before coming to the realization.

"Oh, silly me," she laughed and headed back the way she'd come and I treated myself to another peek at her ass. Purely out of curiosity. Oh, who was I kidding? She had a nice bum! There I said it.

With her out of the room, I took a moment to compose myself and downed the remainder of my glass to steady my nerves, adjusting my semi-erect penis to a more comfortable position. It wasn't because of her, I told myself. I wasn't getting a hardon for my mom. It was just the spandex against my skin that was arousing. Nothing more.

"Ta-da!" Mom's voice re-entered the frame and she returned with cat ears in her reddish-brown hair and a black mask over her eyes. She hadn't put on underwear. And as I gazed upon her near, no, actual nudity, my cock began to unwittingly harden. Struggling to come to terms with the fact I was turned on by my mother, I quickly sat upon a stool behind the benchtop, taking my arousal from potential viewing. Just in time too as Mom came around beside me and took up her glass. She was clearly more than tipsy and I wondered if it had anything to do with her carefree attitude to her appearance? It also raised another issue.

"Hey, how are we getting to this thing anyway?" I questioned as I poured myself another, this time, half glass. "I could arrange an Uber."

"No, it's been organized," Mom looked up to the wall clock. "Actually, the service should be here soon. They've arranged limos for everyone!"

*

She wasn't lying. No more than five minutes later we were in the back of a Cadillac, and twenty minutes after that, arriving at a lavish private residence. Mom had had a vodka from the car's minibar during the voyage and as we walked up an extended drive, she wrapped an arm around my own and leaned into me, confessing she had to pee.

It wasn't something I'd ordinarily want or expect to hear, but strangely I found it again kind of arousing. What the fuck was wrong with me? When we reached the wide staircase leading up to a broad porch, it was then she stopped and turned me towards her, an unexpectedly anxious look in her eyes.

"What?" I smirked.

"I haven't been entirely truthful with you!" She admitted and I could even see her eyes turning glassy behind the mask.

"What? What is it?" I returned, admittedly concerned, and raised a hand to press to her upper arm in an open sign of affection.

She looked down at it momentarily and a half-smile came to her mouth, just as quickly disappearing.

"Your father isn't away on a work trip," she strangely confessed and I frowned, though it was probably lost to her behind my mask.

"What do you mean?"

"He left me," she admitted and her eyes became noticeably teary. "Months back."

It was a revelation. And the strangest time and manner for her to break the news of my parent's breakdown in marriage. I was still processing what she'd told me when she continued.

"It's why you're here tonight. Why I chose the Batman costume. I know he was your favorite."

"Wait, what? So, Dad was never going to be wearing this?" I looked down at myself. "What do you mean 'why I'm here?'" I added.

"It's another thing I need to ask of you," Mom continued. "I've been lying to them," she nodded in the direction of the house. "Said I was dating a younger man," she began to blush. "Just for tonight. I know it's a big thing to ask. But could you pretend to be 'Him?'"

It was all too much too soon. My parents split after what, a nearly thirty-year marriage? Was it why he'd never answered each time I called the house? Why hadn't he told me? Why had Mom seemingly lied for so long? And why did I have to pretend to be her date? It was all so weird. And told her as much.

"I know it's strange," Mom conceded. "And I'm sorry to lay this all upon you now. It's just they're all so cliquey at this place. No one knew me when I started, I just wanted to be interesting to them. Not just a divorced fifty-year-old single woman."

She'd started this new job at least six months earlier. How long had she, and in turn Dad, been keeping their separation secret?

She was awaiting my reply and I'd almost forgotten how exposed was her body as I stood before her. She was just my mom again. My beautiful, sweet, and loving mom. And now clearly so vulnerable.

"Of course I will," I smiled and without thinking, took her in my arms. The moment her body pressed to mine, however; her state of undress once more came into stark reality. Her supple flesh under my gloved hands, breasts pressing my own barely covered chest. I pulled back and looked again into

her eyes. "But we're gonna talk about this separation thing later," I scolded her and in turn, she threw me a mischievous smile.

"So, Sylvia. This is your mystery man!" A voice came from our side and we turned to see Lady Godiva and Abraham Lincoln approaching. A sexy Godiva at that. Long blond wig strategically positioned over her breasts. Though the reveal of a tiny vine leaf upon her crotch made me think she may have been Eve. What kind of party was this? I wondered.

"Oh, Danielle. Hi. Yes," Mom began and was interrupted by Abe presenting me his hand.

"Paul Evans," the man introduced himself, and not knowing how much Mom had told her colleagues about her 'mystery man,' I furnished her lie with my charade.

"Wayne. Bruce Wayne," I smiled, shaking his hand, and understanding, he and Godiva/Eve laughed at my joke.

"Ok, it's like that is it? Keeping up the mystery!" Godiva winked at Mom and leaned in to kiss her welcome. I had to admit, the sight of my near-naked mother and her just as unclothed acquaintance in an embrace, albeit merely formal was again pretty arousing and when Abe as well winked at me, I could see I wasn't alone.

"Well, we'll see you inside," Godiva/Eve/Danielle shook my hand grinning and the two left us once more alone.

"That was perfect," Mom turned back to me smiling, all of her earlier apprehension seemingly dissolved. "Thank you for this."

"Hey, what's a son for?" I grinned. "...If not to pretend to be his mother's secret lover to put one over her workmates!"

She laughed and once more took my arm as we headed inside. Her breast against my bicep, pleasantly uncomfortable, if that was a thing? My own words, 'secret lover' still tossing around my head. I was beginning to feel very weird.

*

Introductions to people whose names I immediately forgot. References to work-related matters I didn't understand, and an unexpected overload of attractive women in surprisingly stimulating costumes, met our first few minutes at the party. Mom inquired as to the location of the bathroom and left me to handle obtaining drinks for us both. The course of which was disrupted by my encounter with Heath Ledger's Joker, a friendly exchange of casual conversation between us before my arm was unexpectedly clasped and Mom reappeared.

"That was quick," I mused and Mom smiled at my nemesis as well as new-found friend.

"Sorry Gary," she said. "Can I just borrow Batman for a moment?"

"Of course. You look great by the way Sylvia," he raised a glass and was distracted by a Baywatch Pamela Anderson, eager to follow her through the throng of people.

"What's up?" I asked Mom.

"There's no lock on the door!" She grimaced and I noticed actually fidget to emphasize her need to go. "Can you watch me?"

"Watch you!?"

"I mean watch the door, Silly," she slapped my chest, her hand staying put slightly longer than was necessary. Or was I imagining things?

"Lead the way," I directed, and despite the Baywatch Babe still in sight. Despite the Lara Croft with the smallest, tightest shorts I'd ever seen. I watched my mom's ass as she headed through the house.

It was as I guarded the door I thought more about her costume. Understanding her need for me to stand watch. She'd have to remove it to go to the toilet; it'd certainly be embarrassing if someone happened to enter. And then another image entered my mind. Or she could pee right through it? Stand astride the bowl and release her stream of pee straight through the thin material. I immediately scolded myself for imagining it. She's your mother Dude! I told myself but it didn't chase the vision away. Only made it stronger. My dick as well joining in on the incestuous and fetishistic fantasy and swelling behind the spandex. No! I inwardly yelled and forced my mind on other things, spotting a large older gentleman in a Borat swimsuit. His hairy back as he awkwardly danced with what looked to be Marie Antoinette. That did it. And finally, I heard the toilet flush and Mom soon reappeared.

"Drinks?" She smiled and I tried to not look at her breasts behind the see-through catsuit.

*

A lot of 'work' talk. More names and faces I'd most likely never see again. There was less discussion of the fake relationship between Mom and me than I'd imagined so there was little need to come up with a backstory on the spot. No, 'how did you meet?' We did get an, 'are you getting married?' Which Mom laughed at and took my hand, fobbing off the question with a 'we're just having fun together' response as she kissed my gloved knuckles. But after, our hands remained locked.

We drank. Probably too much. Mom kept attempting to drag me to the dance floor and I repeated my response.

"Batman don't dance!"

But eventually, when voices raised in obviously inebriated fervor and suitably lubricated, most of the party had taken to the floor, I relented, and carefree, moved (probably awkwardly) in time with the music.

A masked Freddy Krueger attempted to cut in, Mom seemingly unsure of who he was and rejected his advance on her, yet moments later I and many of the men present looked on intently as she and a middle-aged cheerleader ground against each other. The woman's hands caressing Mom's curves in front of us all, and ridiculously I was jealous. Of whom? I wondered. Mom? Or the cheerleader?

The music changed. From upbeat to a slow number and surprisingly, Mom left her friend and sought me out. I'll remember the moment as long as I live. Time almost slowing as her eyes found mine. Slipping through couples as she crossed the floor to stand before me.

"I suppose we should dance," I whispered as she came within earshot.

"Make it look convincing."

She was well ahead of me, arms raising around my neck to pull me into her body as I in turn wrapped her own. Breasts pressing me. Her chin raised to look up into my eyes. Again, she thanked me and I told her it wasn't necessary as I allowed my hands to caress her back. We could've been lovers. For all intents and purposes to those onlooking, we were.

"I should've told you sooner," Mom whispered and I saw the glassiness return to her eyes.

"Probably," I agreed but didn't want to punish her. Dad could've said something as well! "What happened?"

She rolled her eyes behind the mask.

"He found a newer model," she bluntly stated. "Isn't it always the way? He said he no longer found me sexy." I scoffed at the assertion and Mom tilted her head. "What?"

"Well, I mean..." I didn't know how to form the words. To tell my mother I at least thought she was desirable. Indeed, 'sexy.' I nodded my head down, dropping my eyes toward her catsuit. "...just look at you!"

"What? Do you think I look good?" She asked, scrunching her nose and I found the action adorable, wondering why I hadn't noticed it before then?

"Good?" I laughed. "Mom!"

"It's a bit risqué, isn't it?"

"It's scandalous," I laughed and she smiled.

"I just wanted to fit in. You've seen the women here," she looked around. Her eyes and mine settling on the Baywatch Babe. "You should see what they wear at work! I just wanted to feel sexy again."

"Mission accomplished," I admitted, and having declared my opinion, felt myself blush.

"You know," she leaned in further and whispered. "I'm not even wearing underwear."

It was the final straw. Not a revelation but hearing her say the words had my cock hardening. I pulled my groin back from her body lest she feel my erection. I had no idea what was really going on here, but something like that could damage our relationship irreparably. She was clearly vulnerable.

The last thing she needed was an oversexed son with incestuous desires. Or was it? Was I that stupid? Hadn't everything she'd done over the last hours been a clear signal of exactly that?

"Well while we're being so honest with each other," I sniggered. "Neither am I!"

She giggled and rested her head on my shoulder and I could smell the perfume of her hair. I ran a hand over her back and stopped above the curve of her buttocks, my cock fully erect and I could only imagine how obtrusive it actually looked.

"It's funny," Mom whispered. "I could almost believe we really were lovers."

Her eyes looked up into mine and there were no more tears. Only an intensity that if she were any other woman I'd recognize as lust. Was it? It was now or never I decided. If it went wrong, I could blame the alcohol.

"Well then maybe I should make it even more convincing," I breathed and lowered my hand to caress her buttock. The reaction was immediate and ultimately convincing I'd done the right thing, her mouth falling open, eyelids heavy.

"Yesss," she sighed and her breasts pushed harder into my chest as I ran my middle finger down the length of her ass crack.

"I have something else to confess," I looked into her eyes.

"Anything," she struggled to voice, and throwing all caution to the wind, I pulled her body fully into me.

There was no going back. My hard-on pressed against her and there could be no mistaking what it was. No pretense of a fabricated relationship. A

stark proclamation of a son's love for his mother. With cock against her belly and hand upon her ass, she could be in no doubt.

"Say it," she whispered and I wasn't entirely sure what. Helpfully elaborating. "Tell me what you want."

"I want you!" I declared. No blush this time. Confident in my taboo proclamation.

"Say it, Baby," she repeated, her breath more labored.

"I want to fuck you," I pressed my cheek to her's, breathing into her ear.

"Oh yes," she sighed and ground her body against me, the rock hardness of my cock digging into her soft flesh.

"I want to fuck you, Mom," I committed and her face turned, her lips running across my cheek to seek my mouth.

And just like that, we kissed. Before everyone. Batman and Catwoman kissing upon the dancefloor at a costume party. Tongues entwined. No one aware of the reality. We were mother and son. Locked in an incestuous embrace, just short of fornicating as I rubbed my dick against her near-naked body, my finger delving between her buttocks to feel the heat of her sex, her anus.

"Take me home," Mom murmured between my lips and I was more than eager, breaking our kiss and directing us from the crowded dancefloor.

"Ooh someone's in a hurry," Lady Godiva touched Mom's arm as we neared the entranceway and I surreptitiously pulled my cape around to shield the tower at my crotch. "Can't blame you, Sylvia," she added and winked at my mother, bidding her farewell. Behind her, Freddy Krueger watched on intently, in my mind clearly envious I was the one to take Catwoman home.

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The drive home was excruciating. No stretched limo this, luxurious but not affording us the privacy we sought. Mom made do, however. Wrapping her gloved hand around my impressively erect cock and jerking me through the spandex. Her mouth upon mine, we kissed like excited teens and I noticed the driver adjust his rear-view mirror to better see the goings-on behind him. Let him watch, I thought as I removed my gloves and finally lay my bare hands upon her body. The nylon of her catsuit was silkier than I'd expected, her skin so soft and warm beneath. So frenzied was the action of her hand, so stimulating was the spandex around my cock that I could feel my orgasm approaching and abruptly ended the hand job before it was too late.

Mom wasn't deterred and I enabled her to climb up on my lap, looking down as her labia pressed onto the underside of my penis and slid herself along. The act causing my pre-cum to seep through the material of my costume. I ran my hands up her sides from hips to ribcage, delighting in the feeling, the intimacy, until finally, I held her breasts, cupping my mother's beautiful heavy boobs and running my thumbs across the engorged nipples.

Had I ever been so turned on? Had I always secretly desired her? Only her near-nudity finally awakening the illicit craving? And what about her? How long had she kept her tongue? It surely wasn't tonight this taboo was born. She'd planned this. For how long?

Questions would be answered, but not yet. With a hand squeezing her ass and the other attached to the tit, we all but fucked as the journey progressed, doing all I could to fight off the orgasm that longed to come. Mom didn't resist. Caring not for our audience, her mouth hermetically sealed to mine

and she ground herself harder upon my erection, thrusting her groin in ever slowing repetition until she stopped entirely and I felt her shudder.

She bit into my tongue as I held her tight, feeling her climax as her body convulsed with pleasure. The heat upon my cock increased, spread as her dampness flooded my groin, a shower of mommy juice that darkened my costume and left no doubt the extent of a mother's love.

The driver called the address of our house and I hadn't even been aware how close we'd been to home until we were in the drive. It was then Mom came to her senses and I saw her face redden as she climbed from my lap, her eyes avoiding our chauffeur as she exited the car. There was a wait at the front door as Mom struggled to find the right key, my hand remaining on her back as if to break our connection could bring an end to our incestuous collaboration. I shouldn't have fretted.

By the time the door was opened and we were inside the family home, she was back upon me.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted this," she confessed as her wet lips kissed my mouth, her tongue licking my lips, my jaw. I once more found her ass, quickly becoming my favorite of her body parts, and lifted her into my arms, carrying her down the hall to the kitchen. Upon the benchtop I planted her and kissed her neck, tugging her catsuit down over her shoulders and fully exposing her breasts. "Fuck me, Baby!" She demanded.

And who was I to deny her!?

With the swiftest of motions, I had my cape and cowl removed, Mom watching mesmerized as I tugged the spandex bodysuit down my body to reveal my nudity. Unashamed I stood before her as she'd only seen me as a boy. Now her man. Her lover. Her son.

There was a problem. As aroused as my mind was. As willing as my heart was to fulfill her desire and seal our incestuous coupling with penetration, a part of me wasn't playing along. With Mom's feet up on two separate stools, her legs spread to reveal her splayed sex behind the black nylon, as arousing a sight as there was; my cock, however, had lost its earlier rigidity. What a time for impotency to raise its head, or lower it as the case may be. Undeterred, I pulled myself into her and the heat of her body pressed against mine. Her large breasts, nipples proudly erect, molded into my chest. Again, we kissed. My hands exploring her back, her ass as on my toes, I ground my now flaccid cock against her damp crotch.

"What's wrong?" She was clearly aware of my frustrating situation and I exhaled loudly to signify my despair.

"I don't know. It's not you," I quickly added. Kissing her on the lips to emphasize the point. "I think it's this house."

"What!?" She smiled and again there was that endearing scrunching of her nose and it further deepened my love for her.

"I just feel like Dad's about to walk in from the living room."

"I told you, he's gone. We've nothing to worry about." Mom's hand worked down between us and still found my cock lacking. "I know. Do you want to go to your room?"

The idea had me enthused and she must have seen the result in my face.

"Okay. I have to pee anyway. Meet you there?" She proposed and I was already dragging her from the bench.

*

I sat naked and waiting on my old single bed. Feet on the floor I made a chopping motion at my penis, warning the little guy he'd better improve his game. And I thought of Mom. And yeah, my mind went there again. Peeing. And my cock began to stir. What the fuck was wrong with me? Not only had I in a matter of hours become incestuously involved with my mother. I'd seemingly developed a fetish for piss. With my cock slowly filling with blood, my quiet contemplation was interrupted by the return of my obsession.

"Can I come in?" She knocked on the door as it opened and my breath was taken.

She'd changed.

Gone was the bodystocking down around her waist, replaced by clearly Wizard of Oz-inspired, Dorothy lingerie.

"Mom!" I gasped as she entered and did a little turn to show off her outfit.

"It's Wizard of Oz," she needlessly informed me. "I was originally going to wear this tonight. Remember we used to watch it together?"

How could I forget? My most treasured memories of childhood. Cuddled with Mom on the couch each time it was on television. It was a tradition. It was intimate. Special bonding time between mother and son. And now. Now it was boner-inducing.

"Do you like it?" She smiled as she indeed witnessed the reaction she'd caused in at least my cock.

"I love it," I managed to whisper as I took in her beauty. White opaque thigh highs over ruby heels. The blue and white checked material of the bra that barely covered her nipples, let alone supported her breasts. And below. A micro skirt in the same material with a tiny white apron. Both see-through

enough to spy her pussy bulge inside a white satin thong. My dick stood proudly to attention and she didn't need me to say any more, beaming as she approached and climbed once more upon my lap.

She didn't stop there. Pushing me back onto the bed, Mom crawled up over my chest before her knees were either side of my head, the heat and scent of pussy just above my jaw as I looked up expectantly.

"It's been such a big day," she acknowledged. "Is it okay if Mommy takes a seat?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I groaned as her already saturated gusset pressed into my face and I breathed in her perfume. I lifted my hands onto her back and then upon her buttocks, pulling her down harder onto my face, willing to suffocate in the heavenly scent of her vagina. "Mmmph," I attempted to verbalize how good she smelled, opening my mouth and slipping my tongue around the string of her panty to hopefully enter her fully.

In turn, Mom ground her groin upon my face. Nose, lips, and jaw used as her personal masturbation device as I felt a hand upon my belly and then wrap around my cock. Taking it in hand must have sparked a desire in her and suddenly she was off my face, turning her body above me to once more descend, this time her ass above my mouth. I took hold of the string of her thong and pulled it aside, exposing her puckered asshole and dripping pussy below and without thought, just as I felt my mother's lips wrap the head of my cock, pulled her butt down onto my face.

My tongue lapped at her most intimate opening before unconcerned, probing as far as would go.

"Ooh, you naughty boy," Mom slurped off my cock, giggling as she sat her buttocks down on my face to push my tongue even further into her hole.

Back on my dick. A hand around the base cutting off the flow of blood and her mouth enveloping my length. I wrapped my arms up around her back and hugged her ass down onto me, again happy to be smothered by her weight. It was time. It was beyond time. I needed to be inside her.

Could she read my thoughts? Or was it just synchronicity? Either way, as I released her ass from my hold, she relinquished her possession of my cock and rose from my body. Fluidly, she fell back upon the bed, my frame going with her and moving between her spread legs before I paused. I wanted her naked. Without delay, my dick a tower of admiration, I reached for the skirt and thong and had them down her legs and off her body. Mom did the same with her bra and I looked upon her nudity. The stockings could stay on, I relented. To be honest, the white thigh highs and nothing else, about as hot a sight as I'd ever seen. I took her in. Mentally photographing the image of my naked mother awaiting my dick, her eyes fixed upon mine in quiet anticipation.

And I was upon her. I guided my cock to her labia and teased her folds with my swollen head. Pressing and massaging her clit with the dripping eye. She sighed as I lowered and allowed just the tip of my erection to enter her body, her arms reaching up to beg me to fall upon her.

"Come to me my baby," she whispered, almost pained as she willed my penetration. No more teasing. I fell upon her, inch after inch of my love entering her welcoming vagina, clasping me in a motherly embrace. Her thighs wrapped around my hips when my chest met hers and with eyes locked on each other's, I told her I loved her. The reaction was immediate and I felt her body shudder as it had done in the car. Was it that easy? Her eyes rolled in their sockets and her pussy quivered around my cock.

Apparently so! The orgasm flooding my cock with extra lube which I used to begin my thrusting.

Her mouth open in a silent scream, I kissed her chin before pressing my lips to hers as she continued to cum. Just the very thought I was giving my mother multiple orgasms from so little effort on my behalf was arousing, my earlier dysfunction now a distant memory as over and over I thrust my cock inside her velvety enclave.

An arm behind her neck, a hand upon a boob, I kissed her mouth and she reciprocated, her tongue wrapping my own, drawing me between her lips to mimic my dick below. Faster I thrust and her thighs fell away from around my hips with the welcoming assault.

"Yes," she managed to sigh into my mouth as I penetrated deeper. Slapping my groin into her pelvis, the bed thumping against the wall. "Cum... in... me... Darling," she stammered as if aware I was approaching the point of no return, kind of proud of myself I'd even managed to last this long in the first place!

"Cum in me," she repeated as I brought my knees up to rest alongside her hips, looking down at my impressively long and glistening cock as it disappeared and reemerged from within my mother's body. "... and on me!" She added as I edged. "I want to see it!"

My laden balls slapping her buttocks and the mattress below, I could hold it no longer, and desiring nothing more than to fulfill her every wish, I began to cum. It was a lot. Even she could recognize that as her eyes widened with every spurt inside her. Three or four copious eruptions and I was withdrawing, immediately grabbing my cock and squeezing the base to build up the pressure before releasing and jerking myself off upon her belly.

My breath held as I enjoyed every pleasurable spout, without doubt, the best orgasm of my life.

Mom was up on her elbows watching the show with the greatest of interest. Fascination upon her face as over and over I emptied my load upon her flesh. And then she took over. Milking the last of my cum, squeezing the final drop onto her thumb, and taking it into her mouth, a cheeky, almost embarrassed look coming to her angelic face.

"That was..." I struggled to come up with the words.

"Beautiful?" Mom finished my sentence so eloquently, smiling.

"You're beautiful!" I declared and fell down upon the bed beside her, kissing the mouth that had just swallowed my cum, her hand massaging the remainder of my deposit into the skin of her belly, down over her bald pubis to cup her overflowing pussy.

"So, what now?" Mom sighed as I wrapped an arm under her head, kissing her shoulder, the side of her neck.

"Hmmm," I whispered. "Well, the second I get hard again," my dick already swelling at the mention. "We're going to fuck."

She giggled. "I mean, between us."

"Oh. I guess I'm moving back home!" I proposed and her face noticeably lit up.

"You mean it?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"It wasn't just a one-time thing? Maybe because of the costumes?"

"You're not wearing one now!" I highlighted and then drew her attention to my erection, literally swelling before our eyes. "It's not the outfits Mom. It's you. I love you."

Clearly joyous, she pulled me atop her and kissed my mouth, my dick finding its own way to the entrance of her leaking pussy.

"I did like us wearing them though," she sighed as I slid my cock slowly into her cum filled hole.

"We'll just have to find another reason for us to dress up then," I whispered as I kissed her breast, an idea immediately popping into my head. "Ooh, I just remembered what's on next weekend."

"What?" she purred as I kissed my way to her mouth.

"Comic-Con!" I divulged as my pubic bone met hers.

Mommy Issues

Travis turned onto Hollywood Blvd and slowed down as he passed the women lining the street. She caught his eye immediately, was attracted to her instantly. Chubbier than the others and definitely older, he pulled up alongside her and watched as she approached the open passenger side window.

Closer, her head disappeared from view and he took in her outfit. White stay-up stockings; a tight pink dress, so short that he could see the white panties over the bulge of her pussy peeking out beneath. She leaned onto the window frame. Great tits, he thought.

"Hey baby, how much for a hand-job?"

Ugh, Alice moaned to herself. She needed more money than a hand-job would provide, behind on rent and in need of groceries, she'd been hoping for a productive night. Still, beggars can't be choosers she thought. He looked respectable enough, the car was nice and felt warm inside. If only they weren't so crude. "\$25. For 50 I'll blow you!"

Travis pondered the offer. She did have a nice mouth and the money was no factor. "Sure get in." He watched the woman walk to the front of the car and use her phone before coming back and entering. "What was that about?" He asked as he closed the passenger side window.

"We text the license plates. Just to be on the safe side," she answered. Travis noticed her dress had ridden up completely over her panties, the white lace edging visible.

"You can relax, I'm not crazy!" He remarked and the woman smiled.

"You don't look crazy. But maybe I am!" She laughed. "It protects you too!"

Travis looked into her face. Up close she was even older than he'd thought. Well into her fifties. Her make-up concealed a lot of hard years he could tell but she was still attractive. Beautiful eyes, he thought.

"So where do we go?"

"Take the next right, there's a carpark half way down the block. You can pull in there," she suggested. "So what's your name sweetheart?"

"Trav...er...Thomas!" He corrected half way through, not understanding fully why he lied about his name.

The woman chuckled. "O.k. Trav er Thomas. Pleased to meet you, I'm Candy."

Embarrassed, Travis admitted his attempted deception. "It's just Travis."

"And my name's still Candy."

He found the carpark and took a ticket from the machine. Finding an area on the second level away from other cars he pulled into it a space and turned off the ignition.

"So as I said, its 50 bucks," the woman reminded Travis.

"Oh yeah, sure." Travis found his wallet and handed over the cash which Alice was quick to place in her small white leather clutch. He noticed her retrieve a condom and place it in her mouth before leaning into his crotch. His cock was pulled from his pants and quickly hardened when her mouth enclosed around him.

Nice looking cock, Alice thought as she deftly slid the condom around his growing length with her lips. He smelled clean, which was a bonus. Shaved, no pubes ending up in her mouth afterwards, worse still caught in her

throat. He was attractive too. She remembered the faces. Years after she would see former clients, at their workplaces, walking with their families, did the wives ever know where their husband's cocks had been? Travis let out a moan and moved his hips up into her. This won't take long, she thought.

Her mouth felt wonderful. She would interchange between deep throating and sucking on the head whilst jerking off the base. His orgasm approached and he wondered if he had to tell her. The condom had gone on so nonchalantly he hadn't even felt its presence such was her skill. She was a great cock sucker, the best he'd had in his limited experience. It began. He ran his fingers through her hair, holding the back of her head in position as he came. Jet after jet filling the condom as she squeezed the base of his cock, milking the length with her lips.

"Oh Jesus. Fuck that was good," Travis said, panting as the woman lifted off his crotch. He reached down and slid the condom off his cock, careful to not spill the laden rubber. Tying the end, Travis opened his window and about to throw it out was stopped by his companion.

"What are you doing?" She questioned. "There's a bin downstairs!"

Travis looked at the condom and began to blush. "Oh yeah sorry."

"So you should be. If I was your mother I'd spank you for littering young man!"

He placed the condom on the floor of the car and wound the window back up. The silence in the car was relaxing, the perfume of the sex worker pleasant. The late hour, he could have closed his eyes and so easily fallen asleep.

An extended moment of silence passed between them. Alice looked at the interior of the car; tidy. She again examined her client. He looked young. No more than twenty five. She wondered why such an attractive guy had seen fit to choose her. Mommy issues, she thought and smiled. "So, my name is Alice," she broke the silence and confessed her own lie.

"Oh, not Candy?" Travis smiled. She really was good looking for an older woman; he wondered why she was still doing what she was doing at her age, especially on the street.

"You should be flattered," she smiled. "I don't tell my real name to just anyone."

"So why me?"

Alice reached out and placed a hand on his thigh. "You just seem nice I suppose."

Travis saw a tinge of sadness in her otherwise beautiful eyes. He wanted to hold her, to keep her safe. Of course he did, he reasoned. Wake up Travis, you fall in love with every girl you get with, he told himself. He tore his eyes from her and grabbed the wheel. "Anyway so can I drop you back where I found you?"

Alice turned away from the man, looking out her window so he didn't see the tear that had formed. "Um yeah, great." What are you doing Alice? She asked herself. Pull yourself together, he's just another John.

The drive back to their meeting place went too quickly for both of them. He pulled up and risked looking again into her face. Were her eyes glassier than before? He wondered. Maybe it was the light. "So here we are," Travis stated, far more bluntly than he'd meant.

With little desire to leave the warmth of the car, Alice repeated his statement. "Yeah, here we are!" A thought came to her. "So do you want my number, if you're around again we could hook up?"

Travis was elated, he couldn't figure out why but it was like getting a 'yes' from a girl in high school. She wants to see me again, he thought. Of course she does you idiot, she wants your money! He quickly told himself. "Yeah sure," he offered his phone to her and watched as she entered her number.

Alice felt happier to exit his vehicle with the possibility of seeing him again. She joined the other girls lining the street and watched his taillights disappear among the traffic. She had no other clients that night.

* * * * *

Sweet child o' mine played in the background and was incorporated into Alice's dream before she realized it was her phone ringing. She lifted her face from the pillow and winced at the sunlight streaming through the curtains. The screen of her phone read private number but it was the 9:30am which caught her eye. Her friends knew not to call before midday. "Yes?" She answered abruptly.

"Ah is this Cand...er...Alice?"

Alice sat up in her bed immediately, her heart skipping a beat. It was him. "Yes, who's calling?" She acted coolly.

"Um hey, it's Travis. Ah we...met last night!"

"Oh hi. It's early!" Why did you say that Alice? Don't criticize him, she thought.

"Oh sorry. I waited an extra few hours."

An extra few hours, she thought. She'd watched his car pull away well after midnight, what time had he wanted to call her? "No that's alright. I didn't expect to hear from you again."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, guys cum and go if you get my drift."

"Um yeah. No. I mean I just wondered if I could see you again?" Travis asked, unsure why he felt so nervous.

Alice looked around her apartment. It was Sunday and traditionally a pretty slow day for her trade. She hadn't been expecting to go out and had promised herself a mental health day in front of the television. He looked reasonably well off, depending on what he was after she could end the day well ahead and take time off later in the week.

"O.k. You can come here if you like." It was unprecedented. She'd never invited a client to her home before. It was dangerous and fraught with disaster but he seemed different somehow. Innocent. She gave him her address and prepared herself for his visit.

Travis was excited. He drove to the neighborhood and nearing her address stopped at a bakery and bought some muffins. He had no idea what she would like so purchased a selection. There was a florist next door and he debated whether to buy her flowers. He decided against it, shaking his head at the idea. She's a prostitute Travis, she's not your girlfriend, he told himself.

Her apartment was in a large, affordable complex. His heart raced as he pressed the buzzer and was let in. She opened her door wearing tiny denim shorts and an equally small t-shirt. To Travis she no longer resembled a hooker, more a suburban mom, possibly divorced, enjoying the

neighborhood boys ogling her as she watered the garden. The fantasy stayed in his head as she invited him in.

Her apartment was small and well-lit with natural light. He had forgotten the muffins he held until Alice commented on them and he clumsily presented them to her.

"You didn't have to do that," she exclaimed, genuinely surprised by his kindness. She'd had generous clients in the past. Lonely men that lavished her with gifts. Usually lingerie and jewellery. The baked goods were special, friendly, something a lover would do, not a John.

Travis debated whether to tell her he was planning on bringing flowers but thought better of it.

She placed the muffins in the kitchen and returned to him standing nervously in the middle of the living room. "The bedroom's this way."

She led him through, Travis admiring her ass bulging out of her shorts and when she reached the bed she turned to face him. "I hate to say this but it's \$200 for sex, \$300 for anything special."

"What's special?" Travis asked swallowing.

"Anything you can imagine!"

Travis tried to act cool. "I can imagine a lot of things!"

She matched his bravado. "And I can do a lot of things!"

Normally in a hotel room or at their house, Alice would have her clients shower before sex. With Travis she waived the restriction, in fact didn't even contemplate it. She wanted to touch him; she longed to have him inside her, to do what he wanted with her.

Travis fumbled taking his wallet from his back pocket and Alice moved in immediately. She pushed the wallet from his hands to the floor and began to remove his shirt. "Worry about that later baby," she told him. His shirt removed she admired the small amount of hair on his defined chest, his washboard abs. He worked out that much was sure. Her hands went to his belt, unbuckling and lowering his pants and underwear in one fell swoop. His shoes removed he stood before her naked, his hairless cock, flaccid.

"You weren't so shy last night," Alice commented and regretted highlighting his condition.

"Yeah um I'm just nervous I guess." Travis admitted and Alice wanted to hold him, press him to her breast and stroke his hair. Mother him. The moment she thought of it, she knew it was the answer. As she'd thought the night before, it was probably why he'd chosen her in the first place among all the other girls available. Mommy issues.

"Oh come now baby. There's no need to be nervous," she purred. "Come sit next to Mommy."

She pulled him with her back onto the bed and leaned against her pile of pillows. Travis lay down beside her and she allowed his head to press to her breast. He placed a leg over hers and an arm around her waist. To Travis it was closer than he'd been to his own mother and he suddenly wondered if he'd chosen Alice for this very reason. He'd never been attracted to older women before now, it had all happened on instinct.

"There there baby, Mommy's here." She stroked his hair and smelled the scent of soap. "Tell Mommy what you want to do baby."

The roleplay was working for Travis. Her breast was so soft beneath his cheek; His hand caressed the roll of skin around her waist above her denim

shorts. His cock began to harden against her thigh. "It's naughty, I probably shouldn't tell you."

"Oh come now baby, you can tell Mommy anything," Alice whispered. "Here baby, place your hand on Mommy's pussy. That'll make baby feel better won't it?"

Alice took Travis' hand and put it between her legs, his fingers immediately kneading her mound and moistening her slit.

"I've been thinking about you since what we did in the car."

"Oh yeah baby? When Mommy sucked baby's big dick? Is that what you mean?" Alice asked, enjoying the role she was playing to perfection.

"Yeah," Travis panted, his cock now fully erect and grinding against her leg. "I want to do that to you. I want to eat your pussy."

At that moment Alice couldn't think of anything she'd rather do than have this guy eat her out. She could feel how hard his cock was against her thigh. She felt how wet she'd become between her legs. This was the strange part, she was never this turned on, never with a client. She'd fuck him for free if he asked her right then but the businesswoman in her saw reality and bills. If he came against my leg he'll still want to fuck me in the future, repeat visits she thought. "Oh yeah baby, you want to eat out Mommy's pussy?"

Travis' fingers had made their way inside Alice's shorts, He felt her sodden panties and pulled them aside to touch her dripping slit. When she didn't protest he slid two fingers inside her and heard her gasp above him.

Alice threw her head back in ecstasy. The connection between them she hadn't felt with a man in years. "Oh baby, that feels so good in Mommy's pussy. Finger fuck Mommy baby. Good boy." She lifted her t-shirt and pulled a breast free of her bra. Travis was quick to wrap his mouth around

her nipple, sucking like a baby at it's mother's teat. His hips increased their grinding against her leg and he wondered if he should maybe have been fucking her instead.

"Oh fuck don't stop Travis," Alice moaned as his fingers stabbed into her vagina, the curl of his digits hitting just the right spot as if he knew her intimately. "Suck Mommy's tits baby. Make Mommy cum."

His hand increased its speed in and out of her. His mouth clamped around her nipple.

When Alice came it was as if she'd forgotten the sensation. She felt almost embarrassed as she allowed herself to squirt through her shorts onto this man's hand whom she had only just met. She wanted to thank him for reminding her how beautiful sex could be but all she could do was bring his mouth up to hers. If he had known what the simple act of kissing had meant to her, it would have worked as thank you enough but for Travis, the intimacy was the catalyst for him to release his own orgasm. Gasping into her mouth as her tongue encircled his he began shooting cum, coating their legs and spraying the sheets to join her own ejaculate.

"Oh fuck Alice," Travis managed after composing himself, his body still pressed to hers. "That was awesome."

Alice didn't know what to say, to do. An orgasm with a client wasn't normal. In fact it was completely abnormal. As Travis slowly eased his fingers out of her saturated shorts she took it as an opportunity to extract herself from his hold, to lift herself off the bed entirely.

She looked down at the naked man, his still erect penis slick with cum, the evidence all over her sheets and her own legs. Her eyes traced up to her

own blue denim shorts, the crotch drenched with her own emission to the point it looked as if she'd wet herself.

"I'm sorry. You don't have to pay for that," Alice exclaimed. "That wasn't what we agreed to."

Travis was taken aback, thinking he'd done something wrong.

"Like hell! I thought that might have been the \$300 option!" The use of humor had been an attempt to settle the situation, the woman was obviously freaking out about something.

"That wasn't sex! I don't know what that was but you have to go." Alice hurried to the bathroom and closed the door behind her leaving Travis alone and confused.

In the mirror she looked at her reflection. What the fuck Alice? What the fuck? She asked herself. You don't fall for clients, especially those that are half your age.

Taking a towel she wiped his cum from her leg and removed her shorts, t-shirt and panties. Wrapping a robe around herself she walked back out into her bedroom.

Travis had put his clothes back on and on her nightstand she could see three crisp hundred dollar bills.

"Look I'm sorry if I upset you. I just wanted to see you again, that's all." He slipped his shoes on while Alice watched and when she didn't respond he made his way out of her room shaking his head. A quick check that he'd not left anything behind and Travis opened the front door, pausing briefly before exiting the way he'd come in.

Alice bit on her nail as she looked at the money, her heart began to race as she heard the front door close. He's going Alice, she told herself. The way you acted, he'll never come back! You don't even have his phone number; you'll never see him again. You've blown it. The thought of it spurred her into action. She ran from her room and towards the front door. In the hall she looked to the elevator and saw no one. The click of the door at the other end of the hall caught her ear and she thought, the stairway!

By the time she reached the door and opened, he was two flights down, his hand holding the rail as he descended. "Why did you pick me?" She yelled down to him, her voice echoing in the chamber. His progress stopped and he leaned over the rail looking up at her.

"Because I thought you looked beautiful."

Tears welled in her eyes.

* * * * *

He stood again in her living room as nervous as he was the first time. She came out of the bedroom and held the money out before him. "I told you I can't take this."

Travis shook his head. "That's yours, you earned it."

"I didn't do anything. Travis, you made me cum. Do you understand? No one makes me cum!" She said the words defiantly as if it was done against her will.

Travis obstinately turned his cheek to the outstretched hand and reluctantly Alice placed the folded bills in the pocket of her robe. "Well at least let me make you a coffee to have with those muffins." She proposed and he agreed to that.

Travis took up a stool beside the kitchen and Alice looked down at his pants leg. The wetness of his semen had flowed through. He didn't even wipe himself off on her sheets like most men would've, she thought. Who was this guy?

"So what's your story Travis?" She asked. "Why were you on Hollywood Blvd in the middle of the night?"

Travis smiled. "Actually I was just sightseeing, driving around. I'm not from L.A. Stopping for you was on the spur of the moment."

"Because you thought I was beautiful!?" She smiled skeptically at him.

"Yes. Really." Travis eyed her ass behind the long apricot satin robe. Clearly she wasn't wearing panties, the material cinching between her cheeks.

"So why are you in L.A.?" Alice asked, looking over her shoulder and catching him peeking at her rear. He does like me, she thought.

"I'm a carpenter but I specialize on staircases. I was asked to help out on an attic access." The woman seemed genuinely interested and Travis was eager to share his life with her. "It's interesting actually, you know that earthquake you had a week or so ago? Well the house we're working in had a secret attic, it was only revealed when the ceiling cracked..."

Alice leaned on her elbows as she listened intently. She loved watching his mouth move as he talked, the enthusiasm in his eyes.

"...so the woman and her son that live there climb up and find all this old furniture and photos from the 1920's. It really is amazing."

Travis took a quick glance at her cleavage as she leaned before him on the bench. God she does have great tits, he thought.

The jug boiled and Alice joined Travis on a stool. "So you'll be leaving L.A. when you finish?" She asked as she tasted her muffin.

Travis watched her mouth open, move as she chewed. His cock responded at the sight, imagining her lips again around it as they had in the car. "Yeah, back home."

When he mentioned the name of the town, Alice's stomach turned. She remembered a naive young woman fleeing west hoping for a new life in Los Angeles. Stopping in a small town and falling for the wrong man. A series of mistakes that had led her to her current life.

Travis saw the marked change in her demeanor, thought it was a reaction to his admitting he'd be leaving. He reached out and risked touching her, gently resting his hand on hers. "I might stay longer though!"

Alice looked into his eyes, so full of concern. She pulled him to her and her lips pressed to his. "I want you inside me."

They stood together and Alice's robe came open. Travis had only a moment to take in her body, the white lace bra supporting her large breasts, her nipples visible. The white skin of her belly, her hairless pubic mound. Their bodies connected as did their mouths, his hands reaching inside her robe to caress her sides, her back, her buttocks. Her naked pussy pressed against his leg, she felt for sure she'd leave a wet patch so excited was her sex.

Travis pulled her closer into him as their tongues entwined. His cock ached to be released from his pants and making a bold move he cupped her upper thighs and lifted her up into his arms. The couch over her shoulder, he carried her across the small room and they fell down together, Travis now securely between her spread legs. Alice reached for his pants and undid the button and fly with ease. With help he lowered them and his naked erection

was within inches of its prize. "Condom?" Travis panted into her ear between kisses and Alice's reaction was to grasp his hardness and pull him into her.

The feeling of being inside her was of utter joy. So warm. So wet. Clasp his cock with the most loving of embraces. For Alice she felt complete. Whole for the first time in her life as if her vagina was a jigsaw missing a final piece and this man's cock completed the puzzle. Protection was non debatable in her profession yet with him it had to be this way, she felt. She needed his contact unfiltered; she craved his seed inside her.

Pulling her breasts from her bra, Travis' mouth sought out her nipples, kissing, sucking. His cock thrust in and out, her thighs wrapped around his waist. Her orgasm came as he kissed her neck, her words caught in her mouth until her climax subsided. "Come inside me!" She demanded as their mouths reconnected and Travis was ready to comply. Fully inside her, his pubic bone to hers he stopped his movement and released. Alice squeezed her cunt around him as she felt his sperm spray her cervix like a fire hose. Pulse after pulse of his cum emptying inside her, evidence of his desire for her.

"What if I said I think I love you?" Travis gasped into her neck as he kissed beneath her ear, his post orgasm cock still hard inside her.

"I would say the exact same thing Travis!" Alice breathed, her arms embracing her lover.

* * * * *

He drove back to her apartment early evening. His clothes had smelled like sex and not that he'd cared, they weren't fit for the restaurant he'd promised to take her to with the money she'd refused to accept.

When she greeted him at her door he was floored by her beauty. Wearing more a black slip than a dress, her body looked perfection in his eyes. She wore no bra as far as he could tell, her nipples poking out the front and only as he ran his hand over her ass did he feel the line of her underwear. It was all he could do to not fuck her there and then and Alice would have been more than a willing participant.

Seated at the restaurant sipping her drink Alice looked at Travis with wide open eyes. "Don't look now, but over my shoulder, the woman sitting at the window is Lauren Brooks!" Alice gushed.

Travis had no idea who the woman was meant to be but Alice was taken with her apparent brush with celebrity. "I thought you'd be used to seeing famous people living in L.A.!"

"You never get used to it!"

"Who is she anyway?" Travis asked.

Alice scrunched her nose with a look of incredulity which made Travis fall more in love with her.

"She's a plus size model, she's mega famous. I can relate to her life I guess, before she was famous of course. How can you not know her? Oh that's right; I remember where you're from. Do you even have television out there yet?" Alice laughed at her own joke and Travis wanted to kiss her.

Alice could feel her panties becoming wet, the more time she spent with him the deeper her feelings were becoming. She wanted to fuck him. To climb across the table and sit on his lap. Have him inside her again. She reached down and beneath the table cloth slid a hand under her dress.

Across the stay up stockings she caressed her fingers up to her panties and took hold of the waist band. Lifting one cheek and then the other, they came

off so easily and without anyone in the restaurant being aware she held them in her hand.

"Hold out you hand." Alice whispered.

"What, why?" Travis quizzed but doing as she'd instructed, resting his hand palm up on the table.

Alice reached across and placed her warm black lace thong into his awaiting hand and Travis closed his fist around the material, his cock hardening with his awareness.

"Can you hold on to them for me?" Alice smiled wickedly and Travis' heart was completely captured.

"Tell me about your life," Travis asked. "I want to know everything about you."

Alice met his eyes and she felt she could bare her soul to him, a man she'd only known for less than twenty four hours. He knew her profession and it didn't sway his feelings towards her, not even their obvious age difference seemed to affect his desire. She told him everything. Her early life back east, her struggles before ending up in his very home town. Meeting a man who got her pregnant and in her fragile state forced her to give up the child. The alcoholism that followed, the years of sadness and misfortune. By the end of her tale she reconciled he would either leave her in disgust or more likely, politely extract himself from her presence, her world. He did neither.

With a tear in his eye Travis told her he loved her. Even more so for her tale.

"I'm not the whore with the heart of gold Travis. This isn't Pretty Woman!"

The reference like the celebrity spotting was lost on Travis but he knew what she was trying to convey. "Don't think for an instant I'm naive. I'm twenty five, I've had girlfriends. I've been in love before. You're different Alice. I want to be with you, I love you."

Their hands met over the table. "Twenty five? Well I'm only exactly twice your age I guess!" She remembered where she was at his age, pregnant and lost. "I've told you about me. It's your turn."

Travis smiled, eager to tell her more. "Well you now know my age. My job, where I live. My surname's Westin, you know what car I..."

"What?" Alice broke in before he could continue. His name had hit her like a bolt of lightning. "Your surname is Westin?"

Travis smiled before seeing the expression on her face and his brow furrowed. "Yeah. I'm Travis Westin."

For Alice the room began to spin. His name, his age, the town of his birth. "Travis, what is your father's name?" She asked cautiously.

Her hand was trying to pull away from his but he wouldn't release her. Not until he knew why her mood had changed so suddenly? Why the question about his father? "Russell Westin. Why?"

It couldn't be, she thought. He couldn't be. It was impossible. Russell had told her the child would be adopted out. They had both signed the paperwork. Yes, it was his church that it was done through but he said he didn't want the child. That she wasn't a fit mother, that the child would be better off without them both. The food in her stomach turned. She swallowed hard. "Travis. Is your mother your natural mother?"

What kind of question was that? Travis thought. Of course she was my natural mother. He thought of her then. The lack of intimacy in his

childhood, the little interest she'd shown in his life growing up, their difference in appearance. "What are you asking me?" But even as he said the words he understood. Their ages. Her story. Her reaction to his father's name. It wasn't possible. He hadn't answered Alice's question. Such a simple question, it should have been so easy. But he couldn't.

"Russell Westin worked at the gas station on the edge of town. It was owned by his father. He lived in a big white two storey house on Main St. He volunteered with the church and drank too many Coors. He said it was the only beer he'd ever drink!" Tears were running from Alice's eyes as she testified. Even as she spoke the words she could see it in the man opposite her. He looked like her. He looked like his father!

A lump formed in Travis' throat as she mentioned the beer. No one but family would know that about his father, all her information rang true, the gas station (long closed), his grandparents' house they'd sold years before. He reached for his phone under the watchful gaze of this woman he had fallen in love with over the mere course of a day.

Alice heard only one side of the phone call Travis made to his father. The blood draining from his face when he received the answer to the pertinent question. "Is Mom my biological mother?"

The world changed in an instant, tilted on its axis. She now looked across the table at her son. The son she'd had sex with, no, more than that, made love to. He'd cum inside her. She'd had her son's penis in her mouth. The room again began spinning. It was all too much too fast. She rose quickly from the table and marched towards the bathrooms, her hand over her mouth.

Travis stared blankly ahead. He should have stopped her but his father's words still rang in his ear. "We should have told you, how did you find

out?" He hadn't answered, how could he? How do you tell your father you've just slept with your mother? Not just slept with her. His cock had been in her mouth. He'd cum inside her, on her. He'd sucked on her breasts. A waitress approached the table and placed the bill before him asking if he wanted anything else and Travis waved her away courteously. He looked down at his phone as it began to ring, his father's number appearing on the screen. Not yet, he thought to himself and switched it off. Placing it back in his pocket his hand touched the soft material therein. His mother's panties, still warm, still wet. He needed to see her.

Alice splashed the water against her face and looked in the mirror. Her makeup was ruined and she looked gaunt. Much as Travis had when he'd learnt the truth, what must he think of me, she thought? His mother the whore. He'll leave L.A. Go back home and regret ever coming here, meeting me. The door to the women's toilets opened beside her and she straightened expecting another patron. Travis entered and stood before her.

She shouldn't have doubted the capacity of her son's love. He held her underwear in his hand; she held his heart in hers. "I'm sorry," she whispered and he came to her. His lips finding hers, tasting the tears on her face. His body pressed so tight she felt his cock harden against her as his hands caressed her back, her ass.

"You never have to apologize...Mom," he answered as he kissed her neck. Alice's hands went to his pants and unbuttoned. His cock released, free and proud. Travis lifted her onto the sink and she guided him inside her. Deep he plunged with urgency. Eager to prove with cum, his love for her hadn't lessened, in fact doubled. Now the love of a man for a woman combined with that of a son for his mother. There could be no greater love.

The door of the bathroom opened and a female patron half entered taking in the scene. She watched transfixed as the man's buttocks thrust back and forth between the woman's stocking clad legs. Her dress had been lowered beneath her breasts, her back to the mirror. "Fuck me baby, fuck Mommy hard!" the woman moaned before sensing the presence of another. Her eyes took in the woman watching them before dismissing her and turning again to her lover. "I want to see you cum baby. Show Mommy your cum."

Was it possible, the woman thought? Could they be mother and son? The idea was fascinating, she didn't dare look away as the man pulled out of her, his cock slick with her lubricant. The woman dropped to the floor holding her breasts up towards the man as he masturbated above her, still totally oblivious to the third party's presence.

"I'm gonna cum Mom!" He panted, the woman noting he used a pair of black panties to jerk his thick cock.

"Yes baby cum on my tits. Cum on Mommy's face baby."

Travis looked down on his mother, her mouth open begging for his semen. In the time he'd known her she'd never looked so beautiful. His orgasm approaching he thought of the coincidence of meeting her. The likelihood of finding her in the city. It was fate that had brought them together, lust that had led them to this moment and love that would bind them forever. His cum surged forth with the added aid of his mother's panties. His first spray caught her upturned neck, a trail of pearls on her porcelain skin. Her breasts were lavished with semen and up to her face he aimed. Her tongue bore the remaining fruits, her mouth savoring then swallowing her son's gift.

The unnamed woman's panties were saturated. Her nipples poked through her dress. The scene of potential incest had awakened a passion inside her. She felt she needed to thank the couple but avoided the intrusion in their

love, instead quietly sidling back out of the room, returning to her family dinner and her own son to now look upon in an entirely different manner.

Travis lifted Alice from the floor of the bathroom. The cum had run between her breasts, down the front of her dress. She scraped the semen from her neck and licked her finger as Travis wiped her chest with her panties. Cum or no cum he kissed her mouth and whispered again his love for her.

"What happens now?" Alice asked.

Travis smiled and lifted the straps of her dress back over her shoulders. "I take you back to my hotel and we fuck!"

Alice laughed. "I mean with us?"

"Oh," Travis grinned. "We find a place here in L.A. We live together for the rest of our lives and we fuck!"

"That's more like it." Alice beamed.

Nepotism

Chapter 1

Cain sat at his kitchen table and looked over the mounting bills. A month behind in rent, overdue loan repayments on his car and no food in the fridge; moving out of home and into his own place now didn't seem to be the great idea it had been a year earlier. The last six months had been the killer. The construction company he worked for had lost a number of contracts leaving him working only two days a week turning a 'STOP/SLOW,' sign on a road project. His father's advice not to quit school was now becoming more and more telling. Looking at the time on his phone he was thankful it was a Thursday and his weekly dinner at his parents house. His stomach grumbled as he picked up his keys and left more than an hour earlier than usual.

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"What do you mean you're only working two days a week?" Harold asked as he handed his son an open cola bottle across the table.

Evelyn approached and placed down a bowl of cut bread stick and Cain was quick to reach for a piece. "I thought you had a contract, aren't they required to give you a certain amount of hours?" His mother asked, sitting down at the table with her husband and son.

Cain shook his head and finished a mouthful. "Not under the new agreement we all signed. There was a pay rise but no minimum hours."

"Well that's not good enough," Evelyn protested. She reached out and touched the back of Cain's hand. "Are you O.k for money honey? Your father and I are happy to help out."

Before Cain had a chance to answer, Harold broke in. "Well, I did tell you not to leave school. I knew something like this would happen."

Evelyn rolled her eyes. "Yes darling we're all aware of your opinion. I'm serious Cain, if you need some help, just ask."

Cain's father again interjected. "I have an idea!"

"Oh my god Harold, give it a rest. He's not going back to school!" Evelyn remarked, still holding her son's hand.

"I was going to say, why doesn't he go and work with you!"

Cain raised his eyebrows at the out of the blue proposal. He noticed his mother was also taken by surprise at the idea.

"What do you mean? I don't have any experience at accounting." Cain remarked.

Harold ignored his son's comment and kept his gaze on his wife. "You were just telling me you have to employ someone. Why not our boy?"

Evelyn sat back in her chair, taking her hand from Cain's in the process. He was slightly disappointed as her touch had felt quite nice. "Well I suppose..." Evelyn looked into space running the idea through her head.

"The only thing is the anti nepotism code at Fisk & Tavish. I can't directly hire a relation."

"Who's to know?" Harold retorted. "He's a Trainor not a Parker. He has my surname not yours. Old Fisk will never find out! And it's just down the road from him. He can walk to work."

Cain's head was spinning. "Wait what are you both talking about? Mom, what job?"

Evelyn straightened in her chair. "Well I'd just finished telling your father when you got here that our company had acquired another accounting firm. Morris Accounting. They weren't much of a rival but dealt with hundreds of small businesses all over the place, regional towns, that kind of thing." She stopped and took a hair tie off her wrist and began to tie back her blonde hair. The action pushed her chest out and even Cain noticed his mother's ample breasts as she did so. "Thing is," she went on. "Their records were all kept on a computer system that won't communicate with ours. It's old. Really old. Pre-Windows. Our tech guys have managed to write a code that could copy the files but in the process it's created loads of discrepancies. Their only suggestion is to manually review both the physical and digital files in the system."

"That could take ages." Cain stated.

"Uh huh. And I've been tasked with it. I can employ someone though."

It was the opportunity Cain needed. "I could do it. Mom you know I'm good with computers. I'm a fast typer and everything. Accurate as well. What's this nepotism thing though?"

"Well that's the rub. As I'm doing the interviewing and directly hiring, I'm not supposed to hire family, due to favoritism."

"Poppycock!" Harold exclaimed.

"But your father's right. You have his surname. You're not at this address. They needn't know your my son." A cheeky smile came across her face.

"We'd have to pretend we're not related. It would be fun working together though wouldn't it?"

Cain wasn't thinking about how much fun it would or wouldn't be. He needed the work. He'd pretend to be the King of England if it meant he

could get back on top of his finances. "When do you do the interviews?"

"Monday. Do you think you can make it?" Evelyn answered, still beaming.

"Oh I'll make it and don't worry Ms. Parker. Cain Trainor is going to be the best employee you've ever had!"

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The job couldn't have come at a better time. With only a few weeks before Christmas, the money was what Cain needed to get back on his feet. And the salary was impressive. More than he was being paid full time with the construction company. He gave notice of resignation to his current employer straight after the interview on Monday and spent Tuesday buying new business shirts and pants to look the part. The interview had been humorous. A colleague of his mother's had unexpectedly sat in and it was a perfect prelude to how they'd need to conduct themselves over the duration. Cain addressing her as Evelyn had made them both smile but they figured it had gone unnoticed.

Come Wednesday Cain was eager to get started. After a morning with HR filling out employment details, being shown around the office building and given emergency procedure training, it was after lunchtime before he even got to see his mother. It was strange, as in the interview, she seemed different somehow. It was like she was another person at work to how he knew her at home. She looked the same of course although he was seeing her dressed in her business clothes for longer than the half hour in the afternoon when he was growing up. Watching her interaction with workmates was fascinating. Her confidence, her demeanor, it was like he was seeing another side of his mother she'd kept secret or he just hadn't noticed his entire life.

"So do I get my own office or do I just work in here with you Mo...er, Evelyn?" Cain asked as he waited beside his mother's desk.

"Hah, no such luck. Records are kept in the basement. We, my friend are about to be banished to the dungeon!"

"The dungeon?" Cain repeated as he watched his mother rise from her chair and take her jacket from the seat back. Sliding one arm into the sleeve he again noticed her sizable breasts pushing against her light blue shirt. She struggled with the other arm and he quickly helped her out.

"Thank you Cain." She touched his arm lightly in a gesture of thanks.

"Come on, you ready? I'll show you."

* * * * *

The 'dungeon' was the basement between the first floor and the car-park and where the server and the records vault was kept. In adjacent rooms, both fire proof, their environments couldn't have been more dissimilar. The room holding the server was air-conditioned and remained cool while beside it the physical records room was airless and uncomfortably warm. Evelyn used a pin code to unlock the glass door to the records room and as she entered fluorescent lights automatically illuminated the room's length.

"Sorry about the heat down here, the air conditioner is favored to the server room. I'll get a fan if it gets too hot." Evelyn remarked.

Cain looked at the number of large document boxes sitting atop the long table. Mentally evaluating the amount of work ahead of them, he envisaged at least two weeks wages, possibly longer. With the handsome remuneration for his labor he'd easily manage to clear his debts and come out with money to spare. Things were looking up.

"So, where do we start?" Cain asked, loosening his tie as the heat of the room began to be noticed.

Evelyn moved to the closest box and opened it, pulling out a manila folder she approached one of the many filing cabinets lining the left wall of the room. Cain followed and paid attention as his mother detailed the differences between their companies filing system to the new accounts and how the records should be arranged to conform. Turning on the two lap tops sitting on the table and logging into the database, Evelyn showed her eager to learn son the discrepancies the I.T. guys had noticed and the process of updating each account. It was all pretty straightforward and Cain felt more than comfortable with the system.

"So what do you think? All good?" Evelyn asked her son as she removed her jacket and placed it over the back of a chair. Nodding confirmation, Cain noticed small sweat patches at her armpits and wondered if he'd actually ever seen his mother sweat before then. The notion left his mind when she followed up with another question. "How about I go and get us a coffee before we get started?"

"Oh I can go." Cain quickly responded.

"You sure?"

"Yeah. H.R showed me all the lunchrooms and how to work the coffee machines." He was already headed towards the door before Evelyn could even think of objecting. "I'll be two minutes!"

Cain found the closest lunchroom and set about making the coffees. A couple of men in suits entered and nodded at his presence whilst continuing on with their conversation. As Cain finished making his mother's espresso one of the men addressed him. "So you're the new guy, huh?"

Cain looked up and smiled. "Yeah I guess!" Holding out his hand to accept the other mans shake.

"Miles. Miles Bradley. This is Devon."

"Cain Trainor. Nice to meet you."

"So you're working with Dolly? Lucky you." The man named Devon laughed.

Cain was a little perplexed. "No, Evelyn Parker in accounts."

"Yeah that's who I mean." Devon replied still chuckling to himself.

Miles was quick to explain the comment. "It's her tits man. Dolly Parker. Like Dolly Parton. She's got big tits! Surely you must have noticed?"

Cain felt like punching them in the face. "You call her that?"

"Well not to her face. It's just her nickname." Devon added. "Actually you started here at a good time. Christmas party is this Friday, you should have seen her last year. Fuck me!"

Miles looked to Devon. "You've still got the photo! Show him."

Cain watched as Devon placed a hand into his suit jacket and pulled out his smart phone. He felt the conversation was ugly and entirely disrespectful. They were talking about his mother for God's sake. He held his breath as the man began to navigate his phone in search of whatever he had to reveal.

Devon passed the phone opened on a photo to Cain. Initially the image wouldn't compute in his head. It was his mother alright but the surroundings were unfamiliar, her appearance was unfamiliar. Her demeanor was entirely unfamiliar. Slowly the content of the photo clarified. His mother was wearing tight shiny black leggings and a black top. Her blond hair had been curled and with the fancy dress of the few other people that appeared in the

photo, it was obvious even to Cain she was dressed as Olivia Newton John from the closing scenes of Grease. The background of the photo also became recognizable as the foyer of the very building he was standing in. These details were all eclipsed however by the action of his mother in the photo. Holding what looked to be a beer bottle in one hand she was using it and the other to lower the front of her top, exposing both of her bra-less, large white breasts.

Cain was having a hard time rationalizing the woman in the photo with the mother he knew and loved. So out of character, so outrageous and he had to admit, so sexy. The image seared into his brain. Years from then he could describe every detail. Her flushed cheeks and neck from the alcohol. The tightness of her pants, clinging to her groin like a second skin that the line of her vulva created a visible cameltoe. The wicked, drunken smile on her face and those breasts. Those wondrous, magnificent breasts. Whiter than snow under the flash and her pink nipples, erect and proud.

"Earth to new guy!" The voice filtered slowly through to Cain's mind. "Hey man, you done with that? I know she's hot but you look like you've just seen the Virgin Mary floating in a cloud or something!"

"What? Oh yeah, sure." As Cain began to hand back the phone he tapped his finger on the screen and brought up the bin icon. As quick as he could he pressed the logo and confirmed the delete. "Oh shit, I think I've just deleted it." Finally handing over the phone.

"What!?" Devon snatched the phone from his grasp and looked quickly at the screen. "What the fuck man? You deleted it! That was the only copy I had, why'd you do that?"

There was no way he was going to allow these guys to retain such a compromising photo of his mother. Cain felt exhilarated at the words. 'The

only copy.' His action had proved more effective than he'd imagined.
"Sorry, it was an accident."

Miles calmed the situation. "Relax Dev. You said yourself, it's the Christmas party this week. We'll just ply her with booze again, who knows what she'll do?"

Again the desire to punch these guys was overwhelming for Cain.
"Anyway, I better get back to it." He proclaimed, trying to extricate himself from the confrontation.

"Yeah, we'll see you around." Miles offered but Devon retained his focus on his phone, bitter at the loss of the photograph and ignored his departure.

Evelyn was at the filing cabinet when Cain returned. He looked at his mother from behind, her shirt tucked into her tight grey business slacks. He could see the faint line of her underwear cutting across her buttocks and as she turned to him he couldn't help but to recall the photo of her flashing her breasts. He looked up from the swell of her bust to her smiling face. "Hey, you're back. I thought you got lost."

Cain was momentarily lost for words as he looked upon her and was struck by her beauty as if seeing her for the first time in his life.

"What is it?" She asked as she became aware of his lingering in the doorway.

Cain shook his head and approached the table, planting his and his mother's coffees before them. "Oh it's nothing. You just look pretty is all."

Evelyn sat down in her chair and looked up shocked, smiling. "Was that a compliment? Well I'll be!" She took a sip from the cup and moaned. "Mmm lovely. Espresso. You remembered." Placing the cup back down she looked back at her son. "Oh. You weren't trying to hit on me were you? Fisk &

Tavish don't look kindly on office romances!" She laughed at her joke and continued on with the next file, smiling to herself.

Cain swallowed hard and sat down quickly. More out of necessity to hide his growing erection than to get started with work.

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Lying in bed, Cain stroked his morning erection. The night before he'd done all he could to put the photo out of his mind but every time he closed his eyes his mother came to him. Her hair curled, the black leggings and those breasts. Finally he'd relented and masturbated to the image of her. His own mother. The guilt he felt fantasizing over her was eclipsed by the pleasure. His orgasm had opened the floodgates to his imagination. Throughout the night he'd envisaged the things he'd like to do with her, to her. To touch her, to kiss her, to fuck her. The incestuous fantasy had snuck up on him out of the blue. A week, a day before, he'd been oblivious to his mother as a woman, as an object of desire. Now, as he neared orgasm with the thought of her ass in grey pants, the tight blue shirt with sweaty armpits, her mouth, her tongue, he came and screamed "Mom" to his empty room.

Evelyn was alone in her bedroom. Harold had already left for work and she stood naked and showered before her dresser contemplating her days wardrobe. "You just look pretty is all." The words came to her as though he'd just said them over her shoulder. Goosebumps broke out over her body at the thought of the unexpected compliment. Had her son ever said anything like that? As nice, as honest? She doubted it. Well I have to look just as nice for him today she thought. She opened the top drawer and removed a white lace bra and matching panties. I wonder if he'll think these are petty? She asked herself and quickly shook her head at the absurdity of

the question. "He's your son Evelyn! He doesn't care about your underwear, you idiot!" She told herself and set about finishing getting dressed.

The progress was slower than expected. By the beginning of the second day, mother and son were still only on the businesses beginning with A. Cain for one wasn't unhappy. At this rate he'd added at least a week to the potential employment period which left him way ahead financially and would set him up for a good start to the new year.

Cain reached into the document box and retrieved two new files. "O.k Mom, I've got Alan's Barbers or Angel Adult Toy's and Video. Which do you want?"

Evelyn took a sip from her coffee and snorted. "Well I just had a haircut last week, so I'll take the adult toys!" The attempted joke came out before she'd really thought it through and she began to blush at the real world implication. Cain laughed and noticed her redden as she took the file. Weird, he thought. It was just a joke. Evelyn placed the file beside her laptop and looked down. The room was suddenly a lot hotter and she undid another button on her shirt. She could see the white lace material of her bra and she thought of her morning pondering. I wonder if he'll notice she thought and quickly admonished herself for even contemplating it.

Cain had noticed! He'd noticed everything about her from the moment he'd entered her office that morning. Waiting on a couch for her to finish a phone call he'd been able to admire her whilst pretending to be on his own phone. Her pantyhosed legs crossed beneath the desk, her tan colored skirt riding up higher than mid thigh. The thought of climbing beneath the desk and kissing his way between her legs had his cock hardening and it was all he could do to will it away when she ended her call and asked if he was, (in her words) "ready to go down?" With the current thoughts running through

his mind, the irony of her question wasn't lost on him and he answered with a simple "whenever you are Evelyn."

They lunched separately. As luck had it Cain ran into the 'two stooges' as he was referring to them in his head at a local cafe. Devon approached singing. "Working nine to five. What a way to make a living." He clutched Cain on the shoulder, digging his fingers into the joint. "How's it going with Dolly Parker? You fuck her yet? I hear she likes 'em young."

Cain shrugged off the physical intrusion. "That's funny 'cause I hear she has a husband and kids!"

Devon looked to Miles as if to back up his theory and seeing no support headed off to purchase his lunch at the counter muttering "dick" under his breath.

"Ignore him Cain, I think he's just pissed that you deleted that photo." Miles offered. "Hey you're coming Friday night aren't you, have you got a costume?"

Cain thought of the Christmas party. His mother hadn't said anything about it so he wasn't sure if he'd go or not. "I'm not sure yet. I haven't organized anything."

"O.k well let me know by the end of the day, I've got a spare cop uniform if you want it." Miles opened his wallet and handed Cain a business card. "Just give me a call. Oh and try and convince Doll...Evelyn to go. I heard from the receptionist on her floor she's pulled out. It'd be a shame, they were all going as schoolgirls!"

Devon walked back past the table with his and Miles' lunch singing 'Islands in the stream.' Miles waved goodbye and left Cain to contemplate this new information. Why hadn't his mother mentioned the Christmas party or at

least the fact she wasn't going? The thought of seeing her in a school uniform was tantalizing, it would give him endless nights of masturbatory inspiration. He made the decision to confront her about it as soon as he returned to work.

Evelyn sat at her own desk eating her lunch. A leaf of lettuce fell from her fork between her breasts and she immediately looked up to see if anyone had noticed her through the glass partition. She'd forgotten to re-button her blouse upon returning from the basement and she quickly ran through her head the workmates she'd spoken to in the meantime. Had they noticed her bra, so clearly visible? For sure she knew of only one person who had. Cain. She'd felt his eyes on her from the morning. He'd been looking under the desk more than he had his phone. Boys lacked subtlety, that much was obvious. It was all innocent she thought as she retrieved the lettuce from her bra and buttoned up. He wasn't looking at her sexually surely. Why would he? I'm his mother, she reasoned. The flirting on her behalf was harmless fun, it wouldn't amount to anything. It couldn't

They rode down in the elevator together. Cain waited behind her as she unlocked the door and as they entered it seemed the room had become even hotter since the morning.

"Can't we leave the door open?" Cain asked, thinking of solutions.

"No it's alarmed, it's a security thing. I'll call and get us a fan as soon as possible though." Evelyn again undid her top buttons and Cain followed suit by removing his tie and rolling up his sleeves. Retrieving a file for them both, Cain sat at his laptop and tried logging in while Evelyn called upstairs. He entered the password his mother had given him and an 'incorrect' message appeared. He tried again and received the same outcome. With Evelyn in conversation on her phone he gestured to her to

look at his screen and she approached and leaned over his shoulder, her phone in the crook of her neck.

It was the closest they'd been so far and they both knew it. As she entered her own password into his laptop her rib-cage pressed against Cain's upper arm. He could smell her perfume, even the scent of her clothes. His eyes rested on the milky whiteness of her neck and as she straightened up, the impressive mounds of her breast. Standing next to him, watching the screen as it logged on she rested a hand on his shoulder in the same location Devon had earlier. This time the sensation was gentle and more than pleasant.

Evelyn didn't want to take her hand away. She could feel the muscle of his shoulder beneath her palm, the warmth of his skin through the shirt. Oh to touch his skin, she thought. The computer logged on and without a reason to stay she walked around the table towards her own workstation. Watch me. Look at my ass you beautiful boy, she thought as she continued the request for a fan on the phone with administration. Upon reaching her side of the desk she looked across to Cain and he was indeed watching her. He made no secret of the fact. His eyes slowly swept up her body from her groin to her breasts and finally to her face. She returned his stare with equal intensity. This was no longer simple flirting.

Hanging up the phone Evelyn smiled at Cain. "Success. We'll get it tomorrow."

"Oh cool! Literally!" Cain laughed and began working, his mind however focused more on his mother than the task at hand. He noticed himself making mistakes with his data entry and needed to clear his head. "Hey Mom. I mean, Evelyn." He corrected. "What's the deal with this Christmas party? Why didn't you tell me?"

Evelyn stopped her own typing and looked up. "Oh. I didn't think of it. I wasn't planning on going."

"It's just that I was talking to someone and they offered me a costume. It's fancy dress right?"

"Uh huh. Oh god I remember last year or more to the point I don't remember last year. I drank way too much."

"Oh yeah?" Cain smiled. "Didn't Dad try and stop you?"

"Oh he never comes. You know he hates those kind of things."

It was interesting information to Cain. His father wouldn't be there. If she went he'd be alone with his mother, his potentially drunk mother that was willing to flash her breasts like a spring breaker to a crowd of her peers. He had to convince her. "If I go will you come?" Cain asked.

Evelyn thought of the year before. The eyes of the men on her as she flashed the crowd, the exhilaration of the public nudity. She'd put on this years outfit a week ago and asked her husbands opinion and his response had hurt. "Aren't you a bit too old for that Eve?" He'd said. Approaching fifty, with the other girls in the office all younger and with her confidence shattered she'd declined the invite but now under the watchful eyes of her son she all of a sudden felt sexy again. "You'll look after me if I drink too much?"

Cain's eyes lit up. "Of course. So you'll come?"

Evelyn smiled at her son. "Alright but you have to promise not to laugh when you see me."

"I promise." Cain grinned, mentally high-fiving himself.

The afternoon dragged. Cain felt sweat dripping down his back and they took breaks every hour with visits to the server. Five minutes in the chilled room was enough for Evelyn's nipples to stand erect through her shirt and Cain's eyes on her afterwards caused a familiar yet long absent feeling in her sex. And she liked it.

* * * * *

Miles had dropped off the police uniform to Cain's apartment that evening. Standing in front of the mirror he realized he looked more like a stripper than an actual policeman but rationalized that was probably the point. Again it was hard to sleep, only coming after again masturbating to the image of her in his head.

Evelyn lay next to her snoring husband. Staring up at the darkened ceiling her hand ran over her breast and down her stomach. Her fingers pressed through the thin material of the babydoll she wore and she felt the heat of her vagina. Her panties saturated, she pushed hard against her clitoris and pressed her legs together. Uncontrollably moaning she quickly rolled over and buried her face into the pillow to stifle the noise. With her hand clamped to her pussy she came and it was Cain's face she saw in the ecstasy.

* * * * *

"Well what time does this thing end?" Harold asked over the newspaper at the breakfast table.

"I don't know. It ends when it ends." Evelyn replied, covering her mouth as she finished off her toast with honey.

"So you expect me to pick you up I suppose?" Harold complained.

"If you could. I wont be able to drive."

"You'll be drunk as last year I guess."

Evelyn didn't respond.

"Hang about. Why don't you stay at Cain's?" Harold proposed out of the blue. "He's only a few blocks from the building, you could just walk there and I could pick you up in the morning. Save me driving at night. You know my eyes are no good."

Evelyn was taken aback by the proposal. She was sure Cain wouldn't mind but her heart began racing at the prospect of them alone together. "Ah I could mention it I suppose."

"It's settled then." Harold leaned back smiling and flicked the paper to straighten it, satisfied with his solution.

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"What? I mean sure you can but what did Dad say?" Cain asked amazed at the idea of his mother spending the night at his apartment.

"It was his idea actually. You know he can't drive at night."

"Yeah of course, no it's all good, I can drive you home in the morning if you like."

"Harold said he'd come get me." Evelyn took off her grey jacket and placed it over the back of her chair. She watched out of the corner of her eye at Cain's reaction to her outfit and it pleased her. Again she'd chosen her wardrobe for him. The black shape wear bodysuit cinched around her waist like a corset and accentuated her bust like no other garment she owned. Her only regret were the black opaque pantyhose under her grey skirt in the heat of the room.

"God it's so hot in here. I hope that fan comes soon." She remarked before taking her seat. Cain's eyes lowered to his own screen and she was disappointed she was no longer the focus of his attention.

I'm going to sleep at his house tonight, she thought. In his bed. No. She corrected herself. Surely not. On his couch. No. In his bed, with him. Stop it Evelyn she told herself. She felt dampness between her legs and couldn't decide if it was her wet or her sweat. "Oh I cant stand it. Don't look Cain. I have to take off these pantyhose!"

"What?" Cain looked up, incredulous.

"It's the heat." She stood up and didn't wait for him to divert his eyes before she kicked off her heels and began hiking up her skirt.

"Oh O.k." Cain replied and made the effort to lower his head but she could see he was still peeking under his brow.

It was what she wanted. She raised her skirt to just below her crotch and reached behind to grab hold of her pantyhose. Lowering them down her legs she allowed her skirt to stay at miniskirt level before sitting down and completing the removal. Lifting them up she placed them in her handbag on the edge of the table, the toe of one leg poking out the top as a reminder of the action that had just taken place.

Mother and son finished a file consecutively and both approached the filing cabinets. It was inopportune timing for Cain. He'd been slowly stroking his erection under the table and now with his mother standing beside him at the cabinet there was really nowhere to hide. As she moved back to obtain another file she casually glanced down at his groin and there it was. There was no doubting what she saw, his hardness pressing out the front of his pants and off to the right. It was what she'd wanted to see for days but now

confronted with the reality of her son's erection, she lost her composure. The file in her hand slipped out of her grasp and fell to the floor, the pages inside scattering. Immediately dropping to her haunches she was joined by Cain to help retrieve the documents.

There was a pop quickly followed by another and Evelyn felt the snaps of her bodysuit at her crotch come undone. She knew what had happened immediately but Cain, perplexed by the sound looked to it's source and hence forth, between his mother's legs and up her skirt. Evelyn instinctively lowered her hand to her groin, momentarily spreading her legs to allow access. This afforded her son with an unobstructed view of her pussy. It lasted for less than a second but it cemented in Cain's mind, it was where he wanted to be.

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Cain locked the door of his apartment and began walking back to work. The sun was already setting so he didn't feel too conspicuous walking the streets dressed as a cop. "Don't worry, I'll change my sheets!" He felt like slapping himself for saying it. The last words as he farewelled his mother that afternoon. Of all the stupid, brainless things to say. He felt he'd acted so maturely all day. Casually reacting to her removing her pantyhose in front of him, his nonchalance at her accidental upskirt and accompanying wardrobe malfunction. Jesus, I saw my mother's pussy, he exclaimed. And then I go and say that. "Don't worry, I'll change my sheets!" Idiot. He wouldn't be surprised if she changed her mind about staying over.

The noise of the party could be heard from even outside the building as Cain approached the front doors. Upon entering the foyer he was surprised at the number of people gathered, nearly all complete strangers with only a handful of familiar faces. He looked around for his mother but came up

empty, eventually grabbing a drink and gravitating towards the 'two stooges' in Devon and Miles dressed as a cowboy and doctor respectively.

Miles took him under his wing and introduced him to countless members of staff and Cain began to be swamped by names and faces. It was all too much and after his fourth drink there was only one face he wanted to see and it looked like she was a no show.

The C.E.O, Walter Fisk himself, made an appearance to much mirth. Dressed as Donald Trump it caused great humor among the crowd. Miles tried to explain the irony in that it was widely regarded Walter was the spitting image of Richard Nixon but Cain struggled to recall what Nixon looked like or the scandal itself, so the joke was lost on him.

"So Evelyn didn't come?" Cain shouted to Miles over the music. "I guess I couldn't convince her."

"No she's here. I saw her with...oh look out!" Miles exclaimed as two hands were placed over Cain's eyes from behind.

He knew it was her in an instant. The feeling he would later in life equate to holding hands with a grade school crush. As he turned, the music, the lights, the volume of people around them, all seemed too perfect, as if written for a screenplay of his life. For a split second as he laid eyes on her he thought he had mistaken her identity, such was her appearance. Her hair in pigtails, held with red ribbon. Smokey eyeshadow and ruby lips. The breasts were hers alright, a black bra framing her cleavage under a tight white shirt. He could see the grey pleated mini, the expanse of leg, the white socks and black shoes from his perspective but he longed to stand back, take in her beauty from a distance. To see her majesty in it's entirety.

"Cain. I'd like you to meet Daniel Blake." She leaned in close as if to whisper but spoke at the same level. "He's a big shot here!" She laughed. It was obvious to Cain his mother had started early but he would be happy to see her drinking before breakfast if it meant she would always look this happy. "And this is his personal assistant, Madeline Green. Maddie, Daniel, this is my so.." Evelyn corrected herself. "..savior. He's the one helping me with the Morris acquisition."

Daniel held out his hand and shook Cain's. "Cain. Good to have you on board." He looked at Miles standing beside Cain. "I hope Miles here hasn't been boring you with stories about his art collection?"

"I haven't said a word Daniel. Although now you mention it there is a Rubens I have my eye on."

Cain had no idea what they were talking about and allowed the men to continue their conversation alone as he turned back to his mother and the other woman. Wearing a flight attendant uniform she was older than Evelyn and looked over Cain with a seeming wizened interest.

"Savior. You say Evelyn. You know I thought you were going to say something else." Madeline stated. She slowly raised a hand and pressed it against Cain's chest over his heart. "Always follow this young man." She again turned to Evelyn. "You two look so alike." She paused and let the words hang in the air. "Savior. I could've sworn you were going to say something else." She touched Evelyn's hand before smiling and walking away to follow Daniel and Miles.

Mother and son looked at each other with the same amazed expression. "What the fuck was that about?" Cain finally exclaimed.

Evelyn smiled. "I think I know but it's not important. Come on let's dance." She tried to take hold of Cain's hand and pull him to the makeshift dance floor but he resisted.

"I don't know Evelyn. I'm not much of a dancer!"

Evelyn leaned into Cain and giggling, whispered in his ear. "You'll do what your mother tells you young man!"

And who was Cain to resist?

That he had two left feet didn't seem to bother Evelyn. Nor anyone else for that matter. They drank and laughed and Cain was surprised that the first real adult party he'd been to turned out to be exactly the same as parties of his youth. People got drunk, a minor scuffle broke out and to hell with the 'no office romance' policy, there were people making out all over the place. The C.E.O made a speech at the end of the night and thanked everyone for such a successful year. He noted the acquisition of Morris Accounting and the work being done by Evelyn and her staff. Come 11:30pm Evelyn went upstairs to get her bag and soon met Cain outside the building.

Noticeably drunk she didn't seem to mind who heard when she asked if it was still alright for her to stay at Cain's house.

"I didn't think you'd want to after that stupid thing I said this afternoon."

Evelyn looked puzzled as they began to walk home together.

"You know, the thing about my sheets." Cain reminded her.

Her laugh reassured him she didn't think twice. "Oh honey I won't take your bed anyway. The couch will be fine."

"No way. I want you in my bed." It came out wrong and Cain was quick to try and fix it. "I mean not with me. We won't sleep together..I mean I'll take

the couch!"

Evelyn reached out to wrap her hands around Cain's arm as they walked, a show of affection and to help with her balance. "Oh honey wherever you want me is fine." Her choice of words to Cain seemed loaded but happily she did nothing to correct them.

After only a block Evelyn was putting on a whiny voice and asking how far to go?

"We've only just started!" Cain laughed.

"I know but my feet are sore, I don't often wear these if you hadn't noticed."

Cain looked down at the black school shoes. Her white socks pulled up to just below the knee. "I think they look cute."

"That may be but I'll have blisters tomorrow. You might have to carry me!"

Cain stopped short. "I will if you want. Come on I'll piggy back you."

Evelyn thought of climbing onto her sons back. Her vagina would be pressed against him, her breasts. His hands would be on her legs, their faces so close." The idea seemed appealing but even in her drunken mind the image of them looked ridiculous. "Oh we'd better not, I'd end up weeing on you!"

"What?" Cain exclaimed.

"I'm absolutely busting!" Evelyn admitted and pressed her legs together bending a little at the waist to emphasize the fact.

"Really! Why didn't you go at work?"

"I didn't have to go then."

"Well do you think you can make it?"

Evelyn balled up her hands and pushed them into her crotch. She looked into Cain's eyes. "Nup!"

The block they were on was pretty much deserted. Cars continually crossed at the next intersection but the traffic flow on their street was intermittent. A vacant shop front with a darkened doorway caught Evelyn's eye and she gestured to Cain. "I've got to go honey." She confirmed and passed her handbag to Cain. "Keep watch for me officer?" She added as she ducked into the recess. Cain turned his back and looked either way on the street.

"Really Mom? Peeing in the street." His embarrassment at her behavior quickly turned to fascination as he heard her flow begin behind him. "You know I could arrest you for this young lady!"

Evelyn laughed behind him as she peed. "Oh no look out!"

It was the opening Cain needed to allow him to look at her. Turning he looked first at the ground to see her trail of urine heading quickly towards his shoes. Moving a foot to allow her flow to pass between his legs he looked up at his mother. Facing him squatting, her ass inches off the ground she'd lifted her skirt and pulled aside her white underwear. The cascading waterfall of pee shot out at least a foot from his mother's shadowed pussy. Should he have looked away? He wasn't sure, all he knew was it was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen.

Evelyn had stopped laughing and now looked up into her son's eyes, biting her bottom lip. He's watching me pee, she thought. My son is watching me pee! She'd never been more aroused. If he'd pulled out his cock she'd have taken him in her mouth right then and there. She thought of touching herself. Slapping a hand against her still pissing pussy and masturbating in front of him. Would he like that? She wondered.

"Shit, Mom there's someone coming!" Cain quickly uttered.

Her flow already decreasing she finished and stood up, covering herself in the process. Stumbling towards Cain she again latched onto his arm and they casually continued their way along the street before both bursting out in laughter at the intersection.

Inside the front door of Cain's apartment Evelyn dropped her bag in the hallway. Leaning against the wall she watched as Cain dead bolted the door and turned to her. "You know I forgot to say how good you look in that uniform." She grabbed at his shirt as he approached and ran a hand over his chest. "Maybe you missed your calling."

"Oh yeah. You think I should be a cop?" Cain asked looking down into his mother's eyes, enjoying the feeling of her hand on his chest.

"Didn't you say you could've arrested me back there? Maybe you should practice!" Evelyn's hand ran down across his stomach to his belt and across to the plastic handcuffs.

It was all the invitation Cain needed. She was willing, it was obvious. He grabbed at her wrist and gently bent up her arm. "Right. You're under arrest madam." He turned her body away from him and released her wrist. "Hands against the wall. You have the right to remain silent." He pressed his shoe against hers and forced her legs open shoulder width.

Evelyn pushed out her ass towards him, arching her back. "Oh yeah! And what if I don't remain silent?"

Cain grabbed hold of his mother's hips and moved in closer, his growing erection inches from her butt. "Then anything you say can and will be used against you!"

Evelyn giggled as Cain ran his hands up from her hips along her rib cage to beneath her armpits. He hesitated, needing another sign before he attempted to touch her breasts and it was forthcoming. Evelyn pushed her ass back onto him and his hardon pressed into the crack of her buttocks through her skirt. It was now fair game. They were doing this, they both knew it. Cain wasted no time. He moved his hands around beneath her arms and took hold of her breasts. Evelyn stood straight up, removing her hands from the wall she placed one over Cain's and the other back onto his hip, pulling him into her.

"Oh baby yes." She purred as Cain's mouth brushed against her ear, kissing first the lobe and then behind.

Evelyn took hold of his hand and directed it down her body. Lifting the front of her skirt she pressed his hand against the mound of her pussy.

Cain could feel his mother's wetness through the cotton panties. He pressed three fingers hard against her pussy and began kneading her like dough. His cock was straining against his pants and Evelyn was quick to respond.

Turning to face her son whilst making sure his hand remained on her pussy she reached for the fly of his pants. Her hands delved inside and connected with her son's cock through his underpants. The muffled sound of a mobile phone caught their ears and Evelyn tried to ignore it as she finally released Cain's erection from his pants. Both hands wrapped around his length as then she realized the phone was hers. The ring tone that of her husband calling.

Evelyn immediately let go of his cock and pulled back to the wall with a shocked look on her face, Cain's hand losing it's grip on her vagina. "My god. What are we doing!?" She gasped before bending down to open her bag and pull out the still ringing phone. "Harold. How are you?"

Cain despairingly pushed his penis back into his pants and watched as Evelyn picked up her bag and walked into the other room. "Mhmm. About 11:30 I think...Yeah we've just got back...No a cab will cost too much...Yes...No, I'm fine. Just tired I guess...Yes. O.k I'll see you then...I love you too."

Cain and Evelyn looked at each other for a moment before either spoke. "I'm sorry Cain. That shouldn't have happened. It was my fault."

"Mom it's no ones fault. I wanted it." He began to approach her but she pulled back holding up a hand.

"No. I was drunk. We have to try and forget this ever happened."

"The hell with that. I..."

"No I'm serious Cain, don't...I think I need to go to bed now." She stood there waiting for Cain's direction and he realized her mind was made up.

Despondent he led her to his room. "I want you to take my bed. I'll take the couch." About to leave the room he walked to his dresser and took out a t-shirt. Handing it to her as he left.

"Thank you Cain. I'm sorry." She added as he closed the door behind him with slumped shoulders.

* * * * *

Evelyn lay in her son's bed and looked at the ceiling. Wide awake she had no idea how long she had been there. Sleep would not come. The alcohol had worn off and she played over and again the events of the evening in her mind. The events of the week. One phone call had brought her to her senses. She'd been on the verge of sleeping with her son and Harold had saved her. Prevented a tragedy. Or had he? What if he hadn't called? She

thought. She imagined the scenario again in her head. His cock in her hand. She would've sucked him. Hell, she had desired it in the street. He would've fucked her in the hallway. From behind? No, she thought, from the front. She'd want to see his face.

Evelyn moved a hand up from the mattress beside her and onto her thigh. She slowly inched across to her pubic mound and ever so slightly spread her legs. Her fingers delved through her pubes and between her labia. She was literally dripping. A finger slid easily inside herself. "What have I done?" She whispered. God don't let it be too late. She thought as she leaped out of bed and hurried to the door. The apartment was dark and silent. She padded her way across the hall and entered the living room. She could see the couch and the darker shadow of her son's body beneath a throw rug.

Standing above him he seemed to be sleeping. "Cain." She leaned down and touched his arm. "Honey are you awake?"

Cain stirred and opened his eyes. "Mom?"

"Baby I'm so sorry." She was almost in tears. Taking hold of his blanket she lifted it off him and climbed atop her son. Her groin came down on his, her wet pussy pressing against the soft penis beneath his underpants. "I was cruel. Can you forgive me?"

Cain was now wide awake. He lifted his hands to her back and pulled her down onto him. Her breasts met his chest before her mouth neared his. "There's nothing to forgive." Stroking down he reached the hem of the t-shirt and felt her buttocks. She wore no underwear and her ass was warm against his palms.

Evelyn's lips met her son's. His mouth opened and she slid her tongue inside as she began to grind her sex against his swelling. Their saliva mixing, her tits pressed down against his bare chest, his cock was hard in seconds. Back and forth she slid herself along his length, coating his undies with her love.

Evelyn reached down and pulled his erection from the leg band and he was inside her. So smooth, so deep was the penetration. Her cunt enveloped her son's penis, embracing his flesh inside. His hands dug underneath the t-shirt and found their way to her breasts. Her wondrous tits he'd fantasized of for days. Now his to caress, to squeeze. His pelvis thrust forward and they formed a rhythm, her clit grinding against his pubic bone. Evelyn lifted the front of her t-shirt to feel his skin against hers and again she pressed herself atop him, their tongues once again entwined.

Cain relinquished a breast to take possession of a buttock, using his leverage to drive harder and deeper into his mother with each thrust. "Oh fuck baby yes." Evelyn cried and Cain realized it did the trick. His thrusting increased and he knew he wouldn't last long. "Don't stop baby, don't stop." Evelyn begged and Cain would be damned if he would cum before her. Evelyn dropped her face into the crook of her son's shoulder and bit lightly into his neck. Cain squeezed both her buttocks hard as he lost control and began to cum, shooting jet after jet of seed into his mother's hot cunt. He thought he'd failed her before he felt her vagina convulsing around him and the shuddering of her body above as she in turn came. She bit down harder on his skin as she stifled her own moans and Cain reckoned it would leave a mark.

With the blanket pulled down over them he remained inside her as sleep came for them. The last words Cain recalled was her whispered confession of love as the weariness overtook.

* * * * *

In his dream Cain was banging on the photocopier in his mother's office in an attempt to get it to work. He opened his eyes to his light filled living room and the weight of his sleeping mother above him. The banging continued and he realized it was from the front door. "Shit Mom. Dad's here!"

Evelyn opened her eyes drowsy and took a second to locate herself. She lifted her chest off Cain's and came away sweaty. "What?" Then she heard the knocking on the front door. "Your father!?"

Cain's cock came away wet from between her legs as she climbed off him. How long he'd stayed inside her he didn't know but his flaccid cock was wrinkled more than usual and still coated in a whitish film so it was possible he'd been in her all night.

Evelyn ran to her son's room as Cain found his pants. He walked to the door of his bedroom as the knocking came again. "You good? I cant leave him out there any longer, the neighbors will start complaining." He saw she'd managed to climb back into her skirt and left his t-shirt on.

"Yep I'm good. Go on." She answered while tying her hair back in a pony tail. "Wait." She added as Cain began to head to the front door. Running to him she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed her son on the mouth. "Thank you...for everything."

The knocking began again and they broke the embrace.

"Jesus take your time." Harold complained as he stepped into the hallway.

"Hey Dad." Cain replied closing the door behind him.

"I've aged a year in the time I waited out there." Walking into the living room Harold noticed the blanket on the couch. "Guess you got the couch! Your mother even awake yet?"

Cain rubbed a hand through his hair and yawned looking around for Evelyn. She exited the bedroom with her handbag over her shoulder and shoes on. She still wore his t-shirt, now tucked into her skirt. To Cain she looked beautiful.

"God you look a sight. Hard night?" Harold joked. "Come on love, you ready to get going?"

"Uh-huh." She approached Cain and kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks for putting up with me honey."

"Any time Mom." He responded.

As Cain escorted his parents to the door his father noticed the mark on his neck. "Jesus, what's that? Looks like a bite."

Cain ran his hand over the area. "Oh yeah. Sheesh, just this girl I'm seeing."

"Well lucky you son." Harold laughed as they left.

With the door closed behind him Cain heard their muffled conversation continue until they entered the car. He walked back down the hall and entered his bedroom. His mother had pulled the cover back over his bed but left something on his pillow, He walked forward and picked up the obviously placed item. The white cotton was cool but the gusset hadn't dried completely. He lifted his mother's panties to his face and inhaled her scent, his cock rising at the action.

What the future held he didn't know, but for now he was happy.

Chapter 2

One year earlier

Evelyn looked at her reflection in the bedroom mirror. Can I really wear this? She asked herself as she turned and examined her ass in the skin tight leggings. A visible panty line cut across her buttocks and to her eyes looked unflattering. Commando? She thought and smiled at herself. Why not?

Without her underwear the leggings dove between the folds of her sex. She loved the feel as the cheeks of her ass cinched the material. She ran her hands over her large breasts pushing out the black tank top. "Sandy eat your heart out." She exclaimed.

Harold was waiting in the kitchen jiggling his car keys as Evelyn entered. She turned to allow her husband to admire her look. "You're really wearing that?" He questioned.

It wasn't the response she had expected. "I don't look like Sandy from Grease?"

"You like like you belong on a street corner."

Evelyn let the comment pass, picking up her handbag and following her husband to the car. She really needed a drink.

She danced like she was in her teens. Harold's insensitive words were forgotten with the flattery from her colleagues. The men especially. It felt good to be admired, to have their eyes on her, mentally undressing her. The alcohol flowed. Someone touched her ass on the dance floor. She drank vodka. She was kissed by a girl. The music blared, the lights strobed. Harold who? She drank beer, she hated beer. She flashed her breasts. She

vomited out of the window of a cab. She hugged the bowl of her toilet and thanked god porcelain was cold. She didn't get up the next day.

* * * * *

Today

"Probably a good idea to wear a bra in front of the boy next time Eve."
Harold stated as Cain closed the door behind them.

Evelyn had been on a high, her self esteem soaring and then her husband said that. "What are you saying?"

He looked across at her as they walked to the car. "Well I mean look at them. They're swinging around all over the place. You're not in your twenties any more darl'."

They entered the car and Harold began reversing out of the complex. "Same with the skirt. The lad doesn't want to see his mother dressed like a slut."

"It was a costume party Harold! Everyone was dressed up." She let the slut comment go, not wanting to get into an argument.

"I'm just saying you're too old to be dressed like that."

"Oh Jesus Harold, I'm only forty nine!" Evelyn pleaded her case, being drawn into the argument anyway.

Her husband laughed. "Closer to fifty every day!"

She had no idea why he was doing this. Why he seemed to be going out of his way to antagonize her. The alert tone of a message on her phone came from her handbag and she reached down to retrieve it.

"Probably the fashion police. They want you to return what you stole."
Harold laughed to himself.

Evelyn rolled her eyes, the joke not really making any sense. She looked at the phone and the sender. It was the police in some form. A text from Cain and the message was exactly what she needed after her husbands comments. "You looked beautiful last night and better this morning. I cant wait to see you again. I love you."

"Who was that?" Harold asked.

Evelyn placed the phone back in her handbag without responding to the message. "Cain."

"What did he say? You leave something behind?"

Evelyn smiled as she looked out of the window and thought of her panties left on his pillow. Only my heart, she thought.

* * * * *

Cain left the shower and naked went straight to his phone to see if she'd texted back. Nothing. It had been hours and doubts were beginning to form. She had been reluctant at first. Maybe she was having regrets? Did I do something wrong? He ran everything through his mind. My God, he thought. I came inside her, what was I thinking? I didn't think! He picked up his phone again and was about to call her when a text came through.

"Dinner tonight?" His heart stopped racing. His cock began to swell.

Evelyn took another sip from her mug and looked at her phone on the kitchen counter. Harold turned a page of his newspaper and looked across to his wife. "Watched pot never boils!"

"Huh?" Evelyn replied.

"Cain. He'll reply when he's ready. He's probably off with this girl of his." He chuckled to himself. "Lucky him."

Evelyn shook her head. Lucky him? She thought. You haven't wanted to have sex for years, why would you be jealous of him? She picked up the phone and headed to her bedroom.

There was a book on her bedside table and she lay on the bed and began reading but found herself having to re-read entire paragraphs due to her lack of concentration. Her eyes kept diverting to the phone, her mind kept focusing on her son.

Cain was struggling to compose the text. He lay on his bed and was trying to write something poetic. A love letter to her. Something to show how he felt. Each time he read back the message he thought how stupid it all sounded. Trying to rhyme, what rhymes with Evelyn for fuck's sake? He asked himself. Finally he realized it wasn't needed. He was acting like a lovelorn schoolboy. She wouldn't want that. No, the text this morning said it all. It told her all she needed to know. Time to be a man. "Of course I'll come for dinner." He typed before sending.

Evelyn snatched up the phone and opened the text. She smiled as she read his confirmation. It was silly how excited she felt. Her own son, someone she'd seen basically every day for eighteen years and yet she couldn't wait to be in his presence. It was different now though she admitted. He was different. She jumped when the phone vibrated in her hand as she daydreamed. She again opened the follow up text. "By the way, what are you wearing right now?"

Evelyn blushed. She wriggled down on the bed slightly and her jeans pulled between her legs, the seam pressing her sex. She thought of lying. Telling him she was in lingerie or naked. Instead she looked down at herself and told the truth. "Tight blue jeans and white t-shirt. You?"

Cain stroked his cock as he brought his mother's underwear to his face. He thought of her in the hallway, bending over for him. He recalled his hand cupped over her vagina, her pissing in the street. His message tone rang beside him and hurriedly picked up the phone. He read the text and now wanted more, responding straight away. "Naked! What color are your panties?"

Evelyn read the message and genuinely didn't know. A little hung over when she and Harold returned home she'd showered and changed without thought. She undid the button of her jeans and lowered the zip. The purple satin underwear were a favorite, so low cut she could see her pubic hair poking out the top. She ran a hand down the silky material and cupped her vagina, feeling her wetness seeping through. What if Harold comes in? She thought.

Zippering back up, Evelyn rose from the bed and walked into her ensuite. She locked the door behind her and lifted the toilet seat. Dropping her jeans to her ankles she sat on the toilet and dialed Cain's number.

"Mom. Hello."

"They're purple baby!"

Cain sat up on his bed not expecting to be talking to her so soon. "Where are you? Where's Dad?"

"I'm in the bathroom. You're father's in the other room. I just wanted to hear your voice."

"Me too. I cant stop thinking about you." Cain thought of his doubts that morning. "Mom I came inside you. Is that alright? Did I fuck up?"

Evelyn's heart soared. That he was thinking of her, that he cared about her well-being. It possibly made her love him more. "Baby don't worry about

that. I'm safe."

Cain wasn't sure what she meant by "I'm safe" but the reassurance calmed him. "Purple you say?"

Evelyn smiled. She could see herself in the full length mirror. Her bare legs akimbo. The t-shirt rode down over her hips and she lifted the front up and over her breasts to reveal her flesh colored bra. "Yep. They're satin with a black lace trim. I think you'd like them."

Cain held his cock as he imagined the underwear. "I bet I would."

"Do you want to know what I'm doing?" Evelyn asked.

"Tell me."

"I'm sitting on the toilet. I have my jeans down at my ankles, my t-shirt is up over my boobs and I'm touching myself."

Cain closed his eyes and put himself in his parents bathroom. He could see her. "Where are you touching Mom?"

Evelyn ran her fingers back and forth along her vulva through her panties. The satin getting wetter as she masturbated. Her breathing labored.

"My...my pussy baby. Mommy's touching her pussy."

The words were ones he thought he'd never hear in a sentence. Never from her mouth. That beautiful mouth. He beat his cock as he imagined her. "I wish I was there Mom. Is your pussy wet?"

"It's so wet baby. I'm rubbing it through my panties. They're getting so wet."

Cain put his phone on speaker and again picked up the underwear his mother had left him, pressing them to his nose while jacking off. "Can you cum in them Mom? I want you to cum in your panties."

Evelyn concentrated her fingers on her clit, furiously massaging in a circle the now sodden region. "I'm gonna cum baby. Mommy's gonna cum for you."

Cain himself was on the verge of cumming. Listening to her heavy breathing through the speaker he again closed his eyes and it was as if she was next to him. They were masturbating together. "I have to cum Mom!"

"Yes baby cum for me. Cum for Mommy."

Cain fell backwards onto his mattress. The spurts of semen spraying his chest, his stomach. His hand slid up over his cut head and coated his palm in cum. Down back along his length, now slick with sperm. Evelyn's breathing stopped as she held it, no noise came from the phone but a slight rustle. And then her sigh. A muffled gasp as if she held her hand over her mouth to silence herself and then again the quiet. Moments passed as neither said a word, just happy to dwell in the afterglow.

"Did you hear me cum baby?" Evelyn whispered as she came down from her high.

Cain still held his cock. He remained hard. He would as long as he was speaking to her. "I heard it Mom. I wish I was there. I want to see those panties."

Evelyn smiled. "I'll see you tonight. It's only a few hours honey."

"I know. I'll see you then. I love you."

"You nearly done in there?" Harold called from the other side of the door.

Evelyn nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard his voice. How much had he heard she wondered? How long had he been there? "Oh just a minute." She replied, hiding her phone in the back pocket of her jeans as

she pulled them up. Evelyn flushed the toilet and washed her hands, finally opening the door to her husband, "You could have gone in the other bathroom!"

He grumbled something about her being hungover and closed the door behind him. Evelyn floated towards the kitchen to prepare a meal for her secret lover, giggling to herself to be more careful in the future.

* * * * *

"Twice in a week." Harold commented as Cain entered the house.

"No Dad only once. I didn't come this Thursday." Cain replied as he pinched a carrot from the salad bowl on the kitchen bench. "Where's Mom?"

"I don't know, around. I thought you'd be sick of her by now, working with her all day!"

Cain faked a laugh. "Yeah you're right." He thought of her naked body on top of him that morning. "I probably see more of her than you do!" The double entendre was lost on his father and Cain felt good about getting one over him.

Evelyn walked into the kitchen and immediately met eyes with Cain. They played it cool. She approached him and her kiss was motherly. Cain inhaled her hair as their faces brushed and he wished he could hold her. Kiss her like she wanted to be kissed. Maybe it would happen, he told himself, there might be chances.

"So who is this girl you were telling us about?" Harold inquired. He was watching the television in the other room whilst at the dining table and didn't look at Cain as he waited for a response. Cain wasn't interested in looking at him either. His attention was directed towards the goddess in his

vicinity. Evelyn had changed for dinner. Harold had commented when she re-appeared mid afternoon in another outfit as to whom she was trying to impress? Him or Cain? She'd fobbed him off saying she wasn't dressing for any man, it was for herself but it was a lie. It was for Cain.

Cain couldn't recall if he'd ever seen her wearing it but if he had he surely would've remembered. Fuchsia colored, the dress was above knee length and a-line. The top revealed a great deal of cleavage and being sleeveless, even some side boob. The fact she was bra-less was obvious. Standing in such close proximity in the kitchen, Cain could feel his penis harden just from the sight of her. Evelyn walked from cupboard to drawer preparing the dinner. She stopped in the middle of the floor and gazed across to Harold to be sure he wasn't looking. Cain wondered what she had in mind and could only look on in wonder as she slowly raised the front of her dress to reveal her purple panties.

"Well?" Harold looked back from his seat at the table towards mother and son.

Evelyn quickly lowered her dress and joined Cain behind the island bench, their lower halves obscured from Harold's view.

"Well what?" Cain asked, having completely forgotten his father's question.

"The girl that sunk her fangs into your neck. I haven't seen a hickey like that in years!" He began laughing to himself. "You used to give a hell of a hickey Eve!"

Cain looked towards his mother and she began to blush.

"Oh that." Cain rubbed his neck. "Yeah it's a girl I've been seeing. Can't say much about it yet."

"Well good for you buddy. You've been single for a while. You should bring her around to meet your mother." He turned back to give his attention to the television and Cain looked at Evelyn.

"Actually she's a lot like you Mom." Cain stated.

Evelyn smiled and began separating the plates she'd retrieved from the cupboard. "Oh yeah?"

Cain moved in closer and looked over to his father. "Yeah, she's beautiful just like you." He hadn't seemed to hear the comment although it wasn't overt enough for him to question it.

Evelyn turned slightly to face her son and with one hand holding a plate on the bench top she again raised her dress. It was more than a subtle invitation and Cain reached out to press his hand against his mother's pussy. Evelyn opened her mouth in response to his touch, her eyes closing as he cupped her, sliding a fingers length along her slit. Cain felt they were wet. Possibly still from earlier that day.

"Bloody government. You pay your taxes and this is what you end up with!" Harold stated.

Cain pulled his hand quickly away from between his mother's legs as his father once again looked in their direction.

"Don't ever vote Republican Cain. They do nothing for the worker," he complained.

"O.k, O.k. No politics at the dinner table please men." Evelyn declared and headed to the walk-in pantry. Out of the view of her husband she turned to make sure Cain was watching and lifted up her dress. Taking hold of her panties she slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. Returning to Cain with them balled in her hand she passed her panties to her son. "Be a

dear and set the table for me would you Cain?" She asked casually and as Cain slid the damp underwear into his front pocket he hoped his father wouldn't notice the erection tenting out the front of his pants.

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Cain thought of the cliché as he sat across from his mother in his usual position. Dropping a napkin to look up her skirt beneath the table, playing footsies. All options were out of the question with the glass see through table top. They ate dinner much as they always did, as they always had for his nineteen years. So many years wasted, he thought. Why did it take a topless photo of her to awaken this lust? It suddenly occurred to him he had a reason for his awakening. What was hers? What did it take for a mother to become sexually attracted to her son? He reminded himself to brooch the subject the first chance he got.

"Well since your mother made dinner Cain, you can do the dishes." Harold declared as he leaned back in his chair.

"I always do!" Cain defended himself as he began to rise, taking his father's plate and receiving his mother's.

"I'll help honey." Evelyn stated and collected the remaining cutlery. Harold made his way to the living room and switched the television on again. The sound of a game show filtered through as mother and son began the tidy up.

"You know what I was thinking all through dinner?" Evelyn asked as she stood beside Cain at the sink.

"That you wished we didn't have a glass topped table!" Cain immediately threw back at her.

She looked amazed at his mind reading skills. "How did you?"

"Mom, I was thinking the same thing." He laughed.

Evelyn moved closer to him by the sink and their bodies touched. Their hands came together in the water and soap suds and their fingers entwined. Evelyn wrapped her fist around Cain's index finger and masturbated it as if it were a small cock.

"Mom I want you so bad!"

Evelyn looked back into the living room and still holding Cain's hand led him towards the pantry. With her back to the shelves she immediately lifted the front of her dress and Cain was quick to move in. His fingers combed down through her pubic hair and reached her vulva. Her labia slick with moisture, he slid his middle finger along its length and then entered. Evelyn arched her neck back and Cain lavished her skin with kisses from her collarbone to her jaw. Kissing along her chin he came to her mouth and she greeted him with tongue.

Evelyn pulled her son closer to her. His body pressed to her naked lower half. She lifted a leg and he caught it with his free hand only removing his other hand from her pussy when she began to lift her other leg. Cupping her beneath the ass, her vagina now pressing against his own groin he attempted to balance her on a lower shelf but the action sent bottles toppling. A can of peaches fell to the floor and landed with a crash. They began to laugh and Cain lifted a hand to cover his mother's mouth.

"You making a cup of tea out there? It's about that time." Harold called from the family room and they knew they had to stop. Evelyn took hold of Cain's hand and kissed his fingers. As he slowly backed out of the pantry and Evelyn's dress fell back into place, she took his index finger into her mouth and sucked it like a counterfeit cock. His arm held out, she followed

him out attached to his finger and only relinquished her hold half way across the kitchen.

Evelyn looked down at the erection, so noticeable in her son's pants. The wet patch where she'd climbed upon him. The aching lust in his eyes. "He goes for a bike ride every Sunday morning."

"I'll be here!" Cain quickly replied.

* * * * *

There had been no further interaction between them. His father had been constantly present and only when he said goodbye later than usual did he again touch his mother. It wasn't enough. He wanted to be with her constantly. Even with his first girlfriends he'd never been so smitten. To be forever on his mind, to be aroused at the thought of her body, her smile, her laugh. He needed her, he couldn't live without his mother.

He lay in bed, the purple satin panties beside his head on the pillow. Their scent was strong and every once in a while he'd turn and press his nose into the gusset, the rear. His cock wouldn't go down, with only the slightest of touches sending thoughts of her hand, her pussy, her mouth wrapped around him. The prospect of sleep seemed impossible and then the text came through. "Sleep well my beautiful boy. All my love, Mom."

It was the soothing he needed. He closed his eyes and with the scent of her cunt around him, fell deeply asleep.

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He couldn't help himself. With a mere few strokes he came into his mother's white cotton panties. Pulling the purple pair from his nose and mouth he looked across at the time on his phone. Only 8am. Evelyn had said his

father would leave the house at 10am. Easing out of bed he headed for the shower; he was determined to be there the minute he was gone.

Evelyn impatiently watched Harold as he dressed for his ride. Men over 55 should re-consider wearing lycra she thought. Post shower and wearing only a towel wrapped around body, her wet hair in a turban she sat on the end of the bed moisturizing her legs.

"We're going for a long one today. Up into the hills. Might be a bit later than usual." Harold stated. "What are your plans for the morning?"

The news was welcome to Evelyn whose mind was pondering what to wear for her son. "She blushed when he asked the question. "Oh I haven't any. I'll potter around I guess."

As he drove towards his parents house, Cain passed a group of middle aged and senior men in lycra and recognized his father among them.

Ridiculously he began to duck down in the car seat before realizing he had nothing to hide. So what if he was visiting home. Would his father immediately jump to the conclusion his son was fucking his wife when he wasn't there? Of course not. Cain drove on with confidence he hadn't been seen regardless.

Pulling into his parents driveway he wanted to sprint to the front door but slowed himself down. Don't look too desperate he thought. But he was. He was desperate to see her, to even just touch her. "Mom?" He called as he entered the hallway.

She emerged from her room still dressed only in a towel. She felt like running to him but settled on a quick walk. They came together in the tightest of embraces, so eager to kiss the other, to feel their body. "I didn't bother dressing, do you mind?"

In answer Cain unwound her towel and let it fall to the floor. His naked mother stood in his arms looking up into his eyes. "It would've only slowed us down!" Cain replied before kissing her again, this time on the neck. Evelyn threw her arms over his shoulders and raised a leg up alongside his. The action pushed her groin against his and Cain responded by cupping beneath her ass and lifting her up onto his front. The family room was the closest destination and marching towards the couch with her legs wrapped around him, their tongues entwined.

As she was placed back onto the couch, Evelyn pulled Cain's t-shirt off over his head. Cain fumbled with his belt and with his mother's help removed his pants. His erection bounced out and aimed at the spread legs of his mother. Her pussy glistening in the morning light. "Just fuck me baby!" Evelyn begged and taking hold of her son's cock, guided him into her warm welcoming vagina. Evelyn's mouth formed a perfect circle as she sighed at the penetration. So deep he delved and stayed there, his groin to hers, fused. Cain leaned forward and met his lips with hers. As they gently kissed he withdrew and plunged back into her hard and deep. Evelyn held her breath as she came. She dug her fingernails into his back and whispered, "don't move!" as she wrapped her legs around him and drew his cock further into her orgasm.

She released her breath staggeringly. Her vaginal walls twitched around her son's penis as she came down from her high. Cain was admittedly surprised at her action. "Did you just cum?"

Finally releasing her entire breath she smiled up at him. "You, made me cum darling!"

Cain feeling more than proud stayed inside her and re-positioned. He lay with her on top and Evelyn was quick to begin grinding back and forth on

his erection. Cain took hold of her breasts as he looked up into her eyes. Cupping their weight he used the sides of his thumbs to pinch on her erect nipples. "I love your boobs Mom."

"I know you do. I couldn't get you off them when you were a baby." Evelyn smiled as the memory returned. "Your father said you'd probably become a dairy farmer, such was your devotion."

Cain pulled her down onto him and their mouths met. His hands clutched the cheeks of her ass and he thrust up into her rapidly. Spreading her buttocks he inched his index fingers closer to her anus with each penetration. Evelyn guessed he was waiting for permission so threw a hand back and guided his finger over her hole, pressing his digit against her opening. Cain took advantage and eased the tip of his index finger inside his mother's asshole, wriggling it around as he slowed his rhythm.

They looked at each other, faces only inches apart. "What changed your mind that night Mom?" Cain whispered, his finger still inside her ass.

"George C. Scott!" She replied without hesitation. Cain looked perplexed. "When I was about your age, maybe younger I was obsessed with George C. Scott movies. I was in love with him. I visited every video store to track the tapes down." At this Cain smiled. "Yes. I know I'm old! We had vhs tapes back then. There was one film, I can't remember the title. Something to do with savages but in it his family was trapped on a deserted island. His son grows up and falls in love with the mother and she spurns him. I hated her for it. And the father. They treated him abysmally, he only wanted love."

"And what happened?" Cain asked.

"For memory she eventually sleeps with him but to answer your question. When I was alone in your room I thought of that movie and realized how

horrible I was being to you. I hoped it wasn't too late." A tear had formed in her eye and Cain slid his hands up over her butt onto her back, hugging her body into his.

"Mom it would never have been too late!" He assured her and kissed her cheek.

Evelyn smiled. "What about you? What happened this week? How did we get here baby?"

Cain was silent a moment debating whether to tell her the whole story. He decided truth was the only option. "You know that guy Devon at work?"

Evelyn moved her head back slightly in surprise at his name being raised. "Ah yes. Bit sleazy."

"That's him, douchebag." Again Cain stalled. "Well he had a photo of you. A topless photo!"

Evelyn sat up on Cain's lap. "What? How?"

Cain's cock remained hard but he'd stopped moving inside her. "He said it was from the Christmas party. You looked like that chick from Grease."

Evelyn relaxed slightly. She remembered the night well, or more to the point didn't remember it well enough. "Oh."

"I deleted it!"

"What?"

"I got his phone and deleted it. It was the only copy." Cain confessed.

"You did that for me?" Evelyn asked, more tears forming in her eyes.

"I'd do anything for you Mom!"

She lay back down on Cain's chest. Her breasts pressed to his skin. "I don't know how it's possible baby but think I love you even more."

* * * * *

Harold looked at his rear wheel and the broken chain hanging limply from the derailleur. He had waved the friends he had in the group away and the peloton moved on without him. Removing his helmet he began the long walk home, his bike beside him, cursing the fact he'd forgotten to bring his phone.

* * * * *

"What about you?" Evelyn asked.

"What about me what?" Cain replied, allowing his mother to control the rhythm of their fucking.

"That night. Why were you so horny young man?"

Cain smiled. "Remember when we were walking home to my place and you had to go to the toilet? Watching you do it was probably the most beautiful thing I think I've ever seen!"

Evelyn halted the movement of her hips on his groin and for a moment Cain thought he'd offended her. Quite the contrary. She eased his cock out of her vagina and took his hand. "Come on, come with me."

In the bathroom Evelyn sat down on the toilet, leaning back against the cistern she spread her legs to allow her son to see her splayed sex. The stream of clear urine gushed from her immediately spraying the inside of the bowl.

"Oh Jesus, Mom!" Cain exclaimed as she reached out for his erection.

Taking him in her hand she wrapped her fingers around his slick length and

brought him closer. Leaning forward Evelyn took her son into her mouth. Her lips enclosing around him. Her tongue a mattress for his cock to lie on he pushed slowly into her. Her pee flowed directly down into the water, louder now and adding to the eroticism of the moment. Taking half of his cock into her mouth Evelyn masturbated the base longing for the taste of her son's semen.

"Mom can I do something?" Cain asked as he felt his orgasm moments away.

Pulling his cock from her mouth yet still lavishing it with kisses she looked up into his eyes as her flow of urine abated "Anything my love."

"Can I put it between your tits?" He asked bashfully.

Without answering, Evelyn pressed her chest up to meet his cock and placed his erection between her breasts. Enclosing her hands over her boobs she formed a tight hole for her son to fuck and looked down as the head of his cock bobbed up and down inside her ample cleavage.

Cain balanced himself by leaning on his mother's shoulders as he awkwardly fucked between her breasts. She looked up into his eyes before forming a mouthful of saliva and dribbling down onto his cock. The sight and the added lubricant did the trick for Cain. "Oh shit Mom, I'm gonna cum."

Evelyn looked back down at her son's penis as his semen burst forth. Cum sprayed her neck, her jawline. A thread of jism lined her cheek and she laughed and praised him. "Oh my gosh. Good boy. You love Mommy's boobies don't you?"

Cain gasped as the last of his cum spurted out to flow back between her breasts and onto his cock. "Oh God that was good! Mom thank you so

much."

Evelyn stood up still holding his cock, "You don't have to thank me honey. Come on let's get cleaned up."

In the shower Cain took a cake of soap and began washing the cum from his mother's face and chest. He soaped up her breasts and with her legs spread moved down between them. Working from the front and back he soaped her ass crack and at the same time, the pubes of her vagina and the slit. All pretext that he was cleaning her was lost as he began to masturbate his mother. Evelyn held the tiled partition of the shower with one hand and reached down to hold Cain's growing erection with the other.

"Don't panic, it's just me." Harold began as the door of the bathroom opened. He entered as Evelyn pushed Cain down below the partition and out of eyesight of her husband.

"What are you doing back?" She asked trying to remain calm in her panic.

Harold walked over to the toilet and pulled down the front of his bike shorts. He looked down. "You forgot to flush!" He remarked as he unleashed a stream. "My bike broke. I had to walk home. I've got grease all over me."

Cain knelt at his mother's feet. His face was inches from her ass. With the running water he was unaware of his father's actions. If they were to be found out here and now he thought, why not make it worth it? He reached up and separated his mother's legs and pressed his face between. Happily she helped him by bending forward slightly, pushing her pussy back onto his mouth.

"You're not going to shower now?" Her voice broke a little as Cain sucked on her clitoris.

"No I'll go and fix the chain."

Evelyn spread her legs wider and almost sat down on her son's face. Gripping the partition with both hands she watched Harold finish at the toilet, flush and begin walking out. He stopped. "Cain's car is out the front. He gone to see a friend?"

Evelyn hadn't thought of it and was glad Harold had come up with an explanation. She then thought of his clothes left in the living room and hoped Harold wouldn't pass by that way. "I guess. He must have come by and I was in here!" Cain spread her ass wide. She felt his tongue move from her clit to her vagina and enter. "Aghhhh" She exclaimed.

Harold took a step closer. "You O.k?"

"Yes! Just the hot water."

"Why are you having another shower anyway?" Harold asked now openly curious about her actions.

Evelyn lowered a hand to her pussy and began masturbating her clit, the movement of her hand unseen by Harold. "I did yoga and got sweaty."

The explanation satisfied her husband. "Oh fair enough. Well if you need me I'll be in the garage."

Harold closed the door behind him and Evelyn's legs collapsed. She turned as she descended and lowered herself onto Cain's awaiting cock. Their orgasm came as one as the water cascaded upon their bodies, their mouths locked.

Finally after minutes passed in each other's arms Evelyn spoke. "That was too close!"

"My place next time?" Cain was quick to offer.

Evelyn smiled and kissed his ear. "You're forgetting we have work tomorrow!"

"That records room does get awfully sweaty." Cain whispered, his cock staying hard inside his mother.

"There's no telling what might happen!" Evelyn sighed as she squeezed his cock with her vagina.

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Harold returned from the garage, his hands dark with grease. "Not staying for lunch?" He questioned as Cain innocently kissed his mother's cheek in the act of farewell.

"Oh I didn't know I was invited!" Cain replied.

Evelyn smiled. "Of course you can stay honey. We've hardly seen you today!"

"Well if it's alright with Dad, sure."

"As long as you're not sick of your mother that is!" Harold laughed, moving off towards the bathroom to clean up.

Cain and Evelyn looked at each other holding hands.

"No. I'll never get sick of you Mom." Cain confessed and mouthed "I love you" silently, to her alone.

Evelyn had never been happier.

Chapter 3

"I'm telling you bro, the little punk's banging her!"

Miles Bradley winced at the volume of Devon's voice as he listened to the story. "Drunken dancing does not an affair make!" He responded. "Who else have you been telling this to?"

"Everyone!" Devon looked surprised Miles wasn't buying the tale. "You saw her at the party, it wasn't just the booze man, she was all over him."

Miles shook his head. "Can I remind you she was actually pretty restrained this year or has your memory been deleted with that photo?"

Devon looked sour at the thought of the lost image. "You explain her flashing and pissing in the street with Cain looking on then."

Miles peered over Devon's shoulder and quickly turned his back heading for the staircase, abandoning his wait for the elevator. "Where the fuck are you going?" Devon yelled to him before he felt the presence of someone else behind him. Turning he was met with the appearance of the company C.E.O. Walter Fisk and he swallowed nervously at his sober visage.

"How about you come up to my office Mr. Tallis and you can explain to me what you think is going on in my company." Walter suggested, and as if on cue the elevator doors chimed open.

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Devon Tallis straightened his tie as he walked from Walter Fisk's office. Proud of the information he'd relayed to the boss he headed back to his own work space, winking at a female receptionist as he passed who (unseen by him) rolled her eyes in response.

Walter strode to the window sipping from his coffee cup as he looked out on the clear L.A. morning. Smarmy git, he thought. He'd be sure to inform Devon's manager of his staff's unprofessional conduct. Spreading rumors and innuendo wasn't in the Fisk & Tavish dna; he'd definitely be receiving a warning. As to the information however. "Evelyn, Evelyn, Evelyn." Walter mused. "What have you been up to?"

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Evelyn ran a hand along her thigh, admiring the feel of the satin chiffon blend of her new pleated skirt. Seated in her car at the traffic lights she calculated the amount of money she'd spent the day before. Thank goodness for separate bank accounts, she thought. Harold would not have approved.

Sunday afternoon retail therapy was what she'd called it when he saw her arrive home with the bags under her arms. New dresses and skirts, some items of lingerie and some cheap and trashy underwear. She hadn't had a splurge like that in years, Harold's seeming disinterest in her had seen her dressing sexily, solely for herself; now however she had the joy of dressing to impress another.

Her hand reached the hem of the skirt and touched her stocking clad inner thigh. A tingle ran up her spine as she thought of Cain's hands on her. His eyes on her new clothing, her body beneath. She allowed her fingers to stroke back along her now parted legs and under the skirt, bunching it to her waist. Her tan stay up stocking tops exposed and the white triangle of her thong now visible to her and anyone who happened to look into her car. She cared not. Her mind was caught in a vision of her son between her legs. Her hand as if controlled by another, pressed against her now sodden panties. Her legs spread further, her fingers pushed at the entrance to her vagina and

a car beeped her from behind. Evelyn cleared her head and smiling to herself drove through the intersection, her workplace only blocks away.

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Cain waited on the couch in his mother's office. It hadn't even been twenty four hours since he'd seen her but it felt an eternity. Crazy, he thought. He'd seen this woman nearly every day of his life, thought he knew everything about her and yet now he ached to lay his eyes upon her, yearned to learn every aspect of her being.

Evelyn left the elevator and headed towards her office. She could see the top of Cain's head seated on the couch through the glass partition and she sucked in a breath at his presence. Smiling at a secretary as she passed, the girl turned to her colleague and whispered something unheard and unseen by Evelyn.

She entered the office and ignoring her son walked straight to her desk, placing her handbag down on it's surface. Bending forward with her back to Cain, she took up a pen and feigned writing something on a notepad. Cain for a moment presumed she hadn't noticed he'd arrived before her but as she leaned forward he knew exactly what she was doing.

Evelyn had tested it at home of course. Bending before the mirror in her bedroom, she was satisfied with how high her skirt rose up the back of her legs. The stocking tops revealed. Perfect, she thought. It was the same word Cain now said in his head as he gazed upon the long legs of his mother. His vantage point was optimal to witness the show. The racing green pleated skirt revealing the lace top of his mother's stockings, he craved to know the color and design of her panties. That would come, he thought. "Ahem," Cain cleared his throat. "Good morning Evelyn."

Evelyn turned around and straightened. She looked out into the office to see if anyone had witnessed and smiled back at her son. "Oh Cain! I didn't know you were there." She lied. Leaning her bottom back onto the desk she parted her feet and allowed her skirt to press down on the contour of her legs and crotch. The black spaghetti strap tank top hugged her torso like he longed to, bra straps visible, supporting her wondrous breasts.

"How was your weekend?" She asked, keeping it professional. Outside the office a colleague approached the photocopier and seemed to be hovering.

Cain smiled, enjoying the charade. "Really good. Went to my parent's place. Spent some time with my mom." He watched as his mother walked around and sat at her desk turning on her computer in the process. Beneath the desk he noticed her raise her skirt high on her thigh. High enough that he could see the lace top of her stocking.

"Oh that's nice. I'm sure she loved that." She watched the person at the photocopier drift away, no longer eavesdropping and the question in her mind as to why they would've been, drifted away with them.

Opening her email she received a confirmation about the fan. "Oh good news. Our fan should be downstairs. Shall we go and check it out?" She asked.

Cain stood and did his best to camouflage his erection. "Ready when you are Evelyn."

Walking behind her to the lift he noticed eyes on them and assumed they were admiring Evelyn's clothing. He certainly was.

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Walter looked through the employee files on his computer. Evelyn Parker's record appeared and he smiled at her photo. Ten years Evelyn, he thought.

You and Harold always seemed happy together. He recalled not having seen Harold at the golf club in years and for a moment questioned whether he had possibly passed away. No, he thought. Evelyn spoke of him not three months back. Why would she be having an affair with a co-worker? The evidence Devon had provided had been quite damning. Photos of them on the dance floor. He acknowledged that everyone was drunk at the Christmas party but they did seem to be very close. The kicker was Devon witnessing her, how did he put it? "Flashing and pissing in the street, with Cain looking on!" Admittedly the image did sound arousing to even Walter but he tried to remain professional.

So why this lad? Walter asked himself. Devon described them walking from the scene arm in arm laughing like lovers toward Cain's apartment. He questioned Devon as to how he knew where Cain lived and he provided a feasible response in that he'd gone there with Miles Bradley to drop off a costume the day before. Again he asked himself, why this lad? Throw away thirty years of marriage for an office fling. He typed in the name of the boy. Cain Trainor. Trainor, he thought. Why did the name ring bells? It was as if a light bulb came on above his head. Trainor! That's Harold's surname. "He's her bloody son!"

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The fan was big and highly effective. They set it to rotate on its pedestal and although it didn't cool the room, it circulated the air and made the work space far more pleasant. Cain opened the next box of Morris accounts and withdrew a file for himself and his mother. "Do you want Darlene's Antiques and Collectables or Daryl's Plumbing?"

Evelyn smiled. "Give me the plumber, my pipes need seeing too!"

Cain snorted. "Oh Mom!"

"What? Too crude?" She laughed.

"Well not for me!" Cain grinned handing her the folder. Evelyn ran her hand over his as she took it and goosebumps formed on Cain's flesh. "I love you so much."

She smiled and her heart filled with pride as they set about the day's work.

Evelyn was first to finish her account and headed to the cabinets to file it away. Passing Cain she ran her hand over his shoulder and walked behind him. Cain immediately swiveled in his chair and followed her progress. As his mother opened the filing cabinet, the fan oscillated in her direction and the wind caught her skirt. The material rose up to reveal her stockings as before and then lowered, the fan returned and again it flew up. This time higher allowing Cain to see the bare bottom of his mother. "Oooh." She cried as the fan did it's business and she feebly attempted to hold her skirt down.

She turned to make sure Cain was watching and her expression proved she was thrilled with the action of the fan and the audience. Again the fan blessed her with it's breeze and Cain's jaw dropped as her skirt rose, fluttering around her hips to flash the small triangle of white thong barely covering her vagina. It explained why he'd seen her entire butt a moment earlier, the material small enough to allow the curl of her pubic hair to protrude above. "Jesus Mom. That's beautiful." He praised her as she enjoyed the air flow.

"It feels wonderful too!" She added, pressing down the skirt as it rose around her.

"Marilyn Monroe eat your heart out!" Cain stated. His cock was straining against his pants, causing an uncomfortable feeling. He needed to re-adjust

but really wanted to release it. With his mother seemingly not going anywhere in a hurry, he relented. "Oh fuck it!" He exclaimed, and unzipped, pulling his hardness from his fly.

"Oh goodness!" Evelyn feigned shock when she saw his cock. She raised a hand to her mouth with her lips open as if in horror and then resumed her exhibition.

"Can you turn around again?" Cain asked and quickly Evelyn responded. Spreading her legs shoulder width, Cain now could see the white string dissecting her ass cheeks, the bulge of her pussy hanging between them from the other side. He slowly stroked his cock, admiring the beauty before him, squeezing harder when she took hold of the string and pulled it aside and over one cheek. His mother turned once again, the skirt still raising and lowering. She repeated her act with the front, pulling her thong to the side, revealing this time her thatch of brown pubic hair, her lips below.

It was too much for Cain. "Oh fuck! Come here Mom." He held out his hands for her to climb atop him but Evelyn was thinking rationally. If someone entered the basement it would be hard to explain her sitting on Cain's lap. Instead she spun Cain in his chair to again face his computer. Leaning down she took hold of his cock below the desk and began jerking her son off. Cain's hand ran up the back of his mother's leg beside him. He reached her stocking tops and went further, his fingers delving into her dripping pussy. Back and forth he slid along her labia from her asshole to her pubes. He ran his saturated fingers up into her pubic hair, dampening the entire region with her wet.

Evelyn furiously beat on her son's cock as Cain slid two fingers inside her. His thumb pressed on her anus and tentatively entered. The mental stimulation of the act hastened Cain's orgasm. "Oh Mom, I'm about to.."

Before he could finish the sentence Evelyn turned the chair slightly and lowered her mouth onto his cock. Half way down she plunged and squeezed at the base. Cain refused to let go of his hold on her pussy as he began to cum into his mother's mouth. For Evelyn it was a first. Never for Harold, nor before him had she allowed a man to cum in her mouth. As each spurt from her son shot down her throat, collected in her mouth, she felt she was only now feeling true love. Only now devoting herself entirely to another human being, becoming as one with her own flesh and blood, her son.

As she swallowed the last of her son's semen the bell of the elevator rang and the doors slowly opened outside the records room. Cain was quick to take his hand from under his mother's skirt and re-do his pants as he saw the C.E.O. walk out and toward their room. Evelyn made her way to the door and unlocked it for Walter to enter.

"Jesus. I can see why you needed the fan." Walter acknowledged. "Sorry about that Evelyn, we should've got it sooner."

"It's not a problem Walter." She kissed him on the cheek, fully realizing it was the mouth that seconds ago had been full of cum and welcomed him further into the room but he stayed put. Cain approached and introduced himself, shaking the man's hand in greeting before returning to his chair.

"So what brings you down to the dungeon?" Evelyn asked.

Now that he'd stood before the boy he could see the resemblance between he and his father although he'd not seen him in years. Even the similarities between mother and son were glaring to someone that knew they were related, possibly missed by a casual observer. "Actually I need to have a word with you privately Evelyn if you have a moment." Walter asked.

"Oh, um we could organize a date and time.." Evelyn began but was interrupted by Walter.

"Well this is kind of important so I was hoping to do it now." He proposed.

"Ah yes. Sure. We can go in here." She gestured to the server room and followed the boss through to the next room.

"Ooh bloody hell, it's like the Arctic!" He quipped referring to the change in temperature.

Evelyn smiled and held one arm with the other beneath her breasts. Walter allowed his eyes to quickly stray across her top as he noticed the woman's nipples harden in the cold climate. Dolly Parker 'they' called her, he thought. Crude but my god, she did have great tits!

Walter forced himself to concentrate on the issue at hand and avoided the woman's mammarys. "Evelyn you've been here what? More than ten years?"

Evelyn nodded in response. "Uh huh. Coming up to eleven in February."

"Eleven. Hell that makes me feel old." He realized the comment may have come out wrong and implied she too was old and tried to correct it. "Oh I'm not saying you are old as well, I'm just saying you were one of the first here when Tavish and I started. You've always stayed loyal. You're one of the good ones."

"Thank you Walter. It's been a pleasure working here. Um, you didn't come down here to tell me that though. What's this about?" She asked, slightly concerned.

"Well no I didn't that's right. I'll get to it. A complaint was made by a fellow staff member that you were seen fraternizing with a subordinate in direct

line of report, in a manner that may be deemed inappropriate to your position."

For a moment Evelyn was taken aback by the jargon before she realized what he was saying. "Who made this complaint?"

"Obviously I can't say, and obviously what with your well, 'relationship' to the other accused party I'm not taking the complaint seriously..." Walter began but Evelyn had already begun confessing.

"It's true! We've been sleeping together but it's not affecting the work. It happened after I employed him...wait, what?" She had begun speaking before she fully heard all Walter had stated, not registering his 'relationship' remark.

Walter looked shocked. "I'm sorry Evelyn, did you say it's true?"

She didn't respond to the question. Her mind was reeling with what she'd just freely admitted. Her defense was to admit the inappropriate relationship, she or Cain would be reassigned and the fact he was her son wouldn't be discovered. Stupidly she'd assumed no one would associate Cain's surname with her husbands and yet, here was Walter. One time golf partner of Harold's. The house of cards was falling around her.

"Evelyn. I came down here to alert you to the complaint. When I realized Cain was your son I dismissed it but just needed to discuss the nepotism factor. Now you're telling me you actually are sleeping with him?"

She didn't know what to do. She hadn't felt so frightened, so unsure of the future since childhood. Cain noticed her demeanor from the other room and stood in anticipation of something happening.

"Walter I don't know what to say...I." She couldn't complete the sentence, she couldn't think of another word.

Walter had overcome his initial shock at her admission of incest. He looked at the women almost completely defeated before him and felt nothing but sympathy. "Evelyn," he reached out and touched the cold skin on her arm. "Hey. It's O.k. You're not in any trouble with me."

Evelyn looked up into the older man's eyes. So full of caring and empathy.

"I told you, you're one of the good ones." He ran his hand up and down quickly, attempting to warm the area and re-assure her. "I don't care who you're sleeping with. Frankly it's none of my or anyone else's business." He thought of his own household structure, that of his wife and granddaughter. "To be honest, I'm the last person that'll cast stones."

Evelyn couldn't believe her ears. One moment she saw only doom and gloom, the next she was rapturous. "So you won't say anything to Harold?"

Walter smiled. "Why would I? Between you and me I think he used to cheat on the course. Serves him right!"

Evelyn laughed as Walter pulled on her arm to lead her out of the server room. Cain exited the records room alongside them, fully aware something dramatic had just occurred.

"Oh. Now the nepotism thing." Walter began. "You should've just come to me if your boy needed the job, I would've allowed it! And the other thing." He smiled at Evelyn and looked towards Cain. "Try and be a little more discreet you two!" Walter patted Cain on the shoulder as he headed towards the elevator.

"Mom! What was that about?" Cain asked as the doors closed on the C.E.O.

Evelyn wrapped her arms around her son and kissed him on the mouth. "I'll tell you later. But there's nothing for us to worry about." She looked down at her watch. "It's nearly time. What's say we go to your place for lunch?"

* * * * *

Cain and Evelyn lay back on the mattress puffing as if they'd just run a marathon. "Oh my God that was good." Evelyn panted. She ran a finger through the cum trail from between her breasts, down to her pubic bone. Cain rolled onto his side and looked at his mother across the pillow. He reached out and stroked her hair behind her ear and left his hand on her head.

"Have I told you I love you?" He smiled.

Evelyn remained staring up at the ceiling. "Ah only about three times today but a fourth wouldn't hurt!"

"Then, I love you."

She smiled and turned to face him. "I love you too."

"Now are you going to tell me about back at the office?" He asked.

"Ugh. I bet it was your friend Devon!" Evelyn deduced.

"What? He's not my friend, I hate that douchebag! What about him?"

"Someone told Walter you and I were having an affair." Evelyn confessed.

Cain sat up on his elbow. "What? You think it was Devon?" He thought of the constant baiting, the snide comments about his mother, the deleted photo. "Fuck you're probably right. I didn't want to say it at the time but I swore it was him on the street after the Christmas party."

"Well it doesn't matter anyway," Evelyn continued. "Walter is fine with it as long as it doesn't affect the job. Oh, and he knows you're my son!"

The last part she threw in quickly and turned away grinning. The cum ran from her body down onto the sheets as Cain sat up in horror.

"What? He knows we're related?" He reached out and grabbed Evelyn's shoulder, turning her back towards him.

Laughing, Evelyn took hold of Cain's arms to fend him off. "Yep. He doesn't care about that either. Say's it serves your father right for cheating on the golf course!"

Play wrestling, Cain mounted his mother, his ass coming down on her pubic hair, his hardening cock on her stomach. "So we're good?" He pinned her arms above her head.

"Oh we're good baby!" She looked down at her son's penis, now fully erect and again up into his eyes. "And we've still got twenty minutes!"

Cain was thinking the same thing but he wouldn't need that long. Still pinning her arms he moved his legs off her and positioned himself between her thighs. The head of his cock found her slick opening and entered her body for the third time that day. Evelyn arched her back and neck at the penetration as Cain lowered his mouth to her breasts. Struggling to trap a nipple between his lips as her breasts jiggled with his thrusting, he released his hold on her arms and used his free hands to hold his mother's tits. Her nipples erect, he sucked on the left while pinching the right. "Oh yes baby, suck on Mommy's tits."

Cain swapped breasts, devouring the right before kissing his way up her neck to her mouth. Their tongues met and entwined. She bit down on him, sucking it into her mouth as his cock plunged away at her pussy. Cain's balls slapped his mother's ass as he hammered into her, faster and faster. "Fuck baby yes. Harder, yes." Evelyn screamed.

He'd already cum twice but this would be the best, the fastest. He kissed her neck, her ear. He wrapped a hand down behind her ass for leverage, pulling

her pelvis onto each thrust as his orgasm approached.

Evelyn closed her eyes with the pleasure of her son fucking her. She pulled his weight fully down on top of her and bit into his shoulder as she herself began to cum. It was explosive, intense. Cain cried out above her in his own ecstasy as he flooded her with his love and she in turn released a flow. The pleasure of her orgasm overcame her and whether it was Cain's weight on her bladder or her complete abandon, she realized she was peeing. Cain was quick to notice, feeling the excess wet at his groin. "Mom! Are you squirting?"

For a moment she couldn't answer, the feeling of releasing her bladder prolonging her orgasm. Oh my god I'm pissing, she thought. I'm in bed pissing. On my son!

Cain lifted his body off her, his cock still inside and erect and looked down at their groins. As soon as he saw it he knew, the stream flowing around his cock and down between them to the bed.

"Oh baby I'm so sorry." Evelyn offered, stemming the tide.

For what? Cain wondered. His cock remained hard for a reason. His mother had just pissed on him and he couldn't have been more turned on.

"I'm so embarrassed." She confessed, raising her hands to cover her face.

"Mom," Cain finally answered. "Don't be. That was fucking hot!"

Evelyn peeked between her fingers. "Really?" She asked tentatively. "You liked it?"

Cain pushed his hard-on deep inside her again and she sighed as he removed her hands from her face. Kissing her on the lips he whispered into her mouth. "I loved it!"

His cock hard, no harder, he pulled out and re-entered. His mother's mouth opened in an 'O', her head thrown back.

Wrapping his arms beneath her, their bodies had never been closer. Evelyn held his back and drew him in, raising her knees up to deepen his penetration. Cain started slow and increased quickly, his ass furiously bucking at her groin. Evelyn again let go as Cain slammed into her, climaxing around her son's cock, piss and cum squelching from her pussy to form a pool beneath them. Cain came, amazed his balls had anything left to give, only slowing his thrusting with the last pulse of semen, finally releasing his breath. "Oh my God Mom. You're right, that was good."

Evelyn took her mouth from his neck where she'd been sucking, leaving another love bite for him to attempt to hide.

"Mmm I wish we didn't have to go back to work." She puffed.

"We could play hooky!" Cain proposed.

Evelyn laughed at the suggestion. "Oh yeah, Walter would really appreciate that."

Cain slowly pulled out of his mother, dripping with cum and urine. He held a hand to her and pulled her off the sodden mattress. "Come on, quick shower and we'll get going."

As they touched and kissed on the way to the bathroom, Cain's cock was already re-hardening.

* * * * *

They left the carpark via the street exit and walked into the foyer of the building together. "You go on ahead Evelyn, I'll be down in a minute." Cain stated when he noticed Devon and Miles standing in the cafe awaiting an

order. He waited until his mother had entered the lift before he approached the two men.

Standing directly behind Devon, Cain reached out and pinched his fingers into the other man's shoulder in the same fashion as had once been done to him. Digging deep into his joint Cain was pleased to see Devon's shoulder collapse and his knees begin to buckle under the pain. Once he was knelt, Cain leaned into the man's ear and whispered. "You ever speak about Evelyn and I to the boss again. You ever call her that name. You ever even look at her again. I'll kick your fucking head in. You hear me?" He waited for a response and when Devon nodded in defeat, Cain released the grip on his shoulder.

Standing tall again Cain looked first to Miles who smiled and nodded and then around at the twenty or so staff who'd witnessed the altercation. To his surprise, none seemed to be shocked at the scene, in fact he was even offered admiring looks by a couple of the women nearby and a thumbs up by another junior member of staff. Straightening his tie, Cain headed towards the elevator imagining a slow clap as if he were in an 80's movie, and back down to join his mother in the dungeon.

* * * * *

"So I have Debbie's Bridal and Lingerie or Del Aire Pumping Services. Which do you want?" Cain asked, holding up the two files.

"You're making these up!" Evelyn laughed.

"Nope." Cain replied, showing her the labels.

"Oh my goodness. Well, I guess I'll take the lingerie and you can go the pumping, it's what you're good at." She giggled.

"Have I told you I love you today?" Cain asked.

Evelyn just smiled.

Of Beauty Rich and Rare (a memoir)

The Offer

"You got a job yet?" My father's cynical voice echoed through the receiver.

"Well fuck you too!" I replied, ready to hang up before he continued on.

"Wait, Cody. I apologise," he offered, unlike him, and I brought the phone back to my ear. "It's habit, I'm sorry. I...we need a favour."

I rose from the couch and trailing the long phone cord turned down the stereo, Nirvana lowering their playing.

"I'm listening."

"I'm back in Adelaide, I just got in. I have to fly to the Czech Republic soon as possible. Shit's hit the fan in the Prague office and they need me there asap."

"Wait, I thought you were on long service. Shouldn't you be in Queensland right now!" I tried to remain cordial with the man.

"Well I am, I mean I was," he sounded flustered. "Your mother's still up there."

"What? You came home without her?" I asked confused. "Why isn't she going to Europe with you?"

To this Dad sounded genuinely amused at something I'd said.

"Your mother, in Europe, in winter!" And he needed not explain any more. Mum hated the cold. There wouldn't be any way she'd be on that plane, free

trip or not. "Look I don't have long. I wasn't just being an asshole when I asked if you were working. Your mum's up in FNQ with the caravan and that's where you come in. And \$400 to cover your time."

"Um, what?" I asked, even more confused.

"Your mother can't drive manual. We want you to drive the Land Cruiser and the van back to Adelaide."

"That'll take days!"

"Nine days in fact."

"Nine!?"

"Your mother wants to see some of the country; I've plotted the route. There's a plane ticket here at the house with your money along with instructions once you get to Cairns."

"So you just assumed I'd say yes?" I agitated. "That I'd obviously have nothing else on!"

Dad was silent for a moment and I could see him choosing his words, holding his tongue.

"Look mate, I'd love to stay and fight with you but I've got literally half an hour to get to the airport," he replied, noticeably controlling his temper.

"Say you'll do it. If not for me, for your mother."

He knew that would sway his argument and I quietly agreed to go along.

I thought he'd hang up but again there was a pregnant pause

"Cody, are you two...good?" He asked and I could hear his trepidation posing the question.

"Yeah, we're good." I hung up and slumped back in the couch.

You see, there had been an incident. It was primarily the reason at just nineteen I'd left home in the first place. A weekend away with friends and on my return to my bedroom which my parents had seen fit to refurbish whilst I was out, a pair of my mother's panties lay sitting on my mattress.

I can write about this honestly now. So much time having passed and knowledge my actions then weren't so unique amongst boys my age. They were a pair I'd seen in the laundry hamper a week previous and even with the full understanding they were my mother's, was attracted to their delicacy and picking them up, their warmth. Taking them to the bathroom and in privacy, examining them further. Made of blue satin, just their texture had me aroused but when I found the gusset still damp, it was when the real fascination kicked in.

The feeling of pressing them to my face; the smell they captured and dare I say it, the taste. Nothing; no magazine or video; no girlfriend had ever made me so hard. Maybe it was the taboo. Imagining it was my mother's pussy that I was inhaling, her arse pressing against my face. Whatever, I was enraptured and not wishing to part, I secreted them away in my room for my personal gratification. Until that is, they were discovered.

I didn't need to discuss it with Mum, Dad did all the shouting for her. The words he used, the shame he brought down on me, I used to fuel an anger towards him, and her for allowing it. It only took a few weeks and it became obvious, my staying under the same roof was untenable. In the end Dad offered me a small sum of money to leave and seemed glad to close the front door behind me.

A year after and we'd rarely spoken. I avoided family gatherings and communication was limited to brief phone calls when relevant information needed conveying. Just like that day's conversation. I thought of the four

hundred dollars Dad was offering as I packed a bong. I thought of the flight to the North of Australia as I gazed around my cramped flea bitten flat, the road trip ahead as I breathed in the smoke; and as I went to my room to organise a backpack, I thought of my mother. And it was a pleasant thought.

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The Arrival

Sixteen hours, two trains, one flight and a bus ride later and I was stepping off into the tropical humidity of Far North Queensland. After a long walk where I should have taken Dad's instructions and got a taxi, I entered the air conditioned reception of the caravan park and enquired after Mum's site.

Walking through the park I noticed that it had probably seen better days. I spied a pool at least and was thankful I'd remembered to pack my bathers before spotting Mum and Dad's Land Cruiser and ageing camper-van at the end of a cul-de-sac. Looking forward to getting the backpack off my shoulders I made one last effort in the heat and approached her site.

She was sitting outside on a fold out chair when I laid eyes upon her. Her head in the shade of the annex attached to the side of the van, it was possible she was asleep as she was yet to acknowledge my approach. I certainly acknowledged her. With legs stretched out before her, she wore khaki shorts pulled up tight onto her groin to allow more skin exposed to the sun. This pressing the material hard against a large mound of pussy. Sweat glistened between her breasts, barely covered by a singlet rolled up over her stomach. Welcome to Queensland, I thought.

I closed the gap and still she was yet to see me until my foot scuffing on the road roused her and all of a sudden she sat forward, her face finally entering the sunlight.

"Well here he is," she smiled, her hands immediately pulling the shorts from her crotch. "My knight in shining, well black armour!"

I looked down at my Doc. Martin boots, black shorts and long sleeved Pearl Jam shirt and admitted I probably wasn't dressed for the weather.

"Hey Mum," I responded letting my backpack fall from my shoulders beside the 4WD. "I finally made it."

She was happier to see me than I thought she would and I accepted her embrace when it came, my hand pressing to the skin of her lower back..

I looked at my watch when she backed away. "A little late I guess."

"Only an hour," she quickly stated. "See your father doesn't always plan things perfectly!"

I didn't mention that if I took the taxi he'd accounted for I would've been perfectly on time.

"What's with the boots and long sleeves?" Mum asked, tugging at the sleeve of my shirt.

"It wasn't this hot when I left home," I explained and Mum let her fingers trail down until she had me by the hand.

"Well come on, come inside and I'll get you a cold drink. And you can get out of those clothes," she added.

It was still uncomfortable. I'd only seen Mum one or two times since I'd told them both to go to hell (well, more so my father) and walked out not to return. I didn't know if she was thinking about it, if she harboured any angst towards me for the things I'd said or she was still creeped out by what had led to it to begin with. Her demeanour was welcoming enough though and

if she hated me, surely she would never have agreed to complete her journey with me.

All the sides of the camper-van were lowered to allow air flow through the mosquito mesh and out of the sun, it was definitely cooler. Not by much though and I was quick to take off my shirt as Mum directed me where to store my bag.

"Beer?" She offered as I glanced at her bum as she bent to open the small fridge. Don't do it Cody! I told myself. But I was weak and allowed my eyes to take in her curves.

"Yes, definitely," I replied, wrenching them away before she turned and caught me. That would be the last thing I needed so soon. To be fair, that we both needed.

"Oh goodness you're so pale," Mum commented as she passed me the can of XXXX.

"Well that's because I haven't been travelling around the bush for a month," I smiled looking at the can. "No Coopers?"

"Oh it's your father. When in Rome and all that!" She laughed. "Said we should be drinking local beer, so henceforth."

I took a swig and appreciated the cold, regardless of the taste.

Mum sat down at the table and smiled at me.

"What?" I asked

"Oh you know, I'm just happy you're here! I was getting lonely."

"Yeah so what's the deal with Dad anyway? How did work even contact him?"

"His bloody pager! I told him to leave it at home. They said it was an emergency and he had to fly over straight away. I certainly wasn't going with him this time. Not Europe in the winter. You know how I am!"

I smiled, recalling Dad saying the exact thing.

"So your father has our route plotted out," Mum rose and took down a map from a storage cupboard and opened it on the table. I looked at the red line and its roundabout direction home.

"Inland?" I remarked, surprised. "I thought we were hugging the coast. That's the bloody desert!"

"Well not all the way!" She quickly responded and worked her way around to my side of the table, leaning over the map. "Not near the ranges."

Her knee was pressing to my outer thigh and in the corner of my eye I could see the curve of breast beneath her arm, quickly leaning forward myself to remove the temptation.

"So we're staying in National Parks and State Forests? Not caravan parks?" I asked, noting the pronounced dots signifying overnights.

"It's not set in stone," Mum elaborated. "If we find a nice place, we can stay longer or vice versa. Your father worked out it should take us at least nine days and he'll be gone nearly two weeks so there's no hurry for us to get home. It'll be fun, just like when you were little."

She walked to the other end of the van and I watched her progress, trying to drag my eyes from her bum but failing. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"Which reminds me," Mum went on. "You can take the main bunk if you'd like your privacy, I'd be happy to sleep down here on the couch." As she

said it she lifted the table which turned the small lounge area below the upper bunk into a bed and readjusted the cushions ready to make up.

"No way, that's yours," I resisted. "As you said, it's just like when I was a kid, I'm not kicking you out of your bed."

Mum smiled in response. "You know your father wanted you to bring the tent and have you sleep outside."

"What?" I decried.

"I know!" She laughed. "That would've been a bit weird wouldn't it?"

"Ah, yeah. Like I was the staff or something."

Mum dropped her eyes and clutched at the sheet she'd procured, her voice lowering. "You know he didn't want you coming at all."

I placed down the can and listened intently.

"He was going to pay someone from his work \$800 to drive it home," she raised her head and looked into my eyes. \$800, I thought. A long way short of the \$400 he'd left me on the kitchen table.

"But I insisted it had to be you," Mum went on, her eyes still locked on mine. "We couldn't trust the van with just anyone. And, I thought it would be good for...us. You know?"

I felt my face redden, knowing she was referring to our battles and possibly even my action that everything stemmed from and worked up to offering her a reassuring smile. "Yeah I do too."

*

The process of packing up the camper-van and hitching it onto the 4WD the next morning came back to me as we prepared to leave, only now I was the

one driving. Having never towed, I practiced reversing in the safety of the caravan park and soon got the hang of it and then we were off. Mother and son on a more than week long road trip half way across Australia, North to South-West.

"This is wonderful," Mum laughed as she stretched her legs out, her feet up on the dash board of the Land Cruiser. "Your father would have a fit if he saw me doing this."

I peered over at her smooth tanned legs. She'd allowed her white sun dress to fall to her hips, tucked between her thighs to protect her modesty but still extremely provocative and I couldn't recall Mum ever being so carefree.

"Well what Dad doesn't know can't hurt him," I offered and turned up the music.

"Damn right," Mum laughed and turned the dial up further, singing along with the well played mix tape, a staple of all our family holidays.

More than two hours later we pulled into the small town we'd highlighted for lunch and walked the solitary main street in search of an eatery, settling on the busier of the two pubs. I saw it the moment I walked in but Mum hadn't noticed as we ordered our meals at the bar and were walked through to the bistro by the owner. There was another in the restaurant, delivering meals to a table and with Mum's back to her, still she was yet to notice what we'd accidentally stumbled in on.

I didn't know how exactly to brooch it but thankfully the need was taken from my hands when one of them approached the table.

"Hi, so what can I get you guys to drink?"

Mum looked up from the table and was confronted with what I'd been feasting my eyes on since entering. Two bare breasts of stately proportions.

"On my God!" Mum shrieked, staring at the unexpected mammaries.

The diversion gave me a chance to admire the woman more closely. Possibly in her forties or late thirties, she wasn't slim but curvy in the most attractive way. She wore denim shorts, seemingly painted on, her thighs bulging from the frayed edges, the crevice of her vulva on stark display.

"What is this?" Mum continued, still not over her initial shock.

The woman looked down at her own breasts, almost bemused. "Topless Tuesday! It's clearly advertised outside."

Mum looked to me and I shrugged my shoulders, shaking my head to indicate I had no idea before glancing back at her mammoth boobs.

"Um, I'll have a G and T," Mum managed, clearly embarrassed for me and I guess herself but trying to hide it.

"Uh huh, and you Honey?" She politely asked before Mum answered for me.

"Ah my son is driving, he'll just have a Coke."

"Oh! Your son?" She smiled at me and I again felt my cheeks redden. "It's like that is it? Well Coke's on the house Sweetie." She winked at me and as she walked away I was hypnotised by her arse, her cheeks bursting from the denim.

"It's like what?" Mum asked in a whisper and I feigned ignorance, not wanting to admit the woman was possibly hinting at something incestuous.

We discovered there would normally be a gratuity of 20% on top of our meal to cover the ladies but the owner believed our story of accidentally walking in and promised to waive it. The meal like the service was fantastic. Mum relaxed and even spoke candidly with our waitress when she

frequently attended our table. When we paid they even joked Mum had the assets to give the profession a go, which had images flooding my mind. I received a knowing wink from the topless goddess as we left. Was I that obvious?

A day passed; an uneventful night in a caravan park. The flash of a bra between the curtains of my mother's bunk bed; an equally quick glance of her panties when she climbed over me in the morning, the white satin matching her nightie. I allowed myself the luxury of masturbating whilst she went off to the toilet block to shower and I admit that although my fantasy started out with the topless waitress, images of my mother in varying states of undress came to mind. I did nothing to chase them away.

*

The Camp Site

The State Forest bordered the Great Dividing Range and the road in was dusty and corrugated, my mother's breasts bouncing accordingly when I happened to glance in her direction. The camp ground itself was large and with there being only one other occupant, we had a choice of sites.

"Ooh as far away from the toilet as possible," Mum suggested. "Those things usually stink."

I found a shady area and with Mum directing me, backed the van into the space a long distance from the other caravan and the solitary toilet block.

We had the camper-van set up in no time and made the site homely with our table and chairs beside the stone barbecue. Mum and Dad had purchased a camping shower in the time since I'd stopped holidaying with them and Mum directed me to an overhanging tree limb as the perfect location for setting it up, close to the rear of the van.

With the campsite organised, we still had the majority of the afternoon to relax in the summer heat. And was it hot!

"The thermometer in the car still says 38," Mum enthused as she entered the camper-van.

I was laying back on my bed reading and as she stepped over me to climb up onto her own bunk, I again had the briefest glimpse up her dress. All day as we drove I'd wondered the colour of her panties, her floral sun dress not transparent enough to provide a tease, yet mid-stride over my prone body her legs parted just enough to reveal white cotton knickers with small pink spots.

She drew the curtain that provided privacy for her bunk and I felt her moving as she no doubt got changed only to have the curtain open once more and again climb over me still wearing the dress.

"Forgot something," she explained as she made her way to a cupboard and retrieved some clothing before repeating her ascent.

Yet again she mounted the bed and strode over my legs. Oh she'd forgotten something alright! Obviously having no idea the view my position enabled, her legs parted to reveal she no longer wore the panties. Barely a second I saw it and my mind didn't really register it was pubic hair I was looking at until after. A rich dark mat of fur that seemed impossible to believe was actually my mother's pussy. I had seen my mother's pussy.

"Are we doing one of those walks before dinner?" Mum nonchalantly asked as she again closed her curtain. The two sides had come together but parted ever so slightly in the middle and from the corner of my eye I saw the flash of the bare skin of her back as her dress was removed.

Her question to me went unanswered as my brain dealt with surging Oedipal dilemmas, until I gained some semblance of sanity and turned my head from the scene. Just in time. Mum poked her face through the crack in the curtains and repeated her query.

"Oh yeah sure," I managed and turned to fully face her, satisfied she hadn't thought me spying and her head disappeared from view. She's naked. I told myself. Your mother is naked, right above you, behind a thin curtain. The words had my cock hardening and remembrance of the scent of her underwear from a year before flooded back. Now I had the image of her hairy pussy to go with it. All I need is to see her boobs, I mused and risked a quick stroke of my erection beneath my shorts.

"Well I'm ready when you are!" Mum threw back the drapes and climbed back down over me. She wore denim shorts that reached down nearly to the knee and although not sexy, did hug her bottom quite well. What was worn impressive was the bikini top that accompanied it. Brown; it wasn't overly small but did give me a fair impression of what her breasts would look like unencumbered by clothing. Good enough for now, I thought.

As she bent before me to put on her walking shoes however, another tantalising detail arose. The denim had frayed below her left buttock to a point where her underwear was visible. It was possible she had no idea, the thin white strands of denim failing to hide the blue satin beneath. Yes the blue satin! The very blue satin I had been so obsessed with that had changed our lives. She was wearing the panties I had been using to masturbate with over a year previous. That I'd sniffed and coveted. That I'd tasted.

I felt my face redden, amazed she still had them, let alone wore them. Did she not think of the connotations surrounding them? That her son had taken

them from the wash? Her dirty panties, to use in some nefarious, corrupt way? Surely she would be disgusted?

I tried to put it out of my mind as we walked the trail but her arse kept it front and centre. Whenever she had to climb over rocks, her legs bending, I would see them. The blue hue taunting me. Did she plan it like this to haunt me? Did she want me to see her wearing them? Was it a sign?

I forgot about it all momentarily when we reached the end of the walk and came upon the waterhole. We hadn't expected it to be so beautiful, the description on the information board not doing it justice. Recent rains meant a waterfall cascaded into what looked to be a deep pool and without any other tourists, we had an oasis to ourselves and well worth the hour long trek.

"I'm going in!" I stated, bending down and feeling the cool water.

"You're not wearing your bathers," Mum noted.

"These'll do," I looked down at my cargo shorts as I took off my t-shirt.

"No, you can't walk back in wet shorts. At least just swim in your undies," she suggested. "There's no one around."

I was quick to take her advice and dropped my shorts to my boxers.

"You coming in?" I asked as I stepped into the water.

"No way," she laughed. "There's probably crocodiles in there!"

"Only freshies!" I joked and plunged into the cooling pool.

Mum sat down on a rock and watched as I swam toward the waterfall and returned. She sat with elbows on knees, her legs spread and it gave me an excellent view of her crotch, the bulge of what I knew to be her hairy pussy.

The denim was frayed there as well, another smaller hole near the seam. They were threadbare and it amazed me she hadn't thrown them away.

"Come in, it's beautiful," I coaxed and shading her eyes, she shook her head.

"I didn't bring my togs."

"You're wearing a bikini," I acknowledged.

Her eyes went down to her breasts. "Only the top," she admitted and although her face was in shadow, it looked to me she blushed.

I didn't want to push the issue and suggest she swim in her underwear. I was trying to repair our relationship, not act like the creepy son I believed she thought I was and concentrated again on swimming.

Refreshed after about twenty minutes where Mum had at least removed her shoes and placed her feet in the water, I made to get out. My cotton boxer shorts, waterlogged, tried desperately to fall down as I rose up out of the pool and I had to keep a hand on them to prevent any embarrassment with Mum watching on. The slippery rocks near the edge conspired with my underwear however and with a foot sliding on the algae, I let go to steady myself if I fell. The inevitable occurred. Before I could grasp them, they slid down from my hips and over my groin.

Mum had begun laughing at my clumsiness and now threw a hand up to her mouth in shock and amusement as my dick came into view. I looked down immediately to salvage the situation and was a little disappointed at how small I appeared to be at the time, (the cold water having had its effect on me) and reached to pull up my pants as I climbed out of the waterhole.

"Oh Honey," Mum stated, no longer laughing, a look of concern. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah," I reached for my t-shirt and shorts, my pride shattered. "I just slipped."

"No, I mean down there," she dropped her eyes to my groin.

Great. Now she was making fun of the size of my dick. But she went on before I could explain the effect of cold water.

"Have you had a surgery?"

I wondered what the fuck she was talking about, was I that unusual? "What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"You're shaved. Down there!" She explained. "Is something wrong?"

I didn't really know what to say. I was amused, embarrassed, relieved, all at once.

"Oh shit no," I managed to laugh, my face afire. "It's just something I do...I mean a lot of guys do it."

It was now my mother's turn to feel the burn of humiliation as her face reddened before me.

"Oh!" She turned her head and seemed eager to change the subject from her son's shaved penis, picking up her water bottle. "So there weren't any crocodiles then?"

"No," I smiled. "No crocodiles. Or bunyips for that matter!"

The walk back was uncomfortable but I strangely felt a shift in power, at least a balancing. My mother had looked at my cock. Had commented on it. It would now undoubtably be on her mind. She'd be wondering the reasons behind shaving down there? She'd see it when she closed her eyes. I only wished I hadn't looked so underwhelming at the time.

*

The Night

"How do you like it?" Mum asked over her shoulder.

Staring at her bum, imagining pulling down her shorts and fucking her, the question took me by surprise. "What?"

"Your steak?"

"Oh, ah medium," I smiled.

"Well yours is done then," she rose and brought it from the bbq to the card table with her own.

She went back to drop the paper plate in the fire and as she bent forward her shorts ripped a little more.

"Oh these bloody things, I've been meaning to just throw them away," she commented as she returned to the table. "They're so comfortable though."

"Just cut them shorter," I suggested, admitting I knew where the rips were positioned.

"I'd look like that waitress in the pub!" Mum laughed. "You'd expect me to bring you your food topless." She added.

"Well she looked hot," I replied without really thinking about what I was saying. "So that wouldn't be such a bad thing."

She again laughed, which relieved me that I hadn't gone too far and I thought the subject would be dropped.

"I suppose it would be only fair," she out of the blue continued as we ate.

"Huh?" I replied, thinking I knew where she was heading but wanting her to explain.

"Well I did get an impromptu strip tease at the billabong."

I didn't mention I'd looked up her dress earlier in the day and we were in fact even.

"Would I have to pay you a 20% gratuity?" I quizzed.

She laughed. "I suppose I could waive it. Family discount and all!"

I silently groaned as she proposed the idea, delighted she was linking family and sexuality. The subject was dropped but along with my steak, I feasted on the idea of my mother serving me topless, and they were both delicious.

The sun was almost completely below the horizon but the temperature remained stifling. With a lamp, we had set up the scrabble board outside and were mid game when Mum leaned back in her chair fanning herself.

"This is ridiculous," she remarked. "How is it still so hot?"

"Well it is summer," I helpfully replied and Mum rolled her eyes. To make up for my retort, I reached into my glass of water and pulled out an ice-cube.

Rising from the table I circled around behind her to the curiosity of my mother.

"Here you are madam," I offered. "A treatment famous in the most exclusive spas in Europe and the East. Ice cube therapy."

Placing the ice on her shoulder, I ran it across her bare skin and over the strap of her bikini. To her squeals, I drew a path down her back and up her spine to her neck, leaving the skin wet and cool wherever I traveled.

Her delighted screams turned to a contented moan as the cooling effects settled in and the cube dissolved. Not wanting to stop, I quickly sought another and repeated the process, rising up behind her ears and over onto

her collarbone. My dick hardened with her sighs and I wished she could see me now, erect, my balls swollen with accumulating cum as opposed to the boy she saw in the pool.

"Oh Honey," she purred. "That was wonderful."

Goosebumps had broken out on her skin and as I walked back to my chair, I did nothing to hide the fact I was hard. Her eyes didn't seem to drop to the area and the little light we had probably hadn't illuminated me, but the act was thrilling enough.

I looked at my letters and the board. "Oh I know, M, O, M! M is on the double, so that's, 10 points."

"I'm sorry what's that?" Mum questioned.

"Mom!"

"We're not in America Darling," she laughed. "But I'll allow it this once because it shows you're at least thinking about me."

If only she knew what I was thinking, I mused. I looked at her face in the lamplight, her cheeks flushed from the beer, her eyes drifting from her letters to the board. She looked beautiful.

I concentrated on my own new letters and rearranged them on the tray, managing to make a word, G, R, A, M, S, as Mum completed her turn then spun the board.

It hit me straight away. If I used the O in mom, I could create 'orgasm' with the M on a triple word score. Should I do it? I asked myself and thought, why not?

"O, R, G, A, S, M." I enunciated each letter as I placed it. "Orgasm!"

Mum looked mortified at the board. Mom and orgasm, connected. "Well I hope you're not thinking about me with that one!" She laughed before I imagine realising what she had said and snorted on her beer, covering her mouth with a hand.

I couldn't think of anything witty to reply and took a drink of my water myself, content that all these sexual thoughts were being sown in her mind.

*

We noticed the other caravan had departed when we had returned from our walk earlier on and now night had set in, there was complete silence for miles around. I lay upon my sheet reading when Mum decided to call it a night. I noticed her take her white nightie from the cupboard and again she climbed over me, her shorts once again making a tearing sound.

"Maybe I really should cut them up!" She laughed before disappearing behind her veil.

Oh fuck I hoped she was serious, I thought.

Getting into my novel, I heard her say something but didn't really pay full attention, nodding slowly as if I'd understood.

Again she repeated it but this time followed up by throwing a sock at me.

It hit me square on the jaw and landed across my book, demanding I pay her attention.

"What is that about?" I asked over her laughing.

"I said you can put your dirty clothes in a pile over there," she pointed towards my feet where she'd thrown her shorts and other items. "I'll do washing when we stop at the next caravan park."

"Oh ok," I replied, casually bunching up her small white sock before lobbing it back at her, hitting her on the side of the face.

She immediately grabbed the sock and smiling, casually slinked down off the bunk towards me.

"Now Mum don't," I warned. "I'm bigger and stronger than you, this won't end well."

She didn't heed the warning and with an admittedly drunken mischievous look on her face, lunged at me, the sock aimed at my nose.

I caught one of her arms but in my attempt to keep my page marked, allowed her loaded hand to come down on my face, grinding her sock into my nose and mouth. Her legs were astride my torso, the nightie riding up and my initial shock at her immodesty was lost as my competitiveness took over. Long ago memories of wrestling her as a child flooded back and I abandoned my hold on the book to wrench her hand from my face. To her excited scream, I took the sock from her grasp and reversed the role, pressing it to her face amid her feeble attempts to stop me.

"No," she squealed as her mouth was covered by her sock.

"I told you this would happen," I chastised as I exerted my superiority, following her body as she fell backwards until I was on top of her. I made a point of not getting between her legs to save us both embarrassment, acutely aware her nightie was now around her waist, her vagina exposed. With my cock swelling by the second, I couldn't risk her feeling it press to her sexually.

Laughing and gasping for air, Mum resorted to tickling me in an attempt to wrest control. It was effective, her fingers jabbing into my bare ribs and causing me to change position. A hand went to the sock and we battled over

it until I threw it across the van lest she capture the prize. With her still tickling me I rolled off and noticed her take the opportunity to pull down her nightie before continuing her assault, her fingers playing my ribs like piano keys as I admittedly giggled uncontrollably.

When I rolled onto my back, she mounted me and brought my hands up over my head. Her now covered pussy was sitting directly over my erection, pressing down hard. Surely there could be no way she wouldn't be feeling it?

"Do you submit?" She asked, puffing.

"Never!" I proclaimed, wriggling, surreptitiously grinding my dick against her. In response she leaned forward, her breasts lowering towards my face a wicked smile on hers. For an extended moment I thought she was going to kiss me and I wished I had a free hand to touch her. As if on cue, she released her hold on my wrist and I lowered my arm to press against her side, feeling her ribs, the heat of her skin beneath the white satin.

About to close my eyes and accept her kiss, her own eyes darted away towards the clothing pile and I followed their gaze. I saw what she'd focused on and kicked myself for thinking her actions had been sexual as she in turn reached for the other sock.

"Oh no you don't!" I declared, thankful I hadn't done anything too overt in declaring my arousal before shifting my weight beneath her. She fell forward, her breasts against my chest and her hand diverted from the sock but clutched whatever it fell upon.

So quickly it happened that I think neither of us realised until it was done. My mother had grasped her white underwear with the pink spots and brought them to my face, pressing them to my nose and mouth. Smothering

me with her dirty panties. I could see in her eyes it wasn't intentional, the moment she understood what she was in fact doing, her face changing from the wicked smile to a mortified shock. For the mere seconds she held them to my face, I didn't fight, allowing her to rub her panties over my mouth, breathing in her lingering scent.

"Oh my God!" She finally stated, pulling them from my face and sitting herself up, still I noticed over my cock. Her weight in fact pressing down harder on my erection. "I'm so sorry," her face reddened. "I had no idea."

I edged myself up onto my elbows and sadly Mum took the opportunity to climb off, moving back against the cushioned backrest, her legs tightly together. There was so much tension in the air, I had no idea what to say. Seconds passed as Mum just stared down at her underwear bunched in her hands before she finally looked back up at me.

"I didn't care you know," she whispered and I could see her eyes welling with tears.

"Mum, I," I tried to begin but she cut me off.

"It was all your father," she stated. "I just wanted you to know that."

"Mum we don't have to talk about it, it's the past. Water under the bridge," I tried to sound mature.

She gave me a half smile and again studied the panties in her hands. "I...I was flattered," she confessed.

I let what she said sink in. She had essentially just admitted she was flattered I had taken her dirty panties from the wash and used them to jerk off to. For I'm sure that is what she thought I must have done with them. Again I had no idea how to react or what to say. What do you say to that?

Seconds of silence slid by before Mum took a deep breath and released it.

"Whoa..." She said, rising. "I...have to go and pee!" She proclaimed, dropping her undies back on the clothing pile before sliding her bare feet into her awaiting walking shoes, providing a comical look. The ice seemingly broken I relaxed somewhat.

"Watch out for the spiders," I suggested, referring to the primitive hole in the ground toilet on the campsite. "Did you see those webs in there?"

"Oh are you crazy? I'm not going in there at night, we have a bucket!" Mum declared and for a moment I thought she was going to go right there in the van. Unfortunately she took hold of a torch and opened the door, stepping out into the still steamy night.

A bucket! It took everything to not pull back a curtain and try and watch, instead I walked over and picked up the sock I'd thrown, listening for evidence of her undertaking. It didn't take long. The silent bush, the walls of the camper-van, did nothing to disguise the sound of her pee hitting the base of the bucket. A strong flow that went on and on. I closed my eyes as I imagined her squatting over the bucket. Or was she standing? Her legs spread and nightie raised as her piss flowed from that beautiful hairy pussy. Allowing myself a rub of my still erect penis as her stream decreased and trailed to a dribble, adding her sock to pile atop her panties I wondered what she would do with the full bucket. The answer coming directly as I heard a splash as she must have thrown the contents into the trees. It made me wonder why she hadn't just done it there to begin with and immediately thought of snakes, even the spiders we'd just discussed. Probably smarter.

She re-entered the van and washed her hands before climbing over me where I'd once again taken up my position to read, the fun over. Settling in

to bed, nothing more was spoken by her about the panties or the events of a year previous and after twenty minutes or so, I too decided to call it a night.

*

The Moonlight

We tried to sleep. The small fan we had in the camper-van did almost nothing and even with all of the screens down around the sides, there was no air flow and we were both constantly tossing and turning.

"This is ridiculous," Mom remarked in the moonlit night. "You can't sleep either?"

I sat up and saw she had pulled her sheet down to her waist, her arms above her head. The moon made her skin look grey, her brown hair on the pillow, black.

"Do you want some ice cube therapy?" I joked, not expecting her to take me seriously. "That'll cool you down."

"Oh no," she laughed, but seemed to be debating it. "You're right it would. No...I mean, it's too late isn't it?"

I hadn't expected her to even contemplate it but now she was, I jumped at the chance and didn't care that I may've looked too keen. Climbing out of bed I took the ice tray out of the freezer and placed a few in my glass with the water before climbing over my bed and up onto hers.

We were in bed together, I mused.

"You'll really do it for me?" Mum exclaimed as she rolled onto her side to face me.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Oh goodness, we should've been taking you on all our holidays!" She laughed and enthusiastically rolled onto her stomach.

The fact her back was now not as exposed as earlier in the night came into play and I wondered for a second how we would deal with it. Mum however wasn't so confused and deftly raised her nightie up across her back whilst keeping the sheet secure over her buttocks.

This wasn't normal, I told myself. The wrestle had been relatively innocent horseplay. This was intimate. I was barely dressed. A fresh pair of boxer shorts my only covering and Mum was essentially naked, her entire back from pelvis to neck exposed. I asked myself if Dad were here would we be doing this? And the answer was a definite, no.

I touched the first ice-cube in the centre of her back and again she released her delighted squeal. A noise I was becoming enamoured by. Does she make that sound when she cums I wondered? Just the thought of it had me hardening and with her face turned from me, I allowed my dick to find its way out the fly of my shorts.

"Oh God," she sighed. "That feels better already."

"Good," I whispered, sliding the ice across her shoulders and down again. I reached the sheet and pushed slightly against it to go lower and not expecting it, was surprised when Mum shuffled it further down onto her arse. The top of her bum-crack came into view and I wasn't sure if she heard my breath expel in response.

With at least two inches more of exposed flesh, the ice cube was rapidly melting and as it disappeared altogether I moved to retrieve another from the glass.

"Oh don't stop," Mum whispered.

"I won't," I replied retaking my position beside her. I noticed the sheet even lower, half of her buttocks exposed. Oh Jesus, I thought. Did she do that or had it happened naturally when I moved? Whatever the cause, I used it to great affect, allowing my fingertips to caress the upper flesh of her cheeks, her body covered with goosebumps. She constantly sighed when I trailed over certain regions, her shoulders particularly. But as the time progressed, the closer I made it to her bottom, the more content her moans. I noticed her thighs had parted, the sheet laying over each individual leg like pants. I was now freely stroking my hard-on with my spare hand as I massaged her, yet still in two minds about her discovering it. There was something going on here, no one could deny that surely, but what if there wasn't? That off chance that it was all in my mind. It would be a disaster.

Her sighing I noticed had ceased. Replaced with a steady measured breathing. That she was asleep wasn't immediately clear to me but when I changed it up and allowed the melting cube to drip between her bum cheeks and she didn't respond, I was sure.

My heart was beating rapidly. I didn't want to stop. I wanted to keep touching her the entire night through. And hadn't she told me not to? The ice cube dissolving completely as I traveled down again along her spine I reached the cleft between her buttocks and kept going, my fingertips delving between her cheeks. I reached the end of her tailbone and withdrew, retracing my way up her spine before again descending.

What to do? The ice cube gone. Caressing her skin with only my cold wet fingers. Every cell of my being was telling me to go for it. Reach between my mother's parted thighs, touch her vagina. My hand now with the palm flat on her lower back, the curve of her buttocks beneath me. And then fully upon them, the gap between radiating heat from her arsehole, her pussy.

The scent tangible. I stroked my way across one cheek, pressing harder as I massaged, hearing the wet sound of her labia parting, the perfume of an aroused vagina stronger.

It was all too much. Too hot. The hand around my cock was squeezing too hard, her pheromones assaulting my senses, intoxicating. I felt my orgasm approach and unable to draw myself back from the brink, panicked. I wrenched my hand from my mother's arse and reached for the glass of water, turning my body as I aimed my cock into its half full contents, I felt Mum stir and rise beside me. Cumming, with my back to her, I could see her sit up out of the corner of my eye, pulling her nightie down over her body.

"Oh I must have fallen asleep," she yawned, stretching.

Again and again I shot cum into the glass, as I managed to drop down off the bunk and hopefully out of her sight, water splashing from the rim as I went. Finally managing to tuck my still fully hard cock back into my shorts when my flow decreased.

"Yeah you did," I agreed, realising how close I'd come to embarrassing myself completely.

"I'm so thirsty, can I have a sip?" She hinted at the glass as I headed towards the sink.

"NO! It mean, it's warm," I lied. "I'll get you a fresh one."

"Thank you Baby," she sighed. "You're so good to me."

I heard her yawn and by the time I'd tipped out my cum filled glass and poured her another fresh from the fridge, her gentle snoring. It was then I was finally able to relax.

You idiot. I told myself. I'd almost been caught masturbating myself over my sleeping mother. How would my father have reacted to this one if he found out? But how would he? I asked myself. Would Mum ever divulge what was happening here? That she had wrestled me whilst not wearing underwear. That she'd rubbed her own dirty panties in my face, accidentally of course!? That she'd coaxed me to massage her naked body with an ice cube? She would never tell her husband.

I lay back on top of my sheet and as I played the events over in my head, my cock again rose to the occasion. I did nothing to hide its presence.

*

The Morning

It was a kookaburra and gentle pressure on my arm that drew me out of slumber. I slowly opened my eyes to a view of my mother's cleavage sitting above her slightly parted thighs as she squatted beside the bed. Still wearing her nightie, still panty-less, she smiled.

"Hey sleepyhead," she whispered. "You've got to see this!"

I had all I needed to see right in front of me but was curious to know what she was referring to.

"What?" I asked, throwing back my sheet before I'd really thought about things and sitting up, still half asleep.

Mum's eyes dropped to it before I was aware and I followed her gaze. My morning erection standing proud through the fly of my boxer shorts.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped, throwing a hand down over myself and hiding it away. "I'm sorry it's not about you, it happens in the morning, I didn't know you..."

Mum held a finger up to her mouth to silence me. "Shhhh, its alright. It's nothing I haven't seen before. But there's something you have to see." She held out a hand and took mine that had just touched my cock, lifting me to my feet. It was then I noticed she had on her hiking boots. "Come on, it's outside."

I was intrigued by her whispering and secrecy and followed her outside into the early morning air.

The sun struggling to clear the mountains behind us had painted the sky a glorious red but it wasn't the sunrise she had to show me. A mob of kangaroos was passing slowly through the camp, barely registering our presence as we exited the van. Small joeys hopped around the table sniffing for crumbs, gangly with oversized paws hinting at their eventual size, watched over by their mothers and skirting the camp, adult males.

"This is awesome," I whispered as Mum causally took my hand in hers.

"Glad we chose inland now?" She smiled, wrapping her arms around mine and drawing her body closer into me, her breasts pressing my bicep.

I gazed into her upturned still drowsy eyes, her hair mussed from sleep and had never seen her look so beautiful. "Totally," I conceded.

A particularly little joey brushed past our feet and hopped towards its mother, diving headfirst into her pouch, its feet protruding awkwardly before disappearing altogether. And with a glance in our direction, she turned and bounded away with the rest of the retreating mob.

"You think we should stay here another day?" Mum whispered expectantly.

"I think we should stay her forever!" I admitted.

"Come on," Mum pressed her smiling lips against my bare shoulder and lightly kissed. "Let's get some breakfast."

*

"I need more water," Mum called from the outdoor shower.

I had been sitting at the card table concentrating on tailoring her denim shorts but really focussed on the thin gap between the interlocking curtains of the shower screen. Probably no more than an inch of space, yet enough to excite my penis with glimpses of skin, the shadow of bum-crack and mat of wet soapy pubic hair as she turned.

"Coming," I called back and dropped the scissors, quickly making my way inside the camper-van to retrieve the boiled and cooling jug of water.

When I made it to the shower, Mum had already lowered the water reserve and I pushed the jug through the space for her to refill it.

"Oh, my hands are all soapy," she remarked. "Can you do it?"

To remove any question as to how I should proceed, she pulled apart one side of the curtain, essentially inviting me into the shower with her.

She was right, her hands were soapy, along with the rest of her naked body. As if attempting to retain some modesty she had a hand placed over her pubic hair and as I entered the shower and onto the rubber matting, trying to not make it totally obvious I was looking at her, she placed her other arm over her breasts.

I tried to remain mature. That being so close to a naked woman in a confined space was an everyday thing and I thought I was doing a pretty good job as I refilled her shower. My dick however wasn't so grown up and

did its best to declare its enthusiasm as with my arms raised, my t-shirt well above my waist, it twitched violently in my loose shorts as I hardened.

"Ooh!" Mum remarked, giggling as I saw her eyes dart away from the area. "I suppose it's still technically the morning!" She tortured me, referring to my morning erection excuse.

I felt my face flush with embarrassment. It was just becoming cruel. I knew there was something between us. Why couldn't she just embrace it? Take the lead as the adult and admit she shared the feelings.

"Thank you Honey," she praised as I returned the shower to its initial height. As before she held open the curtain and I ruefully exited, doing little to disguise the fact I risked a peek at her now bare breasts, her nipples soapy, pink and erect. "I'll call you if I need more water."

Dejected I went back to my workstation and sitting down picked up the scissors. Pressing them to the denim, I began cutting higher than I'd previously started, to ultimately make them display more of my mother's buttocks; revenge for her teasing. Satisfied with my actions I again raised my eyes to the shower.

No longer so dejected.

Mum had left the shower curtains more than partially open and I could see nearly her entire body. Naked. Soapy and wet. Her rear to me, she released the valve and the shower head poured water down her back, the suds flowing over her buttocks where she slowly ran a hand between the cheeks. After picking my jaw up off the floor, I placed down the scissors and lowered a hand to my still erect cock as I watched her lift her face up to the flow of water and rinse her hair. Turning, with her eyes closed she allowed me to see her body from the front as the soap ran away.

This wasn't teasing, this was flaunting. I piled her shorts up on the table to obscure my act as I pulled my cock from my fly, stroking as I watched the show. Her fingers ran through her hair, onto her face to rub her eyes and down. Down onto her breasts, her nipples protruding through her fingers as they passed over them. Across her belly to touch her groin, both hands framing her pubic bone before one delved between her thighs, casually washing her pussy. Openly masturbating, my arm's movement would be obvious if she looked but her eyes not once diverted in my direction. It was her gift to me, surely. And I was ever so grateful.

Raising her left leg to rinse her foot followed by the right, the flow of water decreased and eventually stopped. I took it as my cue to halt my wanking and tucked my hard-on back into my shorts as she reached for her towel, slowly wrapping it around herself before finally looking in my direction as she stepped out of the shower.

"How are my shorts coming along?" She smiled as she approached.

"I ah um, haven't finished them yet," I stumbled, picking back up the scissors.

"Oh I thought you'd be done by now, what have you been up to?"

"Admiring the view," I bluntly replied, letting my eyes drop down her body, openly flirting.

She giggled and ran a hand through my hair before heading back to the van to change, the towel dropping low on her back as she entered.

I took hold of the denim and began cutting an inch higher than I'd previously marked.

*

The Second Night

Our solace was ruined somewhat when two other caravans entered the campsite after lunch. Seeing family groups heading off up to the waterhole pretty much destroyed one of the scenarios I'd been planning with Mum that afternoon. And her serving me topless outside in the freshly cut denim shorts also looked out of the question with how close one of the caravans had positioned itself to us. Before dinner I took down the shower and packed up some of our campsite in preparation of leaving in the morning and after another bbq, we decided to again play scrabble, this time inside the van.

The most provocative word I managed to come up with was "throbbing," and Mum must have been thinking along my lines as she snorted her beer again when I placed the letters.

Eleven p.m. and the two other campers were finally quiet. For the second night running, Mum and I were struggling to fall asleep and I knew it wasn't just the heat that caused it.

"I have to go again!" Mum sat up and looked down upon me, my bunk illuminated only by a small reading light.

I knew what she was referring to. Only an hour or two before I'd accompanied her to the toilet, no longer being alone in the campsite so unable to pee outside as she'd done previous and without a lock on the door, there to provide her some security.

"Ready when you are," I made to get out of bed and reach for my torch and shoes.

"I can't go back there Cody," she admitted. "The spiders. I could feel their eyes on me!"

"Well what do you want to do?"

The next few moments went in a blur as she clambered down in a hurry and brushed past me.

"Well I can't hold on!" She reasoned, probably regretting the amount of beer she had consumed in the hours previous and without footwear exited the caravan. Expecting her outdoor bucket pee, I was shocked when she re-emerged holding said bucket and closed the door behind her, rushing to the end of the van.

It was only as she placed the bucket down and squatting over it with her nightie riding up to her hips did I fully comprehend she was to pee in front of me.

"Oh shit," I exclaimed, again making to rise from my bed. "I'll wait outside."

With her face to me, her knees together and bottom touching the rim, a contented smile came to her lips as the sound of her urine hit the base.

"Oh don't worry Honey, I'm almost done," she informed me, my eyes unable to look away from hers, my cock quickly hardening.

Was it wrong to stare? Probably. I mean I couldn't actually see anything. Her white satin nightie shrouding her thighs, but the hissing sound of her stream filled in all the details I failed to spy. Not once did her eyes divert from mine as she peed and I wasn't going to look away.

"Oh," she remarked as the flow turned to a trickle. "There is something you can do for me; I forgot the paper."

I was on my feet instantly. The little light from my reading lamp behind me, I was sure my erection would be in shadow but it didn't faze me either way.

I wanted her to see it. To again see the affect she was having on my body, on my mind. I found the toilet paper roll in the cupboard by the door and ventured toward her.

"Just a couple of sheets Honey," she suggested and I followed, placing back the entire roll.

When again I looked at her, she was standing. With both hands holding her satin slip up at her waist, her bare legs astride the bucket, I stared directly at her pussy as a few remaining drips of urine fell from her pubic hair. Before her now, paper in my shaking hand, I willed my eyes up her body to her face and met her gaze, her intent eyes piercing.

"Would you like to?" She whispered as she made no attempt to take the paper from me, clearly hinting what both of us wanted.

I didn't reply but swallowing hard, lowered my hand with the sheets in the palm between her legs.

When the contact came it seemed natural. That my hand was always meant to be there, pressed to her vagina. The heat flowed through the thin paper with the dampness it absorbed. Not only urine, her lubrication drenching the double ply. I rubbed my hand back and forth, pressing gently. The contour of her labia, the entrance to her vagina, the pubic hair, all tangible. A held breath escaped my mother's lungs and I felt her thighs wobble around my hand, her legs becoming weak with the realisation of what was taking place. The crack of a firework startled us, the red light glowing across the campsite and shining through the fly-wire, illuminating my mother's face as we both turned in the direction of one of the other campers.

When we again looked at each other we were both smiling.

"Well that was something!" She grinned as she allowed her nightie to drop from her hands and I withdrew the toilet paper, stepping back and placing it in the bin.

Mum bent down to take the bucket and I moved in quickly.

"I'll do that," I offered, reaching for her bounty.

"Are you sure?"

I nodded and headed with the bucket towards the door.

"God it's so hot in here," Mum commented as I opened and took a step outside, turning to look back at her leaning against the bench, her pubic mound standing out beneath the white satin.

"Ice cube therapy?" I proposed and a look of excitement flooded over her face.

"I'll get it ready!"

I stepped off into the darkness and stood for a moment in the quiet of the bush under a blanket of stars, a minute of silent reflection. This was happening. The intimate moments we'd shared in the last couple of days had led to this. My hand had touched her vagina. I had wiped her for God's sake. It couldn't get more intimate. I looked down at the bucket and whatever you may think of me, I could've drunk the contents then and there I was so in love, so infatuated with her.

I didn't! I threw her pee into the scrub and made my way back inside. She was already on the bunk, a sheet over her body, a knee raised under the cover. I wasted no time in going to her, noting the glass of ice filled water beside the bed and retrieving a cube.

On her back, I waited for her to turn over as my movement caused the sheet to slide partly down her chest. That she no longer wore her nightie was immediately obvious, the curve of her breasts exposed as she assisted the passage of the sheet down her torso.

"Not your back tonight?" I asked, kneeling beside her, my erection tenting the front of my boxer shorts, not yet finding the fly.

"We can try this can't we?" She purred as she stopped the sheets progression at her pelvis before lowering her leg to lie flat.

"Of course we can," I concurred as the melting ice cube dripped upon her collarbone.

I placed it down on her neck and she gripped the sheets, arching her back at the sudden cold, her breasts lifting towards me before she relaxed and retook her position.

"Oh God Cody, that feels so nice," her hand covering the short distance to climb up onto my knee.

"Oh yeah? Do you like it?"

"I love it Baby," she whispered as her eyes closed and I trailed the ice down onto her chest.

Between her breasts I ran, following the line of an imaginary bra as I circled each mammary in turn before I centred in on the nipple. Hardening beneath my fingers, she in turn let out a sigh as her hand stroked across my knee, ever so slowly rising up my thigh.

I took another ice cube from the glass, shifting my hips in the process to allow my hard-on to escape its confines, proudly exiting the fly and standing erect between my outstretched legs. Mum had opened her eyes and

was watching my hand massaging her breasts, her legs parting beneath the sheet. I took it as a sign and replacing the almost fully melted cube with the fresh one, continued my journey down her body.

Over her ribs I ran the ice, leaving her nipples erect behind me. Onto her belly where a reservoir of water formed in her navel and lower. Her hand inched its way up my thigh to meet the hem of my shorts and continued as I met the top of her pubic hair. Her further parting legs pulled the sheet down across her pubic bone and my fingers followed, pushing the ice into her mat of dark pubes and rising onto her mound.

Mum's hand found my cock. Her fingers wrapped around me and tentatively squeezed as if testing my hardness as you would ripe fruit. Just as I lowered the ice between her legs and found her vagina fiery with desire, she began her stroking. Her fist enclosed around me, she reached the head and descended. I pressed the ice harder against her pussy, its consistency melting away in seconds replaced only with my fingers now sliding along her dripping labia.

Her hand quickened as I lubricated my fingers with her juices, manipulating her clitoris, circling my fingertips around her swollen button before dropping and entering her vagina. One, two fingers inside her. Her hand furiously beating my cock as she moaned with the penetration. I bit my lower lip in a bid to hold off my orgasm but knowing it wouldn't delay it long. Mum's legs were spread wide, the sheet fully removed from her body, her outer thigh resting on my knee, her other hand pinching the nipple I'd left cold and erect.

Fucking her with my fingers in time with her wanking my cock, I felt my impending climax.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped as she looked up into my face.

"Cum for me Baby," she moaned, moving her hips with my constantly stabbing fingers, lifting her groin into each penetration. "Cum on my tits!"

I rose up onto my knees as I felt my cum surge forth. Mum guided my cock towards her breasts and I let loose my orgasm upon her. Not wanting to take all the pleasure, I buried my fingers to the hilt inside her and curled them hoping to find the sweet spot. It seemed to work.

It must have been unexpected for her. With a thumb on her clitoris, I ground my curled fingers inside and she suddenly threw open her mouth in pleasure, again arching her back as my cum shot across her breasts. Her mouth fixed in an "O" as she coaxed and watched her son's semen spray her chest, her hand holding her nipple. Her thighs locked around my wrist as she in turn came, excess fluid from her vagina flooding my palm.

Shuddering before becoming rigid, her naked body glistened with cum and water, her hand expertly applying the right amount of pressure around my cock as my orgasm subsided, cum dripping from the head.

With her legs relaxing, I pulled my fingers from her but left my hand upon her sopping pussy. Mum in turn wasn't going to relinquish possession of my cock and I managed to lay down beside her without breaking either of our incestuous holds. And as I placed an arm beneath her neck, holding her in our post orgasm embrace I realised for the first time how monumental our actions had become.

Both regaining our normal breath, her lips gently met mine, a carefree, satisfied expression on her face. Our first kiss was soft, our lips barely touching before I felt her tongue lightly flick against me.

"What are we doing?" She whispered, the weight of our behaviour possibly dawning on her as I returned the intimacy, my tongue meeting hers.

"What I've wanted to do for a year now," I admitted and our kiss became serious. Our lips danced, our tongues making love.

*

I awoke to sunlight and the sound of someone gently knocking on our caravan door. Our legs were entwined, my mother's pussy glued to my thigh and sleepily she rubbed her eyes before smiling at my presence and I'm sure, memories of the night before. The knocking came again and I extracted myself from her hold to answer our early morning visitor.

I recognised the man as one of the other campers and seeing me wearing only my boxers he apologised for potentially waking me.

"We've got a flat battery you see," he explained his intrusion and after mentioning his desire to hit the road early I assured him I'd be over shortly to help.

With the door closed behind me I set my eyes again on my mother, naked, beautiful, her legs swinging off the edge of the bunk.

"I've got to go and help this guy," I stated, her eyes drifting down to my growing erection.

"I heard Honey," she smiled. "It's ok, you go play with your friends. I'll make us some breakfast and start packing up the van."

She reached for a hair tie and ran her fingers through her strands to tie it back in a pony tail, her breasts lifting, her neck exposed and in a hurry to get on the road or not, there was no way I was leaving the van before kissing her. Climbing up onto my bed I lunged between her legs and to the accompaniment of her squealing, pushed her back on the mattress.

"I love you so much Mum," I admitted as I kissed her neck, her jaw and onto her mouth. Her legs wrapped around me as my cock ground into her pussy.

"My beautiful boy, I know you do," she sighed. "I can feel it."

Whether she was referring to my cock or emotionally, I cared not; all I wanted was to be inside her but an impatient cough from outside the caravan brought us back to matters at hand.

I leaned back and grimaced.

"It's alright," Mum soothed me. "Go on, we've got all the time in the world."

I climbed off her and found my clothes and keys but as I drove across to our irritating neighbour I thought of what she said. We didn't have all the time in the world. We had roughly seven days remaining until we were expected back in Adelaide. Linking the jumper cables between cars I looked back at our campsite and saw Mum at the card table setting up breakfast. She was wearing the denim shorts I'd cut back to an obscene length and not much more.

I'd make those seven days count.

*

The Confessions

Facing each other, sitting sideways at a picnic table, Mum leaned back undoing the button of her shorts and loosened the zip. "Ooh, I've eaten too much," she moaned as her untanned paler skin came into view along with the tip of her pubic hair.

My eyes, having been feasting up until then on her spread thighs and bulge of pubic mound, now welded to the sight of this new addition.

"You're not wearing any knickers!" I observed and she giggled at my assertion.

"You've only just noticed?"

It was true. I'd had ample time to acknowledge the fact; watching her as we packed up the campsite; stroking her buttocks as we walked around a small museum in a town we passed through; grinding my cock against her as we ordered our lunch in a fish and chip shop, our behaviour in public like that of a new couple as opposed to mother and son.

"I can't wear any anyway, you cut them so high!" She remarked as she followed my eyes down to her crotch, parting the fly further to reveal more pubic hair.

"Oh, sorry," I feigned an apology.

"Oh no I don't mind," she quickly reassured me. "I love them. I don't think I can wear them around your father..." It was the first time we'd discussed him since things had changed and we both looked in the other's eyes. "...but maybe I can keep them at your house?"

She was overtly hinting things would continue when we returned home and I moved in closer upon hearing her words, my knees touching her inner thighs.

"I'd like that," I admitted and her face leaned in towards me, my lips meeting hers. My eyes closed as we kissed and I felt her hand touch mine, lifting it to press to her belly.

My fingertips making contact with pubes, I ran them downwards, combing through her thick bush until I reached her labia, the hair wet around the upper lips. We were alone in a roadside rest stop just outside of town and here I was, fingering my mother in public as though we were both eager first loves, stealing moments to explore sexually.

A car slowly approached on the gravel and Mum broke our kiss, leaning back as she watched their traversal. I made to pull my hand from her sex but she stopped me, merely lifting a thigh to obscure the act from the strangers. I too followed their path, watching them stop nearby and seeing a family disembark and head to a picnic table. When I looked back at Mum she was biting her lip, smiling at me.

"What did you do with them?"

The question came out of the blue but I knew exactly what she was talking about. Her panties. The catalyst for what was happening at that moment, my hand down her shorts, my fingers sliding around on her clitoris.

"You really want to know?" I felt my face redden, regardless of our relationship, still embarrassed by my actions.

Her breathing was uneven as I stimulated her, her nipples erect through her light grey tank top. With flushed cheeks, she nodded at me to go on.

"I found them in the laundry, they were still warm..."

"I must have just taken them off," she interrupted, moving her hips around on my hand.

"I took them to the bathroom to...use."

"What did you do?" Mum gripped the bench behind her, pushing her pussy harder onto my hand, a finger sliding inside.

"I smelt them!" I admitted

"You did?" She exclaimed, seemingly delighted with the revelation, now her face the one to blush.

I nodded. "I jerked off with them then pressed to my face. I imagined it was you."

"Oh Baby," she sighed. "I noticed them gone you know? I hoped it was you that had taken them."

"You did?"

She nodded and I relaxed my action between her legs to allow her to elaborate.

"A mother notices things Honey," she confided. "Her son's eyes maybe lingering a little too long on her breasts. Possibly peeking up Mummy's skirt when you think she doesn't notice? Ring any bells?"

I joined her in again blushing.

"And a mother certainly knows when a pair of her panties goes missing," she added. "I found them you know; in your room."

It was a part of the story I wasn't au fait with and she quickly went on.

"Behind the couch in your room. For that one moment I was so happy, and then of course your father saw them. The rest you know."

"Not really," I stated, pulling my fingers from inside her but retaining them on her bush. "Not why you didn't defend me if you weren't upset?"

Mum turned her head seemingly in shame before looking back at me with tears growing in her eyes.

"What was I to do?" She asked and I had no answer. "Say I was ok with you doing that? That I was happy to have my son thinking about me sexually? How do you think that would've gone down?"

I moved in immediately, taking my hand from her crotch and wrapping my arms around her to show I understood the impossible situation I'd placed her in.

"Mum, it doesn't matter any more," I told her, holding her tight. She moved into my embrace, lifting herself onto my lap, my erection pressing her groin.

"I never wanted you to leave Baby," she confessed. "I wanted you there, to look at my boobs, to look up my skirt, fuck, to sniff my panties. Whenever you wanted."

I'd never heard my mother say "fuck" before and the sound of it turned me on.

"That whole week when my panties were missing I imagined what you were doing with them. I played with myself at night beside your father! Did you notice the clothing I wore that week?" Now that the floodgates were open she seemed more than eager to fill me in and memories came back to me of the days afterward, memories that had fuelled my desire for her. "I wore the shortest skirts I owned, the tightest pants. I left panties out for you! Do you remember a pair I left in the bathroom?"

It was like a bolt from the blue. Everything she said came with visions of the week. I remembered the panties in the bathroom. White and lacy. At the time thinking it strange they were on the vanity without any of her other clothing. I remembered the skirts, a pair of spandex bike shorts I couldn't recall having seen her wear since the eighties. At the time, all masturbatory

stimulation. If only I had known she was doing it for me. Everything would've been different.

"We wasted so much time," I conceded as we kissed, her pussy grinding against my hard-on.

"No more," Mum added. "There's no reason we can't be together Baby." And as if she was reading my mind as I kissed her neck she followed it up. "We'll work around your father, don't worry. We'll figure something out."

They were the words I was wishing for. That even when we made it back to Adelaide our love would go on. A football bounced near to us and rolled close to the Land Cruiser.

"Why do we keep being interrupted?" Mum laughed as a child's footfalls drew closer and we were forced to subdue our lovemaking.

"It's just giving me more to look forward to," I tempered and helped Mum to her feet in the act of doing up her shorts.

I picked up the footy and kicked it back to the child with their thanks and following Mum to the 4WD took the opportunity to playfully smack her bottom as she climbed up, half her buttock exposed below the denim. How had I not realised she wasn't wearing panties, I wondered!?

*

The Caravan Park

We pulled into the caravan park early evening and after a light meal made our way to the shower blocks in the diminishing light.

'Closed for cleaning,' the sign read on the door to the male toilets and I slumped my shoulders, looking forward to a regular shower.

Mum put her hand around my arm, pulling me away. "Just come into the ladies," she suggested, hastening towards the doorway.

"I don't know," I countered and she acquiesced by dropping my arm and gesturing for me to wait a moment as she entered alone.

Less than five seconds later she re-emerged motioning me to follow. The toilet block was empty, five toilet cubicles one side, the same number of showers the other. Mum, carrying her towel and toiletry bag entered a shower stall and I chose the adjacent before she backed up.

"What are you doing?" She asked quizzically.

"Um, showering!" I replied, unsure of what she meant.

"Ah, no you don't," she chuckled, again taking me by the arm. "Come in here with me."

My cock responded before I did at the prospect of showering with my mother, hardening, but I baulked.

"But I have to do some things," I attempted to explain and she furrowed her brow.

"Like what?"

"Um, shave."

"Well you can do that in here with me," she matter of factly stated.

"I mean, down there," I dropped my eyes to my groin, the stubble having begun to irritate me in the last day.

A wide grin came over her face. "Well that you can definitely do in here with me!" She laughed as she pulled me into the shower stall and closed the door behind us.

There was a small bench and hangers for clothing which Mum made use of as she quickly removed her top followed by her bra. Her denim shorts were being lowered as I lifted my t-shirt and when I laid eyes on her again, my mother was naked.

I had no qualms about dropping my shorts, proud of the erection that sprung forth standing at a 45 degree angle, aimed directly at her face.

"Goodness, you don't waste any time," she smiled at how quickly I'd become hard before turning and stepping into the shower. Mum placed her shampoo and other soaps on a shelf and turned on the water, adjusting the temperature as I allowed myself a few strokes of my cock as I admired her arse. It felt like we'd been together forever, so comfortable we had become being naked before each other and I realised it was only natural. We were family, it was understandable we'd be relaxed. I gathered my shaving crème and razor and joined her in the stall, placing them on the shelf before reaching out and planting both hands on her hips.

Satisfied with the water, Mum turned, my hands following as the spray hit the back of her head and over her shoulders. She pulled me into her and my cock pressed to her belly, her mouth turning up to accept mine, welcoming my tongue. Her breasts pushed hard against my chest, water forming a reservoir between us in her cleavage. My hands explored her shoulders, her back, her bum before she broke the embrace.

"Let me wash you," she almost pleaded as she reached for soap, pressing her sponge against my chest. Soapy water cascaded down my body, my cock a lighthouse amid white waves. She responded to its presence by dropping a hand and caressing my balls, the feeling indescribable.

"Why do you shave them?" She whispered as she soaped my arms, lifting them one by one between kisses.

I wanted to tell her everything, to be nothing secret between us. "It makes it look bigger I'm told," I admitted and she smiled.

"Darling, you have nothing to worry about, believe me," she assured me.

"Can I watch?"

I wasted no time, filling my palm with crème before Mum offered her services, taking the foam and applying it lavishly to my groin from navel to thighs, masturbating me with the lubricating soap. If I thought her massaging my balls felt good, it was nothing on this. Voices, entered the toilet block and Mum quickly looked up, raising a finger to her lips and I used the opportunity to begin my shave. It may not have looked attractive but Mum seemed fascinated by the display as I began on my pubic bone, dextrously moving down to my balls. Toilets flushed and the conversation between the women faded as they thankfully left the block.

Mum leaned back against the tiled wall casually soaping her torso, her attention primarily on her breasts as her eyes fixed on my cock. I finished up awkwardly shaving between my legs and was surprised to see my mother with a hand between her own when next I looked at her. Casually masturbating, her eyes devouring my now smooth still erect penis. She looked up into my eyes as the water washed away the excess soap on my thighs. "Now do me!" She ordered.

"What?" I replied, astonished.

"I want to be just like you," she elaborated, filling her palm with shaving crème.

Out of the flow of water, she pressed her hand to her groin and slathered the foam over her pubic mound and down between her thighs. The sight so attractive I couldn't help but take my cock in hand and stroke myself.

"Hey, that's my job," Mum declared, focusing me on the razor and relieving my hand from my cock.

Again we kissed, her tongue wantonly exploring my mouth as her fist slowly pumped my length.

"What will Dad say when he sees you?" I managed to sigh as our bodies slid together, the shaving crème lubricating our connection.

Mum looked me in the eyes, our kiss broken. "He hasn't seen me naked for a year!"

A year, I thought. About the time everything went down. Mum leaned her shoulders back against the wall and signalling she wanted me to begin shaving her, I dropped to my knees, re-lathering the area that had been smeared. Her feet spread wide, her groin pushed out obscenely towards my face, I pressed the razor to her mound and stroked, the skin beneath exposed, smooth and pale. A deep breath exhaled from her lungs as she looked down at her quickly becoming hairless pussy. Hands placed upon her breasts as she squeezed her engorged nipples, softly moaning when my fingers brushed her clitoris.

Her pubic bone done, she lifted a foot onto my shoulder as I delicately shaved lower, her barely protruding labia making the task a simple one. Cupping a handful of water I splashed and wiped her crotch before moving in and planting a kiss upon her now bald pussy mound.

Leaving my lips on her skin I looked up into her face, her mouth open, her eyes expectant, almost pleading and I didn't disappoint. Kissing again I went lower, meeting her upper labia, my tongue darting out to find her clit then flattening, licking her fully before sucking on her little button. Bending my neck I went lower, my tongue entering her body, her juices flowing

freely into my mouth as her hands found the back of my head and pressed me further into her. The little I was doing seemed to be working, as with just my tongue inserted and my lip pressing her clit, Mum began sighing, her hips working her cunt against my mouth.

I wrapped a hand around my rock hard erection and masturbated as I fucked her vagina with my tongue, or more to the point, she fucked my face! Her pussy grinding from nose to jaw, my tongue licking clit, pussy, even her arsehole as her orgasm approached. My knees grew sore on the hard tiles but I would've endured the pain an eternity if accompanied by such incestuous eroticism. I could feel my own climax beckoning and with amazing willpower, withdrew my hand to prevent the explosion as my mother came upon my face.

Her legs wobbled around me, her hands pulled my head harder into her crotch and with my tongue buried to the hilt, my jaw hurting it was inserted so far, I felt her vaginal walls twitching around me. My mouth filling with her sweet excess fluid. Her moan silenced as she held her breath, her body convulsing with each pulse of pleasure. Finally she eased the pressure on the back of my head, allowing me to breathe as she lifted me from the floor. Back into the flow of water we stepped, my cock between her legs, her mouth seeking my own.

My mother's tongue sought out the taste of her own vagina, her own cum from my lips as we kissed. She raised a thigh onto my hip and I lifted her, the head of my penis touching her entrance as a knock came from the door.

"Are you nearly finished in there?" A woman's voice rang though the shower block. "I need to clean."

We didn't answer, the shock of her presence taking us both by surprise, both wondering how long she'd been there. How much she'd heard.

"Um, almost done," Mum offered and we broke our embrace.

"We have water restrictions you know!" The woman endured, still outside the door as we hurriedly exited the shower with our toiletries. I wrapped a towel around my waist but nothing would hide the fact I was erect and apparently not going down any time soon. Mum did the same and we opened the door to our grumpy cleaner, seemingly not surprised there were two of us emerging.

"Well that's why we were showering together," Mum countered before taking me by the hand. "My son and I!"

At that the woman's face conveyed shock and with her slack jaw following us, Mum and I hurriedly left the block.

Laughing like a disobedient schoolgirl, Mum was loosening the towel around her body even before I unlocked the camper-van. We dropped our belongings on the floor as I backed her onto my bed and with spread legs she lay down before me. My towel removed, Mum stared at my still hard cock as I climbed between her thighs, sitting up on her elbows as she watched its trajectory towards her now bald vagina.

Pressing the head to her, I paused before penetration and her face turned up to mine. The moment we'd waited a year for prolonged seconds further, until our eyes were locked, before I moved in. So slowly I entered, my thickness easing apart her folds, filling her tunnel. My chest lowered onto her breasts and my mouth met hers as my length completed its journey, my pelvic bone to hers, our bodies finally as one.

Mum's legs wrapped around me and I lifted my knees up onto the mattress hugging her hips. With arms around her back, we couldn't be any closer and I'd never felt so completely in touch with another person. It was truly as if

we were connected. A tear ran from the corner of her eye and noting my look of concern, she pulled my head into her and whispered in my ear.

"It's okay Darling," she soothed. "I'm just so happy."

Kissing below her own ear, I eased almost all the way out of her before penetrating a second time. When I looked in her eyes once more there were no tears, replaced with a fierce determination.

"That's right Baby," Mum stated. "Time to fuck me!"

My first real thrust rocked the van, setting the scene for what would follow. Plunging deep with every ram, her slick vagina accommodating and welcoming my intrusion. Fucking her hard, Mum's head pushed up against the cushioned backrest and we had to reset, rolling me onto my back and mounting me cowgirl. I ran my hands along her thighs and she took possession of them, lifting them up her body to press to her breasts, her nipples rubbery against my palms then between my fingers as I pulled at them.

Dropping forward Mum dove her tongue between my lips and I held her arse, spreading the cheeks and imagining what it would look like from behind, her little arsehole pouting, my cock stretching her vagina below. The mental, along with the physical stimulation progressing my orgasm. To be honest, I was amazed I'd held off this long, Mum continuing to hump me, grinding her clit on my pubic bone, lifting and plunging upon my engorged dick.

I rolled her over and whilst still fucking, coyly whispered my admission in her ear.

"Oh God, yes Baby," she laughed. "Do it in me, it's what I've been waiting for."

I turned my face to look in her eyes, still slowly thrusting, my hands either side of her head.

"Are you sure?" I asked, concerned.

Again her face lit up with humour. "Let me worry about that Darling," she explained and pulled my mouth to hers, kissing and whispering. "You're going to cum inside your mother like a good boy aren't you?"

"Yes," I breathed.

"What?" She asked.

"I'm gonna cum," I reiterated, increasing my thrusts once more, now no longer concerned.

"Where Baby?" She huffed.

"Inside you. I'm gonna cum inside you Mum," I stated, lifting up onto my balled fists and looking down at my penetrating dick, slick with juice.

Mum again lifted onto her elbows to watch the show, her legs spread wide as I fucked her.

"Kiss me Honey," she begged. "Kiss me while you cum."

My mouth on hers, my balls slapping her arse, my cock plunging rapidly inside inside her.

I felt the first surge and held my breath as my mother bit down on my tongue, sucking it into her mouth as I shot cum into her pussy. Again and again I released inside her. Nineteen years in the making, my desire for her made real in the form of semen. My cum the most honest declaration of my devotion, of a son's love for his mother.

She released my tongue to admit she could feel it. "Oh my baby, I can feel it inside me, filling me," she praised.

I felt drained as the final spurts left my body to enter hers. My arms weak as they supported me, eventually relinquishing and falling down onto her chest where she took me in her arms, my cock still hard, still inside her.

We lay silent, still. Her hands gently stroking my back to give me goosebumps, kisses on my head before moving to my mouth.

"I love you so much," Mum whispered and I returned the sentiment, my dick pulsing inside her as if seconding my assertion.

Who knows how long we lay there? Bodies wrapped in the others. No need for a sheet in the warm air, no desire to do anything else but touch one another, to love.

"Was that all you'd hoped it to be?" Mum kissed my ear.

"And more," I chuckled.

The hours had melted away, no longer any sound from other caravans in the park, residents long asleep.

"What you said," I stroked Mum's hair in the darkness. "In the shower, about Dad not seeing you naked. Was that true?"

"I would never lie to you Cody," she blankly stated.

"But why?"

For a moment she paused before rolling onto her back, her breasts catching the little light on the bunk, nipples erect.

"I wore them again!" She informed me. "A day after you put my panties back in the laundry, I put them back on. Your father was horrified when he

saw me. Couldn't believe I hadn't thrown them away what with the connotations linked to them. What we both believed you must have used them for."

I felt myself go red, still embarrassed about my fetish being discovered even a year later.

Mum sat up on her elbow and looked at me.

"He said he was more disgusted with me than you!"

"Mum!" I exclaimed, shocked my actions had led to this, reaching out and touching her hip. "I'm so sorry."

"I wasn't," she assured me, pressing her hand onto mine. "It was a revelation. I had a husband that was repulsed by me and a son that was infatuated by me to the point he would...well," she laughed. "We both know what you did with my knickers!"

I saw you wearing them the other day," I admitted. "When we walked to the waterhole."

Mum again laughed and climbed atop me, her bare pussy on my pubic bone.

"I hoped you would," she giggled. "You don't know how much I wanted to take off my shorts and join you for a swim but I wanted to be sure."

"Are you sure now?" I raised my hands and held her breasts.

Mum reached behind and pressed my hardening cock between her buttocks, grinding against my erection.

"Oh, I'm sure," she whispered.

*

The Wide Open Road

My father called for me as I tried to avoid him in the house, walking from one room to the next as he entered. There was anger in his tone, his voice distant, like coming down a phone line. I opened the door to my parents room and closed it behind me, relaxing somewhat that he wouldn't think to look in there. I spied the dresser, the top drawer partly open and knowing its contents, advanced upon it immediately.

My mother's panties and bras. All colours, every material. My cock hardened at the very sight, fully erect when I took the satin in my hand. Two pairs; the blue I'd loved so much and a red pair that strangely felt warm, wet. My father pounded on the door as I wrapped them around my dick and turned to look at the bed. Mum. Naked. Her legs spread. Watching me masturbating with her underwear.

"I'll do that for you Darling," she whispered, all the while Dad struggled to open the door, banging...

I woke up sweaty, the sun already baking the vinyl screen around the bunk of the camper-van. Looking down my naked body, Mum, between my spread legs, lifted her mouth off my erection with a slurp and a grin.

"Sorry, I couldn't wait for you to wake," she attempted an apology for sucking me off in my sleep. "Did I wake you?"

I heard the horn of a freight train close by, the rattle of the wheels across the sleepers explaining the knocking I'd heard in my dream.

"No, I was dreaming," I explained, throwing an arm behind my head to help in watching my mother. My penis was slick with saliva, her hand wrapped around the base. Smiling, she again placed her mouth around the head and

pulled me into her. "God that feels good," I complimented her actions as my cock hit the back of her throat, her hand jerking the shaft.

With a gagging sound she lifted off, a trail of spit following her movement keeping the connection between her lips and my penis. "Want to tell me about it?"

"It's not important," I shook my head and reached out for her. "Come here."

Climbing along my body, her journey ended when her groin met mine. I clasped her arse with both hands as she directed me inside her and descended on my cock.

"Mmm, I love you Mum," I sighed as her breasts pressed my chest, her wet lips planting a kiss upon me.

"And I," she squeezed her vagina around my cock. "Love you."

Only a little over a day from home and far from the tropical north, the hot desert wind picked up, hitting the side of the camper-van and reminded me why we were cutting our journey short.

"You're not disappointed we'll get home earlier?" I whispered in her ear as she casually rocked her pelvis on me.

Sweat was forming between us and she sat up, running a hand between her breasts to accentuate the fact. "I need air conditioning Honey," she conceded. "To hell with your father's route. So I won't get to see some of the country I'd wished, to not be sweating in bed...for all the wrong reasons!" she added, with another squeeze of her pelvic floor. "It'll be worth it."

*

By heading further inland and bypassing Victoria, we would be home two days earlier than expected. The highway we traveled on was little trafficked and freight laden road-trains seemed to be our only companions as we drove. With the temperature gauge reading 40degrees outside, our road speed sitting on 100km per hour and my mother relaxing beside me watching the distinct lack of scenery of the desert, the sudden blast of a tyre blowout took us entirely by surprise. The steering wheel battled me as I gently applied the brakes, adrenaline surging through me and the camper-van wobbling behind us as I managed to cautiously bring the 4WD to a stop on the roadside.

"Fuck!" I released as I turned off the engine, Mum looking in the side mirror to see which side had punctured.

The angle of the camper-van in the rearview told me it was on the passenger side and with a still rapidly beating heart, stepped out into the hot desert sun.

Walking around the front of the car I was joined by Mum as she stepped out.

"I was going to ask you to stop anyway," she chuckled, running a hand down my arm as I passed. "I need to pee!"

I looked at our surroundings, fenceless, the desert stretching off into the distance in a heat haze.

"Good luck finding a tree!" I laughed, heading to the rear of the van to retrieve the spare tyre, stopping to look back at her response.

"Hmm, you're right," she furrowed her brow, raising an arm to shade her eyes from the sun. "Oh well," she stated, dropping her hands and taking hold of the front of her dress. "Guess I'll just have to go here."

It was now I who shaded their eyes as I watched my mother's pussy come into view in the sunlight. Her dress raised above her waist, I hadn't even been aware she wasn't wearing panties until then; her bald pubic bone jutted out, legs parted as still standing, she released a torrent of piss to flow out in an arc onto the dusty earth below.

"Oh Jesus," I marvelled at her audacity as with my penis hardening I took in the beauty amid her depravity. A puddle forming and running away between her legs, her sudden golden shower nurturing the desert until the stream decreased, a small burst and then only drips.

"What?" She coyly smiled at me, her eyes dropping to my erection plain as day in the sunlight.

"Nothing," I laughed as I focused my attention on the tyre, looking to get the job over as quick as possible.

"Can I do anything?" Mum enquired as I placed the jack beneath the van and turned my attention onto the wheel nuts.

"Maybe just stand in the sun, give me some cover?" I suggested and watched her shade move over me, the transparency of her dress alongside her legs alluring, even in shadow form.

The nuts were tighter than expected and I found myself sweating before too long, eventually succeeding and jacking up the van. It wasn't until I'd placed on the spare that I noticed Mum had left her post and looking left to right failed to see her anywhere.

Completing my task I tightened the wheel nuts, put away the jack and wheel and wiping my hands on a rag I found in the back of the Land Cruiser joined up with Mum where she stood leaning against the front bull bar, pensively looking off down the road.

"What's up?"

She turned her eyes to me and I could see tears welling.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked, concerned.

"Just being silly," she explained. "Thinking." I watched as she dabbed at her eye with a knuckle. "I'll be at home this time tomorrow, today if we pushed it." She reached out and took my hand. "And you'll be back at your flat."

"I don't have to be," I quickly added. "Dad still won't be home for a few days.."

"And then?" Mum interrupted. "What then?"

I didn't really have an answer. In my head I'd envisaged her visiting regularly. We'd fuck in my bed, in my shower, on my couch. But now she was actually raising it, did it seem that feasible? How could she even find the time to sneak around behind my father's back? Was it fair, to either of them?

"All I know is I want to be with you Mum," I offered.

"For how long?" She fired back quickly but without malice. "I'm nearly thirty years older than you Cody," she declared.

I moved in quick, stooping to look directly in her eyes, my body against hers.

"Desire doesn't have an age Mum," I sagely made up on the spot. "Love doesn't have a time limit," I added and it seemed to melt away her anxiety.

"Oh fuck, I want you Cody," she breathed. "I want you inside me."

"And you'll always have me," I reassured her.

"No," she hissed, reaching down to the waist of my shorts. "I want you now!"

"What?" I questioned, looking back over my shoulder at the empty highway. "Here?"

"Yes," she insisted, my belt undone, fly unzipped.

Her lips were on my neck as she allowed my shorts to fall to the road, my cock swelling as I felt her raising her dress. Our mouths connected, breaking the kiss momentarily as I helped her raise her white cotton dress up over her head and threw it onto the bonnet. Her hand was on my dick, coaxing it to hardness by rubbing it against her slick hot pussy. Feeling over-dressed before my now naked mother, I lifted up my t-shirt and dropped it along with my shorts below me.

On a desert roadside, the height of summer in the Australian outback, my mother and I were naked, making out like the lovers we'd seemed destined to become. I hugged her body to mine, my hands exploring her back, her boobs, her arse. She raised a hip up onto mine and bending slightly at the knee, I allowed my cock to enter her. Throwing her head back, she exposed her breasts which I hungrily lavished with kisses before greedily taking a nipple in my mouth and sucking.

"Oh yes Cody," she moaned. "Suck my tits Baby."

I did as commanded and worked my way across to the other, milking her with my lips, my tongue massaging her nipple erect.

Fucking was proving awkward in the position and I broke my hold, pulling my cock from her as I turned her body. With one hand holding the bull bar, Mum used the other to spread a buttock, exposing her arsehole and dripping pink pussy below. I needed no further stimulus as I aimed my granite pylon

at her opening and pushed. Filling her. Her cunt as if moulded to accommodate my cock only, perfectly matched.

I looked down as I pulled out to see my now slick shaft leaving her body, glistening and lubricated by her love for me. A mother's love for her son; before re-entering, plunging with force back inside her, my dick back home, back where it felt most safe.

"Fuck me Baby," she yelled back to me. "Make me cum all over your cock."

I dropped forward and took a breast in one hand, reaching around and finding her clit with the other. This pleased her and she began grunting with every thrust, pushing her bum back into me as I fucked her.

"Harder Cody," she ordered, my groin slapping her arse the only noise for miles bar the hot wind passing through the wheels of the car. "Fuck me harder."

I gripped the bull bar with both hands for leverage and increased my rate, my cock jack-hammering inside her. I felt her fingers press the underside of my erection as she masturbated herself, encouraging her own orgasm as I felt my own approaching, praying I could hold off until she finished. Someone must have been watching me from above as Mum's grunting ceased and her body shook below me. She leaned back and turned her head for me to kiss her and I again held her breasts as her orgasm swept through her body.

Still thrusting at the hips, the sound of a horn approached from behind. Gabriel's trumpet, I mused as I felt my orgasm release inside her. Again and again, I thrust. Penetrating with each surge of cum, quantifying internally what I declared on the outside. "I love you so much Mum," I assured her as the blast of the truck's horn blared once more. The engine noise and finally

the surge of air pressure as the speed of the three trailer road-train swept by us in a fury of dust and tumult.

Finally my orgasm subsiding, I held her tight until the air cleared, her pussy finished convulsing, eventually easing my dripping cock from her in a cascade of our combined juices.

"That just happened," Mum grinned at our public display of incest.

"We hadn't seen another car in half an hour!" I added, smiling at the irony.

She kissed me out of the blue as I reached for her dress from the front of the 4WD. "I love you too," she reaffirmed my mid climax declaration, accepting her dress from my hands. "Let's try and get home today," she added. "I want to sleep in my own bed tonight, with you."

*

The Revelation

"Don't go in the driveway," Mum stated as I slowed down outside my family home.

I looked at the two cars parked in the front of the house and only recognised my mother's small sedan.

"Whose is the Laser?" I asked, confused as to what the Ford was doing in the drive.

Mum already had her door open as I came to a stop and as I stepped out of the Land Cruiser to join her, her eyes were fixed on the house, a light visible in the living room.

"Daphne's!" Mum answered and for a moment I didn't place the name before it clicked.

"Dad's receptionist?"

Mum didn't answer as I followed her towards the front door of the house but she didn't need to. I was already making the assumptions I think she had immediately connected, the only reason Daphne's car would be parked at our house.

The front door open, I walked in beside her, my father's voice calling from the living room.

"I thought you were going to the toilet, what are you doing at the front door?"

His face displayed his shocked surprise when Mum and I entered the room. I hadn't seen my father shirtless for some time and he'd clearly let himself go, thankfully I didn't have to see his penis as he quickly placed a cushion over his nudity, his face redder than his usual blotched visage.

"Oh shit," he managed as he lifted himself off the couch. "You shouldn't be home for two more days!"

Before Mum or I had a chance to respond, A half dressed Daphne entered from the opposing doorway.

"Who are you talking t...?" She half managed to ask before she noticed us, quickly covering her breasts with the satin robe she paraded.

"Meredith," my father dropped to his knees, searching the floor below him for his shorts. "I, I can explain."

I looked to Mum who was yet to say anything, expecting her to be distraught. On the contrary, she seemed bemused as she looked from my father to Daphne. "So there was no 'emergency' in Prague?"

"Prague? What are you talking about?" Daphne looked down at my father. "Ron, what are they doing here? You said you were divorced."

"Look just let me go and put some clothes on," Dad rose with his underpants, the cushion still fixed over his groin. "And then we can all sit down and work this out."

"Screw that," Daphne turned, leaving the room. "I told you I don't need the hassle right now Ron, I'm going," she shouted back to him, heading towards the bedroom. Following up with a heated, "And don't call me."

"Meredith, Cody, this is all a misunderstanding," my father struggled to explain what we'd walked in on. "We can discuss this, just let me get some clothes."

He made to head towards the door Daphne had exited but was stopped by my mother.

"How long?" She asked, reservedly.

My father's shoulders slumped and he looked defeated.

"I, ah...a year, maybe two."

"You fuck," I lunged toward the man, finally breaking my own silence but Mum grabbed my arm holding me back.

"You can go and get your clothes," Mum allowed and I turned to her.

"Mum, you can't just let him..." She interrupted me before I could finish.

"You can get your clothes and your personal items and you can leave," she added and Dad looked mortified.

"But Meredith, where will I go?"

It was my time to shine. I reached into my pocket and pulled out the key to my flat, handing it over to my forlorn father.

"You can stay at my place until you get yourself settled," I graciously offered before heading to the fridge and retrieving the \$400 he'd left for me that I hadn't taken. "This should get you by for the next few days."

"You didn't take the money?" My Dad noted before covering his arse with the cushion as he slumped towards the bedroom. Looking back he avoided my mother's eyes. "Shall I wait and give you a lift back to your flat mate?" He asked me.

"Oh, don't you get it?" Mum answered for me, wrapping her hands around my arm and drawing me into her body suggestively, much as she'd done when watching the kangaroos days before. "Cody's staying here with me."

Dad looked at my arm pressed hard into his wife's breasts and furrowed his brow before slinking out of our presence.

"You didn't take the money?" My mother repeated Dad's question.

I faced her and held her upper arms, pulling her into me until our bodies touched. Knowing she was naked beneath the dress had me hardening, even under the circumstances. "Mum, I would've paid YOU for the last week, I've had so much fun!" I declared and a tear came to her eye.

"Do you realise what this means Cody? We can be together," she boldly stated and I leaned in and kissed her, unconcerned if my father spied us.

"We can actually be together Cody!" She repeated as if to confirm it to herself.

"Forever Mum," I added, kissing her lips and pressing my growing erection hard into her belly, my hands caressing her curves. "We can be together, forever."

Oil's Well That Ends Well

I trailed behind my wife with the trolley becoming increasingly loaded with food and household goods. We'd only really come to the Bulk Supply store for the inflatable kiddies' pool advertised in a flyer (the perfect gift for our five year olds birthday) but had been sidetracked by all the discounts and I admit I was sharing my wife's enthusiasm.

"Check it out!" I called back to her as I discovered the bulk olive oil. "Five litres for \$25. That's ridiculously cheap."

Toni screwed her face up looking at the large aluminium container. "It's a bit big, isn't it?"

"I can decant into smaller bottles," I reasoned, already reaching for the can.

"Alright chuck it in," she conceded and I loaded it in snugly beside the years supply of instant coffee and what looked like a lifetimes supply of cookies.

"We need alcohol for Saturday," I pointed out, steering the trolley in the direction of.

"It's a kids party Leo," my wife quickly rebutted.

"Yes, but remember our mother's are going to be there, Honey," I explained. "I'll need a stiff drink just to get through."

Toni laughed and rested a hand on the trolley. "God you're right. Good thing they sell in bulk."

It was a comical situation. Our respective parents had never really got along; well, more so our mothers. And since the loss of both fathers, one to

heart disease, the other to his twenty two year old secretary, the antagonism had only worsened.

Toni had jokingly hinted at sexual frustration which when it came to my mother didn't bare thinking about but when posited on my mother-in-law had me awake at nights in all manner of fantasy. In her late fifties, my wife's mother had since day one held a soft spot in my heart (or more to the point a hard spot in my pants.) Simply an older, chubbier version of my wife, Gina had an intangible sex appeal that always caught my eye and in full knowledge of such it seemed, wore clothing to match.

"It's alright for you," I added. "I'm the one that'll be spending most of the day with them."

Both had offered to come early and help set up the party. Loathe to have them together for any length of time but knowing if one of them found out the other was participating more, the fireworks would be greater, we'd accepted their proposals.

"Well you're welcome to chaperone ten toddlers at a trampoline park if you'd like," Toni scoffed, reminding me of how she'd be spending the day and I quickly dropped my misguided complaining.

"One or two?" Toni asked, holding up the bottles of champagne.

I left the trolley and took down two bottles myself. "Get them all, where gonna need it!"

* * * * *

The day was hotter than predicted but perfect weather for our daughter Maisy's birthday. When asked what kind of party she had wanted her response was surprising but not out of the blue. 'Beach party' she had

declared, her current fascination with the Little Mermaid having a lot to do with her decision.

My mother-in-law had arrived first and I set her to decorating the walls with detachable fish decals and placing seaweed-like tinsel over the furniture and shelves. I was delighted to see she'd dressed appropriately for the theme and admit I took every opportunity to ogle her body as she worked. Wearing a dark green bikini top, her breasts bulged out of the thin material, the hint of nipple becoming more pronounced as the air conditioning began to kick in. A black sarong around her waist hid her large rear but now and then the flash of upper thigh gave me weeks worth of 'wank bank' deposits.

"I thought Imogen would be here by now," Gina commented before peering over her champagne flute towards me as she sipped.

As if on cue, the doorbell rang and I raised my eyebrows at Gina. "That'd be her!" I began to head to the door and stopped, looking back at my mother-in-law.

"I know, I know," she giggled. "Best behaviour."

I couldn't help smiling and admittedly felt more than my usual attraction towards her. Did she know, I wondered? Did she feel it too?

Mom stood at the door with a birthday present under one arm and a bottle of gin under the other. I invited her in with pleasantries and a kiss and as I followed her back down the hall I commented on the alcohol. "We have booze here Mom, you didn't need to bring anything."

She laughed and looked over her shoulder. "Just being prepared Darling. If I have to spend any time with that dreadful woman I'm making sure I'm...Gina!" My mother quickly changed her tack when her eyes met the other woman's. "How nice to see you again Dear," she lied.

"Imogen, you look lovely," Gina managed. I watched my mother lean into her rival to exchange a kiss, the long white beach shirt she wore pressing her back and rear. The lines of a bikini were clearly visible and it took me by somewhat of a surprise as I couldn't recall my mother ever donning the style of swimsuit, even in my youth.

So far so good, I figured. The fact they'd not verbally or God forbid, physically attacked each other as yet was a welcoming sign. Gina even offered to pour my mother a glass of champagne which she pleasantly accepted. Maybe things would be different between them for once? I should have known that would be too much to ask for.

"Who put up the fish stickers?" My mother asked. "They're way too high. It's a five year olds birthday party, the kids won't even see them up there!"

"I did Imogen and if you'd been here on time maybe you could have supervised." Gina defended herself.

"I was in traffic!" Mom explained.

"Grid lock at the drive-thru liquor store?" Gina accused, throwing fuel on the fire.

"Um, I seem to recall it was you who was well into the alcohol when I arrived Gina," Mom challenged.

"I opened the champagne!" I quickly stated, hoping to quell the growing argument. "Mom, the fish are fine where they are and Gina, what did we just talk about?"

Gina pouted her bottom lip before slumping her shoulders. "Being on my best behaviour," she eventually responded, acting I noticed like a disobedient schoolgirl.

I turned back to Mom. "That goes for both of you."

Mom had been grinning but her demeanour changed when I focussed on her. "Oh yes sir!" She mocked then jokingly added. "What, are you going to spank us if we don't?"

There was a moment of silence in the room as her words I think registered in all our brains. Gina's eyes noticeably widened and I could see my mother begin to blush around the collar. "If needs be!" I half joked and felt my own face redden at the thought. "Now, I have to blow up Maisy's pool. I was going to do it outside but I'm fearful to leave you two together. Can you at least be trusted to not kill each other while I go and get it?"

"Yes sir," my mother and mother-in-law answered in unison before looking to each other and sharing a chuckle; a moments truce in their ongoing war.

"Good. Now, if you guys could make a salad and open the snacks while I take care of this, that would be great," I advised and it seemed civility remained as I went to the garage to get the pool.

* * * * *

"No, everything's fine here!" I lied to Toni on the other end of the line. I could hear the excited screaming of an army of five year olds in the background and wondered which of us had the worst job.

"Well we've got another hour booked here," Toni explained. "We should be home around four. Do we need anything else? Have you pumped up the pool?"

"No and I'm just doing that now. Relax and we'll see you when you get back." The sound of raised voices from inside the house diverted my attention. "I love you Babe, gotta go."

"...was a stupid thing to do!"

"Why?" Gina fired back.

"Ah, you've never heard of nut allergies? Stupid woman," Mom spat.

"Hey, Mom!" I broke in. "Enough. What's going on?"

"She put nuts right next to the chips on the platter," my mother explained.

Placing down the inflatable pool I approached the bench-top to survey the scene.

"Yeah sorry Gina, I have to agree with Mom," I stated. "Just a precautionary matter. I don't know if any of the kids have allergies but to be on the safe side maybe don't put the nuts out."

I looked back at my mother. "But you need to apologize."

Her smug look of satisfaction turned to surprise. "What for?"

"Ah your language. What's going on? I said best behaviour."

Biting her bottom lip, my mother looked across to Gina. "I apologize if I was abrupt."

"Apology accepted," Gina smiled before looking at me and winking. It was such a sexy little gesture and thankfully went unnoticed by my mother.

"Ok. Now I'm going to blow up this pool," I declared. "No more fighting. Please."

The accompanying foot pump was about as effective as blowing with my lungs and ever so slowly the small pink and yellow pool began to inflate. The air conditioner had gone into rest mode and the room had begun to heat up causing me to begin sweating. Not wanting to stop now that I'd started, I quickly removed my t-shirt leaving me in only board shorts.

Without much to do but stand and pump with my foot, I watched the goings on in the kitchen, my mom and Gina working well together creating a salad. They discussed a television show they both had been watching and I was glad they'd finally found some common ground. My eyes quickly turned from their doings to their beings. Gina's smooth tanned back, her laden bikini top. I could see the silhouette of the bottoms through the black sarong, hugging her large ass cheeks and down my eyes drifted. To her feet in flip flops, red nail polish on her toes.

Without much thought, I examined my mother. With her long brown hair in a pony tail, her makeup as always impeccable. As I'd noted earlier, her bikini was visible through the shirt which dropped down mid thigh. It was definitely black, the tie visible above her collar. She was barefoot which I'd not noticed until then and like Gina had red nail polish. A random image of my mother-in-law at my mom's feet applying the polish came to mind and although an attractive sight, I allowed it to slowly drift from my psyche.

"Oh there's not enough oil!" Gina bemoaned, holding a bottle upside down over a jug. I watched her breasts jiggle as she shook the bottle to encourage the dregs and saw a splatter fly from the spigot.

Mom jumped back in response. "Bitch! You did that on purpose!"

The language drew me completely out of my daydream and I left the nearly completed pool to step in.

Mom looked down at her beach shirt, holding out the front.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Look," Mom pointed to the spots of oil littering the material. "Oil stains. She did it deliberately Leo!"

"Oh I did not Imogen. I was just shaking the bottle to get the last of it out."

"And a fine job you did of it!"

"Mom," I broke in. "It's fine. We've got eucalyptus that'll take the stain out. You can throw it in the wash now, it'll dry in no time."

"But what will I wear?" She asked, already lifting the shirt.

"You have your bikini," Gina helpfully noted as my mother's black swimsuit came into view. I couldn't help noticing how starkly white her skin was in comparison to Gina standing so close. My own bare torso came into play as I became aware how little clothing the three of us now wore.

Mom handed me her warm shirt and followed me to the laundry where she monitored my actions; applying a rub to the affected areas and placing it in the machine.

"You've become quite a homemaker!" My mother noted. "You could barely boil a egg when you left home."

"Well that was nearly ten years ago," I replied, allowing my eyes to drift down her body. With a reason, mind you! "Do you want me to find something of Toni's for you to wear?"

Mom too peered down at her scantily clad form. "Oh no that's not necessary," before looking back into my eyes. "As long as you don't mind."

I shook my head; possibly too enthusiastically and hoped she wasn't reading anything into it.

"So how can I make the dressing then?" Came Gina's voice from back in the kitchen and Mom and I smiled at each other before I gestured for her to lead the way back.

Only a short walk from the laundry to the kitchen, it was enough time for me to check out my mother's ass. Not something I recalled doing before and

it took me by surprise that I found it hard to look away. One side of her bikini bottom had ridden across her chubby ass, revealing more cheek than I think she was aware. No tan line, the skin was equally as pale and there was obvious cellulite which I didn't find unappealing. I stopped myself as I thought of it. Leo, she's your mother you sick fuck! I told myself but even as I said it, the idea of touching her became more alluring.

"Oh finally!" Gina stated. "Thought I had to send out a search party. You're out of oil. I wanted to make my patented salad dressing."

"It's ok," I calmed her. "We just bought some."

Opening the pantry I retrieved the bulk can of olive oil and lifted it onto the bench.

"Jesus," Mom remarked. "What are you going to do with all that?"

"What?" I smiled. "We'll go through it!"

Gina joined in the frivolity. "How many olives had to die to fill that I wonder?" She joked and I noticed even my mother smile.

I found an empty jug and carefully poured from the can with Mom and Gina watching on.

"Lucky you've got big muscles Leo," Gina remarked. "I wouldn't even be able to lift that thing."

Mom moved in and unexpectedly placed a hand on my bicep as if signifying ownership. "He takes after his father," she declared, grinning at Gina.

The jug full I placed the can back down, neglecting to replace the cap.

"You can't store it in that," Gina stated, referring to the jug.

"No I'll decant it into the other bottle later."

"Oh ok," she smiled.

"I thought that would've been obvious," my mother mumbled under her breath.

"I'm sorry?" Gina replied. "Did you say something Imogen?"

"I just said.."

"Mom!" I butted in. "Don't worry about it. Gina, please can you just continue on with the dressing. Mom," she turned to me. "Assist."

I turned my back on them and went back to inflating the pool.

"Oh I'd be delighted to," Mom responded to my suggestion. "I'm curious to learn this so called 'patented' salad dressing recipe."

I shook my head in defeat at their inability to get along and concentrated on pumping. Admittedly I left my eyes on the women, now my mother's body the object of my fascination. Shorter than Gina but with similarly shaped bodies, I pictured them embracing, their large breasts pressing together, pelvis' joined. A plastic palm tree began to stand to attention on the edge of the pool and as I imagined my mom and mother-in-law kissing; my cock likewise rose.

"Cow!" Gina shouted, backing away from the bench. "Why would you do that?"

I broke myself out of the daydream and studied the events.

Gina looked down at her sarong, holding out her leg to highlight the oil splatter.

"Oops, sorry," Mom apologized.

"No you're not," Gina stated, unwrapping the sarong from around her waist. "What so now we're even. Is that it?"

"Ladies!" I attempted.

Ignoring me, Gina dipped her free hand in the jug of oil and flicked it toward my mother, splattering her face and chest. Mom's jaw dropped, her mouth wide open in shock. For a moment I believed she wouldn't react but on past events I should've expected it.

Reaching for the jug, Mom lifted it above Gina's head and tipped. That Gina didn't defend herself against the action wasn't unexpected. Who would think someone would actually do that? For a moment I couldn't believe what I was watching. Two fifty plus women acting no better than children, but as Gina debated her next move, her hair, face, then breasts dripping with oil, her eyes signalling her plan, I called myself into action.

"No!" I yelled as Gina dropped her sarong and lunged for the can of oil. Too late. Her already slippery hands wrapped around the heavy container and attempted to splash the contents toward my mother. She had been right about one thing. She didn't have the strength to lift it. Her attempt only causing oil to pour onto my mother's lower legs and the floor before the can toppled over on the bench-top.

I attempted to run towards the skirmish but stumbling, my foot caught in the pump and managed only to kick the now inflated pool into the kitchen towards the women's feet. Plowing into them and with the floor already slick with oil, both women lost their footing and fell into the luckily cushioned base of the kiddie pool.

My attempt to right the can of olive oil came too late, the contents flowing freely onto the bench where it ran like a waterfall over the edge. The was

one saving grace. The inflatable pool being directly below was catching the majority of the flow and as I righted the can I managed to take in the repercussions of the previous moments drama.

My mother and Gina lay in the pool, in the process of attempting to get to their feet or at least their knees. Gina, whose hair had been initially flattened by the contents of the jug was most covered in oil. In fact, with the whole base of the pool full of olive oil, it seemed there was little area still on her body not slick. Mom rose to her knees and observed her nemesis' state and began laughing but regretted her decision when Gina scooped a handful and threw it towards her.

Mom tried to duck and her knees slid out beneath her, causing her to fall back down in the slick. The remainder of Gina's throw coated my lower legs and board shorts in oil.

It was now Gina's turn to laugh as Mom, looking like a drowned rat, made it to her hands and knees, oil running from her body. There was a moment of indecision. For an instant I believed sanity would prevail and they'd help each other out and we'd clean up. Stupid for even thinking it. Mom launched herself at Gina who unprepared, fell backwards against the side of the pool. I think Mom was attempting to get the other woman in a headlock but with their bodies coated in oil she could gain no purchase, her hands and arms slipping over Gina's head.

It was Gina who gained the upper hand. Writhing away from Mom, she slid behind and attempted the same move. The same outcome, only this time Gina (I assume accidentally) caught her hand in Mom's bikini top and it ripped from her body. I staggered back against the bench in shock as I gazed upon my mother's glistening breasts, but being disrobed didn't seem to bother her as much. Seemingly without concern she was half naked

before me, Mom wrapped her legs around Gina and attempted to mount her. Her hands went straight for the other woman's top and although Gina feebly attempted to hold on to it, her bikini was wrenched from her to hang around her waist.

Should I have intervened then? Possibly. But with two topless women wrestling in oil below me, you can understand my hesitation in playing peacemaker.

Gina seemed not to take kindly to being stripped and yelled at my mother. "You fucking bitch."

To which Mom gave as good as she got.

"Cunt!" She threw back and I was amazed she even knew the word let alone use it.

Fired up, Gina wriggled beneath my mother to face her and with little else available to defend with Mom's body weight atop her she clawed at her body. Gina's hands ran over my mother's back and sides before finding something she could actually cling to. Her briefs. It wasn't hard to see how this would end, and as I watched, in almost slow motion her fingers tore my mom's bikini bottoms from her ass.

The side ties had just slid apart allowing the bikini to come away in Gina's hand. The action caused my mother to pause and her nudity must finally have registered. I thought she may've acknowledged me then but her sights it seemed were set on revenge. Without thought of her position, Mom backed away slightly off Gina to gain access to the other woman's briefs. The action had her bare ass facing in my direction, her legs spread, and when she lunged forward again I was given an unadulterated view of her hairy oiled up pussy and asshole.

It was hard to believe it was my mother before me, how overtly sexual was the pose. Her anus seemed to wink at me as she moved, opening into a tiny dark cave before her cheeks came together, blocking the view. My attention caught by the vision, I missed the moment Gina's pants were taken from her. The fact they were now both completely naked only coming to my attention when Gina raised her legs up around my mother's torso catching her in an almost perfect mixed martial arts triangle.

With my mother's boobs pressed 'push-up bra style' by my mother-in-law's thighs and groin, we both had a perfect vista of Gina's shaved smooth pubic mound. The oil making the hold impossible to maintain, my mother began wriggling and her breasts fell out of the choke. This only made her head fall downwards and the inevitable happened. Her face fell directly into Gina's splayed vagina.

The completely overt and undoubtably sexual nature of what had occurred must have awakened Gina's senses. "Oh my God," she breathed heavily and rolled further back onto her shoulders. This movement only succeeded in sliding my mother's mouth further down her pussy and eventually descend on her asshole.

With no idea of what my mother would do after just having a mouthful of pussy and asshole, she fell backwards against the side of the pool below the comical palm tree. Gina as well righted herself and came to on the opposite side of the pool. Again a moments silence, the women staring at each other intently, panting. Would they wrestle again? Spew forth insults and attack the other with spite and malice as well as blows? No. They began laughing.

A chuckle at first that quickly turned into hysterics, the occasional good natured flick of oil towards the other.

"Oh God Imogen, what are we doing?" Gina managed as she held her aching sides.

Their legs were entwined, both my mother's and Gina's pussies on open display for me and neither of them as yet seemed to care.

"I have no idea Gina," Mom admitted, pulling her slick hair off her face. "I suppose I should thank you for my first lesbian experience."

"Oh," Gina laughed. "I'm so sorry about that Dear. It wasn't intentional."

I couldn't believe it. They were getting along better than I'd ever seen them. Who would have thought that a naked wrestle would be what brought them together? As yet my presence seemed still unacknowledged but as I moved, both their faces turned towards me.

"Oh Leo," Mom was first to include me. "What must you think of us?"

"I think I can speak for your mother Leo, we're so sorry," Gina added.

"We've acted like idiots."

Mom carefully crawled to the near side of the pool alongside Gina and stopped on her knees.

"It's true Honey, can you forgive us?" She almost begged, looking up into my eyes.

Gina turned her body so she was in the same position as my mother and I was looking down on two beautiful naked cougars. Oiled bodies glistening; boobs slick and one furry, one bald pussy, both within reaching distance.

"I mean...I guess...I.." I stumbled over my words. I noticed glances from either lady from my face to my groin as they awaited my response. Jesus, could they see I was hard, I wondered?

"Maybe while you think about it you could start by helping us out Honey," Mom suggested.

"Oh yeah, sure," I replied, holding out both hands.

As one they each took a hold but the oil caused both grips to lose and as their hands fell back they both took hold of my board shorts. I was surprised how easily they came down. Sliding off my hips and over my groin. My erection shot out and slapped my belly, bouncing back into place to point directly between the two exaggeratedly shocked faces.

"Oh my God, Leo!" My mother gasped.

I could feel my face had gone red but surprisingly I felt no shame that I had an erection in front of my mother. In an amazing rush, I wanted her to see it. Both of them to see it. To touch it even.

Gina looked from my cock to my face. "Leo! What's that all about? You're married to my daughter. You're like a son to me."

"And you ARE my son!" Mom added, pouring salt on the wound.

I couldn't quite read the room. I had the distinct impression they were feigning indignation but I wasn't entirely sure.

"I..I'm sorry.. It's just you both looked, well, so hot...I.." I stammered.

Mom and Gina looked to each other and again laughed.

"Oh come on Leo," Gina smiled. "We're joking."

"Yes come on, help us out," Mom added and as I again lowered my hands a part of me was disappointed they were getting out.

Without stopping to pick up my pants, I allowed them to hold my hands. I expected them to lift their bodies but the opposite occurred. All of a sudden

I felt myself being pulled towards them, for a moment I braced myself before realizing they were intentionally dragging me into the pool and I surrendered, allowing myself to fall between the women.

And they were on me. My shorts left behind outside the pool, I was naked in a puddle of oil with my equally as naked mother and mother-in-law. Shocked at how slippery the base of the pool actually was, I managed to wriggle myself around onto my back with little help from the women. Gina seemed more occupied with wrapping herself around one of my legs whilst my mother began mounting my hip in an attempt to place me in a headlock.

"What are you doing?" I challenged the two as Gina succeeded in accomplishing her task. Her pussy grinding, slipping and sliding all over my knee; obviously stimulating herself. Mom's breasts, sandwiching my upper arm, her thigh over my erection and pussy hugging my now slick ribcage, she wrapped her arms around my head and pulled me into her warm wet body.

"You've been bossing us around all day Darling," Mom proclaimed.

"Yeah!" Gina added.

"We thought it was time to show you who's in charge," Mom explained.

Gina's hands massaged my upper thigh as she pleased herself, inching her fingers closer to my cock with each movement. My mother was now literally humping my side, her boobs sliding up from my shoulder to press my cheek and jaw.

"Oh is that right ladies?" I questioned, then using my superior strength slipped out of my mother's hold. Twisting my legs, Gina slid off my knee and fell onto her back, her legs spreading obscenely. Mom sat back on her hands smiling, awaiting my move and when it came she was defenceless.

Wrapping my arms around her torso, my erection pressed hard into her flesh I dumped her down on Gina. Their legs scissored, my mother's sodden hairy snatch pressing against Gina's smooth slick vaginal lips. That they'd come together in such a shamelessly sexual manner hadn't been planned by anyone but quickly they took advantage of the situation. Tribbing, my mother began moving her pelvis in a circular motion between Gina's thighs. Their pussies kissing, slapping, sliding against the other's, even assholes touching.

The vision had my cock harder than ever and Gina noticed. Her head tilting towards it, a hand held out to touch. I slid in to allow her possession and immediately her mouth circled the head.

"Oh Jesus," I managed to breathe and looked up to my mother. Her lazy almost dreamy eyes swept up from my penis to my face and we both knew what we wanted to do.

"Mom."

"Oh Leo," she panted as our faces came together. Her tongue sliding between my lips, the wrestle in the pool spreading to our mouths as we kissed. Mother and son making out like teens. No, like lifelong lovers finally together. Gina was doing wondrous things to my dick. Her lubricated hand massaging my length and balls, whilst her tongue and lips lavished my tip with kisses, her cheeks sucking. I placed a hand on one of Gina's tits and even with the oil, managed to squeeze. The other I reached around my mother's ass, caressing a cheek before going further and finding her asshole. I dabbed tentatively before she whispered 'yes' into my mouth and then entered.

So easily my middle finger slid into her body. A hot knife through butter until my palm cupped her butcrack.

"Oh God," Mom gasped as her mouth left mine and her head tilted back. I wiggled my finger inside her and felt her sphincter tighten around me. Grinding her vagina on Gina's, her body twitched and she lifted both hands to her breasts to pinch her nipples. "Oh God," she repeated and Gina's mouth left my cock as we both watched my mother cum.

Her body twitched again before she fell down onto Gina's chest puffing, her mouth seeking out the other woman's. And I thought them tribbing had looked hot. Seeing my mother passionately kissing another woman had taken that to another level and when her hand blindly pulled my cock between their connected mouths, I thought I would be next to orgasm.

Their tongues slurped and licked around my hardon. Saliva flowing from their mouths adding lubrication to the oil. With my finger still buried in my mother's ass to the hilt, their breasts sliding against each other's and my cock the focus of both their attention, I couldn't deny I was about to cum. Pulling my dick from between their mouths I backed away to prevent the climax.

Gina seemed indignant at the denial of my cock and was first to move. Back to wrestling and wriggling from beneath my mother, attacked me with her full weight. I fell back against the side of the pool with her stomach against my face. My legs pinned by either my mother or Gina I was momentarily helpless as she shifted her body and brought her groin down upon me. A mouthful of cunt was offered and I accepted with gusto, devouring the taste of extra virgin Spanish olive oil marinating her prime seasoned Californian pussy meat.

Hands were wrapped around my cock as I buried my tongue deep in my mother-in-law's vagina. My nose dug in between her ass cheeks, a pig snuffling for truffles until I found her anus and she began grinding. The four

hands on my cock were replaced with the unmistakable feeling of a woman's sex as I realized I was slowly sliding inside my own mother's body.

Thirty five years in the waiting and now so unexpectedly I had returned to her. I felt her pelvic bone connect with mine and she didn't withdraw, simply swaying back and forth, around in circles on my pole. I found Gina's clit with my lips and stopped her grinding as I sucked on her, her ass shivering as an orgasm swept her body. And then it was on.

My dick slid from my mom as we writhed like snakes around each other. One moment I had a breast in my face, sucking on a nipple before quickly being replaced by a pussy. My cock went from mouth to mouth. From vagina to vagina. We tangled bodies, sucking, licking, kissing anything we had access to. My fingers were in mouths, pussies, assholes. Half the time not knowing the owner of the part. Was it my mother's asshole I licked while fucking Gina's mouth? I had no idea. Only when I stroked my fingers through my mother's wet pubes was I certain.

I kissed the soul of one of the women's feet, sucking and licking between her toes. Nibbling my way up her leg to find it was my mother whose pussy I buried my face into. Splaying her labia and tongue fucking her whilst I flicked her clitoris with my slippery fingers. Gina spun around on my mother's face to watch me going down on her, squeezing her oily breasts as she came in her one time rivals mouth.

Mom began twitching, her moans muffled between Gina's legs before it happened. Her pelvis rose off the base of the pool, my face connected, before I took her orgasm fully in the mouth. Squirt after squirt of sweet pussy juice down my throat. Gina fell forward and too managed to drink from the well, our tongues entwined in mouthfuls of my mother's orgasm.

Manipulating the cum drunk women, I had my mother being piggy backed by Gina on all fours as I licked from one pussy and anus up onto the next two; followed closely by my cock, entering and fucking each of their holes. Sliding inside Gina only to pull out and bury deep into Mom's asshole. To the hilt; her sphincter gripping the base. Back inside Gina whilst finger fucking Mom's anus and pussy. This could not go on.

On the precipice of ejaculation I managed to turn the women to face me. On their backs looking up into my face, my cock, as I jerked off above them. And so it began. With mouths open and breasts presented I proceeded to cum.

"Yes Leo, cum on us!" Mom prompted as a torrent of sperm rained upon them. Ropes of semen coating oiled boobs, necks and chins. A broken fire hydrant of white hot jizz. My mother leaning forward to take me in her mouth and deservingly swallowing the excess. Squeezing my balls and shaft to drain her son's offering.

Falling back onto the edge of the pool I watched as my mother and Gina embraced. Their not so cold war over. Sex bringing them together at last. Mom kissed her way along Gina's chin and down her neck and I realized her intention wasn't only affection but a way of collecting my cum. I slowly stroked my cock as I watched the amazing display.

"What the hell is this!?" My wife's shocked voice came from the far side of the room.

The sound was so unexpected it made me jump and rising to my knees I managed to just cover myself with both hands as I looked upon Toni and roughly four other women surrounded by a small army of toddlers. One child began laughing before their mouth and eyes were covered by a parent.

Likewise, children were spun around and my wife blocked our daughter's face with her handbag.

"Leo?" My wife continued, a look of incomprehension more than horror on her face. "Imogen; Mom!?"

Mom and Gina had covered their breasts but remained beside each other.

"I..I can explain," I offered without really having an explanation to give and watched as the room quickly emptied, my wife and daughter the last to leave.

I looked back at Mom and Gina, my erection now completely deflated, hoping for some ray of sunshine from the wizened women.

"Oh well," Mom eventually stated, looking at my mother-in-law. "At least we've become friends!"

Again their lips connected, tongues dancing, as I slumped down before them in the pool of oil.

The End.

* * * * *

Epilogue

Three weeks it took. Toni and I barely spoke. Hardly more than a nod to each other each morning and night. Maisy's questions were the most difficult. 'Why was Daddy in the pool with Nanny and Gramma without any clothes on?' Was the least comfortable.

The space between my wife and I in bed had seemed to have become an insurmountable chasm. We hadn't mentioned it but divorce was obviously on both of our minds. Until. That night. Three weeks later. It was early, I

would have guessed about three a.m. I knew she wasn't sleeping and I was as usual, wide awake.

"What happened to the pool?" My wife whispered.

Her voice took me by surprise and I rose up onto my elbow in the near darkness.

"It's at Mom's," I admitted awaiting her next words.

"And my mother's there too?"

"They're living together," I stated, swallowing.

She was quiet for a moment longer and I thought I could smell the sweet scent of an aroused pussy.

"It must have been slippery!?" She enquired.

"Yep."

"Hard to get out of something like that once you're in, I suppose?"

I shuffled across the bed slightly and felt her turn towards me.

"Oh Baby, you have no idea!" I offered, grateful she was now talking to me.

"Maybe I should experience it for myself?"

I completed the journey across the chasm and felt her bare pantyless hip, her nightie pulled high on her waist.

"Would you be willing to show me Leo?" She breathed, her fingers finding my erection.

"I could think of nothing hotter," I whispered as I lowered my mouth onto hers, my hand finding her pussy wet and ready.

"What about our mothers joining in?" She sighed as I slid a finger inside her.

"Well only if you say so," I declared, my cock rising at the prospect.

On Pacific Time

New Years Eve

It was set to be the cruise of a lifetime. Certainly for my parents that is. A well earned vacation to mark and coincide with their 30th wedding anniversary. Tagging along; for my wife Brittany and I, it was less celebration, more resignation. Nearing our tenth long year together we both privately viewed it as a last gasp at saving our marriage; a fortnight cruising the beauty of the South Pacific in the hope of finding the kindling that would re-ignite a fading fire.

Mom and Dad had spared no expense of course. An Executive Suite on the Madre del Mar's final pacific voyage. Brittany and I had forensically studied the best and most cost effective options available for us travelling on the same ship, and settled on a cabin with balcony the deck below my parents. Similarly furnished yet providing few of the luxuries Mom and Dad would be admittedly paying through the nose for.

We flew into Sydney to meet up with my parents New Years eve, a day before departure. Mom and Dad having spent the previous two weeks touring the land Down Under seemed overly thrilled at our arrival and I wondered if they hadn't grown weary of each other's presence. A poor time for it to happen on the eve of a long journey at sea, I mused.

"Isn't it wonderful!?" Mom enthused as she came back out onto the balcony holding two glasses of champagne.

Dad had his bare feet resting on the balcony rail laying back on a deck chair and looked over his shoulder as Mom passed me a glass. "What Gwen?" He asked. "The view or the complimentary alcohol?"

Mom laughed and clinked her glass against mine. Standing behind me as I reclined in a deck chair she rested a hand on my shoulder and I looked up into her face. "You do realize you're paying for it in your fare."

"Well that's the beauty of having you and Brittany along," Mom countered as she left me and moved to the balcony alongside my wife. Britt turned and with her elbows resting on the rail, Mom slipped an arm around the small of her back. "You can both charge your drinks to our room. Even the four of us, we'll never go through the limit."

"Are you sure about that Love?" Dad chimed in. "That's the second bottle of champagne you've opened already."

"It's not champagne," Mom replied. "It's Australian sparkling. And it's delicious! And to answer your earlier question, I was talking about the view anyway."

A gust of wind swept across the deck and with my eyes currently on Mom and my wife it was impossible not to notice the breezes effect. Both of the women wearing dresses, Brittany in a black maxi and Mom a horizontal striped knee length, the wind pressed the material to their bodies, highlighting the curves of breast, belly and most noticeably, the bulge of pussies.

Now I wasn't one to normally stare at my own mother's groin but with the security of wearing reflective sunglasses and her close proximity to my wife I felt it understandable that I would chance a look. The pronounced lump, the hint of her crevice below the mound. The wind changed and allowed their clothing to return to its natural position but left me in a surprising state of arousal. "Hey Britt," I stated, rising from my chair. "Fancy a walk around the ship?"

She drowned the last of her glass of bourbon and extracted herself from my mom's grip. "Oh Gwendolyn, you have to come down and see our cabin. Our entire floor plan could fit inside your bathroom!" She laughed and took my hand as I likewise finished my glass.

"When, now?" Mom asked.

"Mom," I quickly replied. "We have weeks, it can wait." My 'walk around the ship' suggestion had been a ruse. I was horny as hell and wanted to get Brittany back to our cabin. Failing marriage or not, we were still fucking and the sight of her pussy pressed tight against her dress had me hungry for more.

Outside my parent's room I wrapped my arm around Brittany's waist as we walked to the elevator, caressing her hip. "Are you wearing panties?" I whispered as I struggled to feel a pantyline.

She nestled her face into my neck, the smell of the bourbon on her breath as she kissed my jaw. "You'll just have to find out!" She giggled as the elevator doors closed behind us. She pressed the button for our level and I figured she knew our 'walk' would begin in our bed.

Stroking her ass I strangely wondered if my mother had noticed Brittany's lack of underwear as well? The thought exciting me for some reason before the elevator shuddered to an abrupt halt between floors and brought me back into the real world.

"Oh don't tell me," I moaned as I reluctantly removed a hand from my wife's ass to press the emergency button. We'd already had problems with the electronic door key to our cabin and this was the last thing I needed. Thankfully without any assistance needed, the elevator burst into life again

and the doors opened on our floor but I made a mental note to avoid it in future.

It must have been the excitement of the trip; the southern hemisphere summer; the alcohol. Whatever it was, Brittany and I had the best fuck we'd had in months. Dirty talking, she'd even hinted at the prospect of anal in the future and I was feeling on top of the world. How could things get any better, I wondered? We showered and as the evening drew on we walked out onto our own smaller balcony to look at the city. The ship was moored right in the heart of Sydney. Looking out it felt we were simply in a high priced hotel as opposed to being on the water, such was the height of our vantage. I leaned against our balcony's railing and looked up to the rail above. Mom and Dad's suite was on the highest level and was set back from the other cabins, even so I couldn't see them on the balcony.

"Hey, you up there?" I called.

Brittany slapped me on the arm. "What are you doing?"

"What? I just thought they could pass us down a bottle of that wine!" I explained.

"Well they're not going to hear you from down here. You could just call their room."

It was only a few seconds later that my father, shirtless and adjusting his shorts peered over the edge and looked down upon us. "Your mother thought she heard something. Hello."

Dad had obviously made the most of his time in Australia, his skin darkly tanned. It wasn't often I saw him without a shirt on and It wasn't something I wanted to stare at much longer. He looked back over his shoulder after I asked him about dropping down a bottle of bubbles and my mother

appeared alongside him. She was no longer wearing the striped dress, in the process of tying a short robe around herself as she looked over smiling.

"Oh goodness," she smiled. "You're right below us!"

"You knew that Gwen," Dad stated.

She looked at him. "Yes but I didn't think they'd be exactly below us."

"It was the room we suggested.." Dad countered.

I could see their conversation was headed nowhere and butted in to break up the inane debate. "So have you got another bottle?"

As I asked the question, my old friend the summer breeze again payed a visit. With Mom's hands firmly holding the railing she could do nothing about preventing the wind blowing up her robe. It flapped the front at first, exposing her upper thigh but then the real show began. As I looked up, my position allowing me to see her entire body from above her knees upwards, her white satin robe lifted. At first, that she wasn't wearing underwear wasn't entirely apparent. Flesh colored, my brain told itself. But as my eyes unwittingly focussed on her crotch, I could see her vagina. The complete absence of pubic hair is probably what threw me. How long it was exposed was difficult to say. No more than a second I supposed but it was enough time to take it in. The tops of her thighs, the line of her slit, even the darker area further back. My mother's asshole, hidden between the curve of her buttocks.

"Ooh!" Mom squealed as her hands went down to cover her nudity, pressing the satin firmly between her legs. From the distance, at least ten feet above us I could see her blush and felt my own face redden. She moved back out of sight and I thought she'd gone to put on clothing before she reappeared holding a bottle. She handed it to my father and he knelt down to pass it

through the railing. The perfect crime, I received the bounty and entered the cabin again with Britt.

"Did you see that?" Brittany laughed as I fetched glasses from the cabinet.

"I'm trying to forget it!" I grinned, opening the bottle.

"Well there's no prize for guessing what your parents have been up to!" She joked, falling onto our bed. She allowed her dress to fall to her pelvis, exposing her own pussy, the second I'd seen in a matter of minutes. "So who's is better?"

"Britt!" I challenged.

She laughed again as I mounted the bed holding the glasses, my cock rising and poking out the front of my shorts.

"I'm just wondering; who is that for?" She chuckled as she pointed at my erection. "Whose vagina are you thinking about right now Adrian? Your mother's, or mine?"

I placed the glasses on the bedside table and lowered my face into my wife's pussy without answering and as my tongue found her clit I was glad I couldn't speak. For stuck in my mind as I rubbed my cock against the sheets, I could see my mom's cunt.

* * * * *

The clock ticked over to five minutes to midnight. We'd spent the evening on the top deck with most of the other passengers, giving us a 360deg view of the city and harbour. Dad had gone back to the room to fetch another memory card for his camera and Brittany, although already drunk was paying another visit to the bar.

Mom was thankfully wearing more appropriate clothing, and I found myself paying closer attention to her attire for possibly the first time in my life. Her white pants looked to be linen and under the deck lights I could even see the line of her panties. From the front that is. When I happened to catch a look at her rear there was no pantyline. My mother was wearing a thong! Her sleeveless light blue top revealed plenty of cleavage, even enabling the flash of a white lace bra. I rebuked myself for looking and wondered why I was even so fascinated?

"Where is he?" Mom frowned as a countdown began in the crowd.

I felt the same about Brittany. We'd never been ones for going all out on New Years. To be honest, most years we slept through it. Being that we were in such a special locale for this one however I was surprised, even a little disappointed she was more interested in getting drunk than being with me at the big moment.

"..8..7..6.." The passengers counted, joining the chorus of the million or so lining the harbour.

"Oh well," Mom held my hand as she gave up and turned to me. "Looks like it's just you and me."

"..3..2..1.."

"Happy New Year," came the cry before a deafening explosion of light, color, sound and vibration filled our existence.

Couples were kissing around us and spontaneously Mom and I came together, our lips meeting, one hand holding hers, the other pressed to the soft warmth of her hip. I kept my eyes open as I kissed her, not wanting to miss a moment and as our mouths parted I watched her eyelids slowly, almost reluctantly lift. Her eyes to look into mine, reflecting the light show

behind me, her face illuminated by red, green and orange bursts. The moment seemed to last forever before as one we smiled and broke our stare, finally taking in the dazzling pyrotechnic dance being performed in the heavens above.

Coming from opposing directions, Brittany and my father re-appeared. My Dad had his camera trained on the sky and Brittany handed me a bottle of beer. Had either of them witnessed what had just occurred between my mother and I? I doubted it. But what really had happened? I'd just innocently shared a New Years Eve kiss with my mom. Nothing more.

So why was I feeling so horny?

* * * * *

The blazing sun shone down on the deserted pool deck as I lowered myself into the respite of the cool water. My mother floated in an inflatable. A comical donut, her legs and upper torso protruding from the hole. Diving beneath the surface I opened my eyes to see her thighs and ass above me, her white swimsuit barely covering her sex and buttocks; the bulge of pussy and line of labia clearly visible.

I rose before her and held onto her legs for buoyancy, gently caressing the tanned skin of her shins. Water had splashed the front of her one piece turning it semi transparent, the dark of her hard nipples showing through. I allowed my lower body to float beneath her and my groin made contact with her ass, my erection pressing to her pussy, grinding.

We looked deep in each other's eyes and her red lipstick painted mouth slowly opened. "You were born to fuck me Baby!" She whispered.

"Jesus Christ!" I sat up in bed, my body slick with sweat. The sheet had twisted around my waist and pressed firmly against my hard-on.

Brittany moaned beside me at the movement before continuing on snoring. Carefully I extricated myself from the sheets and walked into the small bathroom, closing the door behind me. I looked pale in the mirror, the flickering light unflattering and pouring myself a glass of water I downed the much needed refreshment.

"What the fuck was that?" I whispered to my reflection. The dream of my mother in the pool still front and centre in my mind. Yes, I told myself. Just a dream. Freud would have a field day with it, but it was just a dream.

The room was hot when I walked back out and I fiddled with the air conditioner but it seemed to have failed. I checked the time before crossing the room and stepping out into the welcoming cooler air on the balcony.

There was no longer the noise of the New Years revelry and the wind had died down to a gentle breeze. With no outside light on our balcony, my presence was as yet unobserved as I looked up to my parent's suite. My mom stood looking out across the city. A light illuminated her from behind causing her body to form a silhouette inside her loose chiffon nightie. Did I say nightie? More a babydoll. Was it completely see-through? I couldn't tell. But I could clearly see the curves of her hips; her inner thighs where they met the bumps of her vulva; the side of her breasts beneath her outstretched arms where they held the rail.

"Mom," I whispered. "It's four o'clock in the morning. What are you doing up?"

"Oh, Honey. How long have you been there!?" She whispered back, her voice strangely quivering.

"I just came out; you can't sleep either?" I asked

Her voice returned to its normal pitch at my words. "No. Excitement I suppose."

"Is your air conditioning working?" I asked. "Ours is on the fritz, along with the mini bar."

"Oh really? No everything is working fine up here, it's nice and cool inside," she offered.

'Cool,' I thought. I wondered if that meant her nipples were hard and immediately reprimanded myself for thinking such thoughts about my mother. Looking at her groin again, it made me aware of how little clothing I as well was wearing. My boxer shorts essentially all there was between her and my semi erect penis.

"Wasn't it a wonderful evening?" She continued. "Those fireworks. I've never seen anything like it."

"Yeah, it was beautiful," I agreed and wondered if I wasn't talking about her eyes and face reflecting the glow. I thought of our kiss. My hand on her hip. The earlier flashing of her surprisingly hairless pussy. And it happened. My cock swelled. I could feel it pushing out the leg of my shorts and wondered if she could see. I doubted it, only my upper body really lit by the light from her suite but I couldn't chance it. There was no way I was going to let my mother see I had an erection.

"Well, I'd better get back to bed. We're setting off in a couple of hours. I want to be up when we leave," I declared.

"I should too," Mom concurred. "That's if your father's snoring allows it!" She giggled and I wanted to climb up and kiss her.

"Alright, good night Mom."

"Good night Baby," she replied as I re-entered our cabin, leaving the doors open.

'Baby!' I thought to myself. Just like 'you were born to fuck me Baby' in my dream. I slid into bed behind Brittany and pressed my erection hard between the cheeks of her ass and a contented sleep came quickly.

* * * * *

No sooner it seemed had I closed my eyes, than I awoke to an empty bed and a sunlight bathed room. I could hear Brittany in the shower and ridiculously wondered if Mom was showering also. What the fuck was wrong with me? I slid out of my shorts and entered the small bathroom naked looking to join my wife.

"There's no hot water!" She stated as I opened the door of the shower.

"You used it all?" I asked.

"No. There's no hot water!" She matter of factly returned.

My plan of a romantic steamy shower with my wife was shelved as I felt the icy splatter and Brittany's cold wet body slide past me.

"You can have it!" She laughed as she wrapped a towel around herself.

"Fuck!" I screamed as the full flow of water hit me, quickly soaping myself to make it as quick an experience the better.

* * * * *

Sydney to New Caledonia

We ran into Mom taking photos on the upper deck. She was my mother of old. Wearing I noticed, unflattering shorts and a formless sweater. Her brown hair was in a pony tail and unlike her, she'd foregone making up her

face. If I was honest, I'd say she'd gone out of her way to dress down her appearance. It wasn't until commenting on the glassy surface of the harbour and its azure tone, (likening it to her eyes) did I see her natural beauty. Why was I only now looking upon my mother as a woman? As an object of desire? Yes in the past I'd stumbled upon incestuous literature and for a time revelled in its titillation, but never as a prospect in my own life; well never with the fervour I'd plunged headlong into in the last day. Was it only a day? I fathomed. I still had weeks on board with her!

"Where's Graham?" Brittany asked Mom, noting his absence before me and the fact my mother was using his camera.

"Still in bed I'm afraid," she replied, frowning. "He's a little under the weather. Strange though, he didn't drink that much."

I noticed an elderly woman being helped down onto a bench by another passenger. Clutching her stomach she seemed to be in a great deal of pain. Doubting it would be sea sickness as we'd still not left the safety of the sheltered harbour.

"He's not sea sick is he?" I quipped referring to Dad. "What'll he be like when we actually get out on the ocean?"

"Oh no I wouldn't think so," Mom assured us. "He's always been fine with things like that. No it's probably just a tummy bug or something."

Brittany regaled Mom with her efforts to get the problems in our cabin seen to whilst I went off to find a bathroom to relieve myself. I'd over hydrated in an effort to stave off a hangover and was in desperate need of a piss. The state of the public toilet on the upper deck was troubling and without labouring you with the details, let's just say I was eager to get my business

done and be out of there. A man hurried in almost bowling me over on my departure and I left him to it with worrying sounds following my retreat.

The open ocean was nothing like the tranquil harbour and six hours into our voyage the captain admitted over a ship-wide announcement there was a problem with the stabilisers. To me it went some way to explaining the amount of unwell looking passengers and I was surprised Brittany, (who could get seasick jumping a puddle) wasn't as yet affected.

Oh but her time would come.

By the end of the first day at sea, word was spreading amongst the passengers of illness. Nothing to do with the intermittently working stabilisers either. I'd seen evidence myself in the shared facilities and closer to home, Dad was about as sick as I'd ever seen him. Mom was first to use the word and it wasn't until well into the next day that the crew of the ship admitted there was a problem.

Gastroenteritis was alive and well on the Madre del Mar.

There was talk of a quarantine. Cleaning staff were constantly disinfecting each and every surface visible. Debate raged whether the ship should in fact turn back to Australia, head to the next closest port or keep on to New Caledonia. My own admittedly basic nautical navigational skills told me we were in a no win situation. At an equal distance from Norfolk Island, Sydney and our intended destination. Ultimately the captain had no choice but to continue on, full steam ahead as they say.

* * * * *

"Your father wants me to stay onboard," Mom admitted.

We were on our balcony sharing a bottle of red wine when she came out with the confession.

Dad was adamant about disembarking on New Caledonia and checking into a hospital or at least staying in a hotel for the duration of his illness. He'd told me himself he couldn't endure spending another night on the ship, the rolling waves compounding the nausea. The medical staff had assured all those presenting, the virus would be out of the sufferers system in a matter of days but the effects could last up to a week.

Dad's plan was to see us off after our time in New Caledonia and fly on to Vanuatu to meet back up with the cruise. Mom had been reluctant to leave him at first but he'd talked her around. She still had us with her and the ships operators had assured us the cruise wouldn't be cancelled. 'We've had this happen before!' Was a quote I heard from a senior manager which admittedly didn't fill me with much confidence as to their competency.

A day later and only hours out of New Caledonia, Brittany too became ill.

It was now officially the cruise from hell.

We gathered in Mom and Dad's suite to discuss the options and like my father, in an act of chivalry Brittany wanted me to stay onboard.

"We've paid for it, may as well make the most of it," she explained.

"Yeah but it's irrelevant, the ships line is refunding the first leg," I threw in.

"Should've been more!" Dad added.

"To be honest," Mom said, contradicting my father. "I think they're going above and beyond. It's not their fault this happened. They're offering to cover accommodation in New Caledonia and help with organizing the airfares. Not everyone on board's sick!"

Mom looked to me and carried on. "Why do you think Adrian and I haven't become ill?" She asked Brittany and my father, seated on the one sofa.

"Because I drilled into him as a boy to wash his hands before eating." She took my hand as if to emphasize her lecture and I all of a sudden felt like a prop in a personal hygiene demonstration. To my surprise she didn't let go after her sermon and to be honest it grew to become uncomfortable. Not because I didn't like the contact, uncomfortable as I again began to nurture impure thoughts when my focus should have been on the wellbeing of my wife.

"Well whatever the reason this has happened, there's no way I could continue on to Vanuatu like this, not another night at sea," Dad proclaimed. He turned to Brittany. "You've only just started to feel the effects Love, you're making the right decision too."

"It'll probably be for the best," I stated. "There's the remnants of a tropical cyclone to the North, can't imagine the sea will be too friendly. So you guys are positive Mom and I should stay on the ship?"

My father and my wife answered in unison their agreement; their enthusiasm to be off the boat overwhelming.

We had two days scheduled in New Caledonia for sightseeing and optional day tours anyway. Mom mentioned the potential of them coming good before we departed but seeing how green around the proverbial gills my father looked, I doubted there'd be a miraculous cure.

* * * * *

New Caledonia was everything the guidebook said it would be and more. Picture postcard views from every angle. Dad and Brittany stayed on the ship whilst Mom and I toured the capital city Noumea. We had a lunch of the local delicacies, seafood steamed in banana leaves and went on to a French restaurant for dinner.

The second day Mom and I took a boat trip to an island and it was there she broke out the white swimsuit of my dream.

I hadn't even noticed it at first. She was wearing what I'd originally deemed to be the unflattering shorts from the day of departure. Shorts I'd come to notice didn't hide all her assets under a bushel. Light khaki in color with an offset fly which when her body was in the right position hugged her pussy mound; even, I noticed on more than one occasion the day before, formed a distinct and alluring cameltoe.

I'd taken a myriad of photos of the city and its surrounds. Having my mother pose before interesting features (to show to Brittany, I would explain) but my own nefarious reasons far outweighing the legitimate when I realized her black shirt was essentially see through. Not in every light. Only when the sun was in a certain position. By the end of the day I had more than one hundred photos of my new found obsession; the majority of which showed my bra-less muse unwittingly flaunting her body all around Noumea. But I digress; the white one-piece.

We were offered snorkels when we landed on the island and setting up our picnic under a palm tree on a white sand beach, Mom took off her flowery red shirt. What I'd assumed was a white bodysuit was in fact her swimsuit; revealed completely to me as she pulled down her shorts. If there was a god in heaven, I thanked him for my mirrored sunglasses at that moment, enabling me to ogle my newly discovered familial fantasy. Her skin like my father's was deeply tanned and as she tied her long brown hair back in a pony tail, the material of her swimsuit pulled tight over her ample breasts allowing even the small bumps on her areola to show through. And I haven't even mentioned her pussy. Yes, only a few days before I'd seen it totally naked but now it was close. An arms distance from me. The folds of her

labia nestled beneath the spandex, her mound of venus begging to be kissed.

For security I'd left the camera on the tour boat but amazingly I didn't care. The beauty of my mother's body was painted for posterity in my mind. Nothing would erase these moments of sheer ocular bliss.

"How does this work?" Mom asked, fumbling with the snorkel and eye-mask.

I took it from her and turned the snorkel the correct way.

"First spit into that," I suggested to her, pointing at the eye-mask.

"What?" She laughed. "Why?"

"Trust me, it'll stop it fogging up when we're in the water."

With a smirk on her face she attempted to spit onto the glass but failed. "My mouth's too dry. Hang on," she said. Using two fingers she pushed them into her mouth all the way to the back of her throat causing her to gag. Her eyes trailed up to mine as she performed the action, stabbing her digits over her tongue as though mimicking fellatio. Releasing, she allowed a trail of saliva to flow from her lips down into the mask as I looked on mesmerised. "Ooh too much," she giggled as a pool formed in the mask, swirling it around.

Looking as if she were about to tip it out, I put up my hand. "No wait," I stated and dipped two of my own fingers into her pool of saliva. Holding my mask beneath I dripped her spit onto mine and smeared it across its surface.

"Ooh yucky!" Mom laughed.

I looked back up to her and took off my sunglasses. "I don't mind," I admitted as I stared into her smiling eyes. Mom smirked, shaking her head and we walked together toward the impossibly turquoise water.

I'd like to say we kissed in the water; that we declared each other's incestuous love and fucked under the blazing sun. But I can't. What we did do was just have a really great time. Oh of course I managed to get in positions to allow me amazing views of her body underwater; that special place between her thighs and those breasts, those beautiful breasts in her semi transparent swimsuit. But really we just enjoyed the experience. Seeing a stingray, the colorful coral and countless species of tropical fish. They were perfect moments and some of the happiest times I think I'd ever spent with my mother, including my childhood.

Oh. I forgot to mention my mom touched my cock!

I convinced her to take a ride on a jet-ski with me. Totally out of her comfort zone, I assured her she'd be safe and wearing a life vest she climbed on board behind me. I believe it was completely accidental. Her arm struggled to circle my waist with the mandatory vests separating us, and as she threw around her right arm to join, her hand went lower than the other. For comfort in my board shorts, I'd surreptitiously positioned my cock vertical and her hand managed to land directly on its underside.

There was that strange moment where nothing happened. I found it hard to fathom my mother had her palm pressed against my penis and it seemed she didn't really know what she was touching. Her hand lifted momentarily before pressing down again in a slightly different position, still on my cock and it was then she realized what indeed she'd laid her hand upon.

"Oh!" She chuckled. "Sorry." Before moving it higher to hold onto my vest.

I didn't want to make a big deal about it to save her embarrassment and immediately started the jet-ski without responding. "Hold on," I shouted, secretly hoping she'd return her hand to my hardening cock which of course didn't happen.

Her squeals of delight in my ear were enough to tell me the ride for her was thrilling but she emphasized it as we walked back to the tour boat.

Wrapping both arms around my own and hugging it to her body she looked up into my face, her sunhat shading her features but not obscuring the delight in her eyes. "I've had the best day Adrian, thank you," she whispered.

I wanted to kiss her. With her undoubtedly pulling my upper arm to the softness of her breast, I felt she would have accepted the kiss as well but I refrained. We were heading back to the cruise ship. In a matter of hours, my wife and my father would disembark and we'd be alone together. A mother and son with three days in international waters. There was no need to foolishly rush things.

Brittany and my Dad left with half their luggage and we helped them check into the cruise ship organized hotel. So many faces I recognized from the cruise were joining them and when Mom and I finally boarded for our next leg, the atmosphere on the ship was entirely different. I would go as far to say, eerie.

Word spread around the ship that more than half the initial passengers we set out with had left and walking around the deck and inside hallways it was obvious. Staff had also been hit by the illness. A number of the shops were closed; an information pamphlet was dropped off to each room detailing the restaurants that would be affected and any changes in shipboard activities. A further note acknowledged the electrical and mechanical problems ailing

the ship and assurances everything was being done to rectify the issues. When we finally left port in the early afternoon, our first night on vacation without our partners, Mom and I were sailing into uncharted waters.

* * * * *

New Caledonia to Vanuatu

Land slowly disappeared in the distance as we cruised into the open Pacific ocean. The wake trailing far below signifying the lengthening distance between us and our spouses.

"Well this feels weird," I admitted and Mom turned her face to me.

"What?"

"Us. Here. It's like we're vacationing together."

Mom furrowed her brow.

A lump appeared in my throat and I tried to expound. "I mean it's a bit strange; a mother and son on a cruise together."

Her mouth opened in an exaggerated look of comprehension. "Oh, I get it," she grinned. "My boy's embarrassed to be seen with his mother, is that it?"

She moved in close to me to take my cheeks in her hands, pinching them as you would a child.

"No, no, not at all," I stressed, smiling.

"Or what, you think your mother is going to cramp your style? Is that it? Hmmm." She dropped her hands down to my shirt, running them down my chest. "The other ladies might mistake us as a couple. If you were planning a romantic tryst behind Brittany's back, that might throw a spanner in the works!" She lifted my slack arms to embrace her waist and pulled her body

into mine, raising her hands again to hug my neck. The feigned embrace of a couple complete, her belly pressing hard into my groin, she looked deep into my eyes. "So quickly you men forget your wives!"

The sundress she wore was thin and I could feel her underwear through the material. We'd never embraced like this, our bodies pressed together, her mouth so close to mine. I could feel myself on the verge of swelling, I felt we were seconds away from kissing.

"No Mom, I..."

Her eyes remained expectant as I fumbled over words before her expression changed from serious to mischievous. She threw her head back in laughter and allowed her body to detach from mine.

"Oh Adrian. Relax. I'm just playing with you Honey." She turned her face back to the ocean, a hand remaining on my arm as if reluctant to break the connection between us, or was I just reading too much into the situation?

"I wonder what our partners are up to right now?" She ended and again her expression changed as I noticed the faintest tinge of sadness.

* * * * *

As planned I arrived at Mom's suite just before 7pm and waited at her door after knocking. I looked left and right along the corridor and not a person was in sight. There wasn't even the hum of conversation and human presence coming from other cabins. We could've been on a ghost ship.

She opened the door a fraction before allowing it to swing fully in when she found it was me. Her hair was up in a towel and another strategically wrapped around her body. Cleavage above and bare thigh below. Her face was still red from the shower and she apologized for being late.

"I'll be five minutes I promise," she offered. "There's champagne open."

I watched her head back into the bathroom, the door not fully closing when she swung it behind her but I couldn't see anything therein.

"No problem, take your time," I stated walking through her suite. Her clothes were placed on the bed and I heard the hair drier start up as I noticed the long red dress she'd chosen to wear. Of course my eyes were drawn to the underwear along side. Shape-wear; I observed. Flesh colored high waisted panties, the Wonder Panties logo clear on the hem along with the matching bra. God, I thought. Is she going to get dressed in front of me?

I walked to the coffee table and poured myself a glass of the chilled sparkling, topping up my mother's in the process. She came back out of the bathroom and I got my answer as she hauled up her clothing in an arm and smiling headed back the way she came.

Dammit, I smiled to myself as I walked out into the pleasant evening air, the stars beginning to appear in the endless sky. As I'd noticed in the hallway, the outside of the ship was equally as quiet. Whereas previously, laughter and conversation could be heard from adjoining balconies, now only the sound of the ship plying the waves far below came to ear.

"I'm going to need some help," my mother called from inside the suite and I quickly went to her aid.

The red dress wasn't that at all. Actually a jumpsuit; sleeveless it hugged her torso immaculately, enveloping the curves of her bust, her hips and yes, her crotch. She turned as I approached and I saw her problem. She'd managed to do up the rear zip to half way up her back and as I took hold I could see the top of her underwear, mid way up her spine.

I ran a finger over the rear of her bra strap as I pulled it to its zenith before doing up a couple of buttons that cinched the collar. She wore her long brown hair up in a bun and I could smell her perfume as I completed dressing her, thinking long and hard that she'd need help getting out of it as well.

"The reservation was for seven. I guess we're going to be late," Mom commented as she sat down on the bed to put on her heels. I went to get her glass and returned with it and my own.

"I wouldn't worry about it, there's no one to take our spot!"

"Mmm I know," Mom agreed as she took her glass and sipped. "It's spooky isn't it. It's like we're the only people on board."

"I like it," I stated. "No queues for anything, there was hardly anyone at the pool earlier. We have the ship to ourselves."

"It's a shame Brittany and Graham aren't here," Mom remarked and I rebuked myself for not having thought of them in hours.

"Mom. Feel," I stated, holding out my arms to emphasize the point I was making. "That rocking. It's only going to get worse. Trust me, they are happy they're not on board!"

The staff in the restaurant were apologetic they didn't have a full crew and asked for leniency for any delays in service but we didn't notice. We were dining in one of the more upmarket of restaurants on board and were one of only four couples attending. With the drinks flowing and Mom especially enjoying the wine, avidly seeking a second bottle, the night drew on and our conversation flowed as easily as the alcohol.

The head chef visited each table when all meals had been served and the dessert taken. With a waiter in hand he asked if we'd enjoyed the meal and

would like tea, coffee or something harder, mistaking us for a couple as he did so. Mom made a joke that if she drank anything else she'd burst and I noticed didn't set him straight about our actual relationship.

"You're at sea madam," the chef began in a thick French accent. "It is accepted you lose yourself. We are in international waters you see. Rules do not apply. Eat, drink, make love. We have only one life, do not lose it to regret."

It was a strange moment. I could see Mom didn't quite know how to react to this impromptu lesson in philosophy, nor did I. We declined the offer of more drinks and the talk of liquid intake must have focussed Mom's attention on the fact she hadn't visited the bathroom the entire time we'd been dining and with her increased insistence we made a move to head back.

"Why didn't you go at the restaurant?" I laughed as we waited at an elevator. Mom pushed her clutch into her lower belly and bent forward at the hip, beginning the desperation dance.

"I'm not using the public facilities," she explained. "After all that's happened. Also, you saw me get into this, you have to basically get undressed to pee!"

It was a good point she raised. Although sexy, the jumpsuit wasn't entirely practical when it came to functionality. It was also alluring hearing my mother talk about peeing and knowing she was in desperate need to go was beginning to turn me on.

The lights flickered in the elevator when we entered and I suddenly recalled it was the same lift Brittany and I had problems with. "Actually Mom, we should take the stairs," I suggested.

"No!" She insisted, balling a fist and placing it between her tightly squeezed legs. "They're too far away. We're here now."

I pressed the floor for my parent's suite and the doors closed as expected. The elevator only had two decks to travel. It wouldn't pick now to malfunction again, I hoped. To my mother's frustration it stopped on my deck for no reason as there was no one waiting to get in. She concentrated on finding her room key card as I hammered the close door button in sympathy and we again took off.

I think we nearly made it as the elevator went through the motion of slowing down before shuddering to a halt.

"Oh God!" My mother looked at me with wide eyes.

"It's alright," I laughed taking too much delight in her predicament. "This is what happened with Britt and I. It'll start again."

She thankfully could see the funny side and smiled before slapping my arm. "You're getting too much pleasure out of seeing me like this!" She accused and had no idea how right she was.

I pressed the emergency call button and the phone rang and rang and rang. With three mirrored walls, I could see multiple angles of my mother, as with legs firmly crossed she bent forward and moaned.

"This is not happening...this is not happening," she repeated before hopping towards me and pressing the call button herself as if it would magically work for her. She tapped on the open door button, even the close door button. Finally stabbing the button for her floor over and again before giving up entirely.

"Oh God Adrian..." She placed a hand on my shoulder before backing away against the wall, "...don't watch!"

I had always considered myself a gentleman. Up until then I thought I'd always do exactly as my mother told me to. But if she thought I wasn't going to watch her wet herself in public. She was sadly mistaken.

She kept her legs together at first. Crossed at the groin in a last attempt to prevent the inevitable. The jumpsuit was a deep red, I noticed earlier, perfectly matching her lipstick but as her bladder released the inner thighs began to turn a darker burgundy. Initially she threw a hand over her eyes but this lowered to cover her open mouth as she stared down at her crotch.

"Oh God Adrian," she again stated. "I'm peeing!"

"Yep, looks like it," I chuckled as I watched the dark patch spread down her legs.

She looked up into my face, a pained expression tinged with humour. "I told you not to watch," she cried before again looking down at her groin. "Oh God this is so embarrassing!"

Without looking at me, she reached out and handed me her clutch before changing her position, uncrossing her legs. Seemingly accepting that her son was watching, she pinched the front of her pants legs and pulled up and out on the material. What she was attempting to do escaped me but it caused the jumpsuit to press firmly to her pussy mound which enabled the stream of pee to flow directly through the sodden fabric.

"Don't worry about it Mom," I attempted to soothe her as I was now witness to my mother standing before me pissing through her pants. Could she have stopped the flow? I guessed so. I mean we've all been there. Once the bladder is relieved of its pressure, you can halt the current mid stream so to speak. I was under the distinct impression she wanted to keep going. Maybe it was the alcohol, she was just drunk enough for her inhibitions to be

lowered to such a debased level. Whatever the reason, it was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

Her hands formed a frame around her crotch, pressing the material to her groin as the stream of urine flowed from her; a waterfall of golden liquid straight from my mother's pussy. Biting her bottom lip her eyes lifted to mine as I too struggled to avert them from her crotch. We stared in each other's eyes and as if on cue, as her flow of urine decreased the elevator thumped to attention and completed its journey, its doors opening to an empty hallway.

"Of course!" Mom declared and released her hold on her sopping clothing. I held out a hand for her to step over her puddle of pee and she took it. The fact not lost on me her fingers now in my hand had just been pressed to her urine soaked pants.

Out of the elevator we looked back at the pool of pee on the floor.

"What do we do about that?" Mom asked me trying to prevent herself from laughing.

"It's probably not the worst thing the cleaners have seen on this trip but I'll report it from the room," I offered and with the door closing we made our way to Mom's suite.

The lights came on automatically when we entered and Mom made it clear she needed to shower. I had a great chance to admire her from behind when she turned from me and asked to undo her jumpsuit. Delighting in the wet patch that had spread half way up her rear and down each leg. I undid the buttons on her collar and slid the zipper slowly down her back to again reveal her underwear. I wanted to comment on them without being creepy.

"What's with the Wonder Panties?" I asked. "You don't need shape-wear!"

Mom turned with a surprised expression on her face. "How do you know about Wonder Panties?"

"Seriously Mom?" I laughed. "I doubt there's a guy in America that hasn't checked out the home shopping channel lately!"

"But why would you...?" She looked puzzled momentarily before realizing the reason, smirking and holding up a hand. "Oh, I don't want to know." She laughed as she made her way into the bathroom.

"What about a nightcap?" I called as she closed the door behind her.

"That'd be lovely Honey," she replied. "I won't be long."

A part of me. No scrap that, all of me was disappointed she hadn't invited me into the shower with her. I was becoming more and more enamoured by her by the minute and I was sure she was sending me similar signals.

Nothing as clear as our eyes locking in the elevator mid pee. I called for room service when I found my parent's mini bar empty and alerted them to the 'spilled drink' in the elevator. While waiting I turned on the television and switched to a random channel. Jackpot. The in house streaming service had an adult channel and playing was what looked like a poor mans imitation of Miami Vice from the 80's.

Mom came out of the bathroom just as room service arrived with the sparkling wine I knew she had an affinity for. She wore the white satin robe I'd been blessed with seeing beneath out on the balcony days before. Mom let her hair out of the bun as she came over to see what I'd ordered, again touching me on the shoulder.

"Ooh lovely," she commented. "I like that one."

The shower had gone some way to sobering her up which I was actually pleased about. If we were going to do this, I wanted her to be in her right

mind. I certainly was.

"What are you watching?" Mom asked as she climbed onto the sofa, her feet up on the seat.

"No idea," I lied. "I just turned it on." I filled two glasses and brought them over to her. "I'll change it if you want."

Onscreen two women with big hair, short skirts and shoulder pads in their pastel colored suit jackets, held guns awkwardly as they made their way into a strip club.

"No that's alright," she thankfully replied, sipping from the glass I handed to her.

Topless women danced around poles as I sat down beside Mom. Whether it was my weight coming down on the cushion or she did it on purpose, her bare foot slid slightly across to touch my outer thigh and I could feel the heat of her body through my pants.

There were extended closeups of the strippers and Mom scoffed at the screen. "Well they're fake!" She accused and drank again.

I didn't really know what to say so remained quiet, hoping she'd offer to show me what natural boobs looked like. I allowed my eyes to peep at her legs, the robe coming down mid thigh leaving a lot of skin exposed. Her hip so close to mine, it dawned on me she hadn't taken spare underwear into the bathroom. She wasn't wearing panties.

This and the action on the television led to the inevitable. I began to harden. Uncomfortable, I made a subtle movement and managed to angle it sideways, pointing it in her direction and relaxed somewhat. The women ventured backstage of the club and the dressing room was of course filled with naked or near naked women.

Mom continued to down her glass as we sat in silence. The movie only got worse, or better for that matter. Finding the managers office the 'agents' proceeded to seduce the owner to get the information. Mom moved her legs and I could see her robe part up to her crotch. Surely she was aware. I pondered doing the timeless move of placing an arm on the backrest of the couch behind her but deemed it too corny for even me. Instead I satisfied myself with surreptitiously peeking at her, it had to be her to make the first move. I couldn't blow this.

The sex onscreen was becoming softcore. The women down to their lingerie, ample pubic hair shaved into perfect triangles.

"Oh goodness," Mom giggled. "You certainly picked an interesting movie."

I looked directly at Mom, her robe open to the belt. An entire thigh exposed to the hip, the way her legs were positioned prevented me seeing her pussy but the bare skin above revealed to her navel.

"Yeah, look I can switch it over," I remarked, half heartedly reaching for the remote before Mom stopped me by placing a hand on my upper thigh. The edge of her palm came down on the head of my penis. The second time she'd touched my cock in the one day. Nothing was said about it and she didn't draw away. My mind reeled. I wanted her to acknowledge it. If I acted now and it was a misunderstanding the rest of our vacation would be hell. Unable to resist as more blood pumped into my erection, it twitched.

Her hand moved. Not away. So slowly she allowed her palm to creep further onto my hard-on until there was no denying between the both of us what was happening. Still she said no word. Her head remained fixed straight forward, her eyes on the screen. Was this how we'd proceed? Pretending nothing was really happening, plausible deniability?

As the lovemaking in the movie became more frenzied, her hand ever so gently rocked atop my dick, pressing firmly against my erection. I could smell her sex. She began to knead me, my cock feeling like a rolling pin beneath her small palm. It was happening, we were going to fuck. And then the scene changed in the movie. Unrelated and totally unsexy. It must have forced her to come to her senses and just like that her hand drew away rapidly.

"Mom," I sighed as she abruptly stood up, making sure her robe was covering her body. "It's alright."

"No," she quickly responded. "It's late. We should go to bed."

I followed her off the couch and she made a point of not looking at my erection tenting out my pants.

"I could stay here if you wanted," already believing it was fruitless but giving it a chance.

"No Adrian," she adamantly replied. "I think it's best for you to go."

I didn't put up a fight. I was drunk but not too drunk to see this surely wouldn't be the end. I wasn't going to sulk when we'd gone so far. She felt it too. She must. I'd let her sleep on it. We still had time. So much time.

Complying, I made my way to her door and opened with her close behind. I wasn't going to say anything but a simple goodnight but she grabbed my forearm as I entered the hallway.

"Adrian," she whispered.

I turned and looked in her glassy eyes.

"I had a wonderful day."

"Me too," I replied before letting the door close between us.

In the middle of the night I walked out onto my balcony and into the warm night air. Under a blanket of stars I looked up hopefully to see her but all was dark on her deck. Looking across the ocean, the milky way was reflecting in the water and I felt as if I floated in space. Right then everything seemed so clear to me. I felt an order to the universe. I was meant to be with her. My mother was the woman I'd waited my entire life for. I was born to fuck her!

* * * * *

I gave her ample time for a sleep in. I had breakfast at one of the buffets and after a quick visit to the gym and showering, went to her room. She wasn't there. I walked the deck and visited each of the restaurants to no avail. The pool deck was empty and the shops that had remained open had only a smattering of browsers. None of whom were my mother.

Back at my cabin I called her room before doing another tour of the ship. Nearing lunch I began to worry. So many thoughts went through my mind. Many of them dreadful. Having a light lunch alone in a restaurant I made my mind up to have her paged and if that didn't work, alert the crew.

Making my way to the information desk I walked behind a short haired blonde woman in a tiny white skirt. Wearing high heeled wedges her tanned legs looked incredible; her ass, barely covered by the skirt, immaculate. Struggling with the shopping bags she held she stopped when she reached an elevator. Gentlemanly I reached out to press the button for her and asked, 'up or down?'

She turned to face me and my jaw literally dropped.

"Mom!" I gasped. "What the fuck?"

A beautiful smile spread across her face followed by a red hue as she blushed. "Hello you," she casually responded.

"Mom you look..." I struggled to take in her change.

"What?" She seemed to be anxious to hear out my opinion.

"You look amazing!"

And she did. I was now aware of where she'd been all morning. The hair was shorter than I'd ever seen her wear it and the blonde dye totally changed her appearance.

"Do you really like it?" She asked, obviously eager to hear more. "It's different isn't it?"

"It looks beautiful," I added. "You look beautiful."

"Thank you Sweetie; they say blondes have more fun!" She smiled. "And it's up!" She added referring to the elevator and not my swelling penis.

"Let's just hope we don't have a repeat of our last venture!"

I laughed, wondering if she meant the lift breaking down or her wetting her pants. To be honest, I wouldn't have been upset with either.

I looked down at her shopping bags as the elevator set into motion. "So I can see you've been active. I went looking for you."

"Oh sorry Darling," she replied. "I should've told you where I was. I wanted to let you have a sleep in."

We got off on her deck and I took half of her bags as we walked the long hallway to the other end of the ship.

"I emailed your father," Mom stated after a moment of quiet between us.

The words were foreboding and I began to read so much into them. Had she contacted him out of guilt about what happened between us? Had she admitted what we'd done? Hang on, I stopped myself. What she'd done! Either way I nervously waited for her to elaborate, feeling a tinge of guilt I'd not contacted my own partner.

"Oh?" I replied.

"There might be a problem," she began and my heart began to sink.

"Oh?" I repeated.

"They can't find flights to Vanuatu that can get them there in time to meet the ship."

My heart began to soar.

"They've been put on standby but with the amount of passengers that were doing the same thing as us, it's not likely they'll make it."

"So what happens then?" I tried to contain my excitement. "They fly on to Fiji?"

"Most likely," Mom agreed as we reached her cabin. "Looks like you're going to have to make do with just my company for a few more days!"

"Oh I think I can deal with it," I grinned as we entered her suite.

Mom placed her bags down on the bed and I added mine to her bounty. There was still the awkwardness of last night to deal with and I wanted to get it out of the way. There was a fruit platter on the coffee table and what looked to be freshly squeezed orange juice, one of the many perks of the executive suite and as Mom made her way towards it, I stopped her.

The extra height of her heels made her taller than usual. Her skin looked radiant; her cropped blonde hair and impeccably applied makeup all made

her seem a different woman. She was still my mother. Her mannerisms; humour; her speech, all distinctly Mom but now she seemed worldly. I felt almost in awe of her presence.

"Mom," I began. "About last night.."

She quickly put a finger up to cover my lips. "That was yesterday. I told you I had a wonderful day. Let's just leave it at that."

'Leave it at that,' I thought. What the fuck did that mean? I wanted to talk about it; how she'd rubbed my cock. I wanted to re-enact it for God's sake. I worked it up in my head to say something when she threw me a bone.

"I bought so many things I cant wait to try them on," she began. "And poor you, you have to be the audience for the fashion parade!"

I cooled my jets as I began to wonder what indeed she'd purchased and Mom walked around me to pour us the orange juice. Keeping my eyes on her, she bent forward and I felt my cock swelling as her skirt rode up high on her thighs. Yeah, poor me! I mused.

As instructed I took my juice and some grapes out onto the balcony. The sun was blazing; the sea, glassy, defying the predictions. I sat down on a deck chair just as Mom walked out wearing a large sun hat.

"Ta da!" She exclaimed and although she was beautiful, I'd been expecting something different.

"So what's new?" I asked. "The hat?"

"No. Well yes, everything!" She performed a turn and I again admired her ass.

"So everything you've got on is new?"

"Uh huh," she smiled under the shade of the hat.

Fuck it I thought, I'll go for it. "Shoes?"

She nodded.

"Skirt, top, hat?" I enquired.

"Of course silly."

"What about your panties?"

There was a moments pause before she answered and I held my breath hoping I hadn't spoiled it.

"Well yes but you don't want to look at your mother's panties do you?"

"I want to see everything you bought, that was the idea of the fashion parade," I reasoned.

Seemingly without a second thought she dropped her hands to the front of her skirt and raised it the short distance up her thighs. I'd thankfully swallowed the grape as I'd surely have choked when I saw the bulge of her pussy behind her white lace underwear.

"Do you like them?" She asked.

I twirled my finger in response and subordinately she turned to show me her rear. There was nothing of them to see. The string of her thong disappearing between the bare cheeks of her bottom.

"Yes," I finally replied, breathing out. "They're hot!"

"Great," Mom beamed, heading back inside I noticed leaving her skirt up around her waist.

I had an erection. How could I not have? Mom had just willingly lifted her skirt to show me her panties. I wondered what to do with it. Should I take it

out? No, too crude. Just see where this was going I told myself. I satisfied myself with more grapes as I waited.

She returned with flip flops, denim shorts and a see through beach shirt. A bikini top showing underneath. As I watched she tied a knot in the shirt to further reveal the shorts.

"What do you think about these?" She asked, looking down at the shorts.

"They didn't have my size so I had to go down one. They're not too tight are they? I was hoping to lose some weight anyway!"

I'd do all I could to prevent her from losing that weight. Her ass filled out the tiny denim shorts perfectly. Just the right amount of cheek exposed to be sexy and yet still relatively acceptable in public. I mean I wouldn't go wearing them to church or anything, but they'd pass on a cruise ship.

"Wow!" I gasped. "Just wow. That's all. Oh and they fit you perfectly."

She smiled again and undid the shirt revealing the bikini. A plain black that clung to her breasts. With my eyes glued to her she lowered the shorts to reveal the full back briefs to match. Her buttocks bulging out the material, her pussy mound snug and enticing.

If she had noticed my erect cock, she hadn't made it obvious. I was so hard that with every slight movement it felt as if I were masturbating. I could even feel the head moistened with pre-cum.

She came back out in a dark emerald sleeveless satin dress and my heart skipped a beat. Without shoes, she twirled for me and seemed to take delight in how it rose around her.

"Mom," I managed to say. "You look..." I fumbled around in my head for a word. "...stunning."

"I had to buy it when I saw it," she purred, running her hands over the material. "Don't ever tell your father how much it cost!"

"You have to wear that to dinner tonight," I suggested. "Everyone's heads will be turning."

"Oh, I thought we could maybe just have room service out here on the balcony," she in turn rebutted.

"Yes," I quickly agreed. "A way better idea. But you have to still wear that dress."

She made to head back inside and I stopped her. "Aren't you forgetting something?" I asked.

"What?"

"Ah, your panties?" I smiled now fully confident in our relationship.

"Oh," she laughed. "I'm not wearing any!"

She left me with that as she hurried back inside. "One more," she called and I doubted she could look hotter than she had already.

I was wrong.

My mother. My fifty five year old mother, walked back out into the sunlight wearing a bikini I'd only seen in porn. I tell a lie. Nothing in porn had looked this good. There were no cups, no gusset. The item consisted of pink string that merely sat around the nipples, not covering them. The thong if that was what it could be called, left the labia bare let alone offering anything to cover the pubic bone. My mother was in essence naked. She held in her hand a bottle of sunscreen, and this is how it would happen I realized.

The 'have the son apply sunscreen' trick. An oldie but a goody, I supposed.

"And finally," she hummed as she did a turn for me. "There's this."

I couldn't respond. I had no words that did her justice. To express how infatuated I was with her, how amazing I felt she looked and even she didn't seem to be expecting me to comment.

"Will you?" She stated, handing me the bottle and laying a deck chair flat in preparation of her laying upon it.

My hands were actually shaking as I removed my sunglasses. My cock bulged out the front of my shorts. This was really happening. She lay face down on the now flat deck chair, her arms along her sides, her head turned in my direction. The tan lines created by her swimsuit were pronounced now she was near nude. Who was I kidding? She was nude! I squeezed out a large amount of cream into the palm of my hand and pressed it to the top of her spine, smearing it across her shoulders. The string straps of her so called bikini were hardly even there and barely registered as I ran my hands across them.

"Mmm, that feels nice," Mom whispered. "Like a massage."

I took it as a suggestion and worked my thumbs into the muscles of her back; applying more cream and giving her arms the same treatment. With the sun beating down on us, her skin glistened and I began to sweat, stopping for a moment to remove my t-shirt. Mom sat up on her elbows to watch.

"Oh, I thought you were stopping."

"No, I was just getting too hot is all," I explained, throwing my shirt on the adjacent lounge.

"You know you should probably take off your shorts," she added. "They're your good ones, you don't want to get sunscreen on them. It stains."

She knew I had an erection. Even though Blind Freddy could see what was happening between us I still had a dilemma as to whether I remove my underpants along with them. That small part of my rational brain telling me not to fuck things up. I followed her instructions but left my briefs on. It didn't matter, my hard cock even more pronounced now, hidden only by the thin material of my tight black boxers.

Mom smiled, her eyes on my cock before laying as before and applying more sunscreen I went to work on her calves, massaging and kneading her skin. Making my way ever so slowly up. The backs of her knees and her parted thighs. I stared directly between her legs; her glistening labia framed by the pink string before it came together and disappeared between the cheeks of her ass.

Again she sighed as I massaged her thighs and more so when my hands made contact with her buttocks. With a palm on each, I worked the sunscreen into her flesh; spreading her cheeks to reveal her puckered asshole, the thin pink string laying upon it. I wasn't taking a chance. There was no denying we were in deep, but cinching the deal I applied a little more sunscreen to my finger.

"Just to be sure Mom," I said. "We don't want you to get burnt anywhere."

Pressing my finger to the crack of her ass I began at the top of her buttocks and slid it down underneath the string. With a hand parting her, I smeared the cream back and forth; my finger sliding over her anus, feeling the damp of her pussy and back. Over and again I rubbed. My mother sighing each time I pressed down on her sphincter which twitched, opening slightly almost begging for me to enter.

I took my hands from her. "Come on. Other side," I ordered and she willingly rolled to face me.

With an arm behind her neck to support her raised head, Mom looked me in the eye.

"Adrian," she whispered. "Take them off."

Well there it was. It was obviously now official. Apart from the fact I'd just rubbed her asshole, this was the final confirmation I needed. Mom and I were lovers.

I didn't waste any time. My cock sprang out as I lowered my shorts and I wasn't disappointed with its appearance. My shaved balls heavy with pent up sperm, my erection about as hard as I got and light stubble of pubic hair leading up to my belly button. I didn't wait for a reaction from Mom. I could only wonder at what she felt, seeing my cock for the first time in easily more than twenty years. I applied more sunscreen to my hands and dropped down to coat her feet. Her toes were so small and as I massaged her feet with cream it dawned on me I didn't think I'd ever noticed them before, let alone touched them. The thought of a foot job came to mind and amazingly I think I further hardened.

I caressed her shins, up to her thighs and made a point of avoiding her pubis for the time being. When I reached her breasts, there was no hesitation. I pulled the string of the bikini away from them and set to caressing, gently pinching her nipples which hardened with my touch. Her soft belly followed until the time came. Working the insides of her parted thighs, the side of my hand touched the wet of her lips. Under her watchful eyes I eased up around her groin and pressed my palm to her pubic bone, the thin string of the bikini getting in the way.

"It'd be easier without this," I proposed and without seeking permission, slid the thong off down her legs, tossing it onto my clothing. Taking the

opportunity, Mom stripped her top off over her head and now we were completely naked. Mother and son as nature intended.

Back to the pronounced mound of her smooth pubic bone, I ran my fingers down and along the sides of her vulva, stroking her plump outer lips. She glistened not with sunscreen but with the juice that flowed freely from her pussy and with this liquid I smeared her entire groin. When finally I parted the lips with one hand and dabbed at her clitoris, she threw back her head and surrendered to the pleasure.

Working away on her clit with my thumb I nudged the knuckle of my index finger between her labia and caressed her slick opening. Her hands reached out to hold something, one gripping the edge of the lounge, the other clasping onto my thigh. Increasing the speed of my thumb moving on her clit, I extended my finger and slowly entered her body.

"Oh God," Mom moaned, her fingers digging into my flesh. "Yes Baby, yes."

Her hand crept along my thigh, slowly inching towards my cock and I shifted position slightly to hasten its progress and take a firmer hold on her pussy. She found what she was looking for and her fingers wrapped around me, initially just squeezing, holding onto me for comfort or support.

Her vagina welcoming my penetration, I added another; still stimulating her engorged clitoris as I finger fucked my mother's pussy. Her hand began masturbating me before she stopped and squeezed tighter.

"Oh shit Adrian," she cried, obviously unconcerned about being heard by our neighbors. "I'm going to cum!"

The confession spurred me on. Renewing with vigour my assault on her dripping pussy, my thumb slipping and sliding around on her clit.

She let go of her hold on the lounge and raising her left leg, grabbed behind her knee exposing more pussy to light. Still she clung to my cock, the swollen head turning purple. I had three fingers inside her now, my little finger pressing to her twitching anus.

"Fuck," she yelled. A word I'd never heard her say. Again she cried out as I felt the inside walls of her vagina clasp around my fingers. "I'm cumming Baby. You're making Mommy cum!"

If anything, she squeezed harder on my cock and I thought I in turn was about to orgasm before she let go and in one swift move raised her hand to the back of my head and pulled me down into her pussy.

Wrenching my hand away and replacing it with my face, I caught the flood of my mother's orgasm in my mouth. Her thighs wrapped around my head cinching me in position, my ears muffled to the sounds of her pleasure above me as she ground her cumming cunt into my face.

"Kiss me; put it in me," she begged as her thigh's hold on my head decreased.

I slid up along her body and my wet mouth met hers. My dick homed its way to her vagina and pressed to her opening before, taking hold of my hips, Mom pulled me violently into her.

Our tongues entwined, I sighed into her mouth as my entire length filled her pussy. "I won't last long," I coyly admitted and wrapping her legs around my waist, Mom smiled.

"I don't mind. Just cum in me Adrian," she panted between my lips.

Ashamedly, it only took a matter of thrusts. With one arm around her neck, the other beneath her, I began to cum. "Oh Mom," I breathed.

"Yes Honey?" She replied, lifting my face to look her in the eyes.

"I'm cumming Mom," I confessed.

"Good boy," she praised me as if I'd brought home an exceptional report card. "Fill Mommy's pussy Baby. Give me all that cum."

"Ahh, fuck yes," I moaned as I released inside her. Spurt after spurt flowing from my balls with every waning thrust.

She pulled my face down onto her's and we again were joined at the mouth and sex, kissing as I slowed my movement to eventually cease. Our bodies locked in a post coital lovers embrace where we lay unspeaking for minutes.

I felt sweat dripping from my body as the sun blazed upon us.

"Are we good?" I whispered into her ear, kissing her lobe.

She turned her face to me smiling. "We're better than good Adrian," she replied before pausing. "Will you go get something for me?" She continued.

My cock had softened inside her and as I sat up on my elbow, slid from her body. "What?"

She smiled wickedly. "One of the martini glasses."

I had no idea what she needed it for but more than curious, rose from the lounge and quickly retrieved one from inside the suite.

When I returned she'd placed the chair back in its upright position and seated, she took the glass from me.

I didn't get the chance to ask what she was planning as she quickly spread her legs and placed it beneath her pussy. Fascinated; my jaw dropping, I

watched as she squeezed my cum out of her vagina and into the glass, using a finger to encourage its flow

No, I thought. She wouldn't.

And she did.

With me looking on in awe, my mother raised the quarter full martini glass to her open lips and tipped it in, my cum slowly draining into her mouth. With her eyes on me she swallowed, before poking out her tongue and licking the remnants from inside the glass.

My dick swelled at her behaviour. How could my mother act so deviantly? She was so clean cut, so straight.

"There's more where that came from," I offered and she licked her lips.

"I hope so," she smiled and I held out a hand for her to come to me.

A mouth full of my cum or not, I kissed her on the lips and told her I loved her.

"We'll be in Vanuatu in a day," I told her. "What happens if Dad and Brittany are there?"

Mom smiled, seemingly not wanting to share my pessimism for the time being.

"We'll cross that bridge when we get to it Honey," she assured me between kisses. "There's a lot of ocean between then and now. So many onboard activities."

My cock, now fully erect, wedged between her upper thighs, touching her dripping pussy.

"Should we go for a swim then?" I asked, dropping my hands to her ass and squeezing her cheeks.

"That sounds lovely Darling," she replied, breaking our embrace and leading me by the cock back into the suite. "But maybe after another martini!"

* * * * *

One day from Vanuatu

My mother lay on her stomach facing the other end of the bed, the laptop before her. From my vantage point with my back against the headrest I had a clear view between her legs, her pussy and asshole on display. I looked through the viewfinder of my father's SLR and focused.

"Mom, turn around," I directed and she looked over her shoulder at me. Peering over the dark rimmed reading glasses resting low on her nose, she smiled before poking out her tongue. I took the photo anyway and admired the image captured onscreen.

"Your father says there's a problem with the weather," she revealed the content of the email she was reading. "The ex tropical cyclone or something. He says that even if they can get flights to Vanuatu they might not be able to land. He's mentioning possibly meeting back up with us in Fiji." I looked out through the open doors to the weather beyond. There were clouds in the sky and the water had definitely become choppy but I saw very little evidence of a storm.

"Hmm, sounds like they're finding excuses not to get back on board," I joked.

"Oh you think that too?" Mom closed the computer and crawled over beside me, nestling into my side. I placed an arm around her and kissed her

forehead as she took the camera from me.

"No, I was joking," I explained. "Why would they?"

"Why indeed?" Mom cryptically replied, pointing the camera at my face and taking a photo. "Oh it didn't work."

I took the camera and looked at the message on the screen. "The memory card's full."

She took it back and scrolled through the photos I'd taken in the last few days, predominately of her.

"Oh my God Adrian," she exclaimed, zooming in on the black shirt she'd worn in Noumea. "Why didn't you tell me you could see my boobs?"

I laughed and kissed her hair, my cock rising beneath the white sheet. "It's not the easiest thing to tell your mother her clothes are see-through! Besides, it was hot."

She continued skipping through the shots. "Is this when you felt it?"

I knew exactly what she was talking about. When I discovered I was sexually attracted to my mother. "No," I replied, stroking her bare shoulder. "Before."

She looked up into my eyes. "When?"

I could see she wasn't going to let it rest. "That first day onboard. Remember when you and Brittany stood together on the deck? The wind pressed your dress against your, well, your pussy. It made me start thinking about it. I dreamt about you!"

She discarded the camera and slid the sheet down my body to reveal my erection, her hand encircling.

"And then of course later when you came out wearing that robe and we saw you naked," I elaborated. "You must have just been with Dad."

"I wasn't!" She quickly rebutted.

"Mom, I don't care if you were, I..."

"We don't sleep together any more Adrian. We just watch!" She freely admitted and the comment raised many questions. "Graham has someone else."

She'd turned her face from me to look at my penis and I tilted her head back in my direction. "What are you talking about? This is your anniversary trip, I thought you were happy."

"I am happy. We still love each other. We're just together for convenience I suppose."

"But there's another woman?" I asked.

"I'd suspected," she replied. "Now I know."

My cock, despite her handling had begun to soften. "You know. Who?"

"Oh Adrian, really?" She stated, giving me an almost pitying smile.

I stated blankly at her a moment before answering. "No!"

Mom took her hand from my limp cock and rose from the bed. I watched as she poured a glass of chilled water and brought it back to me, sitting beside me on the edge of the bed.

"You didn't think it was strange they both got sick?" She began. "That they weren't with us at New Year's. That as you said, they're finding excuses to not get back onboard."

They were all revelations to me. "But Brittany and I are still having sex!" I feebly countered, aware it was probably the only surviving part of our relationship.

"Well that doesn't surprise me Adrian, no one could say Brittany wasn't always libidinous."

"What do you mean by that?" I questioned.

Mom paused and I could see she was struggling with something. To my surprise she stood up and walked out onto the deck. Naked, I followed her and caught up as she leaned on the railing looking out to sea.

I ran a hand down her bare back to show we weren't arguing. "Mom, what is it?"

She turned and looked in my eyes. "You didn't ask me when I knew. When I knew about you and me."

I could sense a confession coming on and I asked her. "So what was it?"

"I used to hear you you know; fucking her."

It was possible; I was living at home when I first met Brittany but I presumed we'd kept our lovemaking relatively secret.

"It didn't bother your father and I. In fact it probably made us closer. Sexually that is. We both got something from it I suppose," Mom relieved herself. "We smelled her on you! Do you understand?"

I did have a pretty good idea what she was talking about and didn't feel the need to reply.

"I might have become a little obsessive back then Adrian," she began to blush and I wondered what she was about to admit.

"I just wanted to know you were being looked after by her. My son deserved the best, so I went out of my way to spy and to be honest, I was jealous."

The thought that my mom had been listening to me fucking Brittany was turning me on and she noticed my penis hardening, her eyes drifting down.

"I was jealous that she had your love. That it was her hand on my son's dick." Mom casually reached down and held my erection, her thumb running over the head.

"You should have said something," I offered.

"Oh yes, right!" She scoffed. "Your mother comes out and says she wants to sleep with you just as you're experiencing the love of your life. That would've gone down well!"

I conceded it didn't sound like a wise idea and laughed. "Well I hope after all these years it was worth the wait; my dick in your hand."

She bit her lip to prevent a cheeky smile and looked out to sea.

"Mom? What is it?"

"Well it's not exactly the first time!" She shamefully grinned.

"What do you mean?"

"Remember your bucks party?" She asked.

"Hardly!" I admitted. "I was way drunk."

"I know. Your so called friends leaving you on the front porch like that. Dressed like that!"

I remembered being made to wear the 'Borat' mankini. I remembered the strippers and being unloaded from a car outside our house. Very little else

about the night remained.

"It was your father who found you out there when he heard the car drive away," Mom began to fill in the blanks of the night, ten years after it happened. "We both helped you up the stairs and into your bedroom." She again blushed and I became more curious.

"Your father didn't see you touch me!"

"What?" I exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

A broad smile covered her face. "I know you had no idea it was me of course. You were mumbling about strippers and Brittany. We were half way up the stairs when I felt it; your hand on my bottom. I allowed it stay there of course, I mean it was possible you were just grabbing anything for support. But then you moved it."

Mom placed her other hand beneath my balls as she stroked the length of my cock, seeming to be becoming as turned on telling the story as I was hearing it.

"I was only wearing a little nightie," she looked up and to the left as if trying to picture it in her head. "It was satin for memory, pink. Your fingers ran up and down my crack through the material before diving beneath. I had panties on but you found your way into them, your fingers on my vagina...my other hole."

"Mom!" I exclaimed, shocked. "I had no idea. I have no memory of this at all."

"It's okay. You were drunk," she pardoned me.

"Yeah but to think I could've done that to you, to anyone!"

"As I said Honey, you at least had an excuse. What I did was done sober."

Mom used her thumb to wipe the ample pre-cum from the head of my cock and lifted it to her mouth. She ran it across her bottom lip like lip gloss before licking it off. Her eye caught by something in the water, she turned her face from me and looked at the ocean.

"Oh God look Adrian," she screamed. "A whale. Oh and it has a baby. Go get the camera."

I looked where she pointed and so close to the ship there swam a huge whale and calf. "There's no room on the card."

"Your father has others. In the camera case. There's a side pocket."

I ran back into the suite and found the camera bag atop a suitcase in the closet. Side pocket, I thought and unzipped an almost hidden compartment below the shoulder strap. There was one SD card inside and to the cries of my mother shouting to hurry up, I snatched the camera from the bed and again joined her on the balcony.

Quickly changing the cards I was able to zoom in with the powerful lens and snap away a few shots of them breaching before the ship overtook.

"Oh my goodness," Mom clapped. "That was wonderful. Did you get them Darling?"

I looked down at the screen, holding it so Mom could see and scrolled back through the photos I'd managed to capture.

"Oh they're great," she proudly stated.

The image clicked from my first hurried and blurry photo to a picture of my wife and for a moment I didn't quite know what I was looking at.

"Oh my God!" Mom gasped.

Before us, captured digitally on my father's pride and joy \$1000 camera was all the evidence my mother and I needed. The photos were taken on our first day on the ship judging by the clothing we were wearing. It was staggering that it had happened right under mine and my mother's noses. One shot was particularly daring as Brittany had the front of her dress lifted, showing her pussy to the camera while Mom and I stood behind on this very balcony looking in the opposite direction at the Sydney skyline.

There were others more graphic. What I expected was my father's cock in her mouth. She was wearing the black maxi dress and it amazed me she'd been able to find the time to do it all behind my back. Photos of her during the fireworks. And the clincher, a selfie of Brittany and Dad kissing, and not in a daughter/father-in-law kind of way.

"Oh Honey," Mom put her hand on my forearm, forcing the camera downwards. "I'm so sorry."

I didn't really know what to feel. Upset wasn't the word. I felt more anger at my father cheating on my mother than I did at Brittany cheating on me. Who was I to talk though? Here I was making love to my own mother behind their backs. What right did I have to be righteous?

I looked again at Mom. "You know what? I don't care!"

Her hand gripped my arm tighter.

"This just makes it easier for us Mom," I insisted.

Her eyes lit up and I placed the camera down on the outdoor table, wrapping my arms around her. My cock which had been resting, renewed its ascent and with Mom throwing her arms over my shoulders, I lifted her up onto my chest while her legs circled my waist.

"We've got some celebrating to do!" I stated.

* * * * *

There were only two other couples in the cinema and we'd chosen to sit close to the back row to avoid them. The film was some superhero extravaganza which neither of us was paying much attention to.

"You know you didn't finish the story," I leaned into my mother's ear and whispered.

"Hmm?" She looked at me furrowing her brow as the light from the screen illuminated her face before again plunging into darkness. "Oh, no I didn't did I!?"

We had decided to have dinner in the restaurant after all and seeing a movie following, Mom was still wearing her new green dress. With my hand resting on her leg, the satisfying texture of satin (and the fact I was caressing my mother's thigh) was turning me on, my cock rising accordingly.

Mom shifted slightly to rest her cheek on my shoulder, her mouth only inches from my ear. With the armrest up between us, our legs were touching and I felt her hand unzip my fly.

"I can remember it like yesterday Adrian. My poor drunk son; basically naked in that ridiculous costume."

Her hand deftly opened my pants wide, pulled my erection from my underpants and unseen by anyone else in the theatre, began stroking up and down my length.

"You had a finger inside me Darling. Your father supported most of your weight so he had no idea what was going on on my side. I supposed you thought I was Brittany and out of love for you I didn't want to dissuade you of that notion."

With my arm wrapped around her shoulder, I pulled her closer into me, kissing her forehead. My other hand delved beneath her dress until my fingers were against her pantyless pussy.

"We nearly fell over at the top of the stairs. All three of us, and your hand came out of my panties. I lost my hold on you and your father completed the rest of the journey with you to your room alone."

"But you said you did something?" I reminded her.

"Oh I followed. To be honest I laughed at you from behind. That fluorescent swimsuit between your muscly buttocks. You looked adorable," she kissed my ear and it sent goosebumps down my body. "Adorable but ridiculous," she elaborated. "Your father threw you on your bed and walked away in disgust but I stayed. I was your mother Adrian. I had to make sure my baby was okay."

Mom was quickly jacking me off and her pussy was slick beneath my fingers, dripping. I was protecting her new purchase when I pulled her around, lifting her leg up over my lap. She raised the satin dress and positioning my dick at the entrance to her vagina, slowly lowered herself fully down onto me.

"Ohhh," she sighed as my length filled her. "God you're bigger than your father!"

I met her mouth with mine, my tongue penetrating her along with my cock, before her lips were back beside my ear.

"I couldn't leave you there like that Baby. On top of the sheets, wearing that thing. Someone had written groom on your forehead and I went to the bathroom to moisten a facecloth in order to rub it off. When I got back

you'd moved and your penis was exposed. I would've seen it when I took off the swimsuit anyway, this was just sooner than expected."

My hands were underneath Mom's dress, holding her ass as she gently rocked away on my cock. She was so wet I could feel it dripping into my pants around my balls.

"As I wiped the writing from your face you opened your eyes. You saw me Adrian. You knew I was there and you smiled. I know you had no idea, the state you were in, but for that moment you were happy you saw your mother. I pulled the swimsuit from you and as I lowered it over your hips, my hand brushed your penis. It was wrong. So wrong but I left it there. It felt so warm and was obviously so much bigger than when you were a boy."

There was a particularly bright section of the movie and Mom turned to be certain we weren't being observed. Satisfied, she kept on with the story, squeezing her pussy around me.

"And you hardened. Beneath my hand, you grew hard. You were breathing loud, almost snoring and I thought that any moment your father would come back in so I worked as fast as I could."

I raised my hands from her buttocks and lowered the dress below my mother's breasts, her nipples hard between my fingers as I kissed her neck.

"It looked so beautiful Adrian. Your cock. I needed to hold it. To feel its weight. I climbed up on the bed next to you and placed one of your hands under me, pressing it into my pussy as I wrapped my hand around your swelling dick. My son's dick. So hard for his Mommy."

Mom moved her mouth onto mine and our tongues danced. She bucked on my groin with renewed vigour, grinding her clit against my pubic bone.

"And you loved it Adrian," Mom continued. "You moaned. I told myself you knew it was me. That you were only pretending to be asleep. I whispered to you 'you were born to fuck me' I said. I was so wet and you were so hard. We were meant to be together like all mothers and sons. And then you came. It went everywhere Baby. Across your chest, your stomach, running down my knuckles. I had to get rid of the evidence. What if your father had returned and seen us, what I'd done? I felt I had only one option."

"You licked it up," I completed her story, thrusting my groin up into her. Ten years later and about to cum again.

"I licked it up!" Only after did I realize I could've used the washcloth but it was irrelevant. I loved it. The taste, the thick milkiness. I even put my mouth around you, sucked your softening cock, squeezing your balls to extract every last drop of your beautiful cream."

"Oh fuck Mom," I gasped.

"Yes Honey?" She moaned, leaning back with her hands on the seats behind. Her bare breasts illuminated by the projection above us.

"I'm gonna cum," I admitted.

"Then cum my darling. Cum inside Mommy's pussy."

I lifted the front of her dress to see my dick penetrating her; my mother's bald pussy rapidly sliding up and down my slick pole. Finally I pulled her to me, wrapping my arms tight around her with my mouth over hers.

"I can feel it Baby," she breathed into me as I released inside her. "I can feel it spraying me."

Jet after jet of cum left me. My cock twitching with each pulse. Her vagina squeezed around me, sucking me inside, trapping my seed within.

"I love you Adrian," she stated as our eyes remained locked. "You're the love of my life."

She didn't allow me to respond, again kissing me, her dripping tongue in my mouth.

I was still hard. Still so horny. Reaching out I raised the next armrest along and with my mother still impaled on my erection, lifted her body and lay her on her back along the seats. A quick look at the other patrons before I again began thrusting. The cum, the juice flowing from her vagina, made it noisy; made it sloppy. There was a conversation taking place onscreen and I was sure we could be heard but I cared not. My balls slapped against her ass as I fucked her.

"I heard you Mom," I confessed between thrusts. "Back then. I heard what you said when I was sleeping. It came back to me in a dream. I've always known."

Mom threw her arms up around my neck and brought me down onto her chest, our mouths connected.

"Say it Baby," she begged as I ground my pubic bone into her clit.

"I was born to fuck you," I whispered in her ear as I came a second time; the walls of her vagina quivering as her own orgasm swept through her body.

"We're cu...cumming together Adrian," Mom stammered, breathing heavily. "Mommy's cumming Baby. You've made Mommy cum!"

Her legs wrapped around my exposed ass, locking me atop her as we kissed. Still thrusting, her pussy tightly squeezing around me I came again or was it the same orgasm prolonged? I no longer had any idea, it was just so pleasurable. I kissed her ear and wondered why it had taken so long for

this to happen. We could've been fucking for years if she'd given me a sign; if I'd remembered 'that' night.

Slowing my thrusts, a thought came to mind.

"Why did you pull away when we were watching the movie? When you touched my dick?"

"I wanted to be sure," Mom replied gaining her breath. "We were both so drunk Honey. I wanted us to know what we were doing, to remember everything."

The explanation more than satisfied me. It was why she was the mother. Looking out for my best interests. I looked over the seats to see the credits rolling on the screen and the other patrons leaving. One looked back towards me, my face peering over the seats, it was obvious what we'd been up to.

"Mom, we'd better go," I suggested.

* * * * *

Vanuatu

I watched her as she sat on a stool at the bar sipping her drink through a straw, her red lips and tongue treating it as if it were a miniature cock. Her short blond hair slicked back, she ignored the men on either side of her attempting a pick up as she surveyed the bar. Her eyes finally alighting on me, she showed recognition but didn't approach.

Turning her head towards the man to the right of her she nodded and spoke something to him before looking back at me. One of the shoelace straps of her black slip of a dress fell from her shoulder and she did nothing to correct it whilst below she uncrossed her legs. From my vantage point

seated across the room I had a clear view up her dress; her smooth tanned thighs and pantyless, bald pussy between.

A drink was placed behind her by the barman and the aforementioned man to the right motioned her towards its presence. My mother smiled at him and they spoke before she rose and picking up the drink, headed towards me.

She only became more attractive as she neared me. The satin dress barely covering her crotch; her clearly braless breasts swaying seductively as she moved, nipples pronounced. Even now, here in this public bar in Port Vila, Vanuatu I grew hard under her gaze.

Reaching my armchair she placed her glass down on the table and bending at the hip leaned forward to kiss me on the lips, her cold tongue flicking against my own, gin on her breath.

"I've missed you," she whispered into my mouth as she climbed onto my lap, knees either side of my hips and her pussy coming down directly on my erection.

"I've only been outside for ten minutes!"

"Mmm that's too long," she purred.

I laughed as her mouth kissed the side of my neck. I looked over her shoulder and the men remained staring at us. At her. Their mouths agape, no doubt they'd seen up her dress as she'd kissed me.

"Your fans are watching," I informed her. "What did you say to them?"

Mom ground her crotch against mine and looked me in the eyes. "One of them offered to buy me a drink and I accepted. He asked me what I was up to and I told him I was waiting for my son. I just told him you arrived!"

"Oh Jesus, Mom!" I exclaimed, now understanding their countenance.

"What?" She smirked.

I shook my head. "You're so bad."

"Are you going to punish me?"

I pushed my cock up hard against her. "Nuh uh. I'm going to reward you. I have news."

Late in the evening we walked back to the ferry that would return us to the ship tendered offshore. I'd spoken with Brittany via phone outside the bar and she'd informed with regret her and Dad wouldn't be meeting us in Vanuatu but Fiji, five days later. It was music to my ears then and sounded better in the retelling to Mom. When we reached the ferry we were arm in arm and on the short journey to the ship we couldn't keep our mouths off each other.

"I want to fuck five days straight!" Mom drunkenly admitted in my ear, loud enough for the many other mostly elderly passengers to hear.

I looked around at them and received disapproving looks from the retirees but Mom was unfazed, kissing my neck, her hand openly rubbing the front of my pants.

'Five days straight,' and then what? I wondered. How would we handle our situation when my wife and father were back on board?

"Mom," I warned her, gesturing to the audience and she looked into my eyes and then upon the frowning crowd.

"What?" Mom challenged the ferry. "He's my son!"

I felt my face redden as I witnessed their visages turn from displeasure to shock. Thankfully we docked with the cruise ship and to the tut tuts of

grandmothers and surprisingly some thumbs up by their husbands, we boarded our vessel.

Mom couldn't wait until we reached the suite. In a corridor she stopped and pushed me against the wall. Without thought of being seen she pressed her body to me, our mouths connected. Her breasts squished against my chest, her pubic bone grinding upon my growing erection.

"I was thinking," I confessed to her, my hands caressing her back and buttocks beneath the satin.

"About fucking me?" Mom whispered, her tongue flicking my ear.

"No, well yes. I mean about how to deal with Dad and Brittany," I explained.

She brought her face in line with mine and looked on intently.

"It was you," I continued. "What you said to the men in the bar. The old people on the ferry. You just freely admitted we were related. Why don't we just do that with Dad and Britt?"

"They know we're related!"

"No, just come straight out and tell them we're lovers," I elaborated. "They can be together. We can be together. We're just swapping partners; lives."

Mom's glassy eyes showed signs of joy, hope. "I love it," she confessed.

"We'll do it the minute they get back on board."

My cock swelled with pride at how well she'd embraced my proposal and Mom clearly felt it.

"I love something else too," she confided, stroking the front of my pants.

"And Mommy needs feeding."

Dropping to a squat, Mom deftly unzipped my fly on her way down and had my dick out before I had a chance to check the surroundings. Vanuatu had seen more than five hundred passengers return to the cruise and their presence was noticeable. Looking left and right however, the long hallway was deserted for the time being and I again returned my focus on the beautiful woman at my groin.

Her tongue slowly slid up the underside of my cock, followed by her hand as her eyes found mine. Reaching the head she licked up the clear pre-cum that was squeezed from my length, drawing it into her mouth to savour its sweetness before enveloping me with her lips. I closed my eyes and my head fell back against the wall as my mother's hot wet mouth pulled me into her, my cock clasped by her lips, her tongue and finally the tightness of her throat. I could hear her gagging and looked down at her watery eyes but she didn't pull away, instead reaching for my hand to place on her neck. I felt it. As she allowed my penis to further plumb her depths, I felt it pushing out her throat from the inside. She took me fully inside her, her lips meeting my pubic bone before her face, reddening pulled back off my engorged cock.

Her mouth came away in a flood of saliva and I was reminded of her spitting in her snorkel visor so many days before. Struggling to gain her breath, Mom was quick to take hold of my slick penis, using the saliva as lubricant to masturbate my length as she licked my smooth dripping balls. Again she had me in her mouth. Sucking the head as her hand milked the shaft, the other dropping the front of her dress to expose her breasts.

Saliva dripped upon her chest, ran down her neck. Her slurping and gurgling was unrestrained. Loud enough I presumed to be heard from inside the cabins around us but as yet we were undisturbed.

"Fuck Mom that feels so good," I admitted.

"Oh yeah?" She momentarily removed her mouth from me to answer. "You like Mommy sucking your cock Baby?"

"Oh yes, you look beautiful," I praised her.

"Beautiful enough to cum on?" She asked.

"Oh fuck yes," I hissed.

"Then cum on me Adrian. Cum in my mouth. Cum on my face. I need my son's cum Baby!"

Her hand was working overtime along my length. Her mouth twisted around the head. An elderly couple rounded a corner to our right and headed towards us but I cared not. I could have stopped, I should've, but my mother had told me to do something and I was determined to fulfil her wish. They neared us. They halted not six feet away and watched. Not with the disapproving looks we'd received from the prudish old crones on the ferry but with fascination and I turned my attention back on my mother. Her eyes had momentarily strayed onto our audience but now focussed on the job at hand, or at mouth as the case would be.

With renewed vigour she sucked my cock. Her hand jerked me furiously and with her now squeezing my balls I could feel my orgasm approach.

"Shit Mom, I'm gonna cum!" I freely admitted and her response was a moan as she dropped a hand down to delve between her own legs. The couple hadn't reacted to my incestuous confession although in my peripheral vision they did seem to move closer together.

With her lips clasped tight around the head of my cock and her hand grasping my length, I began to cum. Her eyes locked on mine as I emptied my load in her mouth. Pulse after pulse of hot jism flowing over her tongue.

I felt her swallow before she pulled me from her mouth to take the final spurts upon her face, my semen dripping from her chin.

"See I told you the entertainment was better on this cruise Iris," the old man stated to his companion.

Mom was smiling as she turned to acknowledge the couple, using a finger to scoop the excess sperm back into her mouth before rising before me. I placed an arm around her waist as we watched the man and woman resume their passage along the corridor.

"You have a little left on your breast there Honey," the woman added, winking at us as they passed.

Mom and I looked down at her cum and saliva slick breasts before we met eyes and embraced laughing.

I stroked the side of her face, my fingers running through her short gel filled hair.

"I love you Mom," I confessed and brought her lips to mine to seal the contract.

She tasted like cum, like incest, like love. She tasted like my mother.

* * * * *

Fiji

"The air conditioning still doesn't work!" Brittany noticed as she strolled our cabin. "The fridge is still out!" She added as she checked the mini bar.

"Yeah I didn't really need it," I replied. "I haven't been spending much time in here."

"Oh?" Brittany mulled over my words.

"Brittany. I know," I admitted, my heart beating rapidly.

She looked confused before something must have clicked and her shoulders slumped in a look of resignation. "It was the memory card wasn't it?"

I didn't answer.

"He was fretting about it the whole time we were in New Caledonia," Brittany continued. "'Don't forget the camera,' I told him. And what does he do? Forgets the camera!" She took a seat on the side of the bed and looked away from me. "I'm sorry Adrian. We couldn't help it. You can't chose who you love!"

Her eyes slowly drifted back to me and if she was expecting me to be enraged or broken hearted, she was mistaken. I offered her an understanding smile.

"Brittany," I began. "It's alright. I don't mind."

"What?"

"I can't mind. I'd be being a hypocrite."

She furrowed her brow as she searched my eyes for a meaning.

"You see I've found someone too," I admitted as a knock came at the door.

I left Brittany to open the door to my Mom and Dad. The latter looking especially sheepish as he tried to avoid my eyes as they entered. He didn't refrain from taking his place alongside my wife as finally we again all shared the one room.

"They know Love," Dad admitted to Brittany as he took her hand. I was surprised how well I dealt with the image. Another man showing such open affection for my wife but somehow it made me happy.

Mom was standing close beside me. She was wearing her cutoff denim shorts, her black bikini top. I couldn't help myself and what easier way would there be? Placing an arm around her I drew my mother into my side and likewise her arms encircled my neck.

The look of shocked comprehension came upon Brittany and my father's faces as one. There was an extended moment where I wasn't sure of the reactions. The silence in the room was overpowering, the tension like the humidity in the air, thick enough to cut with a knife. It was Brittany's eyes that gave away her emotion first. Filling with tears she left my father and surged towards me.

I was prepared to defend against blows but what happened next was nothing of the sort. Wrenching my mother from my grip, my wife took her in her own arms. Her embrace was one of love, of sheer joy and it brought tears to my own eyes at its unexpected warmth.

"I'm so relieved," Brittany exhaled. She brought her face away from beside my mother's head and looked in her eyes. "Gwendolyn I'm so happy. I never wanted to hurt either of you." She turned to me and reached out to take my hand. "I always knew this would happen between you two."

Brittany looked over her shoulder at my father, still seated and seemingly still dumbfounded.

"Graham. Come and congratulate your wife and son!" She commanded and her tone told me all I needed to know as to who wore the pants in their relationship.

My father, stunned, approached and finally managing to look me in the eye, held out his hand to shake my own.

"I, I'm happy for you both," he managed.

"Of course you are," Mom added and not forgetting their initial betrayal offered a sting in the tail. "And I'm sure you'll be happy for Adrian and I to have the upstairs suite for the rest of the cruise too, won't you Graham!"

My dad reluctantly nodded his approval.

* * * * *

Tahiti

My mother lay beside me on a beach towel as we watched Brittany and my father walk hand in hand away along the white beach. It was my mom and dad's thirtieth wedding anniversary and their last. Mom arched her back as she stretched in the sun, her nipples poking through the holes in the pink extreme bikini.

I turned her face back to me and she lowered her sunglasses to look in my eyes.

"Thinking about your anniversary?" I asked her and the sides of her mouth curled up. "Actually I was wondering if ship captains can actually perform marriages."

"Oh," I looked down at the engagement ring I'd bought her in Papeete. "I think that's a myth."

Mom rolled towards me and lifted her thigh up over my groin.

"Actually I don't think we can really get married back home either," I reluctantly admitted.

My mother edged her way on top of me until I was supporting her entire weight; her pussy strategically placed against my hardon.

"Then let's not go home!" She whispered as she kissed my mouth.

"What?"

"Let's keep going," she added. "Let's not stop travelling until we find a place for us. Just you and me, where we can be together. Where no one gives us disapproving looks. Where we can marry and fuck our days away."

"Ok," I immediately agreed; the thought of travelling the world with my mother, endless days like the last fourteen, a dream come true. "Let's do it."

"There's one more thing," she added, rising up off my chest and edging down along my torso.

"Oh, what's that?" I asked as her hands pulled my shorts down my thighs.

"Mommy's going to need a lot of feeding!" She grinned as her hungry mouth descended on my cock.

Onesie is the Loneliest Number

I guess it was my fault. My parent's divorce after thirty years of a seemingly happy marriage; all stemming from what was an innocent birthday present and a series of events. But I'm jumping the gun; let me start from the start.

Only a week prior to my mother's 50th birthday I was wandering (as per usual, alone) a local shopping mall in a search for an appropriate present. Not my ideal Saturday morning activities, there was at least some excitement as I ventured into the womenswear section of the department store and witnessed what looked like the apprehension of a middle aged shoplifter. A young security guard leading the offending woman away quickly.

"She was stealing," a female voice startled me from behind and I turned to see an attractive sales assistant shelving bras.

"Oh, they're never what you think they'll look like," I remarked and the girl smiled.

"No, which is why I've got my eye on you," she flirted and it was then I who grinned.

"I promise, I'm not stealing women's underwear," I far too quickly responded and felt myself blush at the possible creepiness of the comment.

She didn't seem to mind and even proffered a laugh which heartened me.

"But seriously, can I help you with anything?" She offered.

"Maybe. I need a present for my Mom," I admitted. We were standing essentially in the middle of the lingerie department and the girl looked

around with an almost startled look on her face. "I mean NOT lingerie; pajamas or something?" I quickly added.

"Oh, of course," she acknowledged and gestured to follow her. "Maybe something like this?" She ran her hand down the white satin of a teddy and I grimaced looking at the short length, the lace around the bust.

"Yeah, for my mom though?" I questioned and the girl laughed.

"Mmm, maybe you're right. Well winter is approaching, what about something a little warmer?"

She led me to a section with more appropriate sleepwear for a son buying for his mother. Long nightdresses, flannel pajamas, dressing gowns and although thankfully less sexy, they were also pretty boring.

Obviously noting my lack of enthusiasm she gestured toward a rack of onesies. "We just got these in," she explained, holding out the arm of a pink one and prompting me to touch. "Don't they feel nice? And they're super cute. I'm sure your mom would love it!"

It was true, the material was alluring to the touch and as my finger accidentally brushed hers I felt a spark of attraction; letting go I had to admit I was getting pretty aroused.

"My boyfriend bought me a similar one last year, they're so warm!" She immediately deflated my aspirations of a romantic tryst. But I agreed that it would be a suitable fit for my mother and asked if one could be wrapped; choosing the pink. A supplemental gift of some perfume rounded my spend up to \$150 and although a little more than I usually spent on a present for Mom, I figured she was worth it! I unfortunately left the store alone.

*

I made it home around midday and secreted my purchases away in my room before heading to the kitchen to make lunch. Dad was in the process of making a list in preparation of Mom's birthday get together, extra food and alcohol with my sister and her family making the trek down from the North of the state.

"I'm just doing the numbers for next Saturday Jake," Dad stated. "Are you bringing anyone?"

I thought of the girl at the department store as I slumped down at the kitchen table with my sandwich.

"Ugh, no I don't think so," I miserably responded and out of the blue received a kiss upon my cheek from behind.

"Don't worry Sweetheart," Mom cheered as she rounded the table and headed for the fridge. "You'll find someone soon. It'll happen when you least expect it!"

Now I wasn't one to openly perve on women. Let me just state that outright. And certainly not the women in my family. But I had to admit as I watched Mom walk from the dining table across our large kitchen, my eyes were openly glued to her ass. Was it what she wore? Possibly. Obviously returning from her regular post-lunch walk, she was in her exercise gear but not the clothing she usually donned.

Mom for the past year had been doing a lot to lose weight. Regular exercising; a gym membership and healthy eating, to a point where Dad and I had essentially by default been forced to become vegetarians. But I was used to seeing her in her baggy sweat pants and loose t-shirts. Whether she had just desired a change or felt her body had reached a state where she was comfortable showing it off, I didn't know, but the difference was stark.

A blue tank top sat above orange leggings so tight they seemed painted on. Claspings her still sizeable rear, the material vanished into the crack between her buttocks, a dark crevice a fingertip would easily disappear into if ran along. Or a cock? I allowed my mind to envisage, immediately scolding myself for contemplating. Bending forward to retrieve a water bottle from a lower shelf, I watched as the lump of pussy appeared between her slightly spread thighs, unable to tear my eyes away from the sight though fully aware it was my mom I was ogling.

"You still drink bourbon?" Dad asked and startled I wrenched my gaze from her, looking at Dad as he in turn tracked where my own eyes had been fixed. I felt my face redden as he looked back at me from where Mom was turning from the fridge. I struggled to swallow my mouthful as I figured he'd discovered I'd been looking at Mom's ass.

"See something in there we need?" He followed up, seemingly oblivious of what in fact I'd been staring at.

"What? Ah, no. Bourbon? Yeah," I managed to change the focus and nodding he went back to his list.

"I don't know how you drink that smelly stuff," Mom contributed. "You know it's full of sugar."

Her speaking allowed me to look directly at her again, the front of her ensemble as tantalising as the rear. Lifting the water bottle to her mouth she took a long draught, spilling a dribble down her chin in the process. "Oh goodness," she complained as her hand rose to wipe the trickle from her breast.

The action was innocent. Mere seconds before I'd not have paid any attention, but dressed in her obviously newly purchased attire, I was

mesmerised. Her hand almost seductively (to my eyes) swept across one breast, her fingers pressing hard against her fitted top and the bra beneath. Were her boobs bigger? Was it just the overall loss of weight that accentuated them? I managed to answer her queries with something like, 'I enjoy the taste' and her attention went back upon my father.

It was a blessing, allowing me to surreptitiously examine the remainder of her body. Yes, my mother's body. A gap of skin between her leggings and sports top. Pale flesh, previously unexposed to the ending summer sun. Next year would she be so hesitant to reveal her body now that she'd come so far? Further down I scanned and there it was. The mound of Venus. Twenty two years living under the same roof and never had I surveyed that particular landscape. The pronounced bulge of a pussy. My mother's pussy. The triangle formed at her groin having a Bermuda-like ability to draw my eyes, lose myself in its beauty.

"You'll be having gin I suppose Jude," Dad muttered to my mother.

"Ooh yes please," Mom agreed, placing down her bottle and using an elastic spun around her wrist to tie her hair back in a pony tail. She was beautiful! A small damp patch of sweat on her top below her shaved armpit only making her more endearing. I wondered how she smelled; how she tasted?

"Jake!" My father banged the surface of the table and I snapped out of my delusion. "For the second time, do you want Coke?"

They were both looking at me and I again felt myself blush. "Um yeah, that'd be good," I managed to mumble and Mom smiled before I buried my face in my sandwich.

"So do we invite the neighbors?" Dad grumbled, clearly not in favour. "I say no, but this house is a democracy, so?"

"And I vote yes," Mom contradicted. "So It's up to you Jake."

I rose my eyes again up my mother's body, then her lips, her rosy cheeks and searching eyes.

"Ah, yes. I guess," siding with my mother. "Um, I'm just gonna go to my room to finish this," I excused myself, lifting my plate and trying to extract myself from their (her) presence as quickly as possible.

"What's gotten into him?" I heard Dad ask my mother and risking one look back I unfortunately found her eyes following my retreat, a bemused expression on her face.

Did she know? Was she aware I'd been admiring her body? My life would be over!

It wasn't until I reached my room that I became aware of my erection. My sweat pants did nothing to hide it; a tower of (dare I say it?) considerable size, jutting from the grey cotton/polyester blend at my groin.

"Your mother! Seriously?" I challenged myself in the reflection of my mirror before setting my plate down on my desk and slumping into the chair. "God, I need a girlfriend!" I mocked myself before relenting and lowering the front of my pants.

I'd barely managed a number of strokes before the gentlest knock on the door as it swung open.

A blur of blue and orange in the corner of my eye as I spun in my seat, frantically attempting to cover my erection with my t-shirt as Mom took half a step inside my room.

"Ooh, what are you doing?" She had the nerve to ask.

"What? Nothing! Mom, you can't knock?" I stalled and diverted.

"I did," she defended as I ridiculously lifted my sandwich to my mouth in a casual attempt to make it seem I hadn't indeed been masturbating. Even from my peripheral vision I could feel her eyes lift from the still exposed area of skin on my hip, my tightly held t-shirt providing only limited coverage.

"Your father wants to know if you want hamburgers or hotdogs?" She continued.

I managed to finish my mouthful and with my cock too slowly losing its rigidity, I swung around in the chair to face her. Front on, it at least wasn't as obvious my pants were half off, my burning face though surely giving the game away. We both knew what I'd been doing but to her credit, apart from her initial question, she was handling it rather well. I however wasn't so professional.

She'd taken her half step back. Leaning against the doorframe for support or was it to frame her beauty? For that's how she looked. Beautiful. Just gazing on my mother in her tighter than tight active wear had my cock again rising, the arm holding my shirt in place surreptitiously creeping across to shield the swelling.

"I don't mind, it's your party," I answered. "You decide."

There was a moment of silence between us, Mom shifting her weight onto the other leg which accentuated her hip. She focussed on the doorframe for a second where her hand lay, caressing the wood before turning back to me.

"Maybe I'll be naughty for once and have a big hot dog," she mischievously smiled. "It is my birthday, what do you think?"

Was she toying with me? Was it flirting, innocent or otherwise? My interaction with the girl in the department store had proven to me I was

useless at interpreting signals, and this was my mother! There was no way. But was that a hint of a blush that colored her cheeks?

"I think you should get whatever you want on your birthday," I reasoned, risking a scan of her body from her Skechers up her tights and over the mound of pussy, the twin mounds of breast, to rest on her gorgeous face.

"Then a hot dog it is!" She laughed as she reached out for the door, turning to leave the room.

I relaxed and checked out her ass a second time right as she looked over her shoulder at me. "Don't get it on your sandwich!" She blatantly stated as the door closed behind her and she was gone.

My mouth dried up instantly. I thought I'd been blushing before, it was nothing like I did then. I looked down at my t-shirt and my erection was clearly pressing through the material and to my horror, a wet patch of pre-cum had soaked through. I was aghast. She knew. She knew everything. That I'd been masturbating. That I was still hard whilst we talked. Did she know the reason I was in such a state? That it had been her. Was she playing on it with the hot dog references? Had Dad even prompted her to come and ask me to begin with?

I wrenched my t-shirt over my head and walked in front of the mirror, my pants dropping below my erection. And was I erect! So hard, the term 'rock' came to mind. I took myself in hand and stroked my length. 'Don't get it on your sandwich!' She'd said. My mother was talking about my cum! Was this normal in families and I was just misreading? It didn't seem that way. Something entirely weird and extremely exciting had just happened, and as I came into my other hand I closed my eyes and pictured her standing before me. And it was glorious.

*

Sheepish. Is how I'd describe our relationship over the next few days. Nothing out of the ordinary occurring but a general feeling of uncertainty between us. A palpable awkwardness. I don't deny I took every opportunity to admire her beauty, I could describe every item of clothing she wore for a five day stretch, and that extended to her underwear.

I felt a great shame the first time I did it. Seeing her panties on the top of the laundry hamper and lifting them in my hands. In the past I'd mocked those that engaged in such behaviour, raising the delicate material to my face and inhaling the gusset. But in my own circumstance it seemed totally justified. I was honouring her. Praying to an idol as I breathed in her scent, the dampness against my lips and on two occasions, still warm. I felt them a gift; from mother to son. That she'd left them there for me alone. And was it possible she had? Always on top. Separated from the rest of her clothing. I'd never noticed them prior to that week, or was it because I'd never looked? For them; at her?

*

It had been a couple of months since my older sister Hannah and her family had visited and it was nice to see them again. Especially my niece and nephew who were growing exponentially.

"No girlfriend yet? Aren't you lonely?" Hannah ribbed me over the loud music as she offered me one of her beers.

"Oh leave him alone Hannah," Mom quickly defended me. "Your baby brother could get any girl he wanted, he just chooses to stay at home with his mother. Isn't that right Darling?" She stated as her hand squeezed my thigh above the knee.

It was such a strange moment. Any other time in my life Mom's joke would've brushed by me without thought. With the altercation in my bedroom a week previous however, the physical contact combined with the suggestive comment had me blushing like a schoolgirl. I'd already had a fair bit to drink and feeling emboldened, played along with the two women in my life.

"Actually Hannah, I'm kinda seeing someone," I lied catching them both off guard and seeing surprise in especially my mother's face. "Yeah it's not really official just yet and she's a little older than me but things are looking good."

Dad interrupted our conversation, coming out of the house with an armful of collected presents and Mom unfortunately removed her hand from my leg, I, immediately wondering if the two were related.

"Presents before we eat, what do you say Judith?" Dad asked my mother and the few other family members and a couple of invited neighbors also present gathered around.

"We'll talk about this mystery woman later," Mom took the time to whisper to me before she answered my father with an emphatic 'yes!'

*

"Oh that's another one from me," I admitted, having forgotten to label my gifts as Mom squeezed the wrapping of her pajamas. The presence of the kiss she'd given me on receiving her perfume still lingered on my cheek as I watched her unwrap the parcel.

"Oh it's, it's," she struggled to work out what she was pulling out of the wrapping before she had the onesie out entirely. "Oh it's a...what is it?" She asked, her brow furrowing.

It wasn't the reaction I'd been hoping for and I immediately realized I wouldn't win the 'best present' award. ('Worst' was sewn up by Dad who actually seemed despondent when Mom wasn't enthused by the iron and matching board. Yes, seriously.)

"Oh God Mom," my sister intervened. "It's a onesie, you sleep in it. They're actually really comfy."

I smiled at Hannah in thanks who rolled her eyes at our Mother's ignorance as Mom turned the item of clothing over in her hands.

"Oh it's got one of those flappy things on the bottom!" Mom pushed her hand through the buttoned flap on the seat of the onesie. "Someone will have to assist me when I go to the toilet!" She laughed and those assembled joined her.

Not me, I was now picturing her wearing it. All week I'd regretted buying the onesie, thinking I should've bought her something sexy, on occasion contemplating returning it. I was glad I hadn't. My focus at the time more on the sales assistant than the onesie, little did I know how alluring the purchase would turn out to be.

"I'm just joking Honey," Mom leaned in and again kissed my cheek, her lips cool, her breath warm with a hint of gin. "I love it. I'll wear it to bed tonight!"

My cock swelled.

*

The party went late, my sister and the kids staying with her husband's family, leaving around midnight with the other guests. Dad attempted a drunken clean-up but seemed to be doing more harm than good and after a few minutes, Mom dragged him to bed along with her. I sat outside for a

long while nursing my bourbon and coke, looking at the stars and contemplating life which just left me feeling depressed. What had I been thinking was going to happen? Mom and I would fuck? I actually laughed out loud at how preposterous was the proposition. You need a girlfriend Jake, I told myself as I thought of my sister's family, Mom and Dad probably already asleep beside each other. I raised my glass to the moon and downed the last of the alcohol before picking myself up and heading inside for bed.

Tossing, turning. It was no good, sleep wouldn't come. Giving it another twenty minutes, I conceded and headed back to the scene of the party in only boxer shorts and a t-shirt to at least do something productive and tidy up a little outside. On my second return to the kitchen with a handful of paper plates, Mom entered from the hallway.

I'd never seen a woman look as cute. She was wearing the onesie, the attached hood up over her head and a broad smile on her face.

"I was wondering where you were, I went to your room to show you," Mom held out her arms to signify the onesie. "I love it Jake, it's so warm!"

I scanned her body from top to toe and back, the pajamas seemingly a perfect fit for her shape. She'd left the few buttons on the front undone which revealed a large amount of her chest and it was obvious she wore nothing underneath. Did that extend to her panties, I wondered?

"I'm glad you like it," I smiled, remaining cool. "I thought you'd be asleep."

"Your father is. But I remembered I need to hear about this mystery woman!" Mom remarked, alluding to my lie earlier in the night I'd forgotten about telling.

"Oh," I fidgeted and turned my face from her enquiring eyes. "Yeah I kinda lied. Just to get Hannah off my back," I explained.

"Hmm, okay," Mom acknowledged but fixed me with a sceptical look when I again caught her gaze.

I went to the sink and poured myself a glass of water, offering Mom one in the process to which she declined.

"Oh no thank you Darling, I'll be up all night," she detailed. "Actually that's something you can help me with."

I choked on the last mouthful of water.

"What?"

In explanation she turned her bottom towards me, presenting the buttoned up flap on her rear.

"Remember I said I'd need help going to the toilet?" She coyly stated.

"Would you?"

My heart began beating rapidly and I did my best to remain calm on the exterior, like it was just a normal thing.

"Sure, I..I guess," I stammered and Mom took over, taking my hand and leading me back down the hallway, stopping outside the second bathroom.

"So Dad couldn't help you?" I stupidly remarked. Why would I put in her head there was another person to help out?

"I told you, he's asleep," Mom whispered as she flicked on the light in the small guest ensuite, her eyes searching mine before she dropped them and casually turned her body from me.

I looked down at her ass. The curve of her back and her cheeks bulging out the pink stripy material, the two buttons holding the flap in place.

"I, what do I do?" I asked, my hands trembling in anticipation.

"Just unbutton me silly," she quietly giggled.

Oh God! Had I fallen asleep outside and was living out a fantasy in my dreams?

"Come on Baby," Mom whispered. "I'm busting!"

This was no dream! I raised my shaking hands and pressed my fingers to the soft material at her lower back, clasping the button and fumbling as I unfastened.

Mom's hand reached around and took hold of the flap as it began to fall, retaining some modesty as I moved across to the next, repeating the service. She wasn't so principled on that side, allowing the material to drop down revealing her bare left buttock. I was speechless; breathless as she slowly turned and smiled.

"Won't be a minute Darling," she sighed.

"What, you want me to wait?"

"Well of course, it'd be too fiddly to do myself!" She explained. "You don't mind?"

All I could do was shake my head as she took hold of the door and slowly closed it upon me.

The sound came directly and I leaned back against the wall beside the door revelling in the symphony. Her pee hitting the surface of the water, a strong flow as soothing to the ear as a mountain stream that had my cock straining against my shorts. Far too soon the sound of my mother urinating ended followed by the tear of paper and the accompanying flush. If I'm too descriptive, I don't apologise. I need to convey how obsessed I was

becoming with this woman. If nothing came of it (which to be honest I still doubted) then I wanted to be sure to remember everything. I heard her wash her hands, and then the door opened.

For a brief moment I thought she would be nude. That she'd draw me in and we'd fuck. No. The only difference being she'd dropped the hood. Her eyes alighted on me and I swore she looked at my groin, my erection relatively discrete under my t-shirt. Taking a step out she hesitated as I nervously smiled back, before without speaking she once again turned her back on me.

I could've fainted. The flap sat open, exposing the entirety of both buttocks and the tops of her thighs. With the light before her, the area was in relative darkness but it didn't affect the beauty of my mother's bare bottom.

"Would you do the honours Darling?" Mom sighed over her shoulder and if that meant lavishing her rear with kisses I would certainly volunteer.

Retaining control in the advent I was still misreading her signals, I took hold of the flap of material and lifted it back into position, buttoning one and then without her stopping me, the other.

Disappointed but proud of myself I watched her turn and face me. Was there a similar look to her visage? Disappointment?

"Thank you Jake," she whispered and I could hear it in her voice. Regret.

"Um, any time," I ventured. "I mean, I bought it for you. So I guess it's only fitting for me to, well, like," I was rambling. Words were coming out of me without thought under her gaze. "So I guess I'll go to bed. So...um, goodnight."

I leaned in to kiss her goodnight. Something we never did but it was her birthday so I figured things were a little different. Oh, they were different.

Her cheek met mine. One of those kisses where the lips never touch skin, an air kiss and we both lingered. Her breast was almost making contact with my chest. I wanted to lift a hand and touch her, take her arm in my grip and feel her flesh through her pajamas. Her breath was on my neck, in my hair and I could feel her beginning to draw away. I needed to do something, anything.

"I love you," I whispered in her ear before we parted.

And then the world changed.

"Oh Jake," Mom sighed as she faced me, her hands rising to my t-shirt and tugging me with her back into the bathroom.

"Mom?" I managed as she pushed me against the open door and a hand dropped down to the front of my shorts. "Jesus!"

Her free hand went to my mouth, muffling my cry as her other entered the unbuttoned fly, loosening my cock from my underwear. Her fingers were upon me, her small fist wrapped around my shaft and frantically began masturbating. I could do not much more than look on as pinning me to the door she tugged on my cock, her eyes looking from mine, down to the action to oversee her progress.

Her face was flushed, the undone buttons at her chest exposing equally as red blushing between her boobs. The feeling was indescribable. More pleasurable than beating myself off. As satisfying as actual sex. Mom's hand moved so quickly, so expertly, we both knew I wouldn't last long. My orgasm seconds away I mumbled beneath her tightly clasped hand and she turned her body slightly in front of me in preparation.

Just in time. The explosion of cum was about as dramatic as I'd seen myself produce. Jet after jet of sperm surging from my swollen head across the

tilled floor of the bathroom. Mom's eyes gleamed with delight as she followed the shower she'd created, not slowing her rhythm until the last pulses of cum were exhausted. Only then retaining her hold and milking the remnants to drip down upon her fingers.

"Mom," I repeated as her hand allowed me to speak, to breathe freely. "Are you sure?"

"Do I look sure?" She confidently spoke and moved into me.

Our lips came together for the first time ever. Mother and son locked at the mouth, no tongue, just an intimate display of affection, of love. Her kiss ended with her lips gripping my bottom lip for a mere second leaving a dab of saliva, a signature of her presence.

Together we looked down at the cum covered floor and her smiling face trekked back to mine.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it," I assured her, beaming.

"I'd better go," Mom whispered, her grip around me lessening, squeezing my length one last time to extract the very last of my cum to finally break from my body. Caressing my arm as a gesture of farewell she turned and tiptoed back down the hallway towards her bedroom, I noted without washing her cum covered hand.

I closed the door behind me and looked in the mirror. My cock still standing proud through the fly of my shorts, drained of incestuous sperm.

"Oh my God!" Was all I could muster.

*

Again I couldn't sleep. Well not much. How could I after that? Twice more I got up in the night and roamed the house in the hope she'd find me but no

such luck. I didn't dare go to her room. In the early morning and the cold light of day encroaching on my room I even began to wonder if I had in fact imagined it. That my first impression was correct and I'd indeed fallen asleep outside under the stars; it took only an hour after sunrise to know I hadn't.

I sat at the breakfast table and watched her. With Dad coming and going, cleaning up from the party as I ate a bowl of cereal, Mom delicately lifted a piece of toast to her mouth. Even the way she ate was beautiful, licking honey from her finger as it ran off the bread.

"I've been so naughty of late haven't I?" She openly stated toward me, smiling wickedly as Dad placed plates in the dishwasher behind her.

I couldn't believe she'd be so frank with Dad in the room.

"Ah, what do you mean?" I questioned.

"Well hotdogs last night, alcohol. And now honey on toast," she explained, fidgeting in her seat. "I'm going to need a thorough workout later."

"Oh, yeah. Well it WAS your birthday Mom," I played along. "You're allowed to break a few rules."

"That's right Darling," Mom agreed, looking over her shoulder to watch Dad heading back outside. "Rules are made to be broken aren't they?" She conceded as she finished her last mouthful and rose from her seat.

As I watched her pad her way across the kitchen, I quickly understood why she'd been fidgeting. As I'd assumed, she needed no help doing and more to the point, undoing her onesie, the previously closed flap hanging loose at her rear, completely exposing her bottom. My jaw dropped, my breath taken away at her audacity with Dad so near. Her bare buttocks wiggled with each step until she paused before the dishwasher and bent forward as it opened.

If I'd seen something as hot in porn, I couldn't recall it. A hint of dark pubic hair, her vulva clearly visible between her slightly parted thighs and the pièce de résistance, my mother's anus; a small dark pink pucker that demanded attention.

"For Christ's sake Judith!" Dad exclaimed, startling us both as he re-entered the kitchen holding bbq utensils. "The boy's right there. Cover yourself up!" His gaze went directly to me as I reluctantly took my eyes from her beauty, from the private show she'd offered me. "What, you couldn't tell her? She's your bloody mother Jake!"

"I, I didn't know," I lamely defended myself as Mom proved she was capable of buttoning up her own onesie as she turned to face us.

"You were staring right at it!" Dad accused and I had nothing else to say.

"Oh don't yell at him Gavin," Mom defended me. "It was my mistake, there's no harm done."

"Helloo..." The sound of my sister's voice came from the back yard just at the right time to deflect from the situation. "We're here."

A vaguely recalled discussion from the previous night where Dad was planning on golfing with my brother-in-law came to mind, Mom making her own plans with Hannah. Had any of us remembered? I wondered as now fully clothed, my mother brushed past Dad and welcomed her daughter and grandkids.

Dad and I remained in a staring contest for what seemed an eternity but in reality lasted mere seconds, ending to my strange delight in him heading off into the house. What had happened here? I asked myself before my attention too was caught by our visitors, my niece and nephew running in to

play with their uncle. One thing was for sure, I wouldn't have much chance to talk with Mom with the family around. And we really did need to talk.

*

Hannah and the kids stayed until mid afternoon and when we gathered outside to see them off she unexpectedly took me aside.

"Keep your eye on Mom," my sister sternly whispered as Mom and Dad hugged the grandchildren.

I almost smiled, thinking I was doing nothing but keeping an eye on her, but I asked what she meant all the same?

"Something Dad said to Dale when they were golfing," Hannah elaborated. My father and brother-in-law had been close from the start and it didn't surprise me he would talk to him over us.

"What?" I whispered to Hannah, looking toward Mom. As usual of late, she looked amazing. The tightest of dark blue denim jeans, a tucked in black top that hugged her torso, her bra straps visible through the material.

"He thinks Mom's having an affair!"

Immediately I looked back at my sister, feeling blood draining from my face.

"What? No," I managed.

"I know right?" Hannah concurred. "But then you think about it," she added. "The weight loss, the new clothes. Jesus Jake did you see what she was wearing last night!?"

Did I see? I mocked the question. All night I'd drooled over her. 'A new dress,' she'd admitted to those that had dared to ask about the skin tight bodycon she'd worn. Countless times I'd spied her panties throughout the

evening, flesh colored, I'd originally believed she wasn't wearing any at all and as I recalled it I involuntarily began to swell.

"Hey, wake up," Hannah snapped her fingers before my face to break my daydream. "And you aren't gonna want to hear this little brother but Mom told me today she hasn't slept with Dad in years."

'Years,' I repeated to myself. Was that true?

"I don't know what I'm meant to do with that Hannah."

"Well I'm not around Jakey," Hannah stated. "You're on the 'front line,' so to speak. Just be there for them, okay!"

I gave her and the kids our customary goodbye hugs and with Mom and Dad, waved them off.

Oh I'd be there for them, I thought as I turned my attention to Mom's ass; the denim so tight on her buttocks the paler thread showed through. For one of them in particular

*

Post dinner they sat in the living room watching television as I read a newspaper in the kitchen. Mom got up to leave the room and I was right behind her, silently leaving my post without Dad's knowledge. In the hallway and barely out of the living room I was upon her and as she'd done to me, placed a hand over her mouth as I pinned her to the wall.

Her eyes revealed an excitement I'd never seen in my mother, more so as I pressed a hand between her legs and cupped her pussy through the tight denim. Working my way up I skilfully undid the button of her jeans and unzipped, slipping my hand down the front of her pants. Her tight black top turned out to be a bodysuit, my fingers finding press studs beneath the

curve of her damp vaginal mound. She sighed behind my hand as I deftly released her pussy from its cage, my fingers pressing into an already slick locus of sex.

Six feet away Dad grunted at something on the television and I leaned sideways, looking into the living room to be sure he was still seated. Back to Mom, my palm saturated as I slid my fingers all the way between her legs to caress the crack of her ass. Returning to her labia, easing along to find her clit as I moved in to kiss her neck. She tilted her head and I allowed my hand to slip from her lips, her mouth immediately searching out my own.

Cupping her drenched pubic hair, two fingers doing their best to flick across her clitoris, my mother and I finally kissed open mouthed. Her tongue drooled saliva freely onto mine, swallowing, begging for more. I could taste her lipstick, knew it would be all over me, saw it smeared around her own lips. The scent of her pussy rose to my nose and it had my cock aching, straining against my jeans. Her hands went down to my own and pushed me from her clit, lower as she moved her mouth from my lips to my ear. "Finger fuck me Jake," she whispered upon my neck and it gave me goosebumps.

Following her lead I used two fingers to enter her vagina, her head thrown back to thump against the wall as I penetrated. I paused to be sure of Dad's ignorance but Mom demanded satisfaction, grabbing my wrist and pulling me further up into herself. Completely without discretion Mom let out a moan as I took over and curled my fingers inside her before simulating a cock and thrusting over and again. I once more covered her mouth for safety but she wouldn't have it, compromising by sucking two fingers

between her lips and felating my digits. A counterfeit cock in her pussy and now her mouth. When would it be the real thing? I wondered.

Squelching. My entire hand drenched in pussy juice as I fingered her, she roughly pulled her top below her breasts and revealed what I'd pictured in my mind for a week. They were perfect. Small pink nipples, erect amid an expanse of the softest, purest white skin I'd ever laid eyes upon. My mouth around one, the other. Kissing her cleavage, her neck and back again all the while my wrist/fingers aching and my dick on the verge of cumming from excitement alone.

Almost as if she channeled my own thoughts, Mom pulled my fingers from her mouth and drew my attention. Her eyes locked on mine as her legs wobbled around my hand. "Don't stop Baby," she whispered, her mouth opening in a silent scream. Again she pressed her head back onto the wall and resigned to the pleasure, her eyes closing as she came.

As ordered I didn't stop but altered my action, again curling my fingers inside her with each thrust, her vaginal walls shuddering around me, clinging to my intrusion, whilst showering me with their delights. She couldn't restrain herself and another moan leaped from her lungs, almost turning to a scream before I muffled her amid her orgasm.

"That you Judith?" Dad called from behind the wall. "You going to bed?"

Mom's body was going slack where I pressed her to the hallway wall, my fingers could still feel her pussy twitching as we allowed them to slide literally dripping from her grip. She was slow to lift her top back over her boobs and in her post ejaculation haze I helped her with her pants, leaving her bodysuit undone.

"Ah yes, I'm pretty tired," Mom projected her trembling voice down the other end of the hallway.

"Alright, I'll join you," Dad declared and my look of disappointment must have mimicked Mom's.

"Soon Jake," she clasped my face in her hands. "We'll be together soon, I promise."

The background noise of the television ended and we tiptoed together along the hallway until reaching my room, her hand momentarily holding onto me before we parted, a smile on her face. "I guess we're even," she mischievously whispered as she blew me a kiss goodnight.

Like her the night before, I didn't wash my hand either.

*

With all three of us starting work around the same time, we always ran into each other Monday mornings. Today no different. Had Mom always walked the house in only a towel post shower prior to a week before? If she had I cursed myself for not paying attention. Over my father's shoulder she risked re-adjusting, flashing her naked body to me in the hallway; her skin pink, pubic hair fluffy. Even with her hair in a towel, no make-up, she was a goddess and I blushed in her presence. Dad asked why I had gone red, looking behind himself to the vacated hallway and I lied saying the cold pizza I ate for breakfast was loaded with chilli. I almost felt pity for the man.

"Another new dress," my father noted when Mom joined us in the kitchen. Heels, black opaque pantyhose and the sexiest business attire I'd ever seen. The dress must have been new as surely I'd have at least looked twice at her previously.

"Um, relatively," Mom dismissed his statement.

"Nothing special happening at the office today?" Dad enquired and Mom furrowed her brow.

"Why would there?"

"No reason," Dad concluded and sensing the tension between the two I headed back to my room to finish getting ready.

Mom left without saying goodbye and it pained me all morning. I wanted to spend every moment with her and when a job was cancelled last minute, freeing up time around midday I got in my car and drove to her office.

There was much ado when the handsome young tradesman came to Mom's workplace to invite her to lunch. Mom seemed thrilled, taking my arm as we left to the smirks of her co-workers. Seated outside the restaurant I placed a hand upon her hosed leg. We kissed openly, no one ever believing we were mother and son. We walked the street hand in hand. At a crosswalk we stopped and I looked in her eyes confessing my love, the embrace, the kiss that followed the most passionate of my life. And it was in public. It was with my mother. And I didn't give a damn who saw.

On the top level of a parking garage she reached over and turned the ignition off. Without a word, my mother kissed me, open mouthed as her hands undid my belt and fly. The world seemed to stop around me as her lips descended on my erection, and as I came in her mouth I swore I would never love any other woman than her.

*

Dad was quiet all evening. Mom rolled her eyes at him when she appeared in her onesie offering to make us both a hot chocolate before bed and he scoffed without explanation. I of course accepted her hospitality, supping

with her in the kitchen. Laughing when milk foam on the side of her mouth reminded us of earlier events. Revelling in her sexiness as she bent again at the dishwasher. This time covered but no less attractive. It broke my heart to go to bed alone, wishing for a world in which we could be together.

The clock read 11:35pm when the door to my room opened and she entered, closing it behind herself silently. My small reading lamp made her look even more immaculate, hair in a messy ponytail, strands loose beside her face. I met her half way across my room and we kissed as though we'd been apart for years.

"How long do we have?" I asked her, brushing hair behind her ear.

"He's asleep. We can do whatever we want, for as long as we want," she noticed the glint in my eyes and she mischievously smiled. "And what do you want?"

Even after all we'd shared I could feel myself blushing as I ran fantasies through my head.

"Actually, there is something I've wanted to do since I gave you this," I admitted as I ran my hand down the arm of her onesie.

"Darling you can do anything," she assured me.

"You might think it immature," I questioned.

"Never," she affirmed.

I subtly nudged her toward the edge of the bed and coaxed her to bend forward, her hands down on the mattress.

"I like this already," she giggled and I reminded her to be quiet as I moved behind her.

No more shaking hands and fumbling fingers; with confidence I took hold of the flap and unbuttoned. Her ass was perfect in my eyes and I told her so, Mom wiggling it in response as my cock made its way out of my boxer shorts.

I knelt down behind her and for a few seconds just took the sight in, her rounded buttocks, the dark crevice between. And then I was upon her. My face pressed between those peachy globes. Already wet, my nose and mouth made contact with her pussy, sliding up and down her silky folds. I breathed in her perfume, smearing my nose from the tip of her crack all the way over asshole and labia to her pubic bone. My tongue followed the lead. Licking along the same path as she pushed her rear back onto me, forcing my tongue into her ass, into her vagina.

I took my cock in hand and with mere strokes I was on the edge of orgasm and realizing I needed to break. Mom seemed disappointed when I stood behind her but got over it as I raised her up and lowered her onesie down her body. Naked she stood before me. 28 years my senior and as beautiful a woman as I could ever hope to love. And she was my mother.

Her hands reached out for my shorts and lowered them, a laugh escaping her as my cock bounced back with pride, pointed squarely at her, its inspiration. Finally together, naked, we lay upon my bed and I was inside her. So natural it felt. My hard-on filling her vagina like a hand in glove. Perfectly fitted. She stroked her nails down my back to my buttocks as I thrust inside her, clenching me, pulling me deeper and encouraging harder, longer penetration.

And then she was upon me, taking control. I lay back and looked up at her. Her perfect breasts, the face of an angel, a year of exercise sculpting her body to a thing of beauty. And that mat of pubic hair. I stroked my fingers

down through her locks, finding her clit as she lifted and descended around my erection. Pleasing her as she clutched her breasts, pinching her nipples until I felt her pussy quivering. Her mouth open and head thrown back as she came, a flood of fluid upon my groin.

I rose up and held her in my lap as her orgasm continued. My arms around her body, a patch of my mother's wetness around my buttocks.

"Now you," she managed to sigh, and with her pussy squeezing my cock, the slightest of thrusts on my behalf, I was cumming inside her. Joined at the crotch, connected by an orgasm and an unbreakable familial bond. Spurt after spurt of semen shot from me. My real birthday present, the most intimate of gifts a son can offer his mother. We kissed, Mom biting down on my tongue as my cock twitched its last flow, my balls emptied inside her.

Under my sheets we lay together. My cock had decided not to soften; happy to stay inside her as we cuddled; not fucking, just connected.

"Was it the active wear?" Mom whispered, following her question with a kiss on my neck.

My cock answered for me, pulsing inside her as I pictured her in the kitchen that day, her orange leggings, the tight blue top.

"It was like I saw you as a woman for the first time," I confessed. "Not just my mom."

"It was almost my final attempt to get you to notice me!" She confessed.

"What?"

She sat up on my groin, her hands on my chest.

"Jake, I've been flirting with you for years," she shook her head almost pityingly. "Ever since..." She paused.

"Ever since what?"

"Since your father cheated on me."

The admission was news to me.

"What!? When, with who?" I asked, concerned.

"It's not important," she half smiled, leaning forward and stroking the side of my face. " But it made me think about the men in my life, who I wanted to be with. Who I loved most."

I ran my hands up from her hips to beneath her arms.

"And you chose me?"

"I chose you."

She fell forward and again we kissed.

"You know Dad thinks you're having an affair," I confided. "He mentioned it to Dale, who told Hannah, who told me!"

Mom quietly laughed. "Well I kind of am!"

"This isn't an affair Mom," I stated. "As far as I'm concerned we're together now. Ours is the relationship."

Her pussy squeezed around me in response and I lifted my groin into her as a gentle knock came from the door.

"Judith," my father's voice came from the other side. "I know you're in there. Will you come out please?"

Days before I would have been worried by his presence. With the information I now had, I welcomed his intrusion in our lovemaking. Let it be out in the open I thought. I rose from the bed full of fire but Mom settled the beast, pressing a hand on my chest as she reached for her onesie.

"Just relax Darling," she whispered. "We'll deal with this."

She opened the door on him fully dressed in jeans and a jacket. In the middle of the night, the sight was strange.

"We were just talking," Mom attempted to quell any unrest and although leaving out a great deal, she wasn't lying.

"Please just come with me," Dad blankly stated and looked at me over Mom's shoulder. "The both of you."

Even I could smell the sex in the room, there was no doubt he knew what had been going on between Mom and I yet he seemed so calm.

I put on a t-shirt and followed Mom down the hallway toward the brightly lit kitchen and immediately saw the glossy photos on the table.

Even from the other way around I knew what they were of. Mom and I at her office. At the restaurant. On the street. Kissing, caressing each other. Generally acting in a manner unlike mother and son. And the final nail in the coffin; in the car, Mom reaching for the ignition before her head disappeared below the window-line, no doubt to what she performed.

"You followed us?" Mom looked at my father who shook his head.

"I used a private investigator," he admitted. "Have been for the last six months. Funny; today was his last day."

I didn't know what reaction he was hoping for by showing the photos but it certainly wasn't mine as I laughed in his face.

"This is great Mom," I turned to her. "It's out in the open. Now we only have to tell Hannah."

Dad's face dropped.

"You're proud of this? It's incest," Dad exclaimed.

"And it's beautiful," I added.

Mom seemed to share my optimism.

"Actually Jake, some of these photos are pretty good."

"Yeah, I like this one at the crossing," I agreed, holding up the image.

"What? You like...what is this? You aren't ashamed?" Dad challenged.

I wrapped an arm around Mom's waist and drew her into me.

"No Dad," I spoke for both of us. "We're not ashamed. It's you that should be ashamed. You hired someone to follow her! Seriously? When I hear you're the one that was actually unfaithful."

He looked taken aback by my accusation.

"You don't speak Jake," he pointed a finger. "In fact, you're leaving this house. Tonight!" He accentuated.

"Ah actually I didn't vote for that Gavin," Mom disagreed. "This house is a democracy right? I think it's best YOU go."

"I second that," I enthusiastically concurred.

"What? I...well, ridiculous. Where do you expect me to go?" Dad asked, bewildered at our now open incestuous relationship.

"Frankly I don't care," Mom levelled. "But if you need a new iron and matching board to get set up somewhere, well I think I can help you out with that."

Dad was flabbergasted. He made an effort to pick up the photos from the table but I stopped him.

"Actually leave them Dad," I stated. "There's some I'd like to get framed."

Mom giggled and hugged my arm as Dad despondently turned and headed for the door.

*

And there you have it; now you're up to speed. That was more than two months ago and the final confirmation of divorce came in the mail today. I walked from the post box into what was now our house and called out for Mom to inform her of the expected letter.

"In the bedroom Jake," she called from my room and I ventured down the hallway and stopped short as I entered.

She had assumed the position. Hands on the mattress, her bare ass presented to me framed in the open flap of the onesie.

"Thought you might be hungry Baby," Mom smiled over her shoulder at me and wiggled her bottom in conjunction.

As I began lowering my pants I thought of the sales assistant that had recommended the pajamas in the first place and reasoned, I probably did win the 'best present' award after all.

Reacquainted

Chapter 1

Lauren Brooks held the newborn against her chest and felt it's tiny heart beating against hers. It's skin so soft against her breast. The boy's eyes opened for a moment and she saw his soul in the hazel. He has my eyes, she thought and tears obscured her vision. The agency was quick with the papers and although they never pressured her, the adoption was complete. Her heart tore in two when she realized she may never see him again.

* * * * *

Rain had moved into the city and looked to be taking up residence. It was a relief, the summer heat had baked in a grime and the streets were thankful for the cleansing. Through the restaurant window, Lauren watched the wake the cars left on the road. The stooped pedestrians heading home in the early evening, the fortunate with umbrellas, some embracing the deluge. A boy stood unmoving across the street, an island in the stream of citizens. His shoulder length hair, wet on his head. His clothes saturated. For a moment Lauren felt he was staring at her. The sound of dropping plates from the kitchen diverted her eyes, when she turned back, he was gone.

"Did you hear anything I said?" Natalie asked.

Lauren looked at her personal assistant across the table. "I'm sorry Nat, I was a world away." She picked up her glass and drowned the rest of the white wine. "What was it you were saying?" Catching the eye of the waitress she gestured her over.

"I was just talking business but it can wait." Natalie placed her hand on Lauren's and caressed her skin. "What were you thinking about?"

Before Lauren had a chance to answer the waitress approached and she ordered another bottle of wine. She watched the girl's ass as she walked away. Large and rounded in her tight black pants. She'd leave a large tip for the girl who'd introduced herself as Amy, possibly leave her business card on the off chance she was interested in more than just waiting on her

Again Natalie broke her meandering. "Is it because of the date?"

Something turned inside Lauren's chest. She looked in Natalie's eyes and saw the genuine concern in the younger woman's face. "You remembered!?" She nodded and forced a smile. "He'll be 18 today." A tear formed in the corner of her eye.

"And I'm sure he's having a wonderful time. Probably at his party right now with all of his friends, his family." Natalie squeezed the hand of her employer and part time lover. "You did the right thing you know. Back then."

Lauren welcomed the words and the touch. "I know. It's just not a day goes by I don't think of him. It's the birthdays that hurt so much."

The waitress returned with the bottle and noticed the connection between the women. If it hadn't been today Lauren would have taken the girl home and fucked her, possibly with Natalie but her heart wasn't in it. Her heart, at least half of it was elsewhere, with a boy, now a man she had never known.

* * * * *

The women stood beneath the awning as a cab pulled up to the curb.

"You're sure you don't want me to come home with you?" Natalie asked, facing Lauren, their hands held and bodies close.

"Thank you sweetheart but I think I'll just have a bath and jump into bed."

Natalie smiled wickedly. "I could help you with both of those things!"

Lauren laughed. "I bet you could," she moved in to kiss the woman and Natalie accepted the approach, parting her lips as they met. "See you in the morning?"

"I'll be there." Natalie blew a kiss as she backed away towards the cab and she was gone.

Lauren glanced down to check the time on her phone and when she looked back her driver had pulled up in the car and was hurrying around in the rain to open her door. "Straight home Ms. Brooks?"

"Thank you Edward."

The driver admired her body, poured into the grey dress she wore and her black stocking clad legs. She was completely unobtainable to him he knew. Wealthy, a higher social class, oh and the lesbian thing, he jokingly reminded himself but it didn't stop a man dreaming. Closing the door on his employer he again ran around the car and began the drive to her home in the Hills.

Standing in a darkened doorway across the street, the boy watched the car drive away. He dug his hands down further into his pockets and shivered in the cooling night air.

* * * * *

Lauren walked from her kitchen carrying a glass of wine down the long hallway to her bathroom. Behind her on the bench was a single cupcake with a blown out candle, the smoke still rising from it's wick. Entering the bathroom she allowed her long satin robe to fall to the floor and naked she dipped a toe into the water to test. Finding it satisfactory she stepped in and lay back, her glass still in her hand.

"How does tonight find you my love?" She asked the empty steam filled bathroom. "I hope you're happy." Tears again welled in her eyes and she stopped herself before it went too far. "Enough Lauren! Happy birthday my son." She raised her glass to the air in a toast, then drank the contents before placing it on the edge of the bath. Reaching for a washcloth she soaked it and placed it over her eyes.

Amy, she said her name was. She looked young, no more than eighteen. Gorgeous body, a large ass, Botticellian. She'd accepted her business card and blushed. Lauren liked that, she had a thing for the shy ones. Natalie had been shy at first, now a wanton whore in the bedroom. Lauren absently moved a hand across her breasts. Her nipples hardened at the touch. Down between the two and across her stomach. Her fingers kneaded the bald mound of her pubic bone and finally the hot locus of her cunt. In her mind it was Amy's mouth between her legs. The fingers she now pressed to her clitoris, the young girl's tongue. She clutched at her breast and pinched at her nipple as her hand expertly masturbated below. The orgasm came quickly and yet when it subsided, her mind drifted back to her lost child.

* * * * *

Lauren's modelling career had seemed to be stagnating on the eve of the millennium. She'd done minor campaigns for makeup companies and swimwear designers that had paid the bills but not made her a household name. A photographer came along that promised the world and seemed to have all the right contacts. Naively she believed his spin and had entrusted him with her career and eventually her body. When after a whirlwind affair she fell pregnant, his promises of fame and fortune drifted away with his support. As the baby grew inside her she lost jobs, money and the man who'd lied his way to her womb.

Depressed, at the end of her tether and without the means or support structure to give her child the life she felt he deserved she agreed to give him up for adoption. The decision although heartbreaking turned around her life. The weight she'd put on through pregnancy was seen as a positive to a small independent modelling agency. They offered her a contract for plus size fashion shoots with a deal she'd receive shares in the company for a reduced wage.

One year later she was on a six figure salary and the company she was now a part owner of was turning over millions annually. Divesting into plus sized swimwear and lingerie and a online magazine, Lauren became the household name she'd dreamed of. She supped with millionaires and walked red carpets. She traveled the world and owned property in multiple cities. All grown on the back of a child she'd never known and she believed, could never repay.

* * * * *

The day was full of meetings and reports. By 5pm Lauren was looking forward to going home and again politely declined the company of Natalie. She called for her car and was exiting the front of her building by 5:30. As was usual, Edward was waiting beside the Mercedes with the rear door open as she approached.

The boy was leaning against a planter box when she passed through the glass doors. He looked down at the image he had on his phone and confirmed it was her. His heart beating at a rapid pace and adrenaline coursing through his veins, he walked quickly towards the woman.

Edward saw the boy approaching at speed in his peripheral vision. Many times over the years he had been in the employ of Lauren Brooks he'd dealt with overzealous fans. At 45 she'd retired from modelling but still attracted

a legion of followers, some dangerous. The boy seemed harmless enough but looks could be deceiving. As he encroached within a couple of yards he called Lauren's name and reached inside a satchel over his shoulder.

Edward had seen enough and negated the threat. He barrelled into the boy, catching him with a shoulder tackle which sent the boy sprawling backwards against the pavement. Edward yelled for Lauren to enter the car but she retained her position.

Her eyes drawn to the young man. Looking no older than his late teens, he was of a sim build. His hair was shoulder length and partly held back in a pony tail. His clothes looked worn and needed washing but he seemed so innocent, so gentle. She wondered why Edward had reacted so overtly.

Edward stood over the boy as he attempted to right himself. "Stay down kid!" He suggested but Lauren brushed past his arm and knelt down before the boy, belying the threat.

"Are you O.k?" She asked, reaching out and touching the boy on the upper arm. She looked into his hazel eyes and immediately felt a recognition but couldn't place him.

The boy looked at his hands and dusted them off on his pants. "Ah yeah, I guess." He managed in a hushed New Jersey sounding accent. He looked around for his phone and Lauren picked it up from the ground beside her. As she passed it to him she noticed her image on the screen.

Lauren smiled when she saw his face redden. "Were you after a selfie? I'm surprised, my fans aren't usually as young as you." The boy attempted to rise and Lauren assisted by holding his arm as he did so. "Look I'm sorry about my driver," Lauren looked to Edward momentarily, "he can be a little overprotective at times. Can we offer you a lift somewhere? Where do you live?"

The boy seemed to choose his words carefully. "Ah I'm sort of between homes at the moment." He dusted his jeans and turned to look down at his rear. The seat of his pants had torn from sliding on the concrete. Not completely destroyed but would need repairing.

"Oh no!" Lauren sympathized when she saw the rip. Again she looked at Edward and scowled in a friendly manner. "Look I feel responsible for this. At least allow me to fix your pants, you can come home with me and wash up, I'll make you something to eat. It's the least I can do." It was probably more than she should do she realized but the boy was obviously homeless and looked in need of a good feed. There was also something else, a familiarity or a connection she just couldn't quite place her finger on.

The boy accepted her hospitality and with Edward begrudgingly carrying his satchel and wondering what it was inside the boy had been reaching for, they bundled into the car and set off for Lauren's home.

* * * * *

At her front door, Lauren assured Edward she would be safe and dismissed him for the day. Edward had sized the boy up and agreed he posed no threat but warned him under his breath as he passed not to try anything. Lauren welcomed the young man into her home and the boy was speechless as he surveyed his surroundings. He'd not seen wealth like this before. The Mercedes was the first he'd ridden in and now as he looked around at the artworks and finery of the house he felt he was somehow dreaming.

"Oh my god!" Lauren stated as she coaxed her guest into the kitchen. "How stupid of me, I don't even know your name."

The boy still clung to his bag and seemed so small to her as he nervously replied. "I, I'm Sebastian. Sebastian Murray."

The name didn't ring any bells with Lauren but still the familiarity remained. "I feel like we've met before somehow. Have we?"

Sebastian thought of all the times he'd watched her over the past week as she'd come and gone from her office. The last time he'd seen her was the night before as he stood in the rain outside the restaurant. For a moment she had stared at him and he thought maybe somehow she recognized him but she'd looked away and he disappeared back into the night. "No, not really." He replied.

Lauren furrowed her brow. "Hmm. Oh well, it might come to me." She placed her handbag on the kitchen bench and walked to the fridge and retrieved two bottles of water. Turning she noticed Sebastian still surveying his surrounds nervously. "Sebastian, you can relax. You're safe here." She handed him a bottle and he took it gratefully with a polite thank you.

"Hey. What about I show you the bathroom and you can freshen up a little. I can mend your jeans while you do. You can have a shower or a bath if you like. It won't take me long to fix them."

"You'd really do that for me?" He asked.

"I told you I would. I'm in fashion, I'd be pretty sorry if I couldn't fix a tear in some jeans!" Lauren laughed and took a drink from her own bottle.

"Come on, I'll show you the guest room."

Sebastian followed Lauren along a hallway and couldn't quite believe where he was. For two years he'd obsessed over the woman. Cutting her photo from old magazines. Downloading her image from every website he could find. He knew her life story backwards and now he was in her house. Being led to her guestroom. It seemed surreal. He allowed his eyes to stray over her from behind. Her black heels clicked along the passageway. Her

pantyhose clad legs leading up to her firm ass. The red dress contoured her body perfectly, accentuating her curves. Plus size they called her and he silently scoffed. She wasn't fat, it's just that she wasn't one of those stick figured waifs that graced the catwalk. In his eyes, she was perfect.

The room she led him to seemed bigger than the house he'd grown up in. Opening a door on the left she entered a bathroom of equal enormity. "As I said, you're welcome to have a bath or a shower. There are fresh towels and a robe you can throw on. What do you think?"

Sebastian looked around the lavish bathroom. The bath did look inviting. He'd not been in one for years, his house only having a shower. He did need a wash too, he had tried to keep clean as best he could over the last few weeks on the road, making use of roadhouse washrooms in his trek across the country. "Um would it be O.k if I had a bath?"

Lauren smiled. "Of course sweetheart, I'll run it for you."

Sebastian blushed. She called me "sweetheart," he thought.

"There's a robe in the guestroom closet. Why don't you leave your pants on the bed and I can fix them while your in the bath?" Lauren offered.

Sebastian found the robe where she'd directed and alone in the bedroom he quickly removed his clothes. He stuffed his underpants and t-shirt in his bag and placed his jeans on the bed alongside. With the robe to cover his nudity he ventured back into the bathroom where Lauren sat on the edge of the bath turning off the faucets. She smiled again at his return. "There, just the right temperature. Well I'll leave you to it. Take as long as you like and sing out if you need anything." She touched his arm as she walked out past him and in the other room found his jeans on the bed. He had left his bag open

and she noticed his dirty clothes were screwed up inside. Maybe I should wash them for him, she thought. I'd better ask.

She'd not closed the bathroom door fully behind her and having been gone only seconds she expected him to still be in his robe. When she tapped on the ajar door and allowed it to slowly swing open she was greeted with the naked boy from behind, the robe at his feet. "Oh I'm so sorry." Lauren gasped as Sebastian slowly turned to face her. He seemed unashamed at his nudity and Lauren took in his body as he did so. His legs seemed hair-free, his chest certainly so but it was his cock where her eyes were drawn. The slightest strip of pubic hair ran vertically from his penis, his balls were either clean shaven or naturally hairless. His cock was circumcised. She'd not seen a penis in the flesh for years and the sight caused her to blush. "I wondered if you wanted me to wash your clothes, it'd be no problem." She asked, tearing her eyes from his manhood.

Sebastian thought he would feel embarrassed. There he was standing completely naked before the woman he'd fantasized about for years. The woman he went to bed thinking of, dreamed about, woke on his mind and yet it seemed so natural, so normal. She'd looked at his cock, he'd wanted her to. He wanted more. "Um yeah, if it's not too much trouble!"

Lauren felt rooted to the floor. She knew she should leave, turn around, give the boy his privacy. But something in her kept her fixed. She wanted to stay, to linger, to watch. And why not? He didn't seem to mind. "Is the water O.k?"

Sebastian turned and lowered a hand into the bath, withdrawing it immediately. "Ooh, maybe a little hot!"

It was the invitation Lauren needed. "Oh I'll fix that for you." She hurriedly approached and again sat on the edge of the bath. "The taps can be a little

temperamental!" Closer now to his cock she allowed her eyes to drift across it's length, it's width. It's beauty. What was she doing, she thought? She'd had no desire for a man in nearly twenty years and here she was, fixated by a male, naked teenager in her own house. After running the cold she gestured for him to try again and Sebastian this time found it to his liking and climbed in.

With his cock now underwater, Lauren thought she'd relax but if anything she became more excited. She wanted to touch him, to wash his hair, his body. This boy she'd met only a hour before. She could feel the wetness soaking her panties, she wanted to remove her clothes and get in with him. To hold him in her arms. To kiss him, to suck him, to fuck him. "I suppose I should give you some privacy." Lauren stated, running her hand through the water.

"I don't mind."

Lauren's hand brushed against his bent leg under the water and he didn't draw away. Why would he, she thought? He was a fan that was probably having his fantasy fulfilled, he'd want more. She locked eyes with Sebastian and ran her hand along his thigh to his knee and back. "Would you like me to wash your hair?" She asked, hoping he'd say yes.

"Um, O.k." Sebastian agreed.

Lauren moved to the end of the bath and Sebastian lowered his head underwater. As he did so, his body slid down further in the bath causing his penis to momentarily rise above the water line. Lauren noticed it had undoubtedly swelled. Taking up a small bottle of shampoo she began to lather it into the boys long hair, brown, now darker with the water. A similar color to her own, she noted. Massaging his scalp, she heard him offer satisfied sighs at the pleasure and looking down she could see his cock was

now fully erect. "O.k, rinse." She directed and he lowered his head back into the bath, washing off the lather. Lauren reached for a sponge and moving again to the side of the bath she emptied a large amount of liquid soap onto it's surface.

Without waiting for an invitation she began to soap up Sebastian's shoulders and arms, moving onto his chest. Sebastian watched her hand move around his body, he leaned forward to give her access to his back, he allowed her to lift each arm and soap his hairless armpits. And then it happened. Her hand crossed his navel and she released the sponge, letting it float away in the water. Lauren swept her hand up and over his erection and down between his legs. She cupped his testicles, weighing them in her palm, so smooth and full in the warm water. The pairs eyes met and they both felt an almost physic bond between them. Lauren moved her hand again, now to grip his cock and so casually began the process of milking her new toy.

Sebastian could feel his cum building. The pleasure was indescribable, he desired above all for her to complete the job but knew there were things he had to say before it happened. With her action increasing beneath the water, the ripples becoming waves and Sebastian on the verge of cumming, he reluctantly moved a hand onto hers and prevented further masturbation.

"It's O.k," she was quick to offer. "You can cum if you want."

"No it's just I want to talk to you first."

Lauren again tried to pull at his cock. "We can talk later!"

Sebastian allowed her to jack him off for a moment longer, the feeling so wonderful but again showed great restraint in stopping her. "No really, it's important." This time he succeeded in detaching her hand from his cock and hoped he hadn't offended her.

Lauren was amazed at the boy's actions and intrigued by his reasoning. She smiled and accepted his wishes. "O.k young man, it can wait. I'll go and wash and mend your clothes. But I want you out of this tub and dried quick smart or you'll end up a wrinkled prune." The moment she'd spoken the words she wondered why she had. They weren't the talk of a woman to a potential lover, on the contrary, more like a mother to a disobedient child. Before getting up she scooped up soap suds and dabbed them on the bridge of the boy's nose. Laughing, she dried her arm and left the bathroom, swinging the door closed behind her.

In the bedroom Lauren walked to the boy's bag and the jeans he'd left on the bed. She reached inside and pulled out his t-shirt, socks and underpants. It seemed he only had one other change of clothes and they too looked dirty, so she extracted them as well. A loosely rolled piece of paper came out with the items and tucking the clothes under her arm, Lauren made to place it back in his bag. As she did so it opened further and she caught part of the title in bold lettering. "...cate of adoption." It was an invasion of privacy she realized but a strange feeling crept over her and she needed to read more. Placing the clothes down on the bed she opened the document and the world seemed to tilt on its axis.

She recognized the form immediately. She herself had signed it eighteen years before. The certificate of adoption, releasing all parental rights to a male child born in 1999. Her name and signature were still there at the bottom. Other names had been added and countersigned. A Laurie and Sandra Murray, she assumed were the adopted parents of one, Sebastian Murray. Her son. Her lost son. The boy she had just bathed in an adjoining room. She couldn't decide what emotion she was experiencing. Later she would look back and realize it was nothing short of complete and utter joy.

Sebastian climbed out of the warmth of the bath and toweled himself dry. He took up the white fluffy robe and wrapped himself in it's softness. Looking in the mirror he partly dried his hair with the towel and secured it in a pony tail with a hair-tie. She'd touched his cock, he thought. My mother was masturbating me! Suddenly it dawned on him, telling her he was her son was now more complicated. He once again examined himself in the mirror and took a deep breath. "Well Sebastian. Time to fess up!" He told himself.

Opening the door to the bedroom he stopped in his tracks when he saw his mother holding the document. She turned when she felt his presence and lowered the note. Her face belied her emotion. He couldn't fathom how she was going to react. "I was going to tell you at the car but I didn't get the chance."

Lauren said nothing.

"I didn't know when to bring it up, with your driver being there and then when we got here I was just in awe of your house and then I had the bath and that thing that happened, I..." He was rambling and didn't know how to stop. Thankfully Lauren put an end to it and dropped the certificate on the bed and ran to him. Sebastian's past initially led him to believe the woman would strike him and he flinched as she rapidly approached. To his surprise he was taken in an embrace. A hug so tight he felt his breath expel. She still hadn't said a word and Sebastian broke the silence. "You're not mad at me?"

Lauren pulled back, still holding him against her body, his chest against her large breasts. "Mad at you? Why would I be mad at you? You're my son. You've come back to me." Tears streamed down her face and Sebastian himself began to cry.

"I didn't know how you'd respond. I was so nervous. I thought you wouldn't want to see me."

"Oh Sebastian, you couldn't be so wrong. I've thought of you every day of your life." She moved her face in to kiss him on the cheek, tasting his tears. His forehead and his lips. She held him tighter, pulling his head down onto her chest to kiss his hair.

"This is how it was the last time I saw you!" Lauren stated through her tears.

Sebastian looked up. "What do you mean?"

"I held you on my chest when you were born. Your naked body against mine." The thought entered her head immediately. "I wonder, would you let me do it again?"

"I'll do anything...Mom."

"You called me Mom! Oh my god Sebastian, you don't know how happy that makes me." Without letting go of him, Lauren walked them quickly to the edge of the bed. Before he knew it she had reached down and lifted her dress up and over her head, casting it aside. He could see she wore white panties beneath the black pantyhose and the black lace bra she sported was quickly removed. Pulling him with her she climbed onto the bed and lay on her back. Sebastian motioned to lay his body beside her and she undid the robe as he did so. Bringing his head down upon her breast, his bare chest pressed to her stomach.

"My god. My beautiful boy. I never thought I would have this." She stroked his head and ran a hand over his back. The robe was loose but got in the way of her touching his skin. "Would you take the robe off Sebastian? I need to touch you."

Sebastian was eager to do anything to please her. He sat up and removed the bath robe and revealed his naked body to her again. His cock had hardened and for a moment he felt guilt but she didn't mention it, in fact when she again pulled him onto her she seemed to purposefully push her hip against his growing erection. Again his face was pressed to her breasts. She squeezed his back, pulling him against her. Sebastian gathered the nerve and raised a hand to her chest, cupping her large breast in his palm. She sighed and he ran his fingers across her areola and nipple which hardened to the touch.

"Oh my baby, that feels so nice." Lauren moaned. "I wonder, there's something I missed out on. Would you be willing to.."

Sebastian didn't need her to finish. He knew exactly what she wanted. Without hesitation he moved his mouth over her breast and enveloped her nipple. His hand squeezed her breast and his tongue circled the small bud of flesh. He suckled on her tit the way a child would. Finally the ultimate in bonding with his mother after 18 years apart. Sebastian's cock was now fully erect and Lauren could feel her son's hardness. Her own sex was afire, she could feel her wetness seeping through her panties and probably her pantyhose as well. She needed to be naked with him. To be as one.

Sebastian lifted his mouth from her nipple and moved towards the other. Lauren took the break as an opportunity. She reached down and lifting her bottom from the bed pulled her pantyhose and panties down over her thighs. Sebastian was quick to assist and completed the removal, pulling them off her feet and discarding them with the rest of their clothing. Now fully naked the two resumed their cuddle. Sebastian held one breast in his hand and the other he suckled. Lauren ran a hand over his and then along his arm and down his back. When she reached his hip she circled to the front and found

his penis, leaking pre-cum against her stomach. Sebastian raised his body slightly to give his mother access to his cock and her hand wrapped around his throbbing member.

To mother and son, the action seemed to open the floodgates on their love. No more were they playing around with maternal bonding, they were now engaged in lovemaking, pure and simple. Sebastian ran a hand down to his mother's bare pussy. Unsurprised by her lack of pubic hair from reading every interview, from studying every photo in her history, he ran his hand over her smooth mound and clitoral hood. He soaked his fingers in her wetness and found her clit, doing his best to please his queen.

Removing his mouth from her tit he looked into her face to find her mouth open and eyes closed. Quickly she looked at him and with her other hand pulled his face to hers. Their mouths came together, tongues entwined. Saliva flowed between the two. Their kiss was more intimate than Lauren had ever experienced. 45 years and countless partners, mostly women and yet none had kissed her like this. With such fervor, such love. "Will you fuck me Sebastian?" She asked and the moment he climbed between her legs and pressed his cock to her opening, she came.

The first time in her life she'd had an orgasm with a man. The penetration that followed was an awakening. With each orgasm she received from this seemingly inexperienced boy she realized she would need no other man, no other woman. Here between her legs she'd discovered the answer to her life's search for pleasure, for love. Her son. Her beautiful son. The boy she'd thought forever lost, had returned. How it had happened and what had led him to this was for the moment irrelevant. Nothing but their mutual pleasure was a factor now.

His cock wasn't large but it seemed perfectly proportioned for her vagina. As if molded to appease her cunt alone. His body lay completely atop hers, his chest to her breasts. Sweat formed in her cleavage. Their faces sideways, tongues in each others mouth. Her hands held his ass and pulled him into her, his buttocks clenching with each thrust and her pelvis rising to greet every penetration. Sebastian moved a hand to her large breast and squeezed, the other found her ass and took hold of her warm fleshy buttock. He wanted to fuck her for as long as possible, to keep up a tireless rhythm but he could feel his orgasm approaching and he needed to confess. "Mom I think I'm going to cum."

The words couldn't have made Lauren happier. "I want to see it baby," she whispered into his mouth. "Mommy wants to see her boy cum."

The sound of her voice was enough to push Sebastian over the edge. With another two thrusts he wrenched free his cock with a splash of her fluid and climbed over her body. Lauren cupped her breasts as Sebastian grasped his slick cock and masturbated towards his mother. "I'm gonna cum Mom!"

"I want you to baby. Cum on Mommy's tits like a good boy." She panted.

The pace on his cock quickened and he grabbed beneath his balls. "I'm cumming Mom. I'm cumming!"

"Yes my baby, cum for me. Give me that hot cum my love."

The eruption surprised them both. A stream of semen shot forth and cleared her breasts completely. Instinctively Lauren closed her eyes as the thread hit the side of her face from her hairline to her jaw. Opening them she watched him shoot stream after stream of cum across her breasts and hands, up to her neck. He slowed his rhythm and she took over, taking possession of his cock and squeezing out the last dregs of his love for her.

Collapsing alongside her, his cock still hard against his mother's torso, she wrapped her arm around his body, keeping him close. Lauren took a finger and scooped the cum from her face and added it to the pool across her breasts. With her son's face nestled into the crook of her neck she began to rub his cream into her skin like a lotion. They had so much to tell each other, they had so much to look forward to. She would not lose him again. Of that she was sure.

Chapter 2

Edward pulled the Mercedes into his drive and turned off the ignition. It was a fringe benefit of chauffeuring Lauren Brooks about, he got to use the luxury car as his own when off the clock. Turning for a cursory inspection of the back seat he noticed a phone had been left behind. A cheap model of smart phone, no doubt the kid's, he thought. Reaching behind, he took possession and pressed the home button. To his surprise it opened without a lock screen and he was greeted with a wallpaper background of Lauren's smiling face.

Kid's definitely a fan, he thought. About to close the screen he hesitated a moment. Wouldn't hurt to learn something about the person he'd just left with his employer, he opined. Opening the contacts he found only a few numbers, all with New Jersey addresses attached. Boy's come a long way, he thought. Opening the images gallery he was met with countless downloaded photographs of his employer. Scrolling through, Edward found shots of her from her early days up to the present. Red carpet appearances, catwalk fashion shoots, paparazzi, many of which Edward had never seen before. What caught his eye particularly were the nude photos.

He had himself early on, sought out the nude modelling Lauren had done but had steered clear of the temptation of late. No point lusting after something you can never have he'd concluded. Lauren looked young in the photos, obviously more than twenty years before. Most done in a studio and all tasteful. Edward felt his cock harden and he allowed his hand to stroke it through his pants. Shit, he thought. Kid's gonna be pretty disappointed when he finds out she ain't interested in men!

* * * * *

Sebastian's cum had dried on Lauren's breasts. They'd both fallen asleep in the afterglow and Lauren was first to wake. She stroked the head of her sleeping son and he awakened with a start, taking a moment to regain his bearings. He looked into the face of his mother and all seemed to come back to him.

"I had a terrible dream," he remarked. "I saw you on the street and tried to talk to you but you walked away. I kept trying to catch up but all these people kept walking into me and slowing me down. Eventually I lost sight of you. It was horrible."

Lauren ran a hand down to his cheek. "It was just a dream my prince. You'll never lose me again." She pulled his face towards hers and their lips met. Her tongue was quick to enter her son's mouth. The kiss was loving and just what he needed. "Are you hungry?" She asked. "You must be!"

Sebastian was quick to affirm he was. "I haven't eaten since this morning!"

Lauren pulled him from the bed by the hand and picked up his robe. Sebastian allowed her to wrap it around him and not wanting to be apart she led him to her own room where she took up a robe of her own.

"What's your favorite food?" She asked, as they made their way to the kitchen, her hand still in his. "No don't answer, I want to guess. There's so much I don't know about you Sebastian. I want you to tell me everything. Is it pizza? No, spaghetti!"

Sebastian laughed. "Keep guessing."

They entered the kitchen and Lauren stopped and turned to face her son. Even without her heels she was still taller than the boy. He was a late bloomer she could tell. Not yet growing facial hair, his body still slight.

She'd build him up though, she thought. He was her responsibility now. "It's macaroni and cheese!"

An unrestrained smile, the first truly joyous she'd seen, spread across her son's face. "Wrong again Mom. It's ice-cream!"

Lauren gripped him by the arms and pulled him into her. Her nose touched his and she returned the smile. "Then ice-cream is what you'll have my darling."

She was reluctant to pull away. Their groins were pressing and she could feel his penis hardening through the robe. Her own sex was becoming slippery as Sebastian raised his hands to her hips and caressed the satin. "What flavor do you want?" She whispered into his mouth.

Sebastian pushed his crotch against his mother's and between kisses on her lips, whispered back. "Vanilla."

Lauren lowered a hand and loosened the front of her cream colored satin robe, her bald pussy now pressed to her son's growing hardness. "Chocolate topping or sprinkles?"

Sebastian pulled aside his robe and his cock sprang forth towards his mother, where Lauren sandwiched it's length between her upper thighs. Lauren was shocked at how wet she'd become so quickly. She'd always had a strong libido but it seemed her son had taken it to another level. Sebastian slipped his mother's robe down off her shoulders exposing her large breasts, her nipples hard. "Both!" He panted before devouring her right nipple in his mouth and squeezing her left, his other hand cupping the curve of her buttock.

It was too much for Lauren, she needed his cock inside her again. Ice-cream would have to wait. She grabbed Sebastian by the shoulders and pushed

him off her breasts. So quickly she stripped him of his robe and turned to present her ass to her son. Sebastian pushed her forward onto the bench and lifted the satin robe up onto her back. His cock found her opening magnetically and plunged inside. "Oh yes Sebastian. Fuck me baby." Lauren bent her knees slightly to allow his length complete penetration and what was becoming common, she felt an orgasm descend upon her.

It was her mind providing the intense reactions to the sex, she knew. His mouth, his fingers, his cock, although providing pleasure were not the stimulus for the orgasm. It was the taboo. It was the incestuous lust, the raw unbridled passion of a mother for her son. Sebastian took hold of Lauren's ample rear and increased the force of his thrusts. He kneaded the flesh of her ass and spread her cheeks to see his cock plunging in and out of her. "Fuck mom, your pussy feels so good." He gasped.

"It's your pussy now baby. I'm all yours!"

Lauren balanced herself on the bench with one arm. Her other hand clutched at her breast, squeezing the nipple then ventured down to flick her fingers across her swollen, dripping clit. Sebastian eyes were mesmerized by his mother's pink asshole, twitching and almost blowing him kisses with each thrust. The sight of which hastened his impending orgasm. "Mom I have to cum!"

"Oh please do baby. Cum inside me. Cum inside your mommy."

It was all he needed to finish the job at hand. Falling forward onto her back he began ejaculating his seed inside her. "Ahh fuck yess. Mmm, Mommy I love you." His hands curved around her body and found her hanging breasts and squeezed as each pulse of cum entered her cunt with lessening thrusts. Finally spent he allowed his cock to slip out of her pussy and he turned her

around. Their mouths again came together and kissed. His cock pressed to her leaking vulva, his semen dripping back onto the source.

"I love you too my angel," Lauren sighed as she felt the warmth of his cum running down between her thighs. "Let me fix you that ice-cream."

* * * * *

Natalie had watched the scene unfold from above. The boy she recognized as the one who'd been hanging around outside the office for the last few days. She thought she may have seen him outside the restaurant the evening before but with the overcast conditions she couldn't be sure. Coincidences be damned she thought. If you run into the same person that many times, they're either stalking you or you're stalking them. When she saw Lauren lead the boy into her car however, the sight was more like a mother at school pickup rather than a potential threat inveigling himself into her life.

She'd meant to call her employer when she got home to inquire about the boy but had been sidetracked. Picking up the phone she looked at the time. 9:30pm, not too late she thought.

* * * * *

Lauren made two bowls of ice cream and as promised provided chocolate topping and sprinkles for Sebastian. She watched him devour the contents and a sudden wave of guilt swept over her. Some mother I am, she thought, he was obviously starving and all I could think about was my own sexual gratification. "Tell me about your parents Sebastian." She asked, breaking the silence and taking a mouthful from her own bowl.

The boy's brow furrowed . "There isn't really much to tell." He finished his bowl and sat back against the couch beside Lauren. "I never knew them!"

"What do you mean, you never knew them?" Lauren asked.

"They died when I was about...two, I think."

Lauren dropped her spoon into her bowl. "What are you talking about? Who raised you?"

Sebastian's eyes went to her bowl and she willingly handed it to him to finish off. She noticed he used her spoon.

"I lived with my uncle, he was my dad's, I mean my adopted dad's brother, and his family." The boy took mouthfuls of ice cream between sentences. "I knew I didn't belong with them. I mean they treated me different to the other kids but I didn't know why until I was about fifteen and found the papers in some of my parents stuff."

Lauren's heart was breaking all over again. "You didn't know you were adopted? They didn't tell you?"

"Nah. My uncle's other kids used to make jokes about me being found in the trash. And my uncle and his wife," Sebastian paused and seemed to choose his words carefully. "Well, let's just say they didn't treat me so good."

The tears that had formed in Lauren's eyes now ran down her face. It would explain why he had flinched when she had first made to hug him. "I didn't throw you away Sebastian, you have to know that."

Sebastian placed his second empty bowl down on the table and reached for Lauren's hand. "I don't feel that way, it was just what they said. When I found out who you were and saw an interview with you I knew you only did what you had to at the time. I don't blame you for it."

"How did you work out I was your mother?" Lauren asked, clutching his hand.

Sebastian smiled and it made the pain Lauren was feeling lessen. "I only had your name so I started searching online. Of course you were the first Lauren Brooks that came up and as soon as I saw your face, well I just knew." Lauren herself could see the resemblance between the two of them starkly now. He shared her nose, facial structure, even his fingers were long like hers. "I found out all about you. I saw that interview you did where you admitted you'd had a baby. The year and my age matched up perfectly." Lauren noted how excited he was becoming, telling the story. Any pain he had shown at the recollection of his childhood seemed to have floated away. "I started to collect your photos. I would go to doctor's surgeries and steal the old magazines. You were always in them. I've got a scrapbook!"

"You what?" Lauren asked.

"It's here, in my bag. I treated it as a family album. It's silly I guess."

"No it's not silly. It's beautiful. I just wish I had photos of you."

"Do you want to see it?" Sebastian asked, an expectant smile across his face.

"Of course I do!" Before she could even finish Sebastian had left the couch and was trotting towards the guest room. He looked like a child on Christmas morning, wrapped in his dressing gown running to receive his presents. She thought of all the time she had missed with him, all the birthdays, all the Christmases. It made her more determined to right the wrongs. He may not have had the childhood he deserved, now that he was a man, she'd make sure he had the adulthood he deserved.

Lauren took his absence as an opportunity to visit the bathroom and freshen herself. She opened her closet and looked at her options. "Right, if I was a teenage boy how would I want my mother to dress?" She asked herself. Her

eyes strayed upon a sheer pink babydoll. Retrieving the lingerie she dropped her robe and stepped into it, pulling the soft material up over her breasts. Putting on the matching thong she admired her half nude reflection in the mirror and finding it more than satisfactory, unselfconsciously made her way back to the living room.

Sebastian had placed his scrapbook down on the coffee table and was washing the bowls when Lauren entered the kitchen. He turned around and couldn't hide his approval of her appearance. "Mom! You look beautiful."

"Thank you honey." She did her best turn and Sebastian was dazzled by her grace.

"Wow, you could be a model! Oh wait." They both laughed and the depressing nature of their previous conversation was gone from memory.

"Come on, show me this scrapbook."

Taking his mother by the hand, Sebastian led her towards the living room. The phone ringing halted their progress. Lauren promised she'd only be a moment and answered in the kitchen. "Natalie, hello. Is anything wrong?"

"I was going to ask you the same question?"

Lauren furrowed her brow. "What do you mean?"

"Well what happened this afternoon with Edward and that boy? I saw you leave with him."

Part of her wanted to share the news of the return of her son with Natalie. She was after all more than her employee, more than a friend. She looked down at herself, she thought of the special relationship she now had with Sebastian. If she was to tell the world he was indeed her son, all future actions in public would be scrutinized by the press, by her peers. It would

be unbearable not to touch him, to express her desire for him whenever and wherever and in the manner she chose. No, for the time being she would keep their relationship a secret. Sebastian would understand. She hoped Natalie would as well.

"Yes that's right. Edward was a little overzealous with a fan. I made sure the boy was taken care of that's all."

"Oh O.k." Natalie could hear something different in Lauren's voice but didn't want to press the issue. "So what are you up to?"

Lauren faked a yawn. "Actually I was just about to go to bed."

"Oh, care for a little phone sex before lights out?"

Lauren cared deeply for Natalie and wanted to let her down gently. "Mmm that sounds nice but I might take a rain check. I am really tired. Couple of stressful days you know."

Natalie thought of the emotion Lauren had shown at the restaurant and didn't harbour a grudge at yet another rejection of her advances. "Yeah I understand. Hey at least tell me what you're wearing. Give a girl something to think about."

Lauren chuckled and again looked at her body. "Would you believe me if I said I was wearing that little pink babydoll you love?"

Natalie laughed. "Oh you're such a tease. I know you're not but thanks for the visual. I'll let you go, you sleep well my sweet and I'll see you bright and early." Natalie paused momentarily, "I love you."

Lauren turned her face away from Sebastian. "I love you too."

Lauren looked at Sebastian waiting expectantly in the living room, his scrapbook on his lap. She hated deceiving Natalie but hadn't lied really. She

was 'taking care of' the boy, she was wearing the babydoll, it was the 'going to bed' part of her conversation that was the only real lie. Time to do something about that, she thought. Sidling up behind her son, Lauren placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned over to whisper in his ear. "Why don't we look at it in my room?"

* * * * *

Edward sat in front of his television, a beer in one hand, Sebastian's phone in the other. He again scrolled through the photos. This occasion it wasn't the content of each image that caught his attention, it was the title of the photo. Something he hadn't noticed on his first perusal. The boy had labeled every photo with an approximate date of when the image was taken thereby enabling him to put an age to Lauren in each. Obsessive, he thought but not damning. What had him slightly troubled was the fact he had also added 'Mom' beside each and every date.

* * * * *

Sebastian stood beside his mother's bed, his scrapbook cradled in his arms. A maternal instinct swept over Lauren at the sight. "Let's get you tucked in shall we?" She approached the boy and took the scrapbook from his hands, placing it on the bedside table. Undoing the belt of his robe she pulled it off his shoulders and lay it over the end of the bed. Sebastian remained still, fully naked, his penis semi erect and pointing at his mother. Lauren resisted the temptation to enclose it in her mouth as she leaned down to pull back the covers. "Come on young man, in you get."

Sebastian was quick to comply, settling in with his back to the pillows. Lauren covered his nudity with the sheet and circled around the other side of the bed to climb in beside him. She reached across in front of Sebastian to retrieve the scrapbook, purposefully pressing her breasts against her sons

face. "Ooh I'm sorry sweetie. Mommy is clumsy isn't she?" Sebastian smiled in response, his erection tenting the sheet at his waist. "Now let's look at this book shall we?"

Sebastian was eager to show off his work. Opening to the first page they were greeted with a photo of Lauren cut from a magazine. Sebastian had drawn a love heart around the image. Lauren recognized the portrait and the campaign. Modelling for a major jeans label, the photo had her sitting atop a hay bale in a tight white tank top, her legs suggestively parted but not overtly sexual enough to fall afoul of advertising standards. "This was the first photo I found of you. My uncle's partner was pretty pissed because I ripped it out of a magazine she was reading. They didn't know it was me though." Sebastian continued his commentary as he worked his way through the book. Lauren placed her arm around his shoulder and snuggled in closer as her life in pictures was laid out before her.

Sebastian reached a page without any photos but he'd written 'sealed section' in bold lettering across the paper. Turning the page he revealed an entire article from a gossip magazine with accompanying photos. It was from a few years back, paparazzi had caught her on a trip to Mexico with Natalie. The photos showed them both topless on a beach enjoying the sun, the waves and most of all, each other. Her sexuality had been an open secret in the industry until then. Now the public was made aware. At the time she hated the intrusion but now she was seeing the photos through her son's eyes. A teenage boy's eyes. She had to admit it was a turn on. Two half naked women kissing on a public beach. Hers and Natalie's breasts were blurred in the photos but they left little to the imagination.

Lauren had been playing with Sebastian's hair with one hand, she now turned her body slightly to move her other hand onto her son's penis. She

found him erect and as hard as rock. Another page was turned in her own personal 'This is Your Life.' Somehow Sebastian had found a copy of a nude shoot she'd done with a popular men's magazine. 'Busty queen of fashion reveals all!' The headline of the article read. Each softcore photo was accompanied by a quote the magazine had attributed to her but she'd never said. 'My vibrator is my best friend. I always sleep naked. Two cocks are better than one.' Was it any wonder her son had formed a sexual attraction to her, she thought.

Lauren ran her hand up and down Sebastian's cock. Each time she reached the base she'd release her hold and cradle his smooth ball sack, each testicle the size of her own thumbs first segment. The scrapbook had only a few pages left and she wondered how many times he'd masturbated himself to the images? The final photo was another paparazzi, upskirting her as she exited a vehicle. Sebastian closed the book and looked ashamedly at his mother.

"It was pretty immature wasn't it?"

Lauren again gripped his shaft and held her hand still. "Not at all, it was beautiful. You kept a photo album devoted entirely to me. How many son's do that for their mother?" Once again she began to jack him off, faster this time. "But now you don't have just the photos honey. You have me."

Lauren maintained her hold on Sebastian's dick as she sat up and climbed over him. The sheets came off their bodies as she straddled his thighs. Sebastian dropped the book to the floor, not taking his eyes from his mother as he awaited her next move. "You can look at me any time you want darling. Did you like those rude photos of mommy?" She asked, jerking on his cock.

Sebastian nodded, his mouth slightly open.

"Do you like looking at mommy's tits baby?" She asked, as she lowered her babydoll beneath each large breast, her nipples standing erect.

Again Sebastian nodded.

"And what about my pussy baby?" Lauren lifted the front of her babydoll to reveal her bald pubic mound beneath the see through pink thong. "Do you like mommy's pussy darling?"

"I love your pussy Mom!" Sebastian managed.

Lauren pulled aside her panties and pressed her hand against herself. Her fingers immediately slick with her wetness. She took her right hand off Sebastian's cock and exchanged it with the left, using her juice as a lubricant to continue the masturbation. Pre-cum leaked from his cock and mixed with her own fluid. Again she swapped hands after coating the right against her cunt. His penis now slippery with her moisture.

"Do you want to fuck my pussy baby?"

"Yes please."

Even faster her hand worked on his cock. Sebastian himself was amazed at how hard he was.

"Do you want to fuck mommy's pussy baby? Say it."

"Yes please. I want to fuck your pussy Mommy. I want to put my cock inside you and cum Mommy." Sebastian reached out to her breasts as Lauren moved her body upwards towards his crotch. She guided the head of her son's penis to her opening and allowed her body weight to ease his cock slowly inside her. Her clitoris ground down against her son's pubic bone. She thought of the last time she'd had sex in this bed. Tribbing with Natalie

in much the same position. It had been so pleasurable, their cunts grinding together but nothing compared to what she now felt.

Sebastian's hands squeezed her breasts with just the right pressure as she gyrated her hips back and forth on his cock. It seemed impossible but an orgasm crept up on her, a wave of pleasure spread across her body. She collapsed down onto Sebastian's chest and found his mouth with hers. Her tongue pushed between his lips and connected with his as she came again and again on her boy's cock. Sebastian moved his hands to her hips and gripped her buttocks using the leverage to hammer his cock into her with added force. The slapping of her ass against his thighs echoed around the room and for the second time in as many hours he came inside his mother. Lauren could feel the spurting from his penis, the filling of her vagina with her son's cum. She wrapped her arms around his body and held him tighter than she ever held another person. He in turn clung to her back and rear, not wanting her to ever leave this position.

"I feel like we've always been together." Lauren whispered after minutes had passed. "Is that strange?"

"No. I feel it too. All those years growing up I felt like you were watching over me, directing me in which turn to take."

"I wish I could have been there Sebastian." She kissed his neck below his ear and goosebumps ran down his body. "I'll always be here for you now. Whenever you want me, I'll be here."

Sebastian returned her kiss. "I know Mom. I love you so much."

They slept where they'd collapsed.

* * * * *

Edward pulled the car up outside Lauren's residence. He was half an hour earlier than he was scheduled and he used the time to roll and smoke a cigarette whilst leaning against the car.

Inside the house Lauren had showed Sebastian the laundry and filled him in on how to operate the machines, again promising she'd mend his pants. Fully dressed she led her naked son by the cock into the kitchen. "I'm sorry I have to go to work today but I promise I'll come home early, O.k." She was reluctant to release her hold on his penis and pushed him against the bench. "Now I want you to relax today, enjoy yourself. Look around the house. It's your home now. There's a pool out the back!" To which Sebastian's eye's widened.

"I'll be O.k, I'll just watch TV or something if I get bored. I can even make us dinner, it's one thing I am good at."

Lauren's grip on his cock tightened. "There's other things you're good at my prince!"

Sebastian groaned as she began to tug on his erection.

"Oh god I wish I could take this with me." She breathed, coaxing another orgasm from her son. A thought entered her mind. "Actually there's something we could do." Without a second thought Lauren hitched her grey, knee length pencil skirt up over her thighs and revealed her white satin panties. Sebastian had watched her put them on, having helped in choosing her outfit for the day.

"Will you cum in my panties baby?" She pleaded.

"What?"

"I want to feel you down there all day. I want to be able to touch your cum whenever I need to."

Sebastian took hold of the waist band of his mother's underwear and lowered the front to reveal her bare pussy. The sight of it hastened his orgasm. His mother's soft hand directed the head of his cock towards her mound and his ejaculation followed. His cum sprayed against her vulva and pubic bone. She aimed his cock lower and he shot into her panties, a pool of cum forming in the gusset. As his orgasm eased she wiped the excess dripping from the head against the front of her panties. Releasing his cock she took hold of her underwear and pulled them back up against her groin, his cum smeared across her pussy. "Mmm that's better. Thank you son."

Lauren looked at the time. "O.k, Edward is probably waiting. I'd better go. I love you." She kissed Sebastian and he returned the love.

"Oh Mom, have you seen my phone?"

Lauren took up her handbag and began walking to the door. "No sweetie, it'll turn up I'm sure. Try ringing it."

"O.k I will. See you later. I love you."

* * * * *

Edward walked quickly from the front door back to the car. The camera app on his phone was still open and recording and he switched it off, stashing it away in his suit jacket pocket. He still couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed and recorded through the window beside the door. He thought of the monetary value of the footage. He was aware paparazzi were making thousands for candid photos of Lauren on the street. What would video of her engaged in a sex act be worth? Not just a sex act. If he was correct, a sex act with someone who might just turn out to be her own son!

Chapter 3

All sexual contact between characters 18+

Mexico

Lauren Brooks lay on her back on the beach towel. The sun baking her skin, she turned her head and looked at the other woman. Sitting cross-legged beside her, Natalie was using her sunhat to shade the tablet on her lap. "I know I pay you well," Lauren laughed. "But do you ever stop working?"

"I'm updating your social media. It'll only take a second."

Lauren closed her eyes and thought of the date. "Hey. Can you write 'Happy Birthday' on my Twitter."

"Sure, to who?" Natalie asked.

"Just write Happy Birthday, no name!" Her voice softened and Natalie realized to whom she was referring. Without probing further she added the post. He'd be fifteen today, she thought. I should've realized.

Placing the tablet on her towel Natalie reached behind her back and undid her bikini, removing the tiny item and discarding it on the sand.

Lauren sat up and admired her Personal Assistant's breasts. "Natalie! There are people around!"

"We're in Mexico. I doubt there's press hiding in the palm trees." She was trying to take Lauren's mind off her son and it seemed to be working.

"Come on. I showed you mine..."

Lauren looked around and found the beach relatively deserted. "Oh what the hell." She followed Natalie's lead and removed her top. Natalie reached out in the act of standing and took her hand, helping her employer to her feet. The women ran hand in hand to the water, Lauren holding her large breasts as they jiggled, laughing uncontrollably.

Waist deep, Natalie turned to Lauren and holding both hands drew her into her body. Their breasts touched, pressed together. The mound of Lauren's pubic bone pushed hard against Natalie's, their lips met. "I love you."

Lauren breathed into Natalie's mouth and followed with her tongue, gingerly licking the other woman's lips. Natalie responded by biting down softly and drawing her further into her mouth. Her hand ran down Lauren's back and found the top of her bikini bottoms. Taking the string backing in her fist she slowly yanked it north, pulling the front down and tight against her pussy. "Oooh you naughty girl!" Lauren sighed, digging her nails into Natalie's back.

"I need to fuck you!" Natalie whispered into Lauren's ear before kissing the delicate skin beneath.

"Mmmm." Lauren purred at the pleasure from below and at her neck. "Back to the hotel?" She proposed and before even responding, Natalie was dragging her back to the beach to retrieve their belongings.

They made out in the elevator. Lauren pulled aside Natalie's bikini and finger fucked her against the mirrored wall. Inside their room they dropped everything at the door and almost wrestling each other to remove their swimsuits, made their way to the bed. Lauren threw Natalie backwards and spreading her legs wide smashed her face against the younger woman's pussy. Her nose buried in the generous amount of pubic hair as her tongue, first digging deep inside her, then sought out her clitoris. With two fingers,

Lauren stabbed into her lover while sucking her clit. Natalie came on her mouth in what seemed to her, record time and wrapped her thighs around Lauren's head, sealing her to her pulsating vagina.

Lauren's tongue slurped Natalie's juices, she sucked at the entrance of her pussy unable to breathe and uncaring before Natalie finally released her hold with the decreasing orgasm. Letting her loose but not finished with her, Natalie managed to turn Lauren onto her stomach and pulled her legs up to a kneeling position. Lauren's asshole and bald pussy obscenely on display for her alone. Licking from her clit all the way to her asshole, Natalie savored the taste and dribbled a stream of saliva down onto the woman's anus followed by the tip on her thumb.

Lauren's face buried into the sheets as she threw both hands back to spread herself further for Natalie. "Fuck me baby!" she begged and Natalie raised two fingers to her pussy and entered ass and vagina as one. "Ughh, yes," Lauren moaned. "More, give me more!"

Natalie was quick to respond. She pulled out and flipped the other woman onto her back, her legs splayed. Her hand returned to Lauren's glistening pussy and re-entered with three fingers, closely followed by a fourth. Kneeling between her legs and stabbing into her lover she flicked her other hand's fingers across the engorged clitoris above.

"Oh fuck yes," Lauren screamed. "Fuck, fuck." As her orgasm approached. Excess wet from her pussy splattered her thighs and Natalie's hand, furiously pumping into her. "Fucking marry me!" She yelled as she finally came, wrapping her legs around Natalie's wrist, holding her hand in place. Natalie lay down atop her, giggling at her delirious suggestion.

The next day the topless beachside photos were in the Mexican tabloids, the internet and television followed. They hadn't even seen the photographer.

Apparently using a telephoto lens.

"It's all my fault." Natalie apologized. "I'm so, so sorry."

Lauren took her in her arms. "It's no ones fault darling. It doesn't matter. We'll just look at it as publicity!" She attempted to reassure her with humor, lifting the younger woman's face to hers. "I love you, we'll get through this."

"I swear," Natalie stated. "If anyone does this to you, to us again...We'll ruin them!"

* * * * *

Edward held the rear door of the Mercedes open as Lauren approached the car. He couldn't deny her beauty. Her hair was completely up in a bun, a white satin shirt barely disguised her black bra. The grey pencil skirt hugged her hips like a second skin. Edward had no need to imagine the underwear she wore beneath, he'd seen them with his own eyes, recorded them on camera. White panties, pulled down just low enough to allow a boy who was potentially her own son, to cum inside them.

"Good morning Edward. Looks like it'll be a lovely day." Lauren remarked, easing herself into the backseat and settling gingerly onto the leather. She felt the cum spread immediately. The cooling fluid squelching between the cheeks of her ass, against her anus. Her own wetness added to the pool and she had a horrified vision of it seeping through the skirt. Screw it, she thought, she had spare clothes at work, what will be will be.

Edward thought of the footage on his phone. "Yep, looks like it'll be a great day!" He pressed closed the door and smiling to himself, made his way to the driver's side.

Minutes into the trip, Edward looked up into the rear view mirror, adjusting it downwards to see more of his employer. "So what happened to the boy?" He asked, startling Lauren in the silence.

In the act of checking emails she looked up from her tablet, catching Edward's eyes in the mirror. "Oh, I just made sure he was looked after."

Edward nodded and was silent a moment longer, allowing Lauren to focus again on her tablet. "Looked after you say?"

She again raised her eyes, this time noticing a leering grin on the man's face. Edward had been in her employ for almost five years, the mannerism was out of character. "Is there a problem Edward?"

"No, no Ms. Brooks." He concentrated on the road and Lauren assumed the conversation over. He drove on for a block. "It's just that in all the years I've driven you, all the girls I've brought back to your house. Never a man. Never a boy."

Lauren didn't like where he was headed. "Edward in all the years I've employed you, I've never sought your opinion on my private life." It was a smack down to be sure but she needed to nip it in the bud. Edward knew her proclivities. The manner in which he'd left Sebastian in her care had been much the same as the countless girls of similar age. He knew what she had him there for.

"Oh did I step out of line Ms Brooks? I'm sorry, I guess you only share your private life with your female staff."

Lauren was shocked. He was obviously referring to Natalie. "Where is this coming from Edward? This isn't like you."

"Not like me huh? Maybe I'm just curious why you've never invited me into your house like you did that kid?"

"Ah can I remind you, you did attack him!" Lauren remarked.

"Yeah now why did I do that? Oh that's right. He was rushing up to tell you something wasn't he!"

Lauren's heart rate began to increase.

Edward continued. "Now it wouldn't have been anything to do with what I found on his phone, would it?" He held up the smart phone Lauren had handed back to Sebastian on the sidewalk, the phone he'd misplaced.

"I don't know what you could mean." Lauren replied, admittedly unsure of what was on the phone.

Edward stopped the car in the traffic. "No? Well it's just there's a lot of photos on here of you. Funny thing is they're all labeled 'Mom'."

Lauren's stomach turned. Edward had seen the boy up close, he would've recognized the resemblance. The cat was out of the bag so to speak but it wasn't the end of the world. No, that was coming! Lauren reached for the phone. "Oh you found it, he mentioned he'd misplaced his phone."

"Uh uh. Not so fast." Edward pulled it out of her reach and placed it on the dashboard before him. "There's something else I want to show you."

Lauren watched as Edward withdrew his own phone from his jacket and opened an app. The traffic was going nowhere and both of their attention was focused on the screen.

Lauren recognized the location immediately as the view through the window beside her front door. She watched as she pushed her naked son against the kitchen bench and beat her hand at his crotch. Unblinking, her throat dry, she watched herself lift her skirt and have her son ejaculate into her panties. Edward stopped the video and returned his phone. She now

knew why he was behaving so out of the ordinary. Still, it didn't prove anything. Right now it was just an illegally filmed sex tape, nothing more. As if fate was playing a trick on her, Sebastian's phone began to ring.

"Oh now who could this be? Wouldn't be the kid trying to call his own number?"

The traffic began moving at a crawl. "How could you? I trusted you Edward." Lauren stated.

"Trust's a two way street." Edward was sure of his suspicions but the phone call would, he felt, confirm it. "Now I'm going to put his phone on speaker and you're going to answer it natural, O.k?"

Lauren's head was spinning. She'd just been confronted with footage that could destroy her business, her life. She nodded in affirmation at Edwards' suggestion.

"Hello?"

Sebastian's voice responded back to her. "Oh Mom, great you found it!"

Edward disconnected the call and tossed her son's phone back to her. "Well, it doesn't get much more definitive than that does it?" He gloated.

"What do you want?" Lauren asked after a moment of contemplation. She cursed herself she hadn't answered with a simple "you're on speaker" but in the moment it hadn't come to her. It was irrelevant, Edward had figured it out. The call was just the confirmation.

"What do I want? Well I haven't decided just yet but I can guarantee you and your bastard will be first to know." The car pulled up outside Lauren's building and she watched as Edward exited the vehicle and circled around to open her door as normal, as if nothing had changed. The ramifications of

Edwards knowledge and evidence could be monumental. The public backlash would be severe. How dare he? She thought. There was no way she would allow this ingrate to jeopardise her life's work, her newfound relationship with her son. She wouldn't be blackmailed, she wouldn't be cow-towed

Lauren climbed out, Sebastian's phone in her grasp. If Edward had expected his employer to look meek and defeated when she exited the car he was disappointed. Lauren stood proud before him, in her heels, of equal height.

"So I'll be in touch," Edward stated but his confidence was already failing at her demeanor.

"You really want to go down this path Edward?" Lauren asked but continued on before he could answer. "Have you ever been hiking?"

The question came out of the blue and Edward was puzzled, the smarmy grin he was trying to maintain slowly fading. "What, why?" He answered.

"Because any knowledgeable hiker understands, you don't get between a mother bear and her cub! So, "I" will be in touch Edward." Lauren stared her driver down and watched with pleasure as she saw his adam's apple bob up and down as he swallowed. He still held the cards, they both knew it but somehow, ever so slightly, Edward felt the tide had begun to turn.

* * * * *

As Lauren strode the floor towards her office, Natalie met her with a coffee in each hand and a tablet under her arm. "Morning. Macchiato." She nodded towards the closest coffee. Lauren took possession of one of the mugs but held onto the younger woman's hand. Standing in the middle of the office space she lifted Natalie's hand and kissed the tip of her knuckles. Natalie

looked around to see if anyone had noticed the overt display and returned her gaze to Lauren. "O.k. What's that about?"

Lauren smiled. "I just wanted to express my gratitude."

"For the coffee? I get it every day!" She chuckled.

"For your loyalty, your friendship and I hope for your forgiveness."

Natalie looked puzzled. "What for?"

Lauren paused and it was her turn to look around the floor. "Let's talk in my office."

Lauren placed her handbag down on the desk and waited for Natalie to close the door behind them. "Alright what's going on? Because if it's about me calling you last night, I wasn't being pushy I was just worried about you. You've been distant, there was the restaurant thing and you didn't want me around and I...I'm rambling aren't I?" Natalie stopped herself and waited for Lauren's response.

"It's nothing you've done. It's me. You were right at the restaurant, I've been feeling pretty fragile lately about you know what and I should've been more up front with you." Lauren explained.

"It's alright you don't have to.."

"No I do." Lauren paused as if thinking. "Do we have much on today?"

Natalie looked down at her tablet. "Weekly sales report. Conference call with the suppliers. Nothing overly important. Why?"

"I was wondering, did you drive in today?"

Natalie looked puzzled. "Yes, why?"

"Good. Clear our schedule. There's someone I want you to meet."

* * * * *

After calling his misplaced phone and thankfully hearing his mother's voice, Sebastian ate a bowl of ice cream for breakfast. The fact it hung up straight away didn't bother him. Battery's probably dead, he reasoned. He walked around the house naked while his clothes washed in the laundry. He entered his mother's walk in wardrobe and marveled at her hundreds of dresses. He recalled many from photos he'd seen of her. Opening one of many drawers he found his mother's underwear and it caused a swelling in his cock as he thought of her wearing them for him. He found a room devoted to shoes, bigger than his own bedroom in New Jersey. How far he had come he thought. Did his uncle even notice he'd gone?

In the early morning sun Sebastian curled his toes on the soft grass of the back lawn. Grass so green it looked fake and was amazed when it turned out to be real. In a building beside the pool he found a beach towel and placed it on an outdoor lounge chair in preparation of sunning himself. Diving into the kidney shaped pool he swam it's length before climbing up the stairs and dripping, walked back into the house to pour himself a drink of milk.

Half way across the polished concrete floor between the outdoors and the kitchen he stopped dead. The two women approached, their heels clicking and echoing around the large living room. "Sebastian." Lauren casually spoke his name. "I'd like you to meet..."

"I know who you are." Sebastian cut her off. "You're Natalie Glass." He quickly approached the woman and put his arms around her in an embrace. Natalie was taken aback and looked towards Lauren who smiled at her. "You're my Mom's girlfriend!"

Sebastian realized he may have crossed the line by hugging the woman. The fact he was naked was his secondary concern. After taking a step back he noticed he'd wet the front of her powder blue peplum dress and offered to run and get a towel. Lauren was quick to step in. "Sebastian no, that wont be necessary." She held out her hand to him and he accepted it, standing alongside his mother.

The two of them looked at Natalie who was still coming to terms with a naked man, more a boy, in Lauren's house, let alone the fact he had called her his mother. She shook her head. "Wait. What?" She looked at Lauren. "Mom!?"

Lauren couldn't control the smile that appeared on her face. "Yes. He's my son!"

Natalie looked at the two and the resemblance was now uncanny. They had the same eyes, the same hair, even with him being so slight, the same facial bone structure but still she had doubts. "Lauren, may I speak with you for a moment?"

Lauren understood she meant alone and asked Sebastian to fetch them some drinks.

"Um. Mom should I put something on? It's just my clothes are in the wash." Sebastian asked, suddenly conscious of his nudity now he was obviously being banished.

"Sweetheart it's not necessary." She patted him on the bottom as she turned him. "Now come on just give Mommy a moment with Natalie, O.k."

The two women walked out poolside and once alone Natalie expressed her concern. "Lauren are you sure? It's a little suspicious don't you think? What, two days after his birthday!"

"It's him Nat. I've seen the birth certificate. From the moment I saw him I knew there was something."

"Oh my god." Natalie exclaimed as she pieced together the facts. "He's the boy on the street!"

"Yes! I can see it in his eyes, in his heart. He's my baby Natalie. He's come back to me."

Natalie looked towards the house. "He's naked." She paused and turned back to Lauren. "And neither of you seemed even a little fazed."

Lauren reached out and took Natalie's hands. "Well that's what I need to talk to you about."

Natalie didn't need to be told. She could see it in her employers, in her lovers eyes. "You made love."

"We made love." Lauren confessed. She allowed Natalie the time to process the information before going on. "You need to spend some time with him Nat. I guarantee in five minutes you'll see in him what I do. He's a part of me!"

"Um, I'm sorry," Sebastian nervously stated as he walked towards the women, his semi erect penis shaded by the tray in his hands. "But I hope this is O.k." He placed the tray of iced teas on the outdoor setting and waited expectantly.

Lauren held out a hand for him to join them. "It's perfect darling. This is perfect." She looked again at Natalie. "Don't you see? You two are the most precious people in my life. I realized it when you called me last night and it broke my heart not to tell you about him." She locked her eyes on her son. "Sebastian. Here come sit next to Mommy." Pulling him down beside her on the lounge Lauren placed a hand on his thigh. "Sweetheart I'm going to

leave you with Natalie for a few moments. Talk to her, I want you two to get to know each other."

Lauren left them to freshen herself and Natalie apprehensively took up Lauren's seat beside the boy. An awkward moment of silence followed before each began to speak at once. "I'm sorry Sebastian. You go ahead." Natalie offered.

"I was just going to say I was glad you were in Mom's life." He admitted.

"Why do you say that? You don't even know me." Natalie asked. She allowed her eyes to quickly stray down to the boy's penis, still semi erect between his thin white thighs.

"I read all of Mom's interviews and she mentioned you heaps. That thing in Mexico. I saw the news story you were on, you tried to help her. I loved you for it!" He blushed when he said it and Natalie felt the compulsion to place an arm around him but refrained.

"When did you know she was your mother?" Natalie asked and immediately his eyes lit up and his face brightened.

"I was about fifteen when I found my adoption record but..." He paused and turned his body further towards her. "Do you believe in fate?"

"I suppose, why?"

"Well when I'd just started junior high I was taking the bus to and from school. On the way home I had to change buses and one day I noticed across from the bus stop they'd put in a new billboard above some shops. It was a bad day at school. Some kids had been picking on me but I didn't want to go home either. It was just as bad there at the time. Anyway I sat at the bus stop looking up at the billboard and let bus after bus pass me by. It was cold. Have you ever been to New Jersey in winter?" He asked but

didn't wait for her answer. "I just sat there looking up at the face on the billboard. It was a perfume ad. I wasn't interested in perfume, I was just a kid back then. It was her face. Just staring at her made me feel safe. While I looked at her the kids at school couldn't hurt me. My cousins couldn't pick on me. My uncle couldn't..."

He didn't finish the sentence and Natalie didn't need him to. She could hear the pain of recollecting his childhood in his voice, she knew the billboard he was referring to having been with Lauren at the photo shoot. It was simply a facial photo of Lauren and a bottle of the perfume it advertised. Nothing to catch the eye of a pubescent boy and yet he'd been drawn to it.

"It wasn't until 10pm that night that my uncle drove by and found me," he continued. "I was nearly half frozen but even then I didn't want to leave her face. I didn't even know who she was and yet I knew she meant something to me. It was Lauren Brooks up there Natalie." He explained to her just in case she hadn't realized. "I was looking at my Mom and I didn't even know it!"

Natalie couldn't control herself, she wrapped an arm around Sebastian's shoulder and drew him into her breast. "You are him aren't you!? She cried. "Oh you beautiful boy, I'm so happy to finally meet you." Natalie released her vice like grip and held him at arms length. "And look at you. All grown up. Eighteen years old I hear. Just had your birthday! Tell me, has Lauren given you a present yet?"

Sebastian again looked bashful. "No. I don't need anything."

Natalie was suddenly aware of his nudity once more. Her eyes once again settled on his penis, now sightly harder than before. Had it been the memory of his mother or possibly the embrace she'd just shared with him, she wondered? Either way, the desire to touch it was something she hadn't

felt in years. "I wonder Sebastian. Would you let me hold it?" As she asked the question Lauren walked back out to join them, overhearing the words.

Sebastian looked up at Natalie excitedly and then to his mother. "I guess, if Mom says it's O.k."

Lauren nodded enthusiastically, sitting across from them.

Natalie smiled at her and tentatively wrapped her hand around the cock. The first penis she'd touched since her late teens. It swelled instantly beneath her fingers and both Natalie and Sebastian expelled a held breath.

"You were wrong Lauren." Natalie declared. "You said I'd see what you do in five minutes. It only took four!"

Her hand casually stroked Sebastian's growing cock as Lauren watched on. The sight of Natalie and her son engaged in such an act, exciting her more than she'd imagined. Parting her legs she hiked her skirt up around her waist and placed a hand on her panties, feeling her son's long dried cum. She delved inside and ran her fingers down between her moistening labia. Back up to her clit she watched as Natalie lowered her head towards her son's groin.

Dropping from the lounge to her knees and leaning forward, Natalie took Sebastian's erection into her mouth. His sigh told her she was doing something correctly and as she sucked on the head of his cock she twisted and jerked her hand on the base. She lowered a hand to her inner thigh and touched the lace seam of her stay-up tan stockings then further between her legs across the bare skin to her panties. She found herself wet. As aroused as she ever had with Lauren. And why was that strange? She asked herself. This boy was a part of Lauren, her in male form. Lauren with a cock, she mused. Why wouldn't she be attracted to him?

His cock plunged deep but not far enough for Natalie. The angle was all wrong and taking him by the hand she guided Sebastian to his feet with her mouth still connected to his engorged manhood. Sebastian was torn between watching his mother masturbate and Natalie suck his cock. Thankfully he didn't have to choose as he saw Lauren rise whilst removing her clothes. She approached naked and beautiful and knelt down beside Natalie. With Lauren taking over from her, Natalie took the opportunity to remove her own dress. Her panties and bra came off and again she joined Lauren worshiping at Sebastian's altar.

The women shared and combined. One moment Sebastian's penis was deep inside his mother's mouth only to be wrenched free and swallowed by Natalie. Their tongues entwined around the swollen head. Saliva ran from his balls, their chin's glistened. So lubricated was his dick with drool that Natalie's hand repeatedly slipped off when she tried to masturbate him as they each took a testicle in their mouths. Sebastian was on the cusp of orgasm. He didn't know what to do in that they seemed to be enjoying his penis so much but he felt he had to warn them. "Mom I have to cum!" He finally confessed when the pressure had become too great.

Natalie quickly whispered in Lauren's ear and the women pressed their faces tightly together side by side. "Happy Birthday Sebastian!" They shouted in unison before opening their mouths and presenting their tongues. Delirious, Sebastian grasped his cock and finished off their hard work with his experienced hand. He aimed at their mouths but in his exuberance the first stream hit Natalie's forehead and trailed down over her eye to her jaw. Squeezing tight he aimed to the left and repeated the feat, this time over his mother's face. The cum coating the bridge of her nose and upper lip. Shot after shot of semen spat from his cock. He managed to finally aim into their awaiting mouths, coating lips, tongue and teeth, and as his ejaculation

subsided they turned to one another and shared the spoils of victory. Lauren scooped up the thread of semen carefully from over Natalie's eye and kept it for herself, savoring the taste of her special man.

With their faces clean, Sebastian held his hands out for the ladies to rise and Natalie accepted with grace, kissing Sebastian on the lips as she did so but Lauren remained knelt. They looked down at her concerned for a moment before Lauren spoke. "While I'm down here. There's something I wanted to ask each of you." Squeezing her son's hand a little tighter. "Sebastian, how would you feel about having two Mommies?"

He didn't answer, instead quickly looking to Natalie, a huge smile spreading on his face. Natalie raised a hand to her mouth as Lauren, holding her other then focused her attention on her. "Oh my god. Oh my God." She repeated.

"Natalie," Lauren began. "I don't have a ring or a speech prepared but you know how much I love you."

Tears ran from Natalie's eyes as she fully accepted what was happening.

"What I want to ask you is, will you marry me?"

"Yes. Yes, my God yes." She cried, finally pulling Lauren to her feet. "Of course I will." Natalie wrapped her arms around her lover, kissing her and drew Sebastian into the embrace, his cock sandwiched between the two women.

Right then and there, Lauren felt happier than she thought she ever had. The embrace could have lasted an eternity but a darkness entered her mind.

Edward. With everything else perfect in her life, time to put an end to it she thought. "Sebastian there's a special job I want you to do. Do you think you'd like to help me?" She asked.

"I'll do anything for you Mom. You know I will." He avidly replied.

"Splendid." She took hold of Natalie and her son's hand and they noticed her face grow cold. "But first there's something I need to tell you both."

* * * * *

Sebastian stood in the bushes outside his mother's bedroom. The window was high but he was still afforded with an obstacle free view of the bed, his mother sitting on the edge, her body facing him but her face turned away, seemingly oblivious to his presence. With her totally naked, legs spread, Sebastian watched through the recording camera on his phone as Natalie entered the room and knelt down at her feet. His mother's vagina suddenly hidden from view he was treated with Natalie's ass and pussy from behind. Her head bobbed around between his mother's legs and there was little doubt she was eating her out. His mother had said nothing about not enjoying himself so as he zoomed in on Natalie's puckered anus he allowed his hand to gently stroke his cock.

Lauren pulled Natalie up onto the bed and embraced her, kissing. Their legs scissored together, pussy's grinding against the other's. Sebastian knew the moment was approaching, he'd been told what to do. As Natalie fell back with the force of her orgasm her face turned towards him and reacted. Immediately she leaped back onto the bed covering her nudity with her hands. Sebastian, as directed, turned the camera away and stopped recording.

Inside the house he was to meet the women in the kitchen but found it deserted. He made his way to his mother's room and cautiously looked around the doorway. The women were still on the bed. Still naked.

"How did you go sweetheart?" Lauren asked her son. "Come on, jump up here with Mommy."

Naked, Sebastian climbed between the two women and presented his mother the phone.

All three watched the video together. "Hmm, that's actually kind of hot." Natalie remarked, casually placing her hand down on Sebastian's growing erection. "Maybe we should think about doing this more often."

Lauren looked across to her with concern in her eyes. "Darling we can't joke around with this. Both of you. This is about as serious as it gets, I don't want you to forget that."

Sebastian took the dressing down harder than Natalie. "I'm sorry Mom. It's all my fault. If I hadn't come here none of this would've happened." He was genuinely upset by the story she'd told them and was again close to tears.

"Don't you dare say it's your fault Sebastian." Lauren consoled him, drawing him into her breast. "You've done nothing wrong my prince. There's only one person to blame here and it's certainly not you or I."

Natalie hadn't released her hold on Sebastian's cock and as his head pressed to his mother's breast she felt him harden further. She watched as Lauren raised her son's face to her own, kissing him motherly on the lips and then not so. Her tongue entering his mouth, connecting with his. Sebastian didn't want to lose Natalie's hold on his cock but he so desperately wanted to be inside his mother. Natalie was thinking the same thing, eager to see mother and son as one. The moment she let go of his cock, Sebastian was upon her. Lauren, spreading her legs for her boy in anticipation. Natalie lowered a hand to her own pussy but Sebastian came down on it before her, his fingers sliding along her dripping labia.

Lauren turned her face to kiss Natalie as Sebastian pressed the head of his penis against her begging vulva. He entered both women at once. His cock

buried deep inside his mother, two fingers penetrating Natalie, his thumb on her clit. Sebastian took a nipple into his mouth and sucked with all his might, looking up as the women passionately kissed above him. Thrusting into his mother, she squeezed her pussy around him, pulling him into her with each intrusion. He joined the kiss and Natalie moved her body closer, grabbing his wrist with both hands she took control and used his arm as her personal sex toy, fucking herself with his fingers.

Lauren wrapped her legs around her son's waist as she began to cum. Her mouth open in a silent scream as Natalie and Sebastian lavished her with kisses. Natalie responded to Lauren's orgasm with her own. Burying Sebastian's hand up to the palm inside her and flooding his fingers with fluid. Sebastian was last and definitely not least. His balls tightened and the semen began its course. He exploded inside his mother with almost nuclear energy. A fire hose of cum forced against her cervix, she felt each and every spurt of her son's love.

Cradling her son's and lover's heads on her breast, Lauren ran her fingers through their hair. "You know something you two?" She asked. "I've never felt this happy! Whatever happens here today, I just want you to know that I love you both more than anything in the world."

Sebastian looked at Natalie and up at his mother. "We know Mom." He took hold of Natalie's and then his mother's hand before kneeling between them. "Right," He stated, showing he could be a man. "Let's get this show on the road!"

* * * * *

Edward sat behind the wheel of the Mercedes. In the failing early evening light he watched the policeman walk towards the car. Muttering to himself and awkward looking in his uniform, Edward laughed as he realized the cop

was no cop. More a boy, dressed in a police costume, plastic cuffs at his belt. "Relax Edward. You're in charge now! You've got nothing to worry about." He told himself and looked back down at his phone as the boy passed, mumbling something about bed sheets and his mother.

Scrolling the video back and forth, Lauren Brooks lifting her skirt, lowering, lifting, lowering. His left hand returned, furiously pumping his sizeable penis. He allowed the footage to play and watched as her son shot his load between her legs. His own orgasm approached and the screen changed to display a private number calling. "Fuck!" He exclaimed. Removing his hand from his cock he answered. "This better be good!" To his mind, it was.

"Edward I'm at home. I'm ready to make a deal, would you come by please." Lauren asked, her tone conciliatory.

"Ah, finally inviting me in. Yeah I'll be there." He grinned and disconnected the call, looking down at his throbbing cock, pre-cum daubing the head.

"Don't worry buddy. You're about to get the real thing and a shit load of money!"

* * * * *

He pulled the car to a halt and finding the front door unlocked, entered the house without knocking. It didn't take him long to find them. Lauren and Sebastian waited seated in the living room. Now fully clothed the pair looked nothing more than the average respectable mother and son, if a little apprehensive in their demeanor.

Edward looked Lauren up and down. Tan heels and her legs crossed. The navy blue wrap dress had a split that teased the stocking top on her upper

thigh, her hair pulled tightly back. He recognized the kid's clothes as those when he first met him, now cleaner.

"So how do we do this?" Lauren asked.

Edward grinned. "\$100 thousand into my account by tomorrow and right now you can start by spreading those pretty legs of yours."

"Mom..." Sebastian began and Lauren stopped him by placing a hand on his leg.

"Maybe the kid might want to wait in the other room." Edward stated.

"My son stays!" Lauren defied.

"Oh that's right you like to keep your family close don't you?" He laughed.

"But just in case you get any ideas kid." Edward held open his suit jacket to reveal a handgun secreted away in a shoulder holster.

It was entirely unexpected to Lauren, she'd no idea Edward had been armed, it raised the stakes and the situation had just become far more dangerous.

Lauren agreed to the payment, uncrossed her legs and leaning back on the couch, slowly parted her thighs. Sebastian shuffled across from her as directed by a wave of Edward's hand. Her legs spread and panty-less, she revealed her smooth bald pussy to her driver.

"Now show me those titties." His voice breaking somewhat as he realized he was about to fuck the plus sized supermodel before him.

Lauren placed her hands at her breast. "The video. Do you have it on you?"

Edward reached into his jacket pocket and removed his phone, shaking it before her.

"Show me."

Edward unlocked his phone and played the recording.

"And you'll delete it afterwards?" She asked. "How do I know it's the only copy?"

"Ms. Brooks. I may be a son-of-a-bitch but I ain't a liar. It's the only copy."

"O.k then," she stated. "Get your cock out!"

It was the sign Natalie had been waiting for. The moment she heard the words she left the adjoining room and approached Edward from behind. He heard nothing as her bare feet padded across the shiny concrete floor. The statue was heavy in her sweaty hands but the contour of the Venus de Milo prevented it slipping from her grasp as she raised it and swung with all her might at the side of Edward's head.

She had to admit the feeling of skull against marble was extremely satisfying as she watched the man fall to the floor in a heap, completely unconscious. Lauren and Sebastian stood up and all three gathered in an embrace above the prone body.

Natalie's hands were shaking and Sebastian took the statue from her and placed it on the table. "Did I do good? Was that O.k?" She asked, the adrenaline still coursing through her veins.

Lauren kissed her on the lips. "You did good honey. Just as we planned."

Sebastian picked up the phone from where it had skidded and raised a thumb to his mother when he looked at the still playing video.

Lauren smiled. "O.k baby, do your thing." She looked down at Edward, out cold but thankfully bleeding little. "Right. Let's get his clothes off!"

* * * * *

Two police cars and an ambulance surrounded the Mercedes in Lauren's driveway. Edward's neck was in a brace as he was being assessed by the paramedics. In his delirium he hadn't noticed the tight, hot pink dress he wore, the stay up stockings or the high heels and poorly applied make-up. Lauren and Sebastian were being questioned by an officer as was Natalie, separately.

"So you say you invited him around?" The policeman asked.

"That's right. He had a compromising video of me and my partner. We were to negotiate a payment that would prevent him from releasing it to the press."

The cop took notes, nodding his head. "Ah-huh. So he was blackmailing you?"

"Well yes. I didn't expect him to show up brandishing a gun though. Or wearing my clothes. I don't know how he even got them."

"They're your clothes?"

Lauren nodded.

"He probably broke in at an earlier date." The cop proposed. "This video you say he has?"

"He says it's on his phone. We, Natalie and I caught someone filming us the other day. My god I had no idea it was him!"

"That's alright ma'am, we'll investigate that." He looked down at Sebastian.

"Son do you have anything to add?"

Sebastian shook his head. "I'm just happy Mom wasn't hurt. If my other Mom wasn't here I don't know what may have happened."

Natalie finished her statement as Edward was loaded onto the gurney and began to regain his faculties. "What is this?" He looked down at his cuffed wrists. "Why am I under arrest?"

A police woman approached holding his phone, another officer beside her with Edward's gun in an evidence bag.

"Sir you need to relax. We need to ask you some questions." She held the phone out to him. "Would you consent to unlocking this phone sir?"

"Yes, yes. You'll see the video. She's fucking her son!" Edward yelled still unaware he was wearing women's clothing.

"So you admit to filming Ms. Brooks?" She questioned, ignoring the "son" reference.

"Yeah I did it." He raised his bound wrist and entered the code into his phone. The officer opened the media folder and was greeted with hundreds of photos of Lauren Brooks. She tilted the screen towards her partner and found the solitary video file. Lauren and Natalie engaged in sexual activity in her bedroom. She scrolled through until the end where the photographer had been discovered and closed the file. The officers moved away to confer as Edward was wheeled out to the ambulance screaming about incest.

Lauren and Natalie stood embracing as the police approached. "So what happens now?" Lauren asked.

"Well he'll be checked out at the local hospital and then taken downtown for processing. It doesn't look good for him. We have blackmail, extortion, threatening with a deadly weapon. Trespass in that he was on your property when he made the video. Theft and possession of stolen goods in that he was wearing your clothes. The gun's not registered. It just keeps mounting

up. He has prior convictions, this is his third strike, were you aware of that Ms. Brooks?"

"No I wasn't." Lauren replied. "My god he was always such a good employee until he met my son. He attacked him the other day."

"I'm sorry what's that?" The officer asked.

"Oh I forgot to mention it. Outside our building. He attacked my son for no reason. Knocked him to the ground. There'll be security footage of it if it's necessary."

"It might be." The officer stalled and began to blush. "Ah Ms. Brooks. My partner and I are sort of fans of yours." She smiled and couldn't hide her nervousness. "I wonder if it's not too much trouble could we get a photo?"

Lauren smiled and looked down to Sebastian. "Honey would you take it for the officers?"

The policewoman gladly handed Sebastian her phone.

"He's great with photography!" Lauren admitted proudly as the police got their memento of the evening.

* * * * *

Lauren parked the Mercedes in the garage beside Natalie's car and joined Sebastian and Natalie in the house. Natalie had opened a bottle of champagne and poured three glasses. "To us and our future." She toasted as they clinked their glasses together.

Lauren looked at Sebastian. "Hmmm don't know if I approve of you drinking young man." She said smiling.

Sebastian laughed and rolled his eyes looking to Natalie. "I guess you're going to be the fun parent!"

Natalie moved in closer pressing her groin into Sebastian's hip. She looked across to Lauren. "I guess I am!"

* * * * *

Edward was searched again and led into the holding cell before being uncuffed. "I'm telling you these aren't my clothes!" He screamed.

"Whatever buddy. Enjoy 'em while you've got the chance. You ain't seeing nothing but orange for a long time." The guard replied.

"Well hello princess." A voice came from behind.

Edward turned to see twenty to thirty hardened cons, many in gang colors all looking in his direction. Groins began to be rubbed through pants and erections pulled from flies as the desperate men ogled the newcomer dressed seductively in women's clothing.

A large muscular tattooed man in a white wife beater approached stroking his cock, veiny and proud.

"What the fuck do you want?" Edward nervously asked.

"Well, you can start by spreading those pretty legs of yours!" The man demanded.

Retail Therapy

The moment the ball came off the racket, Denise Ford knew it was a winner. Into the back court and past her opponent's forearm, the ball bounced into the fence bordering the courts. "Some sore back!" Elsie Robbins remarked as she bent over to pick up the tennis ball.

Denise watched her friend bend forward, her skirt rising up to reveal her white panties. Oh God stop it Denise, she told herself. You're so horny you're ogling women now!? She waited at the net for Elsie to approach and the women leaned into one another and kissed on the cheek.

"It loosens up with activity," Denise explained her recovery.

"Another game?" Elise asked as they headed to the sidelines.

Denise took a long drink from her bottle before shaking her head. "Sorry Hon. I have to go into the shop."

Elsie wiped sweat from her chest and again the older woman noticed the alluring display before diverting her eyes and picking up her bag. You're becoming a lech! Denise told herself, her eyes travelling back to her friend. "Shower?"

The tennis club offered single cubicles but deep in conversation the women entered the group showers together. "I thought you had help on Saturdays?" Elsie asked, adjusting the water temperature to her satisfaction.

"I did!" Denise replied, enjoying the feeling as the high pressure shower head sprayed her lower back. "Krystal has moved on to greener pastures. It's a blessing really, she was lovely but dumber than a box of hammers."

"Greener pastures you say?" Elise asked, soaping her breasts and unabashed ran a hand between her legs.

Denise averted her eyes; her own sex responding to the display. Okay enough she again reprimanded herself and turned her back to the other woman. "Yes," she replied, rinsing her hair. "Found herself a sugar daddy and moved to the Hills."

"Oh to be young again," Elsie complained.

Reaching for her soap, Denise's back pain reared again causing her to wince. Elsie noticed the other woman's discomfort and moved closer.

"Where does it hurt?" Elsie asked, pressing her soapy hands on her friends lower back.

To Denise the contact was a surprise but not totally unexpected with Elsie's background as a massage therapist. The fact it was occurring as they were both totally naked and sharing a shower was admittedly out of the ordinary however and led her mind back to a previous life.

"Ooh," Denise moaned as Elsie's thumbs dug into her flesh. "Just a little lower."

Elise's fingers pressed into the area of spine above Denise's buttocks, the soap acting as a massage oil. For Denise the sensation was nothing short of pleasurable and when Elsie stopped she discovered she was wet and not from the shower. You've been too long without a man Denise, she told herself.

"Hmm," Elsie contemplated. "It's lower lumbar, possibly your sacrum. Could even be deferred pain from your hip Denise. We're of the age you know."

Denise didn't need the reminder, her 60th birthday having just passed. She turned to face Elsie again. "You make it sound so serious," she said. "I thought it was just a sore back."

"You can never be too sure," Elsie replied. "Go and see my doctor. Wesley Fuller. He's very good and dare I say it, pleasing to the eye."

Denise smiled, shaking her head. "Oh Elsie, you're as bad as me. Remember you're married."

"Oh don't remind me," Elsie laughed. "Actually that makes me think. Are you putting someone else on?"

"At the shop?" Denise asked.

"Uh huh."

"Well I'll have to," Denise replied soaping her legs. Her hand slid along her inner thigh and made contact with her vagina. My God I am wet! She smiled to herself. "It's doing well right now and I don't want to be there all hours myself. I'm not looking forward to interviewing though."

"What about Jackson?" Elsie proposed.

"Your son? He's still at school," Denise countered.

"No he's eighteen now. He's done and it seems, devoting his life to playing computer games," Elsie admitted. "Don't get me wrong Denise. He's a good boy. I just need him out of the house."

"Eighteen!" Denise replied. "My God they grow up quick."

"I'm not asking for special consideration Hon, if it doesn't work out you can let him go," Elsie reassured her. "It won't affect our friendship."

Denise was glad Elsie had brought it up. Going into a business partnership with an acquaintance was a sure way of dooming that friendship she'd learnt, the awareness of Elsie was heartening. Denise didn't have to think over the offer long. "You know what, send him in this afternoon. I'll give him a tryout and if he stacks up, he's got the job."

Elsie turned off her shower and clutched Denise's hand. "Thank you Darl. You'll love him, I promise."

"I'm sure I will," Denise smiled.

* * * * *

Elsie opened her son's door without knocking and entered. For an instant she regretted the action as her mind ran through what he may've been doing in private but she was just so excited to tell him the news. Thankfully he was playing a game and she quickly dispelled her inappropriate thoughts.

"Mom, can you knock? Please!" Jackson yelled.

"Yes, sorry. I just wanted to tell you the news."

Jackson paused his game as his mother took a seat beside him on the bed.

"You know I was playing tennis with my friend Denise this morning?" Elsie continued as Jackson looked back blankly. "Well she owns a thrift shop and is looking to hire someone to help out. I got you a job!"

"Oh," Jackson replied without the excitement his mother was hoping for.

"What? Isn't that good?" Elsie asked.

"Um yeah, I guess," Jackson managed. "What would I do?"

"Well I don't know. Whatever you do in a shop, sell stuff," Elsie explained.

"You just have to go in this afternoon and introduce yourself. She's lovely,

you'll really like her I promise."

"Okay, cool," Jackson replied. "I guess."

"You guess?" Elsie questioned.

"Well, what do I wear? I've never even had a job interview before."

"Oh don't be nervous. She's really casual. Just wear your normal clothes," his mother assured him. "She'll like you as well, trust me!"

Jackson moved to the edge of the bed and seemed to be contemplating the situation. "Okay, I'll do it."

Elsie was aware that was probably going to be the limit of her son's excitement and left it at that.

"Oh by the way," she added as she left his room. "She used to be in the movies."

* * * * *

Denise did up the last of the buttons on the front of her white shirt and looked in the mirror. She was pleased with the reflection looking back; her tan pants tight on her still shapely legs; her breasts pressing out the crisp white shirt. Her eyes strayed to the movie poster behind her and she shook her head smiling as she looked back at her own feet. Maybe the boots were too much, she thought as she walked back to her walk-in to change.

The framed limited edition poster for 'Helga, Princess of the Reich' depicted her in 1978. Dressed as a Nazi camp commandant in riding pants, long boots with leather crop in hand. In her wardrobe she chose a pair of flats and after swapping them for the boots, left her room with a quick wink at her portrait.

* * * * *

Jackson drove to the store and parked in a lot behind the shopping strip. Ten minutes early he took out his phone and looked up Denise Ford in an online database. No matches, he assumed his mother had lied to him and began to slowly walk towards the shop.

His mother having mentioned it was a second hand store, Jackson was expecting a flea bitten hovel. What he found was a classy storefront with just as classy customers. In fact if he hadn't been told it was a thrift shop he would never have assumed.

The woman behind the counter was in conversation with a customer and Jackson browsed the books on display until she was finished. He glanced at her as he tried to look casual. His mother had mentioned she was older than her but from the distance he stood he couldn't discern it. What he saw was a striking mature woman. Her hair was a dark brown and she'd tied it back in a loose pony tail. The white shirt she wore was exceptionally tight around her boobs and Jackson could feel himself blush when her eyes passed over him in her conversation.

Inching closer to the counter as he noticed the customer begin to pay for a item, Jackson was shocked at how nervous he was becoming, his heart beginning to race in his chest.

"Thank you, see you again," the woman farewelled the customer and turned her eyes on Jackson.

Before he could speak, Denise smiled and greeted him. "And you must be Jackson!"

He was taken aback at her pronouncement. "I..how did you know?"

She smiled and walked around the counter to greet him formally. "Your mother didn't tell you I'm psychic? I can read everything you're thinking."

Jackson's jaw dropped slightly and Denise laughed at his disposition. "Oh I'm joking, she's shown me your photos over the years," she explained. "I've actually watched you grow up! Don't worry, I can't read your thoughts...Or can I?" She laughed, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh," Jackson replied, now completely blushing and quickly wiping his sweaty palm on his jeans before shaking the woman's hand. Now closer he could see her age, yet it didn't detract from her beauty. In fact, he thought, she was hot!

"Now I don't know what your mother has told you, but the pay is \$25 an hour and that'll be after a trial period okay?"

To Jackson it sounded great. Especially compared to the nothing he was currently on! "No that's cool. And Mom said you can quote 'sack my ass' if I get out of line!"

Denise laughed and Jackson liked the dimples that formed in her cheeks when she did so. He admired the lines that appeared beside her eyes. He especially loved the beauty spot on her top lip. It looked like something a movie star would have and he wondered if his mother hadn't been lying to him after all.

"Well hopefully it won't come to that!" She smiled and motioned him to follow her further into the store. "So you've seen the register, the books," she gestured to one side of the shop. "This is obviously the clothing section. More women's than men's I'm afraid. Men seem to hold onto their clothes longer I've found. That or they wear them to death." She cast her eye's onto him. "I'm sure you're guilty of wearing underpants until they're full of holes!"

The joke caused Jackson to blush further and it delighted Denise. My God he's so young she thought. His eyes were so like his mother's and had adopted her attractive features. She all of a sudden wondered if he had inherited her healing hands as well but quickly tried to put the thought out of her mind. "The fitting rooms," she casually swept a hand to the left. "Household goods, as you can see; furniture," she stated, running her hand over the back of an antique couch. "Vases and such; jewellery you probably saw back at the counter and back here we have dvd's and music." Completing the tour of the store they stood facing each other. "We don't sell many dvd's and cd's anymore, take up more space than they're worth. At least they're not vhs though am I right?"

The blank look on Jackson's face showed her he had no idea what she was talking about and she shook her head smiling. "Vhs? No? Cassette tapes?"

Jackson shook his head before his face lit up. "Oh I saw a Sony Walkman at the museum once. They had a special show on!" He offered and Denise felt every one of her sixty years.

Closing the shop for ten minutes, Denise continued the tour into the back area. A sorting room for going through donations, the kitchenette and a small bathroom with attached laundry facilities. For washing the clothing donated, Denise explained.

"So how long have you been doing this Ms. Ford?" Jackson asked as Denise poured out a cup of tea for each of them.

"You have to call me Denise or you simply can't work here I'm afraid," she smiled as she passed the steaming mug to the boy. "Be careful, it's hot. Um how long? Let me see, I moved back to the U.S. in '98, then L.A. in 2003, nearly fifteen years."

"Wow, I would've been three when you started," Jackson stated.

"Oh Jackson," Denise laughed. "You really know how to make me feel my age."

"Oh I'm sorry," he quickly apologised. "I didn't mean it that way, I..."

"No, no, no sweetheart, I was just joking," Denise reassured him. He was blushing again and she loved the way he wore his heart on his sleeve. Such a sensitive boy, she thought. "How's your tea?"

Jackson blew across the top and took another sip. He'd never had a cup of tea in his life but hadn't mentioned it when she'd offered. Now that he tasted it, he was surprised how much he enjoyed it. Or was it, he wondered, because it was her who provided it?

"Beautiful," Jackson complimented her and as she turned to put the tea box back in the cupboard he could have been describing her ass. The pants she wore clasped her buttocks like skin and being flesh colored gave the impression she was indeed, naked. Reaching up, her shirt untucked above her black belt and allowed Jackson to see an inch of flesh on her hip. He was thankful his legs were hidden beneath the table as nothing less would obscure the erection that grew in his pants.

* * * * *

The afternoon passed quickly. Too quickly for Jackson. By five o'clock and the doors locked he'd mastered the register and credit card system; interacted well with the customers and learned to make Denise her tea just they way she liked it. Jackson turned off the lights for the shop and the front window and joined Denise in the rear of the store as she counted the takings. "So if all your stock is from donations, that means you must make a pretty good profit," Jackson noted as he leaned against the table.

"I don't make any profit!" Denise replied, looking over the top of her horn rimmed glasses. She saw the confusion in Jackson's face and went on.

"Well, I do but I donate everything after costs to charity."

Again Jackson looked perplexed. "Then how do you live? How do you pay your rent?"

Denise leaned back in her chair and took off her glasses. "Didn't Elsie tell you about me?" She asked.

Jackson shrugged his shoulders. "She made up some story you were in the movies," he admitted. "I think she said it so I'd come along."

"No, it's true," Denise began, herself beginning to blush and surprised at her reaction. "A long time ago. With what I earned I made some investments and thankfully they paid off. I do this to keep busy. It's not about the money."

"Oh okay," Jackson replied wondering why her name wasn't online. "So what charities do you donate to?" He asked, sitting down opposite the older woman.

"Are you really interested?" She smiled, looking into his eyes skeptically.

Jackson nodded his head enthusiastically and to Denise it looked genuine. Surprising, she thought. Krystal hadn't asked once in the whole time she'd been with her.

"Oh animal charities mainly. Lost dogs and cats homes. Endangered species that kind of thing. I love animals," she added.

"Me too," Jackson quickly stated. "They're so much better than people!"

Denise placed down her glasses and smiled at the boy. "Aren't they though! Jackson. I think we're going to make a pretty good team."

"Does that mean I got the job?" Jackson coyly asked.

"It's yours if you want it," she smiled and held out her hand.

Jackson took it and shook and this time his palm wasn't sweaty. "So what time tomorrow?"

Denise laughed. "Oh I don't open on Sundays." She rose from the seat and reached for a calendar on a pin board. Jackson used the opportunity to admire her ass another time. He couldn't see a panty-line and envisioned what her bottom would look like in a thong.

Denise took the calendar from the wall and placed it down in front of Jackson. Leaning down beside him she pointed at the time and days highlighted for Krystal's shifts. Jackson was aware how close her breast was to his shoulder. He could smell her perfume, hear her breathing.

"I was hoping you could just take over Krystal's shifts," she proposed.

"Have a look at the times and let me know if there are any problems."

From his peripheral vision he could see how she stood, her legs together bent at the hip. If he turned his head there was the possibility he would see down her top and the thought clouded his mind. "Yeah I can do them all!" He proudly stated and Denise turned her head to face him.

Their faces only inches apart, they looked in each others eyes. Jackson noted how little makeup she wore and yet how beautiful she remained.

Denise marvelled at how long his eyelashes were, how green his eyes. Eyes she could look at for hours, look up at her from between her legs. She then noticed the lack of facial hair, the boyish chin. My God Denise, he's only a child she told herself and stood back up. Her body didn't play along and the pain was sudden and severe. "Ooh," she gasped and clutched her lower back

with both hands. Was it a sign, she thought? A punishment for thinking such impure thoughts.

Jackson rose from his seat, concerned for her. "Are you alright?"

Denise smiled and dismissed her suffering with a wave of the hand. "I'm okay Jackson, just my back. It comes and goes."

"You should see a doctor," he offered and was glad to see her smile.

"That's what your mother says!" She thought of Elsie's hands on her in the shower, the same care shown now by her son. Would he massage my back in the shower as well? She imagined. The pain subsiding she allowed her eyes to trail across his body. No, she thought; he was no child. The chest, arms and legs of an athlete and oh my goodness, she noted. The well packed fly of an obviously semi-erect man.

* * * * *

As fate had it, Jackson had parked close to Denise and they walked together in the setting evening light. "I just realized we don't have each others numbers," Denise stated.

"Oh yeah. Do you have Kik, WhatsApp?" Jackson asked.

"What's that?" Denise replied looking confused.

Jackson smiled and wanted to kiss her. "No problem," he replied as they stopped beside a Tesla.

Denise placed her handbag on the hood and fumbled inside (Jackson assumed) for her phone as he looked around hoping the owner wasn't nearby, before realizing his mistake when she unlocked the car. Placing her bag inside the car and phone in hand they swapped numbers, Denise taking

longer than her younger companion. After an extended moment of silence between them, Denise looked up at Jackson.

"So. Be honest, did you try and look me up?" She asked out of the blue.

For a moment Jackson wondered what she meant, more focussed on the valuable car she drove. Look her up? Up her dress? She was wearing pants, he reasoned before comprehending what she asked. He was glad the light was fading and she couldn't see him blush for the umpteenth time that day.

"Yeah," he admitted. "But I couldn't find you."

For Denise the news was even better than she expected. If what she supposed was true, Jackson was attracted to her before he had any idea of her past. She thought of the men who visited the store just to see their fantasy in the flesh. She was no longer the woman caught on film and often she would see the disappointment in their faces. Other times it sickened her as they ogled, undressing her with their eyes as they recalled favorite scenes. With Jackson it somehow felt different. She wanted him to see her naked. To see her at her best, captured in her prime onscreen. The sudden vision of him masturbating as he watched her sent a welcoming shudder from her crotch to her brain.

"But your mother told you my name!" She stated before realizing she must have left out a detail. "Oh," she added as she climbed into the car. "If you're curious, look up Deidra Forde. Forde with an 'E.' She smiled and closed the door, the window opening in the process. "See you Monday Jackson Robbins."

* * * * *

The IMDb search now made a lot more sense. Jackson misspelled her first name as he entered it but it came up all the same. A list of acting credits in

fifty six movies, a limited photo section ranging in ages from seemingly the current day to her obviously in her teens. He looked at the list of movies and was more than a little excited at what he saw albeit not recognising any of the titles.

Back to the photos. Her hair was blond in her early years, in fact the screenshots from her career saw her hair golden in most. It was all a revelation. He looked at her ageing image and in his mind she hadn't changed. Yes, she was slightly heavier now. Of course, her face showed signs of time but if anything , knowing her in person she was more beautiful now than she'd ever been.

He didn't know where to start. Entering her name in an image search he was bombarded with photos. A 'siren' she was called. A 'sex bomb' in others. Most common however was 'scream queen.'

Youtube offered bootleg copies of her movies and after clicking on the first that came up he knew he was in for a long movie watching session.

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Denise walked naked from the bathroom towards her bedside table and opened the drawer. Her hair only towel dried, she lay back onto her bed and gently pressed the small pink vibrator to her chest. Between her breasts she slid the toy, across her belly and into the small patch of manicured pubic hair upon her mound. Pressing the button on the end as she lay it onto her clitoris she cried out in frustration. "Fucking batteries!" She bemoaned as the vibrator failed to activate.

* * * * *

Jackson couldn't recall blinking. He didn't want to in fear he'd miss something. The horror films he didn't care for. She was beautiful, she was

naked but she was in distress. Although only acting he hated to see her in fear, in pain. It was a sci-fi movie he devoured. 'Galaxy P.D.' in fact. Yes it was low budget. The sets were made of cardboard. The aliens, men in suits. But her costume. The Galaxy Police Department uniform was what glued his eyes to the small screen of his phone.

Denise/Deidra/her character; was a gun recruit from the space academy. Dressed in a silver lycra catsuit she roamed the milky way, the only one capable of taking out the Vulvium smugglers and space pirates. What was Vulvium? It didn't matter. Why was a 24 year old woman with a plastic laser blaster Earth's only defence against intergalactic bandits? Who cares? What was important was she spend as much time onscreen in and out of the catsuit. Twenty four, Jackson thought as he watched her crouching behind a papier-mâché rock. She was only a few years older than I am now! I could've had a chance with her, he fathomed.

Laying on his bed he pressed his fingers into his erection, stroking his length as the younger Denise had the zipper on her uniform pulled down to her waist. Her breasts were pawed in close-up by a man with what looked like diving flippers on his hands and a fishbowl on his head. It was comical and as Jackson paused the video on a close-up shot of her face he could see in her eyes she felt the same. He smiled at her as he pulled his cock from his pants, his hardon about as thick as he got. "I love you," he felt himself saying as his hand casually stroked his erection and wondered what she was doing at that moment.

"Knock knock!" Elsie called as she opened Jackson's door and entered his room.

"Shit, Mom!" Jackson screamed, slamming his t-shirt down over his dick and raising a knee to cover himself. "What have I told you about

knocking?"

Elsie hadn't seen the flesh but his actions left her in no doubt what her son was doing and she immediately felt ashamed at her intrusion.

"Well I sort of did," she attempted to defend herself but gave up.

"What do you want?" Jackson asked having changed the screen to a game on his phone and subtly tilting it in her direction in an attempt to mask his mis-doings.

"I just wanted to hear how your first day went," Elsie explained. Her own face matching her son's red hue.

"It was good," Jackson offered, not giving much away.

"So Denise gave you the job?" She asked.

Jackson brightened at the mention of her name and tried to forgive his mother's trespass.

"Yeah, she gave me all of, who was it, Krystal's shifts?" He replied, his cock slowly softening.

"Oh that's wonderful!" Elsie applauded and made to move in and hug her son but stopped herself when she thought of his possible current disposition. "I'm so happy for you. And what do you think of my friend?"

"Yeah she's alright!" He offered.

Elsie noticed the transformation in him. The way his face lit up when she asked about Denise. His answer didn't match his demeanour and she wondered if there was more to this story but again tried to put another thing out of her mind.

"I knew you'd like her," Elsie smiled. "Anyway, I was just making your father and me a coffee. Would you like one?" She asked.

Jackson looked his mother in the eye, pausing before answering. "Actually do we have any tea?"

* * * * *

Denise looked up at Jackson when she heard his pricing gun pause. He looked away shyly having been gazing at her as she sat along side him at the register. Dipping her glasses down the bridge of her nose she placed her pen in her mouth and smiled at the boy, waiting for him to return the glance. Finally his eyes crept back to her.

"Go on Jackson. I know you have questions!" She smiled.

Jackson didn't know where to begin. A day and a half of watching, re-watching, pausing her image, downloading photos and masturbation. Oh so much masturbation. He wanted to know everything about her, hear of the stories behind the films, how she became famous? But put on the spot he couldn't come up with one question.

"Okay," she offered. "How about this. Which one did you like the most?"

How did she know he'd watched them he wondered, maybe she WAS psychic, he thought. "Oh definitely Galaxy P.D!" He gushed. "The sets were amazing, the special effects. I know they were done cheaply but it looked cool. The aliens were hilarious." Now that he'd started he didn't want to stop. "The fights looked realistic and the space ships looked way better than the ones in Star Wars!"

He wanted to mention her and began to blush as he came around to doing it. "And the costumes," he paused as he thought of her, dressed in the catsuit,

undressed. "Well, they were so hot and you're such a good actor and you looked," he again paused. "Beautiful!"

"Wow!" Denise laughed. "Sounds like you did like it. I'll let you in on a secret. It was my favorite film to shoot."

"I knew it," Jackson beamed. "There was this one scene where you were smiling and you shouldn't have been. I mean you were being..." He stopped himself when he thought about what he was about to say.

"I know what one you mean," Denise smiled. "When I was being attacked by the alien. You know that actor was my husband back then."

The word husband registered on Jackson like a knife to the stomach. Strangely he'd not once thought she was married, their conversations up until now not touching on family or even personal affairs. To think another man was touching her broke his heart.

"Is he still your husband?" Jackson sheepishly enquired.

"Oh heavens no," Denise laughed. "Thank God!" She wanted to let him know she was single and held up her left hand. "Happily unattached, as you can see."

It was welcome news and had Jackson emboldened. "Which is your real name?"

She smiled and took off her glasses, her mind no longer on the books.

"Denise of course. The Deidra Forde thing was a studio idea. Why, do you think I should go back to it?"

"No not at all," Jackson was quick to assure her. "But why aren't you still acting?"

Again Denise laughed, this time not so much out of merriment. "In case you don't know there's not much call for women of my age in cinema nowadays."

"That's crazy," Jackson quickly stated. "If I was a director I'd give you a role."

"Well that's sweet of you," she grinned. "And if you made a movie I'd love to be your leading lady."

Jackson was adamant the movie he had in mind and she was definitely the star. Denise wondered if he was thinking the same as her, one camera, on her back, Jackson between her legs. She felt herself blush around the neck at how dirty her mind had become of late. A customer interrupted their conversation and Denise made a tea drinking motion with her hands and Jackson nodded before dealing with the sale.

In the kitchenette and out of sight Denise pressed her body to the cabinet, her groin just below the bench-top. Even so the action caught the front of her panties, shifting them against her moistening pussy. With both hands on the bench she pulled herself in harder, grinding her pubic bone on the woodwork. What are you doing? She asked herself, turning and smiling, breathing heavily. You know what you're doing, the little voice inside her answered. You want to fuck your best friends son!

* * * * *

Customers in the store were thinning out when Denise checked the time on her watch. Five minutes to closing, she was surprised the day had passed so quickly. "Have you seen the time Jackson?" She asked sidling up beside him at the register. "Where has the day gone?"

"I know right?" He replied, his eyes tentatively straying across her chest. The apricot colored summer dress she wore exposed a great deal of cleavage and try as he might, he caught no sign of a bra. "Oh I finished pricing the books."

"Already? Well done," she praised him. "I was hoping we could've shelved them today but it's just gotten away from us hasn't it?"

A customer purchased some costume jewellery and Denise watched on thinking. "Actually Jackson, I was wondering."

"Oh yeah?" He replied.

"I really did want those books shelved today, how would you feel about staying back, I'd..."

"I'll do it!" Jackson was quick to answer, cutting her off.

Smiling, Denise finished what she was going to say. "I'll pay you the overtime. If we work together we'll get it done in no time I'm sure."

"Yeah for sure but don't worry about the pay, just donate it to the animals." He offered and he hoped the comment earned him brownie points.

"Jackson!" Denise smiled and placed a hand on his forearm. "Where have you been all my life?"

The final customer left the store and Denise locked the doors. "So as you can see," she began, Jackson standing alongside her. "I have the fiction organised in genre and all the comics are along the bottom shelf. If you can work on them, just put them in some kind of alphabetical order, that would be great."

Jackson looked at the two boxes of books and comics he'd priced and disappointingly agreed with her they'd be 'done in no time'. If he had his

way they'd work together all through the night, just to spend more time with her. What was it about her he wondered? She was beautiful, no doubt. But he knew many attractive girls, he saw plenty of beautiful women. None had had this kind of effect on him before. Why now? Why her? And as he bent down and Denise herself climbed up on the two step foot stool he saw one of the reasons.

Surely she was aware, he thought. Her back to him, Jackson could see directly up the rear of his boss's dress. The thin material of the knee length fanned out at the hips and light easily found its way beneath, illuminating her shapely calves and thighs and yes, her panties. Jackson, mesmerised and for the moment without fear of being caught gazed upon the white lace material of Denise's french cut underwear.

Half her buttocks exposed and as she moved, rearranging a shelf, the mound of her pussy nestled between the tops of her thighs. He couldn't look away. This moment might never come again, he thought and wanted the vision seared into his brain for safekeeping. His cock equally enthused with the sight began to harden. His heart beat quicker.

Denise was positive he was looking. She could feel his eyes on her. She willed him to touch her with more, to rise up and press his lips to her. To kiss his way up her legs, to bury his face in her sex. He wouldn't do it of course. He was too polite. Too respectful. They'd without doubt flirted with each other but it was too soon, they'd both need to be sure before anything could happen. Time to ramp it up, she thought.

"Probably not smart climbing up here with these shoes on!" She proclaimed and dropped down to sit on the stool.

Jackson was quick to make it look like he'd been working and set about alphabetising in the box.

"Ah good idea," Denise commented as she raised and crossed one leg over the other, untying the buckle of her heel. "That'll save time."

Jackson lifted his head to smile back in response and again he caught the flash of her white panties, this time from the front. She's doing it on purpose, he told himself. She wants me to look up her skirt!

Denise was disappointed his eyes only fleetingly looked up her skirt. Maybe he wasn't even looking before, she thought. Both heels off she again set about shelving. Working on a lower shelf she ended up on all fours with her ass facing Jackson. Sadly she was aware her dress wouldn't ride up but the position she took surely looked attractive to the younger man.

It did. Jackson found himself first admiring her feet. Her tiny toes and smooth soles. He saw himself massaging them, caressing them for her after a long day of work. Kissing her toes, sucking them. His cock was now uncomfortably pushing out his jeans and he risked a quick adjustment just as Denise let out a pained moan.

"Are you okay?" Jackson asked immediately thinking of her back.

A hand pressing to her hip, Denise genuinely straightened with pain and allowed Jackson to help her to her feet. "Oh it's my back again."

One hand on her arm, the other comfortingly placed on her upper back, Denise was loathe to break the connection between them but his assistance made her feel her age. No, older. She wanted him as a lover not a carer but surprisingly her condition raised a possibility in her mind.

"I have some heat cream in my handbag..." She paused before going on, allowing him to think about what she may be about to ask. "I hate to ask this Jackson but would you be willing to..."

"Yes!" He replied quicker than she could get the words out.

"...rub it on me? You will?" She finished.

"Of course Denise, where is it, in the back?" He asked, eager to assist with not entirely altruistic tendencies.

"See, it comes and goes," Denise stated, twisting her body as they entered the kitchen.

Jackson looked somewhat disappointed as he assumed she would no longer need the cream but to his joy Denise made her way to her handbag and pulled out the small tube.

There was the moment they both realized what was about to happen and Denise smirked as she undid the lid. "Okay I know this might be a bit uncomfortable for you," she offered and Jackson was quick to project maturity.

"No it's cool," he replied. "I've done this for my mom before." He lied, trying to seem calm and immediately regretted it. You idiot Jackson, he scolded himself. She knows your mom!

Denise handed the tube to Jackson and looked in his eyes. "So I guess the best way is if I just..." It was what she'd wanted to do since she met the boy. Turning her back and taking her dress in her hands she lifted it slowly up her legs and over her ass. For a moment and to extend the drama she paused, her dress pulled up, her panties on display for this eighteen year old boy, before bending forward and leaning onto the table.

Jackson's breath was taken away. He was dizzy as he watched her raise the dress. Her creamy buttocks only half covered by her white boy-short lace panties, the gap between her thighs. And then bending forward. Her ass thrust in his direction. So easily it would be to pull down her panties. He wouldn't even need to do that. He could just pull them aside and his cock

could be in her. Buried to the hilt. No first he'd taste her. Bury his tongue in her pussy, Jesus he thought, her ass!

Squeezing out the required amount onto his fingertips, Jackson moved closer. With a shaking hand he lifted her dress further up on the small of her back and then pressed his cream covered fingers to her spine.

"Mmmm," Denise moaned. "All around there Jackson."

His fingers kneaded her skin as his head spun. It was all unreal. Almost as if he was looking down on himself, standing behind this amazing woman massaging her back.

"A little lower," she hinted and his fingers touched the top of her panties, turning the hem over to reveal the beginning of her butt crack.

Jackson risked it and whilst one hand caressed her back, he squeezed his cock through his jeans. His hand stroked across her ass crack, allowing his thumb to tuck under her panties and again Denise moaned. "Mmmm, oh Jackson you're better at this than your mother!"

The moment she said it she regretted it. Idiot, she scolded herself. He doesn't want to start thinking about his mom!

"What?" Jackson removed both hands, one from her, the other from his erection and Denise straightened back up, slow to allow her dress to descend.

"When did Mom rub your back?" Jackson asked, the thought of her hands on Denise a revelation.

Denise scrambled to come up with an explanation. How much of the interaction between the two of them would he want to hear? She wondered.

"Oh just at the tennis club," she ventured, deciding it best to leave out the shower, the nudity.

"Huh!" Jackson expressed, surprised. He wasn't the first to lay his hands upon Denise. Maybe he was reading way too much into their interaction. Was this really just about her back, he wondered?

Denise could see she'd blown it but the mention of his mother had dawned on her the implications of her actions. Elsie was her friend. Days before they'd worried about the potential effect on their friendship just employing Jackson. What would her fucking him do to that relationship? How could she ever again look her in the eye? And what was this with Jackson? Just sexual? Her eyes travelled down his torso as he rubbed the cream from between his fingers and she could see evidence of a hard-on. Why couldn't they just come out and say it? Admit they had feelings for one another.

"You'd best wash your hands," she ventured. "You wouldn't want to touch your eye.." her own eyes lowered and he followed them to his groin. "...or something else!" She smiled and Jackson returned the pleasantries. The 'mother' thing had been their first hurdle. They both hoped it would be the last.

* * * * *

The end of her acting career it seemed was spent in Italy, making knock offs of popular Hollywood blockbusters. Prima Costrizione was her final movie made in 1994. Jackson worked out it was a Basic Instinct ripoff, translated to be First Compulsion. The copy he found on Youtube wasn't dubbed into English nor did it have subtitles but it wasn't concerning. From what he could make out it followed the same plot line as the American film with Denise/Deidra playing the role of Sharan Stone even down to the famous scene.

He watched it over and again. So similar to how she'd sat on the footstool, of course, sans panties. Her bare sex on display. So beautiful. Three days he'd known her and only dipped his toe into her back catalogue of cinema ranging from comedies resembling Police Academy to Women-in-Prison movies and horror. He lay back on his bed and thought of her, his growing obsession. Was it just that? An obsession for a movie star. Was he like the men she'd told him about? Coming into the store to live out a fantasy. It then dawned on him he'd been attracted to her before he knew. He wasn't a simple fan. He loved her for her! He sat up in bed, shocked at what he'd just told himself. He loved her. He loved her and he had to tell her.

* * * * *

Denise chose her outfit with care. The grey dress pants were as tight a pair as she owned. Her black thong and bra matched. The white satin top was see-through enough without being overt. At the register, she thought. He'll press up against me from behind. I'll feel his cock through his pants. We'll close the store and he'll fuck me in the kitchen. No in the changing room, she corrected. I'll watch him fucking me in the mirrors. She pulled up the high waisted pants and as they pressed to her pussy she was shocked at how wet she'd already become.

* * * * *

Jackson pulled out a pair of underpants and as he was about to slide into them stopped short. Noticing a hole he discarded them immediately and thought of her. If today's the day he stated. She's not seeing me in holey undies!

* * * * *

The day according to Denise was busier than usual and much to Jackson's annoyance, Denise's time in the afternoon was spent in a meeting in the back room. It wasn't until near closing time did Denise and the woman emerge and although Denise fired him an 'okay' symbol and wink, he basically considered the day wasted. He hated being apart from her. If he had his wish, they'd already be living as one.

Locking the door five minutes early when she turned and saw no customers, Denise hurried back to the register beaming. "Jackson," she smiled and he found it hard to stay miserable when he saw how happy she looked. "Have I got news for you!"

"What?" He returned her glee.

"That woman, did you recognise her? No you wouldn't, why would you? I doubt you read gossip magazines!" Denise knew she was ranting but was excited to tell Jackson her news.

"Hey," Jackson stopped her, holding up his hands which he was pleased to see Denise take a hold of and grip. "Slow down."

She took a deep breath. "Okay. Her name is Natalie Glass. She works for Lauren Brooks. You know, the plus size model?"

Jackson shook his head but she went on regardless. "She has a swimwear brand. They're just down the road. Apparently she's come in here before, I don't recall it. Surely I would've..." She stopped her rambling when she saw the expression on Jackson's face a second time. "Anyway they want to do a deal with us. We're going to get all of their surplus stock and discontinued lines Jackson. Bikini's, one-pieces, my goodness they even do lingerie. This is the best news ever!"

Jackson could see how thrilled she was and her excitement was infectious. "We have to celebrate," he enthused. "Let me see, a cup of tea?"

"Ah, how about champagne at my house!?" Denise raised the ante. "But actually now that you mention it, a cup of tea does sound nice!" She laughed and still holding onto his hand they walked towards the kitchen.

"God can you believe it?" Denise continued. "Lauren Brooks."

"I've never heard of her," Jackson countered.

"You'd also never heard of me Jackson Robbins so you'll forgive me for not being surprised!" Denise jokingly rebuked the boy.

In the kitchen Denise watched him prepare the tea. "This is my third for the afternoon," she flippantly mentioned. "I'll be weeing all night!"

She'd said it without thinking and immediately she saw the effect it had on the teenager.

Jackson felt his cheeks burning. A vision of her on the toilet entered his mind and was working its way to his penis. He tried to face away from her preparing the cups but as the water slowly heated he was finding less and less to enable it. Eventually it was Denise who came up with something to keep him occupied.

"Actually Jackson," she began. "I hate to ask this of you..."

He turned as she spoke and saw where her hands had ventured. Any annoyance at not spending the afternoon with her was forgotten as she pulled her hand from her bag, holding the tube of heat rub.

"But while the water boils, would you be a dear and do me again?"

Her choice of words this time were entirely deliberate. Calculated.

He looked at the pants she wore, hugging her crotch tight, rising high on her hips. In that moment it wasn't lost on Jackson she'd have to lower them for him to access the area of greatest need. He wondered what 'area' that actually was and the thought made him smile.

Denise noticed it and raised an eyebrow. "What's up mister?" Again her comment laden with potential double meaning.

"Nothing," just thinking about stuff is all.

"Okay," she let it go and watched as his eyes followed her hands to her belt. She took her time unbuckling before unbuttoning and unzipping her pants. Front or back, she wondered before settling on both. Taking hold of her pants she began to lower.

Jackson was becoming used to holding his breath around her. He held it the moment her thumbs crept inside the waist of her pants and she began to lower them. In his mind she had on pink panties but when the black lace waist band of her thong came into view, he wasn't disappointed. She turned as she dropped her pants, first revealing her pussy snug inside the satin and then her bare buttocks, the string of the thong disappearing between her glorious peach shaped cheeks.

She stopped when her pants reached her knees, obviously far lower than needed. Only when she assumed the position, bent forward over the table, her pussy bulge hanging between her legs did Jackson begin to breathe again. "I'm ready Jackson," Denise whispered over her shoulder.

This time his hands didn't quiver. Her shirt having slid over her back there was nothing left for him to do but massage the rub into her skin. Strong smelling, he squeezed a large amount onto his fingers and placed the tube on the table beside her. Directly behind her he took a moment to admire her

ass, the back of the thong not thick enough to hide the darker area around her anus. His cock ached to be loosed but he showed restraint. She's the boss, he told himself.

Placing his hands on her lower back she repeated her performance. Letting out a moan as he began to massage in the oil. Denise closed her eyes and revelled in her position. Enjoying the humiliation, the exposure. She could smell herself over the heat rub and she hoped he could too; she could feel her thong soaking up her pussy juices. This time she made sure not to mention his mother.

He used both hands to smear the rub. From her lower back along her spine to the top of her buttocks and around her hips he kneaded. Encouraged by Denise when he happened upon an especially sensitive area. "Oh yes Jackson, right there," she moaned.

"Oh yeah?" He replied. "You like that?"

"Mmmm yes," she purred. "Just like that."

"Tell me when to stop," he offered.

"No don't stop...harder!" She begged.

"You want it harder?"

"Ooh yes..." She sighed and was shocked at how close she was coming to orgasm. The water began to boil in the background and neither of them reacted until it became unavoidable, the jug not switching off on its own.

"Oh bother," Denise ventured, rising up on an elbow from the table.

"Shit," Jackson winced, openly annoyed and Denise shared his frustration.

As Jackson switched off the boiling jug he was disappointed to see her standing up in his peripheral vision. Even more so when she spoke.

"I'll take care of the tea Jackson," she volunteered. "You'd best go and wash your hands."

Unlike Denise, his youth didn't allow him to see two moves ahead. To Jackson it was the end. To Denise, their fun had only just begun. The boiling jug had been not so much a blessing but a helpful pause. Two issues had risen in her mind. How could he touch her with the heat rub on his hands? And her admittedly true need to pee.

Jackson stood in the adjacent bathroom rinsing his hands when she walked in beside him. He'd left her in the process of lifting her pants but in the mirror they were back half way down her thighs and lowering. For an instant he was unsure of what was happening as she rushed not towards him but behind. And then it dawned, the toilet.

"I'm sorry Jackson," she giggled. "I wasn't lying when I said I'd be weeing all night!"

He turned and managed to see her lower not only her pants but her thong come down as she lifted the toilet seat. "Oh shit, I'm sorry," he managed to say, averting his eyes and reaching for the tap. "I'll go!"

Her response wasn't what he expected to hear.

"You don't have to go Jackson," Denise breathed. "I walked in on you. Not the other way around."

He allowed his eyes to again look at her in the mirror. She sat staring at him. A queen on her throne. His cock that had remained hard reminded him it was still willing and pulsed in his pants at the sight of her.

"You can turn around," she hinted. "I don't mind."

The feelings he had for her, he would do anything she ordered and drying his hands as he did so, turned to face his love.

Pants and thong around her ankles, her legs parted slightly as the sound of pee hit water. Music to his ears. Her hand raised to him and she gestured for him to advance, spreading further to allow him to see her act. And what a vision. A crystal clear stream flowing from a goddess. He'd never seen anything as beautiful; as pure; as primal. He could never repay her for such a gift.

But it seemed she wanted something in return.

"You can take it out!" Denise intimated and Jackson wasn't going to waste any more time.

As he lowered his fly he thought of the heat rub on his hands not five minutes before. He wouldn't have been able to touch it, he realized, or her. Had she planned it like this? The thought left his mind just as soon as it entered, more focussed on releasing his hard-on. To have her see it. To have her touch it.

When Denise began to pee she wondered if the first drops to hit the water were not her juice, so turned on was she. To be peeing in front of him, to be so exposed and vulnerable was an excitement she'd not felt in years. And then there it was. His cock before her. So hard, so proud, so beautiful. He brought it to her as though on a silver platter and she accepted it in her hand, joined by the other and then her lips.

Her mouth was on him. Not just any mouth, the first mouth to touch his cock. "Oh God," he whispered as her lips kissed the head. She turned her eyes up to his and he'd never seen her look so beautiful. And then so lascivious as her mouth opened, tongue out, she took him inside her. The

head was bigger than she'd expected as she pulled it into herself, her tongue cradling the base. She could taste the pre-cum, sweet as it leaked from the eye and she craved to savour the main course.

Jackson lifted his hands and ran his fingers through her hair as more of his cock entered her mouth. Only now as he stood above her did he notice the grey roots yet they were merely to highlight her charm, to emphasise her experience. He massaged her scalp as his cock reached its zenith, the back of her throat taking no more and then she was drawing back. His cock sliding out of her, slick with saliva and harder than he could remember.

No more subtlety. Her head plunged back onto his cock and allowed it to slam the back of throat. Over and again she sucked him in and out. Her hand wrapped around the base, twisting like the throttle of a motorbike. The noise of her fellatio echoing around the small room as drool ran freely from her lips. "Oh fuck Denise," Jackson whispered. "That feels so good."

Her eyes looked up, her cheeks sucked in as she allowed him to fully slide out. "Oh yeah, Jackson. Do you like it?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you like me sucking your cock Baby?"

"Oh fuck yes!" He enthused, surprised by the words that flowed from her mouth.

She licked up the spit that ran from him and again took his dick into her, pulling off only to challenge him once more. "Are you going to cum Baby?"

"Yeah."

"Oh yeah?" She panted beating his cock next to her mouth. "Are you going to cum in my mouth?"

"Fuck yes," he groaned as she pulled his balls from his fly and cradled them.

Smooth balls, Denise rejoiced as she took them from his pants. He doesn't have pubes was her initial thought before realizing he probably shaved. Whatever the case she lowered her mouth and licked the hairless sack, pressing her lips to each plum and planting kisses. Her hand continued to masturbate her plaything and unaccustomed to the action her bicep soon began to ache. Better to use her mouth the thought. If she could take him completely she would gladly have done so. Her throat hurt, she bordered on gagging but having him in her mouth felt powerful, dominating. She controlled his pleasure with her tongue, her lips, even her teeth. His fingers caressed her scalp and goosebumps ran down her body as he began to forewarn his orgasm.

"Oh God," Jackson sighed as she sucked the head of his cock, her hand again working overtime along his length.

"Hmm?" Denise murmured, a cock in her mouth.

"I'm gonna cum!" He confessed.

"Mmm!" Denise replied, not letting up her rhythm. A tongue and a pool of saliva swirling around the head of his cock, her hand sliding along his slick shaft.

"I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Oh God I'm cumming!" Jackson warned her as he could hold off no longer.

Denise felt his balls tighten and the sudden spurt as it travelled along his length. She expected the surge but wasn't prepared for the volume, the flow filling her mouth. Immediately she swallowed. A draught of cum and saliva

before he filled her once more. This she savoured, keeping his gift in her mouth until he was spent. The last drips needing to be sucked from the tip.

Jackson's mouth was frozen in an 'o' as he looked down on his lover drawing the last of his cum from him. She took her mouth off his cock and looking up into his eyes opened her lips to reveal her bounty. Denise knew exactly what she was doing. She knew what men liked, what they wanted to see and she was delighted to offer it to Jackson. Her mouth wide she showed him the cum she'd collected, her tongue swimming in the pool of sperm before closing her mouth and swallowing.

Denise again opened her now empty mouth and her lips turned to a smile as she saw the look on Jackson's face.

"I love you!" Jackson admitted and Denise wasn't surprised to hear the post orgasm confession.

"Oh yes?" She challenged him. He was so young; she doubted she was his first but still she could see the power imbalance between them, the potential of him being confused by his emotions.

"I do!" He adamantly reiterated, hurt that she could question it though rethinking his timing in declaring it. He dropped to his knees in front of her on the toilet, their faces now level. "I love you Denise. I loved you from that first moment you looked at me."

Denise searched his eyes and there was honesty behind them. Was it possible it wasn't just the cum talking she wondered?

"I want to be with you," he continued. "I think of you every minute of the day!"

"Jackson," Denise began to counter. "I'm old enough to be your mother." Oh God, she thought! "Your grandmother!"

He shrugged. "I don't care!"

And the way he said it she knew he meant it. His hands were on her bare thighs and it reminded her of her state. She'd pissed in front of him. She sucked him to orgasm whilst sitting on a toilet. He knew her intimately, her loves, her faults, her aches and pains and yet he said he loved her. As if to emphasise her condition, a drop of liquid fell from her pussy to the water below and it wasn't pee.

"Jackson," she whispered.

"Yes Denise?"

"I want you to fuck me!"

"Yes Denise."

He helped her to her feet and she was out of her clothes before him. Naked she took him by the hand and led him back through the kitchen. Jackson had no idea where they were going but would follow her anywhere. The shop lights were off but the sunset still illuminated the street. She led him to the antique couch in the middle of the store and lay back, spreading her legs. Jackson was still capable. His cock hadn't diminished and as he climbed upon her it homed its own way to her molten sex.

Pedestrians passed by the window as his cock entered her. He fulfilled one of her long standing fantasies as he slid fully inside. She knew she loved him when their naked bodies were one. Red and blue lights radiated around the darkened store as a cop car passed by. A woman browsed the front window display as Jackson's pale ass thrust between her legs. Denise came when his mouth met her's.

Tears ran from her eyes as she dug her nails into her lover's back. She wrapped her legs around his waist to draw him further into her body and

Jackson responded by sliding his hands beneath her to grab her ass. He noticed her glassy eyes and concerned, stopped his penetration before Denise reassured him by plunging her tongue back between his lips. "I'm just happy," she breathed into his mouth as another orgasm swept over her. I'm ahead, she joked with herself and a laugh escaped from her. "Oh God, just fuck me Jackson."

Amazingly, he thought nothing would feel better than her mouth on his cock. He was glad to be proven wrong as her pussy squeezed around him. He kissed her neck; her mouth; her jaw. His hands clung to her buttocks pulling her into him as each thrust filled her vagina.

Countless lovers; two marriages; actual onscreen intercourse and here in her own shop she was having the best sex of her life. She closed her eyes again as she came, the walls of her vagina quivering, flooding his dick with fluid. His chest sealed to her's. Sweat slid her breasts against him and she giggled when he whispered in her ear.

"Can I cum?" He asked politely like a child begging for a sweet.

"Oh of course you can Baby," she allowed, kissing his forehead.

Still thrusting he elaborated. "Can I cum inside you?"

She pulled his face to look her in the eye. "I want nothing more," she confessed.

Permission given he let loose. She could feel it. Feel each surge of sperm as it sprayed her insides. She studied his orgasm face as they locked eyes. He was beautiful. She loved to see him in pleasure. She loved him.

"I love you too!" She admitted to him, to herself.

He fell onto her and they kissed. They kissed for minutes, was it hours?

They awoke and he was still inside her.

* * * * *

"Why did you laugh?" Jackson asked over the cup of tea.

The clock behind Denise read 2am. She smiled. "You'd just made me have another orgasm. I was ahead! It was humorous at the time, that's all."

Jackson looked down at the tea and Denise could see he was struggling with something. Finally he looked back to her. "That was my first time!"

"What?" Denise asked.

"You know, my first time," he repeated.

"Jackson!" Denise stated. "Really?" She rose from the chair and sat down upon his lap at the kitchen table. "I would never have known." She kissed him on the lips and he caressed her back and ass.

"What now?" He asked and Denise didn't have an answer.

"I don't know," she admitted. They both thought of their ages; their families; society. The forty two year age gap. It would be difficult they both knew all too well. "But I'm so excited to find out!" Denise added, smiling as she felt Jackson's cock harden beneath her.

Son of a Beach

Chapter 1

Both Mom and my sister's excitement had been noticeably building all week. A weekend at a secluded beach house up the coast. Just the two couples; my parents, and Mia with her new boyfriend. They'd met through my father, a trusted colleague of his at the Institute, and three months in, it seemed their relationship was flourishing. Their first weekend away together, I'd overheard she was hoping to make it 'special.'

I didn't quite understand what THAT had meant, but the few shopping trips she'd taken mid-week with Mom had seen them both return home with bags full of new clothing, and I'd noticed some of them from noted lingerie retailers.

I had my own reasons to look forward to the weekend. A newly turned eighteen-year-old with the house to myself, I was planning on making use of the time alone. A raid of Dad's liquor cabinet on my schedule. A LOT of porn to watch. And even the phone number of the new girl that had moved in a few houses down the street. All going well, it'd be a weekend to remember.

It was just after lunch Friday afternoon, and taking it upon myself to clean up the dishes from said lunch, I was wrists deep in the sink when my sister squeezed my shoulders from behind and requested my attention.

"Which looks better?" She asked as I turned and wiped the suds from my hands. "The dress with these sandals..." She twirled for me, the already short floral dress rising up her thighs. "...or this?"

My breath was caught momentarily as she took hold of the hem of her dress and lifted it up her body, only to be relieved (or possibly disappointed)

when she revealed an admittedly tiny pair of denim shorts beneath, a white bikini hugging her ample breasts. She kicked off the brown sandals and slipped her feet into a pair of flip-flops and once more spun to parade her outfit.

Though my older sister, I wasn't above ogling her impressive ass as it literally bulged out of the cut-off shorts and managed to not linger on the mound of pussy (with a hint of camel-toe I noted) as she trained her eyes expectantly upon me.

"Ah, why are you asking me?" I inquired, admittedly surprised she was seeking my perspective.

"Mom said to get a male's opinion," she flatly responded.

"I'm your brother."

"But you're still a guy. Come on, don't be weird about it. I want to look good for Toby," she looked down at her smart watch. "They'll be home soon, just tell me. Which is hotter?"

"Ah..." I could feel myself beginning to blush. "Just go with what you've got on."

The sound of Dad's car pulling up in the drive saved me from any further embarrassment and set Mia on her toes. "Thanks Lukey," she said as she turned tail with her sandals and ran from the kitchen. Admittedly I took another peek of her ass as she scampered away and was suitably impressed. Hey, as she said, I was 'still a guy.'

Dad called out for my mother when he finally entered the house and I heard them meet in the hallway. What happened then wasn't what any of us had expected.

"...but Jim, we're fully packed. All the food's already in the car," Mom was trying not to raise her voice and I strolled out into the hallway to partake in the conversation.

"I know Honey but it can't be put off, there's millions of dollars riding on this," Dad was attempting to explain something and I got a pretty good idea of what that might have been. The trip was off!

"Seriously, the whole weekend?" Mia was attempting to salvage the vacation. "Why does Toby have to be there? Can't he at least come?" She added, to which Dad scoffed.

"We can't just find a genetic particle physicist of his caliber at the drop of a hat," Dad countered almost laughing and really didn't read the room.

"This is bullshit! I'm calling him," she stated and marched off toward her bedroom. I didn't know what was wrong with me, but I watched her leave intently, my eyes firmly on that swaying bottom.

"What's going on?" I finally inquired now there was a lull in the conversation, and Mom turned towards me.

"The trip's cancelled," she conveyed what I'd already ascertained. "Your father's running some test at the facility and heaven forbid, he and Toby aren't there to oversee."

"It's not like that Darl," Dad tried to mitigate, turning to me. "It's the chromosome raiment synthesizer. They've brought the test forward a week. Everything we've worked towards is hinging on this."

"And it just happens to fall on this weekend. You know I don't think they'll even refund the beach house," Mom fired at Dad. "All the food we've bought..." Mom trailed off.

It looked like Dad finally understood how much disappointment he'd wrought on the family, (me included) and reached out to touch Mom's arm. "Well, the food will still get eaten and...well, why do you have to cancel the trip? You and Mia could still go," it was then he turned to me. "And what about Luke? You could go along. How does a free weekend at the beach sound?"

Admittedly, considering Dad would now be home with me, putting an end to most of my plans, it sounded pretty good, and I felt Mom's eyes train upon me. She still conveyed disappointment when I looked to her for guidance. "Are you still gonna go?"

It was then Mia slumped back along the hallway.

"It's final, weekend's off," she looked at her phone dismissively. "Toby says he has to be there."

"Your father thinks we should still go," Mom looked to Mia. "What do you think? Luke can come."

Mia shrugged and didn't seem enthusiastic either way. "Whatever, if y'all want."

*

An hour later and with a bag hastily packed I was sitting alongside Mom in the front seat as we drove up the highway. I turned to offer Mia sitting in the rear some chips and with her perched in the middle with feet either side of the drive-train, caught a sneaky peek up her skirt.

She hadn't gone with the denim shorts. An equally-as-tiny denim skirt the replacement for some reason, and as I'd noticed when we left the house and I helped her load her suitcase into the trunk, if she'd been trying to look 'hot' for her boyfriend, then with the skirt riding up so high on her thighs that I

could see her panties peek out below, she should've gone with that to begin with.

The denim shorts were on Mom! But that's a story for later. Right then I was captivated by my sister's impromptu upskirt. With headphones over her ears, and her gaze captured by something out the window, I was free to look for slightly longer than expected, the previously spied white panties hugging her mound. I once more felt myself blush and the realization I probably needed a girlfriend woke me from my trance, managing to divert my eyes and get her attention with the snack and she took them gratefully.

Half an hour later and we had found the turnoff and after another twenty minutes along a sandy track, eventually pulled up at the beach house. The car unpacked and eager to get to the sand, I lost some of my enthusiasm when I looked at the stretch of empty coastline a shell's throw from the house. As I said, it was empty. Beautiful to be sure. But empty. My expectation was the opportunity to swim alongside other girls my own age. Admire some bodies of sunbathing beauties. There was no one else here. The entire length of the coastline, stretching for miles either way left to right was vacant. They didn't lie when they said 'secluded' on the website.

I headed back through the dunes to the house, relishing the cool lawn beneath my feet as it transitioned from the hot sand. Finding Mom on the deck, she was in the process of leaning into a hot tub to test the water and it was then I acknowledged my sister's shorts, now sitting around Mom's hips. If they'd been tight on my sister's admittedly healthy ass, they were like a second skin on my mother. I gazed at her bottom for a troublingly extended amount of time and came away with an equally as dubious impression. Mom had a great ass!

"It's warm," Mom enthusiastically divulged as she felt my presence. "They must have come by and turned everything on for us."

"Nice," I agreed and felt my comment may've also applied to my mother's butt. "Where's Mia?"

Mom didn't need to answer, finding her upon the couch reading one of the magazines on the coffee table, drinks already poured beside the literature. I could smell alcohol and there being three glasses of what looked to be cola, I wondered whose was whose? Asking my sister.

"They're all bourbon," Mia casually remarked and I frowned, my sister immediately addressing my surprise. "Mom says you can drink this weekend!"

"Serious!?" I looked to Mom as she came back into the house.

"Why not?" She smiled as she passed by, squeezing my shoulder. "You're an adult now," she matter-of-factly explained. "I'm going to unpack if anyone needs me."

Mystified, and my enthusiasm for the weekend somewhat restored, I once more found my eyes staring at Mom's bottom as she stooped to retrieve a glass and made her way into one of the two bedrooms. It WAS a great ass.

I picked up one of the glasses myself and took a sip, finding it stronger than I expected, and much pleased, relaxed back onto the couch. "Oh shit," I exclaimed looking at the blank wall before me. "There's no tv!"

"I know," Mia lowered her magazine and rolled her eyes. "And try getting a signal."

I brought out my phone and saw no bars, thankful I had a few offline games preloaded if I grew bored. Flicking through my apps, I casually glanced at

Mia as she shifted position at the other end of the couch, her bare feet up on the cushions providing an unobscured view up her skirt.

To be honest there wasn't much skirt to look up, so high it sat on her thighs. With the magazine fortuitously blocking her face from mine, I was able to stare directly without consequence at her aforementioned white panties. Time seemed frozen as I took in the splendor. Yes, she was my sister, but for a testosterone filled 18-year-old, she was also a living, breathing female, and that was currently the only thing on my mind.

"Mm, drink's just right Mia," Mom called from the other room to compliment her mixing skills and it frustratingly caused Mia to change position, reaching for her own glass and taking an extended sip. I feigned concentrating on my phone as she settled back upon the couch and to my delight, possibly an even better position. With feet towards me, she seemed unaware (or unconcerned) as to how much she was revealing as the magazine once more obscured her eyes from mine and I again paid tribute to her crotch.

Her leg, casually swaying as she read, caused her panties to grow taut over her mound, leading to the outline of her labia to press through the material with each movement. It was too beautiful to ignore and surreptitiously I ground the side of my hand against my rapidly growing cock, before, as I watched awestruck, she went all out and parted her legs completely.

It must have been more comfortable for her. For me however, it was excruciating. A full on hardon lined my inner thigh, encouraged by my kneading. My head was full of sexual thoughts. Images of my sister removing her dress in the kitchen, my mom's ass as she leaned over the hot tub, and this, right before me. A real-life vagina right there, an arm's

distance away. If I leaned in, I could press my face to it. Smell my sister's pussy. Kiss, suck on her clit...

It was too much. I felt the orgasm approach rapidly and panicked. No way was I going to cum in the one pair of shorts I'd brought along, and in the little time afforded to me, I struggled to come up with the best solution. I rose suddenly from the couch and felt Mia's eyes upon me, turning my body immediately to hide my erection, I skirted the high back of the couch, willing away the orgasm yet aware it was useless. I'd crossed the threshold and there was no turning back. The doors to outside were out of the question, glass, Mia would see everything and I doubted I'd manage to open them in time anyway. The only option was right there.

She was slumped low in the couch and momentarily out of sight, I just managed to pull down the front of my shorts and cover the head of my cock as I let loose.

"What are you doing?" Mia questioned over the top of the couch as I released a ridiculous amount of cum into my palm.

"Nothing! Just a cramp," I lied as my cupped hand filled with semen and I gained what pleasure I could from the ultimately ruined orgasm. A moment of relief as I realized I'd pulled off the perfect crime, (literally) behind her back.

It was then, horror of all horrors. I saw the shadow of Mom re-entering the living room.

Mia sat up in the couch and throwing the magazine upon the coffee table, looked back over the headrest to further ascertain why I'd risen so quickly, a skeptical look on her face, just as I managed to tuck my cock back into my shorts.

"Oh good, someone's thinking," Mom crossed the room to stand beside the couch not two feet from me and with face burning, I struggled to hide my laden hand at my side.

"What?" I managed to respond, hoping she didn't notice my hand still tenting my shorts.

"Sunscreen," she motioned down at my left hand. "Come on, lather me up!"

I was mortified and it must have shown on my face. Mia climbed up on the couch and held onto the backrest as she surveyed the action, strangely an equally as shocked expression coming to her visage. Did she know?

"Mom I don't think you should..." She began before Mom cut her off.

"What? He's my son, I think it's okay if he rubs me with sunscreen," she turned and presented her bare back only covered by the straps of her one-piece swimsuit.

"Mom I...I can't," I stammered and she turned before reaching out and taking up my hand in her own.

Before I could stop her, she'd dipped two fingers into the cum actually dripping from my clutch, amazed she didn't recognize its consistency, before she lifted her hand to her face.

"Oh goodness, what's gotten into you two?" She questioned. "I'll just do it myself."

"Mom don't," I finally managed to voice.

"Oh Jesus!" Mia herself exclaimed, admitting so much, her hand rising up to cover her mouth in shock.

"What?" Mom asked as she pressed her fingers against her forehead and smeared.

I felt my jaw drop as I watched my mother spread my cum from her hairline to her eyebrows.

"Ooh, it's a watery one," she remarked as it ran between her eyes and down the edge of her nose, a finger dropping down to scoop the excess before she drew her hand back to examine the cream. "What brand is this?" She turned up her nose, spreading the semen between her fingers before sniffing at the substance.

"Jesus, Mom! Lucas!" Mia leaped from her position as I stood transfixed, unable to act, let alone speak. She rounded the couch and reached out to grab Mom's hand just as the look of realization came to her face.

"This smells like..." Mom paused, her wrist held by Mia as she raised her other to her forehead and wiped at the remaining globs before slowly looking up at me. "...like semen," she whispered, dumbfounded.

"Okay Mom," Mia calmly stated as she dragged Mom toward the bathroom.

"...but it's cum!" Mom reiterated; confusion still evident in her voice.

"Let's just get you cleaned up," Mia soothed as she whisked our mother from the room, looking back over her shoulder at me with wide eyes, shaking her head.

Alone, aghast, I looked down at my hand and felt the earth spinning faster than usual beneath my feet. What had I done?

"It's not that bad," I heard Mia consoling Mom.

"Not that bad?" Mom rebutted "He's cum on my face!" She immediately replied and with an all-encompassing shame, I ran from the house.

The beach beckoned and I found myself slumped against a dune staring out into the ocean contemplating what I'd done, flippantly considering

disappearing into the surf to never be seen again. It'd be better than this. How could I ever look in Mom's eyes again? Even Mia's. What about when Dad finds out? He'd kill me. And even Mia's boyfriend. How would he feel about someone looking up her skirt and jerking off? Essentially what I'd done.

The sight of my sister's panties came back to me immediately, her pussy pressed hard against the white cotton. It was then I thought of her reaction to Mom. She'd known! She'd known from the minute Mom reached out to touch my hand that it contained cum. She knew I'd cum. She must have known I was looking up her skirt to begin with. Why hadn't she said anything? Put an end to it. At least closed her legs.

The thought had my cock hardening and again I felt a surge of shame, cursing it for getting me in trouble to begin with. How long I sat watching the waves, I wasn't sure, but when dark clouds began rolling in from the sea and the smell of rain came on the breeze, I knew I had to head back to face the repercussions.

Nearing the house, I came upon Mia walking towards me. Again, my libido let me down and I found my eyes drifting across her chest, the tight t-shirt hugging her boobs, clearly unsupported by a bra. The cool breeze had her nipples standing to attention and remarkably my cock stirred. What the fuck was wrong with me?

"There you are," she said. "We were worried about you."

She stopped before me I could see compassion in her eyes.

"How's Mom?" I tentatively broached the subject.

"Fine, she's making dinner. Why?"

"Ah, you know why," I declared, incredulous, and Mia smiled.

"She's good. She got over it. Even managed to laugh," she divulged.

"Seriously?"

"Uh huh. I reminded her it wasn't far from what she'd been expecting this weekend in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I've seen what she bought to wear for Dad," Mia herself laughed.

"Trust me, she's not so innocent."

I relaxed somewhat as we began walking back to the house and becoming comfortable discussing the matter with her, I broached another subject. "So, ah, you knew?" I cryptically inquired and again she chuckled.

"What, that you were looking up my skirt and jerking off?" She bluntly questioned and I rapidly blushed.

"I thought I was being inconspicuous," I defended myself.

"What like when you were looking at my boobs just then?" She laughed and I stopped to look at her.

"Shit, I'm sorry," I genuinely apologized.

To this Mia reached out her hand and took mine, leading us again along the trail.

"You're a guy Lucas," she giggled. "I know what guys are like."

"You're not creeped out?" I asked and she took a moment to reply, her hand so small and pleasant to hold, only answering when we met the grass and the house came into view.

"Actually, it was kinda flattering!"

*

Mom was predictably in the kitchen and was finishing a glass of bourbon and Coke when we entered. "Here he is!" She remarked as she set about pouring another, her tone belying the discontent she surely felt. When her eye caught mine, her facade cracked somewhat and a smile came to the corner of her mouth.

"Mom," I felt my face redden. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, she knows," Mia patted my shoulder as she made for the bottle of Jim Beam and I immediately thought of her last words. 'Kinda flattering,' she'd admitted. What did that mean? "We can just forget it even happened," Mia continued, pouring two glasses, filling them half way with bourbon before tipping more into Mom's. "What happens at the beach, stays at the beach," she concluded, handing me a glass. "Cheers."

Mom joined us in the toast and again her eyes met mine and this time we shared the smile. Like the shore I'd stared at half an hour earlier, a wave of relief washed over me and it felt like a reset on the weekend. And with Mia's words, it was possible no one outside the three of us would ever learn of what had happened. I hoped so.

*

I'd done little drinking in my life before then and though the meal sobered me somewhat, I could still feel the effects of the alcohol overtaking me. Inhibitions loosened, I again found myself taking sneaky peeks up Mia's skirt as we played a game of Monopoly. In my defense, she wasn't making it hard, at one point spreading her legs obscenely as she reached for the dice. I even noticed Mom looking at her display on more than one occasion and I was surprised she didn't hint at Mia doing more to protect her modesty.

Over an hour we played and as the game was want to do, devolved into no real winner, our enthusiasm waning. Mia connected her phone's Bluetooth to a speaker and soon had music playing, snacks and alcohol making the atmosphere more party like and the game was eventually forgotten. Mom and I were talking like nothing had happened and Mia noted, becoming overly affectionate with each of us.

"See, isn't this better," she insisted as she hugged us both, her body between me and Mom on the couch. She was even more drunk than I, slurring her words, but it didn't stop her rising to fill all of our glasses, turning up the music in the process.

"Do you think it's okay?" Mom questioned over the volume. "The music."

"There's no one around to hear," I countered.

"I suppose that's true," Mom agreed, leaning back into the couch. "It's what attracted us to it in the first place." She took another sip of her bourbon and casually undid the button on her shorts. It was clearly just for relief but I darted my eyes away when her own caught me looking and once more I felt like I was injecting unwarranted sexuality into the occasion.

"Thank God," Mia distracted us, referring to the seclusion. "I need some place to wear my new bikinis. There's no way I'd get away with it back in L.A."

Her words 'new bikinis' captured my attention, Mom's also it seemed.

"You're not really going to wear them?" Mom seemed surprised, her eyes flicking across to me before back to Mia. "I thought they were for Toby's benefit."

Mia shrugged. "I bought them for me. I'm not letting them go to waste."

"But what about...?" Again, Mom's eyes darted to and from me and I knew she was hinting at my earlier compulsion, to which Mia once more shrugged.

"Tell me you weren't looking forward to wearing your new clothes Mom," she challenged to which Mom seemed embarrassed, my mind reeling at what they were discussing.

"Well, I was," for the umpteenth Mom's eyes darted in my direction. "But obviously I can't, now."

"Why not?" Mia rose to cross to the bourbon and found it empty, twisting the cap on a bottle of wine. "We're all family here. Wear what you want..."

She returned and seeing Mom's glass almost empty, made to pour on top of the bourbon, Mom holding up a hand and finishing before surprisingly accepting the top up. No wine glasses needed it seemed; I'd also never seen Mom drink so much so quickly. Mia slumped into an armchair and inebriated, cared not her legs spread widely, her bulge of pussy on open display. Drunk also, I allowed myself a lasting stare before slowly raising my gaze to her eyes which looked back lazily.

"...Lucas won't mind!" She finished her earlier point.

I sheepishly looked over my half-filled glass as the music played, awaiting the next move. It came from Mom. "It WOULD be nice to wear something pretty," she pondered.

"And you would've worn them in front of Toby anyway," Mia added, now seemingly determined to get Mom to dress up, or down, or whatever they were discussing.

Mom took the bait and swallowing another mouthful of wine, rose beside me, her hand actually unzipping her shorts as she stepped over my feet.

"You won't be embarrassed Honey?" Mom asked, standing unsteadily above me and without any idea as to why I should, innocently shook my head.

"Okay," she seemed excited. "I'll slip into something more comfortable," she laughed as she headed to her room.

"What's going on?" I whispered to Mia through the music, her head swaying with the beat.

"Nothing. Mom just bought new clothes for the weekend. Well, for Dad really," she closed her eyes and waved her hand in the air enjoying the melody playing. "You'll see," she added.

I didn't have to wait long. I'd just returned from filling my own glass with the wine and upon sitting back on the couch, Mom exited the bedroom. It was her heels that I noted first. The clicking as she admittedly unsteadily traversed the room. But it was her outfit that caught my attention.

A 'dress' I suppose it could be called, it looked to be made of transparent pantyhose nylon, certainly the same material as the attached thigh high stockings. She wore no bra to support her large breasts and the fact I could see my mother's nipples was not lost on me.

"Woohoo!" Mia cheered our mother's return, whereas I remained mute. "I love that color," she enthused at the iridescent yellow and Mom did a full turn for her (for us) to model the outfit. I was looking nowhere else but at her yet she seemed loathe to catch my eye as she proudly crossed the room and as before stepped over my outstretched feet. Her glass upon the table, she chose that very moment to lean forward and retrieve it.

My mom's ass presented to me not two feet from my face, it was the first time I noticed she was at least wearing some underwear. The string of a thong was buried between her cheeks and as she leaned ever further, the

dress rose ever higher on her thighs. Her body blocking Mia from view, I had no more than five seconds of impunity where I was free to stare to my heart's content. It was enough. The string that had disappeared between her cheeks reappeared as it attempted to cover her pussy, smooth puffy outer labia embracing the thin strip.

Too soon she moved away and with legs demurely together lowered herself into the couch beside me.

"You can pick your jaw up Lukey," Mia laughed without mockery and I felt myself blush.

"What? I wasn't looking," I lied, though indeed my jaw HAD dropped.

"It's okay Honey," Mom leaned back and crossed her legs, sipping her wine, and I again took a sneaky peek of her breasts, her nipples hard. "It was designed to stand out. How do I look?"

Both her and Mia's eyes were on me and my face burned as I struggled to admit my feelings to not only her, but myself. Was it okay to confess she looked awesome? That my own mother looked...fuckable? It was so wrong that I was even contemplating it to begin with. Sneaky peeks up my sister's skirt were one thing, lusting after my mom was a whole new incestuous ballgame. I went with a diplomatic response.

"You look..." I paused. "Pretty."

"I don't think 'pretty' was what she's going for to be honest Lucas," Mia laughed but Mom would have none of it.

"Oh, stop it Mia," she scolded her before reaching out and touching my arm momentarily. "Thank you Darling," she smiled. "Do you think your father would've liked it?"

All I could do was nod.

*

We attempted to finish the game but none of us were too interested, Mia more occupied with the music playlist and I was admittedly too drunk to concentrate. And, how could I? Across the table I was given a permanent up skirt by my sister. To my left, my essentially naked mother. The board game was the least important thing in my life right then.

The wine was emptied, and it was Mom that sought more, her heel turning as she stepped over me and I raised my hands to stop her fall. Her hand clamped down on my shoulder as I leaned forward and my own grabbed her at the waist. The nylon was so silky to the touch, her flesh so warm and supple. I managed with her aid to get her back on her feet and as thanks she ran her hand across my cheek.

"Hang on Mom," Mia leaned across the table with monopoly dollars in her hand. "This is for you," she laughed as she tucked fifties into the hem of her stocking.

"Oh, don't Mia," Mom giggled though awkwardly swayed her hips in time with the music, playing along.

"How much for a lap dance?" Mia continued on with the joke and I squirmed in my seat.

"You can't afford it," Mom stated, continuing to seductively dance right before me.

"Lucas can," Mia divulged. "He was winning I think."

What were they doing? I wondered. Was it possible they were both conspiring to embarrass me? I detected no malice and dismissed the notion.

Mia was drunk, Mom was drunk. The room was even spinning for me, so inhibitions were bound to be thrown out the window by all of us. I looked at the piles of money on my side of the board and wondered if I should follow suit and go along with Mia's joke.

"Oh, stop it Mia, Lucas doesn't want a lap dance from his mother," Mom declared and once more tripped on her heel and began to stumble. It wasn't in my direction this time but she managed to right herself and lay back on the couch where she'd begun. "I think someone else might have to get my drink," she hiccupped.

I rose immediately and Mia directed me toward the brandy as she left her own seat. "That'd be a nice nightcap," she said as I looked at the time myself, closing in on 11:30 pm. "Gotta pee," she informed me as I found fresh glasses and began to pour us each a drink. I thought about how much I'd drank and knowing how I'd likely feel in the morning remembered to have a big drink of water, filling a large supplementary glass for later. Collecting the brandies, I began to head back into the lounge as Mia left the bathroom. "Ah, I think you can forget about Mom's," she stated, nodding her head in the direction of the couch.

I looked down at Mom to see she'd clearly fallen asleep, upturned arms slumped either side of her body. No real surprise considering the hour and the amount of alcohol she, all of us, had ingested. But it was the position she was in that caused the most contention. With feet firmly planted on the floor, her legs were well parted, the area from mid-thigh to groin exposed. With Mia by my side essentially giving me license to stare, I was privy to the sight of my mother's barely covered pussy beneath her dress.

The tiny fluorescent thong had slid down most of the way over her mound, revealing a small tuft of pubic hair above her upper labia, the rest of her

pussy clearly waxed smooth. The remainder of the thong was wedged between her folds, disappearing into the crack of her ass. For the second time that night I felt my jaw drop, righting the situation before I turned to Mia.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"What?" She seemed uninterested.

"Ah, Mom! How's she's dressed. This isn't normal."

"Women just like to feel sexy once in a while Lucas," she rationalized.

"That includes Mom."

"Yeah but..." I nodded toward Mom's attire, her posture.

"She was really looking forward to this weekend. I was too. It was meant to be romantic," she detailed. "You know all the clothes we bought. She maybe got a bit carried away with all the alcohol but she just wanted to wear something pretty. I do too," Mia ended on a cryptic note and I wondered if it wasn't just her new bikinis she'd brought along to parade.

"So, what do we do now?"

"Well, I need sleep," Mia answered, taking her glass of brandy from my hand and downing it in one gulp.

"I mean about..." I once more looked at Mom.

"Oh...help me out would you."

Following her lead, I grabbed one of Mom's legs, Mia the other and we lifted her fully onto the couch.

"Take off her heels," Mia directed. "I'll get a blanket."

Left alone with my near naked mother, I took the opportunity to look a little closer at her body, not just the cautionary fleeting glances but a long stare at her flesh. Yeah, there was cellulite on her upper thighs. Maybe her belly wasn't as flat as a twenty-year old's. But fuck me. She was beautiful. I felt my cock finally begin to harden, no more than a semi-erection but not even the alcohol could prevent my arousal for her right then, passed out and snoring as she was!

I was removing her second high heel when Mia returned with the blanket and took the temptation from my eyes. I left my glass of water on the table beside Mom and with Mia turning off the lights made my own way to our shared bedroom.

The internet had shown the room to have a king size bed but when we arrived it was two singles (most likely pushed together for the photo) which worked out for a sharing brother and sister. As I climbed into mine before once more Mia turned off the light, I wondered what could've happened if it was a double? Would we have fucked? As the room began to spin, having sex with my sister was the last thing on my mind as I welcomed the sleep.

*

Was I dreaming? The moon's illumination steamed through the thin curtains filling the room with light, yet it was a rustling that caused my eyes to open. She lay on her back with legs akimbo, the sheet down to her knees it was clear she was naked. Clearer still, she was masturbating. Her breath came in fits before she dramatically rolled and buried her face in the pillow, her ass moving up and down, thrusting as though she were in fact fucking the bed itself.

I felt my cock hard, and laying on my stomach, I ground myself into the mattress before I closed my eyes and it was morning.

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It was the smell of bacon that led me from my slumber and immediately looking to my right at the remembrance of the moonlight masturbation, I was disheartened to see Mia's bed empty. Climbing out, apart from a slight headache I was feeling relatively healthy and slipping into my shorts but remaining topless, I ventured out to face what the day would bring.

For the second time in a minute, I was disappointed. Compared to what I'd last seen her wearing, Mom's clothing was, well, Mom-like. Cooking breakfast, she wore a t-shirt. An admittedly tight t-shirt that gave away the fact she was bra-less granted, but far more conservative than the previous night's apparel. It was only as I approached the bench and climbed up on a stool, did I notice however, she was pants-less.

"I knew the smell of bacon would get you up!" She smiled before turning and heading to the fridge. It wasn't the only thing to 'get me up.' White lace panties barely covered her ass, disappearing into the crack of her buttocks just as the thong had done. Already swollen from my morning erection, a full-blown hard-on tented my shorts and I was thankful I was hidden behind the bench-top. Or was I? Maybe it was time to declare my affection?

Mom came away from the fridge with juice and caught my eyes slow to raise from her pelvis, looking down at her crotch along with me. "Oh, yeah. Sorry," she apologized for nothing, the patterned lace front creeping between her folds and accentuating her mound. "Didn't want to spatter my clothes."

The best response I could come up with was a smile before changing the subject.

"Where's Mia?" I asked, looking around.

"Went for a run," Mom explained, filling a plate with bacon and eggs and passing it across to me. "She'll be back soon."

As if conjured, I heard the screen door to the outside open and with a mouthful of bacon I turned to see Mia enter, sweaty and beautiful. The smallest pair of running shorts and merely a sports bra to hold her boobs, she stretched her arms as she crossed to stand beside me.

My dick already to attention, it was given a treat as she unexpectedly wrapped an arm around my shoulder, her breast pressing hard into my arm and a hand on my upper thigh. It was overtly sexual and with how sweaty her body was, extremely intimate. It wasn't until she came away with a piece of bacon stolen from my plate, did I realize it was a joke, and I thanked god I hadn't reciprocated her affection.

"Having a shower," she said as she waved the bacon at me and headed to the bathroom, my eyes trained on her bottom and the shorts delving between her cheeks. Why this weekend? I wondered. Eighteen years I'd lived under the same roof as these two and apart from some juvenile experimentation with panty sniffing (something I was sure all boys went through) I'd never been so incestuously attracted to them. Why now?

I concentrated on my breakfast as I debated who had the better ass, watching Mom as she refilled my glass of juice, cleaning up the kitchen. There was no contest. Mom's was bigger, had the dimples of a mature woman. I thought of Mia. Bulging out of her athletic shorts. What was the word 'they' used? Thicc! That was it. Maybe pawg! Whatever. It was ultimately clear to me. There was no separating the two. It was a tie!

Happy with myself, I concentrated on my breakfast and with the grease doing a fine job of soaking up the alcohol, finished just as my sister re-entered the frame.

"Oh, you're wearing that one," Mom looked over my shoulder disheartened and I turned to look at Mia and just what was the fuss? "I thought you said I could?" Mom questioned.

Mia wasn't wearing much of anything! I'd seen similar on the home shopping channel recently but never expected to see one so close up. On my sister no less. It was an extreme bikini. Small patches of red material covering the appropriate areas, namely nipples and labia but leaving the entire rest of the body exposed. It was ridiculously arousing and that Mom had wanted to wear it herself was insane.

"Oh, okay. Yeah, sorry I forgot," Mia excused herself as Mom walked around the bench and joined my sister before me. "Come on, we'll get changed. You're coming down the beach aren't you, Lucas?" Mia spoke directly to me to which I meekly nodded. "Okay, we'll go in your room Mom," she concluded and after a quick trip to our room, Mia followed Mom into the bedroom.

I had to remind myself to blink as I stared at the closed door wondering how I'd managed to fall into this parallel universe. These weren't my mom and sister. They'd been cloned surely. I came to my senses as I heard laughter from behind the door and hastened to my room myself to change for the beach.

It was as I opened my bag and pulled out the only swimsuit I'd thought to bring along, did I question its appropriateness. My small black Speedos. They were fine for the school swim team. Had been my only choice as I'd packed, thinking about impressing any girls I happened to come by on the beach. The problem was the only girls on the beach were Mom and Mia, and their appearance and the way I'd been feeling towards them, I doubted whether I'd be able to secret away any potential erection.

Yes, I was still thinking like a rational human. Despite how they'd dressed and acted in front of me, I still didn't expect it to lead to any breaking of taboos. In fact, now that I thought of it, neither of them had showed much desire toward me to begin with. Maybe I wouldn't get an erection anyway and none of this worrying was needed.

I quickly disrobed and jumped into my Speedos, their silky material immediately arousing to the touch, my dick swelling. Yeah, this didn't bode well.

When I finally made it back out into the living room, it was still deserted and I used the time to head to the bathroom to brush my teeth and do some push-ups. Satisfied with the swelling in my arms and thankful the exercise had made my dick soften, I ventured back into the house proper.

And there they were.

Like some stars of my own personal porn shoot, Mom and my sister stood before me casually awaiting my arrival. I wanted to look at Mom. To admire her appearance in Mia's red bikini, but it was my sister whom I had to admit dominated the proceedings. What little material she had on was blue but it was just window dressing for her body. More to the point, her boobs and pussy. The string bikini didn't attempt to hide the regions of contention, leaving nipples and vulva exposed. Just framing the area. I stared into my sisters waxed smooth sex and gradually forced my eyes to rise, making it only as far as her breasts before, as if from some distant land, I heard Mom's voice.

"You ready?" She casually remarked. "We thought you'd fallen in!" To which Mia laughed.

"I think he may've been doing something else in there Mom," she scoffed as her pussy was taken from my sight, reaching for a towel and just as sexy, her bare bottom coming into view. It was not what I expected. Assuming it was a thong, I was instead met with two strings either side of her buttocks like a jock strap, nothing in her crack but shadow.

It was too much and I felt my cock surge into life, hurrying to my room to get my own towel.

"Grab the umbrella Lukey," Mom called as they exited the house and I was right on their tail, lugging the big beach umbrella from the deck beside the hot tub.

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I had a reason to be behind them but fate couldn't have conspired to have me anywhere better. Watching their asses as we walked the few hundred yards to the beach. Mia's bare. Mom's essentially just as exposed. Two more beautiful creatures had never walked the earth. My dick was a proud beacon. A lighthouse of desire if they chose to turn and look. No more would I attempt to hide it I decided. No man on the planet, be he hetero or not, wouldn't be turned on by this. And they surely knew it! So what if I was son and brother. They could see my flattery and I'd be proud.

So I told myself. But after setting down the towels and planting the umbrella right up near the dunes, I once more felt uneasy flaunting my hard-on, pushing it horizontally across my pelvis so as not to be too conspicuous.

All three of us waded into the water and found it deathly cold. The waves and obvious rip had swimming out of the picture for Mom and Mia but

confident, I dove forth. Invigorated by the exercise, while my beauties journeyed back to the shore.

Treading past the waves, I could see them way off. Mia sunbathing. Mom sitting up keeping an eye on me in the water. I loved her. I loved Mia. Did that love extend to lust? I mean yeah, it had. But to actual sex? Incestuous sex with my mother and sister? Even in the cold water. Even as I tread to keep afloat, my dick twitched. "You win Buddy," I mused as I made my way back into shore.

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"Finally!" Mia complained as I stopped, still dripping above her, her eyes fleetingly scanning my crotch as I squatted to retrieve my towel.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"We're both busting," she just as confusingly elaborated.

"Busting for what?"

"Ah...to go!"

I literally scratched my head. "What's that got to do with me?"

"Well, we need someone to keep watch Honey," Mom joined in on the intriguing conversation, not really explaining much.

"The house is just back that way," I remarked, not really getting what was going on.

"But we're comfortable here," Mia countered.

"Then just go in the dunes," I replied, now pretty sure I was missing something.

"But what if someone came along?" Mom was quick to propose and Mia was right on her tail.

"Yeah, we'd be more comfortable if you were there to keep a lookout!"

Still confused and my cock beginning to react once more to their appearance, I shook my head. "Okay, what do you want me to do?"

Immediately, the two women rose and taking my hands led me up the nearest dune and down into a sheltered sandy clearing. Out of the breeze, it was stiflingly hot and barely any sound but insects could be heard.

"Just keep watch," Mia said before they both went on down into the middle of the grotto, leaving me remaining on the slope.

'Watch' what? I wondered, my ability to see anyone approaching removed completely now we were off the beach and before I could even begin to voice my concern, they began to pee.

It was Mia that released first. Not even pausing to squat, she spread her legs and released a stream right through her bikini bottom, its style perfect for the act. I was ridiculously just beginning to wonder if that was the initial purpose of the design when Mom dropped to her haunches.

From the height and angle I stood, I could essentially watch the proceedings with impunity. Mia's piss rained down between her legs creating a little stream that seeped into the sand, whilst Mom leaned back on one hand for balance, before shooting out a fountain of her own. She raised her hips up as if enjoying herself and her torrent arced in the air before splattering down to become one with the landscape. It was raw, it was an intimate view into the forbidden, and as the two women in my life relieved themselves before me, it was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

My dick standing to attention, it towered out the front of my already tight Speedos and it was then I realized how little I as well was wearing. Mia did a little shimmy as her pee slowed to a trickle just as Mom began to rise, turning unexpectedly and seeing my gaze frozen upon her. "Oh, Lucas!" She feigned indignation. "You naughty boy. Were you watching us pee?"

"I...I..." I struggled to deny as she and Mia walked back toward me. Mom had failed to return the bikini over her pussy and her labia visibly glistened with dew, reflecting the sunlight.

"It's alright," Mom saved me. "We're family. I suppose it's okay to peek."

I struggled to swallow, let alone thank her for granting me permission and then I caught sight of where Mia was looking. Her eyes making no apologies for staring straight at my cock, she finally looked me in the eye as we came face to face, a mischievous expression on her face before she passed by with Mom, leaning into her ear and whispering before they both giggled.

We lay upon the beach towels for I don't know how long; Mom and I under the umbrella, Mia sunning herself. On my side I could look across their bodies, two pronounced mounds, sizeable breasts. Mia's nipples exposed through her bikini and I noticed, one of Mom's slipped from its feeble confines. I wasn't even meant to be here, I thought to myself as I risked a subtle rub of the front of my briefs, my hand coming away damp with the amount of pre-cum leaking through the silky material. They would've been wearing the same swimsuits for Dad and Toby, I realized and the thought was somewhat depressing. They weren't dressing like this for me. Maybe they weren't even sharing my incestuous desires?

The shock of the fact had me panicked and I sat up to hide my erection once more. Despite all that I'd seen in the last day, all that had happened, I had

serious doubts. I stood up, guarding my still frustratingly erect cock from view and stepped out from under the umbrella. I looked down upon Mia who chose that moment to roll onto her stomach. Her legs spread on the beach towel; the full effect of her bikini bottoms came into play. Nothing obscured the crack of her ass. The sun in the perfect position, I could see her asshole. My sister's asshole. And below, the clearly slick folds of her sex.

Mom's book covered her face and freely I gazed down at her exposed pussy. And then, as if she knew exactly where my eyes were trained and she threw me an incestuous crumb, she pulled her knees up and spread her legs. It was the most overtly sexual pose so far. The clearest indication she was amenable to an advance on my behalf.

I looked from her vulva to her boobs, across to my sister's exposed anus and dripping pussy. Now was the time. I'd pull my cock out and see what happened.

"I'm hungry," Mia lifted onto her elbows and looked at Mom.

"Same, shall we head back?" Mom replied.

With my thumb tucked into my swimsuit, about to pull it down and expose my aroused penis, I halted. Idiot. I thought to myself. And again, came the doubts.

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Resigned once again to porter, I followed them back to the beach house. They showed no signs of interest in me, let alone my cock. But I stayed hard. And as I stared at their asses swaying as they walked, how could I not?

Mia offered to make lunch and I slumped on the couch, looking down defeated at my unused cock. And then Mom joined me. She sat where she had the night before and I casually panned across to see her staring back, her lips pursed. "What?" I questioned her demeanor and she brought her feet up onto the couch, turning fully towards me.

"You know what," she said and admittedly I thought I did, feigning ignorance.

"No."

She raised her eyebrows and stretched out a leg, her toe pressing into the underside of my cock. I thought I could've cum there and then, sheer will power preventing an embarrassingly premature ejaculation.

"Oh? So, what's this about then?" Her foot ran the length of my penis, from moist tip to my balls.

"I don't know," I stopped myself from smiling. The sound of Mia preparing lunch had stopped altogether and I felt her presence approach from behind.

"You don't know," Mom quoted me, shaking her head. "What do you think Mia?" Mom looked up over my shoulder and Mia passed by the couch to take up position in the armchair.

"It's been like that for hours," she smirked. "At least from when he watched us pee! didn't want to say anything."

"Hmm," Mom pondered. "Is that right Lucas? Did you get an erection from watching us pee?"

My head spun. I felt myself turn red but not from embarrassment, more excitement. This was happening. Mom's foot continually stroked the length

of my cock and the way Mia sat back in the couch I could see her pussy, once more dripping with lube.

"Maybe," I offered.

"We'll get it out then," Mom matter-of-factly demanded. "Show us what all the fuss is about."

Instantly I grabbed the front of my Speedos and pulled them down below my balls. Seemingly the size of golf balls and almost as hard, they held my swimsuit in place as Mom returned her foot, joined by the other.

A sharp intake of air as my lungs responded to the soft encompassing touch of her soles, gently massaging from base to dripping eye. I looked across to Mia, fervently watching as she casually lowered a hand to her pussy and began to touch herself. Too much was happening at once. My sister masturbating openly. Mom with legs spread, her vagina on display and using her feet to jerk me off. Just one of those things could've fueled a year's worth of masturbatory fantasies for me. All three, and the inevitable was bound to happen.

I tried to prevent it. In my mind we moved on from the foot job to hours' worth of incestuous sex. But this was real life, and inexperienced as I was, the climax was abrupt.

"Oh, my goodness!" Mom raised a hand to her mouth as an explosion of cum surged from me. She quickened the pace of her feet along my column and I rewarded her with gush after gush of hot jizz, coating my stomach and her feet in turn. It was more than I expected. Far more. And looking to Mia whose expression changed from seeming momentarily disappointed that the show was over so quickly, to fascination as I rained cum both upon myself and Mom.

"My god, he's a cummer!" She exclaimed and I wasn't sure if it was a good or bad thing.

"Mm, it's so hot too Mia," Mom expounded. "Come feel."

Now seemingly unperturbed her masturbation had been abruptly suspended, Mia climbed off the chair and dove toward my cock. Mom removing her feet to provide access, Mia took possession of my fully lubricated shaft and tugged the last of my orgasm from me, squeezing me tight as she milked my urethra dry. I was covered in cum. Mom's feet were covered in cum, but my sister seemed determined to see more. Her jerking didn't stop when no more semen leaked from my eye, only quickened.

My cum as lube, the muscles of her arm clenched, my sister furiously pumped my cock. Expertly, she pulled. Little doubt she'd done this before. I thought of Toby. Would he have been receiving of such treatment if he'd come along? Certainly not from my mother. Would any of this have happened in the first place if I hadn't essentially made the first move by masturbating to my sisters up-skirt? All valid questions, but right then, Mom scooping cum from her foot to press to her outer labia and coating them like lipstick and my very own sister determined to get me to cum again, they could wait.

I gripped the couch beside me as I thrust up into her manipulation. My dick just as hard as when we'd started, I could feel the second orgasm approach and held my breath as I brought on my sister's personal trophy. A reward for her hard work. And there it was. Her fist rapidly hammering my swollen appendage as I let loose a second torrent. A mere stream versus the original flood, but clear evidence of my affection for not only her but equally, our mother.

Cum ran down over her knuckles as her action eased, a satisfied smile on the corners of her mouth. "Fuck you cum a lot," Mia whispered, her eyes fixated on the head of my cock as she once more milked the remainder.

"Is that a good thing?" I inquired, my breathing slowly returning to normal.

"Oh, it's a good thing Baby," Mom crawled across the couch and leaned into me, her breath so warm as her lips moved toward mine. "It's just what we needed."

Her kiss was...forgive me, I don't know how to describe it. With my eyes wide to not miss a thing, my mother, the woman that gave birth to me eighteen years prior; that breast fed me and took me to my first day of school; that put band-aids on my grazed knee and was a shoulder to cry on when I was dumped by my first girlfriend, kissed me upon the mouth, before ever so tentatively, delved her tongue between my lips.

Mia must surely have felt my cock once more harden as we kissed, must surely have been envious. It must have been the reason she rose before me, leaned over my body and so deftly worked her way into our union, her tongue finding my own, our mother's. Enough of clenching the couch for support, I raised a hand and found my sister's pussy, not waiting for approval before effortlessly sliding my fingers between her folds.

She breathed out into our mouths, Mom quick to kiss her, biting at her lips, sucking her tongue into her own mouth. Two fingers I curled inside her slick vagina, feeling around with my thumb for her clit and believing I found it when she moaned her approval.

A hand found my dick and knowing it must have been Mom's, returned the favor and reached out for her pussy. Mimicking my work on Mia, I plunged

two fingers into my mother's body, her pussy so hot, so accommodating as I wriggled my digits, hopefully giving her the pleasure she deserved.

Mia took hold of my wrist and began humping my hand, thrusting my fingers inside her. In response I gave her another, adding one more to the mix which filled her greedy clasp vagina. Mom closed her thighs around my hand, my fingers unable to move as I felt her walls squeeze around me. Again, we shared a kiss, Mia slipping her tongue deep into my mouth, Mom licking my lips, my chin.

Her hand tugged at my dick and with aching abs from thrusting into my women's grips, I came a third time just as Mia squirted around my fingers. She squealed her delight into my mouth, her eyes rolling back as Mom kissed her, as I kissed her. Whether she was peeing or it really was squirt (I understood there was some contention) it ran over my wrist and splashed onto the couch, Mom reaching across to place a hand under her daughter's body, to feel her orgasm.

It was an awkward position and my own hand slipped from her pussy, my fingers sliding out and delving further between her legs. I knew it was her asshole I cupped and that my ring finger slid so easily inside. Its sphincter wrapping my digit like a wedding band. She moaned as I found her clit with my thumb and though it ached my hand, I fucked and fingered her holes with gusto.

Overbalanced Mom fell upon my belly wholly, across my lap like a disobedient schoolgirl accepting a spanking. Consequently, my hand fell from between her legs and for an instant I was unsure of what to do. Mother knows best however, and taking my wrist she guided my hand to her ass and directed my fingers once more to her asshole. I found no resistance as I penetrated. Two fingers sliding into her welcoming anus, the silky walls of

her butt embracing my intrusion. "Finger bang my ass," Mom managed to gasp as Mia shifted to push her cunt against our mother's face.

Stabbing Mom's asshole with one hand, Mia grabbed my other and sucked on the fingers that had moments before been showered upon, been inside her body, her tongue licking between each, dining on her own flavor.

With Mom's mouth locked around her daughter's pussy, she had Mia cumming once more, the mental stimulation no doubt the catalyst for her own orgasm. My mom came from having her ass fingered! It was a revelation. To me, possibly to my sister as she grabbed at Mom's hair and buried her face into her pussy, smothering Mom's cries of ecstasy until she released her gasping and dripping with girl cum.

I was spent. I slid my fingers out of Mom's ass and she slowly climbed from my lap, slumping beside me as Mia herself slid from the couch. She returned with a tea towel, unceremoniously wiping her inner thighs before sitting back down and continuing with the clean-up on me.

"Ooh, just a second," Mom leaned over and scooped a thread of my cum from beside my cock, slipping her fingers into her mouth. Mia and I stared on incredulous. "What?" Mom cheekily grinned, licking her fingers clean. "I didn't get to taste it yesterday!"

"Jesus," I sighed, finding religion. "What's happened here?" I questioned the room as Mia took to wiping up my remaining smeared semen. Mom was making herself comfortable, returning her thong back over her pussy, but so wet was her labia the string just slid between her lips, and content, she left as was. Clearly not answering, it was left to Mia.

"We talked; me and Mom," she took my now flaccid cock in hand and wiped its length with the tea towel, ridiculously encouraging growth once

more which made her smile. "After you came in your pants," she looked up into my eyes.

"I didn't cum in my pants!" I refuted, blushing. "I NEARLY came in my pants!"

"Whatever," she giggled. "And obviously after Mom used your cum as moisturizer."

"I thought it was sunscreen!" Mom herself was taken aback.

"Well, anyway," Mia went on. "We decided no one had to know. About what happened. I mean it was embarrassing all round right?"

I nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly. The thought of Dad finding out was nauseating.

"So, we thought, this beach. Where we are. So secluded. We could be the only three people left on Earth, right?" She declared and I listened, enthralled. "So, what if we lost ourselves? Gave in to pleasure for just these two days no matter who the person, their relationship. We'd been planning on it being a romantic getaway all along, why couldn't it still be?"

"But what about Dad, Toby?" I questioned. "Isn't it cheating?"

"Not at all Darling," Mom refuted. "It's family bonding."

"It's incest," I heard myself stupidly state, wondering why I was doing so much to put a dampener on proceedings and in response Mia rolled her eyes.

"Incest schmincest!" She dismissed.

"So, it's just for this weekend?" I questioned and she nodded.

"We tried to start it last night but someone..." Mia's eyes crossed to Mom.
"Someone passed out."

"I just had a little too much to drink," Mom defended herself.

"But WE could've..." I looked at Mia. "After Mom went to sleep, we could've still..." I still had trouble saying we could've fucked.

"We promised to do it together," Mom interjected, climbing forward in the couch and kneeling beside me, mimicking Mia's position. I had two barely dressed beauties either side of me. I'd just had more sexual experience in the last half hour than I'd had in my entire life and we were still to actually fuck.

"So, what do you think Lukey?" Mia asked, her hand once more reaching for my dick, Mom's joining. "Another day of this. Just us three, fucking and sucking each other silly?"

"Doing whatever we want, no matter how naughty?" Mom added. "We have costumes!" She decided then to divulge.

"And toys," Mia admitted as if that would sway the argument.

"So, what will it be Darling?" Mom asked. "A weekend of no regrets incest with your mother and sister?"

"Or another day of worrying about morals and what others would think?" Mia posed.

Their combined hands around my now fully erect cock, they eagerly awaited my response.

Chapter 2

Sunday Morning

I awoke from probably the most banal dream of my life. Sitting on the couch at home eating potato chips, whilst I flicked between channels on the television. All showing the same stretch of featureless beach but from different angles.

Back in the real world, I rolled to find the double bed empty, cold to the touch; though the pleasant-smelling aroma of sex that lingered in the room told me, (unlike my dream) the past day hadn't been a work of my imagination. But where were they? Had I gone too far? Done things that in the heat of the moment had seemed acceptable, but now, in the cold light of day, they'd found objectionable and left?

I walked naked from the room and into the deserted living area and kitchen, fetching myself a glass of water to chase away once more the lingering effects of too much alcohol. And then I saw them through the open sliding doors. Out on the lawn, upon yoga mats.

With glass in hand and a cock slowly rising, I silently exited and took up position in a deck chair to watch the show. Mom had donned a bodysuit for the occasion, her boobs bulging out either side of the tight fabric, the thong backed style riding deep between her buttocks. Mia seemed more prepared for yoga, purple, clearly-transparent tights and a tiny cut off t-shirt that, as she and Mom entered warrior pose, lifted up over her unfettered breasts.

The whole scene was enticingly beautiful and the hardness of my dick was proof of its sex appeal. It was then I had the horrible thought that maybe THIS was the dream, and my vision of sitting upon the couch eating potato

chips was the reality. Mia seemed to perceive my presence and turned her head to see me watching, her face lighting up with a smile.

"We've got an audience Mom," she said.

I rose and headed across the lawn to greet them, noticing eyes upon my groin as I neared. Mom wasn't wearing a bodysuit; more a swimsuit of sorts, a zipper running down between her breasts.

"Maybe we should give him something to watch," Mom grinned as she unzipped and allowed her boobs to fall from their constraints.

Mia's tits were already exposed and she did nothing to remedy the situation and I wondered if it was too bold to kiss THEM, all four of them, before I kissed my mother and sister good morning?

"You missed all the best poses," Mia divulged.

"You could've woken me," I offered.

"Mom tried," Mia laughed as she stretched her arms above her head, accentuating her boobs. "She gave you a blowjob in your sleep!"

I looked to Mom who even after all we'd done, blushed. "You had an erection!" She excused herself. "Seemed a shame to waste it."

I could've fucked her right then and there. After a spanking of course, for her naughtiness. But Mom and Mia had other plans. Breakfast. And admittedly I was on board. I unashamedly stared at Mia's crotch as she and Mom held hands giggling like schoolgirls as they headed toward the house. Her labia lumping out through the thin nylon. And then her ass as they passed me by, the purple stretched taut to be almost invisible as it hugged her buttocks. And Mom. Her own cheeks swaying seductively as she walked. I'd had my face between them, I thought. Only hours earlier. Both

of them. And as they entered the house to leave me naked, erect, with the early morning sun on my face, I thought of how it began...

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-Twenty hours earlier-

"So?" Mia stared into my eyes. "Are you going to fuck us little brother; or not?"

I couldn't believe I was taking so long to respond. From looking up her skirt in the car and upon the couch. To ogling my own mother's ass in her denim shorts. To see her body almost naked as she danced drunkenly, and then that pussy. Exposed to me as she slept. Their swimsuits, or lack thereof.

Watching them pee and then our impromptu hand-job session upon this very couch. How could there be any doubt I would fuck them? That I'd devote every waking hour for as long as possible to satisfying their every desire?

"Ah, yeah!" I smiled, and ecstatic, Mom moved in to kiss my mouth. Again, the wonder of kissing my mother. Her tongue between my lips. If their hands hadn't left my dick, I feel I could've cum again. Was that possible? Four orgasms in the space of mere minutes? With my sister and mother as inspiration, I had no doubt.

"Lunch?" Mia broke her hold on my erection and left the couch as if nothing momentous had just occurred.

"Ooh yes," Mom agreed and was right behind her, leaving me looking at an empty room.

And there it was. Casual. Just like that I'd committed to having an incestuous three-way tryst with my mother and sister and it felt like I'd

merely agreed to mayo on my sandwich. I looked over the couch and they chatted away as if nothing had happened.

"...I have to try that on," Mom motioned toward my sister's so-called swimsuit.

"I'm looking forward to wearing the sling," Mia responded.

"Ooh, me too," Mom laughed. "The boys don't know what they're missing."

She was meaning Dad and Toby and it raised some pertinent issues for me, rising from the couch and entering the kitchen naked, my erect cock leading the way.

"So, you would've worn that in front of Dad?" I directed my question to Mia who seemed surprised.

"Oh god no," she refuted.

"Why do you ask Honey?" Mom questioned.

"It's just, you guys were planning on this romantic weekend," I paused. "I was just wondering if that meant all four of you were going to..."

"Oh, oh no Darling," Mom denied to my relief. "I wouldn't have let Toby see me in this either," she looked down at herself, adjusting the thong that had once more crept inside her labia.

"Ugh, are you asking if I was going to have sex with Dad?" Mia looked horrified.

"Ah, yeah?"

"That's gross Lucas," she made a disgusted face and she was just like the sister I'd always known.

"And don't worry Sweetheart," Mom approached and placed a hand on my arm. "I had no intention of sleeping with Tobias."

It was more than relief I felt. It meant that, yes, I was going to be used as a replacement cock for the weekend, but what was happening was impromptu. They hadn't set out to have some incestuous swinging event without me. And also, that Mom and Mia had no problem fucking me but not each other's partners, was also pretty flattering.

"Any other questions while you're at it Lukey?" Mia returned from the fridge with a cucumber and I shook my head as she approached, holding it suggestively. "Good. But I have something to ask you."

"Oh yeah?"

"I didn't bring condoms!" She admitted. "So, if you're going to cum inside me, it has to be in my mouth or ass. Is that okay?"

In response my dick twitched, but I was also able to offer a nod in agreement.

*

I sat on the bed still naked as Mom and Mia tried on swimwear. It was ridiculous really. Only two days planned at the beach and I counted at least six different swimsuits, each hotter than the next. Mom turned to face me as she positioned the sling over her nipples, the blue string of the swimsuit slipping between her folds.

"How does it look on me?" She asked as I struggled to lift my eyes from her pussy. Where it snugly sat inside her labia it had gone a darker blue and I questioned whether it was Mom's lubricant or Mia's that had soaked through the material, it having just transferred from my sister's body.

"Just as good as on Mia," I admitted before meekly posing my own question. "Ah, would it be alright if I jerked off?"

They laughed in unison. "I don't know why you haven't already," Mom condoned my masturbating whilst I watched them, and wasting no time, I took my cock in hand.

This was the life. A satisfied post lunch belly, laying back naked upon a comfortable double bed, erect cock in hand whilst my sister and mother modeled swimwear. Mia slid her body into a sheer white one-piece but was more interested in what was happening on the bed than her appearance, her eyes drifting from the mirror to my cock.

"Why are we even wearing swimsuits anyway?" Mom questioned as she delighted in the way the slingshot bikini rode up between her labia. "It's essentially a nude beach anyway. There's no one else to see us."

"I'm not planning on wearing mine," I added as Mia, now fully invested in my masturbating, climbed upon the bed towards me.

"Ooh, let me have some of that," Mia changed the subject as she crawled up my legs and took my dick in her hand. I thought she meant 'some of' my cock, but it was for the pre-cum she thirsted.

Her tongue at the head, she squeezed up my length and licked at the clear fluid that flowed from me. "Mm, yummy," she hummed before she unfortunately backed off the bed. "I love that stuff!"

"I hope you saved some for me," Mom took up Mia's position, eager to climb aboard and mimicking her daughter, milked pre-cum from my cock.

"Ooh, it is nice, isn't it?" She praised, clearly enjoying the flavor as she wrapped her mouth around my cock and sucked, squeezing my shaft for more.

"I thought we were going back down the beach!" Mia jumped once more onto the bed, her face down level with Mom's.

"The beach can wait," Mom mumbled, the head of my cock pressing her lips.

I was definitely in no hurry to go anywhere, content as my sister joined Mom kissing and licking my head and shaft.

"I'd love to see you two kiss," I admitted, and as one they both looked up at me.

"Really?" Mia responded seemingly surprised.

"Well, yeah."

"But we're not lesbians Honey," Mom declared, apparently forgetting she'd only hours before had a tongue in her daughter's pussy.

They looked at each other, a hand each around my dick, mouths already wet with each other's saliva. "Shall we?" Mia asked Mom and considering all we'd done, the interaction seemed bizarre.

"I guess we could give it a go," Mom acquiesced, though I began to suspect they were playing up their reluctance.

Almost like nervous teens, they closed their eyes and with the bulbous head of my cock at their chins, they brought their mouths together. Tentative; lips pressing and then a tongue. Mom licking my sister's mouth, her chin. Mia stroked my cock and brought it between them once more as they kissed, both their tongues licking my head, saliva dripping freely down my length, lubricating the hand job.

"Oh Jesus," I gasped. I wanted it to last longer. Hell, I could've watched forever the sight of my mom and my older sister making out with my dick

between them. But the inevitable. My vocalization had at least given them the warning, but the way they reacted as my cum gurgled slowly from me, it was as though it was their goal all along.

Pulsing, Mia's hand expertly milking my length, I came upon their mouths. Lips coated with semen, tongues slipping around the head of my cock and into each other's mouth, transferring my fourth load of cum for the day. Slurping, semen and saliva drooling back onto my cock where it was greedily licked up and swallowed.

And I'd wanted to stay home and watch porn!

*

We walked, all three of us naked, back from the waves to the beach towels. The cold had taken any hope of an erection whilst in the water but it didn't take long for my friend to raise his head.

"Would you?" Mia held out the bottle of sunscreen before she lay down on the beach towel.

Mom, already on her stomach beside her, looked over her shoulder and smiled. "Me too Honey. It IS sunscreen this time?"

Even now, I blushed as Mia laughed.

I took a moment to enjoy the view, Mom and Mia lay out below me. As if on cue, they each parted their legs to allow the sunlight access and there they were, two assholes, two pussies. All equally beautiful. My penis showed its appreciation, swelling with admiration and the anticipation of what was to come.

With the sun blazing upon us, the sunscreen glistening on her skin, I massaged the lotion into my sister's back. She turned her head to look at

Mom and with her chin resting upon her arms, smiled.

"Why haven't we had Lucas do this for us before now?"

Mom rolled onto her side to watch the massage I was giving her daughter, her eyes panning down to my erection. "Is he good?"

Mia moaned in reply as I rubbed the lotion into her lower back. "Soo good!" She managed to muster.

I found her buttocks and climbing between her legs to better my access, spread them further. Her asshole stretched, pouting seductively as if blowing me a kiss and I abandoned all pretense I was applying sunscreen. She once more moaned as I pressed a thumb against her most intimate hole, circling and kneading the harder sphincter muscle beneath.

Mom slid a hand between her parted thighs, her mouth opening as her tongue suggestively licked at her upper lip. "I'd love to see you taste her," she hinted, and signalling her agreement, Mia dropped her hands to her buttocks, taking over from me and spreading herself for my attention.

I didn't want to disappoint two women and seeing my sister's labia part to reveal dripping pink, I immediately dove forth. My nose buried into her asshole as I wrapped my mouth around her pussy. The salty taste of seawater before I delved inside with my tongue and tasted woman. I must have been doing something right, snuffling and sucking in her groin as Mia moaned above, grinding her pelvis into my face.

"Don't forget your sister's bum-hole Darling," Mom directed from the sidelines and not missing my chance, slid my tongue from pussy to asshole, Mia appreciative, obscenely rubbing her ass into my face.

Mom had apparently seen enough and made it to her knees to then climb upon Mia's back. Her legs spread wider than my sister's, her position astride

Mia's buttocks enabled me to simply tilt my neck to find my nose pressed into my mother's vagina. A sheer delight to the senses. The taste of ass, the scent of pussy. All at once. All from my two most beloved relatives. The most important women in my life. My erection grinding into the soft sand below the beach towel pulsed and we all knew, it was time.

Pulling my tongue out of my sister's butt, I slid it up her crack to taste my mother and then over her own asshole. She knew what was coming when I didn't linger and falling down onto Mia's body fully, her boobs pressing the back of my sister's head, Mom took her ass in hand and presented herself to me.

"Be a good boy and fuck me Darling," she directed, and ever willing to do as mother says, climbed to my knees and aimed my eager cock toward her entrance. Taking a moment to rub the head between her slick folds, I traced the line of her labia from north to south, pre-cum mixing with her own glistening lubricant. So soft was her vulva, so pronounced was her clit as I teased it with my cock to her delighted giggle, before committing and pushing myself inside her.

Inside my mother. My cock. It was a momentous occasion. I felt like the first man on the moon. Surely, I was one of but few to have such a coupling? The divine pleasure of penetrating one's mother. To slowly, inch by inch return to the womb with my most flattering expression of love, my erect cock. Inside her completely, my pelvic bone against her buttocks. I pulled out just as slowly to her accompanied moans and thrust away, hammering myself back, deep. The slapping of flesh upon flesh as I fucked her.

She collapsed fully upon Mia, her face alongside her daughter's and awkwardly, wet hair in the way, they managed to kiss. Mom's mouth fell

open as I renewed my assault. Surprised at myself for not cumming at merely the sight of my mother and sister kissing, I fucked away, grabbing Mom's buttocks and parting to stare into her asshole then back at my sister licking Mom's parted lips.

"Fu-fuck this feels so good," I stammered as I managed to up my rhythm, pumping into her piston-like.

"What about me?" Mia bemoaned; her muffled voice buried in the beach towel. "I wanna get fucked too!"

I was a good son and a thoughtful brother. I pulled out of Mom and with Mia's asshole slick with my saliva and Mom's dripping lubricant, the head of my cock found an inviting home. Pressing down with my fingers upon the shaft, it for a moment seemed too big for her tight ass, Mia moaning as I guided my swollen head into her pouting sphincter until finally, as if breaching a dam wall, slid easily the rest of the way inside her body. So warm were her insides. So tight was the grip of her anus. I held Mom's hips as leverage as I thrust inside Mia's ass.

"Is it good Baby?" Mom asked Mia, her fingers stroking through her daughter's hair.

"Oh yes," Mia managed to gasp as I increased my fucking, her sphincter loosening around my dick and the friction frustratingly lessening.

"Squeeze your pussy around him Baby," Mom kissed her. "Hug your brother tight."

"He's...he's in my ass Mom," she confessed, correcting her, her mouth falling open. "I think I'm gonna. I think I might cum!"

She wasn't the only one. Though her ass had grown loose, the mere realization I had my dick in her butt had me on the verge of my own orgasm

and I closed my eyes, thinking of anything else but what was below to stave off my release. It wasn't easy.

"Ooh, an anal orgasm!" Mom exclaimed at Mia's pronouncement. "They're the best kind. Do it Darling. Cum on your brother's cock."

Still holding Mom's hips, I relented and looked down. Her hand rubbing away at her own sex, further to Mia's buttocks and my wet cock sliding in and out of her ass. Back up at their faces, Mom kissing Mia's cheek, her open mouth. Mia's eyes closed before an almost pained expression came to her face followed by her anus squeezing around my cock.

"Mom I'm... I'm cumming," Mia declared.

"Yes Mia, good girl," Mom encouraged, her hand slapping furiously away upon her clit. "Cum for us. Cum for your brother."

I dug my fingers into the flesh of Mom's hips, pulling apart her buttocks once more to further ogle her manipulation.

"Yes Lukey, do it," Mom managed to look back over her shoulder at me. "Finger fuck my ass son."

Mia's anus held my cock tight, the walls of her vagina shuddering through her rectum to signal her orgasm, as I slid a finger across to Mom's pouting asshole. Slick with her own spreading juices, I found little resistance as I eased my index finger inside her ass, feeling the silky walls of her most private enclave.

It seemed to be all Mom needed. Her mouth falling open to mimic my sister as her body spasmed with her own climax.

A finger up my Mom's ass. A dick in my sister's. There was little I could do to prevent the inevitable. Mia had said it was okay, so without

foreshadowing, I allowed myself to cum. Barely moving, the slightest of thrusts, Mia's still clenched asshole providing all the stimulus needed, I released inside her. It was almost painful, how tightly she clenched my girth. But the cork popped, my cum surged forth, a flood of Biblical proportions. Filling her ass with my affection. My breath held; I prolonged my orgasm as my thighs grew weak, collapsing upon the mass of female flesh below me as I pulsed my love and our simultaneous climaxes subsided.

*

The skirt of Mom's French maid costume didn't even reach her buttocks, sitting high on her hips leaving her pubis and said cheeks entirely exposed. Without panties, she bent before me giving me once again an unobscured view of her anus and enticing pussy below as she poured drinks in the living room.

The school uniform Mia had been wearing lay abandoned on the opposite armchair and naked, my sister lay beside me on the couch, her mouth around my softening cock.

"I think you've sucked it all out by now Mia," Mom reflected upon the proceedings as she passed me a large glass of bourbon and Coke.

Mia lifted her mouth off my cock with a slurp and looked up at Mom.

"Oh, and you can talk," Mia giggled. "Mrs. Stick a straw up her daughter's ass to drink her son's cum!"

Mom blushed and I thought back of her antics at the beach that afternoon. Her mouth around Mia's asshole, licking and slurping at her sphincter to draw out my semen. Eventually coming up with the idea of sticking a drinking straw up Mia's ass to better suck out my cum. It was obscene. It

was bordering on gross. But it was undoubtedly one of the hottest things I'd ever seen and led me to wonder, who the hell were these women I thought I'd known my entire life!?

Mia sat up and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, looking at it to be sure she hadn't wasted any of my seed as Mom passed her a glass and they chinked them together. "Touche," Mom giggled.

"So, what do we do now?" Mia questioned the room as Mom took up position in the armchair, crossing her legs to remove the temptation of her pussy from my vision.

"Well, we haven't tried out the hot tub yet," Mom said as Mia quickly drained her glass, nodding.

"Champagne," she rose to her feet. "Nothing goes better."

"Agreed," Mom smiled before looking down at her stockinged legs and up to me. "Be a darling and take off my stockings would you Honey?"

I was on my knees before I even swallowed my mouthful, my exhausted penis also rising to the challenge as I took her foot in hand. Off with her heels before I lifted her foot to my mouth and kissed her stockinged toes.

"Oh, you ARE a good boy," she praised, parting her other leg to reveal her bare crotch.

I kissed my way over her foot to her shin and followed the path of her stocking to her knee and thigh. Finally reaching the lace stay up, my nose an inch from her sex, I nibbled the hem of her stocking and with a little help from my fingers, dragged it back down her leg.

With her lips parted, she looked down upon me with a desire I'd never seen in her eyes. Probably one very few sons had ever had the delight of

witnessing from their mother.

"God, I want you inside me," she managed to whisper and it came across as more a woman in love speaking to her partner, than the flippant, no strings attached sexual shenanigans the weekend was intended to be.

"Ah, I actually think I'm next!" Mia broke into our moment, noisily carrying three champagne flutes in the one hand, an unopened bottle in the other. Stopping beside us, her bare crotch suggestively pushed out as if emphasizing I was indeed yet to enter her vagina.

"Well let's take it to the hot tub then, shall we?" Mom acquiesced. "Maybe Lucas can do something about it there."

She rose from the armchair, one stocking still remaining upon her body and I was confronted at eye level by now two pussies, my mouth literally drooling at the presentation. Mom lifted her costume up her body as I made quick work of her other stocking and naked as nature intended, we left the house to enter the jacuzzi.

*

I returned with the second bottle and for a moment stood before the tub and watched the two. Mother and daughter, each holding an empty Champagne glass as they passionately kissed, arms around each other and bare breasts just above the water line. Lazily, their eyes opened as one at my presence and as they turned their heads to look upon me, the Champagne cork popped from the bottle.

A geyser of bubbly burst from the neck, accompanied by the laughter of my ladies.

"Well, it looks like someone likes to watch us kiss," Mom giggled.

"And don't forget pee," Mia chimed in.

I felt myself blush and they both looked down at my rising cock.

"Ooh, that did it!" Mom laughed. "Bring it over here Darling."

"And we don't mean the Champagne!" Mia added, a wicked smirk on her face.

I climbed the stairs into the hot tub and stepped back into the warm bubbling water, pausing before I lowered to fill Mia's glass. Mom took the opportunity and grasped my cock and drew me to her mouth. Fascinated, my eyes drifted from the bottle and sent Champagne pouring into the water.

"Careful," Mia warned and righted my aim, Mom's eyes following the commotion and with cock deep in her mouth raised her own empty glass to receive her fill, the expert multitasker.

My own glass misplaced, I ran a hand through Mom's wet hair to show my affection whilst I raised the bottle to my mouth and drank straight from the neck. This was living. Mia leaned back against the jacuzzi wall and even with the churning water I could see her legs spread, a hand between as she watched the show Mom was putting on. And what a show. Lavishing my dick with kisses and licks. Slurping down to my shaved balls to attend to their needs. Back upon my shaft and managing to take in my length, her nose pressing my belly as she willingly choked herself on me.

Taking another swig from the bottle; Mia holding out her own glass for a refill. Mom taking a break from her task to sip from her own. The alcohol had flowed freely all afternoon, was going down too well now and it was then my pressing need to relieve myself came foremost to mind.

"Ugh," I sighed and about to once more take my cock in her mouth, Mom looked up, concerned.

"What is it Darling?"

Mia, frantically masturbating beneath the surface looked on just as invested.

"I have to go," I confessed, once more blushing.

"Where?" Mom hadn't caught on.

"You know..." I kind of explained.

"Oh."

"Just go here," Mia entered the conversation, her direction taking both Mom and me by surprise.

"What?" I questioned.

"Why not?" She sat up in the water. "I did!"

"Honey!" Mom was taken aback.

"What? It's chlorinated," she added, cheekily.

"When?"

"When we were kissing," she took another sip from her glass, downing the last.

Mom seemed to be genuinely shocked at Mia's admission. I however was growing harder and wondering how that would affect my ability to go in the first place, wherever that happened to be.

"It's just water," Mia defended herself. "It's no big deal."

"Yes but...well I mean..."

"Oh, go on Lukey, show her," Mia looked up at me.

"What?"

"Show Mom it's no big deal. Pee for us."

"Here? Now?"

"Ah, yeah," Mia slid across to be right beside Mom once more. "Where else?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mom mocked. "Maybe in the bathroom?"

Her words were said with conviction, but the sly grin on her face gave away her fascination, her eyes turning to me. "You don't have to Honey," she said. "If it makes you uncomfortable."

She wasn't telling me not to. I thought of them freely pissing in front of me on the beach, such a turn-on. Would it be the same for them?

"You can do it," Mia moved forward, taking my hardon in hand. "Here, I'll hold it for you."

It wasn't as helpful as she thought it'd be, my dick amazingly stiffening further. But the need to go was pressing and erection or not, some things can't be prevented.

Mom looked on wide eyed, absently raising her wine to mouth to finish her glass as Mia lightly gripped my shaft. And then it came. The sensation akin to an orgasm as I felt my bladder release and the urine surged along my shaft. A dribble and then a fountain as my Mom and sister's eyes lit up.

"Oh, my goodness!" Mom exclaimed, her mouth dropping in wonder. "I've never even seen your father pee!"

Her admission was surprising though not unexpected. My father was pretty conservative. So was my mother for that matter, but it hadn't stopped her behaving like a wanton harpy all weekend. Was there something about this place? This beach, the solitude perhaps, that brought out the heathen in

people? The incestuous desires lurking within us all? Whatever, as I released my stream, Mom's wonder turned to desire. Reaching out she wrapped her hand around my sister's and directed the flow of pee. The arch rained down from the water between us and onto my sister's breasts, Mom laughing as she hosed her daughter.

Mia herself released a startled squeal, transitioning to a contented moan as she lifted her chin to take the shower up onto her neck. "Mm, it's so warm," she sighed, releasing her hand from beneath Mom's to massage my piss into her boobs. Mom ran her hand up and down my shaft, jerking me as I pissed and the spray hit Mia's mouth, her lips opening to accept my offering.

"Oops sorry," Mom giggled her apology and smiling as pee ran from her mouth, Mia directed her empty champagne flute under my diminishing flow.

"It's alright," Mia accepted as the glass filled and the stream turned to a trickle. "I saved some for you."

There was a moments silence as Mom's hand slipped from my dick and I lowered into the water, the women parting to allow me a position between them. Mom wasted no time and climbed upon my lap, the water doing little to prevent her lubricated vagina sliding down easily along my still erect cock. Mia remained with glass held out and I looked on with awe as Mom freely accepted the gift.

One day earlier, my sole desire was to steal a little alcohol from Dad's liquor cabinet and watch porn in my bedroom with the volume up for once. Now here I was, about as inebriated as I'd been in my life, Mom in my lap with my dick deep inside her and a glass of my piss in her hand. What alternate universe had I slipped into!?

Mia moved in ever closer as Mom raised the clear liquid to her lips and tentatively tasted, her pussy squeezing around me, hips thrusting. I watched as she tilted the glass and her mouth filled, pee running out between her lips. Mia was there to catch it, kissing our mother's mouth as Mom in turn tipped the remainder down onto her chest. I raised my hands and cupped her breasts as Mia's mouth moved to mine. Did I care I tasted my own piss? Not one bit, as I wrapped my tongue around my sister's, lifting my own hips into Mom's grinding.

She joined our kiss. Mother, son and daughter locked in a debauched three way make out session. Saliva flowing freely between us. The taste of brine. Mom rocking violently as I slid a hand between Mia's legs and found her slit, a finger effortlessly slipping inside. "I'm cumming," Mom breathed into my mouth and I renewed my thrusts, my ass slipping on the seat below, a jet massaging my lower back.

"I'm cumming," Mom repeated as if she needed to remind us and her head tilted back, Mia biting my neck, lavishing me with the most intimate of incestuous kisses. I felt Mom's pussy squeeze ever tighter around me and then a quiver, her body shuddering as she groaned into the night.

"That's it Mom," Mia applauded. "Cum on him. Cum on your son's cock."

"I'm cumming," she once more informed us and I felt an extra warmth at the base of my cock. "I'm, I'm...pissing," she announced, hotter than the tub itself, her pee surging out upon my groin to mix with the churning water.

Mia had my wrist and was hammering my fingers inside herself, her own pussy convulsing with an impromptu orgasm as I let myself go and allowed myself to join the ejaculation party. My abs hurting as I thrust up into Mom with each pulse of my spurting cock, my seed where it belonged. Inside my mother's vagina.

The Champagne bottle bobbed in the water beside us. In a post orgasm daze, Mom fell upon my chest and I wrapped her in my arms, Mia nuzzling in beside, kisses back and forth between Mom and me. The warmth of the embrace. The soothing waters. I could've fallen asleep and dreamed of nothing better than that moment.

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We made it to the bedroom.

Mom had wanted to go for a midnight swim at the beach but somewhere in our inebriated state, Mia and I had realized it was a bad idea. A shower was proposed. Not for the fact we'd all sat in a pool of our piss and cum for hours, but to rinse the chlorine from my ladies' hair.

It served another purpose, to sober us up. It was also about as sexually exciting as the hot tub.

From having four soapy hands massage my entire body; to my beauties stand facing the tiles, plump bottoms side-by-side as I buried my face between one then the other. Kissing ass. Tasting pussy. Mia had turned to lift a leg over my shoulder, her cunt presented to me to be lavished with affection. To bring her to the orgasm she deserved as she kissed our mother above.

I'd stood. With a hand on each of my lovers' ass, a soapy inserted finger into both assholes at once, our mouths locked in a three-way kiss as the hot water cascaded our bodies. "This is the best thing ever," I declared as two hands massaged the length of my cock, kneaded my balls.

"Oh, wait till we get to bed," Mia rebutted as I fought back another orgasm.

"What?" I inquired as I wriggled my middle fingers in time, enjoying the feeling of being inside their asses.

"We've got some things to show you," Mom giggled as she humped my thigh.

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And so, I found myself laying back against the headboard as Mom lavished Mia's body with kisses. She kissed her breasts as Mia moaned, her body writhing as Mom went lower, across her belly to eventually bury her face into Mia's sex.

I watched on and masturbated. Mia's hand holding my ankle for support as Mom seemingly expertly ate her out. I guess it was just women know what women like, so when Mia was cumming into our mother's mouth in mere minutes, it wasn't too surprising.

With her cheeks and jaw glistening, Mom raised her head and climbed back atop my sister, their bodies becoming one, more so when legs were scissored and so naturally, they found pussy pressed to the other's. Pre-cum oozed from my eye, coating my length and providing a lubricant for my manhandling as I watched mother and daughter grind cunts. Never would I have found hotter online had I been alone in my bedroom all weekend, and I had to dramatically pull my hand from my cock to prevent a not so spontaneous orgasm.

My action drew the attention of my lovers, and smiling, lazily looking at me through orgasm dazed eyes, Mia invited me to participate.

"Can you bring what's in my bag Lukey?" She asked, gesturing across to her open case beside the closet.

I was eager to please and immediately, with possibly the hardest erection of my life, left the bed and dropped to the floor.

"What am I looking for?" I asked as I cursorily examined the contents, seeing what I assumed she wanted under countless items of lingerie.

"Oh, I think you'll know it when you see it," she giggled.

The purple head of a dildo poked out from beneath pink satin and she was right, I knew IT was what we sought. Upon wrapping my fingers around its girth, I was surprised at its length as it slid from its housing. It just kept coming. Only when I drew it Arthurian-like from the lingerie did I realize why. Double ended.

My sister saw the fascination in my eyes as I climbed back atop the bed, answering my unasked question.

"I use both ends on myself," she explained its presence, a lesbian tryst with Mom not having been its *raison d'etre*. Measuring from my fingertips to elbow it was a formidable weapon that Mom was quick to commandeer.

"Get on all fours," she almost demanded of Mia who was just as quick to submit, presenting her ass obscenely to Mom and me.

"I wish I'd brought my strap-on," Mia admitted, her face upon the mattress. "You both could've fucked me at once."

Why she even owned a strap-on was something I'd worry about another day, right then I watched fascinated as Mom rubbed one end of the purple behemoth along Mia's labia, coating the dildo in girl lube in preparation of what was to come.

So welcoming was my sister's asshole to the dildo, it was clear she'd done this before. That Mom was so quick to take charge, so eager to instigate the penetration was also a window into her own libido. With cock in hand, I knelt beside as Mom eased the latex analog inside her daughter, inch by

inch getting deeper with each gentle push until finally, with Mia's contented moans, Mom turned to me.

"You might have to help out now Honey," she purred, letting the unsupported end drop from her grasp to hang like a tail from my sister's ass.

It was pretty clear what I had to do as Mom turned on the bed and backed herself up to be within a foot of Mia, dropping to all fours like my sister, but she gave me an instruction just in case.

"Now fuck my ass with that thing," Mom insisted.

Not wasting any of this valuable time, I once again had the dildo in hand, lifting it to copy as Mom had done on Mia and smear the head in Mom's literally dripping pussy. I ran my hand over it myself, scooping up Mom-juice and lubricating the shaft in prep.

Not satisfied, I slipped two fingers inside Mia's hungry pussy, feeling the dildo pushed hard against her vaginal wall, space inside limited, and used her own lubricant to further coat the rubber phallus. Now slippery in my hand, I positioned the head at Mom's pushed out sphincter and effortlessly slid it inside her body.

The two women now connected by the asshole, I gripped the middle of the dildo and allowed them to move back and forth, accepting as much or as little of the at least ten inches allocated either end. Mia was greedy. Her butt swallowing far more than Mom's, her asshole pressing my hand each time she moved back, almost as if kissing me as thanks. Finally, I let go and miraculously, their buttocks touched. Coming together softly to press, before comfortable with the massive anal penetration, they were slapping together, the sound akin to a spank.

I moved around to face Mia and she was quick to take my cock in hand and then mouth. Sucking me fully into her throat where she seemed grateful to choke, saliva flowing around my cock. I pulled out and ever so quickly found Mom just as hungry for cock. Spit roasting her, an orgasm brought on by the double penetration. She collapsed forward on the bed, her body convulsing, most of the dildo exiting her ass and I was there to see it pop out, her asshole gaping and so slow to close as she lay prone, in ecstasy.

Mia needed satisfaction and I took up the reigns, grabbing the dildo and thrusting it inside her ass. I climbed between Mom's legs and pressed my cock at the entrance of my sister's vagina, as hard as the dildo and just as lubricated. Tight, was an understatement. My bulbous head stretching her opening, I pulled back in fear of hurting her before she screamed for me to continue.

"Don't you dare," she warned. "Stick that cock in me baby brother. Fuck me like a whore!"

She didn't need to tell me again. With a hand on her hip for leverage, the other jamming the dildo in her ass in unison, I hammered away. Thrusting deep into her impossibly tight hole. Mom had recovered and was on her knees, her first thought to kiss my mouth, then to take the dildo from my hand. Tag team, we worked well together. Mom pushing in as I pulled out. Again, she sought my mouth and the mental stimulation of kissing my mother as she ass fucked my sister, the physical of my dick incestuously embedded in the closest of embraces, was all too much. I had to cum.

Harder I slammed. Holding off until the last possible moment before I planned to pull out. And then as if the sex gods watched over us, Mia came. Her scream was the first indication, her hand grabbing behind to pull the dildo from her ass as I felt her vaginal walls shaking, the pressure around

my cock easing slightly, delaying the inevitable. A gaping maw of asshole remained where the dildo had vacated, Mom quick to fill the void with her tongue.

I was done. Three more deep thrusts and I was on the brink. "Oh shit!" I warned as I thought of Mia's words again. I could only cum in her ass or mouth. What about her ass and Mom's mouth simultaneously? With a groan I pulled out and Mom, with mouth and eyes wide, looked up at me expectantly.

Taking my engorged cock in hand, I guided the head directly at Mia's still gaping butthole and released. The eruption was volcanic. A burst of cum shooting deep into my sister's open rear. Mom's tongue obscenely poked, begging to be splattered. I sprayed her immediately; jet after jet of molten semen into her mouth, across her cheek. I dipped the head into Mia's ass to inject her once more and she squealed in delight, still reeling from her own orgasm.

Mom left me and saw to her daughter, laying down next to her as Mia collapsed with my cock burying deep into her bowels.

And so, we lay. My girls wrapped in each other's arms as they kissed. My cum exchanged between their mouths. With my softening cock embedded in my sister's ass, my body pressed to her, I nestled my face into her still damp hair and thought of how happy I was, how quickly my life had changed. How could I possibly let this go?

*

-Sunday Morning-

"...Earth to Lukey." I heard Mia through my fog of remembrance.

"What?" I focused once more on her body. The see-through purple tights, no more than stockings really. Her cut off t-shirt that she'd lowered over her breasts, under-boob bulging out suggestively.

"Two eggs or one?" she seemingly repeated and I couldn't answer. There was too much going on in my head.

"I don't want this to end!" I blurted out and they both stopped their work in the kitchen to look at me.

"What Honey?" Mom questioned.

"Us...this," I stated.

"But today's Sunday Lucas," Mom detailed. "We have to vacate by midday."

"But I can't go back to normal," I declared. "I love you. I love you both."

"And we love you Lucas," Mom reciprocated. "Don't we Mia?" She turned to my sister to see her biting her lip, in thought. "What is it?" Mom asked.

Mia took a moment before she spoke.

"I'm with Lucas Mom," she said. "I can't go back to normal."

Her words swelled my heart and I moved further into the kitchen.

"What are you talking about?" Mom questioned. "We spoke about this. Not strings. No regrets for the weekend. Just the weekend."

"But I want to do it again," I sidled in beside Mia, taking her hand, reaching out for Mom's. "I want to do this every day!"

Mom looked down at her hand, now in mine, her eyes looking past to my erection pointing up directly at her.

"But your father," she looked back up at Mia. "...and Tobias. What about them?" To which Mia scoffed.

"Mom, I've had better sex with my little brother in the last day than I've had with Toby for three months," Mia confessed, and the words took me by surprise and admittedly filled me with pride.

"But I love your father, I'm not going to leave him," Mom countered.

"And I'm not breaking up with Toby," Mia bluntly replied and it dampened my spirit somewhat, until she continued. "Which is why I've come up with a plan."

"I'm listening," Mom at least looked curious. I was all ears. Well, all ears and an impressive erection.

"Lukey's not moving out any time soon," Mia began, talking to Mom like I wasn't even in the room, let alone naked and holding her hand. "It means we can have his cock any time we choose. When Dad's out, or at work. We can all fuck to our hearts content. Dad. Toby. No one needs to know."

"But we'd be cheating," Mom countered.

"Are we cheating this weekend? It's Lucas. He's family. It's totally different," Mia explained and I was in total agreement.

Mom was passive for a moment as if in contemplation.

"I think you've forgotten one thing though, haven't you? Lucas." She turned to me. "How do you feel about that Honey?" She raised her free hand and cupped the side of my face. "Would you be okay with that Darling? Your Mom and sister coming to your room all hours and having sex with you? Providing us with all that yummy boy cum whenever we have a craving?"

"Letting us improve our skills at sucking cock?" Mia chimed in. "I know I need all the practice I can get. Ooh and also more of that water sports stuff. That was a real turn-on and I know Toby's not interested."

I felt light headed and struggled to swallow, let alone speak.

"So, what's it going to be Honey?" Mom asked. "It's up to you. We can keep fucking, all three of us. You can finger us and fuck us whenever there's an opportunity, we can kiss and cuddle and we'll suck your dick whenever you like, but it'll have to be our little secret. Is that okay?"

It was better than okay. It was just about perfect but I didn't want to come across too thirsty.

"I mean, I wish I could be with you both like a real relationship," I admitted. "But I guess if that's the best we can do, then I suppose I could go along with it."

Mia could see through my charade even if Mom couldn't, a smirk on her face.

"Well, wouldn't want to put you out or anything," she snidely, though good-naturedly remarked.

Mom brought us both into her arms and we had a family hug to celebrate our decision, my cock pressing hard into her hip.

"So now that that's sorted, what about breakfast?" Mom asked.

"Actually," Mia was quick to reply. "We've only got a couple hours before we have to get out of here," she reached down and took my cock in hand.

"What about we make the most of it?"

It was yet again a question I needed no time to debate.

Special Delivery

I looked down at the delivery schedule on my tablet and then into the mirror to see the near empty rear of the van. The end of my day, the week; and only one stop left to make, the large package shifting as I rounded a bend in the road. The rain hadn't let up all day and driving was becoming a chore, especially upon roads I was totally unused to this far from the city. The GPS told me to take the next left and when I pulled off onto the gravel road, I winced at what confronted me.

A ford. Underwater. I checked again the address of my last delivery and sure enough, directly across and miles further. Lifting the hood of my jacket I stepped out into the weather and approached the crossing, looking to judge the actual depth of the water. Closer, and it didn't look so overwhelming. Knowing it took only inches of water to float a vehicle I looked back at the wheel base of my van and gauged I had the clearance to take it on.

With caution I put the van in gear, edged out into the stream and found the crossing easier than I expected, coming out on the other side and heading off along the wooded road. Late in the afternoon, the rain becoming heavier, the only reprieve was the cover provided by the fir trees as their limbs reached out across the unmade road as I wound my way further into the forest.

I couldn't miss the address, the road ending at the entrance of a large estate. Through a stone wall, (the letters I.L.F. upon a bronze plaque) and its foreboding iron gates, I drove slowly up the drive and with the GPS declaring I'd reached my destination, stopped before an imposing turn of the last century building. Once more raising my hood, I stepped out into the

storm and opened the rear of the van, withdrawing the large cardboard box and headed up the stairs.

After ringing the doorbell, I looked further down the drive to the left, a parking lot among the trees holding at least fifteen cars though no sound of a gathering from inside the building. Finally, I could hear the click of a woman's heels approaching from the other side and the large oak door opened up before me.

The woman was elegantly dressed in a black pencil skirt over sheer stockings. A cream satin blouse was buttoned up high on her throat and I could make out the lines of her bra beneath. Her blonde hair flecked with grey was pulled back in a messy bun and she surveyed me through black rimmed glasses.

"Oh finally," she exhaled, whispering. "I was worried it wouldn't arrive in time."

"We always deliver," I repeated the company's motto for the umpteenth time that day and placed the box at her feet before tapping the confirmation of delivery into my tablet and asking her name for verification.

"Madeline Faine," she responded. "I'm the manager here."

Asking her to sign, I made sure she was able to handle the box before wishing her the best and heading back into the rain. My day done.

Or so I thought.

*

I stopped at the ford to see the water level had dramatically risen. The rain just as heavy, if not more so, I looked across to see the flashing lights of a police car at the turnoff of the main road. Through the windscreen wipers I

could make out an officer in a raincoat setting up what looked to be a road block and I stepped out into the downpour to better see what was happening.

I was right about the water level, the flow of the stream now a strong current, debris floating along its course. It was clear I couldn't cross and I waved to the policeman to get his attention. In the time it took him to walk the fifty or so yards to the river, the water level had risen and I needed to step back as it lapped at my feet.

"Road's closed," he called out across the waters, stating the freaking obvious.

"How long until I can cross?" I yelled back over the rain and rushing water to see him shrug.

"Could be hours. Could be days if it keeps rain'n upstream," he discouragingly responded and I couldn't help but slump. Knowing I was on a dead-end road I didn't bother asking if there was another way around.

"Looks like y'all just have ta wait it out," he waved a hand in departure and headed back to the protection of his vehicle. I took another step away from the ever-rising water before turning and heading back to the shelter of my van myself.

"Fuck," I slammed my hands onto the steering wheel when safely back inside the cabin. Taking out my phone I checked my weather app and saw no letup in the rain, even the radar looking menacingly red over much of the state. Turning off the ignition I relaxed for a moment and listened to the soothing sound of the droplets upon the roof and windscreen, taking off my water-logged jacket and settling into the seat. It wasn't uncomfortable. The relaxing sound of the rain would have the ability to lull me to sleep if I allowed it. Could I sleep it out I wondered? How long though?

Again, I took out my phone and called my boss to explain the problem to which I received little sympathy and hung up more frustrated than before. The I.L.F. I thought. What was that place? I Googled the name and found their website, offering little detail as to what they indeed were. The Institute of Liberating Femininity. What the fuck did that mean? From their site it looked like a conference center; photos of a meeting room, an indoor swimming pool, a bar! Could I get a room? There were clearly other people there at present, all in the same boat (if only) as me, with the road out blocked. They'd ultimately all have to stay overnight if the rain didn't let up. I watched white caps begin to appear on the water before me and sighing, turned the ignition and headed back up the forest road.

*

Again, there was a wait before I heard the familiar clicking of the previous woman's heels on the wooden floorboards, the opening of the large oak door.

"That was quick," she seemed unsurprised at my arrival. "I only just placed the return request!"

Confused, I asked what she meant?

"The package. It was damaged," she explained. "You're here to pick it up, aren't you?"

"Ah, no," I divulged, shaking the water from my jacket to emphasize the rain. "I've got a problem actually," I began and she furrowed her brow at my admission. "The road's blocked. The ford. It's under water," and a look of recognition came to her face.

"Yes. That sometimes happens."

"Yeah. Well, the police said it could be hours if not days," I looked back at the weather and the darkened sky, the sun barely showing over the trees. "I was wondering if I could get a room? Just for the night."

She noticeably grimaced and it didn't fill me with much promise.

"Well. We have a function on you see. It's, well it's rather exclusive," she momentarily looked over her shoulder before back at me with contemplation.

"You won't even know I'm here," I pleaded my case and it seemed to go some way to swaying her.

"Actually," she looked me up and down. "Come into my office. We may be able to help each other out."

Inside the entranceway she paused and gestured to a rack where I could hang my jacket and again, she eyed my appearance and I began to feel almost uncomfortable.

"This way," she said as the sound of someone crying out in pain? Pleasure? Was heard coming from a room across the hallway. "We have a session just finishing up," she explained the noise and again gestured me to follow.

Once inside her elegantly furnished office, walls lined with shelves containing volumes of books and ornate figurines (many phallic or sexual in their appearance I noted) it was her desk, namely what was atop it where much of my attention was drawn.

"You see the problem," Madeline stated as we both looked at the latex male torso laying upon the dark wooden surface. Clearly a sex doll, the 'problem' she pointed out was obvious. The erection... wasn't. Erect, that is. The attached life-like cock was clearly snapped at the base and feebly sagged down upon the nubs of thigh at the pelvis.

"I...I don't know what this has to do..." I began before realizing. "Oh, this was your delivery!"

"Yes. And it's necessary for one of our sessions."

"Oh," I had no idea what 'sessions' she could have been alluding to and she seemed to perceive my confusion.

"Look, take a seat, um...I didn't get your name?"

"Aaron."

"Aaron, please," she gestured to a leather chair and I sat. "As I said earlier, I'm the manager here at the I.L.F. The Institute of Liberating Femininity. We're an exclusive foundation aimed at providing women with an outlet for their libidinous creativity, in whatever form."

I was still thinking of the acronym, Madeline the manager of the I.L.F. That would make her the M.I.L.F I mused but kept the joke to myself.

"We have a symposium this weekend for mature ladies with varied seminars and workshops. This fellow," she pointed at our friend upon the desk. "Was for one of those sessions."

"Oh," I again stated.

"So, you see we have a problem. These women have paid well for this weekend and they expect satisfaction. And I as manager intend to meet their expectations."

"Okay," I nodded, unsure of where she was headed.

"And this is where you come in," she leaned forward in her chair awaiting my response.

"Wait, what?" I swallowed.

"Well, it was your company that delivered the faulty merchandise," she stated. "Is it not only right that you stand in for such?"

Again, I questioned. "I'm sorry?"

To this she took out a journal and lifted a pen from a holder.

"How old are you, Aaron?"

"Twenty-two. I don't see..."

"And are you single?"

"Yes, but..."

"Any venereal diseases or history of?"

"No!" I stood. "What is this? You expect me to somehow fill in for a sex doll?"

"Good, while you're up can you remove your clothes for me?" She matter-of-factly proposed.

"What the fuck?"

"Well obviously I'd need to inspect you," she responded, incredulous.

"Ah, can we just take a step back here?" I asked.

"Is one thousand dollars adequate?"

"What?" I felt myself calm down somewhat at the figure. "You're serious?"

"Well, of course, you have to be paid for your trouble," she smiled. "Would fifteen hundred be more suitable?"

I began to remove my shirt.

*

Madeline Faine walked around the desk and stopping before me rested her ass back upon its edge, crossing her legs at the ankles. She lowered her glasses down on her nose and leaned forward somewhat to closer inspect my penis. "Shaved. That's good," she commented. "You're a 'grower' I assume?" She looked back up into my eyes and I felt myself blush at her appraisal of my size when flaccid.

"I'm just over average," I heard myself defend my cock, amazed at how surreal the day had become. Once more she gazed downwards before dropping to her haunches.

"May I?" She looked up into my face as she raised a hand and I dumbly nodded.

Her touch was light and warm as she cupped my shaved balls, massaging each individually before moving on to my cock. This she lifted to a vertical position and in doing so, I began to harden.

"Ooh, here we go," she let out a giggle and it was the first time her demeanor had been anything less than professional from the moment we met. Frustratingly she let go of my cock just when things were getting good and rose up before me. She was at least thirty years my senior, in her heels, slightly taller than me and naked as I was, totally in control of the situation. It actually felt hot as hell.

Once more she leaned back upon the desk and I noticed she in turn had begun to show a red hue around her exposed neck. I could still smell her perfume and with her breasts jutting out suggestively, my cock continued its ascension. "We've never had a man here," she admitted, her eyes glancing down to see how my erection was doing. "I'm not sure how some of our clients will take it. Many lesbians you see," she elaborated. "But a cock's a cock," she smiled and moved back around the desk. "And if they're happy

using a dildo, then they can't complain if I offer them the real thing now, can they?"

I didn't know how to answer that but instantly felt some trepidation as to what I was heading into. "Um, Madeline. What exactly is it I'm meant to do?"

Her smile remained. "Mm, I probably should have explained a little more shouldn't I've!? You, my dear. To put it bluntly, will be a prop. The early evening session, where our little limp friend here would've played a starring role, you'll now be expected to be the demonstration 'dummy,' so to speak."

I took it to mean I'd be something like a life model in an art class, with the possibility of sex. It sounded pretty good to me and my cock was equally as enthusiastic, standing proud, pointing directly at Madeline.

"I take it you're not a virgin?" She asked, to which I shook my head. "And how are you for stamina?"

It was a good question. Living with my mother at present, quick masturbation sessions in the bathroom had been my recent modus operandi, the quicker the orgasm the better. It had been a few months since I'd last had actual sex and I wondered how long I'd actually last. Madeline must have seen the doubt on my face and made a dismissing motion with her hand. "Don't worry, I'll check our dispensary for a dulling cream. Well..." She paused before rising once more. "Let's get you started."

I made to pick up my clothes from the chair behind me but she stopped my progress. "What are you doing?" She laughed. "You won't be needing them again!"

*

I walked naked beside her as we left the office, my cock steadily softening as we entered the foyer and made our way toward the grand staircase. Madeline gestured to slowly opening double sliding doors opposite as we bypassed the stairs and I caught sight of flesh in the room. The image taking my breath away as I saw what may have been more than ten women in various stages of undress. "The 'meditative masturbation' class has just ended," Madeline said. "It's why I was whispering earlier."

"Is that everyone?" I asked as we turned a corridor below the staircase and headed further into the house.

"Oh, heavens no!" Madeline laughed. "Barely a third show up for that. The others will be around. There's plenty to occupy oneself here Darling."

We entered through an archway and around another corner, my head spinning at the enormity of the building, finally coming to a door marked 'staff.' Inside was a changing room that wouldn't look out of place at a gym or a high school locker room. Steel lockers either side with a bench between, communal shower at the other end. "If you could take a shower, I just need to go and make some arrangements," Madeline stated before leaving via another connecting door.

Alone and I wondered what the hell I'd gotten myself into? I entered the shower and using attached pumps of soap and shampoo, lathered my body beneath the water. It was as I was rinsing away the suds, the door we'd entered opened and I had company. And it wasn't Madeline.

"Oh," the first of four identically dressed girls exclaimed as they all entered the change rooms proper and looked upon my nudity. "Um, are you supposed to be here?"

I turned off the water and not having thought about what I was going to dry myself with, stepped from the shower dripping, running my hands through my shoulder length hair to remove the water. Roughly my age, possibly younger, they wore white pleated skirts so short they exposed their vaginas, only one of which I noticed had a modicum of pubic hair. Not at all covering their breasts, were sheer white nylon tops, nipples clearly visible. Each in the highest of red heels, their 'uniform' was completed with red ribbons tying pigtails in their hair.

Their presence intimidating under the circumstances, I was surprised when I began to harden and watched their combined eyes drop to my groin, smirks appearing. Saved from explaining myself, Madeline re-entered the room and defended my attendance. "Oh good, girls, you've met Aaron."

I waved a hand and gladly accepted a towel when Madeline offered, drying my face and surreptitiously covering my nudity. "He's here to help."

"But I didn't think we had men..." the girl with the covering of pubic hair challenged.

"Well exceptional circumstances call for...oh, you get the drift," Madeline dismissed the debate and instead inspected the girls, pulling the skirt of one up higher on her hips to expose more pussy and buttock. "Good. Okay. I've spoken with the chef and canapés are ready to be served in the library. So, you girls hop to it."

There was a giggle as they exited the second door, with Madeline playfully patting each on the ass as they departed, one (pubic hair girl) waving to me as she left. I was again rock hard and Madeline noted when she lay her eyes back upon me. "Well, that looks to be in working order," she smiled and took the towel when I'd completed drying. "But just in case," she opened a locker and hung the towel before holding up a plastic container she pulled

from a small toiletries bag slung from her wrist, the blue pills inside not needing any explanation. "And also," she added, withdrawing a toothpaste-like tube. "De-sensitizing cream. This," she emphasized. "I strongly suggest you use."

These she placed inside the locker with the towel and indicated the toiletries bag was mine and I'd find all I needed inside for the weekend. My clothing and phone, left in her office, she'd fetch shortly. Taking a deep breath, Madeline seemed to be taking a moment to steady herself before she reached out with both hands and clutched my bare arms. "Right. I know this is a lot to take in right now, your head's probably spinning. Am I right?" She smiled warmly and I felt the urge to kiss her. I would've legitimately been happy just to have sex with her and be on my way, despite the possibility of what was to come.

"You said it," I admitted as she studied my face, looking up at my towel dried hair.

"That's okay. I know I've been all formal since we met but understand I'm just a normal person," she soothed as she moved in closer, her breast almost pressing my chest, my hard-on definitely poking her stomach. "I've a strong work ethic but I like to have fun too," her hands sliding up into my hair and gathering my locks into what I could feel was a top knot, tying it with a hair tie from around her wrist. "What I'm saying is, you should too. Be positive, be polite, be professional. But above all, enjoy yourself. The women will see it and they'll appreciate it. We're all friends here, okay?" She finished tying back my hair and with her warm breath exciting me no end, leaned in and kissed me upon the cheek.

It was the pep talk I needed and I could actually feel myself relax. I had no idea what was in stall for me, but whatever it was, I was horny, I was hard,

and I was ready.

*

"Wait out here," Madeline commanded as we stood outside doors beside the entrance. The walk from the change room hadn't been uneventful, striding past what I realized was the earlier referred to library and seeing two of the pleated skirt girls serving champagne to elegantly dressed women.

Madeline explained there was an erotic literature reading and I didn't escape without some curious glances from the ladies within. "I'll go in and explain the situation and then introduce you, okay?"

She made to slide open the door and I stopped her.

"Wait," my erection softening with sudden nerves. "What is this? What am I going to do in there?"

"Oh, Darling," she giggled, touching my arm once more. "I forgot to tell you, didn't I? It's a fellatio workshop!"

She slid open the door enough to slip through and I found myself alone. From my vantage I could see inside without being observed from within and what I spied had me once again hardening. There were more than ten women that I could see. Most clothed conservatively, skirts, dresses, pantyhose. A couple were down to their undergarments, lingerie, sitting upon a couch together, their legs entwined. Both wearing thigh high stockings, one with garters. They shared a kiss and with cheeks touching turned to look at Madeline as she strode into the room.

Behind them were large bay windows looking out westward and I could see how dark the sky had become. The rain was audible even from inside the building and it frustratingly muffled Madeline's voice as she addressed the room. Craning my neck around the door without stepping further into sight,

another couch came into view, the two women it contained listening intently to whatever Madeline was saying. Their appearance had my cock reaching its full potential. A slightly chubby woman looking to be many years younger than the rest, lay completely naked across the lap of a well-dressed older woman, her hand absently caressing the others plump upturned buttocks. The desire to take my dick in hand was overwhelming and I cursed myself for not applying the de-sensitizing cream before I'd left the change room, no way would I last long with all this stimulus.

My urge to wank was removed as Madeline turned and her heels clicked across the floor toward me, ultimately drawing open the door and ushering me into the room. All eyes upon me, most of which aimed squarely at my erect penis. I felt my face flushing as Madeline led me further inside to eventually stand in the middle of the gathering right beside a padded coffee table, upon which my old friend the latex sex doll now lay. I looked up from him back to the naked woman across the lap, the woman above now clearly with her hand between her subordinate's legs, openly fingering the younger. She in turn writhed upon the stocking clad legs below her, her white skin stark against the red velvet couch.

"This is unheard of Madeline," a woman with grey hair, champagne flute in her hand rose to seemingly protest my appearance. "Thirty years and never has a man participated in a workshop at the I.L.F."

"Well, I'm manager now and I made an executive decision," Madeline defended my presence. "Look," she gestured down at the sex doll. "This thing isn't much use, so we can settle with sucking on our plastic dildos for the next hour. Or," she reached out her hand and took hold of my now nerves affected semi erect cock. "You ladies can enjoy the real thing?"

"I know what I've decided," one of the women in lingerie moved off the couch and approached, her hand meeting Madeline's around my swelling penis before looking back at her objecting peer. "And it's not the alternative."

I checked her out as her eyes diverted and liked what I saw. Possibly sixty-ish I supposed, her hair blond with roots showing grey regrowth. Her makeup was impeccable, with red painted lips that I knew would look fantastic wrapped around my cock. The lingerie was a black baby doll that I now noticed was entirely see-through, erect nipples upon breasts that surely must have been implanted but still looked beautiful.

The friend she'd been canoodling with upon the couch when I'd spied rose also and with a look at Madeline as she approached, asked if it was just my cock that was available during the workshop?

"He's all ours," Madeline smiled, taking my hand and squeezing in support as she drew me down onto the coffee table beside my redundant latex buddy. "We can do with him what we may."

"Good," the roughly fifty-year-old responded, stopping to take her panties in hand and slide them down over her garter belt and stockinged legs, stepping out of the unnecessary item. "Because I want to get my pussy eaten!"

*

Her waxed smooth pubic mound smushed up against my nose as she ground dripping labia all over my mouth, all the while feeling what had to be multiple lips and tongues around my cock. On my elbows as I leaned back, my neck became sore as I slurped her mature folds, ultimately having to lay

back fully, her pelvis following to eventually have her sit fully upon my face.

"My god ladies," I heard the now familiar and reassuring voice of Madeline. "Take it easy on him, he's here all weekend."

Seemingly disregarding the advice, my hands were taken up and each placed between hot and lubricated upper thighs, fingers sliding effortlessly into one hairless and one obviously hirsute pussy. The woman above me eased back slightly, allowing me to at least be productive and go to work on her clit of which I teased between my lips and lavished with kisses and licks. I looked up her torso and discovered she'd removed her bodice, clearly enhanced breasts defying gravity for a woman of her years.

Mouths were removed from my cock and just in time too as I could feel my orgasm approaching. "Okay, okay," Madeline again. "Let's just step back for a moment, everyone gets a turn." The woman above me would have none of that and began grinding her pussy into my face with renewed fervor. I obliged her by poking out my tongue as far as it would go, feeling it delve inside her velvety folds, onto a lubricated asshole and back and forth from buttocks to mound of Venus. The inevitable orgasm preempted when she clasped her thighs tightly around my head, a hand in my hair to pull my face further into her body.

I felt like an object. Nothing more than one of the dildos I'd noticed laying around the room, a living, breathing, sex doll. And I couldn't have been happier.

My ears blocked to most sound around me, I did make out the clapping and cheers as my face was cum upon. The gathered ladies seemingly pleased with the sex show being performed by one of their number. Her pussy

released a steady flow of lubricant which I drank down with relish; a sweet tasting wine, as mature and refined as the woman from which it seeped.

"Are you done Liv?" Madeline clearly addressed the queen on the throne and with her thighs parting allowing me to freely look up, I saw her look almost bashful, not the brazen, wanton, sex crazed diva that had attacked me. She raised a hand to her mouth as she climbed off my head and I could see her face was noticeably red.

"I'm sorry," she guiltily laughed. "It's been a while," she excused her behavior and looked down at me. "Thank you...what was your name again?"

"Aaron, his name is Aaron," Madeline huffed as I made it back to my elbows to see the room had dramatically changed. All but Madeline and the lady with the woman on her lap were naked, clothing, underwear and stockings strewn haphazardly across couches and upon the floor. I looked down at my dick to see it dripping with saliva, lipstick marks along its length, upon my shaved pubic bone.

Madeline cleared her throat. "Now that we've gotten that out of our system, can we focus on what this hour was set aside to study?" Hearing no dissenting voices, even from the woman that had first raised issue to me being there, who I now noticed was just as naked as the rest of them and judging by her impressive amount of pubic hair was the woman that had grabbed and fucked my right hand. "Fellatio!" Madeline reconvened.

*

They took it in turns. When each of the ladies wasn't practicing her oral skills on me, they would pair up and practice on each other. Madeline went from overseeing their form to sitting beside the woman still in clothing and

they began to chat out of earshot. It had me wondering if this older woman was someone in authority as well?

The woman that had lain upon her lap was now seated beside her, intently watching the goings on. Her feet up on the couch, she could have been innocently watching television in the manner she sat, save for the fact she was entirely naked, a hand down at her crotch and fingers expertly manipulating her clitoris. I watched as she leaned into the woman to her left and whispered something in her ear, noticing the similarity between the two, before she rose and joined the others on their knees in line to blow me.

I looked around. A woman with far too much fake tan lay face down on a couch hugging a cushion as she was being eaten out from behind. The raven-haired beauty dining had her jaw high up between the buttocks of the other, clearly licking her asshole. One chunky female with impressive breasts had donned a strap-on and was enjoying having it sucked on by a conservative looking lady in her fifties wearing stilettos and nothing more. The woman with her mouth currently around my cock made a gagging sound and lifted off, trailing a large amount of saliva which she used to lubricate her hand as she began jerking me off, eventually relinquishing her prize to the next in line.

I was being paid for this!

I began to wonder if it was real. Was I dreaming? Had I died somehow, possibly crossing the stream, washed away in the flood and ended up in some erotic heaven?

Madeline and the somehow familiar looking woman next to her chatted as they observed. When the younger woman that had been across her lap made it to the front of the line and took my cock in hand, then mouth, the demeanor of the lady on the couch drastically changed.

A casual observer until now, she uncrossed her legs and the green wrap dress she wore parted. Her thighs separated to reveal tan stay-up hose, no panties and a thin strip of trimmed pubic hair. Madeline herself watched her neighbor along with me, a hand sliding onto her pronounced pubic mound, fingers pressing her outer labia. Two of the earlier pleated skirt girls entered with champagne but seeing their presence wasn't required, one merely stood to the side quietly observing, a hand between her thighs, while the other (the girl with pubic hair) joined Madeline upon the couch.

Another mouth joined the fun at my cock and took it upon herself to lick my balls, her cheek being slapped by the jaw of the other as she bobbed away on my length. The two lady's breasts pressing together as they embraced between my thighs.

The serving girl with pubic hair (I really needed to learn names) spread her legs and I was amazed to see Madeline place a hand over her vagina and casually stroke her fingers through the down, almost like petting a cat.

It was all too much! When, where I was to cum, hadn't been explained. From one sliding her mouth down my saliva coated shaft to circling her tongue around the bulbous head, to another lovingly licking my balls, my orgasm was imminent and I felt a sudden nervousness about what was etiquette in the situation. Looking once more to Madeline, I made it clear in my facial expression I was ready and she thankfully interpreted my distress.

Rising, Madeline drew the attention of the group with a clearing of her throat and strode beside me, climbing up on the lounge. "And now what we all want to see," she moved in close and I felt her breasts press my back. "The question is who gets it?" She pressed her cheek against my own as she grasped my slick erection.

"Ooh me," the woman in suspenders rose from where she'd been fucking herself with a purple dildo. "It's only fair," she proposed. "I came on his face!"

There was a concurring murmur from the ladies and the two kneeling at my legs moved aside to allow her access, but only marginally.

Madeline's hand worked along my shaft with just the perfect amount of pressure, her breath on my cheek, her perfume, it all had my heavy balls ready to release an expected torrent and I held my own breath as it approached.

"Are you ready Liv?" Madeline whispered, her hand moving quicker, the same hand I realized that had just been upon the servant girl's pussy. Liv opened her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out suggestively to prove she was indeed prepared to receive my gift. Madeline's boobs pressed harder into me; I could feel the heat of her body. I could smell pussy, multiple pussies. The two other women at my thighs moved their faces in beside Liv and in turn opened their mouths...

And I came.

Not just any orgasm. The best of my life. If I thought cumming inside my first girlfriend years before had been wonderful, it was nothing on this. Madeline's hand stopped moving and squeezed tight as she obviously felt my seed speed along my shaft, trapping it for that one millisecond to build up the pressure before release. And what a release. The first thread shot clear over Liv's head to lay in a strand upon her hair. The next and multiple thereafter directly upon her face, over her eyes causing her to half close them. Finally, Madeline directed my flow into her awaiting mouth where the two other women were quick to descend upon, tongues entwined in a stew of semen and saliva.

Not getting enough from Liv's mouth, the chubby blond from the lap descended on the source, her mouth once more wrapping around the head of my cock to suck cum from me like a straw. Madeline withdrew her service, giving me a kiss upon the cheek that I wished was upon my lips and stood back up at my side. "So, there you have it ladies. I think we can all thank Aaron for his participation this afternoon," she looked at her watch as there was agreement from the audience. "Time's pressing and we do like to be punctual. Some of you may wish to withdraw to your private quarters before dinner but may I remind you it will be served on time at 6pm."

Having to almost wrench my cock away from the woman still sucking me, Madeline drew me to my feet and escorted me from the room, the doors closing behind us. "That went better than I expected," she leaned in and placed her arms around me, my still erect and wet cock pressing hard into her stomach. "Don't you think?"

She leaned back and awaited my response.

"I don't know what to think," I admitted. "I feel like I should be paying you for this!"

She laughed and once more kissed me, this time closer to my lips I noticed.

"Oh, don't be silly," she giggled. "You're a hit. I've never seen Barbara this enthusiastic for one."

"Barbara?" I questioned.

"You didn't notice?" Madeline frowned. "Barbara Rothgate? The woman beside me on the couch."

It was then I realized why she'd looked so familiar.

"The Senator?" I exclaimed to the acknowledgement of Madeline and then it really clicked. The naked girl that had lay upon her lap was her daughter. Briget Rothgate. The influencer. I'd entered another world.

The flashing of red and blue lights from outside the building caught both of our attention and forced a change of subject, Madeline unfortunately leaving my arms when the eventual knock came at the door. The policeman's presence spoke volumes with yet a word uttered and when he informed Madeline the river was crossable, it was no great surprise. Standing out of sight, I realized I was now free to leave and when Madeline closed the door, the look in her eyes conveyed her awareness.

"I understa..."

"I want to..." we both spoke at once followed by a smile. "You go," I offered.

"I understand if you want to leave," she said. "We'll organize a suitable payment for your participation."

"I was going to say, I wanted to stay," I admitted and once more she was eager to embrace me, my flaccid cock embarrassingly hardening as it was again pressed into her body.

"Wonderful," she kissed my cheek.

*

I again showered. After, examining the contents of the toiletries bag. The blue pills which I put aside, were surely Viagra, and I wondered how and why they were available at an all-female institute such as this? The desensitizing cream however, I liberally applied to my cock. Yes, I think I'd lasted reasonably well in the previous session, but what more was to come? I'd need to be prepared if I wanted it to go as well. Really, I just wanted

Madeline to be proud of me. Strange. All the women I'd seen naked in the last hour. Even the girls roughly my own age and it was her that the very thought of had my cock swelling. As I applied the last of the cream, my fingers stimulating my length, I doubted the effectiveness of the lotion.

Prepared, I stood for a moment unsure before thankfully the door to the locker room opened and one of the serving girls entered. It was the one with pubic hair and she was quick to give away her identity, no matter how awkwardly and revelatory. "Mo... I mean Madeline asked me to escort you."

"What?" I inquired.

"Escort you. To the dinner. We're serving," she divulged, producing a bow tie. "Your uniform!"

"No, I mean, where you about to say 'Mom?'" I asked as she came closer to wrap the tie around my neck, her face immediately blushing.

"Oh, um, yeah. I'm her daughter, Sophie," she held out her hand, taking her soft palm in my own.

So close to her, I could now see the resemblance. It wasn't all I was aware of. Her nipples had hardened and wearing no underwear, the scent of pussy came to my nostrils and had my cock rising to the occasion. She was as beautiful as her mother and I blushed myself as I stated my own name.

"Yeah," she smiled. "I know."

There was a moment. We both shared it. Was it possible I was in love with both a mother and daughter at once?

The smell of cooked food came to our noses and Sophie was quick to respond. "Come on, we're up."

Our hands remained connected, merely swapping as she led me from the locker room out into the hallway and down another corridor. Eventually we came to the kitchen where we joined the three other serving girls. Handed one, then another plate of steaming food, I looked at Sophie with an air of concern.

"I've never waited before," I admitted, to which she smiled.

"I don't think it's your waiting skills you'll be judged on Aaron."

If I felt underdressed in only my bow tie amongst the girls and a few (all female) kitchen staff, it was nothing compared to entering the dining room. There must have been close to sixty women present. All seated. All dressed immaculately in evening gowns, makeup, jewellery. My cock that'd been rising when in Sophie's presence, shrunk at the reality of my situation, the intimidating nature of the room. The ten or so women in the fellatio class had nothing on this.

Receiving a gentle shove from behind, I was ushered into the room proper and the din of conversation was replaced with a murmur of combined contemplation at my presence. I felt my face redden, my balls contract as the crowd all focused on me alone. This was terrible. I was entirely out of my element.

And then the reassuring face of Madeline.

"Now here's our unexpected entertainment ladies," she declared as I presented a plate to the closest woman. I couldn't help but admire the impressive cleavage on display below me, the exposed thigh of the woman next to her and thankfully, my little friend below agreed, twitching involuntarily into life. "Ooh," Madeline exclaimed at my development.

"And it looks like the show is about to begin."

I met her eyes and she smiled, offering me a wink before I headed back to get more plates. Again, I placed them before the women and once more Madeline spoke up. "And understand ladies, it's not just chicken on the menu," she seemingly responded to the look on the face of the woman at my hip, her eyes on my semi erect dick. "Aaron has enough cock to go around."

The moment she said it, as if given license, the middle-aged lady beside me took my dick in hand and then mouth. The desensitizing cream did nothing! The softness of her lips, the damp cushion of her tongue had me hardening within her mouth, sighing as the pleasure of the blowjob took effect. My god she was good, her eyes looking up into my face to gauge my response. I was approving. A hand reached across from next door and cupped my balls and then the shaft. My cock gently stolen from one mouth to enter another; saliva shared between the two beauties. This woman older but equally as accomplished, impeccably applied lipstick leaving streaks along my shaft as she sucked.

Sophie's voice caught my attention from behind and I turned to see her holding plates. "If you could?" She held them toward me and I looked down at the woman with lips around the head of my dick.

"Sorry I have to..." I managed and understanding, though reluctant, she withdrew, sucking the eye for pre-cum as she went. My service was appreciated by the next two, the ladies just as eager to sample the entree before the main, so to speak. My now proudly erect cock shared between two mouths, tongues entwining around my shaft, up onto the head.

It took a good twenty minutes to circle the table, most of the women present relishing the opportunity to take my cock in mouth or hand, laughing and discussing amongst themselves tales of blowjobs past. Those not partaking

in the penile appetizer I noticed, content to caress the other wait staff, fingers marinating in the pussies of my fellow servants, palms fondling bare buttocks. We were simply sexual playthings for these clearly wealthy ladies and with my balls being sucked and my cock choking the throat of a silver haired vixen, I for one didn't care a hoot.

I made it to Madeline and her daughter was the one to hand me the plate to serve her, my cock below slick with saliva, swollen to an impressive scale and the head bulbous and dripping pre-cum. To my surprise she stood and offered me her seat at the head of the table next to the senator and her own daughter.

"A little poll was taken," Madeline explained. "And it was determined, embarrassed as I am, that as it was my decision to employ you this weekend, I should be the one to sit the throne."

Once more she gestured I sit, and complying with her wishes I watched as she hitched up her tight skirt. She wore flesh colored stockings attached to a matching suspender and as the skirt inched higher, her waxed smooth pubis came to view. From my position beside her, I could clearly see her slick inner thighs, the intoxicating scent of pussy hitting my nostrils.

"So, if you don't object Aaron?" She took the time to ask, my head slowly nodding my approval, Madeline, the woman I'd so quickly developed more than an immature crush on, climbed upon my lap.

With back to me, she slowly descended her bare rounded buttocks toward my crotch. My cock, a tower of affection, found her entranceway warm and wet, her labia like velvet as they parted to allow the penetration. My breath taken as she hugged my length, slowly embracing me, inch by wonderful inch until we were one, her ass settling comfortably in my lap. And there

she sat. To take up cutlery and begin her meal as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

The room wasn't so idle. To the left and right of me, all down the length of the table, debauchery was at play. The casual copulation of Madeline and I had heralded the beginning of the Bacchanalian feast. Tongues were thrust into mouths. The wait staff were more than willingly molested, nipples sucked, pussies probed by eager fingers. The Senators daughter sat naked as per usual upon her mother's lap being fed her meal like a child. Brabara Rothgate, the conservative politician, between forks fingering her daughter's splayed pussy not two feet from my side.

Tantrically, Madeline and I fucked. The pulsing of my cock inside her was greeted by the squeezing of her pelvic floor, her vaginal walls embracing me in the most intimate of holds as finally her ass began to sway, her pussy grinding into my lap. The lesbian feast progressed. Mid meal, a satin dressed beauty rose from the table to reveal a strap-on cock attached to her groin, dragging another toward a fainting couch to unceremoniously fuck her peer missionary style.

It was all too much. How was any man expected to last much longer amid such circumstances? My hands that had been at my side rose to hold Madeline by the hips, her skin as smooth as silk beneath my touch. With leverage, I pulled her into me as I lifted my groin and immediately her meal was forgotten. Her neck arched and head thrown back, she began to move with my thrusting, obscenely grinding, almost twerking her ass on my crotch.

"Oh God!" She moaned from above and I ran my hands up her torso, feeling her bra beneath her satin shirt, one hand massaging her shoulder as the other slid around to clutch a breast as she did all the work below.

Sophie, filling wine glasses stepped between us and the Senator, and Madeline was quick to reach out for her daughter's hand. "Darling, it feels wonderful. Would you like a go?" To which Sophie blushed, her eyes looking to mine.

"No that's okay Mommy," she smiled at me. "Maybe later."

"At least take a hand," Madeline declared, taking my own from her shoulder and forcing it down between her daughter's legs.

I discovered Sophie dripping. Her impressive mat of pubic hair sodden and cold to the touch, eventually feeling her heat as my fingers slid between her labia. Her mouth opened as I found her clit, her hips thrusting into my manipulation and eyes closing as the pleasure engulfed her. Madeline enjoyed the sight as much as I. Her head thrown back to press her cheek against my own. "Finger me Aaron," she breathed as I inhaled the perfume in her hair.

On the verge of cumming. Doing everything in my power to prevent it, I was now provided more stimulus. My left hand reaching around to find Madeline's bald pubic bone, down onto her labia and press her own clitoris as she in turn fucked my cock. The sound of orgasms all around us. Sophie reached down and grasped my wrist, pulling my fingers inside her body to use my hand as her personal dildo. It was then Madeline came.

Her pussy squeezed me tight as her body became rigid. The first time I'd ever made a woman cum from sex alone, her fifty plus year old frame shuddered as she released a contented groan, a hand thrown back to grab my hair, nails dragging across my scalp. It was another moment of pleasure that had me bordering on the inevitable and as if reading my thoughts, Madeleine whispered for me to cum.

The very moment I released; Sophie found my mouth with her own. Her tongue thrusting between my lips as I came inside her mother. Jet after jet of ejaculate shooting deep within her body, her pussy milking me, squeezing me with every spurt. A copious amount I must have delivered. Ten, fifteen pulses inside her as a number of cheers rose from those observing. Sophie's pussy clasped my fingers, gasps from her mouth as I brought another woman to orgasm through no real effort on my behalf.

I was spent. Sophie released my aching hand from between her legs and sheepishly smiled as she set to pouring more drinks. Madeline above reached for her fork and continued on with her meal, satisfied to keep my still erect penis locked within her cum filled vagina. I watched the senator and her influencer daughter, now suckling at her mother's breast like a baby and ridiculously, I came again. Madeline clearly feeling the supplemental spurt and giggling to herself as she casually ate.

Where the hell was I? What world was this where women young and old so freely expressed themselves sexually? Wantonly accepting any pleasure even to the point of incest. It was glorious. Were all women so inclined?

"Madeline," I summoned the courage to speak for only the second time since I'd entered the room.

"Yes Darling?" She sighed, leaning back and seemingly satisfied with her meal and the feeling of me remaining inside her.

"We need to talk."

*

She kept her skirt up around her waist as we entered her office and it was hard to not simply stare at her smooth pubic bone and the dribble of cum that began to run her inner thigh. With Sophie as well in attendance, my

cock remained hard and she had no qualms keeping her eyes on the prize, the memory of her 'maybe later,' comment still front of both of our minds as she eyed my erection.

"What is it, Aaron?" Madeline asked, a look of concern on her face. "You look troubled."

"It's this place. All these women. Who are you?" I questioned.

"I don't follow," Madeline frowned.

"How do they come to be here? It just seems so bizarre."

"Oh," Madeline's face softened. "We're just normal women Aaron. The ladies pay around a thousand dollars to come here and be as free as they choose. Men don't have a license on fantasy you know."

I felt myself blush at her comment, feeling ridiculous for even raising it.

With her bottom resting upon the desk much as when I'd first entered her office, I watched as she dropped a hand between her thighs and scooped the thread of my cum that ran from her pussy. Her eyes on me as she raised her finger to her mouth and licked the digit clean.

"All women want pleasure," she almost whispered.

A silence descended upon the room and I slowly nodded as I debated my next move.

"Which is why I have to leave," I stated and both Madeline and Sophie straightened with shock at my pronouncement. "And I want you to keep the money I'd be paid."

"What? Why?" Madeline was taken aback.

"I thought you were liking it here!" Sophie interjected seemingly even more distraught at my decision than her mother.

"The women love having you here Aaron," Madeline made a final argument and I held up my hand.

"You've got me wrong," I couldn't contain my smirk. "I can't accept payment for this," I looked down at Madeline's exposed groin, back to Sophie. "And I'm only going home for the night. I'll be back in the morning," I now broadly grinned, barely able to contain my excitement. "With my mother!"

Spy Games

Chapter 1

Natasha and I thought alike and fell backwards together onto the mattress we'd dragged into the second bedroom. "Tell me that's the last of it Scotty!"

I wiped the sweat from my brow with the back of my hand. "That's the last of it."

"Thank Christ for that." She sat up on her elbows and looked at our surroundings. "You know it's been twenty five years since we were in this room!"

"I know! Does it feel smaller to you?"

My sister Natasha smiled. "Ah yeah! The whole house is smaller. It's still the same though, if you get my drift," she nodded towards the wall dividing the bedrooms. "That's new."

A large gold framed mirror mounted on the wall dominated the room.

"It's a bit over the top I guess. There's artwork in some of the other rooms the previous owners left behind, I'll keep what I like, the rest can go."

I climbed up off the bed and offered a hand to my sister who was quick to accept. "So it's all set for this weekend?" She asked as I pulled her off the bed.

"Yep. Mom thinks I'm taking her for a drive in the country. We should be here after lunchtime Saturday and you guys will be here that night, yeah?"

"Hope so. The kids have basketball in the morning but the afternoon's free. If Mom doesn't know she's staying the night, what about clothes and toiletries?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that." I admitted.

Natasha shook her head. "Men! I'll drop by her house on the way and pick up some of her stuff."

"That'd be great. Oh I almost forgot. There's something else I have to show you."

Taking Natasha by the hand I led her back down to the kitchen and presented her with the bottle. "1958 Chateau Margaux. The year of her birth. You think she'll like it?"

Natasha turned the bottle of wine in her hands. "Do I think she'll like it? Are you crazy? She's going to leave you everything in the will! This must have cost a fortune."

A 'small' fortune, yes. But I could afford it. Six months before, I had sold a menu ordering app I'd designed for an 'actual' fortune and was now enjoying the fruits of my labor. The house we now stood in was where our mother had grown up and where Natasha and I had spent every summer holiday with our grandparents, until our teens when they were forced to sell. It was by happenstance that I'd stumbled on its listing in a property guide while looking for an out of town retreat for myself. I made the agent an attractive offer and two weeks later, here we stood.

"I want you to give it to her." I confessed to my sister.

She shook her head, smiling. "She'll know you bought it. It must have cost a thousand dollars!"

"About that!" I laughed. "But you and her are the wine drinkers. It'd mean more coming from you."

Natasha wrapped her arms around me with unrestrained delight. "Thank you. I'd just bought her some dvds! This will be perfect."

"Cool. Consider it payment for helping me move in." I took the bottle back off her and replaced it in its wooden storage box. "Come on, you've got to check out the river before we go."

* * * * *

"You could've bought a house for the price of this!" Mom laughed over the growl of the engine as I entered the highway.

"And then some!" I admitted. She seemed to be enjoying the ride, mostly I think she enjoyed her next door neighbor seeing her enter the 2017 Aston Martin and be escorted away like a movie star. I was just happy to see her smiling. It was her first birthday since my father died and turning sixty, being a milestone year, I wanted it to be memorable in all the best ways.

"So where are we going?" She asked, holding the arm rest for dear life.

"Thought we'd head up by your old house, it was always a nice drive."

"Oh. It's a long way!"

"You got somewhere better to be?"

Mom smiled back cheekily as I accelerated. "No I guess not!"

* * * * *

"We haven't been here in; oh it must be twenty years!" Mom figured as I slowed, entering the limits of the sleepy town. Midday Saturday and barely anyone on the main street.

"Twenty five! Natasha and I were talking about it the other day. Time flies."

"Doesn't it though! You kids loved coming up here in the summer. I'm glad you were able to see where I grew up. I was so happy here."

We drove slowly by the town hall, stopping at an intersection as a woman with red hair and a boy on a skateboard passed by. Seemingly the only people on the street.

"The town is dying; it was one of the reasons your grandparents sold up, even back then. It is so lovely though." Mom added as we left the town center and headed towards the house on the outskirts.

A couple of miles later I looked across and saw her sit up in the seat as we approached the house.

"Slow down as we go by Scott. I want to see it. Oh look, there's a 'for sale' sign. Why would they bother? No one drives by here. Oh no it's been sold."

"What, did you want to buy it?" I asked amused.

"Oh don't be silly, it's just if we'd known we could've had a nosy around." She added.

I pulled the car up to a crawl as we approached the gravel driveway. "You wanted me to slow down, I'll do you one better. Let's go and take a closer look!"

Mom protested as I drove down the long driveway between fruit trees and eucalypts. "Scott! The owners might be here!"

"Relax Mom; I'm sure the owners are here!"

Stopping the car outside the house I exited and ran around to her side. Mom was hesitant to get out. "Scott. This is weird. We can't just show up."

I couldn't help laughing. "Mom, just get out would you?"

The hot northerly wind had picked up as I helped Mom from the car. She looked at the house with an air of almost sadness and then I saw a tear form in her eye.

"Hey, what are you doing? I thought seeing it would make you happy."

She raised a hand to her face and dabbed away the tears. "It's just so strange standing here. I feel, what did you say it was, twenty five years? I feel twenty five years younger."

"Oh good well let's go in, maybe we can wipe a few more years off!"

"Do you think the owner will let us?" She asked as she began to follow me cautiously.

"Oh I'm positive the owner will let us!" I answered assuredly. It was then the penny dropped.

She stopped following me. "Scott. You didn't!"

I smiled. "I did!"

"No?"

"Yes!"

I couldn't recall seeing my mother move as quickly as she did that moment. An Olympic sprinter would've been proud of the time it took her to cover the distance between us. The embrace was equally as impressive. Her entire body seemed to press against me and I welcomed her touch. She kissed me on the cheeks, my forehead and my lips, a place she'd not kissed since I was a child. As she leaned back to look at me, her hands around my neck, mine around her waist, I was aware my groin was pressed to hers and for an instant I had to admit to myself, I was aroused.

She knocked sense into me instantly as she slapped me on the chest. For a moment I thought it was a reaction to the almost imperceptible stirring in my penis but then she scolded me for another reason. "You tricked me!"

She smiled. "Let's go for a drive in my fancy new car, you said! It was a ruse."

"Hey I never said fancy! But yeah, it was a ruse. Tash will be here tonight with the kids. Happy Birthday Mom."

Finally I think she accepted the reality and broke our embrace to take in the house. "Are you going to live here?" She asked as the breeze picked up again.

"Here and the city," The wind pressed her light blue mid-thigh dress to her body, causing it to lay upon the curve of her legs and pubic mound above. I looked away. "We can use it as a holiday house. You, Tash and the kids. How good would it be to spend summers here like we used to?"

The sun was becoming oppressive and I felt sweat run down my back. "Come on let's get out of the heat."

I handed Mom the key and allowed her to do the honors. She opened the door to a sparsely furnished interior. "You haven't moved in yet?" She asked as she familiarized herself with her old home.

"I've brought some furniture up. Tash helped me with a van the other day, beds and stuff so we can all stay the weekend."

"Oh I haven't brought anything."

I smiled. "It's taken care of Mom. Tash is dropping by your place to get what you might need. All you have to do is pick a room!"

As if I'd awakened a memory, she rushed down the long hall towards the bedrooms. "Oh I have to see my old room."

She led me into the room with the large mirror. "Well that's new," she pointed at the gold framed mirror. "My gosh, in all the years they haven't

even changed the wallpaper."

"Yeah I thought I recognized it. So I guess you're taking your old bedroom?" I asked.

"Oh can I?" She approached and passed me at the doorway running a hand over my chest. If she hadn't been my mother I would almost have said, seductively. "You're the man of the house now."

We checked out the rest of the house, my mother telling me stories of her childhood and events that had happened in each of the rooms. When we doubled back to her room she paused in the doorway. "You know Scott. I lost my virginity in this room!"

"Oh Mom!" I responded, placing my hands over my ears.

"Oh stop it," she laughed. "It's beautiful; it's where your sister was conceived!"

"Still not listening," I continued before she laughingly took hold of my hand.

"Come on. Let's go and see the river!"

Mom held my hand until we reached the sandy beach of the river bend. "Oh Scotty. It's just the same." She noted the frayed rope swaying from an overhanging tree. "The tire swing gave up the ghost, you kid's used to love that." I followed her across the small beach to the edge. "I wish I'd brought my swimsuit, the water looks beautiful."

"I'm sure Natasha will bring it, she said as much the other day when we were here." I replied.

Mom looked around, down each length of the river. "There's still no other houses around is there?"

"No. The real estate agent says it's too far from the city for commuters. The soil's not good enough for farming. No one's building out here."

Mom turned with a cheeky expression on her face. "Blow it. I'm going in!"

Before I could register her words she'd kicked off her slip on shoes and turned her back to me. I heard the popping of the press studs down the front of her dress and then it happened. Her shoulders revealed to me, flesh colored bra straps running down to the cross strap. Lower it fell, the top of her underwear, a light pink, lower, the full briefs hugging the rounded curve of her buttocks. She bent forward to step out of her dress, raising one leg at a time before dropping it over her shoes. For that one moment I thought she'd go further, take off her underwear and enter the water naked but without removing any more and without turning to me, she waded out into the stream.

I admit I was dumbstruck. My mother wasn't spontaneous. Natasha would never believe it if I told her what had just happened. I watched as her ass descended beneath the water, followed by her back. Only when she was up to her neck and paddling did she turn. "Are you coming in?"

Here I was, a thirty five year old man in pretty good shape and I was the one hesitant to disrobe before a sixty year old woman. My initial fear was I couldn't recall what underwear I was wearing but quickly reasoned my mother wouldn't care anyway. "Um. I guess." I removed my t-shirt and then my pants, I noticed, under the watchful eyes of my mother.

She hadn't warned me of how cold the water was as I waded out to join her. When it hit the gray boxers I wore and then my stomach, I sucked in air and committed to its embrace by diving fully under. I came up just short of my mother. "Jesus it's cold," I gasped.

"You get used to it. Come on I'll race you."

Mom was a competent swimmer and headed across stream, she made it to the rocks on the far shore before me.

"Boost me up?" She asked as I finally came up behind her, her hands holding the rock ledge above. As I took hold of her foot beneath the water and lifted, I allowed my eyes to look between her legs. Her pink panties had unsurprisingly become transparent. Sagging down between her legs and dripping. In the split second she was above my head I could see the darkness of her pubic hair. I was aware that when I climbed out of the water I was about to see more.

I didn't need her help to exit the river, climbing up onto the ledge moments behind her. She was still standing as I rose, water cascading down her back from her dripping hair. She turned as I joined her and seemed completely unfazed by her appearance. The flesh colored bra was completely see through at the cup, her small dark nipples protruding through the thin material. I gazed downwards as she looked back across the river and her underwear bore the same fruit. My mother might as well have been naked. She pulled up on the wet pink fabric of her panties as I watched. Her dark pubes visible for the world, no just me, to see. It looked wonderful. She was my mother and yet I admired her beauty in that moment as I would've done any other woman.

She looked back towards me and I quickly raised my eyes, unsure if she'd noticed just where they'd been staring. If she had, she didn't seem to mind. I was amazed as to how she was being so nonchalant about her exposure. It was only then did I concentrate on my own facade. My boxers unlike my mother's had remained opaque, however like hers were sagging with the weight of the water. Her eyes seemed not as shy as mine and zoomed in on

my crotch. My shaved pubic bone exposed and the base of my semi erect penis. It was then I acknowledged I indeed was turned on by my mother. I quickly raised my shorts as her eyes diverted and unspeaking she sat back down on the warm rock at our feet.

I joined her in lounging in the sun. She lay back fully on the smooth surface and placed a forearm over her eyes, shielding herself from its rays. Still sitting up, this gave me unimpeded access to feast my eyes upon her body. Her breasts though not large were still firm for her age. A day before I couldn't have told you what size they were at all, and yet here I was staring at her exposed nipples. I trailed down her flat stomach, the white skin beaded with water, and the underwear beneath her belly button. Her pink panties had the smallest of lace trim, slightly darker than the rest, possibly made so by the water but it was her pubic hair where my eyes settled. Not out of control but definitely untrimmed, it sat wet beneath the transparent material, craving to be massaged, to be kissed.

The thought of it had my cock swelling. I allowed it to happen. With one leg raised, shielding my actions from my mother if she happened to look, I pressed my fingers into my hardness and the flow of pleasure spread through my body.

"You're very quiet over there!" She remarked as if psychically deducing I was up to no good.

I removed my hand from my cock but the damage was done. I stood erect, bulging from my wet boxer shorts. "Just enjoying the sun."

"Actually that's a good point. We're going to get burnt!" Mom lifted herself up on her elbows and with her ass to me, stood up. The sight of her rear didn't help my erection. The dark of her crack enticing and begging to be probed. She held out a hand to me. "Come on, we'd better get back."

It was one of those situations you never think will arise. Do I act like an idiot and stay seated; covering my erection in the hope she'll look elsewhere or go on without me? Or do I stand and proudly display my manhood? I chose a combination of the two. Accepting her hand, I rose and hoped she wouldn't notice as I turned slightly away from her. My plan was thwarted however as she kept hold of my hand and moved closer towards me. Before I knew it she wrapped her arms around my back and drew me in. "Thank you again for this. I know you can afford it but it was the thought, the sentimentality. I love you for it."

It was so sweet. I wasn't thinking about my cock or my sudden sexual interest in her as I accepted the embrace and took her in my arms. I didn't mind that my erection pressed into her stomach, so obvious there was no way she could deny its presence. I kissed the side of her head. Her wet hair against my lips. "Anything for you Mom. I love you too."

She broke the hug first but not out of a reaction to my hard-on. If she hadn't taken a sly peek at my groin as we dove back into the water, I would have thought she hadn't noticed. The cold killed it and when we walked out on the other side, I was flaccid again. The visual stimulation remained however. I delighted in seeing her pull her panties up as they slumped half way down over her buttocks. Watching her bend down for her dress; squat as she slipped her shoes on. I wanted to hold her hand as we walked back to the house in our underwear but refrained, not wanting to make my affection too obvious.

Our bodies dried in the sun and wind but our underwear remained wet. I suggested Mom change back into her dress in her bedroom and I'd hang up our underwear to dry. I entered my own room. I'd taken the main. The room my grandparents had slept in when I, even my mother, were children. As in

all the rooms the wallpaper remained. The only addition was a portrait of a bearded man adorning the wall adjacent my mother's room. I had despised the picture from my initial visit to the house with the agent and wasn't surprised the previous owners had left it behind. I didn't like the eyes of the gentleman. He seemed to follow me around the room with menace. I chose that moment to do away with him, or at least turn the portrait around. Clasp the large frame I lifted it up and off the wall and placed it down facing away from me. "Try and watch me now buddy!" Standing up I was rendered speechless.

The area where the picture had hung was noticeably lighter than the surrounding wall. Not unexpected. What was unexpected was the glass window looking through to the adjacent room. For a moment I was perplexed, how had I not seen the window from the other room? And then it hit me. The gold framed mirror. The reflection was one way. The mirror was double sided. This was a peephole. As if confirmation was needed to be given, my mother walked into frame. I stood transfixed as she looked directly at me. No, not at me, her reflection. I raised my hand to wave and she didn't respond. "Oh my God!" I whispered.

It was a violation of privacy. It's only existence being for the perverted mind of its creator. To spy on whomever occupied the next room. I couldn't stay and watch, I shouldn't, I daren't. I did! Standing face on she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, withdrawing her arms from its straps. Released, her breasts remained firm, her nipples pointed. My mouth opened as I imagined wrapping my lips around them as I'd done as a child. My cock again began to swell, this time I hastened its growth by pulling it from my shorts and squeezing it's girth. My mother as if looking into my eyes, kept her own on her reflection as she took the waist of her panties in her hands and lowered. Her gaze seemed to be directed at my cock, in

reality she was looking at her own sex as she threw her wet underwear on top of her bra.

I was now openly masturbating, my shorts mid-thigh and falling. My mother remained in position, her head tilted slightly. For a second I wondered if she saw me through the glass but her actions told me otherwise. She raised a hand, then another to her breasts and cupped them, lifting them towards me as if presenting them for me to suckle. I was about as hard as I think I'd ever been, my cock, thick in my grip. The show continued. She moved her fingers forward and trapped her nipples between, pinching and pulling at each. Obviously pleasurable, her eyes closed momentarily and then a hand dropped. Her right, trailing down her torso to comb through her pubes, her fingers lost in the darkness between her legs.

The reason she was behaving so didn't register in my brain. I was just focused on the fact my mother and I were now masturbating in front of each other. Admittedly, she was unaware of my presence but my cock cared not. As her hand began to move in a circular motion at her crotch and it was undoubtable as to what she was doing, I began to cum. I grabbed at the wall to balance myself as I shot jet after jet of semen against the wallpaper and onto the floor. I tried to remain quiet but as I released my breath I emitted an audible grunt. Watching my mother, she tilted her head and looked to the door. Her hands came away from her body.

I squeezed the last of my cum to add to the mess I'd created and grabbed a new pair of boxers from my bag. Putting on my pants and shirt I went back to the spy hole and watched my mother as she buttoned up the front of her dress, wearing no underwear beneath. I lifted the painting and carefully placed it back over the opening. Apart from the pool of cum beneath, the perfect crime. A paper towel would deal with that later, I thought and

quickly made my way into the hall and met my mother as she was exiting her room. "What shall we do with these?" She held out her wet underwear for me and I was eager to take them off her hands.

"I'll hang them out back." I proposed and felt a stirring even this close to cumming, as my mother handed me her panties and bra. Her hand remained with them for a second, for that moment we were connected by her intimates, her wet panties the only thing separating our skin from touching.

Ode to Joy began playing in the other room and Mom jumped at the sound. "Ooh. That's my phone!"

"O.K. I'll go hang these out back." I gestured to her underwear and we separated.

The wind had picked up and first hanging her bra I reckoned they'd dry in no time. Unfortunate, I thought. The idea of my mother not wearing anything under her dress was terribly exciting. Those press studs holding her dress looked like they'd pop with the slightest of movement, anything could happen! I smiled at the thought and felt my cock harden. Turning to the back door to be sure I wasn't observed I raised her panties quickly to my face and inhaled. Barely a scent but the forbidden nature of the act had me fully erect. Why was I so horny? For my mother no less? Yes, it had been a few months since I'd been with a woman but this was extraordinary, to be so turned on. I felt like a teenager again.

I hung her panties with the bra and made my way back inside, my shirt thankfully covering my crotch. "Who was on the phone?" I asked Mom when I met her in the hallway outside her room.

A disappointed look on her face told me it hadn't been good news.

"Natasha. She says she can't make it. Something to do with the children."

"Oh what!?" I exclaimed. "That sucks."

"She did wish me a happy birthday and said she'd catch up with me during the week for lunch."

"Oh well, that'd be nice," I offered. I was in two minds. For one I was disappointed as it would've been nice for Tash and the kids to be here but on the other hand, now Mom and I had more time together. Nothing was going to happen between us of course but I'd have more opportunity to engage the spy hole without interruption. My cock for one was happy with this development.

"Oh, Natasha mentioned something about a bottle of wine. Said it's a present from both of you?" Mom added.

The Chateau Margaux. I'd forgotten all about it. "Yes! I forgot. Come this way madam." I took Mom by the arm and led her back down to the kitchen. From under the sink I retrieved the wooden box and presented it to her.

"Happy Birthday Mom. From Tash and I."

As she opened the lid her eyes lit up. "Oh my goodness. 1958! Scott, this must have cost a fortune!"

"You're worth it Mom." I smiled as she placed the box down and took me in her arms. I allowed my hand to rest a little lower than I would usually, feeling the curve of her bottom at her lower back. The beginning of her crack under my palm. Sadly I'd lost my erection as it would have been the perfect opportunity to press my affection to her again.

"I'll have to text Natasha and say thanks," she said, breaking our embrace and taking up her phone. "Can you open it Scott? It'll need to be decanted and rest in time for dinner."

"Sure." I agreed and went in search of a cork screw.

"Oh I cleaned up that spill in your bedroom." Mom casually stated as she texted my sister.

I stopped still. "I'm sorry, what?"

"That stuff on the floor and the wall. What was it? It looked like wallpaper glue." Her face buried in her phone, she didn't seem too impatient for an answer, so I didn't offer one.

"Oh yeah thanks." I was mortified. My mother had wiped up my cum from the floor of my bedroom. What had she been doing in there in the first place? How could she not realise it was semen? My face burned and I was thankful of her distraction.

Finishing with her text, Mom looked up. "So, what's for dinner?"

* * * * *

The wine was corked!

It could have been the most romantic moment of my life. I prepared a beautiful meal of steak that would've complimented the wine perfectly. Pachelbel's canon in d was playing through the speakers; the room was lit by a city of candles. We clinked our glasses together and then we tasted. It wasn't unsurprising for a sixty year old bottle of wine but it was disappointing. Reacting in disgust at the same moment, we couldn't help but laugh after the anticipation. The rest of the meal however, Mom thought was lovely.

After dinner I set up some deck chairs and we drank scotch under the stars until the mosquitoes became a nuisance and we took it inside. "So how was your 60th Mom?" I asked.

"Hmm. Well...Oh what do you think? It's been wonderful of course. It's a shame Natasha isn't here and I would love the grandchildren to see the house." She reached out and placed a hand on my arm. "But they will soon enough thanks to you!"

"It was nothing. I just wanted to see you happy."

"My goodness I can't believe I'm sixty though. I certainly don't feel it."

"Or look it!" I quickly added. "Anyway, they say sixty is the new forty. That makes you only five years older than me. If we weren't related...well."

She laughed although I noticed she hadn't removed her hand from my arm, gently stroking the fine hairs with her fingers. "And you look more like your father every day. So handsome." She added.

It was all innocent flirting of course. Just a mother and son playing around. Nothing would come of it so in the interest of comedy I decided to take it a little further. "Yeah, a beautiful young lady alone in the country with a single man. Who's knows what might happen?" I thought I may have pushed it too far and then.

"And me with nothing to wear to bed!" She looked into my eyes with intensity. There was a moment of silence and then she laughed and slapped at my arm, purposefully breaking the mood. "Oh stop it; you're making fun of me."

"Hey, you said it." I laughed, grinding my forearm down onto my raging boner. "But you're right about one thing. Natasha was meant to bring all of your things."

"Well I only really need a toothbrush. I could borrow yours if you don't mind." She proposed.

I definitely had no problem with it.

* * * * *

I found a t-shirt in my room and offered it to her as she sat on her bed. "Do you want me to go and get your knickers off the line? They'd be dry." I offered.

"I don't need them," she bluntly stated. "Thanks for the shirt. Now you don't have to see me running around naked if I get up in the night."

I smiled, groaning inside. "Yeah, no." Before my erection returned I bade her a good night.

In my room I looked at the portrait. I could take it down and watch her undress. Possibly see a repeat performance of the afternoon tease. I chose not to. Though the temptation was great, I loved her too much to show such disrespect. No, if the opportunity arose to see her naked again it would be with her complete participation or not at all.

As I lay in bed nursing my throbbing hard-on, I admitted some regret I hadn't spied again. Who was I kidding? Why would I get another opportunity to see her naked? We'd been joking around with the flirty talk; she was just swimming, not flaunting her body at the river. There was no chance of incest! Incest, I thought. Such a beautiful word, it rolled off the tongue. I repeated the word over and again in my head and sleep eventually came for me.

* * * * *

Rain pattering on the tin roof pleasantly woke me in the early morning light. I lay there for minutes enjoying the sound when I heard footsteps running along the hall. The sound of the back door opening and swinging

shut explained what she was doing. Her underwear. I climbed out of bed and dressed only in my shorts, followed her passage down the hall.

Opening the back door, there she was at the line. The rain was serious now, wetting her hair and t-shirt. The t-shirt. With her arms above her head it rose half way up over her bare buttocks, her ass crack dark in the grey morning light. She turned to me and headed back, the panties and bra looked again to be saturated and I admit I was satisfied with the fact. "Oh Scotty, I didn't even hear the rain until just now." She made it onto the porch and looked at her wet underwear. "Well that was a waste of time."

"It's alright, you can wear something of mine if you want." Her t-shirt wasn't as wet as I'd hoped but we both looked down to her bare feet, muddy and splashed to the shins.

"I can't walk inside like this," she remarked. "I'll get mud everywhere. I really didn't think, did I?"

I was quick to offer a solution. "Come on madam," I enthused, lifting her arm holding the underwear up over my shoulder and scooping her by the back and legs into my arms. "Right this way."

As I carried her into the house with her screaming with laughter I noticed her t-shirt fall to her groin. With her legs so tight together, I saw nothing but could only imagine what she'd look like from beneath. Entering the bathroom I lowered her down onto the end of the bath, her feet inside. "My hero!" She giggled. "I didn't know you were so strong."

"All part of the service madam. Now let's get you cleaned up." I took her panties and bra from her and hung them over the shower curtain rail.

Kneeling down I reached for the hand held shower hose and turned on the faucet, splashing her with the cold water. Mom's legs reflexively retreated,

parting and allowing me to see under the t-shirt momentarily, her dark patch of pubic hair.

"Ooh that's cold," she laughed.

"Sorry." I adjusted the warm and satisfied, sprayed her feet with the flow.

"Mmm, that's better." She purred.

With one hand I began to wash the mud from her feet and lower legs but it became a little awkward. I handed the hose to my mother and continued with both. It wasn't clear as to why I was washing my mother's feet. It was something she obviously could have done herself but it had happened fluidly, without much thought between us and it felt so right.

As I massaged her calves, already clean and worked my way down to her feet I was thankful my lower half was obscured by the tub. The sight of her beautiful little toes, running my fingers between each, her giggles as I tickled her, all had my cock standing tall through my shorts. How the hell I was going to extricate myself from the room without her noticing? I had no idea. Mom turned her feet to see her souls as the last of the muddy water ran away down the drain. Doing so parted her thighs and enabled me to look directly at her pussy. She must have known I could see, surely. I was barely a foot from my mother's vagina, her pubic hair obscuring the vulva but a delightful vision all the same.

"I think we're done," she remarked and I turned off the flow, replacing the hose. "A towel?"

Now was my moment. I had to rise and retrieve the towel from the far wall. I lifted the leg closest to her first and stood, turning away immediately. I looked down at my shorts and was impressed with the size of my erection protruding through. To hell with it, I thought. My mother knew about

morning erections. She'd just assume that was the cause. I clutched the towel and returned to her, handing it over and revealing my problem. She seemed not to bat an eyelid. Her eyes washing over my erection as she began to dry her legs. "Will we have breakfast soon?" She asked as if to dismiss what was being presented to her.

"Um yeah. I'll go get started." I felt like an idiot. What was I thinking? Parading around like a prized cock. She was my mother; she had no interest in me sexually. I felt ashamed at my actions as I left her to towel off and made my way to my room. It was all one way. Yes she'd played around with flirting last night but that was it. The river was innocent. I felt nauseous as I began to realize how I'd acted.

When I'd dressed and had begun preparing breakfast my mother entered fully clothed. She said nothing as she sat at the table. I didn't know what to say. And that was how it remained for minutes as I toasted the bread.

Finally the silence was broken as I placed her plate before her, the condiments on the table. "What time will we head back?" She asked.

Oh Jesus, I thought. She can't wait to get away from me. Her pervert of a son that cums on the floor of his bedroom, looks up her clothing, openly displays his cock any chance he can get. Could I blame her?

"Whenever you want," I offered, thinking about taking my own plate into the other room or outside. To give her some peace.

Another awkward silence and then she slammed down her knife on the table. "Dammit Scott. I can't deal with the mixed signals. Why didn't you come to me last night?"

I had no idea what she was talking about. "What?"

"When I went to bed, in my room, I did all that for you!"

Confused. "Did all what?" I asked.

"Surely you were watching?" Her face and neck began to redden.

"Watching what?" I questioned, still with no clue as to what she was referring to.

"Oh my god." Her hand went to her mouth and she stood, rushing from the room towards the front door. I was quick to follow.

She exited the house and when I caught up she held the porch rail with both hands looking out towards the river. "Mom. What's going on?" I asked.

Still she didn't face me. "I thought you were watching through the spy hole."

"You know about that?" I was now the one to blush.

"I found it when I cleaned up your...well, you know."

I was mortified. Not only was she aware I had cum on the floor but presumably that I'd been spying on her when it happened.

She continued but now turned to me as she spoke. "I was looking around the house when I was on the phone with Tash, you were outside, I saw the picture wasn't straight and when I moved it, it came off the wall. It was only then I noticed your...on the ground." Again she couldn't bring herself to say 'my cum.'

"Oh Mom, I'm so sorry." I offered.

"No don't be Scott. At first I was shocked but then, well I was flattered. It was my fault. I shouldn't have done that down at the river. Acted like that. I just wouldn't have thought you would look at me that way, being so old."

Did she have body dysmorphia? How could she not realize she looked fantastic for her age? "Mom. You look beautiful. Surely you saw the effect you had on me at the river, in the bathroom."

"Yes. Yes I did, that's why I did what I did! That's why I undressed for you. I motioned for you to come but you didn't."

"Mom I.." I began but she cut me off.

"I waited for you on the bed. When you didn't come I thought you'd been disgusted by me or you hadn't watched. Either way, I just thought you didn't care."

I moved to her immediately, clutching her arms. "Mom, I didn't watch a second time because I was ashamed for spying. I wanted to give you privacy. If I'd known I..."

Our eyes were fixed on one another's.

"What would you have done?" She asked, licking her dry lips.

There was no need for any more words as far as I was concerned. I had no idea why after thirty five years of our relationship were we now all of a sudden attracted to each other, I didn't care. I wouldn't waste another moment.

I released her arms and reached for the front of her dress. With one motion I pulled it apart and her naked body was before me. Mom sucked in a breath as she must have understood what was about to happen. I pulled her to me and my arms wrapped around her torso beneath the dress. Her breasts, her stomach and mons pubis pressed hard to my body. My cock was swelling at a tremendous rate. Mom raised her arms up over my shoulders and tilted her head up to me. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this Scott." She whispered before my mouth descended on hers.

We had kissed on the mouth a day before. Nothing like this. Her tongue was around mine before I knew it. Her lips, with sixty years of experience, kissing me like no woman ever had. I ran a hand down to her bottom and squeezed a cheek then repeated the act with the other to share the joy. My head spun as I fully realized just what was beginning here between us. Did we need to discuss it before it happened? What were the implications? To hell with it, I thought. If she wasn't going to stop, nor was I.

I clasped firmly on her rear and lifted. Her legs wrapped around my body and I carried her back to the porch rail, placing her down. Mom's hands went to my waist and unbuckled my belt, the button and fly followed and my jeans and underwear were lowered. Now unfettered before her, Mom could take in the majesty of my penis. Do I use hyperbole? Not if you'd seen the lust shown on my mother's face as she reached for my cock. "I love that you shave," she commented in the seconds our mouths weren't connected. Her hand wrapped around my shaft and directed it towards the tunnel of fur that was her pussy.

I felt the heat of her sex against the head. The tickle of pubes and then the wetness. So slick I slid inside. So deep I buried. My legs were shaking as I pushed my buttocks up to reach as far as I could inside her. Mom tilted her head back exposing her neck. "Oh Scott, yes!" She exclaimed as my pelvis met hers. We were one. Mother and son united sexually, physically, emotionally. I pulled out almost all the way and re-entered to the same depth.

"This is beautiful Mom." I proclaimed.

"Isn't it baby!" She breathed as I repeated the act, her legs wrapped around my waist. "Thirty five years and finally you're back inside me."

"I never want to leave." I confessed.

"Then don't my sweet. Leave something inside me. Cum inside me baby."

"Mother knows best." I sighed as I resumed my thrusting. Mom held my neck and my hands held her hips as I fucked her with increasing force. Her head fell back and rain hit her face, running down her neck and chest. Her breasts began to glisten in the grey morning light and I leaned in to entrap a nipple in my mouth, sucking her teat like a baby searching for milk.

"Oh fuck yes!" She screamed as she again sought out my mouth. Her face to mine, my dick sliding in and out of her, I ridiculously wondered if I'd ever heard my mother say "fuck" before? These thoughts escaped me as her mouth sucked on my ear lobe then her tongue licked my neck.

"Mom I have to cum." I freely admitted.

"Yes. Yes, cum in me Scotty. Please cum in me." She begged and her words seemed to fire even herself up, pushing her pussy onto my cock with each wet thrust.

"Oh Mom I'm. I'm cumming." I began to shoot inside her, feeling her pussy squeeze around me as I did so. "Oh shit Mom, it feels.." Spurt after spurt of jism coursing from my cock. "Oh, Mom. God, I love you."

"I love you too Scotty. I love your cum my darling." She panted.

I slowed my penetration as my orgasm subsided, the delightful feeling of being inside her remaining however. She pulled my chest to hers and wrapped her arms tightly around me.

"Thank you so much Scott. That was a better birthday present than house!" She whispered in my ear.

I was regaining my breath and still fully inside her, my cock twitching, I looked in her eyes. "Do we need to talk about this?"

"Yes we do," she sighed. "But right now I want you to carry me back inside and fuck me in my bed."

And who was I to say no?

Chapter 2

I looked over my shoulder at the kids in the backseat of the SUV. "What do you mean you don't want to come? I thought you wanted to see Uncle Scott and Nanny."

Tyler was first to respond, shrugging his shoulders. "We don't even know where this place is, it sounds boring and Dad just got the new Xbox."

"Yeah," Jessie added, feeling emboldened that her big brother had spoken first. "Daddy said we could stay with him if we wanted this weekend."

It was a typical asshole play by my ex-husband. Buy the latest games console the weekend I had something planned with them. I gripped the wheel harder than was necessary. "It's your grandmother's birthday, I wanted you guys to see where she grew up. Me and Scott loved going there!" It was my final attempt but I knew it was futile. The Xbox-whatever was always going to defeat me.

"But Mom, Dad said he really wants us to stay with him."

"Yeah, he said he never gets to see us!" Jessie concluded.

I rolled my eyes. "That's because he spends all his time with his new wife. You know he only bought it to get back..." I cut myself off. What was the point? I'd keep playing the role of bad parent while he gave them sugar and games consoles. "Fine. Is he at least going to come and pick you up?"

"Dad said you could drop us off after basketball!" Tyler replied as he looked up momentarily from his phone. Jessie leaned across the seat and seemed equally as enthralled in the game her brother was playing.

I thought of Scott and I at their age. We would have been swinging from a tire into a river; playing hide and seek in the woods; fascinated by books and boardgames. We've lost a generation to technology, I thought. Turning right instead of left I headed to their father's house across town.

* * * * *

I hated lying to Mom. I could still have gone up there on my own. I could have dealt with Mom's disappointment at not seeing the kids, made up some other lie why I hadn't brought them. I really had wanted to taste that Chateau Margaux. Spend time with Mom, Scott.

I poured another glass of a cheap riesling and lay back on the couch. My phone beeped to indicate a text message and as I read the content I laughed ironically. "Thank you for the wine darling. Scott and I will open immediately. Kiss kiss mom." Great timing Mom. I mused. What an amazing present though. That and the house. I looked over at the unwrapped Barbra Streisand and the latest season of Outlander dvds and shook my head. He always was thoughtful though wasn't he? Even before the money. My little brother. Used to follow me around like a bad smell when we were little. Even more so when we were teens. Why couldn't I have married someone like Scotty, I thought. Scotty. I closed my eyes. My little brother...

* * * * *

I woke up and the house was in darkness, my empty wine glass lucky not to have fallen from the couch. My neck ached from the position I'd been lying in and sometime during the night I'd decided to put a hand down my jeans, my fingers coming away wrinkly from between my legs. Why was I so wet? Oh yeah that's right. I put the thought out of my mind, denying myself the memory and looked at the time. 4:45am Sunday morning. I wouldn't get

back to sleep. If I showered now and got on the road I could be there just after breakfast. Excited, I ran to the bathroom to get ready.

* * * * *

Having driven up with Scott a few days previous, the roads were familiar once off the highway. Even so, apart from a whole lot less trees, the country side hadn't changed much in twenty five years. God twenty five years. I was only fifteen. So full of ideas and ideals, hope and hormones. That final summer would've been my last anyway. I couldn't have imagined whiling away the long hot days in the country with my little brother when my friends were partying and dating boys. We did have fun though, Scott and I. Scotty. My little brother...

My mind wandered and I nearly missed the change of speed as I entered the town. Slowing to match the limit I looked around the deserted Sunday morning streets. "Jesus we'd thought it was quiet the other day. This is death!" The rain began and reminded me I needed to use the bathroom. Passing the Town Hall and a newly constructed toilet block I thought of stopping but with only minutes to go I decided to hold on, driving through towards the turnoff to the house. It was only then that I remembered to drop by Mom's to pick up her stuff. "Fuck!" I yelled. "You're an idiot Natasha."

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I loved the sound of the tires on the gravel driveway, one of my fondest memories of the house from my childhood. I parked my SUV beside Scott's new Aston Martin and retrieved my bag from the rear, wine bottles clinking together inside as I did so. The rain had slowed to an annoying drizzle as I dashed to the front porch of the house.

For an awkward moment I debated as to whether I should knock or just walk in through the open screen door but my growing need to pee and the smell of freshly cooked toast told me someone was up so I marched on in with a loud, "hello!"

The kitchen was empty. Two plates remained on the table with uneaten toast. Strange, I thought. Hearing the shower I headed down the long hallway. I stopped at a bedroom and peeked inside, "hello, Mom?" Her dress was on the floor and I picked it up and placed it back down on the bed, dropping my bag in the process and startling myself at my reflection in the large gold framed mirror as I turned to leave.

I thought of the last time in the room. Lying beside my brother for only a moment or two. His strong hand lifting me from the bed. Stop it Natasha, I told myself. Why are you even having these thoughts? With the room empty I reasoned it was Mom in the shower but was proven incorrect as I headed back out and walked into her in the hallway.

"Natasha!" She screamed as we both jumped. "My god you almost scared me half to death."

"You and me both!" I concurred.

"What are you doing here?" Mom asked, more out of shock than welcome surprise. She had her hair in a towel and another wrapped around her body. It wasn't a large towel by any means and as she moved in to accept my kiss, her breasts strained to be released. "Where are the kids?" She added, looking over my shoulder as if they would appear.

"Actually Mom, I came alone. They're with Brett." I confessed.

"Oh. Let me guess, he's offered to take them to Disneyland because he knew you wanted them to come up here?"

I smiled, she knew my ex-husband too well. "Close. He bought a new Playbox or whatever it's called. I can't compete with that!" Mom held my hand as she led me back into her room. "It's alright though, before I drove up I emailed him that he can take them to school tomorrow morning as I plan to stay up here. You're staying another day aren't you?"

As I spoke, casual as you like, my mother undid the towel around her body and dropped it on the bed beside her dress. I'd seen her fully naked in the past, just that last year we'd shared a dressing room and shower at the local pool but her willingness to disrobe with the door open and Scott in the house seemed a little cavalier. She picked up her dress and I noticed, put it on without underwear and a bra. I again remembered about her things.

"Shit Mom I'm sorry. I forgot to get your stuff. You can borrow some of my knickers if you like?"

"Oh it's not important." She smiled. "I've made it this far without them, a little longer won't hurt."

All of a sudden I began to query a few things. Where was her underwear? How was it she was coming out of the shower wet while Scott was obviously still in there? The uneaten breakfast. They were all questions that would have to wait as I really was desperate to pee. Thankfully Mom sensed my imminent need and pulled me along the hall.

The bathroom door was left ajar and Mom knocked on it as she opened it further. "Honey, Natasha's here!" Mom spoke loudly into the steamy room. "She needs to use the toilet, is it O.k if she comes in?"

Scott, still in the shower yelled back he was fine with it and Mom herded me inside. The shower was in the bath tub and I could see my brother's

flesh colored silhouette through the shower curtain. "Hey Tash, you change your mind?" He asked through the noise of the water and fan.

"Yeah. I came alone." I replied, making my way to the toilet. Lowering my jeans and thong I sat down. "Brett has the kids." I tried to pee but nothing happened. My nervous bladder calling the shots. Was it any wonder? I was half naked sitting on a toilet only a few feet from my fully naked brother. Standing in the tub where he and I bathed as children. The fond memory helped me relax and I was thankful of the sound of the shower as my stream of urine poured down into the bowl. It did factor in my brain that I was peeing in front of my little brother. All he had to do was pull back the curtain and he'd see me, watch me pee. And I'd see him. Naked and dripping. I finished and wiped. I left my jeans at my knees as I stood and turned to lower the lid and flush. Bending at the waist, my bare ass directed towards my brother, almost posing. Pressing the button and turning, almost reluctant to cover myself.

"Oh shit!" Scott screamed as the water changed temperature. "Hot. Hot. Hot!"

"Oh sorry," I apologized and quickly pulled up my jeans, wondering why I was being so reckless with my nudity.

"It's alright, not your fault." He said before returning beneath the flow.

At the sink I looked in the reflection and could see the toilet as well as the shower behind me. As I turned on the faucet the water changed temperature in the shower and Scott once again moved back out of it's flow. His body came into view, the curve of his buttocks, his muscular back and shoulders. "Natasha! Are you doing this on purpose?" He laughed.

"I'm sorry," I giggled. "I'm going." Reluctantly I left the bathroom, leaving the door as I'd found it.

Mom was in the kitchen when I entered, tipping the cold toast into the bin. "Yeah, what happened there?" I asked, more curious than suspicious. Mom looked a little frazzled by the question and took a moment to answer which seemed weird.

"Oh. It started raining and I remembered my underwear was on the back line. Then my feet were muddy and I guess we just got waylaid." She seemed satisfied with her response and I didn't probe further. Waylaid. By what though?

My tummy was rumbling and I forgot my earlier queries as Mom presented me with a plate of freshly cooked toast. "How was the drive? You must have started early."

I began spreading honey as I started to answer but my attention was drawn away by Scott walking along the hall. Wearing only a towel around his waist he looked like an Olympic swimmer just risen from a pool, water still beading his skin. He waved as he entered his room and I felt like an idiot as I just stared back slack-jawed. He's your brother Natasha! Get a grip. Mmm, there's something I'd like to grip, I thought and couldn't help smiling to myself.

"Hello. Earth to Natasha." Mom's voice finally registered. "What time did you leave?"

I focused again on spreading the honey. "Oh, um about five I guess."

"Goodness, you were up early!" Mom remarked. Scott came out of his room wearing shorts and a t-shirt. He kissed me on the top of the head as he passed by and goosebumps ran down my back.

"So what happened yesterday?" Scott asked, squeezing past Mom by the sink. It didn't look like he needed to get so close to her, holding her hips, his groin almost pressing, no it did press to her bottom as he passed.

"Ugh don't ask. Brett being an asshole again," I stated between mouthfuls.

"He bought the new Xstation whatsit. He knew they'd ditch me for it."

"Ooh the Xbox One X!? I'd ditch you for it as well!" He laughed as Mom gave him his toast.

"So anyway, Mom. Happy Birthday for yesterday. How was it? Ooh how was the wine?" I asked.

Mom and Scott looked at each other and laughed. She placed a hand on his shoulder affectionately. "Oh honey, it was off!"

"Oh no!" I looked at Scott, giving up any allusion I had paid for it. "What happens? Can you get a refund?"

"Yeah, it's guaranteed by the dealer. It was a shame though wasn't it Mom?" He looked into her eyes and they seemed to share something. I immediately wished I'd come up last night instead. They were being so affectionate with each other, I felt like I'd missed out on something. We had always been a close family, Mom and I especially. We told each other everything. I suddenly recalled a conversation we'd had a while back, watching them brought the memory front of mind. No, I thought. Not that, surely not that!

* * * * *

To celebrate the rain stopping after lunch, though the sky remained miserable, I opened a bottle of cabernet sauvignon. Offering Mom a glass she was quick to accept. "It's six o'clock somewhere!" She laughed.

"To the weather improving," I toasted, raising my glass.

Scott entered from the kitchen and I pointed to the bottle for him to help himself.

"I am annoyed though. I have a new swimsuit I bought online. I wanted to try it out this weekend." I confessed.

"Or you could just wear your bra and panties like Mom!" Scott added.

Quizzically, I looked across to Mom. "What's he talking about?"

"Go on tell her," Scott continued.

She was sipping from her wine glass with a mischievous expression and didn't seem too quick to elaborate.

"Alright I'll tell her," Scott began. "You wouldn't have believed it Tash. She went swimming in her underwear."

"She did not!" I replied, shocked at her spontaneity. I looked again at Mom, her knees up on the couch. The split in the front of her dress approaching her crotch. She was showing a lot of leg, no not just leg, I could see pubic hair! If I could see it, Scott surely could.

"Oh there was no one around!" Mom smiled. "I don't know what the big deal is?"

"Ah the big deal is, who are you and what have you done with our mother?" I laughed.

"Oh nonsense. They'll be dry soon anyway, then all this will be forgotten." Mom declared as if reminding me and possibly Scott she wasn't wearing anything beneath her dress. Like we needed a reminder, it was all on display.

"Oh yeah, on that!" Scott piped up, Mom and I both looking in his direction. "Well they sort of fell in the tub when I was rehanging them."

They're wet again."

"Oh Scott you always were a butterfingers," I stood up and took Mom by the hand. "Come on, I'll show you my new bathers and we'll get you decent."

Mom allowed me to pull her from the couch. "We'll just be a minute Scott. We're going to my bedroom!"

She strangely emphasized the point but I put out of my mind as glass in hand, I led her to the room.

To my surprise almost as soon as we were in the bedroom and the door closed, Mom was undressing, throwing her dress down on the bed, standing naked before me. "Ah, O.k! Um, I only brought one other pair of knickers," I stated as I lifted my bag up onto the bed. Mom didn't seem too interested as she walked to the large mirror and examined herself in its reflection.

"How do I look for my age Honey?" She asked, forcing me to examine her body. I had to admit she looked good. Thinner than I, she had little to no cellulite on her upper thighs, her buttocks still firm. She turned to me and my eyes stayed low, taking in her dark, thick patch of pubic hair then running up to her perky breasts.

"What can I say Mom? You look great." I held out a black thong for her, trying to get her mind back on the task at hand.

"Oh that can wait, show me this swimsuit," she suggested.

"Ah O.k." I placed the thong down and took out my white one piece, holding it up for her to inspect.

"Oh lovely, try it on."

"What now?" I asked.

"Yes go on, you could put your jeans back on over it. Then you'll be ready for a swim if it gets warmer out."

Her plan did make sense I supposed. It would look good too, just like a bodysuit. I casually wondered if Scott would think I'd look good?

My naked mother took a step back from the bed as I rose and lifted my t-shirt and removed my bra. Ever helpful she took the items from me and placed them down on the bed behind us. I undid my jeans and pulled them off, standing before the mirror in only my pink thong.

"Oh I like the pink one more than the black!" Mom proclaimed, referring to my panties. "I'll just wear those ones honey, you keep the clean ones."

To say I was taken aback was an understatement. "These? Mom, they're dirty!"

"Oh no they're not, you only put them on this morning didn't you?"

"Well yeah but...wouldn't you prefer the other ones? The pair I haven't been wearing?" I asked, incredulous.

"No those will be fine."

She seemed intent on having the pair I had on and although strange, I relented, sliding them down my legs and off over my feet. I turned from the mirror and handed my mother my panties. Her eyes strayed down my body to my groin and settled on my pussy. "Oh you're shaved down there too!" Her face flushed as she said it obviously without thinking.

"Too?" I repeated. "Who else are you referring to?"

"Oh no one, just it seems everyone does it now I guess," she explained but I felt she was hiding something.

Mom stepped into my panties and pulled them up high on her crotch. "Ooh I don't often wear thongs. It's a nice feeling isn't it?"

She was definitely acting weird as she again admired herself in the mirror. I took up my swimsuit and climbed into it. Placing the straps over my shoulders I now inspected my reflection. I had to admit I loved how I looked. It was tight, possibly too tight. My breasts straining against the elastane, nipples poking through. Mom was quick to join me. Wearing only the thong, she placed a hand around my waist as we looked in the mirror. "Lovely darling. Come on turn around." She twirled me and I looked over my shoulder at my rear, the material hugging the cheeks of my ass like a second skin. Mom ran a hand down the bare skin of my back and onto my butt, commenting on the feel of the fabric.

When she took her hand away I was kind of disappointed, enjoying her touch. She turned me to face her and in full view of the mirror kissed me lightly on the lips. It was totally unexpected. Almost intimate. No, it was intimate. We kissed all the time but not like that and definitely not when we were both half naked. She smiled as if nothing had happened and I didn't comment on it. Mom handed me my jeans and she picked up her dress. "We'd better get back out there. Scott will be wondering what we're up to?"

I was still buttoning my jeans as Mom opened the door with Scott walking past from the direction of the other rooms. Mom stopped his progress and held him around his waist much the same as she'd done me. Holding out her hand she beckoned me to join them. "This is beautiful. The three of us," she kissed me on the cheek, followed by Scott's.

"Mom, how much of that corked wine did you drink last night?" I joked, which Scott found more humorous than her. We always did share the same sense of humour. As she released us out of her strange embrace I innocently

ran my eyes over Scott's shirt front and shorts, stopping at his crotch. Pushing out the front, angled to the right was the unmistakable bulge of cock. I looked away instantly and felt my cheeks flush. My little brother had an erection!

* * * * *

Mom was in hysterics as Scott and I regaled her with stories from our summers in the house with our grandparents. Some were new to her like my confession to drinking Nana's cooking sherry when I was fourteen, waking up with my first ever hangover and blaming period pain to get out of going to church. Scott repeatedly stealing Grandpa's dentures to secret under his pillow in the hopes of catching the tooth fairy. It was what I needed, probably what we all needed, quality family time.

As the afternoon turned to night we banded together in the kitchen to make dinner. It was probably the alcohol but Mom seemed even more touchy feely. At one point trying to make Scotty dance with her. My brother didn't dance! So of course it caused great amusement to Mom and myself as she pressed her body to him. The pasta threatened to boil over as Maria Callas, singing Habanera from Carmen rang through the house. We were on our third bottle of red and I couldn't remember being so full of joy. And then came the phone call from my ex-husband.

I should have ignored it. Turned the Aria up and danced with my brother. I thought of my children and took the call. It was as expected. Brett needing to rant, (probably after many bourbons and the goading of his new wife) voicing his displeasure at having to actually carry out fatherly duties. I allowed him to vent as I walked along the passage, escaping the music. The moonlight in my brother's room beckoned me and I sat on the bed as I was informed how bad a mother I was. I walked to the window only half

listening and saw the treetops of the river bank, black against the starry sky as Brett feigned threats of full custody. I was transfixed by the eyes of the portrait adorning the wall, an evil looking bearded man who seemed delighted in watching me berated by the father of my children. I touched the intricate frame and the painting moved on it's hook. The faintest of light seemed to come from behind and I moved it further. Then the world changed forever.

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Mom and Scott had served up the pasta and my bowl sat beside a freshly poured glass of Merlot. Mom offered me parmesan and I nodded as I looked her up and down. Two press studs undone at the base of her dress, the split reaching almost to her crotch, certainly revealing a lot of thigh. Unclasped at her chest, her natural cleavage displayed for just who exactly, to admire? And Scott; his shirt attempting to cover the front of his shorts. Did he think he was doing a good job of obscuring his erection?

"All good with Brett?" He asked as we headed to the living room. I thought of my mother and I changing together. Undressing; posing before the mirror. She had kissed me. Ran her hands over my ass. He'd been hard when we left the room.

"Tash?" Scott followed up as I sat beside my mother. "Did you work it out with Brett?"

"Um. Yes." I replied. "Actually I think I just worked it all out!"

I watched them interact closer. My mother, ever willing to part her legs with every movement. My brother, eager to observe. His eyes on her, devouring her. Her, not me. And why not me? I was the girl who skinny dipped with him as a child. I was the girl who gave him his first kiss. Mine were the

panties she found alongside hers under his pillow, the day after his drunken 18th birthday party.

I thought of the night she told me. Herself drunkenly confessing to it and the dream she'd had not long after, making love to Scott, her own son. Did she even remember her admission? I looked at her, facing Scott, her legs spread. My tiny pink thong clearly visible between them. Scott was talking to me and I hadn't heard a word, catching only the last of it. "Remember behind most single mother's, there's usually a deadbeat dad!"

His eyes were now on me. I smiled at his words and raised my glass. As I brought it towards me I tilted it and allowed the red wine to spill down onto my jeans.

"Oh clumsy me," I chided myself.

Scott was quick to act, placing down his own glass. "Who's the butterfingers now? Come on, get them off before the stain sets in."

I was eager to comply. I was wearing a swimsuit, it wasn't as if I'd be in my underwear. Unbuttoning I stood and pulled down my jeans in front of my mother and brother.

"Use bi-carb Scott." Mom advised as I handed him my pants. He was playing coy, not openly staring at me, probably figuring he'd take sly glances later on. I followed him towards the laundry and watched as he took care of my jeans, following Mom's instructions.

"You'd be a great father Scott. You've really matured." I complimented him, standing in the bright light of the laundry. The air was cool this end of the house, my nipples poking erect through the stark white swimsuit. "Why couldn't I have met a guy like you?"

Scott turned from the machine and leaned back against it, finally looking at me.

"You're just after me for my money," he laughed.

"No," I smiled. "No I don't think so."

The humming chorus from Madame Butterfly filtered down the hallway and I closed my eyes as I leaned against the door frame. Scott went quiet as I felt his eyes on me "Mmm I love this," I sighed as I moved my hand in time with the music before casually caressing the material of my swimsuit across my stomach. Slowly raising my eyelids, Scott's eyes lifted from my breasts to my face and realising he'd been caught, pushed himself off the washing machine.

"Come on, let's get back," he proposed and as he switched off the laundry light, placed his arm around my waist and walked me out. The living room down the end of the darkened hallway seemed further off than before. The music gradually increased in volume. As we reached my brother's room I changed our course and led him inside. The beautiful, haunting, almost ethereal music coaxed my progress as I headed towards the portrait, stopping before it.

With only the moon to light his face I could see his unease at my actions. His mouth opening as I lifted the painting from the wall. As if I'd planned it, our faces were lit up by the lamp through the spy hole. My mother entered the bedroom and momentarily looked at her reflection, her gaze as if aware of her audience. She slowly undid the remaining studs on her dress and allowed it to fall to her feet as my left hand touched the front of my brother's shorts.

There was a sharp intake of breath as he felt my fingers against his growing erection. He in turn placed a hand on my bottom, cupping each of my cheeks in his palm. Our mother took the waist band of the pink thong and lowered it down her legs, stepping out of it and climbing upon the bed. I fumbled with the zipper on Scott's shorts and he was quick to help out, allowing my hand to slide inside and clasp his now fully erect cock. My brother's cock.

His hand squeezed my ass and slid onto the bare skin of my thigh. His fingers then edging under the leg band and back onto my bottom, finally delving between my cheeks and finding the wetness of my pussy. His sister's pussy.

Our eyes fixed on our mother as she pressed her back to the bedhead and stretched her legs out before her. Her hands went to her breasts. One remained, as the other sought greater glory, combing through her luscious pubic hair and onto her vulva. Her legs spread and her back arched as she encountered her wet labia, glistening even from our vantage point.

Scott's cock was rigid in my grip, the swollen head preventing my beating hand from slipping off, the dripping of pre-cum coating his underside. His fingers found my entrance and with a thumb dabbing my asshole he slid inside. One, no two fingers deep into my leaking cunt.

Our mother looked like a goddess as she masturbated in the lamplight. A hand clutching a breast, squeezing the nipple. The other furiously circling on her clit, her mouth agape. She relinquished her breast and lowered her hand to join the other. As we looked on she cupped her pussy before two fingers disappeared inside her, her stimulation of her clitoris continuing.

Scott turned to face me, pulling me around with him. The song had changed. The soaring Aria, Un Bel Di from the same opera pervading the

atmosphere. His hand momentarily taken from my body only to be replaced on my pussy from the front. His fingers inside my swimsuit and inside my body. I took hold of his cock with my right, my dominant hand and renewed jerking his beautiful dick with vigour. Our bodies closed in on each other, our faces met and our mouths connected. My brother's tongue between my lips, entwined with my own. My saliva in his mouth.

Masturbating each other our faces turned in time to see our mother cum in the adjoining room. Her head thrown back, her thighs clasped tightly around her hands. Scott curled his fingers inside me, grinding against my most sensitive spot and I flooded his hand with my orgasm, my legs wobbling like jelly. He released a grunt with his expulsion of breath and lowered his mouth to my neck, kissing my skin as I felt him ejaculate against my stomach. spurts of cum reaching my breasts, running down my swimsuit to drip onto his hand at my pussy.

Moving his head back from me I looked up into his eyes. If I'd written the scene it couldn't have been more romantic, the Aria reaching its pinnacle. Before he kissed me, he whispered "I love you" into my mouth and I think I had never felt such honesty and reciprocation. I looked again at our mother who waited in the next room. Scott took my hand and led me out into the hall and together we walked into our Mom's room.

She looked at the semen coating the front of my white one piece, her son's cock poking from his fly, my own wetness at my crotch. Holding out her hands to us, a tear forming in her eye, she smiled. "This is how it should always have been. How it should always remain."

I looked at my little brother and smiled. "Yes Mom, I definitely agree. What do you think Scotty?"

He didn't reply. His cock swelling, was answer enough.

That Sinking Feeling

My quarterly get together with some old school friends usually got pretty rowdy, but in the taxi home and struggling to stay awake, I couldn't remember the last time I'd actually been this drunk.

Nearing our house, I thought of the words my wife had uttered earlier in the night. Not the 'don't drink too much' advice, but the 'I've got some news Alex; you're not gonna like it,' comment. Why she hadn't just told me then and there on the phone, I had no idea? The 'I don't want to ruin your night,' explanation doing nothing to allay my anxiety.

"We're here," spoken loudly woke me from a sleep I hadn't realized I was entering and I found my cheek pressed against the fingerprint smeared glass of the cab window, making a note to wash my face before bed. The outside of our apartment was in darkness and with my forehead pressed against the door for balance and using my phone for illumination, aligned the key with the hole and entered. Proud of myself for navigating the threshold relatively noiselessly.

Well after midnight I wasn't surprised to see our living room in darkness but as I passed the kitchen, the light from the fridge illuminated a familiar red satin nightie my wife often wore, her barely covered ass and legs, protruding from inside the doorway.

Nothing more alluring than a drunk man reeking of alcohol feeling you up from behind unexpectedly, I mused as I silently entered and crept up behind her.

"Looking for this?" I romantically whispered as I rounded the open door, one hand diving between her legs from behind, cupping her surprisingly

panty-less groin, my fingers pressing hard into the lips of her labia. The other sought out a boob, immediately feeling the hardness of a nipple amid the softness of her breast.

Two things entered my mind even before I realized my mistake. Pubic hair and big boobs.

My wife had neither.

"Oh God Darling, no! It's me!" The startled, familiar, yet out of place voice answered and I hurled myself backwards in shock. It was not my wife!

"Jesus Christ, Mom!" I gasped, clutching the bench-top behind me for support. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

She turned to face me as the light in the hallway came on, followed instantly by the kitchen's and Jacinta entered tying a robe around herself, far more suitably dressed than my fifty five year old mother.

"Language Alex," Mom chastised me before closing the fridge behind her and approaching. The kiss she gave me on the cheek had more gravity considering what had just occurred and I looked back at my wife for an explanation.

"She's staying with us for a little while," Jacinta acknowledged my dumbfounded expression. "It's what I was going to tell you earlier."

I wished she had! I looked back at Mom, clearly wearing my wife's nightie, her breasts straining against the satin.

"Oh, I borrowed this to sleep in," Mom acknowledged where my eyes had settled. "Jacinta offered it!" She followed up as if excusing the sexy nature of the attire.

I was still coming to terms with feeling up my own mother and shook my head to clear out irrelevant thoughts. "Ok, first things first. Mom. I didn't know it was you, I swear," I offered, feeling my face redden and she smiled dismissively. I noticed Jacinta cock her head, brow furrowing out of the corner of my eye and I didn't look forward to explaining what had happened moments before. "Secondly, why aren't you at home?"

It was a fair enough question. Her house, my family home being only a few suburbs away, what she was doing staying in our one bedroom flat was a pertinent issue.

"There was a sinkhole," she matter of factly replied and I had to ask her to repeat it to enable my inebriated mind to register. "A sinkhole," she explained. "It happens!"

"In Florida!" I challenged. "Not in L.A."

"Apparently the mains had been leaking for an extended period," Jacinta contributed. "So the fire department says anyway."

"And this happened today?"

"This afternoon," Mom admitted. "It was all I could do to get out alive!"

"Well not exactly," Jacinta brought some levity. "I picked her up. The rear of the house has definitely sunk and we're prohibited from entering."

"I had to leave all my stuff!" Mom added.

"Hence the..."

"...Nightie," my wife and I spoke simultaneously.

The events of the previous minute had done a great job of sobering me up and I poured a glass of water from the tap to encourage it.

"I'm sure I'll only be here a night or two," Mom detailed as I turned back to look at her. It was uncomfortable considering her attire. The nightie I'd bought Jacinta myself, choosing it because of its sexiness. That it was on my mother and that to be honest, she was wearing it so well, was disturbing in a whole manner of ways.

"Exactly Kathy," Jacinta agreed. "Who knows, we may even be able to go inside tomorrow and get you some clothing."

"So you didn't even have time to grab anything?" I skeptically questioned.

"No!" Mom replied. "One minute I was...well, occupied, and the next the walls are moving and the floor was caving in beneath me."

"Fuck," I conceded.

"Alex; language," Mom scolded me. "All I had was a sheet around me!"

"What?" I looked at Jacinta as I noticed her nodding.

"It's true, but don't worry Kathy, you can borrow anything of mine while we get you back on your feet," Jacinta offered.

"So you're on the couch?" I asked, trying to get the whole situation square in my head. How Jacinta thought this could wait until I arrived home I'd never know?

"Yes, you won't even know I'm here I promise," Mom proposed.

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"All the pajamas you own and you give her THAT nightie to wear?" I whispered to Jacinta as I came out of our en-suite bathroom.

"I didn't, she chose it!" She defended herself in equally hushed tones. "What happened in the kitchen?"

I felt myself blush again and was thankful the room was in low light.

"Oh God, I don't even want to talk about it," I offered.

"One moment I hear you banging at the front door and the next, your mother's screaming!"

"She wasn't screaming!" I defended myself. "And I thought I was pretty quiet coming in!"

"Are you serious?" Jacinta chuckled.

I climbed into bed beside her and she turned off the bedside lamp, the room plunging into relative darkness.

"So she was naked when you got there?" I enquired.

"Uh huh, the Fire Department had given her one of those shiny blankets. Seriously, all she was wearing was a bed sheet," Jacinta elaborated.

I pictured Mom wearing the satin nightie, her nipples standing to attention from being half way inside the fridge. Then (innocently of course) picturing what she'd have looked like wrapped only in a sheet and quickly tried to put it out of my head.

Jacinta snuggled into my side and I placed an arm around her.

"What else have you given her to wear?" I asked, kissing the top of my wife's head.

"Nothing yet, why?"

"Oh nothing," I paused. "It's just she's a little, you know, more, you know?" I stumbled.

Jacinta turned her head up to face me and even in the darkness I could see she was smiling. "No. What?"

"I don't know, more...busty."

She laughed and returned her head to the previous position. "Oh you noticed? God Alex, she was literally falling out of my nightie."

Another thing I noticed was Jacinta's hand that had been absently stroking my stomach had crept onto my swelling cock.

"Will you have to lend her underwear?" I tentatively proposed.

Another hushed laugh and she kissed my chest. "I mean I guess; she won't fit my bras obviously. I'm sure she'll go buy something if we can't get into the house anyway. What's with this?" Jacinta changed the subject, easing my now fully erect cock from my shorts. "You can never get hard after one of your drinking sessions!" She observed.

"I don't know," I admitted, loathe to think it was the images of Mom in my wife's underwear that had encouraged it. "What did you expect, you were touching it!?"

"Hmm," Jacinta mused. "Wouldn't be all this talk of panties and boobs would it?" She questioned as she began slowly masturbating my length.

I didn't have the chance to confirm or deny as a light knocking came from the door before it partially opened.

"Yeah Mom?" I called across the room as Jacinta pulled the sheet across my cock.

"I'm sorry to bother you two," she whispered for some reason. "It's just I need to use the ladies."

"Go right ahead Kathy," Jacinta answered for me, I noticed not removing her hand from around my dick.

The light came on in the bathroom and I again caught the sight of my mother from the rear, this time from a lower perspective. The satin nightie stretched taut, barely covering her buttocks. No wonder I'd found her pussy so accessible I mused as Jacinta resumed tugging on my cock.

"What are you doing?" I whispered. "She's right there." I added as the distinct sound of a woman urinating filtered through the thin walls. Not any woman urinating I noted, my mother.

"I know," Jacinta breathed, lifting her mouth up to mine.

Was it the forbidden nature of our actions, kissing, masturbating, with my mother in the next room? Was it the risk of being caught? Was it the memory of similar when we were both still teens, behaving inappropriately behind our parent's backs? Who knows? But as we kissed, the sound of my mother pissing and my wife furiously jacking me off, the inevitable occurred and I began to cum.

Cumming quicker, more intensely than I could remember. Jacinta moaned in my mouth as she felt it shower her, her grip loosened as my seed lubricated the shaft though her hand refused to slow.

"Fuuuck, " I sighed as staggered breath left my lungs, my hips thrusting to accentuate the orgasm. The toilet flushed and Jacinta slid down in the bed lifting the sheet across my torso to hide the evidence of the crimes committed.

The door opening, the bed illuminated by the bathroom light. Did she notice? Jacinta barely able to keep from giggling as I watched Mom reach to turn off the light-switch, the curve of her breast beneath her raised arm.

"I'll leave you to it," Mom whispered.

"Goodnight Mom," I offered feeling cum running from my stomach down my side to the sheet below.

"Good night Kathy," Jacinta chorused, rising up to kiss me again even before Mom had completely left the room.

"You're so bad!" I scolded her as I tried to lower my shorts.

"Just following your example," she defended herself. "What are you doing?"

"I'll use them to clean up."

"Ugh don't bother, I have to change the sheets tomorrow anyway," she whispered, nestling again into my side, comfortable to fall asleep in the aftermath of my orgasm.

*

I awoke to the sound of the toilet flushing and immediately thought of my mother. Jacinta exited the bathroom and noting I probably looked the way I felt, smiled. "I'll get you a coffee!"

"What's the time?"

"Nearly eight."

"I'll get up," I stated. Upon rising I didn't feel nearly as bad as I usually did after one of those nights. Probably due to the events upon arriving home. Throwing a t-shirt on I followed Jacinta into the kitchen.

"See if Kathy wants a cup?" She proposed and with the sun well up I walked to the living room.

Expecting Mom to already be up and about, I was surprised to see her still under the sheet on the couch. Well partly. With her back to me, the sheet

riding up on her hip, her entire rear was left uncovered. I say rear but to be clear, it was her ass. The satin nightie had ridden up to her lower back leaving both buttocks and the tops of her thighs exposed. The pale skin smooth, the dark shadow of the crack between, stark, enticing, almost beckoning for someone (me?) to explore.

Having marched in confidently, I now retreated slowly. Loathe to wake her lest she discover her indiscreet state. Walking backwards my eyes remained on her bottom. My brain telling me to look away, my libido overriding all moral and ethical dilemmas and demanding I stare at my mother's exposed (and I wasn't shy to admit,) gorgeous ass.

It was only when I reached the kitchen did I realize I had an erection.

"I hope your mother didn't see that," Jacinta commented immediately she laid eyes upon me.

"Ah, no," I stammered. "She's still asleep. It's just my morning erection." I lamely defended its presence and Jacinta raised an eyebrow.

"About two hours late!?" She observed, and I prayed wouldn't find a reason to go into the living room and discover my inspiration. "Here's your coffee."

*

The house looked worse than the description I'd been given and Mom was particularly upset by its appearance in the cold light of day. A temporary fence had been set up around the property by the utility company, partitioning off the obviously dangerous sinkhole. The rear of the house had completely sunk into the ground, Jacinta explaining it was far advanced than when they'd left.

"All my things," Mom observed. "The furniture, the crockery, my clothes. Oh goodness Alex, even your childhood toys, we were saving them for your

kids. Oh no, the photos!" She was becoming more emotional the more she thought of what was inside the house. Literally sinking before our eyes. I put my arm around her and she accepted the embrace, resting her head on my shoulder.

"It can all be replaced Mom, don't worry. And remember Jacinta and I digitised the photos a few years ago," I consoled her. I stroked the skin of her upper arm, the yellow floral sun dress of my wife's leaving her shoulders bare. It was funny. If not for the ample cleavage I ashamedly spied as I comforted her and the fact Jacinta was walking towards us, wearing that dress it felt I may've in fact been hugging my wife.

"So there's conjecture whether it's the city's fault or ours," Jacinta explained after discussing the sinkhole with a representative on site.

"How could this have been my fault?" Mom made a sweeping gesture in the direction of what was my family home.

"They're just trying to pass the buck Kathy," my wife's legal mind came into play. "It's not your fault. You would've seen excessive water use on your bill if there was a leak and it must have been substantial as far as the fire department are concerned."

"So will my insurance cover it?" Mom asked.

"Well, they'll have to cover your contents but the house itself, the land. It should be left to the city to compensate you," Jacinta advised. "Don't worry," she reached out and touched my Mom's hand. "We'll take care of you, won't we Alex?"

*

"And you're sure you don't want to go clothes shopping?" Jacinta asked Mom as we arrived home.

"I couldn't bear it," Mom maintained, clutching a shopping bag of toiletries. "You don't mind me wearing your clothing for the time being do you Love?"

"No not at all," Jacinta honestly declared. "It's kind of fun. Like a sister I never had," she admitted.

I thought of the post shower morning. Mom wrapped in a towel asking Jacinta which of her panties she could wear? My wife declaring 'any' but entering the bedroom with her as I watched from the kitchen, imagining them inspecting the lingerie drawer. Passing panties between them. Did my wife possibly choose which knickers my mother was wearing? I know she decided upon the dress, hearing her suggest she'd look good in it. And she did. And there was nothing wrong with a son admiring the way his mother looked, I concluded.

"Let me help you with that," Mom offered when Jacinta mentioned stripping the bed as I was preparing lunch.

"Oh that's not necessary Kath," my wife declared and I wondered if she was thinking about the dried residue from the night before. "You just relax."

"I can't," Mom stated. "I feel like a third wheel. Please let me contribute," she appealed and not surprisingly, Jacinta relented.

From the kitchen I could overhear their conversation, Mom remarking how large our King sized bed seemed compared to the couch.

"Oh gosh it's comfy," she stated and I wondered how much changing of sheets was going on in there?

"You want mayo on your sandwich Mom?" I called and followed up by walking to the door of the bedroom to hear the answer. My timing couldn't have been more impeccable as Mom, on all fours up on the bed had her ass

aimed squarely at me. I no longer needed to imagine the panties she'd chosen as I gazed upon my wife's white lace boy-shorts, now decking the ample buttocks of my mother. Half her cheeks exposed below the french cut, the sun dress sat up on her lower back almost as if purposefully placed. Between her thighs, the bulge of pussy, tempting me behind the gusset.

I reminded myself it was Mom and wrenched my eyes from her bum to my wife across the other side of the bed, smirking at me as she followed their progress to her own. I felt myself blush at being so blatantly caught red handed creeping on my mother but Jacinta didn't dwell, moving on to removing the pillow cases. Mom however turned her head when she felt my presence.

"Oh I'll take it any way you give it to me Darling!" She suggested and Jacinta struggled to stifle a laugh. "Oh that didn't come out right did it?" Mom acknowledged, seemingly suddenly aware of the position she was in and backed off the bed. "Mayo will be lovely Alex," she followed up and I thought it was the first time in my life I actually saw my mother blush.

*

We wanted to give Mom some time alone and early afternoon Jacinta and I took a walk around the neighborhood. Our hands held, even so there was an awkward silence between us for some minutes before my wife broke the deadlock.

"So which ones did she choose?" She questioned and I knew immediately of what she spoke.

"What?" I stalled. "Which what?"

"Oh come on Alex, my panties!" She laughed as she swung my arm playfully.

I felt my collar burning as I pictured my mother upon the bed.

"Ah, the white lace boy-shorts," I admitted my infraction.

"Hmm, you see a pattern?" Jacinta posed.

"What?"

"Well first the satin nightie," Jacinta stated. "Now a pair of my most sexy panties. She could've chosen any of those cotton ones."

"What are you suggesting?" I asked. "And why are we even talking about what panties my mother has on?"

Jacinta was silent a moment longer.

"I'm just saying, she seems to be going out of her way to look sexy," she declared.

"Maybe she just likes nice things," I proposed but was curious myself why Mom had borrowed those items in particular.

"Remember what we spoke about a while ago?" Jacinta cryptically asked and though it was vague, I knew exactly to what she referred.

"You mean about getting a dog?" I joked, deferring the conversation.

She laughed but her hand gripped mine a little more tightly.

"No. You know what I'm talking about," she steered me back.

And I did. An unfulfilled fantasy we had both harboured from the time we met. Never having the courage to go through with it. That she was raising it now could only mean one thing and involving only one other person.

"Babe, you're not serious?"

Jacinta stopped our progress and turned to face me.

"Alex. I noticed you've been looking at her," Jacinta stated.

"She's my mom!"

"How hard you were last night!" She countered. "This morning. What you don't think I knew half her ass was sticking out from underneath the sheet!?"

"Jacinta I..."

"Shh. It's ok. It's kind of a turn on," Jacinta confided. "Sharing underwear with her. Having her right there when I was masturbating you. It's hot."

"I say again, she's my mother!"

"And that's what would make it work!" Jacinta proudly proposed. "We haven't done it because we've always been scared another girl could come between us. It'd be entirely different with family!"

I struggled to believe what I was hearing. "Yeah. It would be incest!" I challenged and Jacinta rolled her eyes.

"It's consensual, it doesn't count," she immediately countered.

"You're serious!" I studied her and she seemed adamant. "Tell me you're joking?" I followed up and under such close scrutiny, I saw her face crack.

"Well yeah," she admitted. "Of course I'm joking," she laughed, I noticed rather awkwardly and she turned from me to continue walking.

I felt like a dick. She wasn't joking at all. She'd laid herself bare before me and too proud to admit my own confused feelings over the last day I'd embarrassed her into feigning a prank. Made her feel a pariah. But how could I admit I shared her interest? It wouldn't be her having sex with a family member, it would be me. No matter her opinion on the matter, I

would be the one committing incest. And what was I even thinking? Why the hell would my mother want to participate anyway?

The walk home was quieter than ever.

*

Mom had tidied around our apartment whilst we were out, offering to make us coffees when we arrived home.

"You were meant to be taking it easy while you're here Kathy," Jacinta chastised her as Mom arched her spine, pressing her fingers into the small of her back.

"Oh I'd go mad just sitting around," she defended herself.

"Did you hurt your back cleaning Mom?" I asked as she handed me a mug.

"No, to be honest and don't think I'm not grateful, but I think it was the sofa," she diagnosed.

"Oh really?" I remarked, my mind picturing her bare butt on the edge, Jacinta having obviously seen the same.

"Well you can't sleep there tonight," Jacinta declared. "You can take our bed."

I looked across to Jacinta wondering where she in fact thought we'd be sleeping instead but Mom was first to object.

"I will not!" She bluntly stated. "I'm not kicking my son and daughter out of their bedroom."

"You two could share," I offered. "I can take the couch."

"Nonsense," Mom again protested. "I could probably find a cheap hotel nearby."

"Oh no Kathy," Jacinta denied. "We don't want you alone right now, do we Alex?"

I shook my head in accordance with what I thought were Jacinta's wishes.

"No we'll think of something," she continued. "As you said Kathy, it's a King size. Worst things worse we could all fit in there together!" She laughed and her eyes flicked across to mine before looking back at Mom. "What say I open a bottle of red to breathe while we have a think?"

*

The third bottle was probably a mistake. Jacinta was quite drunk and Mom had become emotional talking about the family home and all our lost possessions, all the memories now sinking away. I consoled her as I'd done that morning, innocently placing an arm around her shoulder as we sat together on the couch, Mom enthusiastically accepting the affection and snuggling into my side.

"Mmm," she breathed in the scent of my t-shirt. "That's a welcome smell of the past."

"Ooohkay!" I chuckled, drawing away from her slightly in jest to which she playfully slapped my chest.

"So why were you naked Kathy?" Jacinta openly questioned as she unnecessarily topped up my mother's glass. "It was the afternoon!"

"Jac!" I scolded, raising my eyebrows.

"No it's okay Alex," Mom acquiesced. "I've not really told the whole story have I?"

She sat up from my side and I drew back my arm from around her as I noticed Jacinta lean forward in anticipation.

"I was in your old room Alex," she confessed and it immediately struck me as odd, linking her nudity and my old bedroom. "There was a groaning sound and then the walls were moving. I ran to the door but it wouldn't open."

"And you were nude?" My wife added, seemingly fixated on that aspect of the story more than any other.

"Uh huh, I took the sheet off the bed. By that stage the floor was sinking and I tried the window which thankfully opened and climbed out that way," Mom detailed.

"So you were in Alex's room, what, sleeping?" Jacinta interrogated.

"Oh no, it was only late afternoon," Mom answered, still not offering an explanation for her nudity. "I was," she lowered her eyes to the wine glass and I could see her blushing for the second time in the day. "Well I was...relaxing."

There was an extended moment of silence in the room before Jacinta broke it. "Oooh. I understand," she smiled as Mom raised her eyes. Jacinta making a locking gesture at her lips and throwing away the imaginary key.

I had no idea what was going on and said as much. "But why didn't you have clothes on?"

Both women looked to me incredulous.

"Oh Alex, really?" Jacinta laughed and Mom uncomfortably rose from the couch beside me, unsteady on her feet.

"Excuse me both of you. I really have to pee!" She bluntly stated and stepped over my outstretched legs on her way out of the room.

Both Jacinta and I followed her clearly inebriated progress, our eyes on the rear of her dress raised up onto her buttocks from sitting. The panties wedged tight between her peachy ass cheeks.

"Are you serious?" Jacinta asked as she came over and straddled my lap as Mom disappeared down the hallway.

"What?" I cupped her buttocks, her pussy pressing down onto my cock.

"Alex, your mother was in your room masturbating!"

The revelation came as a shock

"What?"

"You seriously didn't get that from the story she just told?" Jacinta asked me and I had to admit I hadn't.

"She said she was 'relaxing' or something," I explained. "That could mean anything."

Jacinta ground her groin hard along my growing erection.

"Baby, your mother was in your bed fingering herself!" Jacinta bluntly stated, leaning in and whispering the words into my mouth. "She essentially just admitted it."

My dick was reaching its full potential and I encouraged it by running my hands under Jacinta's dress, caressing her bare buttocks, the string of her thong running between them.

"She wants you Babe," my wife purred. "We both do!"

"I...you were serious today?" I questioned. "The threesome?"

Her enthusiastic nodding was answer enough but she followed it up.

"Look Alex, it's no big deal," she suggested. "The incest. Everyone's doing it."

"Everyone?"

"I've read about it. Especially mothers and sons."

"What about mother and son?" Mom asked from the entrance to the living room.

Jacinta pressed her cheek to mine as we looked at my mother.

"Oh just sleeping together!" My wife openly replied. "In the same bed I mean," she laughed.

Mom made a show of accentuating a yawn. "We didn't get around to talking about it, did we?" She stated. "I can sleep on the couch if it's a problem." She pressed her hands into her lower back to remind us of her pain.

"Nonsense Kathy," Jacinta replied

"I put last night's nightie in the wash, I'll just need to borrow something else to wear Dear," she proposed.

"Oh I'm sure we can find something," Jacinta delighted.

*

After getting myself a drink of water and rinsing the wine glasses I walked into our bedroom, Jacinta and Mom standing before my wife's dresser in debate. Entering the bathroom, I closed the door on their conversation but the separation did nothing to silence their congress.

"There's this one," I heard my wife propose as I brushed my teeth.

"Oh no, I get so hot at night," Mom declined.

"What about this? It's..." Jacinta's words were muffled by the sound of the running water and I didn't hear the rest of her comment. I heard the reply though.

"Oh goodness, it IS very sheer isn't it?" Mom returned and I wondered what my wife had offered her?

"Oh don't worry about it, it's only us here Kath," Jacinta reasoned. "You're not going out in public."

I lifted my t-shirt over my head and opened the laundry hamper and there they were.

"Jesus," I whispered to myself as I looked down on the panties my mother had been wearing. Ridiculously I felt an immediate stirring behind my fly and I looked up at my reflection in the mirror. She'd just taken them off, I rationalised. We'd seen her wearing them in the lounge room not ten minutes before. That very morning I'd seen her bare ass as she slept. Did Mom always go to bed 'commando,' so to speak? I looked back down at the white lace and then back at the bathroom door. It was locked. I was alone. No one would ever know, I reasoned.

With a shaking hand I reached down and gently swept the material, opening the panties up somewhat, exposing the gusset. They're your mother's! I internally screamed at myself but my cock gave me a big 'fuck you' by swelling in my pants. Oh what the hell, I thought and reached down, picking up the delicate item and drawing it from its home. They were still warm. The crotch damp. "Jesus," I repeated for the second time, all of a sudden seeming to have found religion as I raised them to my face.

Strong. Feminine. Pleasant. Too pleasant. I stretched out the front of my pants as I breathed in the scent of my mother's sex. This was wrong. So

wrong. But it felt so good. I closed my eyes for a second, imagining the source. Her pussy pressed to the lace, the material cinched between the cheeks of her ass, oh God, touching her asshole! Stop Alex, I yelled at myself, tearing the temptation from my face and throwing them back in the hamper, my t-shirt over the evidence.

I looked in the mirror and the erection tenting my front. "Oh no," I whispered at the thought of heading back out there in that state. I removed my pants and the pride displayed was even more noticeable. The option of quickly 'rubbing one out' to remove my problem came to me but I settled on (and pardon my over sharing) forcing myself to pee to reduce the swelling.

It 'sort of' did the trick, reducing my cock to a semi-erect state that would hopefully go unnoticed with a cursory glance and after flushing and washing my hands I breathed deep and headed back into our bedroom.

I needn't have been so thorough. With the overhead light off, Jacinta's reading lamp was all that illuminated the room and as I rounded the already occupied bed, I realized my erection probably would've gone unseen.

"So I guess I'm in the middle!" I stated as I climbed over my wife, Jacinta lifting the covers as I did so. She wore a little romper that she knew I loved her wearing, the material so silky to the touch and hugged her body perfectly.

"We wondered what you were up to in there," Mom commented. "Thought you might've fallen in!" She giggled to herself.

The lifting sheet revealed what Mom also was wearing to bed. If the red satin nightie had been Jacinta's sexiest, the white sheer babydoll she'd loaned Mom tonight, wasn't far behind. Laying on her back, it dropped just

below her hips and though the sheet didn't raise to expose her groin, it was clear she hadn't replaced her removed panties.

Almost immediately Jacinta turned off the lamp and the room plunged into darkness before slowly my eyes adjusted. Wife to the left of me, mother to the right, a pillow each on our king sized bed, I stared at the ceiling questioning the reality of my surroundings. We were just sleeping together. I told myself. Not 'sleeping' together. I was not about to have sex with my mother.

*

"...trapped!" The voice woke me from a deep sleep. I immediately reached to my left to comfort Jacinta in her dream or nightmare before I recalled my circumstance. My touch roused my wife before again Mom shouted in her sleep. "...can't open it. I'm sinking.." Her somniloquy continued, Jacinta turning on the lamp.

The sudden illumination brought Mom from her dream state but not before a final exclamation of horror as I assumed she perceived herself to be still in the house. "...help!" She screamed as she sat up in the bed, the covers falling from her chest. I sat up beside her and raised a hand to her shoulder as she looked at her surroundings, remembering where she was.

"Mom, it's ok," I consoled her. "You were dr.."

"I was dreaming," she cut me off.

"It's to be expected Kath," Jacinta added. "You've been through a traumatic experience."

"Oh God it was so real," Mom trembled and Jacinta nudged me.

I looked at her and she nodded towards Mom, making a wrapping gesture with her arms and I understood she was insinuating I embrace her. I'd done it before of course. At the house. Earlier that night when she'd become emotional. In fact I think I'd given my mother more hugs in the last two days than I had the last two years. But in bed? In bed when we were both half naked?

"Hey, come on Mom, lie down," I pulled back on her shoulder. "You're safe now, you're with us."

With sleepy eyes she gazed upon me and then Jacinta and allowed herself to fall back on the pillow.

"Oh Honey," she whispered. "It was so real."

"I know, but it was just a dream."

"I wonder," she began, turning her head to look again at Jacinta as if for consent before looking at me. "I wonder if you could hold me?" She asked. "Just until I fall back asleep."

"Of course he will," Jacinta sanctioned and enthusiastically nudged me again. Did she have to be so obvious, I wondered?

It was a surreal moment. Mom turned her back to me and as I moved my body closer to her, the lifting sheet revealed the nightie up around her waist, her bottom completely uncovered. Was she aware of how much of her body was on display I wondered? I didn't have long to contemplate as Jacinta turned off the light and with Mom's head lifted from the pillow awaiting my arm, I placed it under her neck and with the other, embraced her torso.

My chest pressed her upper back, my groin and legs far away from the rest of her body as I attempted to comfort her.

"Mmm," Mom sighed but seemingly not completely satisfied, shifted her hips back on the mattress.

Surely barely an inch separated us as Jacinta as well changed position, spooning me herself from behind. The motion caused my body to lean into my mother ever so slightly but it was enough for us to connect. I knew it was her bottom. What else could it have been? The soft fleshiness against my boxer shorts and the awakening monster that lurked within.

Again Mom shifted, her arm clutching mine to wrap around her middle, her warm soft belly, the silkiness of the babydoll. "Mmm, that's better," she sighed. "I feel so safe." As she said the words her ass pushed harder against my groin leaving no doubt she was agreeable to the intimacy.

Jacinta's entire body slid against me. Her breasts pressed hard into my back, her hand stroking my hip and thigh. When she kissed the back of my neck, I knew where this was headed and allowed the inevitable to occur. My dick swelling.

My arm beneath Mom's neck outstretched, I brought it back to hold her own, now securing her in a bear hug which she encouraged by once again sighing. Gently stroking her arm, she responded to the intimate touch by ever so slightly moving her bottom against me.

We were both being cautious. Overly so. If we looked upon the scene from outside, there was no doubt what was occurring here. Mother, son and wife. All barely dressed, in bed together. Embracing. There weren't too many explanations as to what could be going on but still the taboo about to be broken had to be approached with a degree of circumspection, the fallout if unsolicited, potentially monumental.

Finally, as my swelling became impossible to ignore, the charade dissolved. My cock pressed hard into my mother's buttocks and she responded accordingly, grinding herself along my length. The movement enabled Jacinta to come into the fold and I felt her arm reach further over my body to come in contact with my mother, her hand upon her bare hip. Mom sighed at the touch and as Jacinta had done to me, I pressed my lips to the back of Mom's neck.

I felt the goosebumps on her arms and in response, she gently took hold of my right hand and drew it down to her breast. It was now I that sighed as I felt her hard nipple in the centre of my palm, kissing my way from her nape to behind an ear.

My cock now striving to leave my shorts as it slid back and forth along my mother's ass crack, Jacinta came to its aid, wrenching my underwear down over my hips. Mom immediately felt the shift and took possession of my left hand, guiding it down her belly to stroke my fingers through her ample pubic hair and parting her thighs, the saturated pussy between. Yes, it was in fact the second night in a row I'd touched my mother's vagina, but tonight was far far different.

Her legs closed upon my fingers as I slid them against her sopping labia, my other hand now squeezing her breast with impunity, pinching her nipple between my thumb and index. Jacinta slid a hand between us, wrapping her fist around my cock as Mom turned her head further towards us.

My lips met her jaw as Jacinta stuffed my dick between Mom's legs, wiping the head against asshole, pussy. I kissed her cheek as her legs parted, allowing my fingers to delve further along her slit, parting her folds. I kissed her mouth as I found the underside of my cock and with Jacinta's help eased it inside my mother's body.

And just as easy as that, I was fucking my mother.

Her tongue met mine as her breath expelled with each thrust of my hips. My cock going deep, short quick penetrations with still not a word spoken between all three of us. The room dark grey, I could see her eyes twinkling. A fire behind them as hot as that in her pussy. She looked beyond me and I knew of what she sought, Jacinta quick to move in above my face, her mouth upon mine, upon my mother's.

It was too much, too fast, too soon. A three way kiss between my wife, my mother and I. My cock buried in my mom from behind. I felt on the verge of orgasm and wished I'd indeed taken care of it earlier that night. Again my mother's tongue entered my mouth and with fingers in her sodden pubic hair, a hand around a breast and my wife's body pressed to my back, the inevitable occurred.

They both knew it!

"Ohhh, fuck, fuck," I expelled breath as I released deep inside my mother. Each quick thrust of my groin against her ass accompanied by a surge of cum, a volcanic declaration of how turned on I was. Filling my mother's vagina with my seed. "Oh Jesus," I sighed as over and again I pulsed before finally I slowed my assault, Jacinta first to respond by sitting up. "Oh God, I'm sorry," I apologised to both of them as my cock slid out and Mom turned her body.

"You really just came!?" Jacinta placed a hand on my hip and even in the near darkness I could see the mocking look on her face.

"Yeah, I'm sorry," I repeated, attempting to hold back my laugh.

"It's ok Darling," Mom was quick to defend. "It was beautiful."

I rolled onto my back with an arm still around her as Jacinta turned on the bedside lamp, my cock slick with combined juices, losing its rigidity.

Jacinta dropped back by my side and ran her fingers along my length causing me to twitch.

"There's still some life in the little guy," she joked and my mother laughed in response, her face turning to mine. I expected her to say something profound in that we'd just made love, her eyes smiling as much as her mouth.

"I have to pee!" Mom admitted and it was I who now laughed. "What?" She added.

"Nothing," I replied, running fingers through her hair behind her ear. "I love you."

"I love both of you," Mom stated as she backed off the bed and skipped toward the bathroom, Jacinta and I watching her go, the babydoll sitting part way over her buttocks.

Only swinging the door closed behind her, it sat ajar, and as Jacinta and I kissed, the sound of my mother peeing once again filtered through. Jacinta's hand remaining on my cock, she felt it swell as I was stimulated by the kiss, her, and the noise.

"Oh! Well I know now what turns you on," she giggled into my mouth.

"No Babe, it's not..."

"It's ok," Jacinta condoned. "It's kind of hot."

The toilet flushed as I lowered Jacinta's romper below her breasts and we both looked back toward the bathroom door. Mom exited completely nude and it was the first time I could fully take her beauty in. Large breasts not

yet affected by the pull of time, wide hips and that luscious thatch of brown pubic hair. She'd tied her hair back and off her shoulders, she looked stunning.

"Alex was just admitting to me he likes the sound of you peeing Kath," Jacinta revealed as Mom climbed back onto the bed.

"Babe!" I protested but again Mom laughed.

"Ha, runs in the family," she cryptically responded and if she was alluding to my father, I didn't want to hear any more. "Well Honey," she leaned in and kissed me on the lips. "You can come and watch Mommy pee any time you like." To which my hard-on returned with a vengeance.

"While we're confessing things," Jacinta began. "Actually, could you take over here for a moment Kathy?" She interrupted herself as she took her hand from my cock and began removing her romper.

"Oh of course Dear," Mom was eager to help out, wrapping her hand around my now once again fully erect penis and casually masturbating.

"What were you saying?"

Jacinta slipped her legs from her pajamas and tossed them aside, now leaving us all fully naked.

"Oh just that we've probably all got things to confess," Jacinta elaborated. "Like did you know Alex was looking at your ass while you were on the couch this morning?"

If it was humiliate your husband day, Jacinta was doing a fine job, but I didn't mind. It was all fun.

"Well I hoped he had," Mom giggled. "I wasn't really sleeping!"

"What?" I exclaimed, more embarrassed by this revelation than the previous. "You knew I saw your bum?"

"Well I did it on purpose," she smiled.

Jacinta's hand joined my mother's and entwined, their fingers stroked the length of my cock from base to head.

"So that's why you weren't wearing panties?" I enquired.

"Oh no, I never wear panties to bed," she matter of factly responded.

I looked at Jacinta and placed a hand on her thigh. "Baby I have to tell you about last night, when I got home. About what happened in the kitchen."

"Oh she already knows Alex," Mom conveyed. "We chatted whilst you were passed out in the morning! Just before you came and saw me actually."

Admittedly I was shocked. "What else have you been talking about?" I asked.

"This," Jacinta openly stated and I understood she was referring to the threesome.

I felt a little deceived. Why hadn't they just spoken to me directly? And then I realized Jacinta had. And I'd turned the idea down.

"Mom," I challenged now that almost everything was out in the open.

"What's the deal with you being naked during the sinkhole?"

She looked at Jacinta who rolled her eyes at my ignorance.

"I thought I told you earlier Alex," she stated. "I was masturbating in your room."

"Seriously?"

"Yes Darling," she looked at me almost pityingly. "I've been doing it for years. Even when you were living there!" She added the tantalising fact.

"What?"

"Uh huh!" She smiled. "Your father, God rest his soul, once almost caught me. Came in from doing the lawns to see me leaving your bedroom naked," she giggled before looking at Jacinta. "I was so jealous of you Darling."

"You don't need to be now," my wife replied and to my delight they both leaned into each other above me. With hands around my cock, my wife and mother kissed in front of me. Gentle to begin, mouths opening and one tongue then the other participating. I had to be a part of this, I decided.

My hand already on my wife's thigh, I mimicked the touch on my mother, both hands caressing my women's bodies. The curve of hip, the softness of ass and the heat and moisture of pussy. Contrasting pussies. My wife smooth and hairless, Mom hirsute and both as wet. A combined sigh left them as I entered, the middle finger of each hand sliding between the labia of my lovers.

I needed to fuck one of them. Both of them! Taking charge as they continued to make out, I rose from my prone position and first joined their kiss before co-ordinating their pose.

None of us (I assumed) had been in this position before but what came seemed to evolve naturally as I coaxed Mom down onto her back. Jacinta followed her path downwards and her mouth homed in on my mother's pussy. The vagina I'd only moments before cum inside, my wife devoured as if her last meal. Spreading my mom's legs wide, Jacinta lapped at her clit like a puppy at a water bowl, my mother on her elbows looking on intensely. Stroking my cock I would've been content to just watch the scene

but my wife on all fours, ass in the air, offered me a temptation I couldn't resist.

Crawling behind her I admired the vision for a moment, legs spread, dripping pussy splayed and her asshole winking at me as if acknowledging how cool this all was. I needed a taste, and parting her labia further, I slid my tongue the length of her sex from bald pubic mound to asshole, aware of her penchant, poking my tongue into her tiniest opening which caused a guttural moan from the mouth between my mother's legs.

My cock twitched to remind me of its presence and I rose up once again, taking it in hand and pressing the head to the entrance of my wife's beautiful welcoming cunny. Inside, heat, moisture, perfectly clasping my size until I was fully penetrated, my pelvis to her ass. She slipped her face from Mom's vagina, resting her cheek on her belly as I repeatedly thrust, her mouth open in pleasure, lips and jaw slathered in my mother's and possibly my own goo.

My fucking pushed her body forward and incrementally as my mom stoked her hair, Jacinta mounted her mother-in-law. As if we'd planned it, Jacinta, one leg at a time climbed upon Mom's pelvis until her pussy, with my dick still implanted, rested above my mother's. Their faces now level, Mom welcomed Jacinta's mouth. The women once again kissing like seasoned lesbians.

"Oh fuck!" Jacinta exclaimed, her head tilting upwards as Mom kissed her jaw. "I'm cumming Baby," she exhaled as I felt her vaginal walls clasping my cock, her body shuddering. Continuing my action to not impact her orgasm I did think it ironic she'd cum in essentially less time than I had, but didn't want to ruin the moment by highlighting the fact.

Mom wrapped her arms around my wife as she came down from her climax, almost comforting the younger woman and I wanted to reward her. Pulling out I dropped lower, spreading my legs to aim my engorged cock once more at my mom's pussy. The sight I had as I leaned back was extraordinary. My cock sliding in and out of my own mother, my wife's pussy still quivering above, her ass begging to be caressed. I placed both hands on her buttocks and squeezed as I increased the rate of penetration of my mother, suddenly realizing what I could do and pulling out, directing Jacinta's vagina back onto me and entering my wife once again. Was I in heaven?

Back in my mother and my wife changing positions, jaw sitting amidst Mom's pubes, her ass seated upon my mother's face. I looked in the full length closet mirror, my mother spreading my wife's ass cheeks and gorging herself on pussy, asshole, whatever she could get her mouth upon. Jacinta put a hand between Mom's pussy and me, wrapping her fist around my lubricated cock as I withdrew and I understood what she wanted. Pulling out fully, I allowed her to take me between her lips, her mouth a defacto cunt as I continued thrusting with the same regularity and intensity. I'd never fucked Jacinta's face this way, my cock hitting the back of her mouth, entering her throat to the accompanying sounds of gagging. I pulled out in an avalanche of saliva and immediately plunged once more inside my mother, her gasping and sighing increasing as she pulled Jacinta's ass onto her face, smothering herself.

Again my wife demanded my cock and I obliged. Holding her head in place as I fucked her mouth, tears, saliva pouring from her onto my mother's crotch. Back in Mom, unexpectedly and she moaned in response, muffled by pussy and ass. "Baby," she managed to voice and I waited for her to go

on, not relenting my penetration. "Oh Baby, I'm..." She added and I thought I knew what her next words would be. I was wrong.

"Look out!" She exclaimed and Jacinta and I immediately understood to what she alluded. Her body shuddering below us, her legs well spread, Mom squirted around my cock, squealing in the process. Hot clear spray flooded my erection, squelching out as I continued to fuck. Again Mom squealed and I pulled out in a shower of her cum, Jacinta to my amazement falling forward in an attempt to catch it in her mouth. I enabled the act by pressing the underside of my cock to Mom's slit, her next orgasm spraying like a spigot around me in all directions, Jacinta's face coated in girl cream.

"Oh God," Mom inhaled as Jacinta let her up for air.

"Jesus," I echoed her sentiments as I leaned down to kiss my wife and taste the fruits of my labour. Jacinta wasn't done as our tongues entwined, reaching for my cock and grasping it tightly, her mouth left mine and she climbed backwards, Mom's face emerging flushed and smeared with cunt juice.

"Now you Baby," Jacinta coaxed as she lay down beside my mom. "Show us what you've got!"

With a leg between each of their spread thighs, my knees pressing against two dripping pussies, I took my cock in hand as they kissed. No stimulus would work greater than that which lay before me. My mom and wife seductively pressing their turned mouths together, tongues reaching for the other's as they in turn watched me jerk off.

This wouldn't take long. Obscenely, they rubbed their vaginas against my legs as I stroked my cock, pre-cum, traces of my last orgasm, dripping from the eye as I upped my rate. The slapping of my hand on cock, the excited

breathing of my lovers, my own staggered gasps the only sounds in the room. Pussies below me, breasts, tongues, mouths. And then. "Ohhh Fuuck!" I exclaimed as I climaxed. Jets of cum spraying across the belly, tits of my mother. I changed direction and coated Jacinta, holding my cock tight before letting it release once again in another surge of semen. A fountain of cum across her torso from neck to groin.

Giggling they watched me empty upon them. Mom squealing much as she'd done when she squirted as I sprayed a rope upon her pubes. "Oh man," I exhaled, spent, dropping to the mattress.

"Oh man indeed!" Mom repeated as she and my wife once again kissed, seeming to luxuriate in their cum bath.

I continued to casually stroke myself as still hard, I wondered if I had another in me so soon?

"So what now?" I asked, breaking their lustful make-out session, Mom's hand smearing my cum over my wife's breasts.

Jacinta looked down at my cock. "How about we go again in the shower?"

I smiled and nodded my approval but elaborated on my question. "I mean with us?"

As Mom had done to her, Jacinta reached across and smeared the rope of cum in Mom's pubic hair over her groin and down between her legs.

"Well I think Kathy, you should permanently move in with us, at least until this sink hole thing is sorted," Jacinta proposed without my input. "What do you both say?"

I for one was more than happy with the proposal. "I agree Mom. We don't want you staying in a hotel."

Mom, glistening with cum looked pretty content to stay exactly where she was and said so.

"I have two conditions though," I stated as the women rose to embrace me.

"Well three actually," I added. "One. You keep sharing Jacinta's clothing, if you don't mind Babe?" I looked at my wife to which she shook her head smiling. "Two. You sleep in this bed with us each night, no more bad backs on the couch!"

Mom agreed smiling. "And what's the third?" She asked as we headed toward the bathroom to shower.

"Oh that's right," I replied blushing. "What was this thing about letting me watch you pee?"

Mom and Jacinta laughed as hand in hand we entered the bathroom together.

"Oh I can do a bit better than that!" Mom stated as we entered the shower and the water works began.

The Best Defense

Gareth cursed when he saw the car parked across his mother's driveway, having to find a spot to park further down the street. Walking back to the house he was taken by the actual number of cars gathered together in the quiet neighborhood before he metaphorically slapped his face, recalling the reason.

His mother's self-defense class. Planned for weeks he would've arrived well after they'd wrapped up but for his boss sending everyone home early with little else to do at the work site. Casual laboring was good when the money flowed, but between jobs, he was struggling to make ends meet.

The load of washing under one arm, he skirted the front of the house and made his way to the back door, hoping to be in and out of his mother's laundry without being spied by the crowd gathered within.

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"That's right Vera," the instructor encouraged as the elderly woman yelled. "Use your voice. In some cases, just yelling as loud as you can is enough to scare off a predator. Followed up by a swift kick in the balls; am I right ladies?" She added and embarrassed laughs filled the living room.

Samantha heard her son's car slow down in the street outside, the rumbling engine of his classic Mustang immediately recognizable. Aware that he was bringing his laundry around, (inevitably for her to do although he always attempted it himself, albeit halfheartedly) she looked at the time on the wall, surprised he was there so soon.

When the door to the back of the house slammed, the eyes of the ten women and the instructor (all knowing full well Samantha lived alone, and all in a hyper state of vigilance) focused on her.

"Oh, it'd just be my son," she explained. "He lives alone but still brings his clothing back for his Mom to do of course!" She added and there was a chorus of understanding nods.

"But I'm glad that happened ladies," the instructor continued. "There's a lesson here. Keep your doors and windows locked. Even during the day and especially when you're alone. Now let's all get back in pairs and practice some of the techniques we've learned today."

Before Samantha could team up once more with her next-door neighbor, the young instructor approached smiling.

"I'm really sorry Jeff couldn't come along Ms. Bliss," she apologized.

"These things always work better with a man to practice on," she added.

"Oh not to worry Hon," Samantha dismissed. "We've all learned so much, it's been wonderful."

"Well I'm glad. Even the smallest piece of knowledge in how to defend yourself is better than nothing," she stated. "But I was wondering, you said it was your son?"

"Uh huh, that's right, Gareth," Samantha confirmed.

"Ok. And how old is he?" the instructor asked, elaborating when Samantha furrowed her brow. "Just I was wondering if he'd be willing to help out here, only for a few moments. It'd be great to give the girls a 'real man' to practice on. Before we finish up. Do you think he'd be game?"

"Well I can only ask," Samantha replied. "If not, I can twist his arm. I know how to do that now!" She laughed as she touched the instructor's arm lightly before heading through the house.

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"Who's there?" Samantha shouted as she leapt around the doorframe of her laundry, standing in a karate pose.

"Shit Mom," Gareth exclaimed, jumping at his mother's sudden appearance. "Way to scare me half to death."

Laughing, Samantha approached and kissed him on the cheek, placing a hand on the pile of clothing upon the bench-top. "I'll do them if you do me a favor," she smiled.

"Anything," Gareth grinned back, loathe to do his own laundry.

"Well you obviously know we're doing our self-defense course; I'm guessing it's the reason you came through the back way," she raised her brows until Gareth confirmed with a nod. "Well the instructor's partner couldn't come along, a sore back or something. We were wondering if you could possibly come and help out for a few minutes?"

Gareth grimaced at the idea. Being a crash test dummy for a bunch of middle aged and elderly women all hyped up on adrenaline, didn't sound like the most alluring of ways to spend his free afternoon. That was until the instructor appeared.

Dressed in the tightest of workout wear, she held the doorframe as she broke in on their conversation, mother and son's eyes falling upon her.

"Hi, um, Gareth is it?" She smiled and Gareth was already imagining their wedding. She held out her hand as she entered the laundry and he was quick

to take it, careful not to squeeze too tightly as he enveloped his mitt around hers. "I'm Mandy. The instructor. Don't know how much your Mom has told you but we could really use your help."

"Gladly," he responded, Samantha all of a sudden feeling like a third wheel in the presence of the younger couple.

"Fantastic," Mandy beamed, her free hand joining their connection, almost intimately. "Jeff couldn't make it this time. A bulging disc, the doctor said. So, he's off for a few weeks and it's just me flying solo. It really does work better when the girls have a man to practice upon. You'd be doing me a great favor!"

"It's nothing, I'd be happy to," Gareth smiled, their hands finally breaking apart although on his behalf, reluctantly. "This bulging disc. It didn't happen during one of the classes did it?" He laughed as they began to head back through the house, Samantha following, now definitely the third wheel.

"Oh no," Mandy laughed. "No. He did it putting together our baby's crib," she stated, pausing to rub her belly, both Gareth and Samantha seeing the gold wedding band on her ring finger. Samantha deriving a great deal of pleasure out of the display though she couldn't think why? "We're two months pregnant," Mandy continued, clearly ecstatic. "Oh. I should've said, Jeff's my husband!"

Yeah, she should've said, Gareth thought as he and his mother congratulated her. He wondered if it wasn't too late to back out and head back into the laundry? When they reached the living room, furniture removed, mats upon the floor and ten greying senior and elderly women awaiting their arrival, he wished he had.

"So, girls, Samantha's strapping son Gareth has thankfully volunteered to assist," Mandy informed the group and there was a chorus of approving sighs, even a wolf whistle from one of the oldest in the room to which laughter broke out and Gareth immediately thought himself in a meat market, he the prime rib. Mandy once more touched his arm, this time in reassurance. "Don't worry, we'll go easy on you Babe," she attested.

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It actually turned out not to be so bad. First going through what he was expected to do with Mandy, Gareth ended up enjoying helping out the women. Laughing as much as them as he allowed himself to be incapacitated by women sometime upwards of seventy years old. It was a strange notion when it came to him, that apart from himself and Mandy, his mother at 55 years old was clearly the youngest in the party and as she bent back his little finger and forced him to his knees, easily the most sprightly.

"Ok great," Mandy encouraged. "So that's if a man comes at you from the front. But what about from behind?"

Getting back to his feet with Mandy's assistance, Gareth awaited further instructions as he enjoyed her hands upon him. Married or not, two months pregnant or not, she was ridiculously attractive and just being so close to her was compensation enough for helping out.

Standing before him, Mandy took Gareth's arm and wrapped it over her shoulder, demonstrating a sleeper hold. Under the watchful eyes of his mother, Gareth did his best not to press his groin against the woman but as she cinched his arm around her throat, bringing up his other arm to secure the lock, her body pushed back and he found his cock grazing her ass.

There was nothing to her, thin arms and legs. Barely an ounce of fat upon her body and the baby clearly not yet showing, yet as quickly as she'd wrapped his arms around herself, Gareth found himself thrown over her shoulder and looking up at a room of excitedly cheering women.

Helping him up once more, Mandy addressed the room. "Ok so that is how easy it can be," she explained. "And as women, with our lower centre of gravity, it's actually easier for us to hip toss a man than you'd think." She looked around the room and her eyes descended on Samantha.

"Ms. Bliss. How about you demonstrate on your son for us all to wind up the day?"

"Oh really?" Samantha blushed, though moved into position. Gareth allowed Mandy to take his arm and lift it over his mom's shoulder as she'd done with herself. Her hand upon his lower back, she pushed him into his mother's body.

It was an awkward moment, probably not noticed by anyone else in the room but the two it concerned. Mandy seemed not to comprehend the situation as she explained the science behind the move, the fact it was more a trip than a throw, her hands on mother and son as she went through the mechanics. Unaware of how close their bodies were pressed, or if aware, unconcerned.

Samantha was aware. Taller than her by a good six inches, her son's arms embraced her tightly around the chest, his bicep below her chin. But it was his body she really felt. Not in ten years had a man held her so close. So close that she could feel the unmistakable softness of what was (though she tried to put it out of her mind) her son's penis. Pressed to her bottom, softer than the muscled flesh of his thighs and stomach, it sat snugly between her

cheeks as if designed perfectly to be there. Was he aware? She wondered. How could he not be?

Gareth was in a world of hurt. Her body was so unlike Mandy's. Fleshy, supple, pliable. But though the words could've been disparaging, as he was forcefully pushed against her by Mandy, he found himself attracted to the feeling. Her large breast as his forearm crossed her chest. The swell of her waist as he balanced himself behind her with his other hand, and then, the softness of her bottom. 'Your mother's bottom,' he reminded himself as his pelvis pressed into her. Did she push back? However it happened, his cock delved between her cheeks, sitting inside the crack of her loose track pant covered ass like the wheel of a bike in a rack.

The smell of her hair, the gentle lift of her breast as she breathed. Not seeing her face, she could've been anyone. His arms around an older woman. An attractive older woman at that. For although he didn't want to think of it then and there, she in fact was. 'Hottest mom,' his friends had awarded him the unwanted prize at school. Friends that had always clambered for a lift home with him. To spend time with her in the car. To smell her perfume and fuel teenage fantasies. Fantasies where they no doubt held her from behind, arms around her body, cock pressed to her ass.

Oh God, Gareth exhaled as his cock swelled.

"Now," Mandy yelled and Samantha used what she'd been shown, what she'd practiced on her smaller next-door neighbor, and hip tossed her son over her back to fall upon the mat. But not before she felt 'it.'

It definitely wasn't in her imagination. Some shameful wishful thinking as she'd contemplated the feeling of a man's penis between her ass cheeks. Any man's. No, her son's cock, (for that was what she had begun to think of it as) had moved. Not just moved. It had hardened. Though so many years

since she'd felt it, she couldn't forget what 'that' felt like. The flattering feeling of a man's arousal as it pressed one's body. She was shocked at herself for how much she realized she missed the sensation, the emotions it provoked, her own arousal. For though it was over almost instantaneously, it left a lasting legacy. Something she couldn't easily ignore. Her panties were wet.

On his back, Gareth didn't want to look her in the eye, accepting Mandy's hand in assistance when it was offered to rise to his feet. He didn't hear the claps for his mother and barely acknowledged the compliments he received from the women as they left, their thanks for him participating. His mind was solely preoccupied with what had just happened. He'd pressed his cock between his mother's butt cheeks and began to get an erection. An erection that had subsided straight away as reality hit along with his body upon the mat. Maybe she didn't notice? He hoped.

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"That was great," Mandy praised as he helped load the last of the mats into the rear of her truck. She reached inside her vehicle and pulled out a fold of bills, separating a fifty from the stack. "That's for your time," she smiled, offering the note to Gareth.

"No that's fine," Gareth held up his hands. "It was my pleasure really," he declined the money though it would go a long way to helping out.

Mandy wasn't offended as she took back the money. "Alright then, What about a job?"

"What?"

"As I said, my husband's out of commission for the next few weeks, I do one of these every couple of days, are you interested?"

"Are you serious?"

"Totally," She smiled. "You were great in there. You know how to take a fall, the ladies seem to like you. I need the help. What do you say?"

"I say, sure." Gareth held out his hand to shake on it, Mandy instead leaning in to kiss his cheek before swapping phone numbers with her newly found business partner.

Samantha watched the altercation from the window of the house, an overlooked mat under her arm. Having the intention to take it out but stopping when she saw the contact. He wasn't hard for me, she reasoned as she watched her son walk back toward the house. It was 'her' he imagined as his cock had pressed her ass. Nothing to do with me, she concluded as she caught her reflection in the window. And why would it? She asked as she saw the loose grey track pants she wore, the unflattering t-shirt. That her son hadn't been aroused by her should have come as a comfort, to Samantha's shock it stabbed her in the heart.

Gareth climbed the steps to the house and from the corner of his eye thought he saw a shadow at the window overlooking the front yard. Mom? He wondered. Was she looking at him with disgust, horror that he'd pressed his cock against her, had hardened? Opening the front door, he dreaded looking her in the eye.

"So that was fun," Samantha welcomed Gareth back inside the house, her eyes following his as he looked at the rolled mat under her arm. "Oh, she forgot one."

"That's ok, I can give it to her when I see her," Gareth stated.

"When YOU see her? We have another class here next week."

"No, I'll catch up with her before then," Gareth beamed.

It was as she assumed, Samantha thought. Marriage, pregnancy be damned. The little hussy was planning on seeing her son behind her sick husbands back. The final piece in the 'erection pressed to her ass' puzzle solved.

"She's offered me a job. Part time of course. Just doing what I did here today. Thrown on my back by a bunch of senior citizens!" Gareth laughed.

It took Samantha by surprise. "Oh. Oh, so you're not," she paused. "When I saw you two kiss, I..."

"You jumped to conclusions," Gareth again laughed and watched as his mother blushed, something he wondered if he'd actually ever seen before?

Of course it didn't mean Gareth wasn't attracted to the woman, Samantha thought, but at least there was no romantic connection between the two. Maybe it hadn't even been Mandy that had caused her son's 'reaction,' she allowed to enter her mind. What if it had been her all along? She could still feel the slipperiness inside her underwear, remembered well the feeling of his cock snugly between her buttocks. Could it happen again? She pondered.

"I'm kinda glad Mandy forgot the mat," Gareth stated, trying not to look at his mother's ass as she placed the mat back down against the wall, but failing. The line of her underwear appeared through the grey material of her pants and he ridiculously wondered what color panties his mom wore?

"Oh, why?" Samantha asked, turning and catching a glimpse of his eyes darting up from her bottom. Or was she imagining it?

"We can practice," he replied. "Mandy did say to you all to try it out with willing participants in the meantime. And I could use some practice in taking the falls. It's a win win."

"You want to do it again?" Samantha was barely able to contain her excitement. Was it wrong to desire his arms around her once more? To possibly again feels his dick. Her son's penis, maybe hard for her? She cared not as a warm feeling crept through her body. "When, now?"

"Why not?" Gareth declared. Why was he doing this? The last thing he wanted was to again be in contact with her. To be in 'that' position again. The probability of his cock once more letting him down and swelling as he pressed himself against her. Or did he secretly desire it?

"Oh, well, ok," Samantha stammered, her heart racing. "Just let me go to the bathroom first. Won't be a minute."

In her bedroom she looked at herself in the full length mirror and was disappointed at what she saw. She knew she was thinking irrationally, Gareth wasn't evaluating her appearance, he was her son. He probably couldn't even describe the clothes she had on, but she wished she had something like Mandy had worn. Something tight that showed her curves. Slightly overweight, she wasn't ashamed of her body, just hadn't the desire to show it off for years.

Her hair tied back, no make-up on, there wasn't much she could do with so little time but refresh her perfume. The idea of putting some lipstick on came to her but she dismissed it as foolish. It was then she remembered the tank top, hurrying to her dresser and fishing out the item. It wasn't 'sexy' as such but it was certainly more attractive than what she currently donned.

T-shirt off tank top upon her arms before she halted, looking at her bra. Could she? Without another thought, Samantha removed her bra and slipped into the white singlet, diverting her eyes from the mirror when she clearly saw her nipples through the material. About to leave the room she thought of her underwear. The plain cream colored panties she could feel

getting wetter as the time passed. Should she change them? She wondered, before reality slapped her across the face. Your son isn't going to see your panties Samantha, she told herself. Get a grip woman.

Gareth watched the occasional car drive past as he looked out the window waiting for her. It'd be a test, he reasoned. You'll once more put your arms around your mother and this time nothing will happen. You are not sexually attracted to your mom! He affirmed. And then she entered.

"You changed!" He immediately noted as she stepped onto the mat in the middle of the room, his eyes struggling to not stare directly at her breasts barely contained by the thin cotton of her top. I can see her nipples! He told himself.

He noticed! Samantha exhaled. "Yeah I was a little sweaty," she explained, silently groaning at maybe providing too much information.

"Alright, what do you want to do first?" Gareth asked.

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He came at her more aggressively this time. On the fifth go at feigning attacking her from the front, he lunged at her, reaching for her throat, his mother countering and in an almost seamless display, turned his hand, then arm and forced him to his knees. With his arm almost vertical, Samantha bending his wrist to keep him under her control, his shoulder nudged her groin, pressing into the mound of her pubic bone.

It was the first time it had happened in each of the attempts, possibly a byproduct of the increased fervor of the assault, but each of them was aware of the contact. Their eyes met briefly as Gareth's hand was released, an awkward smile exchanged before she helped him once again to his feet.

"Ok so what if a creep comes up on you from behind?" Gareth signaled it was time to change the attack and Samantha turned her back to him in preparation.

This is it, she thought.

Don't get hard! Gareth told himself.

"We'll do it slowly first ok Mom," Gareth advanced.

"Whatever you say Darling," Samantha agreed, now just longing for the contact.

Once more, as Mandy had first instructed, Gareth placed his arm around his mother's chest, reaching up to hold her throat. His forearm pressed her breast, the unmistakable feeling of an erect nipple against his skin. Her perfume was stronger than before and he breathed her in deep as his cheek brushed against her hair, another scent coming to his senses. No, surely not, he mused, dismissing the unique and oh so pleasant smell of a woman's arousal.

God, she could smell herself! Samantha thought. Can he? His arm hugged her chest, his breath against her ear. She felt goosebumps break out down her spine before his body pressed against her back. And there it was again. Once more her son pushed his groin into her rear. More intimate now that they were alone. For a moment the mat wasn't there. They practiced no self-defense tactics. They were a man and woman embracing in the sanctity of their home. Lovers in the act of making love. To hell that they were mother and son. Who needed to know?

It wasn't the way he'd been shown. Instead of joining the hold around her neck with his other hand, Gareth wrapped his left arm around his mother's waist, pulling her body into him. His groin pushed into her bottom, his cock

swollen, semi hard, once more slipped between the cheeks of her ass. If she hadn't felt it last time, he reasoned, she'd definitely notice it on this occasion. He waited for her to throw him, bracing for the action which didn't come. The longer he held her the more stimulated he became. The smell of her hair. The lift of her breast with every breath. The swell of her belly and yes, the scent of her pussy. For that is what he was certain he breathed; her wet pussy. Wet for him.

Was she waiting for him to tell her to begin? It had been Mandy that gave the order last time to enact the throw. No. She didn't want the embrace to end. She wanted him to hold her forever. The longer he held her, the more she'd feel it. The more chance of him getting harder. It felt different down there she at least knew that. He was bigger. Thicker. His lips were so close to her ear, his breath on her neck.

And then it twitched.

They said nothing. What was to be said? Gareth allowed his cock to pulse again without pulling away. Blood rushing into his penis as it sat between her buttocks. A declaration as bold as could be made and Samantha accepted his proposal with relish, her bottom pushing back ever so slightly to encourage the growth. His left arm raised up her rib-cage to sit below her breasts, resting upon his forearm whilst he caressed her throat with his right hand. Harder, his cock became until it was dramatically poking the space between her thighs, desperate to be freed from his pants.

It was then she threw him. Taken off guard, Gareth went with the hip toss, landing upon his back to be looking up into his mother's eyes, her face flushed. She held her hand out for him to take and he graciously accepted her help before pulling her down onto him. Samantha did little to stop her fall, coming down atop her son, legs astride his hips. Her groin finding his

cock, settling upon her son's admiration for her. He was harder. Was he fully erect? She wasn't sure, but as she ground her vulva along the underside of his column and his eyes never left hers, she was finally assured he was hard for her.

Gareth pressed his hands to her thighs, stroking simultaneously up onto her hips and the curve of his mother's buttocks. Samantha sighed in response, her own hands moving to his chest to caress his pecs before inching up to his face as she lowered her own. Her breasts met his chest as her lips neared his awaiting mouth, his cock pushing up hard against her saturated pussy.

She saw her little boy in his eyes. The baby she'd cradled, breastfed. Now the man, hungry for her tongue, for her vagina. To be back inside her. Her lips met his and she pulled back with shock. "What are we doing!?"

"What? Mom? It's ok, I want this," Gareth admitted, no longer concerned he was breaking a taboo. Sure she felt the same.

"We can't," Samantha extracted herself from his pelvis, Gareth noticing a wet patch between her legs as she stood, rising after her.

"We can," he reached out and cupped her cheek, his fingers running into her hair. "If it feels right Mom, it is!" For a moment he envisaged her taking his hand and bending back the wrist, smiling at the thought when it didn't eventuate, his mother seemingly enjoying the intimate contact.

Samantha bent her neck, resting her head against her son's hand, the feeling of his fingers in her hair, arousing.

"No stop," she pulled away. "It's too real. It's too soon," she added, at least giving some hope to her son.

"Ok. Ok," Gareth accepted, removing his hand but taking up her own.

"Mom," he waited for her eyes to look back into his. "I know what I'm

doing here. Just so you know. I love you."

They were the words Samantha needed to hear, pulling him into her and embracing his body. The hardness of his cock was undeniable, pressing firmly into her belly and she almost relented. The thought of going to her knees and taking him in her mouth almost all pervading. Pulling back she looked once more in his eyes. "I have an idea," she began.

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It was the final taboo she found so difficult to break. Looking in his eyes she saw her baby. Her innocent. The child she had sworn to protect with her life, for her life. Now here was a man. A beautiful man that wanted her. Whose desire was evident in his words, his actions, in his pants. When they were practicing the self-defense she'd felt wanton, a sense of abandon. That they were different people, almost as if enacting a scene. It had felt so much easier than when confronted with the truth, with him, face to face.

She walked through the house closing the drapes against the night. Locking the doors and windows as Mandy had disciplined them all. In the kitchen she poured another glass of white wine and carried it down the hallway toward her bedroom. Passing the laundry she glanced at the back door of the house, purposefully not checking the lock.

Her bath was still steaming as she dropped her satin robe and stepped into the soothing water, sipping from her glass before laying back and closing her eyes.

Two suburbs away, Gareth searched through a box of his old possessions before he found what he was looking for and held it up before himself, his cock swelling in his jeans.

*

The glass empty, Samantha placed it down beside the bath, her hand dropping below the surface to press to her belly. Slouching down further, her knees slid up the sides of the bath, her thighs parting and she allowed her hand to creep down through her pubic hair to find her labia, her inner lips slippery even under the water.

Gareth turned onto his mother's street and slowed the car to a crawl, turning off the headlights as he pulled up in the street outside the house before looking at the balaclava sitting on the passenger seat.

The neighborhood quiet, street lamps illuminating little, no one saw Gareth exit his vehicle and head toward the rear of the house, placing the balaclava over his head in the process.

Samantha rose from the bath and drying herself, wrapped the towel around her body. Was that the rumble of an engine she heard? She asked herself, before taking her glass back out into her bedroom and heading along the hallway. Her eyes once more looked into the laundry, the back door of the house ajar, her heart rate increasing. "I thought I locked that," she sighed to herself as she closed and latched the door.

The house was dark, Samantha not bothering to turn on the light as she left her empty glass in the kitchen and made her way back toward her bedroom. Passing the living room door she saw the shape of a figure in the darkness. Large. The size of a man. A sharp intake of breath as it moved toward her and she ran. Back along the hallway with him in pursuit. Barely over her shoulder. She reached her bedroom and he grabbed at her, brushing her arm as she entered the well lit room before backing away from the empty doorway.

She could feel his presence. Hear his breathing. All of a sudden her lack of clothing came to mind, how vulnerable she was. The back of her legs met

the bed and she had nowhere to go as the figure filled the empty darkness of the hallway, his muscled body obvious beneath the tight t-shirt, an erection standing out in his fitting jeans. His face obscured by a balaclava, her intruder entered the sanctity of her bedroom and she knew with flight taken out of the equation, it was time to fight.

He made his move, reaching for her throat and using all she'd learned, took possession of his hand, twisting his wrist and amid the startled shriek of her attacker, forced him to the floor. What now? She wondered. She made the mistake of letting go. Making a break toward the door but he was quick. Too quick. Like a cheetah he was up and on her, his arms wrapping around her torso, holding her back from freedom. Like a bear he hugged her, strong arms encircling her bust, her waist as he twisted her body to face the full length mirror.

"What do you want?" She screamed as his hands groped her body, the towel wrenched from her and thrown to the floor. His cock, so hard, pressed into her buttocks and to her shame she felt herself become aroused at its presence, a part of her mind wanting to see it, to touch it.

"You know what I want Ms. Bliss," the man whispered in her ear. His voice smooth, his breath warm upon her neck. The goosebumps raised immediately and she wondered if he noticed? She felt his eyes upon her nudity in the mirror, knew he looked at her pussy, the lubrication increasing, the scent of herself evident, her nipples hard as his right hand took hold of her left breast. She exhaled deeply at the touch and watched his other hand creep toward her vagina.

His cock grew. How was it possibly getting harder? She wondered as his fingers combed down through her pubic hair. Ridiculously under the circumstances she wondered if he liked her hirsute? All the girls are shaved

down there now she knew. Was she a disappointment? His digits found her labia, slid back and forth along her dripping slit, her inner thighs now a slick of dampness. Whilst pinching a nipple, he tentatively entered her with a finger, easily sliding inside her welcoming vagina, the first man in more than ten years to be within her body. His hand left her breast and made its way to her throat. His first mistake.

Taking hold of his forearm with both hands, Samantha used her knowledge and caught him off balance, turning her body and casting him over her right shoulder to the carpeted floor below, her offender letting out a muffled groan as he adjusted the balaclava over his face.

Now was the time to flee, she reasoned as he attempted to get to his knees, a moments pause her downfall as he reached out and grabbed her ankle. Her balance affected, she found herself falling and was caught in his strong arms before he threw her (gently she noticed) down on the floor of her bedroom.

He was upon her. Between her legs as she feebly tried to resist, slapping at his chest until he pinned her arms above her head with one hand and lowered his mouth to her chest. A nipple. Her engorged nipple taken between his lips, such soft lips she thought, his tongue flicking her as he sucked. A vision of her baby. Feeding from her.

His cock ground into her pussy and defenseless she felt him unbuttoning his jeans and heard hm unzip. This was it, she understood. It would happen here. Her life would forever be changed in this moment, and then she felt the flesh. Skin upon skin at her groin as the firmness of an aroused male pressed her opening. She welcomed it. Her legs wrapping his waist as he entered her. A boring drill devouring her tunnel. Perfectly formed to fill her

accommodating vagina. Of course it was. She'd made him. He was designed to be with her. He was always a part of her.

"Take it off," she managed to voice as his balaclava tickled lips kissed her throat, before he looked in her eyes.

"Are you sure?" he asked, searching her gaze for consent.

"I've never been more so," she affirmed and watched as her son's face was revealed above her. "I love you," she insisted as their lips finally met, Samantha thrusting her tongue into her son's mouth as his cock fully inserted, their pubic bones grinding together. Gareth releasing her hands that immediately clutched at his t-shirt, pulling it up his body.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Gareth gasped, helping her remove the shirt to abandon over her head.

"It's beautiful," Samantha sighed, her long neglected vagina hugging his cock just as her arms now embraced her son's torso, pulling his body on top of her. Kissing. Licking. Gareth again left her mouth to feed on her breasts, taking a mouthful of nipple and surrounding flesh, gently biting as his ass thrust quicker between his mother's legs.

"Can I taste you?" He lifted his mouth from her boob, a trail of saliva following.

Samantha didn't bother verbalizing a response as she wormed her way out from beneath him, Gareth rolled onto his back by his lascivious mother who spun and mounted his body, her pussy descending upon his face. Darkness for the intruder, his tongue sliding within the walls his cock had visited prior, his fingers before then. His mother's ass cheeks that only six hours before he'd accidentally pressed his cock between, now enclosing his face, nose pushed against her anus.

Samantha looked at it for the first time. His jeans mid thigh, glistening erection standing proud from a bed of trimmed pubic hair. It was beautiful, it was hard and it was all for her. Her hand wrapped its girth, bigger than his father, longer, thicker. This was the cock she dreamed about on those lonely nights. Now a face to go with the anonymous appendage, her son's, as it should always have been.

Her mouth descended upon the head, squeezing her hand simultaneously to draw forth his crystal clear pre-cum, daubing her lips before she licked his offering, swallowing his arousal. When she took him in her mouth, he moaned, not letting up his own stimulation of her sex, his breathing muffled, mouth full of cunt.

Samantha cupped his balls as she began to grind her ass on his face, rubbing her clit upon his lips, his nose. Whatever he offered her down there. So heavy, she thought as she felt each individually, almost examining. One larger than the other. Was that normal? She wondered as his cock met the back of her mouth and she gagged, pulling off in a waterfall of saliva.

"Oh God," she paused as Gareth stopped her movement, his lips glued to her clitoris, sucking her little bump with all his might. "Oh, my baby, you're going to make me have an..." 'Orgasm,' she wanted to say but couldn't voice the word as the feeling crept up her body from pussy to mind. "Yes," she sighed. "Yes Baby, yes. Finger me Gareth," she commanded but raising his hand as he sucked, her pussy leaking all over his face, he could find no room for his fingers. Instead pressing a thumb against her asshole, pushing upon the rubbery sphincter in the hope it appeased her.

"Oh Baby I'm cumming," she finally managed to gush as she fell back upon his penis, two hands wrapping his shaft, holding it against her cheek for comfort as she came upon her son's face. How could this not have happened

earlier, she wondered? Under the same roof for years, every night prior seemed a waste to her now. No more. He was the one, would be forever. The cock she cradled against her face, rubbed her cheeks upon akin to a feline seeking affection, was the only dick she'd ever again desire. And she'd show him she meant it.

Gareth was in heaven. A dark, fleshy, wet and fuck smelling heaven. Ass upon his face, pussy in his mouth, ears muffled by her thick thighs. He knew she was cumming, that 'he'd' made his mother cum. The evidence not only in her words but her shuddering body, the fluid that covered his face, that he savored, swallowed like a man dying of thirst. He felt her hands around his dick, the softness of her cheek before once more the warmth of her mouth enveloped the head. He could've cum then. Lifting his hips up into her, gently fucking her mouth as her hands jerked the base, but he wanted to see her. To know it was his mother, to look her in the eyes.

As if reading his thoughts, light filled his vision as she rose from his face, his cock. Kneeling above him he looked up through her bush, the mounds of her breast to her familiar yet upside down face smiling back, contentment, almost pride upon her visage.

"What?" Gareth grinned, hard not to reflect her sheer satisfaction.

"Oh nothing," she dropped a hand to stroke his cheek. "Just, oh I don't know. You made me cum!" She couldn't help giggling.

Gareth, although content to spend the rest of his life looking up through her legs, crept up into a sitting position, sliding his jeans from his ankles to be finally naked with her. Still on her knees he mimicked her position and moved in front of her until they touched, his cock sliding between her thighs, hugged by her slick labia. They embraced, hands upon the other as their faces drew near, Samantha's breasts meeting her son's chest and finally

their mouths joined. So soft a kiss. Innocent it could be deemed, but for the fact they were naked, pussy leaking upon an engorged cock; and they mother and son.

Their lips parted; tongues danced as hands once more began to explore. He found the cheeks of her ass, that ass that had begun it all and cupped each as he thigh fucked her, moving a finger to feel the slick head of his cock poke out between her buttocks. Her tongue in his mouth, her hands upon his back, up into his hair he knew it was time to declare himself hers, to fully realize his passion. Wrapping her in his arms, he rose to his feet, Samantha feeling powerless in her son's grip. Could she really have fought him off, she wondered? He lay down with her upon her bed, her legs spreading to allow him entry and finally they were together. No role-play this. No disguises to ease the transition to incest. Just a mother and son in love, acting out the purest definition of such. Making love.

An arm behind her head, he held her as he thrust, gentle but determined penetration, his cock to the hilt. Samantha kept her eyes on his, seeing the love behind them, the desire he had for her. Her vagina squeezed his cock, felt finally complete only when he was fully inside her as if his penis was a part of her body missing for her entire life, only now just discovered. His hand around her breast, mouth upon her own, she came again. A release unlike any known before, she came in waves around his cock, an orchestra in her ears before she realized it was her own cries of pleasure. "Yes, fuck me Baby" she sighed.

"You want me to fuck you?" Gareth gasped.

"Yes, Baby fuck me. Fuck me hard Lover. Fuck me until you cum. Show me your cum"

"Oh God I love you," Gareth declared, hammering his cock into her, her vagina so slick with her lube and his own pre-cum he found it hard to gain friction. He wanted to go down on her once more, to lick up the excess and try again but the desire to appease her wishes overrode his own needs. He had to prove his love. He had to provide the evidence of his lust the only way he knew how. To cum in her. To cum on her.

Her cunt squeezed around him, his pelvic bone slamming her groin. The mattress shifted upon the bed with every thrust, sweat forming on their chests, mingling. On the edge, Gareth pushed up on an elbow, Samantha understanding the action, her eyes widening in anticipation.

"Is it 'it' Baby?" She gasped. "Are you gonna cum for me?"

"Ye...Oh God," Gareth inhaled, his abs aching from the exertion as he continued to fuck her. "Yes. Oh fuck I love you," he admitted, holding his breath as he finally came inside her, his cum exploding within her walls. Three, four bursts before he withdrew his spurting cock to take it in hand and prolong the eruption. Across her belly he sprayed his mother before he managed to get to his knees and finish upon her breasts, tears filling Samantha's eyes as she took in the glistening creamy adoration decorating her torso.

"All for me," Samantha declared, her hands quick to smear the cum upon her skin as Gareth fell down beside her, finally releasing his breath. His face turned to hers as she cupped her vagina, a finger inside as she played with his semen. Beaming, his mother looked in his eyes and welcomed his mouth as Gareth kissed her.

"I told you I loved you," he smiled, face red, both their bodies coated in sweat.

"And I never doubted it," Samantha stated, reaching for his still erect cock and encouraging a cuddle. Gareth more than happy to oblige, his own cum the filling for their incestuous sandwich.

How long they lay in the other's arms, neither could tell. Just content to be with each other, to hold the one they loved.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" Samantha whispered, Gareth on the verge of falling asleep. "When we were playing."

He chuckled. "Of course not. Though I know why they use the mats," he smiled, kissing her neck.

"You didn't mind doing it like that?" Samantha asked worried he might think her strange.

Gareth propped up on an elbow. "Not at all," he stroked her hair. "However you want to do this, I'll follow," pausing. "I have to admit though Mom, it was a bit of a turn on."

"Oh really! For you too?" Samantha smiled coyly. "Do you think you'd like to do it again?"

"Well you still have a lot of self-defense training to do," Gareth grinned.

"Be a good idea to test it out now and then, don't you think?"

"Oh, I agree Baby," Samantha leaned in to kiss him. "I definitely agree."

The Bucket List

I looked back over the page of the textbook I was currently studying and realized I hadn't taken in any of what I'd just read. Deciding it was time for a break, I closed the weighty tome and left the solitude of my bedroom to see about making a coffee, maybe grabbing a bite to eat if anything took my fancy. On the way to the kitchen, I passed Mom in the living room and in the process of asking if she'd like a cup herself, made the mistake(?) of inquiring as to what she was up to, looking over her shoulder at the screen of the iPad upon her lap.

"Nothing!" She was quick to seemingly defend her actions and to save us both from embarrassment, I immediately looked away from what was obviously a lingerie store website, the page open to what looked like lace bodystockings (of all things). "...and yes!" She agreed to a coffee, and from the corner of my eye I saw her close the screen and rise to follow me into the kitchen.

I set about making the cups as she joined me, sitting down at the island bench, the iPad, its screen black, placed conspicuously before her.

"I was just looking for some new underwear," she needlessly informed me, and I felt my face begin to blush as admittedly the idea of her wearing what I'd seen her eyeing, came to mind.

"Ok," I dismissed her confession, quickly attempting to change the subject.

"I just needed a break from study," I explained my emergence.

"Oh good. You can help me then," she passionately exclaimed, turning the iPad back on, the webpage still open.

"I, ah... don't think I..." I deferred.

"It's just a question," Mom laughed and spun the tablet around in my direction. "Do women wear these?"

I looked down at the models dressed in the varying designs of sheer and lace lingerie and despite (or possibly due to) my mother's close proximity, felt a stirring in my pants.

"How would I know? You're a woman!" I scoffed back, attempting to remain nonchalant.

"I guess I mean, would a woman wear this for a man?" It was now her that began to blush. "You know to... I mean would it..."

She didn't need to finish the question; I understood fully what she was insinuating. Would they turn a man on?

"Mom... I don't think I'm the person to..." I faltered.

"But you're a man!" She smiled, turning my earlier assertion back onto me.

"Then, hell yeah!" I laughed, focusing again on the coffee. "Why are you even asking this?"

"Oh nothing," she waved a hand in dismissal. "As I said, I was just looking."

A silence descended and I filled it by humming a few bars of a song before I again changed the subject.

"Pizza, Friday!?" I enquired, alluding to our regular end of the working week take-out meal together and before she answered, there was a pause.

"Actually, no!" Her response surprised me, and I turned to look in her direction. "I... have a date!" She proclaimed.

Suddenly the lingerie question made a whole lot more sense (uncomfortable as it was) and sensing I'd made the connection; I watched her cheeks and even neck turn a deeper crimson.

"What!?" I questioned to be sure I'd heard accurately. In the ten years or so since Dad had run off with his secretary, never to be heard from again, Mom hadn't shown any interest in a relationship with another man and definitely hadn't been on a 'date', to the best of my knowledge. "Who with?" I must have sounded even more shocked than I was, and Mom raised her eyebrows in response.

"Don't sound so surprised."

"No, it's just. I mean you've not... you've never..." I was rambling, and Mom broke in to save me.

"It's just," she paused, "...an acquaintance through work. Thomas, his name is. And it's just a few drinks," she explained. "You can relax. We're not getting married and it's nothing to do with... this." She pushed lightly on the still-open tablet, the screen scrolling to reveal even more provocative lingerie below.

"Ok," I offered, not giving my opinion, but also understanding it hadn't been sought.

"It's just a few drinks," Mom repeated, accepting her coffee before somewhat sheepishly heading off further into the house.

Left alone, my eyes wandered back onto the iPad, and I continued scrolling down the page, enjoying the eye candy before noticing the little red icon in the top right corner of the screen indicating items for purchase. I looked down the hall to be sure Mom wasn't headed back and out of curiosity, tapped open the shopping cart.

I swallowed when I saw what she'd added. There was indeed a bodystocking, crotchless, I noted; as well as babydolls, a lace bodysuit, and several sets of matching bras and panties. The stirring I'd felt earlier began to form a full-on erection before I shot it down with the ultimate realization. Despite what she'd said, it was clear she was buying the items to appeal to someone, and the idea of her wearing them for 'him,' this 'Thomas,' made me feel more than a little sick. Troubled, and to be honest, somewhat confused at my reaction, I backed out of her shopping cart and left the tablet where it was; heading back to my room and the abandoned textbook, to hopefully fill my brain with my studies and not the fleeting incestuous imaginings of my mother in lingerie.

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It had worked for a while.

It wasn't until a day later that my mind meandered around to anything remotely sexual regarding my mother, and it was merely an observance. Well, it began as such. I was sitting in much the same spot as she'd been when I discovered her looking at the lingerie website. Absently flicking through channels on the television as a distraction to my studies, I was further distracted by Mom entering the room, strangely, for so late in the afternoon, on a mission to tidy the house for some unknown reason.

"We expecting guests?" I inquired, suddenly remembering her date that weekend and hoping it wasn't 'him' that was making an appearance earlier than expected.

"No," she denied, and my eyes followed as she knelt at the coffee table to order the magazines below. "Just tidying," she added, and I allowed my gaze to linger upon her ass, her jeans stretching taut and dropping down her buttocks to expose ample flesh and surprisingly, the string of a white thong

disappearing into the shadow of her butcrack. Mother or not, instinctively I puckered my lips in appreciation of the admittedly attractive sight, composing myself when she rose and turned in my direction.

It, however, wasn't the end of the show. Thankfully oblivious to my ogling, she continued with her cleaning, taking up a cloth she'd placed on the table and moving to dust the fronds of the pot plants around the room. It was then I noticed the tightness of her t-shirt. The lines of the bra she wore were clearly visible through the stretched cotton; and as she once more turned, it was her nipples which then demanded my attention. Hard. Strangely so for such a warm day. But what did I care for the reason? I simply delighted in surreptitiously devouring their state. Poking seductively against the thin material, the pink of her areola, amazingly visible through the bra and outer thread. Mesmerizing, it came as a shock to me when I realized my cock was just as distinctly tenting my track pants.

"Are you home after dinner tonight?" Mom's voice further surprised me, and I did my best to shield my hard-on with my leg as I watched her eyes descend upon me, unable to conceal the color that came to my cheeks.

"Yep," I quickly replied, concentrating upon the television which to my horror I'd turned to the home shopping network, gorgeous middle-aged models parading the screen in the smallest of bikinis, as quickly changing channel before I hoped Mom happened to notice.

"Good because I want your opinion on something," she divulged before she smiled somewhat menacingly. "And you're probably not going to like it!" she cryptically added.

*

It wasn't long after our dinner that I discovered what she'd alluded to. Excusing herself from washing up, (it was my turn anyway) it was only a moment later that I heard her call from down the hall.

"Honey, can you bring me the scissors?"

Why she couldn't have come and got them herself, I wasn't sure, especially as she knew I was busy taking care of the dishes. But when I promptly met her at her partially opened bedroom door, kitchen implement in hand, I realized the reason.

"Tricky packaging!" She explained her need, displaying what I immediately recognized as a cardboard packet of pantyhose, and also understanding why she hadn't left the sanctity of her bedroom. Her white t-shirt remained, yet the tight jeans she'd worn all day lay abandoned on the bed behind her. All that covered her groin was the white (what I discovered then was lace-fronted) thong, making its second appearance of the day. Even without focusing on the area, I could see the dark shadow of pubic hair behind the material, and fortuitously, as she gratefully took the scissors from my hand and my eyes averted her gaze, her bare buttocks reflected in the mirror behind.

"Thank you, Baby," she said as I allowed my eyes to linger on her exposed ass, a perfect peach that cried out to be spanked, then lavished with a son's loving kisses.

"It's what I'm here for," I clumsily replied, feeling the heat rising in my face and without being dismissed, immediately turned back toward the kitchen, accompanied by her affectionate giggle.

'It's what I'm here for'!? I berated and questioned myself as I dried and put away the remaining plates from dinner. I should've complimented her on

her appearance; or at least offered to open the packaging for her, thereby extending my stay. But to what end? I quickly reasoned. What was I expecting to happen? That my mother would undress further in front of me? The thought saw my cock twitch in response and remained poised for action when she returned to the kitchen moments later in a dress I'd certainly have remembered her wearing. Nothing more than a black silk or satin slip, she padded into the kitchen on pantyhosed feet before stopping and shrugging, looking awkwardly at me as she spoke.

"So, I bought this for my date..." she paused, and I assumed she wanted my opinion on it.

"Well, you should probably go with a black bra," I heard myself critique her appearance, alluding to the flesh-colored straps over her shoulders, stark and out of place behind the thin straps of the dress.

"Oh, it's not that," she dismissed, before looking down at her body. "It's the pantyhose," she, to my surprise, lifted the hem of the dress up from where it sat on her upper thighs, revealing more than she possibly would've expected as amazingly the shadow of pubic hair once more caught my eye, this time through the dark nylon. "These," she nodded down toward the black pantyhose, "...or these?" She continued as she released black thigh-high stockings from where they'd been secreted in her opposite palm, the lace stay-ups flowing over her hand.

"Mom, I..." I faltered, attempting to lift my eyes from her exposed groin, be it behind the dark nylon and shadowed by her dress.

"I just want a man's opinion," she stated, clearly seeing my embarrassment and attempting to help me out. "Forget I'm your mother. Which do you think would be more attractive?"

"Seriously?" I shook my head, managing to drag my eyes from her crotch, the fact she was trialing what would possibly turn on her date on me, now becoming annoying. "You're going to a lot of trouble for just a 'few drinks'."

"Well, I haven't done this in years," she defended herself. "I don't know what people wear on these things..." she trailed off, allowing her dress to fall once more over her hips "Oh, forget it," she turned, obviously disappointed in my reaction and I felt some sympathy for her.

"The stockings!" I called as she made her way from the room and I watched as she turned slowly to look me in the eye, an expectant look upon her face. "Go with the thigh-high stockings," I repeated, and I returned her expression as she smiled and mouthed the words 'thank you', before leaving the room proper.

The kitchen left tidy; I pictured her back in her bedroom as I disposed of some recycling in the garage. Pausing at the bin as I imagined her undressing, possibly admiring her own now naked body in the mirror, touching herself? The thought had my cock once more twitching and smiling as I adjusted myself, I headed back into the quiet house. It was on my way to my bedroom that I discovered how incorrect my musings had been.

"Oh, I thought you were in your room," Mom sheepishly exclaimed as we met in the hallway, and I attempted to remain nonchalant in the face of what was presented to me. "I was just returning the scissors," she held them up before herself, but my attention was drawn elsewhere. Gone was the black dress. But unlike my garage fantasy, she'd not undressed entirely; though she may as well have been. The bra I'd spied behind her t-shirt all day was now exposed to reveal its nylon cups, fully transparent. Her small nipples, pink and erect. And again, her pubic hair. A perfect triangle of luscious

pressed down. No shadowed glimpse this. Her pronounced pubic mound, made available to my admiring gaze under the bright lights of the hallway I caught myself as the blush came to my face. Forced my eyes from her sex to trail up her torso and meet her own.

"I... Um... I was going..." I struggled to verbalize, and I could see almost playfulness in her eyes as she recognized my discomfort.

"Oh Honey," she sympathized and unexpectedly kissed me on the cheek as she continued toward the kitchen, the fact her barely clothed breast gently caressed my arm in the process not going unnoticed. "You can relax," she giggled. "It's not like I'm naked."

I followed her journey, turning to watch her almost saunter down the hall, her ass swaying in the seamless pantyhose as if aware I was paying it, her, attention. I didn't hang around to allow her to catch me ogling. Wrenching my gaze from the beautiful sight, I completed my own journey to my room and behind the safety of my closed door, released my swelling cock to pay a masturbatory tribute to the evening.

*

It was early evening Friday when she once more presented herself to me for inspection. I had to admit I was beginning to enjoy her impromptu fashion parades and I confess my thoughts about her over the last couple of days hadn't been entirely pure. As a boy, his mother is the first woman he loves. As a teen, a daily example of the feminine form; the one to judge all other girls upon, and in my case, I wasn't oblivious to the fact, my mom was hot. All my friends had admitted it, and their obvious infatuation with her during my school days had no doubt encouraged me even back then, to look upon her as more than just my mother and see her as also a woman. I'm also not

ashamed to confess, those feelings led me to partake in some not-so-proper actions.

- It'd admittedly been some time since I'd been so possessed as to take an item of her underwear from the wash. But discovering her white thong sitting atop the clothes hamper late Thursday night as if left for me as a special gift, I saw it only fitting I pay my respects to it and ultimately its owner. The erection that formed as I drew the g-string to my face was unsurprisingly hard given the taboo of my actions, and as I breathed in her motherly scent left upon the tiny gusset, the orgasm that accompanied was understandingly and ashamedly fast. -

But as she entered the living room Friday night and I looked up from casually browsing the web on my phone, I'd challenge any son to not show my level of incestuous affection. In a word, she looked stunning. The black slip sensuously hung from her shoulders by means of the previously noted spaghetti straps, supported accordingly by nothing more than the natural upturn of her obviously bra-less breasts. Nipples confidently poked against the material; they captured my gaze until I forced myself to look her in the eye. Smokey eyeshadow and lips painted red; her short blonde hair pulled back from her face with a high headband. She'd never looked as hot, and I rued the fact it wasn't I for whom she'd so dressed.

"So?" She tentatively questioned and I managed to lift my jaw, words not so forthcoming, and I merely and regretfully raised my thumb in approval of her appearance. Idiot. I thought. I should've openly expressed my attraction to her. Told her to cancel her date and spend the night in my arms, in my bed, upon my cock. The cock, which even as I watched her move into the kitchen to collect her clutch, the lace tops of her stay-up stockings visible under the swish of her dress, began to harden.

I knew she was disappointed with my lackluster response and climbing up onto the couch, conveniently pressing my hidden hard-on into the cushioned backrest, I gave her what she wanted yet only a fraction of what I really felt.

"You look beautiful Mom," I confessed, and she turned, surprise on her face quickly replaced with a joyous smile. "I hope 'he' deserves it," I added.

"We'll see," she beamed, before, with the purse in hand, she came back into the living room, leaning in to place a subtle kiss upon my cheek, (twice in a week) the scent of her perfume overpowering my senses. "Wait up for me?" She smiled and I winked in affirmation as the awaiting taxi tooted its horn.

*

Painful. That's how the next half hour felt. My pizza arrived and I ate alone with little enthusiasm for the flavor. I paced around the house and constantly checked the time imagining it was how a parent must feel when they see their child off alone. An invite to a night on the town with college friends, I declined, and almost one hour after she'd left the house, I was beginning to feel depressed. I should've been happy for her. Ten years was too long alone. Didn't she deserve to find happiness again? Especially how things had been left with Dad. I thought of her date. 'An acquaintance through work.' She'd never mentioned anyone of interest. Who was he? Thomas. Wasn't much to go on. Sounded like a douchebag, I smirked. It was then I imagined what could've been happening between them and I realized... I needed a drink!

*

The walk would do me good I felt, dismissing the car. Clear my head. Distract me. I chose a liquor store I knew would sell to me, far away from

home but navigable in the time allotted and nearing, was stopped at a pedestrian crossing with nothing to do but look around as I awaited the lights. Music and conversation from a bar on the street corner caught my ear and I turned to look upon the premises, their windows giving a clear view of the patrons within. I saw her immediately. Even from the distance and obscured by the milling drinkers, I recognized the beauty sitting at the bar. The traffic signal changed, the alarm permitting my crossing, but instead, I followed Siren-like, the call of the music from within the bar.

I just want to see the guy. I thought to myself as I was nodded entry by the hulking security manning the door. With my eye on her, I skirted my way around the crowded floor of the pub and found a vacated booth, conveniently located behind a pillar yet with a clear view of my mother and the empty stool beside her from behind. And there I waited. Like some anonymous admirer, or more pointedly, a cowardly stalker. Five minutes passed and her date, whom I assumed was visiting the men's room, still hadn't returned. I watched as she ordered from the barman and was surprised when he returned with only one, clearly Mom's patented gin and tonic. What was going on here!? It was then a man sidled up beside her and I thought, finally, I would see her beau. The man who'd robbed my mother's heart from me. No! Not to be. The guy had seemingly simply enquired as to the availability of the stool beside her and to my shock, she'd acquiesced. She was alone! What the FUCK was going on here!?

Another minute or so I waited before I planned my approach, ridiculously summoning up the courage to go to her as if indeed she was some random woman at a bar and not the one person, I knew most in the world.

"What's a lady like you doing in a place like this?" Was the best I had as I leaned upon the bar to her right, and as she lay her glazed eyes upon me

there was a look of confusion before the recognition kicked in. Her mouth began to open in surprised welcome before I interrupted her with my plan, offering my hand in greeting. "Gabriel," I calmly stated. "...but most people call me Gabe."

Thankfully she understood the game I was playing immediately and seemed willing to go along for the time being.

"Lisandra," she couldn't stop the excited smile that came to her lips. "...but my friends call me Liz."

*

I'd hoped the charade we began playing would've lasted longer!

"Are you sure you can afford them, Honey?" Mom, however, slipped back into her well-worn character of overly concerned mother after I'd ordered cocktails for us and assisted her across the floor of the bar to my priorly acquainted booth.

"I've got a job!" I defended myself, despite her words, feeling pride that those in the bar would mistake us as a couple, to me, she was the best-looking woman in the place.

"Part-time!" She laughed as she slid onto the bench seat, her glass coming down hard on the table and spilling some of its contents over her hand.

"Oops," she looked up at me guiltily before lifting her wrist up to her mouth and licking the back of her hand. "I shouldn't waste any," she explained as her tongue (suggestively to my eyes) trailed across her knuckles, "I love these."

Sitting, I took a sip from my own Long Island Iced Tea and looking at her across the table, a strap of her dress fallen from her shoulder, the music now blaring inside the bar, couldn't help but reflect how surreal the evening had

become. Mom looked up post-navigating the straw between her lips and sucking and must have felt along the same lines.

"This is so strange," she rose slightly in her seat and shouted across the table to compensate for the music, though probably louder than necessary.

"What?" I smiled.

"Us. Here," she divulged. "Together. You're not even twenty-one!" she added before lifting a hand to her mouth, her eyes wide as if shocked at something.

"In a couple of weeks," I was again defending myself before acknowledging her demeanor. "What is it?" I questioned.

"I just had De Ja Vu!" She fell back in her seat. "Well, sort of."

"Yeah?" It was now I that leaned up over the table. The strap of the dress remained down her arm and consequently, a large amount of flesh displayed on her chest, her breast exposed to almost reveal a nipple, and selfishly, I did nothing to make her aware. "In what way?" I asked and she grimaced.

"Your father," she admitted, and I rolled my eyes, slumping back in my seat. "No. It wasn't all bad," Mom was quick to inform me. "It's just, this reminds me of one of our first dates," she was again shouting before I watched her already flushed face noticeably blush further.

"What?" I was immediately once more interested.

"Oh nothing," she demurely smirked, taking another sip from her straw.

"Just... something," she confusingly added. "I definitely can't tell you, of all people!" She laughed.

"Yes, you can," I quickly replied, and her grin widened.

"No. You really wouldn't want to hear," she shook her head, and I frowned back at her suspiciously.

"I'll get it out of you," I laughed. "Another one of these and you'll tell me anything," I sipped generously from my glass.

"Another one of these and I'll do anything," she laughed before catching herself as she recognized what she'd said, her eyes averting mine as she again sipped from the straw.

I banked the information yet seeing her discomfort, changed the subject.

"So where is 'He'?" I pointedly questioned and it was now Mom that rolled her eyes.

"Had an 'emergency'," she shook her head. "We weren't even here ten minutes before he got a phone call. 'Had to go!' He said," Mom divulged. "Last time I'll go on a blind date!"

"What?" I leaped at her confession. "I thought you said it was someone from work!" I reminded her and watched as she again blushed.

"I was embarrassed to tell you," she began. "Blame your aunt Krista. She organized it."

"What!?" All the information became confusing, and Mom again rolled her eyes before drinking more of her cocktail.

"Said I should get out more," she explained. "He... Thomas. Is someone from her work. Said I'd like him. I should've realized my sister has terrible taste."

To this, I smiled.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I offered, and Mom saw right through my charade.

"You don't seem it," she laughed. "Oh, don't worry about it. It's my fault for breaking our end-of-week meal together. It's funny. We sort of have our own date night every Friday, don't we Baby?" She recognized. "It now feels more of a date than ever," she added, looking around the bar.

Things were back on track!

"So, if we were really on a date; say, I was your blind date; what would we be talking about?" I posed and Mom snorted.

"Well just don't ask me my favorite color!" She giggled, sucking on her straw.

"He didn't!?" I questioned.

"Yep. Then just started talking about himself."

"Guy sounds like a loser," I stated. "You know I was surprised no one else tried to pick you up," I added, immediately regretting that it might have given away how long I'd been watching her.

"I guess I'm too old for this crowd," her eyes scanned the bar once more before again alighting on mine.

"Pfft," I scoffed. "You're the best-looking woman here," I proudly proclaimed, the alcohol possibly encouraging my boldness, and this seemed to delight her.

"You know," she instinctively reached out a hand to lay upon the back of mine, her fingers cold and wet from caressing the glass. "When we walked across the bar together," she smiled. "I was hoping everyone thought we were a couple."

My dick actually swelled under the table at her confession. We had shared the exact same sentiment. At the exact same time. The more I looked at her,

the more we spoke, the greater my feeling something was happening between us. Something taboo yet oh so beautiful. Was it possible? Was I delusional?

"Well, I already know your favorite color," I got back on track, my heart thumping noticeably. "So why don't you tell me something else about yourself Liz," I smiled.

"What would you like to know Gabe?" Mom laughed, playing her role.

"I don't know," my brain suddenly not working to the best of its ability, possibly the alcohol, most likely nerves. "What about your bucket list?" And to this, Mom frowned. "You know, a fantasy. What's something you've always dreamed of doing?"

Little did I know then, but it was the best question I could ever have asked.

"A fantasy!?" She eyed me skeptically.

"I mean not like a..."

"I've never been skinny dipping!" Mom spontaneously replied, cutting me off before once again throwing a hand over her mouth in mock regret at her words.

"Whoa!" I laughed, seeing her chest redden at her confession. "I didn't expect that."

"I know right!?" She smiled mischievously. "Should I have admitted that?" She slurred, laughing.

"No, it's all good," I smiled. "It's funny," I added and listened fascinated as she told me of her days in college. She and a group of friends drunkenly sneaking into the gymnasium pool to do just that. Mom chickening out at the last minute, regretting it ever since. As she spoke, it was obvious her

words were affected by alcohol, slurring, shouting more than not, and I wondered how much she'd had before I arrived? "Wow," I smiled. "I can't even imagine you..."

"What? Naked?" She laughed, again interrupting me, and it was obvious the admittedly strong cocktail had hastened her inebriation, clearly loosened her inhibitions.

"I was going to say, 'in college'," I blushed, the naked part something I was becoming an old hand at imagining. "But either, I guess!" I cautiously offered and Mom opened her mouth in mock surprise.

"Well, you **SHOULDN'T** be imagining your mother naked; naughty boy," she reached her hand out to slap mine and knocked over her now empty (save for some ice) glass in the process, the noise gaining the attention of others around us, someone yelling 'taxi!'. "Whoops!" She exclaimed and I assisted her in placing the cubes back in her glass.

"Maybe we should get going?" I tendered, reflecting on her state.

"Nonsense!" Mom was quick to disagree. "I'm fine! Actually..." Again, a mischievous smirk came to her face. "Why don't you get us s'more drinks while I go pee...an' I'll tell you what I did on that date with your father!"

I hadn't forgotten our earlier curious conversation, and despite how drunk she had now obviously become, neither had she it seemed. It felt wrong to be giving her more alcohol in the state she was in, but the devil on my shoulder was in charge at that moment, even guiding my eyes down between her parted legs as I assisted her out of the booth, the lace tops of her stay up stockings coming into view, the bare flesh of her upper thighs above. Frustratingly, shadow prevented her panties from making their appearance.

"Me' chew back 'ere," her glazed eyes met mine as she clumsily made her way to her feet, before squinting as she raised a finger and pointed it at me. "And don't be late!"

I wouldn't be. I didn't even want us to part, keeping my eyes on her body and her unsteady gait as we both made our respective paths across the crowded floor until she disappeared amid the throng. Fortunately, I'd only been waiting a moment at the bar when I felt hands upon my shoulders from behind, and just as the bar staff questioned my order, I turned to find Mom already back from the bathroom.

"Yor right," she slurred. "Les go," she added as she ran her hands down each side of my open jacket front.

"Serious?" I questioned, admittedly disappointed it might mean she wouldn't divulge the story.

"Yep," she smiled and again I saw mischief in her eyes, her face strangely blushing and I waved my apology to the barman as I felt her hand find mine, leading me away from the bar.

The security guy that I'd met on the way in gave me a complimentary thumbs up on the way out. Clearly under the impression I'd picked up the woman that dragged me from the bar, no doubt impressed by the speed of my work.

"I'll flag a cab," I proffered when we reached the curb, but Mom was quick to dismiss the notion.

"We can walk," she determined as she finally turned, and her eyes once more found mine.

"You sure?" I looked down at her stilettos. "It's a fair way!"

"I can do it," she again tugged at my hand, her arm exaggeratingly swinging as she turned us away from the bar. "'s'aint my first rodeo, cowboy!" She laughed slurring her words as we headed away from the lights of the main strip. Her hand, so small in mine. Her skin, so soft. I wondered when last we'd held hands and struggled to come up with the answer, preferring instead to enjoy the moment for as long as it lasted, to whatever end it led.

"You know you promised to tell me..." I stated when we'd slowly navigated no more than half a block, Mom happily stopping and turning towards me. "... about you and Dad," I reminded her though with the same mischievous look remaining on her face, I understood whatever it was had probably been on her mind as well.

"I've already done it," she grinned.

"What?"

"I did it at the bar, Daddy!" She drunkenly confused my title, laughing as she corrected herself. "I mean your daddy. What I did with your daddy. You're my son," she once more pointed at me as she babbled, swaying on her feet, and I began to regret ordering cocktails, seeing how drunk she'd become.

"You did what?" I couldn't help smiling at her behavior and to my surprise, she suddenly moved forward in what I assumed was going to be an embrace, my hands quick to take hold of her sides, feeling her warm flesh under the silky satin.

"Baby, Daddy... your daddy, told me to take off my panties," she whispered in my ear, the feeling, her breath, giving me goosebumps as her hands caressed my shoulders.

"What?" I whispered back, unsure I'd heard her correctly.

"You didn't even notice," she laughed before unfortunately backing out of our intimate embrace and abruptly ceasing her mirth. "Oh," she paused, "...I've really gotta pee!" she admitted, backing up unsteadily until her shoulders forcibly hit the glass window of a closed florist behind her.

"You just went!" I chuckled, still contemplating her panties as the world changed forever.

With the strap of her clutch purse over her shoulder, Mom had both hands free to take hold of the front of her dress. A streetlamp not twenty feet from us, what eventuated was in full view of me and anyone that could've happened to pass by, not that I'd have noticed their presence; my attention was devoted to my mother.

With her high-heeled feet spread shoulder width apart, Mom wasted no time in raising the front of her black slip, her stocking tops once more coming to light, again the flesh of her upper thighs, and then... My god, did this even happen? I question as I write this. That triangle of pubic hair I'd spied only two days earlier; then under the shroud of dark nylon; now, naked. Raw. Perfect. And then the stream. With her pelvis thrust forward as if to further emphasize her pubic mound, a fountain of liquid burst forth from her body to flood the pavement.

"Ohhh God!" Mom sighed in obvious relief as her head was thrown back and her mouth fell open, my own jaw dropping as I stared at the perfect arch of piss gushing from her pussy, my mind reeling.

"I... I thought you went at the bar," I managed to casually respond to the magic on display as if my mother pissing in the street in front of me were a daily event.

"I didn't have time," Mom's head slumped forward, her eyes lazily finding me watching.

"Oh! Wait... Mom..." The outrageousness of the moment clouded my thought process, the fact she wasn't wearing underwear only then coming to mind. "...where are your panties?"

"You still don't get it, Baby?" Mom laughed, the steady deluge of pee lessening as the stream flowed over the curb. "Have you checked your pockets?" She shrugged her shoulders off the window, standing uneasily above her still dripping and exposed sex.

With eyes not leaving the sight of my mother with parted legs and dress raised around her waist, I instinctively lifted both hands to my jacket pockets and delved inside. The left struck gold immediately as my fingertips encountered soft satin, the realization of the discovery obviously reflected in my face as Mom again giggled mischievously, allowing her dress to once more cover her pelvis as she staggered forward.

"You said you wanted to know, Baby!" She giggled and began to stumble, my hands leaving my pockets to catch her as she went over on a heel, once more delighting in the feel of her soft flesh as I brought her body up against mine, breasts against my chest, the warmth, and scent of alcohol on her breath. "It was easier -hic- to show you," she slumped her head upon my shoulder, and I sensed she would've been happy to fall asleep in my arms, standing in the street, if I'd allowed it.

"Right," I hefted her body to hold her with one arm. "Let's get you home," I asserted as I waved at an available taxi approaching along the street.

*

"No charge," the driver waved his hand in dismissal when we arrived home mere minutes later in what was surely his shortest fare of the evening. I'd noticed him adjust his rearview mirror when Mom had collapsed into the back seat and though I'd been quick to correct her wardrobe malfunction, pulling her dress down onto her thighs when she indiscreetly allowed it to ride up onto her pelvis, again revealing everything, I was sure he'd got a good look.

"Serious?" I questioned the cabbie, as Mom, on all fours, climbed across my lap in her endeavor to get out.

Leaning around, the driver again laid his eyes on Mom, and with her ass in the air pointed towards him, I could only imagine the view he received.

"That's payment enough, Buddy," he winked toward me as Mom managed to extract herself from the cab, and thanking him, I followed her out.

It was only when we'd navigated the garden path; the front door; the hallway, and into her bedroom, did I get something like the view of the cab driver. When we reached her bed, Mom slumped forward, falling face-first into her pile of pillows. As in the taxi, she showed no concern for her dignity, the black satin slip riding up over her stockings and bare buttocks to her lower back and under the bright light above, I was witness to wonder.

My eyes on the prize, I zeroed in on her asshole, which with legs spread wide was plainly visible between her parted buttocks. A perfect puckered ring sitting within her butcrack, instinctively I moved a hand to the front of my jeans to encourage the hard-on that had been developing since entering the comfort of our house, treating myself to a moment of pleasure before I assisted her further.

"I'll take your shoes off Mom." Though pretty sure she'd passed out I explained my action as I moved closer to take possession of her ankle. My gaze remained between her legs, dining on her exposed sex below her anus. Her labia, (my mother's labia!) nestled in a bed of clearly damp pubic hair. My cock strained against my pants as I removed her high heels, my fingers relishing the feeling of her ankles and feet in the silky nylon. I contemplated removing them as well, imagining my hands upon her upper thighs, so close to her sex before dragging her stockings down her legs; ultimately deciding it was unnecessary as I rose to my feet.

Again, I was selfish. My job was essentially done. Covering her with the throw rug upon her bed was all that was left to do but I found myself stalling, caressing my cock. Clearly asleep, it was a perfect crime, I thought. Would it be so bad if I was to pull it out? Jerk off over her near-naked body? Even lean in further, inhale the scent of her pussy as I masturbated? Only a mere step up from using her panties.

"Gabe, Baby?" Mom stirred and I was thankful I'd abstained as she turned her head on the pillows.

"Yeah, I'm here," I whispered, lifting the throw over her legs, removing the temptation from sight.

"I drank too much Baby," she mumbled before burying her face once more.

"I know," I agreed. "I'll just go get you a glass of water. Then you can sleep it off," I added though I could already hear the steady breathing of sleep coming from the pillows.

In the kitchen, I reflected upon my erection. Had I ever been so hard? Granite, I moved it to a more comfortable position before filling a glass and returning to her room.

Things had changed. She'd rolled onto her back in my absence and the rug had slid down her legs, once more revealing her crotch. Her legs spread, almost as if in missionary position, her pussy on open display, her labia clearly wet and even the asshole below now glistening as if she'd smeared it herself with her juices. It wasn't all. Her dress had twisted with her movement and now her entire left breast protruded from its satin bonds, her nipple pink and erect, awaiting a son's suckling.

For a minute I stood there. Contemplating. Admiring. My cock begged to be let loose until, uncontrollably twitching against the fly of my tight jeans, I felt I was on the verge of orgasm, quickly placing the glass down on her bedside table and lighting her small lamp. Showing amazing restraint, I once more pulled her throw up over her, and turned from the bed, flicking off the overhead light to leave the room in semi-darkness.

It wasn't until I was removing my jacket in my bedroom, did I remember her panties.

For the briefest moment before I thrust my hand into the pocket, I thought I'd imagined it. That possibly the whole night had been a dream considering how surreal events had transpired. But when I felt the satin touch my fingertips once more, it became as real as my impending ejaculation. It happened so quickly. With one hand I was dropping my pants as the other, with black thong onboard, lifted to my face. So few strokes needed, I found myself cumming upon my bedspread, thread after glorious thread, spraying across my newly changed sheets. A copious amount of cum that I closed my eyes and imagined was upon her. My cock pulled dripping from her pussy to coat her pubic mound, her belly, and her breasts. To glaze her beautiful face. I breathed in hard the scent left upon her panties as I came down from my orgasmic high, opening my eyes to examine them, the gusset still moist

from pressing her magnificent cunt. It was then I looked at the mess I'd created, and the post-climax reality kicked in. What had really happened tonight? I asked myself.

Mom had gotten drunk. Way too drunk. Through a series of leading questions from her overly fixated son, she'd admitted something slightly sexual about her college days and told me of the (admittedly raunchy) exploits of an early date with Dad. For a moment she'd even confused me with him to further emphasize how inebriated she'd become, possibly explaining her completely reenacting the scenario, panties in my pocket and all. Was any of it about me? Was she aware of how provocative urinating in the street in front of me was? Had she even thought of my presence when she did it? And the bedroom? She was blackout drunk! Exposing herself like that had been merely accidental. The more I thought of it, the more ashamed I became of my actions. I should've covered her up immediately. Stroking my cock while I stared at her! What was I thinking? What kind of son was I? And despite the possible ignominy of my behavior, the answer came directly. A son that loved his mother. So much so that he wanted to express that love physically. Surely there was nothing wrong with that!? I looked again at my mother's panties. And despite all that I'd thought previously, their very existence harbored the possibility she wanted the same.

And on that note, I slept soundly that night.

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I had no idea what to expect the next day. Mom hadn't been that drunk in a long while. Aunt Krista's fortieth birthday came to mind, and I wasn't surprised to not have seen her before I left for my part-time job in the early morning. It was mid-afternoon when I returned and our paths finally

crossed and if I'd thought distance, time, and the cold light of day may have altered my feelings for her, I was mistaken.

Sheepish was how I'd describe her demeanor as I forensically examined her appearance, looking for some sign from her she was conducive to reestablishing anything like the antics of the night before. It may have been wishful thinking, but I saw many. She wore one of my old college sweatshirts. One that she'd commandeered after it had shrunk in the wash long ago. It wasn't uncommon for her to don it, but surely choosing such an item of clothing after a night so intimate was an acknowledgment of something more! Wasn't it? My eyes continued their investigation, delighting in finding her in the tightest of grey leggings, and as she tied her short hair back in the smallest of ponytails and the sweatshirt lifted, I spied the most beautiful of cameltoes at her groin. Was she even wearing panties? I wondered and found my cock stiffening in my work pants, doing little to hide its presence.

"I just wanted to say..." Mom cleared her throat after we'd exchanged admittedly awkward pleasantries. "...well, apologize really," she added before I quickly attempted to dismiss her.

"No, Mom, you..." I began before she cut me off.

"No, listen, Baby, please," she insisted. "Last night, I had a lot to drink. Too much," she rolled her eyes and I smirked. "No, believe me. You wouldn't have wanted to see me this morning," she managed a smile, and I silently refuted her assertion. I would've loved to have been there. To wake up next to her. To hold her in my arms, my body against hers I thought, and my dick pulsed against my pants. "But that doesn't forgive my actions," she added, refocusing my attention from my fantasy to what she was saying. "No," she overrode my attempt to dismiss her apology. "When I can't even remember

what I did beyond fleeting recollections, I know I was out of control; and I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. I definitely embarrassed myself!" She concluded.

"No, you didn't!" I refuted. "I had fun...and you did too," I asserted and to this, she smiled.

"Well, I couldn't tell you if I did or didn't," she managed to giggle. "I just know I'm never drinking again. And neither are you, Mister," she pointed a finger at me much as she'd done the night before. "At least not until you're legal."

"Alright, fair enough," I conceded, leaving her in the kitchen on my way to get changed before I stopped and turned, almost having forgotten the plan I'd put into action whilst at work. "Oh, by the way," I called back to her, and she looked up from where she'd seated at the bench. "Are you home after dinner tonight?" I quoted exactly the question she'd put to me days earlier.

*

I hadn't told her what to expect, just that we were going for a drive. It wasn't uncommon for us. Since I was sixteen and she'd first given me driving lessons, we'd often gone on weekend road trips together. Never far; along the coast or into the hills outside L.A. or the like, though admittedly not for some time and I had seen the surprise in Mom's face when I'd suggested it, especially so, the time I'd proposed. Nevertheless, regardless of the destination, she seemed enthusiastic, and I noted had even changed her outfit when she joined me in the car post-dinner.

"So, are you going to tell me where we're headed?" Mom finally inquired after showing amazing restraint during our meal together.

I glanced across at her in the passenger seat, the denim skirt she'd put on riding high up her bare thighs and I immediately set to imagining the color and style of her panties before smiling as I realized that all going to plan that evening, I'd definitely find out.

"It's not like you not to be out with friends on a Saturday night!" she continued when I failed to immediately answer her query. "And why are you grinning?" she added, laughing.

I turned off the main road into a residential neighborhood and Mom immediately sat up in her seat.

"What are we doing here?" She glanced around, looking in my direction when I made another turn and slowed to a crawl outside a house we both knew, coming to a stop. "The Brandts!?" she noted. "Aren't they away?" She questioned me about our family friends. "They're in Europe Honey," Mom continued unable to reason as to why we'd stopped outside their residence.

I turned off the ignition and looked at Mom, her eyes on the empty house, its windows in darkness in the early evening.

"Mom, what do you remember about last night?" I asked her and as she turned back toward me, I saw her beginning to blush before the interior light of the car went out providing her cover.

"What?" She questioned.

"I mean, stuff you told me," I could feel myself blushing as well at the memory of her peeing in the street, her laying half naked on the bed. "You remember telling me about your bucket list?" I managed to ask, my heart palpitating with nervousness.

"Oh, Honey I..." She immediately looked back at the house as the cogs began to turn, the Brandts our only close friends with a pool on their property. "You're not serious!?" she again shifted in her seat as the realization kicked in. "I can't..." she began. "...we can't!" She faltered as she watched me reach behind into the back seat and pull out a beach towel.

*

"I emailed Dane," I explained to Mom as we entered the backyard of the property.

"He knows?" Mom was quick to query. "Does Audrey?" She gasped. "I'll never be able to look her in the face again."

"Mom, relax," I reassured her. "I just asked to use the pool. They know nothing more," I explained as I closed the gate behind us, entering our own private oasis. The day had been cooler than I'd hoped, and the air of the night had a chill that didn't bode well for the temperature of the pool. Nonetheless, throwing the towel upon a banana lounge, I set to winding back the pool covering as Mom looked on nervously, fidgeting.

"Baby, I don't know about this," she looked at the calm surface of the water and then back toward me.

"Well, I do," I boldly exclaimed as I lifted my t-shirt off over my head and threw it next to the towel. "What do you say?" I paused, looking at her, the only illumination, small solar lights in the garden bed beside the pool, reflected in her wide eyes.

"You're really going to...?" She tentatively questioned as she watched my hands move to my belt and again, I paused.

"Mom, you said yourself you regretted not doing it all those years ago," I exhaled, sounding braver than I felt under the circumstances. "You know,

despite how you feel about last night; I had a great time. I want you to tick this off your bucket list," I smiled. "And I want to do it with you."

Emboldened by my speech, I kicked off my flip-flops and in one grand motion pulled down and removed my pants and briefs to stand before my mother naked. She did nothing to disguise where her eyes lingered, slowly lifting them up from my groin, my cock unfortunately not looking its largest at the time.

"I... I don't know that I can," Mom began but I ignored her, jumping into the pool at the deep end.

The cold hit me like a shovel in the chest and I came up gasping and shivering, doing my best to disguise the discomfort. "C... Come in," I stammered. "The water's perfect."

In an encouraging sign, Mom laughed.

"You lie," she accused, and I could see her grinning before she looked around the yard as if to make sure no one else was present to witness what would come next. No. This was a private show for me alone. Treading water, my eyes never left her as she turned and lifted her tank top, her hands circling around her back to unclasp her bra. The clothing joining mine on the banana lounge, she paused momentarily before I heard her exhale deeply and unbutton her skirt. It dropped down her legs leaving my mother wearing nothing but a pair of what looked like orange cotton panties. These too were hastily removed before she turned and with an arm across her breasts and a hand covering her groin, she ran and jumped into the pool no more than two feet from me.

She burst from the water in a tumult of suffering; gasping to refill the expelled air from her lungs. Her breasts rose above the surface

momentarily, her nipples understandably standing to attention.

"You... you," she gasped. "God it's freezing," she managed to laugh as she wiped water from her eyes.

"Yeah," I chuckled. "It really is! So how does it feel?"

"H... Horrible," she managed.

"No, you know."

"Oh," her breathing regulated as she became acclimatized to the temperature. "Strange. Amazing. I can't believe we're doing this! Together," she added.

"Why?" I laughed. "We're just a mother and son going for a swim. Nothing weird about that!" I smirked and she shared my mirth, splashing water at me.

"You know what's different about this, Mister!" she giggled.

"Oh right," I again laughed. "We're naked!" I noted and despite the biting cold of the water, the thought, the reality, had my cock twitching beneath the surface.

We tread water. We raced each other across the width of the pool. At one point Mom floated on her back, her breasts and amazingly, her pubic mound, projecting from the still surface of the dark water, her skin glistening, reflecting the light of the moon. There were so many things I wanted to do. To swim between her legs. To lift her onto my shoulders, imagining her pussy pressed into the back of my neck. To embrace and have her sex against mine. To push her against the pool wall and penetrate her beneath the water; confess my feelings for her and begin our new life together, as lovers. But the moments never came.

"We should maybe think about getting out," Mom proposed as we clung to the edge of the pool, no more than five minutes having elapsed. "The neighbors have probably heard us and called the police by now," she ridiculously imagined.

I was pretty sure she was wrong, but getting out of the pool was definitely a good idea. Again, I'd see her naked. She'd see me. The potential was palpable.

"Good idea," I agreed and immediately lifted myself out of the pool, water cascading down my body. Despite the shriveled nature of my penis, I tuned immediately to help Mom up only to find she'd begun swimming to the steps at the far end, closer to our clothes.

Beating her there, I took possession of the towel and without drying myself, held it out lengthways in offering (conveniently obscuring my embarrassingly small dick and nestled balls) as she rose from the water.

There was little embarrassment on her behalf. Unlike when she'd entered the water, doing her best to hide her breasts and pussy, Mom now made no effort to protect her boobs, and as her chest rose above the water line, I feasted on her pale skin, the shadow of her nipples in the minimal light. There was a casual attempt to block her crotch from my eyes, her palm momentarily protecting her dripping thatch of pubic hair, but as her eyes lifted to meet mine, she dismissed the action, instead revealing herself to me in all her perfect nudity, using both hands to wipe the water from her face and slick back her hair.

"I think it's colder out," Mom's teeth chattered as she accepted my embrace with the towel. Wrapping it around her body like a sarong as I drew her into me.

"We'll warm up soon," I whispered as our bodies came together, Mom seemingly appreciating the hug, her hands, in turn, resting upon my shoulders.

"You're still wet," she remarked, her body shivering as I tightened my arms around her, feeling her breasts through the dampening towel, my dick reacting to its position pressed against her groin, hardening.

"I don't mind," I again whispered close to her ear, using the towel to caress her back in the feigned act of drying her skin, lowering a hand to creep momentarily onto a buttock. My dick pulsed against her, rapidly hardening and I swore she pushed her pelvis into me.

"Thank you," Mom's eyes darted from mine as she moved her head into my shoulder, and I wondered, for what? My hands on her butt? My cock against her pussy? "For tonight," she elaborated, her cheek against my neck, my dick now undeniable against her crotch.

"It's my pleasure," I sighed as my cock again twitched, filling with blood, and Mom exhaled at the contact, no doubt feeling my growing affection, her breath giving me goosebumps, her lips gently pressing my skin with the lightest of what could only be described as a kiss.

"You should get dry," Mom suddenly pulled away, the towel going with her leaving me naked and aroused, with nowhere for my erection to hide. Her eyes glanced at me, taking in my hard-on before she focused on her clothing.

"What? Wait, Mom..." I attempted to stall the proceedings, but she had her panties in hand and was stooping to place her feet inside before I had a chance to respond. "Mom," I repeated before I took stock of the moment. She'd just had her son press his hard cock against her. Her reaction wasn't

unreasonable, especially as there'd been little forewarning it was about to happen. Had she even given me any signals she was amenable to the incest? I mean apart from drunkenly placing her panties in my pocket the night before, very little. Had I just made the biggest mistake of my life?

"Mom, I'm sorry," I offered, and as she made to put her bra back on and the towel dropped to the banana lounge, her eyes once more found mine.

"Oh Honey," she turned, sincerity in her eyes. "I'm just cold is all. It's nothing to do with..." her eyes once more glanced at my cock and it embarrassingly responded by pulsing under her gaze, growing larger despite my sudden self-doubt. She was understandably unable to finish her sentence, but also unable to hide the smirk that came to her mouth.

"It must have something to do with the cold," I explained my erection, relaxing as I saw her smile.

"Hmm, yeah. That'd be it!" Mom grinned as she finished dressing, buttoning up and straightening her skirt before she even thought of offering me the towel. Was it deliberate I wondered? Was she enjoying the moment as much as me?

"Better get dry Mister," she threw me the towel. "Don't want to get a cold," she added in a motherly way and to my delight, watched as I toweled myself down, doing nothing to hide my engorged cock. I was slow to get my clothes, wishing, under her nurturing gaze she'd stop me and once more press our bodies together. It didn't happen. A smiling shake of her head when I forced my hard-on into my briefs, was the only sign she was still cognizant of the uncomfortable development in our relationship.

*

"Did I say thank you?" Mom spoke in the car as we set out on our short trip home.

"Yeah," I chuckled, glancing over at her to see her focused on me, or more importantly my crotch, looking back at the road without drawing attention to it.

"I didn't know you were..." she trailed off after a pause. "I mean I've never been... I know it's popular nowadays," she cryptically added, and I seriously had no idea what she was talking about. My erection? The possibility of an incestuous relationship between us? "I've seen it on the women in lingerie catalogs and online in, well... in movies," she continued and now I was really confused.

"Mom. What are you talking about?" I questioned, laughing.

"Your... well. I noticed you're shaved. Down there!" She explained and I quickly glanced back to see her eyes once more on my groin.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"I've never done it," she admitted. "I've always wanted to," she quickly followed up. "Oh, my god. Should I be even talking to you about this?" She laughed.

"No, no it's all good," I immediately defended her, my cock stiffening as I realized she was discussing her pubic hair, of all things! "I don't mind," as opposed to earlier, my mind rapidly working. "So, you could say it's on your bucket list?" I suggested and again Mom laughed.

"Oh Gabe, no!" She was clearly beginning to enjoy the nature of our newfound relationship. "Well, it could be. God. It's sounding more like a 'sex bucket list' by the minute," she giggled as I pulled up in our driveway.

I turned off the car and we remained seated for a moment, silent. I so wanted to kiss her. It felt like one of my earliest dates; taking my then-girlfriend home. The nervousness. The desire.

"Soo, I guess we should..." I left it open-ended, turning toward her, hoping she'd say kiss, or fuck.

"Yep," Mom exhaled loudly before she unbuckled her seat belt and opened the door (not the action I'd hoped) and I followed her lead, walking back into our house.

*

Always a bridesmaid, never a bride. In my case, always the panties, never the pussy, I reflected as I lifted my mother's orange cotton panties to my face and inhaled their feminine scent. I really couldn't complain. Wasn't this reward enough? Finding her underwear abandoned on the bathroom vanity when preparing for bed. Surely, she'd left them there for me. So out of place beside the soap dispenser; inside out no less to reveal the saturated gusset. When we'd left the car, entering the house to go our separate ways I'd abandoned all hope we'd fuck, let alone kiss as lovers. That was for the movies and short stories on porn sites. No. We were a mother and son that'd come close to crossing the line, but reality had forbidden the transgression. If it was ever going to happen it would've been then. Beside the pool, or in the car. Not to be. Our relationship would and forever be, plutonic, familial. And if the best I could hope for was the admittedly perverted habit of sniffing my mother's unobtainable sex upon her panties for the rest of my days, then so be it. I could be satisfied with that, I thought as I stroked my cock to completion into the basin of the sink.

*

As always, work Sunday morning saw me away and our paths hadn't crossed since the night before. I arrived home after lunch to a quiet house and was surprised to not find Mom working in the garden, nor her presence in the kitchen or living room. It was only after I'd passed her vacant bedroom did I ascertain where she was, her voice indicating her location.

"Is that you Honey?" Her admittedly tentative call came from within the bathroom, and I stopped my journey back down the hallway to stand outside the closed door to answer.

"Yeah, just got home," I replied, my overactive incestuously fixated mind imagining her seated on the toilet, panties down to her knees.

"Ok... um," she added after pausing, before I heard the surprising sound of water sloshing in the bathtub. "Baby, can you come in here for a second?" She questioned and I straightened where I stood, more than a little shocked at her request.

"What!?" I managed, momentarily wondering if this was just one of the many dreams I'd had about her over the years.

"I just want you to... I did some... Oh, just come in Gabe," she demanded and dutiful son that I was, followed her wishes, turning the knob and entering the bathroom.

The air was as warm as it was steamy, and the mirror and windows fogged up accordingly, but they weren't where my eyes lingered, focusing directly upon the head and shoulders of my mother above the copious bubbles in the bath.

"Can you turn the fan on for me Darling," Mom immediately requested and for a dreadful moment, I thought that was the extent of my summoning, but as I flipped the switch, she continued. "It was getting too hot in here," she

noted as the air began to clear, and awaiting further instruction should it come, I followed her eyes as they left mine and panned down to the surface of the water, her naked body beneath the concealing layer of bubbles. "I just wanted to..." she paused. "To let you know I..." Again, her gaze met mine and her internal struggle with whatever she wanted to admit was obvious in her eyes. "...about my bucket list," she managed.

"Oh, hey, Mom. You've already thanked me," I waved a hand in dismissal, pausing. "...If that's what this is about?"

"Oh... Yes," she quickly agreed. "That was it. That's all. I just wanted to thank you again for last night. It was a beautiful evening," she once more tore her eyes from me and looked at the water.

"Cool, yeah. It was fun," I nodded. "Sooo, if that's it, I'll..." I pointed back at the door, following my gesture by turning my back on her and taking hold of the handle.

"Actually, no Darling!" Mom called from behind me, the sound of water splashing accompanying her voice and I turned back to see her rising from the bathtub. "That wasn't all," she stated, now in no more than a whisper. "I wanted to show you what I've done!"

My breath stolen, I took in her naked body. Yes, I'd seen it before. But then in compromising situations, relative darkness or through transparent clothing. This was unfettered, complicit. And as the soapy foam slid down her body with the dripping water, leaving her skin glistening... absolute.

"I shaved it!" She proudly declared, and given license, nay forced to look at her groin, I devoured the beauty of her now clearly hairless pubic mound, the tantalizing slit of exposed labia. In somewhat of an effort to retain her modesty, I watched as she lifted her hands to cup and conceal her breasts,

but it did nothing to lessen the beauty of her appearance, possibly accentuated.

I couldn't speak. I struggled to swallow, and it was Mom that broke the silence.

"For the bucket list," she explained. "I think I told you I'd never..."

"Yeah... I remember," I breathed, watching her eyes pan down to look at her bald mound.

"I just wanted to... I mean it's probably not very appropriate, but I did tell you about it, so I wanted to show... someone. To prove it. Oh, it's silly, isn't it?"

I could see she was becoming embarrassed and my inability to verbalize more than a few words clearly hadn't helped.

"No!" I gasped. "I'm glad you did, you know... show me. I mean it looks... it looks great," I complimented, and her eyes found me, a shy smile developing on her lips.

"Do you think?" Her face noticeably brightened.

"Oh yeah," I sighed and felt my cock find a more comfortable position for its growing stature. "Do you... like it?" I questioned her and she allowed herself to giggle.

"Well, it's a change," she lifted a foot from the water and made to step out of the bath. "Can you pass me the towel Honey?" she asked, and I closed the door behind me, figuring my stay was surely going to be extended.

My eyes temporarily taken from her, when I turned back, she was completely out of the bath, standing on the mat.

"I have to say," she smiled, looking me in the eye as I approached with the towel. "It does feel different." I held the towel out in offering and to my surprise she balked, instead continuing as I stopped before her. "It's so smooth to the touch," she paused as she abandoned her half-hearted effort at hiding her boobs, dropping her hands to her sides. "Would you... I mean, if you want, you can..."

It was beginning. Finally! It should've happened days before considering how our relationship had developed. But regardless, it was now at long last, real. No other explanation warranted contemplation. The line was about to be crossed. Without pause, I lowered the towel and with my eyes slowly dropping from hers, watched my left hand reach out to bridge the distance between us. So gently I pressed my palm against her belly, feeling the heat of her still-damp skin as it traveled downwards. The firmness of her pubic bone beneath my touch, the smoothness of her perfectly shaved thatch, and the softness of her uppermost labia

"You're right," I raised my eyes to hers, finding them dreamy, eyelids heavy, as her lips slightly parted with an intake of air. "It is smooth," I agreed, and allowed my fingertips to delve lower, her thighs parting to enable their exploration. "C... Can I?" I pleaded in barely more than a whisper and Mom allowed her head to loll back as she let out a sigh.

"God yes," she breathed as I slid my fingers between her legs, her pussy slippery, welcoming the tease of my middle finger as it pressed the length of her slit. "In... Inside Gabe," she managed, and I dropped the towel, reaching behind to press her back and pull her into me as I bent my finger up, easily entering her body.

Her mouth was upon mine as her naked body enveloped me. Her tongue was as hot as the inside of her velvety sex. "This is beautiful," Mom hissed

between my lips, and I wiggled my finger vigorously in response, the palm of my hand cupping the flow of her excess lubricant.

"You're beautiful," I praised her, kissing her, sucking on her tongue as it writhed against mine. Her hands caressing my body, she made her way down the front of my shirt and venturing onto my pants found my cock tenting my chinos.

"You're so hard!" she exhaled, immediately seeking my fly and unzipping, her small hand expertly extracting the prize. Even I was impressed by my size as she drew me from my pants, my hand on her back going lower to squeeze a buttock, tentatively delving between her cheeks. Again, she sought my mouth as her fingers gripped my pole, kissing me passionately as only a mother can whilst beginning to jerk my length.

I'd managed to surreptitiously find her asshole amid the distraction and discovering it well-lubed with mommy juice, dabbed the point of my index finger against her rubbery entrance, tentatively venturing my desire.

"I want it!" Mom's mouth came from mine, her eyes fixing upon my gaze as she furiously stroked my cock and I took it as consent, my finger immediately penetrating her tightest of holes. "Ugh," her mouth once more dropped open as I finger fucked her front and back and she dropped her head again to focus on my dick, the bulbous head purple as her vice-like grip went to work.

A finger in her ass. Another in her pussy. I wiggled both as I caught our reflection in the now fog-free mirror, the image so extraordinary, a fantasy come to life. My naked mother hugged against my body, her hips slowly gyrating with legs slightly bowed, the muscles in her arm flexed as she jerked me off.

"Tell me this is real," Mom sighed, kisses upon my neck, my jaw, and my lips. I looked back at her from the reflection, dropping my eyes to her pumping hand, pre-cum leaking profusely across her knuckles and I realized it was all too 'real,' my release so close.

"It's real Mom," I managed, breathing in deep to stave off my orgasm, the divine scent of pussy filling my nostrils. It was too much. The alluring smell, no secondhand panties this! The sensations, fingers inside her body, her hand around my cock. And the sight. Her complete nudity, the shaved sex, her mouth, open with tongue extended to seek mine. I came!

Unintended but not unexpected. Was it the quickest ejaculation of my life? Possibly. Mom was taken by surprise, gasping as my eruption hit her.

"Oh my god!" She excitedly squealed as the geyser of cum sprayed her belly. Jet after jet of molten jizz painted her torso from boobs to thighs, her still beating hand guiding me to shower her bald mound, christening her exposed labia with her son's loving seed.

"I'm... I'm sorry," I stammered panting, easing my hand from her pussy as my own cum trickled down into my palm.

"Oh Baby," Mom smiled mischievously. "Don't be silly," she looked down at the mess I'd created, her freshly cleaned body now painted with semen. "I love it," she admitted, slowly sliding her hand from my cock, squeezing out the last of my gift before raising her fingers to her lips. "It's what I've wanted for so long," she declared, and I watched enthralled as she licked cum from her knuckles, sucking her fingers one by one.

I expected to wake up at any second. To find myself in bed and slowly coming to the realization it was all a dream. But the moment never came. Speechless, I watched Mom notice my own cum covered hand and bring it

to her mouth, her lips wrapping first around the fingers still wet from her pussy, licking her way to suck up more of my incestuous benefaction, greedily swallowing.

"I love you!" I spontaneously admitted and she giggled at my confession.

"I know you do Honey," she smiled and squeezed her sphincter around my embedded finger, almost forgotten lodged so comfortably in her ass. "Now," she looked down at my still rock-hard cock before clutching at the front of my shirt, "what say you get out of these clothes... and I'll come find you in your bedroom when I've cleaned up a little?" As if on cue with my hypnotic nod of affirmation, her asshole relaxed around the second knuckle of my finger, and I eased it from her body.

"My room?" I reaffirmed.

"Your room!" she beamed, and I kept my eyes on her as I backed from the bathroom.

*

Stupid thoughts went through my head. In the mere minutes I had to wait, anxiety and doubt crept into my bedroom. Naked and with a hard-on I'd have been proud to take photos of I climbed into my bed, but laying upon my pillow in anticipation of what was to come, fear swept over me along with the sheets. What if she'd changed her mind? What if, when left alone, the reality of what we'd done had struck her? I mean it was immoral, wasn't it? Possibly illegal? What if she couldn't face me out of shame?

I shouldn't have worried. Seconds later my open doorway was filled with the sight of the most beautiful woman on Earth. Now dried and cum free, still naked, the only change, was make-up hastily applied to her face in the form of lipstick and eyeliner. She hurried to the bed as I drew back the

covers and giggled as she jumped in beside me, a childlike playfulness that swelled my heart and forced me to once more outpour my overwhelming feeling.

"I love you so much," I repeated as I wrapped my arms around her, our naked bodies pressing fully against each other from top to toe.

"Then make love to me Gabe," she whispered between my lips, her tongue following as I ran my hands over her skin, still hot from the bath. "Fuck me like a good son should."

The kiss that followed was the best of my life. Wet, passionate, full of lust and love. Her body under my probing and caressing hands was an unexplored wonderland, a tactile experience I'd never tire of. Which made the fact I'd lost my erection all the more frustrating.

"What is it?" Mom sighed into my ear as she ground her slick labia along my flaccid length.

"Nothing... I don't know..."

"It's alright Baby," she again kissed my mouth, motherly, understanding.

"There's no rush."

"I'm sorry," I exhaled, annoyed at myself. "You turn me on!" I declared, quick to reassure it was me, not her.

"I know," she again giggled. "I've always known!"

"What?" I drew my head back in the pillow to look into her eyes.

"Oh Honey..." she continued to smear her dripping pussy all over my groin.

"A mother knows these things."

I didn't push it any further, feeling the heat rising in my face at the thought she knew about my panty-sniffing habit.

"Maybe we could just talk a minute?" I posited and she nestled her head into my neck, her body into my side.

"We can talk... we can fuck... we can do anything you want," she kissed my neck and I laughed at her words and the goosebumps that accompanied her touch. "What?" she asked.

"You. This," I said. "How are we here?"

"Well, I think we have your bucket list idea to thank, don't we?" she posited.

"Really?" I questioned. "Didn't this start with you walking around the house essentially naked?" I laughed.

"I didn't hear any complaints," Mom chuckled into my neck. "But really, I love it. I love the idea of doing the bucket list. I've even ticked off some more," she cryptically confessed.

"What?" I probed and again she giggled.

"I mean, there's this," she stated, running her hand down my chest to, unfortunately, find my dick still soft. "It's brought us here."

"This was on your list?" I questioned, amazed at her candor. "And what else?" I encouraged and once more she laughed.

"You won't think me weird?"

"Never," I assured her, desperate to hear her confessions.

"I'd always wanted to pee in front of someone!" she declared, and I could see her blush. "Not that I really remember much of it."

I thought of her on the street that night, her dress raised and the piss streaming from her body and I felt a stirring in my groin.

"Then maybe you can do it again sometime?" I posed and her eyes met mine.

"You'd want to see that!?" She seemed surprised and I kissed her.

"I'd love it," I admitted, and seemingly content, she once more lay her head against mine on the pillow.

"I've got more," she cautiously admitted after a moment's silence. "More things I want to do."

"I'd hoped so," I said. "You know, there's something I wouldn't mind doing," I tentatively raised, and Mom shifted, lifting her head once more.

"Oh yeah?" She questioned.

"I wonder... could we... I mean it might help," I inferred my soft cock.

"Anything," Mom whispered, and I drew her face toward me to whisper in her ear.

"I'd love for you to sit on my face, Mom," I divulged and heard her now familiar chuckle.

"Oh Baby," she was quick to begin to move. "I can take care of that immediately."

As one of my longtime nighttime fantasies was made flesh, my naked mother turned her body on the bed, and with her legs up on the pillow, as I shuffled down on the mattress, her ass descended upon my face.

"How's that Darling?" she asked as my nose pressed deep within her butt crack, her slick pussy coming down on my awaiting mouth.

"Mmmph," I managed to vocalize before pushing my tongue up against her slit.

"I'll take that to mean it's satisfactory," she giggled as I attempted to lick her, her near-full weight upon my face making it especially challenging but nonetheless enjoyable. "It's certainly comfortable for me," she admitted, sighing. "Yes. I think I'll sit here more often if it's ok with you!?"

I again managed a grunt as she began grinding her pussy upon my face, my extended tongue entering her vagina, deep; licking her asshole, and teasing what I hoped was her clit. I felt the sheet thrown off my thighs and her hands slide their way down my sides to my groin before the softness of her breasts pressed upon my belly. I knew what would come next, but when her lips wrapped tenderly around my semi-erect penis, I was almost overwhelmed by the moment. No matter what anyone says, there is no better feeling in the world than having your cock harden inside your mother's mouth. The warmth, the moisture, the love, unmatched by any other touch. My anxiety-fueled brush with impotence a long-forgotten memory, I felt myself swelling upon her tongue, pushing my hips up into her as I wrapped an arm around her lower back, pulling her ass down further into my face, smothering, drowning myself in mom juice.

"Mmmrgh," it was now Mom's turn to groan/gag as I felt the back of her throat, my now fully erect penis welcomed deep in her mouth, slick with saliva, dripping around my balls. I was doing my best to eat her out, but her grinding prevented any consistent focus on one area, my face smeared with cunt from chin to forehead. It could've lasted forever, the taste, the feeling, the pleasure of her mouth around my cock. But Mom had other ideas. "Oh, fuck this," she gasped as I felt her lips pop from the head. Her ass lifted from my face as she climbed off her throne, a foot almost kicking my temple in her haste to change positions, the action causing us both to laugh. "I need you inside me!" she explained the sudden shift and once more I

accepted her body upon me, my dick effortlessly seeking her pussy, the penetration so perfect, so incestuous, so right.

"Oh God," Mom moaned as her vagina accepted my length, her hairless pubic bone meeting mine. "It feels so good Baby," she leaned forward to press her breasts upon my chest, her mouth descending, lips and tongue eager to taste herself upon me.

"I feel like I'm dreaming," I gasped into her mouth.

"Then we've shared the same dreams, Honey," she kissed me as she spoke, sucking and biting my tongue. "I've wanted this for so long."

"Serious?" I ran my hands down her back to clasp each buttock, squeezing her flesh. "Why didn't you tell me?" I questioned and she snickered between my lips.

"And I just come out...." she paused, sighing as I thrust myself up into her, burying my cock deep. "...and tell you I think we should have sex!?" she highlighted the foolishness of my question.

"Yeah, ok, I'll give you that one," I whispered as I straightened her legs on either side of my hips and taking hold of her body, rolled her onto her back. "But you said you knew how I felt," I kissed her jaw and neck as we continued to fuck in missionary position. "You could've hinted you felt the same," I suggested and she laughed.

"Oh Baby, I always have!" She gasped as I clutched at a breast, massaging her erect nipple. "I've been trying to let you know for years," she admitted. "The things I've done..." She trailed off as I increased my rate of penetration and much like a life flashing before one's eyes, images of her behavior and clothing ran through my mind. All the 'accidental' panty glimpses; the tightest of leggings, smallest of shorts, and shortest of skirts; Aunt Krista's

scandalous fortieth birthday party; her near naked fashion parades; drunkenly exposing herself; pissing in the street.

"I should've known," I fell upon her mouth, kissing my affection, my regret.

"I'm sorry," I hammered my cock inside her body. "I love you."

"Again," she whimpered.

"I love you," I cupped a hand beneath her ass, pulling her into every thrust.

"Agai..."

"I love you. I love you," I panted, my dick concrete, my abs aching, my groin slapping her inner thighs. "I love you, Mom!" I declared and I felt her body shudder, the walls of her pussy quivering around my cock. Sucking my tongue into her mouth, my mother came with me inside her, the lube of her already slick pussy increasing, squelching with every loving thrust.

"Don't stop," she released my mouth to look me in the eyes. "Don't ever stop fucking me," she begged, her lipstick smeared and eyeliner running, never looking as beautiful.

"I have to..." I gasped. "I've gotta..." I struggled to vocalize my own impending orgasm and Mom understood my battle.

"Oh God yes, Gabe," she sighed, her face languid in post-climax exultation.

"Cum for me. Cum inside me my darling boy. Mama's pussy's hungry for your hot cum."

No words could've brought me quicker to ejaculation. With our eyes locked in incestuous ardor, I came amid the warmth, within the security of my mother's longing womb. Her pussy squeezing, milking my cock as I released pulse after pulse of taboo seed where it belonged, in the fiery cunt of a loving mother.

"Fuucking hell," I released my held breath as I buried my face into her neck, not stopping the thrusts, loathe to end the pleasure even as her pussy loosened, the sloppiness delightful, so slick and velvety. I quickened my pace as her arms locked my body upon hers, her nails digging into my back and sides.

"Yes Baby," she gasped. "Fuck me. Fuck me. Fucking make me your cum bucket, Baby. Fill me with that beautiful boy juice."

And for the third time in under half an hour, I was cumming again. My balls drained, my dick throbbing and spent, as exhausted, I lay atop my mother with all my weight, luxuriating in the love of her embrace, the softness of her skin, the scent of her body and sex.

"I love you," I again confessed and our mouths came together, her saliva mixing with mine as our cum juices combined in Oedipal bliss. "But seriously... what was that!?" I lifted from her to study her face.

"What?"

"What you said," I laughed. "Something about being my 'cum bucket'. Wanting my 'boy juice' or something?"

"Oh, I don't know," she giggled, blushing. "I just went with it. Was it wrong?"

"No fucking way," I kissed her, chuckling. "I loved it. I love you!" I repeated and again we fell to kissing, once begun, so hard to end. "But speaking of buckets. This isn't the end, is it? You did say you have more you want to do. To cross off your list."

"If you're willing to help me?" Mom posed and I slowly lifted from her body to look down between her legs, pulling my softening penis from her

sopping pussy, marveling at the copious stream of cum that oozed from between her lips.

"I'll do whatever you want," I reached for her hands and lifted her back from the mattress.

"You're sure?" Her lips met mine, her eyes remaining upon me. "Because I have some pretty nasty ideas."

"Anything," I reaffirmed my commitment, pulling her onto my lap and feeling the heat and fluid flooding from her vagina back onto my dick. "I can't wait to see what comes next."

The Generation Gap

Lionel Baxter placed his washed and dried lunchtime dishes back in the kitchen cabinet, and taking a last sip of water, looked out into his backyard as he swallowed. A welcome late-fall warm stretch saw a brilliant blue sky and sunlight bathing the well-kept lawn, marred only by the litter of the constantly falling leaves. The wisteria along the back fence had also surrendered to the season and revealed its twisted and gnarled tendrils, the voice of Lionel's wife coming to him, "...you'll need to get onto that wisteria Darling. It'll take over before you know it!" He could almost hear the echo of her words in the empty house and despite the sadness, her ghost brought a smile to his lips.

'Today, Dorothy,' he whispered back, straightening as he stoically breathed deep to fight back the tears that threatened to approach. Six years, he thought. 'Better late than never,' he managed to chuckle.

*

He remembered his cap as he made to leave the bedroom and circled back toward the closet, pausing at the dresser in contemplation before opening the topmost drawer and looking upon the keepsakes. The small box of jewelry and perfumes nestled in the corner, taking one from its home and heading back toward his bed where he sprayed the pillow, she'd nightly laid her head upon. The Jo Malone fragrance of sandalwood and juniper, her favorite, rose to meet his senses and filled the room with her presence.

He'd sleep well tonight

*

The raking complete, and leaves piled orderly for mulching, Lionel took up his pruning shears and garden saw and set his mind on taming the wisteria. Planted by the couple and now mature and thriving, the climber had been a welcome fixture over the last few years, screening his property as the rear neighboring house had transitioned its tenants.

Many times, Lionel had been admittedly thankful his wife wasn't around to have to put up with the constant partying and late-night music from the short-term rentals that had inhabited the dwelling, the pool, so close to their boundary, always the focus of the revelry.

Thankfully, it came as a relief when after years of forced tolerance on his behalf, the house changed hands, a young family moving in, whom Lionel had often encountered on one of his many walks, passing by the property. Their relationship went little further than waving, discussions of the weather, and pleasantries, but seeking to keep it convivial, Lionel would have to see to the damage the wisteria had clearly been doing to the boundary during his years of inattention.

Limbs clung hermetically to the treated pine and tendrils had managed to creep between many of the pickets, warping the boards, and on some, even prying them from the posts. Most remedied with the pruning shears, it was when he used his saw on one particularly thick limb and the picket came away from the rest, he realized his hammer would be necessary to complete the repair on the fence.

Returning from the garden shed, Lionel took a moment to remove his cap and wipe his forehead before he took hold of the loose timber and prepared to hammer it back into place, thwarted when the picket came off completely from the fence.

'Blast,' Lionel murmured to himself and squatted down to realign the exposed nails with the lower rail. It was as he positioned the picket, that he happened to casually glance up through the created gap and into the neighboring backyard, his eyes drawn to the vision no more than twenty feet from his location.

As unexpected as an upskirt in a cafe, and as if in slow motion, a nymph rose from the water of the pool. The initial impression was she was naked, her body glistening and every curve and fold on stark display before he noticed the string of a bikini, admittedly doing little to nothing in providing coverage. Mesmerized, Lionel watched her ascend the steps, raising her hands to wipe her eyes and continuing, running her fingers through her hair to wring out most of the water, her head tilting endearingly as she looked nonchalantly in his direction as if already aware of her admirer.

'Oh, hi Mister B,' the girl casually noted his presence and Lionel felt his face flush with color as he caught his breath. Her name lost to him momentarily, Lionel coughed before attempting to apologize and defend any offense taken by his actions.

'I'm sorry dear,' he managed, 'I... I was fixing the fence you see,' he justified his appearance in the gap and the girl smiled at his fumbling over words. 'I assure you I wasn't spying!' He emphasized, which in effect brought more attention to the compromising situation he'd found himself in. The comment, however, brought laughter to the girl which went some way in allaying his fears of any potential reprisal from the father.

'Oh, I don't mind,' she dismissed. 'I was just swimming,' she stated the obvious, moving toward her towel and using it to wipe her face, Lionel was surprised she seemed in no hurry to cover her near-naked body, in fact, as he attempted to focus on his work, his eyes keeping her in his peripheral

vision, she seemed to relish her state. 'I heard you over there,' she dropped the towel and moved closer toward him, her action allowing Lionel to look up at her body with impunity. 'I was wondering what you were up to.'

The bikini Lionel supposed, was initially white. The water however, having rendered it entirely transparent, enabled Lionel to feast his eyes on the erect nipples of the girl, pink and perfect, lower, the complete absence of pubic hair upon her pronounced mound of Venus, and even further below, the tantalizing tease of upper labia. He could feel his face burning and was thankful the cap shaded his embarrassment.

'I was pruning the wisteria. It's the best time of the season. It's grown through the pickets you see. That's what pried off this panel,' he explained the opening in their divide.

'Oh, and you're going to put it back?' she surprisingly questioned.

'Of course,' Lionel raised the hammer, laughing to himself.

'Well, that's a shame,' she unexpectedly suggested. 'If you took off another, we could come and go between.'

'I... why would we need to...?' Lionel asked, perplexed by the idea.

'I don't know,' the girl shrugged. 'It's just, I'm here all alone this week. If you left it off, we could at least talk through the fence.' The thought of daily seeing this goddess, even in a more clothed state, admittedly didn't sound that unappealing but even as he weighed up the advantages, he considered the potential repercussions. How would it look to her parents? The old man next door keeping their daughter (parading around in her swimwear no less) company, whilst they were away from home. From the outside, it might not seem so wholesome.

'Ah, where are your parents... Ashley?' Lionel recalled the girl's name, veering from the matter. He remembered being invited in to join her birthday party some time back as he'd passed by the house, politely declining, but the recollection of it being her 18th relieved some of the anxiety he felt at her being so exposed in his presence.

Ashley smiled at his obvious remembrance of her name. 'They've gone back to Atlanta to check out wedding venues with Jimmy,' she alluded to the older brother. 'There was no way I was going to tag along. Boring!' The sound of a landline ringing from her house had Ashley looking over her shoulder before turning back with a grimace on her face. 'That'd be Mom now,' she rolled her eyes. 'I baked this morning and she'll be checking up to see I didn't burn down the house.'

'Well, you'd best go allay her fears,' Lionel laughed, and Ashley smiled back warmly before skipping back to her towel. There was nothing lecherous in Lionel's eyes alighting on the girl's rear. The thong back a mere floss of string as it disappeared between her well-rounded globes, and in that moment, he could think of nothing more beautiful in the world.

'Hey. Do you like cookies?' Ashley quickly turned and Lionel hoped she hadn't caught where his eyes had focused.

'Of course,' he shrugged, smiling at her wide-eyed youthful playfulness. 'Who doesn't?'

'And you won't put the fence back up!?' She pointed at him accusatorily, frowning until Lionel raised his hands in defeat.

'You're the boss!' He again laughed.

'I'm the boss,' she quoted and smiled to herself as she sashayed toward the back door of the house. 'I like that,' she took a last look at the older man to

be sure he still watched her before she entered to answer the call.

*

Lionel was pondering on what to make for dinner when the doorbell rang. He looked at the time and questioned who would be calling at the late hour of the afternoon, a part of him openly hoping it was the girl. A blurred pink form stood behind the frosted glass, his heart rate quickening as he approached and upon opening, he wasn't disappointed to see Ashley patiently awaiting his arrival.

'Hey Mister B,' she smiled, pointing her thumb over her shoulder to her bike positioned against the wall. 'I brought over some cookies.'

'Oh, goodness, what a lovely surprise,' Lionel smiled, once more feeling his face flush in her presence, so unlike his normal demeanor. 'Well... would you like to come in?' he offered, watching her turn to retrieve the Tupperware container attached to the rear of the pink bike with octopus straps. More clothing adorned her body than previous, he noted, but admittedly not much. Her dress clung to her figure and just succeeded in stretching over her buttocks, Lionel questioning how she managed to ride a bike and retain any level of modesty. 'You know you can call me Lionel,' he said as the girl slinked past him to enter the house. Wide he'd held the door and yet she still managed to brush against his body, goosebumps breaking out on his skin as her upper arm touched his chest.

'Lionel,' the girl repeated, seemingly weighing up the name in her head. 'You don't mind if I keep calling you Mister B?' she asked as he closed the door behind them. 'I like it. It's cute.'

Nothing about him had been called "cute" for more than fifty years and his face reddened further as he acquiesced.

'No, that's fine,' he smiled. 'Please, come through,' he pointed into the house and led the way back to the kitchen. 'All is well with your mother I take it?'

'What? Oh, yeah,' Ashley smiled, placing her container on the kitchen table before dismissing his concern with a wave of her hand. 'She was just checking up on me.'

There was an awkward moment of hesitation between the two, broken by Lionel questioning if she'd like something to drink.

'Do you have a beer?' The girl attempted, a wry smile coming to her face at Lionel's surprise before relenting. 'It was worth a try,' she giggled, Lionel, heading to the fridge chuckling to himself.

'I think milk is more appropriate for cookies. Heaven forbid what your parents would think of me providing you with alcohol,' Lionel proposed.

'I AM an adult,' Ashley stated as she opened the plastic container, Lionel returning with a carton of milk and two glasses. 'Turned eighteen six months ago,' she seemed proud to affirm.

'Oh, I know,' Lionel nodded, returning to a cabinet to fetch two saucers. 'I remember when you had your party.'

'Oh. Hope we didn't make too much noise,' Ashley laughed, pulling out a chair when Lionel gestured for her to sit. She left the chair faced in his direction and as Lionel filled the glasses, he was granted a clear upskirt in his peripheral vision. Ashley leaned forward, momentarily closing her parted thighs as she placed a cookie on each of their plates, quick to go back to her pose, legs naively or perhaps suggestively spread.

Lionel turned his back on the almost wanton display and returned the milk to the fridge before attempting to take his own seat and remove the temptation from his gaze. She was wearing panties; of that he was sure, the

pure white having demanded attention under the impossibly short skirt. He imagined her riding the bike and felt a welcome stirring in his loins.

'Delicious!' Lionel praised the cookie after swallowing, having perceived the girl's watchful and expectant gaze as he'd bitten and chewed. Ashley beamed at the news, and it made Lionel smile that he'd pleased her.

'It's Mom's recipe,' Ashley shrugged, nibbling at her own cookie.

'Then you've inherited your mother's skill at baking,' Lionel raised his milk and Ashley did the same, the two touching their glasses, giggling before sipping the beverage.

A silence descended between them, the clock awkwardly ticking the break in conversation.

'I know about your wife,' Ashley nodded. 'Dad told us. I'm sorry,' she offered, and Lionel was taken by how genuine her sympathy seemed.

'Oh Sweetheart, thank you,' he nodded back. 'It's been six years,' he managed to smile. 'Time. It goes by so quickly,' he paused. 'You know, that's why I was out there pruning the hedge. Dorothy told me it would get out of hand... I was just distracted for a while you see.'

'Well, it's lucky for us it did. I mean, it must have been fate, otherwise, we probably wouldn't be talking now, right!' Ashley proposed. 'I wouldn't have made a new friend. And you wouldn't have seen me pretty much naked!'

Her words caught Lionel by surprise. He'd assumed she had no qualms about how she'd appeared before him, that the fact he had indeed seen more than was possibly considered appropriate hadn't fazed her in the slightest. But now she was bringing attention to herself, which could also lead to the fact he had admittedly been caught spying.

Words struggled to come to Lionel, and he was glad when she continued.

'You know Mom would kill me if she knew I was wearing something like that,' she referred to the bikini. 'It's stupid though. I mean girls wear less at the beach nowadays,' she defended her choice of swimwear.

'Well, I think you looked beautiful,' Lionel risked, and it drew another smile from the girl. 'And you were in the privacy of your backyard,' he added. 'If not for a dirty old man spying on you, no one would know,' he shyly smirked and Ashley laughed.

'You weren't spying Mister B!' She defended him, and it made Lionel feel better about the situation. She was clearly not going to tell her parents about his actions and in return, there was no way he'd inform her mother about her attire. 'Anyway, I don't mind if you look,' her eyes found his and penetrated, an unspoken link developing between the two. 'Do you really think I looked beautiful?' She sought clarification, and disarmed, Lionel was now eager to define.

'You know, I'm nearly seventy-one,' he nodded, noting the girl didn't recoil at his confession. 'And if I'm honest... I've never seen anyone as beautiful as you, nor as...' he struggled to find the word, '...intimately, if you understand my meaning.'

It was now time for Ashley to blush and Lionel was relieved she was showing some sense of awareness as to how open and honest their discussion was.

'But your wife?' Ashley questioned his confession and Lionel was quick to elaborate.

'Oh, please don't misunderstand. Dorothy was, is, the love of my life. We were high school sweethearts,' he admitted. 'She's always with me,' he

placed a hand on his heart. 'But I'll confess, I never saw her wearing what you...' he needn't finish the sentence. 'Nor as, well... how you are,' he again didn't need to spell out the words.

'You mean waxed?' Ashley dragged her eyes from his and looked down at her lap. 'It's no big deal,' she edged her chair sideways marginally on the floor to expose her legs once more to him before casually shifting her dress the mere inch needed to slip up over her hip. 'All girls are shaved down there nowadays!'

Lionel looked upon the sight. The girl's thighs were well spread and as he'd already ascertained, a tiny panel of white underwear hugged her crotch, so small in fact, again he was witness to the uppermost labia of her pussy peeking over the hem.

'Oh goodness,' Lionel breathed, the heat rising on his neck and cheeks. 'As I said,' he swallowed as his eyes dragged back up her body, seeing her nipples proudly poking against the tight dress. 'You're beautiful Ashley,' he reassured her when she once more found his eyes, breaking from them to take another bite of the cookie. 'And your confidence, brought forth with an endearing innocence. Well, it's especially attractive. To an old codger like me,' he threw in, smiling.

""Endearing innocence", ' Ashley quoted. 'Hmm... I kinda wish you'd just say I was fucking hot!' She laughed to show there was no ill will.

'Well, I thought that was a given,' Lionel too laughed.

'My brother thinks I dress like a hooker,' Ashley confessed, in no hurry to lower her dress. 'He calls me a slut,' she added searching Lionel's eyes. 'But here's the thing Mister B. I've never even seen a dick!'

Again, Lionel was taken by surprise by the girl's forthrightness. He was about to offer his thoughts when she continued.

'I mean, not really,' she smirked. 'I've seen Daddy's, and Jimmy's. I even walked in on Jimmy in the bathroom when I knew he was jerking off, just so I could see one hard.'

'Oh,' Lionel breathed out.

'Weird right?' She smiled and Lionel marveled at the girl's candor, her self-awareness.

'I won't say that,' he disagreed, pausing before going on. 'I believe you're just curious. You're young and exuberant, clearly confident in your body, as you most certainly should be. As for that word your brother uses. Well, I think a lady should be free to wear what she pleases without the fear of label. People seem so eager to judge others these days, though I suppose it's always been the way. You're a free spirit Ashley, and I for one find that most enchanting.'

Ashley grinned before taking a sip of her milk.

'I like the way you talk, Mister B.'

'Well, that may be because I'm lavishing you with veneration,' Lionel smiled, becoming comfortable within her presence, undressed as she was.

'You see!' Ashley laughed. 'I don't even know what you just said but I love listening to you speak,' she admitted, and Lionel joined in with a chuckle of his own.

'Then let me declare my door always open to you my dear. For conversation, even just affirmation if that's what you need,' he nodded, smiling kindly before taking another bite of his cookie.

There was a pause and Ashley looked over her glass at him as she sipped.

'Is the door open for anything else Mister B?' she cryptically inquired as she lowered the glass, her top lip lined with milk before she licked it off, in Lionel's eyes possibly more overtly than needed.

'I, well...' he struggled, the heat again rising on his neck.

'I loved it when you were watching me,' Ashley seemed to divert from her question, quickly reverting. 'Do you like looking at me, Mister B?'

'Oh,' he swallowed. 'As I said Ashley, you're most beautiful.'

Their eyes locked, Ashley casually placed her near-empty glass on the table and using both hands, lowered the front of her dress to allow her breasts to fall free. Lionel had no power to resist gazing upon the unveiling, his own private screening of youthful perfection right there in his kitchen.

'Do you like my tits, Mister B?' Ashley questioned.

His heart racing, Lionel managed to once more lift his eyes to see her studying his reaction.

'Ashley, I don't think it's approp...' he was cut off mid-sentence.

'Can I see your dick, Mister B?' The girl almost begged and shocked, Lionel released a long-held breath.

'It's probably not the best idea,' Lionel rose from his chair, reaching for his glass and placing it upon the empty saucer, Ashley shifting her chair out slightly to face him directly.

'Please Mister B.' She looked up at him with doe eyes and Lionel paused his clearing of the table to fix his gaze on her. Thighs parted and micro panties on display. Her perky upturned breasts were exposed; the nipples erect.

Who was he to deny this natural beauty of anything she craved? 'I just want to see one up close,' she added, her eyes dropping to his crotch expectantly.

'I'm not sure if...' Lionel whispered in his final halfhearted attempt to diffuse the situation, but Ashley was already reaching for his fly.

'I am!' She excitedly unbuckled Lionel's belt and found the button securing the waist, the zip of his fly relented and came down with his pants and shorts with the tug of the girl's hands to leave him open for her perusal. 'Oh Mister B.' She gasped exaggeratedly, lifting her wide eyes to grin up at him. 'It's bigger than Daddy's!' Her eyes dropped just as quickly to take him in.

Turned on as he was, he should have been hard for her, Lionel reflected, but took solace in her seeming lack of concern as she allowed his pants to fall to his ankles.

'It's got such a big head,' she giggled as her fingers wrapped around him, lifting his cock to the horizontal to draw closer to her opening mouth.

'Oh Jesus,' Lionel sighed as his cock slid between her lips, the softness of her tongue like velvet but hot and wet. 'Ashley,' he breathed out deeply, 'you sweet princess,' he proclaimed her as she took his flaccid length deep within and sucked.

His head swam. Her exposed breasts were just visible beneath her bobbing head as she endeavored to have him harden in her teenage mouth. So welcoming, so generous. Such a precious gift to give a man of his years. He wanted to praise her. To confess his appreciation and growing infatuation, dare he consider, love? Instead... he came!

It happened upon him so quickly that he had little warning himself let alone prepare her for his premature ejaculation. The pleasure had been too great,

his last sexual encounter too distant in the past, he'd been unable to control himself, giving over to his basest impulse.

'Oh God,' he gasped as he released into her mouth, Ashley responding with a gulping, slurping groan. 'I'm so sorry,' he apologized for the indiscretion, pleasurable as it was, pulsing and pumping God only knew how much semen down her throat. He expected her to wrench from his cock in disgust as he continued to spurt, vomit his shame out onto the floor but was surprised by a hand placed on his balls, squeezing as her eyes looked up to catch his, her cheeks sucking in as she siphoned him dry.

He relaxed as his orgasm subsided, finally able to once more take in a breath just as Ashley's mouth popped off the end of his still limp penis, now glistening with spit and cum.

'I always wondered what it tasted like,' she said as she took her hands from him, using a finger to wipe her mouth, her face reddening. 'You don't mind that I swallowed it?' She looked up with the same innocent doe eyes he was beginning to adore.

'Why would...' he marveled, shaking his head. 'I'm just so embarrassed that happened,' Lionel admitted, and Ashley misconstrued his comment.

'You regret it? Did I do it wrong?' She rose from the chair, her breasts still exposed, now so close to his chest.

'Oh goodness me no, Princess. I mean, that I did that. That I was so...' he couldn't bring himself to say the word "premature", raising a hand and touching her upper arm with affection. 'It's been so long you see,' he confessed and felt his face redden, suddenly aware of his state, a limp old man with his pants around his ankles. A ridiculous scene. What must she think of him?

Trying to avoid staring directly at her breasts, Lionel stooped to take hold of his pants and lifted, Ashley seeing it as direction and covering her exposed chest to see the couple quickly reclothed, an innocence returning to the kitchen.

'Um... so, I better get going,' Ashley awkwardly segued, and Lionel jumped at her words.

'Oh, yes of course,' the embarrassment and realization of what had occurred setting in.

'Oh, your container,' he reached for the Tupperware, but the girl was already moving toward the door.

'Ah, that's ok,' she said as he needed to hurry to keep up with her. 'I'll just grab it when you finish them,' she offered and admittedly Lionel wasn't upset by the idea, necessitating a further meeting between the two, Ashley only pausing her apparent escape when she reached the front door.

'Thank you,' Lionel offered as they once more faced each other, leaving her to interpret as to what for, and again there was an uncomfortable moment of silence as he held the door ajar for the girl, surprised when she quickly leaned forward, raising onto her toes to kiss his cheek so close to his lips. A cheeky grin came to Ashley's face as without another word spoken, she made for her bike, Lionel left to merely watch and admire as she cocked a leg to climb onto the saddle. Some adjustment was made to her dress as it crept up over her buttocks, but it did little as the girl rode out of his property, impetuous, proud, and certainly beautiful.

And as she was lost from sight on her short journey back home, Lionel raised a hand and touched gently the cheek she'd kissed.

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It was as he lay in bed that he fully replayed the day's events. The vision of her rising from the pool, body glistening in the sun. Her well-formed breasts and that pussy. So bare and beautiful. That she had been in his house seemed almost a dream now, a false memory he'd concocted. The dirty unobtainable fantasy of a foolish old man. The feeling of her mouth around his penis was so heavenly that it could only be imagination. It was as his cock twitched into life under the thin bedsheet that he was brought starkly back into reality.

'Of course, you work now!' Lionel lifted his head on the pillow to see the tower of desire halfway down the bed, snickering at the sight before once more resting and turning to look at the second pillow beside him. He breathed deep the perfume of his wife and reached out to lay a hand on the cold softness. 'Is this what you meant by me moving on?' He once more chuckled and the echo of his laughter, admittedly restrained as it was, seemed to chisel away the six years of sadness that had accommodated the house.

He did sleep well that night.

*

The light of day had sobered the fanciful meanderings his mind had taken overnight. In the reality of an empty house with only a Tupperware container as evidence of his tryst, the illicit nature of his affair overtook the fantasy. The next-door neighbor's daughter, he reflected. How would it look to an outsider? A seventy-plus-year-old man surely taking advantage of an innocent teen. Could he ever face the parents? He couldn't even summon the ghost of his wife to whisper encouragement, and it wasn't until late morning could he even look in the direction of the missing picket in the back fence.

He'd heard the music coming from the pool of course. Rekindling memories of past neighbors, only now more than aware of the protagonist, the tunes akin to a siren's call that he'd (for multiple reasons) avoided the beckoning. It was only with the summoning of courage and the generation of an ulterior motive that he once more ventured toward the gap.

'Oh, finally Mister B,' Ashley called out when she saw the shadow pass across the missing picket, Lionel's face appearing in the gap.

'Oh, hello Dear,' he said, his neck and cheeks immediately coloring.

'I've been out here for hours,' she rolled her eyes, shaking her head as she rose from where she'd been seated leaning over a magazine, legs spread wide on either side of the banana lounge. There was no malice in her expression, and she seemed proud as she stood fully, clearly eager to reveal her swimsuit to her audience.

'I just had to get some new nails for the fence,' Lionel revealed his cover story. 'The others were bent and rusty.'

'I thought we agreed to leave it down,' Ashley headed toward the boundary, and up close, Lionel took time to admire her appearance.

Why hadn't he come down sooner, he wondered? Amid the embarrassment of his cowardice, he looked the girl up and down, astonished, near dumbstruck by her stunning nature.

'Oh, I suppose it wouldn't hurt for a few more days,' he falsely conceded, having had no intention of replacing the board just yet.

'Good,' Ashley stopped merely a foot from him, close enough Lionel thought, to touch.

'Now... I've been dying to know what you think about this swimsuit,' she beamed, twirling for him to show the design. 'Of course, Mom can't know!' She quickly added, giggling as she once more locked eyes on her neighbor. Lionel, his confidence restored despite the worrying mention of the parent was eager to accommodate. The so-called swimsuit was merely a piece of green string that looped her body.

'It's a sling,' Ashley divulged as Lionel traced the material's path from laying over her breasts without even attempting to sit upon the nipples, down to where it converged at her groin, the string sitting deep within her labia. 'It's Wet Waves of course. I love how it goes at the back,' she once more turned to reveal her ass, planting her hands on each cheek to spread her buttocks, showing the way the swimsuit separated as it left her vulva, leaving the asshole uncovered. 'Well?' She again turned to Lionel to expectantly receive his verdict.

'You know Ashley, when I spied you leaving the pool yesterday, I couldn't perceive a more beautiful vision. Today I stand corrected,' he nodded and studied her eyes.

'That's good right!?' She questioned and laughed as Lionel in turn released a chuckle.

'Oh, my dear. You're stunning,' he smiled, willing her to seek further evidence of his affection as he felt the stirring behind his fly.

'You know Mister B,' Ashley placed a hand on the fence to steady herself as she moved to kneel down on the grass. 'I bet there's enough room here for us to...' she left the sentence unfinished as she reached out and through the divide, seeking Lionel's crotch.

More than happy to comply, Lionel sidled in and sighed as the girl lay a hand upon the front of his shorts, quickly looking up excitedly as she discovered the hardness within.

'Oh, Mister B!' she enthusiastically exclaimed, looking into his eyes with wonder, not needing to say anything more as she hurriedly worked to extract her prize. 'This is way better!' She praised his state.

Lionel's momentary sense of yesterday's shame was quickly banished as the girl brought forth his erection, impressive in her small hand, better as she brought her face up closer.

'I thought it was me,' her eyes looked up over the bulbous head to stare into his and Lionel wanted to kiss her, hold her, and dispel any self-doubt she harbored with whispered confessions of his desire.

'I was just nervous,' he openly admitted and was proud of his candor, more impressed when Ashley pressed her cheek to his cock.

'Well, I love it any way,' she declared and affectionately rubbed her face against him, nuzzling like a cat against his column.

Her grip tight around his girth, Ashley moved his cock back and forth across her forehead, bringing it down against her nose to breathe in his manhood before pressing her lips to the head, tasting the clear liquid that daubed the eye.

'Mmmm,' she purred, staring up into Lionel's eyes. 'I love this,' she licked her lips, drawing the precum between them and savoring the taste before wrapping her mouth around him.

'Ahhh,' Lionel breathed as her tongue bedded his shaft, his length too great to be accommodated by her small mouth but the pleasure unequaled prior.

'That feels so good,' he praised her, passing a hand through the opening in the fence to caress her head.

'Am I a good cocksucker?' Ashley took her mouth from him to question, her tongue poking out, slapping the head of his dick against it as she awaited his answer.

'Oh God yesss,' Lionel sighed, marveling at the sight.

'I hope so,' she moaned. 'I've practiced a lot,' she admitted as she again brought him into her mouth, her lips lovingly embracing his size, willing herself along his shaft to gag as he filled her throat. 'Ugh,' she recoiled from him, grinning as she used his cock to smear the copious saliva across her cheeks, lips and jaw. 'I fucking love this!' she exclaimed as she sucked him back inside, her head bobbing along his rock-hard flattery.

'Yes!' Lionel gasped as she sucked him, his hips moving in time with her efforts, slowly fucking the teenager's mouth as she devoured him. 'So very good,' he praised, admiring her work, her willingness and seeming delight in pleasuring him. 'Such a great little cocksucker,' he heard himself say and was surprised at mouthing the words.

'Hrmm,' Ashley moaned as if pleased at his confession, one hand jerking the length of cock she couldn't fit into her mouth, the other caressing, kneading Lionel's ball sack.

'Oh God,' Lionel panted, grasping the top of the fence for balance with one hand, the other combing through the girl's half-dried hair. 'My p... princess,' he struggled as he knew the inevitable approached, Ashley to his blessing, well aware.

'Yes Mister B. Cum!' She avidly declared, more a demand as her mouth popped from his cock 'Cum in my face,' she added, as she jerked his

lubricated length. 'Cum all over me!' She was quick to reattach her lips to his head, her tongue rolling around the mushroom swelling.

'Oh, Jesus!' Lionel cried, attempting to stave off the encroaching flood, to hold out and extend the buildup to the release. But why keep the audience waiting, he reasoned as he submitted to the moment.

Ashley could feel the dam break before the flow. The movement of his balls in her hand preempted the eruption and she was quick to pull her mouth from his cock as she felt him cum. Regardless, the volcano caught her by surprise as he exploded upon her, screaming with delight as she took a blast across her face, squealing with pleasure as she continued to furiously jerk him and aim his cream down onto her body.

'Oh, fuck Mister B,' she enthusiastically exclaimed as he shot his load onto her neck and breasts, pulse after pulse of mature seed coating her teenage body. 'You cum heaps!' She looked up into his eyes.

Lionel was still holding his breath as his body shuddered with the orgasm, finally gasping as he groaned, his dick twitching in the vice-like grip of his smiling angel.

'It's you,' he panted, wanting to declare his love in the moment, deciding against the foolish sentiment. 'It's because of you my princess,' he provisioned. 'It's all for you.'

Ashley rose from the ground and keeping his dick in hand like a treasured possession stood face to face to look into the eyes of her elder.

'So, you'll let me do this again?' She ridiculously pleaded and he wanted to pull her through the gap in the fence. To take her into his arms and never let her go.

'Oh, my dear girl,' he managed to once more regulate his breathing, laughing at her request. 'I wouldn't dare deny anything you desired.'

'Then don't even think of replacing this fence,' she wickedly rebuked him, pointing playfully with her one free hand, her other squeezing his softening cock.

'I swear,' Lionel chuckled, raising his hands in defeat and Ashley smiled at the power she felt flowing through her whilst holding his affection. 'I'll do whatever you say, Princess,' he professed.

'I like it when you call me that!' Ashley admitted grinning, releasing his cock from her balled fist. Her hands went to the cum on her chest and began casually playing with it, smearing it over her breasts and down onto her bare belly. 'My aunt's coming around for lunch,' she changed the subject and Lionel instinctively looked from the wicked display and over her shoulder for fear of being discovered by the relative with his cock through the fence. 'I'm sure Mom organized it just for her to check up on me. But...' she paused, looking up into his eyes. 'She'll be gone by four if you want to come around?' She suggested.

A visit to the girl's home. Things were getting serious Lionel thought. Was it overstepping boundaries should something sexual happen under the parent's roof? The answer came back a definite yes and he pondered putting an end to it all. He'd had his fun. The girl had given him some of the best experiences of his life and calling it off now before someone was surely hurt was probably for the best. The idea lasted mere seconds.

'Four you say?' Lionel repeated tucking his now flaccid cock back in his pants.

'I'll be alone,' Ashley smirked as if reading every thought Lionel held.

'I just don't want anyone to get into trouble,' Lionel offered, and Ashley used a finger to wipe up the cum that lay from her forehead down the side of her face, scooping it into her mouth.

'Oh... we're already in trouble Mister B,' she giggled as she turned to head back into her house.

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He waited until 4:30 pm before he walked around the corner and up the drive of the neighboring house. Thirty years he and Dorothy had lived behind the property and never had he set foot upon their land. Now, knocking on the door and feeling like a nervous teen on the threshold of his adolescent crush.

A sudden vision of the aunt opening the door to him came to mind and he wished he'd thought up a reason for being there but for the actual, allayed when Ashley swung the door inward. He could never tire of seeing her. And if possible, he felt she looked more beautiful every new time they met. Assisted by makeup and high heels, she looked more mature to Lionel's eyes and now on her own territory, a home-ground advantage possibly, there was even more of a pronounced confidence in her demeanor.

'Lucky,' she laughed as she welcomed Lionel inside, closing the door behind him. 'Aunt Trish only just left!' She revealed and Lionel again cursed himself for not having that cover story ready to go. He'd be more prepared next time, he thought to himself.

'Ashley...' Lionel paused to take in her appearance, and Ashley understanding his aim, twirled for him much as she'd done at the fence. 'You look amazing,' he pressed a hand to his heart.

'Threw it together in five minutes,' she declared before noticing Lionel's surprised expression. 'Well, not the makeup,' she confessed, smiling, looking down at herself. 'I just wanted to look pretty for you.'

She was beyond pretty. The makeup was worthy of a movie star, Lionel thought, and the dress, little that there was of it wouldn't be out of place on one of those music video clips he sometimes stumbled upon. There were cutouts showing her bare flesh down one side and the rest was translucent enough to allow him to make out her lack of a bra. The line of a thong was visible through the black material and her heels made her only fractionally shorter than his eyeline.

'You're magnificent,' he praised her, looking down at himself and feeling quite out of place in her presence, being dressed in shorts and a t-shirt as he was. 'I feel I should've worn a suit,' he self-consciously laughed.

'Nah, that's how we all know you,' Ashley divulged, and seeing Lionel's brow furrow with confusion she elaborated. 'When we see you passing on one of your walks. Mom calls you the silver fox,' she laughed. 'She makes fun of Dad because at half your age he doesn't have as good legs as yours.'

'I... I'm not sure how I feel about that,' Lionel admitted, suddenly more aware of the age disparity of all concerned parties, those present most notably.

'No. It's a good thing!' Ashley was quick to defend. 'Dad was first to notice how fit you are,' she moved closer to be within touching distance. 'He said you nearly broke his hand when you shook it. Said you had some "wiry old man strength" or something like that,' she reached out and pressed her hand upon his chest, running it across his pecs. 'I just thought of you as the nice man that lives behind us,' she revealed and the fact she mentioned nothing

about his age went to placate Lionel's anxiety. 'My brother thinks you're a dick,' she laughed, 'but he thinks everyone's a dick, so...' she shrugged.

All the new information took Lionel by surprise, no idea he'd been the focus of such conversation.

'Goodness,' he raised his eyebrows. 'Well, that proves Eleanor Roosevelt wrong then,' he posited and watched Ashley frown in response. "'You wouldn't worry so much about what others think of you if you realized how seldom they do" I believe she said.'

Ashley thought of the quote for a moment before grinning.

'But didn't Oscar Wilde say, "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about"?' she questioned and was clearly pleased by the look of surprise on Lionel's face.

'Ashley!' he exclaimed. 'I'm impressed,' he marveled, every minute spent with her becoming more enamored. By her beauty, her humor, and now it seemed, by her wit and intelligence.

'Saw it on TikTok,' she shrugged and Lionel having little knowledge of the app but mentions in the news, didn't allow it to change his opinion of her.

'Oh! What kind of host am I?' She changed the subject. 'Can I get you a drink?' She headed toward the living room and a bar against the wall.

'Oh, ah... are you sure you can... I mean I don't want to upset any apple carts,' Lionel following, thought of the girl's parents.

'You see,' Ashley laughed. 'No one talks like you, Mister B. It's so cute. Don't worry. Aunt Trish just raided the liquor cabinet at lunch, Mom and Dad will expect to see a dent in their supply!'

'Oh, well in that case, a scotch would be lovely,' he accepted, admittedly somewhat still anxious at being there, a libation welcomed to ease his nerves.

'You can sit anywhere,' Ashley said, and Lionel took up position on a couch before a coffee table facing the girl. 'Where do you go on your walks Mister B?' she asked as he watched her, allowing his eyes to scale her body from behind. The dress taut across her rear allowed the flesh to easily show through, the thin line of her thong disappearing tantalizingly between her buttocks.

'Oh, usually just up into the hills. There are many hiking trails easily accessed from here. They offer great views of the city,' he divulged, thinking there no greater view than that he currently surveyed.

'Maybe I could come with you?' Ashley suggested and Lionel beamed at the prospect. 'Ice?'

'That would be lovely!' He smiled. 'Oh, ah, neat is fine my dear,' he added, and Ashley returned with his drink.

'We could go tomorrow,' she handed him the glass, 'it's still meant to be warm.'

'We'll call it a date,' Lionel raised his scotch in gratitude and Ashley took up her own drink, previously prepared, from the table, noting Lionel's curiosity.

'It's just Coke, Mister B,' she laughed and took a sip, their eyes locking, the house so quiet around them, their break in conversation, extended. 'Do you want to see my room?' Ashley posed and watched as the blood rose on Lionel's cheeks.

'Ashley I...' Lionel once more began to see his presence from an outsider. The old neighbor now talking his way into the teenage girl's bedroom. It had news stories written all over it and he questioned every decision that had led him to where he sat. A blow job (or two) was one thing, entering her bedroom to do who knew what was entirely another. There was no coming back from this, he reasoned. 'I'd love to,' he relented, seeing the enthusiasm in her eyes.

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This was a mistake, he immediately thought as he was greeted with a shock of pink. Pink walls. Pink bedspread upon the single mattress and even an array of similarly colored plush toys. What was he thinking, he questioned his sanity at even being there. His libidinous presence alone somehow sullied the childlike nature of the space.

'Ashley I...' Lionel paused as Ashley moved to stand before him, reaching to take his glass. Lionel resisted, quickly lifting the scotch to his lips and downing the alcohol, Dutch courage for the coming statement. 'I believe I'm having a crisis of conscience here.' He admitted, allowing the girl to take possession of his now empty glass, watching her place it upon her dresser and reach into the topmost drawer before heading back to him, smiling.

'Of course, you are Mister B,' she consoled, her eyes conveying a tangible empathy. 'I'd expect nothing less from you. It's because you're one of the good guys,' she took hold of his arm and guided him toward the bed, effortlessly seating him. 'Maybe this'll help you relax,' she whispered, as standing before him, she drew his hand between her legs, allowing his fingers to caress the silkiness of her skin above her knees before slowly guiding him higher to encounter the slick upon her uppermost thighs.

Finally pressing his fingers to her saturated gusset, the pliable softness of her lubricated vulva within.

Lionel struggled to release his long-held breath, coming out in fits.

'A... Ashley,' he studied her eyes, his cock like a tepee at his crotch. 'You're so wet,' he marveled.

'Of course I am, Mister B.' she smiled, shaking her head at his wonder.

'Take them off,' she whispered her demand.

Anything she ordered, he'd fulfill, and with both hands trembling Lionel moved his palms to the outside of her hips, the dress rising with his endeavor to reveal the black lace thong hugging her pussy. Eager fingers slid under the waistband of her delicate panty before he slipped it down to stare directly into her exposed sex.

'My heels too,' Ashley added, in full command as Lionel eased the thong to her ankles, slipping her feet from the pumps to leave her bare from the waist down. 'I didn't just think of you as the nice man that lives behind us,' Ashley said as she climbed onto Lionel's lap, pressing her breasts against his chest as she lowered her crotch onto his, leaning into his ear to whisper. 'You're the one that I think about when I finger myself.'

Lionel groaned as she confessed, her pussy grinding against his erection. He lifted his hands to her bare ass and cupped the smooth roundness of her buttocks, cradling her as she humped his arousal.

'I... I don't know what to say to...' he fumbled over his thoughts and words. 'I'm just nervous about...' he began but Ashley interrupted, pulling back.

'I got this from my brother's room, she revealed the plastic square of the condom wrapper she'd secreted in her hand, continuing to grind her pussy

into him, Lionel more than aware he was close to cumming. Not again, he thought.

'Ashley,' he paused her gyration, hugging her into his body. 'I just don't want to hurt you,' he insinuated her virginity and she looked into his eyes, respect, desire, and understanding reflected.

'You won't,' her nose touched his, her lips following to press against his awaiting mouth.

'I want you so badly,' Lionel breathed as they kissed, her tongue inside his mouth, his hands once more caressing her buttocks.

'And I want to do so many things!' Ashley left his lips, kissing and licking her way to his ear. 'Will you let me Mister B?' She almost begged as she nibbled his lobe.

'Anything, Princess,' he sighed, goosebumps upon his neck and arms, his fingers digging into her asscheeks to pull her onto his hardon.

'Princess,' Ashley repeated, panting into his ear. 'But I want to be your queen!' she gasped, once more finding his mouth. 'Can I sit on your face, Mister B?'

Lionel thought himself to be surely dreaming. He'd wake with a jolt from this fantasy at any stage now, in his own bed, back in his own reality, but whilst this summoned nymph existed in this realm, who in the world would deny the request? And without his needing to respond in the positive, the two worked their way into position, Ashley ripping Lionel's t-shirt from his body as he lay back on the bed. Giggling with anticipation, Ashley climbed over Lionel's torso and positioned her rear above the awaiting throne, allowing her admirer to gaze up into her dripping pussy and seductively winking asshole.

'Oh, my goodness,' Lionel managed to gasp before Ashley smothered him with ass, the lights going out as his face was filled with flesh. His nose buried in her asshole, Lionel welcomed her slathered slit as it sat upon his mouth, her lubed lips sliding over his, his tongue quick to poke, tasting and probing her fiery quivering sex.

'Mmmm, Mister B!' Ashley sighed as his tongue entered her body, a fantasy realized as she ground herself into his jaw, her hands diving toward the man's fly, eager to release the cock she could see twitching against its restraints, stripping the man to his thighs.

That Ashley set free his erection was a godsend. Lionel fighting against orgasm from the pressure of his pants alone. His cock emancipated, he resumed his dining with relish, wrapping his arms around her hips to pull her harder onto his face, burying his hungry mouth and nose in her lean teenage meat. He found her clit as she fumbled with the condom, enjoying the feeling of her inexperienced fingers attempting to sheath him, twitching and pulsing with her giggles as she finally succeeded and then the pleasure of her mouth, so familiar, so welcomed as it enveloped his desire.

'Oh, fuck Mister B,' Ashley gasped as her mouth popped from his cock. The strawberry-flavored condom not entirely masking the taste of rubber. 'Right there,' she panted as Lionel sucked on her clit. 'Right there, she repeated. 'Don't stop, Mister B. Please, don't stop!'

Straightening as Lionel ate her out, Ashley released her hold on his cock and tugged down the front of her dress, clutching at her breasts, massaging them with nipples pinched between her fingers. Her head thrown back; she closed her eyes as the pleasure engulfed her body, allowing the magic Lionel delivered upon her pussy to flow through every pore.

'I'm... I'm cu... I'm cumming Mister B!' she stammered as Lionel nibbled away on her little engorged button, feeling her vulva quiver as he brought her to orgasm, gorging on the excess juice that flowed freely from her, happy to drown in pussy. 'Yes. Fuck yes,' she cried as she came, biting her bottom lip, grinding her cunt obscenely into Lionel's face to smear herself from jaw to forehead. 'I... I need you inside me,' she burst into action as her nerve endings continued to tingle, lifting her hips from Lionel's face to spin atop his body and come down on his pelvis. As if a seasoned hand, she guided his rock-hard head effortlessly between her labia and fell down heavy on his cock, enjoying every inch as he penetrated her tight virginal welcome.

'So deep,' she gasped as she lifted her dress up over her head and slumped forward onto his chest. Lionel embraced her, hugging her small body against him just as he'd desired, their mouths meeting for Ashley to taste herself on his jaw, his lips, his tongue. 'It feels better than I imagined,' she whispered and Lionel put an exclamation mark on her words, thrusting into her to fill her pussy completely with his penis.

Grinding his pelvic bone into hers, the two were locked in an ageless embrace, Ashley wrapping her arms beneath Lionel's head to secure their bond.

'I could fall asleep like this,' Ashley sighed, squeezing her pussy as Lionel made small thrusts, keeping himself on the edge of ejaculation.

'Oh! I'll try not to be offended,' Lionel smiled.

'You know what I mean, silly,' Ashley bit his jaw playfully, kissing her way back to his mouth. 'It just feels so good. It's like your dick was made to be inside me.' She joined with Lionel's rhythm, lifting as he withdrew, settling as he entered her, Lionel groaning with the added stimulus. 'I want you to

cum, Mister B,' she purred. 'Can you do that for me?' she increased her gyrating. 'Can you cum deep in my pussy. I want to feel it. I want to feel you cum in my pussy,' she insisted and the freedom of the condom was a blessing for Lionel, at the moment wondering why he wouldn't have thought of it himself. Wasn't he the more mature party here? Hadn't he come to her house knowing full well the possible outcome!

With her lips around his tongue, as if mimicking the action below, Lionel surrendered to the pleasure and released. He held her tighter as he pumped his load, the condom doing nothing to lessen the moment. So intimate, so affectionate as Ashley moaned her appreciation, feeling the pulse of his ejaculate as his love was delivered.

'Ashley,' Lionel gasped, his body twitching with each spurt. The euphoria of the orgasm tempted him to admit his feelings for the girl. Confess the love he felt for her not just in the moment, but continually in her presence.

'Aaah...' he sighed as Ashley squeezed her pelvic floor, milking the last of his climax and he was partially grateful for the interruption. What a fool she'd think him, he realized. To profess love during sex. Mere days after truly meeting. She'd laugh at his fatuous admission, pity the old man.

'You're wonderful,' he resisted, breathing out deeply before inhaling the sweet scent of sex that filled the girl's room.

'You are!' she playfully giggled, kissing his mouth as she eased herself slowly off his softening cock.

'Ooh, careful,' Lionel reached down to hold the base of his penis, securing the condom. 'They can slip off,' he explained his action and Ashley slid in beside him on the bed, her eyes dropping to Lionel's semi-erect dick.

'Can I pull it off you?' Ashley asked and Lionel's hand was replaced by the girls. 'How? Like this?' She queried but didn't wait for guidance, easing the

condom from his slick, now flaccid shaft.

'It seems a waste,' Ashley lay back, swinging the loaded condom above her before cheekily glancing at Lionel.

'You can just tie it off like a balloon,' he suggested, admittedly proud of the amount of semen weighing down the rubber.

'Or I could...' Ashley giggled as she turned it upside down and emptied the contents onto her chest, sighing as it hit her skin.

'Or you could do that,' Lionel laughed, marveling at the girl. Yes, he did love her. And every extra minute he spent with her increased the feeling.

'I love cum,' Ashley moaned as she pressed her hand onto the mess, she/they'd created, smearing Lionel's seed over her breasts to form a creamy slick.

I love you. Lionel voiced, but only inside his head.

'Ashley,' Lionel whispered after watching the girl play with the evidence of his desire. 'How is it you were you so...' Lionel debated his choice of words reflecting upon the girl's virginity, '...comfortable?'

Ashley looked into Lionel's eyes, smiling before lifting onto an elbow and then climbing once more upon his body, settling her wet pussy down on Lionel's belly. She leaned over him, reaching for her bedside table and a boob fortuitously came down on Lionel's face, his lips puckering to kiss the unexpected offering to which Ashley giggled.

'I've got this!' Ashley moved back and proudly held the realistic dildo she'd pulled from the drawer. 'It's what I practice on,' she confided and the statement explained much she'd said and done, Lionel noted.

'You never cease to amaze me, Princess,' Lionel shook his head, his cock, the head pressing Ashley's asscrack beginning to harden once more as he watched her demonstrate her oral skills on the dildo.

'Your queen, remember!' Ashley grinned, nuzzling against the side of the dong as she'd done his own through the gap in the fence.

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Lionel lay in his bed, his hand around his erection as he thought of her in the darkness of the night. The shower they'd shared. Thigh fucking her from behind, his hands clutching her breasts as the water cascaded over their bodies. Cumming once more on her face, between her lips. Ashley proudly displaying his deposit with an open mouth before she swallowed his affection with relish. Kissing her. The taste of his semen on her tongue, the taboo nature of the act be damned. He found himself ejaculating onto his stomach before he'd even realized he was close, groaning and laughing at his own clumsiness.

Lionel looked to the empty pillow beside him and gently threw a hand out to caress the cold.

'Did you send her?' He asked the empty room and a tear formed in the corner of his eye but it was not sadness he felt. It was love.

*

'You ready Mister B?' Ashley grinned as Lionel opened his front door to the girl. It was true, Lionel thought. Every new time he saw her she looked more beautiful, and today was no exception. Her favorite color, the pink gym shorts she wore seemed made of the thinnest material imaginable, labia clearly visible behind the fabric. A white tube top just managed to

contain her breasts, and with her nipples standing to attention as if awaiting his word, Lionel was quick to convey his compliments.

'You look gorgeous my dear,' he admitted and Ashley, clearly flattered, turned for him to display the rear, the shorts riding up between her buttocks and it was all Lionel could do to not drop to his knees and worship her ass. 'The perfect Georgia peach,' he smiled when she once more laid eyes upon him.

'I'll let you in on a secret,' she grinned, stepping upon the threshold to press herself up against him. 'I'm not wearing panties.'

Lionel welcomed the kiss when it came, her tongue eagerly seeking his as she pushed her bare belly into his groin. Enamored by the soft moan she released as she felt his response, the swelling pushing back.

'Oh? I hadn't noticed,' Lionel lied, his smile giving away his deceit.

'You're funny Mister B, 'Ashley laughed as Lionel left the house, securing the door behind them.

*

'How are you not pooped?' Ashley paused on the trail, removing her cap to wipe her forehead of sweat before returning it, carefully threading her ponytail through the back.

'Well,' Lionel removed the backpack he carried and passed Ashley the water bottle. 'I do complete this hike twice a week. One would say I'm accustomed I suppose. It's not much further to the lookout,' he divulged, 'then it's all downhill from there if that helps.'

Ashley passed back the bottle of water and Lionel took a drink before they again went on, Ashley taking the lead to Lionel's unending gratitude. He'd

never tire of staring into her ass, he admitted to himself, before questioning how long indeed he could. Her family would return and it would surely end their romance. No one would possibly accept the disparity in age, and it was only time before Ashley lost interest in him, the fascination or fantasy of the older man bound to wear off eventually. But until then, he thought. Enjoy it while it lasts.

'I'm sorry we couldn't spend the night together,' Ashley called back over her shoulder, referring to the day before. 'My friends didn't leave until late,' she explained and Lionel was quick to dismiss her concern.

'Don't mention it, my dear. But I wonder... would you allow me to make you dinner tonight?' he tentatively proposed, having waited for the moment to do so. 'Only if you've no prior engagement of course,' he hurriedly added and Ashley stopped and turned.

'Like a real date!?' She looked down on him from her higher position on the trail.

'Well, yes I suppose,' Lionel felt his face blush, surprised at still being so bashful around her despite all they'd done.

'Well, can I get dressed up? It's at your house, right? Could I stay over?' She excitedly questioned and Lionel was more than enthusiastic by her response.

'Yes, yes and yes!' He beamed, admiring her beauty, allowing his gaze to take in her pronounced cameltoe and rigid nipples, enamored by her still childlike exuberance and excitement.

'I wish I had more notice. I would've bought something new,' Ashley divulged, adjusting her shorts to emphasize her current attire, pulling up on the waist to hug them further into her pussy. Nothing left to the imagination.

'I'm sure whatever you wear, you'll look divine,' Lionel dismissed her concern. 'In fact,' his eyes not disguising where they settled, devouring her highlighted vulva. 'I find it hard to believe you ever look anything less than beautiful.'

'Ha,' Ashley laughed, turning her rear to him once more and continuing along the trail. 'You haven't seen me first thing in the morning!' She laughed.

No. Not yet, Lionel enthusiastically thought.

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'You're right,' Ashley agreed as they stood at the lookout, eyeing the city stretched out below. 'This is an amazing view.'

'And you can make out,' Lionel squeezed in beside her, pointing his arm out for her to follow. 'Our houses, just down there.'

'Oh goodness!' Ashley squealed. 'I can see them.' She placed her hand on Lionel's opposing shoulder, hugging them closer and Lionel responded, lowering his raised arm to affectionately lay across the small of her back. 'I can't believe we've been living here two years and never come up here.'

'It's a pretty popular trail on the weekend,' Lionel reflected. 'I prefer it on days like this.' He again pointed out down the hill. 'You see, there's the path we took up.'

'There's no one else coming,' Ashley stared at the trail before turning her head to look at Lionel. 'It feels like we're the only people on Earth right now,' she stared into his eyes, adjusting her body to face him, pressing herself against his strong frame. 'Dad was right about you Mister B.' She ran a hand down from his shoulder along his bicep.

'Ahh, yes,' Lionel sighed. 'What did he say? "Wiry old man strength", wasn't it?' He laughed.

'Something like that,' Ashley smiled, her eyes still on his as she caressed his tricep. 'I just think you've got a great body.'

'For a man my age,' Lionel added.

'I didn't say that,' Ashley lost her smile, lifting her chin to kiss him on the lips, Lionel welcoming her tongue when it came, running his hands over the girl's back, his cock swelling against her belly.

'What's up there?' Ashley abruptly broke their affection, pointing over Lionel's shoulder to a smaller trail leading off behind large boulders.

Lionel looked to where she directed. 'It just leads to a higher outlook. It's not the official trail.'

'I wanna see,' Ashley left Lionel's embrace and he watched her walk toward the "desire line".

'Princess, I don't know if we should leave the...' he began but she was already heading behind the nearest of the rocks, '...trail.' He slumped, disappointed their kiss had been so prematurely interrupted.

'Come on Mister B,' Ashley called back and Lionel, summoned by his queen, stepped into action, following after her.

'Oh!' he sighed as he rounded the boulder and caught up with her.

'See, the view's better up here isn't it!?' Ashley smiled down at him from her position on a flat rock against the boulder. She'd lowered the tube top below her breasts and was in the process of teasing down her shorts, turning to present her ass as she completed the task.

'Oh my,' Lionel breathed as he moved closer, Ashley leaning forward and using the edge of the larger boulder to steady herself. His face level with her rear, there was little doubt what the girl had in mind and he was eager to satisfy her desire. 'Ashley. Here? Are you sure?' He halfheartedly questioned but was already reaching for her ass as he said the words.

'Hush now Mister B,' Ashley laughed. 'Just stick your face in there before anyone comes along.' To emphasize her point, she grabbed a handful of her own cheek and spread, revealing her pink asshole and clearly lubricated pussy below.

Wasting no more time, Lionel leaned in and immediately breathed deep her feminine scent, his lips pressing into her labia, nose well within her sweaty ass crack.

'Mmmph,' he groaned as his tongue entered her body, Ashley releasing her grip on her buttock to clasp a breast, pinching her already erect nipple.

'That's it, Mister B,' she gasped. 'Stick your tongue in that pussy. Suck my juicy wet slit.

'Mmmm,' Lionel obliged, reaching down to unzip his fly, setting free his raging boner.

'Oh, fuck yes,' Ashley moaned, pushing her ass back into Lionel's face, smearing herself from chin to eyebrows, his tongue licking from her bald mound to asshole. 'Taste it. Eat me out, lover.' She looked between her spread legs to see Lionel jerking on his cock. 'Oooh! I want some of that,' she declared, her ass popping from Lionel's face as she slid down off the rock.

Lionel wrapped an arm around her, cushioning her body as she sought his cock.

'That's my job, Mister B,' she panted as their mouths came together, sucking Lionel's tongue to taste herself once more. Lionel slid his hand between her slick upper thighs and cupped her pussy, a finger slipping like a hot knife through butter into her vagina. 'Mmm, oh fuck yes. Finger me Mister B. Finger fuck my pussy.'

Another finger Lionel introduced, causing Ashley to moan with pleasure as his long digits filled her pussy. Her hand beat his throbbing cock expertly, the copious precum flowing from his eye lubricating the action, heightening the glorious sensation Lionel was experiencing.

'I'm going to...' Lionel huffed, the exertion of furiously fingering Ashley's vagina more taxing than the hike.

'A little bit...' Ashley gasped into his mouth, her hand piston-like around his shaft. '...longer,' she stammered. 'Wait... wait... for...' she couldn't complete the sentence as her legs grew wobbly. 'Don't stop,' she managed as Lionel's forearm began to ache with his thrusting before she began to cum.

He could feel the orgasm. A sudden tensing of her entire body, her vagina quivering around his saturated fingers. Her hand ceased its beating of his cock but it was irrelevant as he in turn began to ejaculate, her tightly gripped fist releasing the pressure to allow him to begin spurting, great bursts of cum blasting feet from the source to splatter against a boulder.

'Oh God,' Lionel cried, kissing the side of her face as they watched the spectacle.

'Mister B,' Ashley sighed, Lionel, needing to hold her body upright, her legs like jelly amid her orgasm. 'That was...' her sleepy eyes conveyed how at ease she'd become in his presence.

'Wonderful!' Lionel finished her thought and again their mouths met, locked in a lover's embrace.

*

The ice cream van had positioned itself in the parking lot at the base of the trail, hoping for business from the school nearby and the afternoon walkers taking on the hikes.

'Ooh. I deserve ice cream after that walk, don't I?' Ashley ventured as they neared, squeezing Lionel's hand tighter to emphasize the point and Lionel smiled.

'You're just taking advantage of the fact I can't say no to you, Princess,' he laughed and they stopped at the rear of the van to look at the menu.

'Soft serve, I think,' Ashley decided and Lionel took his wallet from his back pocket as they made their way to the window.

'The sprinkles are complimentary, for your granddaughter, Sir,' the man inside mentioned as he passed over the ice cream cone and Ashley couldn't contain her laughter. Lionel was not as enthused as he handed the vendor the money.

'Did you hear that, Grandpa?' Ashley giggled as she took a lick of the multicolored-flecked soft serve. 'Wasn't that nice of the man! Ooh, it's yummy too. Here, have a taste,' she added as she took another lick, this time leaning into Lionel to draw her mouth to his. Her tongue extended to penetrate Lionel's lips, sharing an ice-creamy kiss. 'I think my grandpa likes it,' Ashley looked to the stupefied vendor, his eyes following her hand as it caressed the front of Lionel's shorts.

Lionel was as dumbfounded as the ice cream man as he whisked Ashley away from the van, his face red but more exhilarated than embarrassed.

'You're incorrigible,' he allowed himself to laugh when they made it onto the next block.

'That's why you love me,' Ashley immediately replied and Lionel could see, that voicing the "L" word had taken even herself by surprise. 'Want some more... Grandpa?' She quickly added, in effect changing the subject and Lionel shook his head, smiling as they walked back home, hand in hand.

It was true though, he thought to himself. He did love her, and now it seemed, she was aware.

*

Lionel opened the front door to a failing sunset and the cool breeze more appropriate for the time of year. Ashley's presence however provided light in the encroaching darkness and though she smiled as Lionel laid eyes upon her, he sensed something intangible about her demeanor. Almost a reservation.

'I brought dessert!' Ashley beamed as she presented her second Tupperware container to Lionel, entering as he ushered her inside. 'It's apple crumble. Mom's recipe,' she added and her enthusiasm seemed to dispel her previous air of uncertainty.

'Wonderful,' Lionel accepted the offering, closing the door behind them. 'Which reminds me to return your cookie container. We don't want your mother wondering where all her Tupperware has run off to.' The mention of her mother, Lionel noticed, brought back Ashley's look of unease but it was quickly dispelled as she focused on her attire.

'I had to wear a jacket,' she looked down at herself, the long black woolen coat covering far more of her body than anything previous.

'Yes, I noticed it's become cooler out,' Lionel began and Ashley quickly giggled, interrupting.

'Oh, not because of the weather, Mister B,' she smiled, undoing the two fixed buttons and allowing the jacket to fall from her shoulders.

Lionel was left momentarily speechless.

The skin-tight dress or more appropriately, lingerie, was lavender in color and made of nylon lace mesh leaving it entirely transparent. The act of walking around the corner had forced it high on her thighs which left a small triangle of her panty-less pussy exposed under the hem.

'Oh Ashely,' Lionel managed as he dragged his eyes back up her body, pausing at her breasts to take in her erect nipples. 'I'd been thinking every time I see you, you're more beautiful,' he confessed. 'I don't know how you'd ever eclipse this,' he exhaled, his cock agreeing as he hardened behind his fly. 'But somehow, I know you will.'

Ashley took the compliment and as if to emphasize his sentiment, removed the jacket completely and revealed the rear of the dress. Backless, it dropped to the top of her buttocks, allowing the crack of her ass to peer over the hem, the curve of her perfect peach below.

'So, you get why I had to wear the jacket!' She laughed and Lionel shook his head.

'In a perfect world, such beauty should never be shrouded in shame,' he accepted her embrace when it came, balancing the plastic container in one hand as he hugged her to him, caressing her bare back. She leaned up on her heels and kissed him, her belly pushing hard into his erection.

'Oh, Mister B!' she laughed. 'You really do like it!'

No. She was wrong.

He loved it.

*

Lionel watched Ashley push the food around her plate, eating sporadically. He'd ensured she was happy with the meal as they dined, her assurances dispelling his fears her obvious aura of uncertainty had anything to do with his cooking.

'You don't have to finish your greens,' Lionel laughed as she separated a bean from the rest of the meal.

'What?' She looked up from where she sat at the far end of the six-seat dining table. 'Oh, no it's fine,' she smiled, Lionel catching a sadness in her eyes.

'Ashley,' Lionel placed his cutlery down. 'You know you can tell me anything,' he declared and they locked eyes.

'Mister B,' she looked thoughtfully, pausing. 'Can I sit down there with you?' She asked and Lionel laughed his blessing, more than happy to have her nearer.

'We were a little formal weren't we,' he acknowledged as she rose to slide her placemat and plate along the table. Again, the dress rose to reveal her groin and she did nothing to remedy the situation as she took the seat nearest him.

'That's better,' Ashley raised her glass of Coke and Lionel matched the gesture with his own.

'To us,' he smiled and Ashley looked over the rim of the glass as she sipped, her other hand reaching below the table to press upon Lionel's knee.

'My parents are coming home tomorrow,' she spontaneously divulged and Lionel understood it was the news she'd been harboring the entire evening, their return a full three days early.

'Oh,' the information deflated Lionel, aware of the implications of the fact.

'We can still see each other,' Ashley was quick to suggest. 'I mean, nothing has to change, does it?' She added but Lionel could see she wasn't entirely convinced herself.

'I'd like to think not,' Lionel studied her eyes, 'but...'

'Don't say "but",' Ashley rose from her chair and climbed into the space between Lionel and the table, lowering herself onto his lap. Her lips found his and gently kissed, breasts pressed hard against his chest, her pelvis grinding into his crotch. 'I don't want this to change,' she licked his lips and Lionel allowed entry, the kiss extended, his cock rising.

'Do we even know what "this" is?' Lionel breathed into her mouth and didn't resist as Ashley lowered a hand between her spread legs to unzip his fly. She held off responding until she'd managed to extract her prize, positioning herself above him before ever so slowly sliding down his length.

'We both know what "this" is, Mister B,' Ashley sighed into his ear as she penetrated herself fully on his erection.

'A... Ashley,' Lionel stammered as her pubic bone met his fly. 'I... I love you,' he openly declared and after days of restraint, a burden was lifted from his soul.

'Say it again,' Ashley begged, grinding her hips on Lionel's lap, enveloped in the intimacy of their unprotected intercourse.

'I love you, Ashley,' he repeated and felt he could've ejaculated, the perfect exclamation point to emphasize his confession, sensibly resisting.

'Take me to your bedroom,' Ashley whispered and Lionel did as his princess, his queen commanded.

Her weight was no impediment to his desire as he carried her on his cock the short distance to his room, laying her as he'd only ever done his wife upon the bed. Their detachment was thankfully short-lived as Lionel undressed, Ashley, diving a hand between her legs in his cock's absence, fingering herself as she watched her hero disrobe.

'You have such a great body,' she once more complimented him as naked, Lionel climbed onto the mattress, admittedly flexing his abs and arms as he knelt beside her. She reached out, rising to take his cock between her lips and Lionel's jaw dropped, his mouth agape as he filled her throat with hardon. 'Oh god,' Ashley slurped her mouth off him as she gagged, sucking up the saliva that flowed from her along his cock. 'I love your cock, Mister B,' she gasped, drawing him back between his dripping lips.

Lionel reached down and caressed her head, Ashley quick to drag his hand to her breast where he took over, easily drawing it from the dress. So soft was her skin, the nipple its complete opposite as Lionel gently pinched its hardness between his fingers. Her legs obscenely spread, he was drawn to the sight of her glistening upper thighs, his hand following to press his palm against her slick puffy vulva, his finger slipping between her labia to penetrate her body.

'Fuck me,' Ashley popped her lips from Lionel's impressive erection and fell backward onto his pillows, maintaining her spread thighs and releasing her other boob.

Lionel climbed between her legs and knelt for a moment above her, his hand on his cock gently stroking, enjoying the vision of the angel awaiting him, her hands caressing her exposed breasts as her eyes begged for the penetration to come.

And he was inside her. His engorged penis found her limit as their bodies connected. Ashley's hands were on his back, his ass, to pull him into herself, to lock him to her sex. His stamina was surprising, Lionel revered as he fucked her. So turned on, he could've cum with a word from her lips but held out as she clearly neared orgasm.

'S... So good,' Ashley gasped as they kissed, Lionel thrusting as hard as he could, the bedhead slamming into the wall behind it. 'So, d... deep,' she stammered. 'So... fucking... good, Mister B,' she gasped as her climax swept her body. A slow-motion explosion of ecstasy filled her pussy, extending through her body to her limbs, her brain an electrical storm of exhilaration. Never had she felt so connected to another. Not for a moment so in touch with her own pleasure as the orgasm bared her very soul. 'I love you,' she heard herself admit. 'I love you... Lionel,' she said his name as she came.

Her vagina quivered around him, squeezing his cock as he thrust, Lionel was on the verge of ejaculation. Hearing her confess her love. His name from her lips, sent him over the edge. Keeping himself inside her until the very last second, Lionel withdrew and rose between her legs to begin his very own and most intimate declarations.

'Ashley!' Lionel yelled as his love burst forth. A fountain of creamy adulation surged from within his fist to spray the receptive focus. Ashley lifted her breast up into the flow, taking his full shower from belly to neck. Again and again, Lionel came, his most sincere flattery bathing the girl with

his molten semen to leave her adorned. His signature spattered across her torso.

*

'You could've cum inside me,' Ashley whispered as Lionel lay beside her, his arm beneath her head, cradling his love.

'Ashley,' Lionel merely replied, his tone sensibly disapproving.

'What!?' Then others would just have to accept it.'

'You know that wouldn't be for the best,' he said, kissing the side of her head.

'So, what do we do?' Ashley lifted her chin to look Lionel in the eyes and he paused, breathing before he responded.

'These three days have been some of the most enjoyable of my life,' he nodded his head on the pillow. 'Of that, of you. I'm forever grateful. You know Princess, that day I first saw you through the fence. It was the anniversary of Dorothy's passing,' he confessed and Ashley winced her sympathy. 'Somehow, though I don't generally believe in such things. I feel her presence guided me to you, or you to me. I don't know, stop me if I'm babbling,' he chuckled. 'It's just that, I'll be here for you. Whatever decision you make... and I know it'll be the right one. I'll be on your side. By your side'

Lionel's phone rang on his bedside table, breaking the silence as they searched each other's eyes and it caused them both to jump, before laughing.

'It's one of those "suspected spam" calls,' Lionel dismissed it as he tilted the screen in his direction.

'Give it here,' Ashley demanded and received the phone from Lionel. 'You can just block the number,' she explained, and pressed the relevant icons on the screen, about to pass it back before pausing. 'I know!' She giggled before opening the camera app, holding the phone out at arm's length, and taking a photo of herself, aiming the screen at Lionel. 'What do you think?' She smiled.

'You know what I think,' he returned the smile as he looked at the image, her breasts exposed, his cum still wet upon her lavender slip and skin.

'Good. I'll make it my contact photo,' she proposed and began adding her phone number to his address book. 'I don't know if I can tell Mom and Dad about us yet, Mis...' she began to say "Mister B" before pausing, '...Lionel. But I'm not giving you up because of what others may think about our age difference,' she declared and Lionel's heart swelled. 'So...' she finished adding her details, '...now we can talk and text whenever we want... And! You can jerk off to a photo of me whenever I'm not around!' she giggled as she handed back the phone.

'I do love you, Ashley,' Lionel lost his smile, his heart clearly on his sleeve, and Ashley climbed atop his body, lifting the lavender dress over her head.

'And I love you, Lionel,' she leaned in to press her body to his, her lips meeting his mouth. 'So, let's fuck again and then go have some of that dessert,' she breathed as they kissed.

*

Her photo came up full screen on his phone, his cock reacting as quickly as his fingers as he admired her nudity, twitching as he answered the call.

'Can you meet me down at the fence?' Ashley whispered and Lionel found himself whispering in response, unsure as to why as he stood alone in his

living room.

'What? Why?' he answered.

'Just come down there now,' she hung up, Lionel noting excitement in her tone.

Beckoned by his queen, he quickly put on his shoes and left the house, entering the backyard and the fading sunlight of the early evening. Ashley had texted him throughout the day with updates on her parent's return and he was enjoying the constant connection, be it merely an emoji or three-word affirmation of love.

The fence repaired; Lionel was unsure of what awaited at his destination and when he approached, he was at a loss as to what he was doing there.

'Psst, down here,' the quiet voice came from a distance to his right and Lionel looked to see a hand poking through the fence, waving several yards away.

'What are you doing!?' Lionel marveled as he lay eyes upon Ashley through a newly formed gap in the fence, the picket lying on the ground in his garden bed.

'I just pushed off the thingy,' she looked proud of herself. 'Well, I had to use a hammer,' she added. 'I think I might've split the wood,' she grimaced and Lionel shook his head dismissively.

'But, why?' he questioned the action.

'You know, so we can still,' she reached through the gap in the fence, attempting to make contact with Lionel's fly.

'Ashley!' Lionel took her hand. 'We can't. Your parents. Your brother.'

'No one can see down here,' she explained, looking over her shoulder. 'There are bushes...' she looked back into Lionel's eyes. '...they block the...' but stopped as she saw the concern in Lionel's eyes, her own beginning to tear up. '...We're going back to Atlanta,' Ashley confessed after a pause, a tear running from her eye to flow down her cheek, much where Lionel's cum had lay two days earlier.

Lionel felt something inside him break. He reached through the fence with his free hand and cupped her cheek, his thumb wiping her tears.

'Oh Ashley,' he wanted to break down with her. To hold her close to him and share their combined grief. 'I... I don't know what to say,' he admitted a lump forming in his throat.

'Say you love me,' Ashley cradled her head in his hand and Lionel moved further in, their faces meeting through the divide.

'I love you,' he kissed her, tasting the tears that had reached her lips. 'It'll be ok,' he breathed deep, their noses touching as he looked into her eyes.

'You'll be ok.'

'Ash!?' they heard the call from behind her and Ashley quickly looked over her shoulder.

'Oh shit,' Ashley whispered, pulling back from the fence, wiping her face as she moved away.

'You there?' the voice came again, this time closer.

'Yeah Dad, here,' Ashley finally responded and Lionel watched her give a quick glance toward him before she moved through the bushes, the last sight he had of her, her ass in impossibly tight grey leggings.

'What were you doing?' Lionel listened to the voice, unnecessarily holding his breath for fear of giving the game away.

'Oh, ah, just chasing a lizard!' Ashley lied and Lionel heard the surprised and somewhat skeptical laugh from her father in response.

'Ok, well your mother says dinner's ready,' he informed her and Lionel was able to breathe again as their voices slowly faded. He looked at the empty gap in the fence and then the picket lying on the ground at his feet.

He couldn't bring himself to return it.

*

"A week." Ashley's text came back as Lionel sat at his kitchen table and he closed his eyes at the short time they'd have together. "I'll come over. Meet me out the front." Came Ashley's quick follow up and Lionel jumped at her word.

The morning was cool but remained sunny and Lionel was at his front fence when Ashley rode her bike around the corner. She stopped level with him and to any neighbor watching, their meeting seemed as innocent as any.

'How can it all move so quickly?' Lionel questioned and he noticed her settle her groin down on the frame of her bike, the jeans she wore tight enough to display cameltoe, intimately bisected by the bar.

Ashley noted where his eyes had glanced and she smiled in response, her nipples suggestively poking against the tight white t-shirt.

'Dad's firm had only sent him here temporarily,' she explained. 'They want him back in Georgia, so...'

'But your course,' Lionel challenged, intimating her current studies.

'Mom says I can just find a beauty course in Atlanta to finish it off. They've offered to pay,' she divulged and Lionel involuntarily slumped in defeat, seeing Ashley notice and immediately correcting his demeanor.

He wanted to hold her. To carry her inside his house and treasure. Instead, he raised a hand and placed it upon the fence where Ashley immediately covered it with her own.

'We can still talk... and text, Mister B,' Ashley attempted to ameliorate the situation but it did no good, tears welling in her eyes before she wrenched them away from Lionel's. 'Fuck this,' she groaned as she slipped her hand from his and turned her bike back in the direction she'd come. And Lionel was left watching her ride away, the string of her thong rising high above the waist of her jeans.

*

Lionel walked through his empty house, glancing at where she'd sat at his table in the kitchen; the chair they'd fucked upon in the dining room; the front door where she'd kissed his cheek; and finally entering his bedroom. All filled with memories of her, all now so devoid of life. He paused at the dresser in contemplation before opening the topmost drawer and looking at the keepsakes. The small box of perfumes and jewelry nestled in the corner, taking one from its home and heading back toward the kitchen.

"Meet me at the fence." Lionel sent the text and his heart beat rapidly as he awaited the reply.

"Ok!?" the response immediately came back and he moved swiftly toward his back door.

'You didn't put it back,' Ashley beamed when Lionel appeared in the gap she'd created. 'But I thought you said we couldn't...' she paused seeing the

expression on Lionel's face.

'Ashley,' Lionel paused. 'I love you,' he professed and saw immediately the now common tears begin to form in her blue eyes. 'I may be a fool, but I've only ever felt this way about one other,' he stated and lowered himself to a knee. 'You may be gone from my life in a number of days, but whatever happens, I want you to have this,' he raised his wife's engagement ring in his hand, presenting it to the girl. 'A princ... a queen,' he corrected himself, 'should have a ring befitting.'

Ashley dropped to her knee to match Lionel, the tears lining her cheeks.

'Lionel,' Ashley gasped.

'I want you to take it as a sign of my love,' Lionel continued. 'Of my gratitude for the time spent. Though we'll not be together, take it as a piece of my heart, forever yours.'

Ashley lifted her hands up through the gap in the fence and reached for the ring, the diamonds and gold catching the last light of the sunset.

'You ARE a fool,' Ashley whispered as she closed her hands over Lionel's, leaving the ring in his care and Lionel lifted his eyes to hers for an explanation. 'I have a better idea,' she smiled.

*

'Thank you again, Mr. Baxter,' Ashley's father reached out to shake Lionel's hand.

'Lionel, please,' Lionel accepted the handshake, standing at his front door.

'We honestly can't thank you enough,' Ashley's mother leaned in to kiss Lionel on the cheek, Lionel noticing her husband over her shoulder opening and closing his grip as if suffering pain. 'We really didn't want to affect

Ashley's studies, so you allowing her to board here is a godsend,' she stated, backing away to look toward Ashley coyly standing beside her bike. 'Now we don't want you causing Mr. Baxter any trouble young lady,' Ashley's mother pointed at her daughter before drawing her into an embrace.

'That's right Ash, be good!' her father followed up with a cuddle of his own before releasing her and looking at Lionel. 'You'll only have to put up with her for six months Lionel,' he smiled.

'Well, that's if I don't get a job after!' Ashley disputed, smiling broadly as she looked at Lionel. 'Then you might never get rid of me Mister B!' she giggled and the awaiting rideshare car at the curb tooted its horn, Ashley's brother leaning out the window pointing at his watch.

'Goodness, impatience,' Ashley's mother shook her head as the parents headed out of Lionel's property, the final goodbyes with Ashley at Lionel's front gate.

'Are we doing the right thing?' Ashley's mother looked at her husband in the back seat of the Uber as they drove away.

'Oh, of course!' Ashley's father dismissed his wife's concern. 'I'm sure Mr. Baxter will take good care of our little girl,' he nodded as they headed toward the airport.

*

Ashley closed the door behind her and looked at Lionel standing in the hallway. She unbuttoned the front of her dress as she approached him revealing open cup and crotch underwear, her nipples and labia on full display.

'Now Mister B,' she sighed as she found his cock, stiffening as she pressed her hand against him. 'Let's see what kind of trouble we can get up to!'

The Gift Box

Inspired by true events

My phone vibrated beside the mounting pile of invoices on the desk before me and caused me to start. I was snowed under at work and staying late trying to catch up before the short Christmas break. Thinking the message was from my wife I was pleased for the distraction and retrieved my cell.

The text read. "Hi Honey. There's something wrong with my washing machine. Would you be a dear and look at it for me? Mom." I smiled at her signing ownership of the text message and was about to reply when a follow up came through. "When you get a chance that is! Mom."

I noted the hour and figuring my wife Meagan would already be holding off dinner to allow for my overtime, a quick stop by my mother's house on the way home wouldn't delay me long and shot off a reply that I'd be there within the half hour.

It would kill two birds with the one stone. On my lunch break I'd spent the time doing my long delayed gift buying. Meagan had taken care of the majority of the presents for the extended family which meant I really only had to deal with Mom and my wife. Meg's gifts had taken the longest to decide upon. A classy silver banded watch had caught my eye and whilst browsing the women's department, Christmas themed lingerie seemed irresistible to my comic and romantic senses. A light hearted gift to compliment the expensive watch and a nod to the season.

Mom's had been simple. Meagan had suggested a new juicer as she'd taken note of my mother's desire to obtain one every time she visited our house. It was located and paid for in a matter of minutes and on the way back to the

car, just as the lingerie had caught my eye for my wife, so did another item of clothing that screamed 'Mom' to me.

The store was a woollen clothing shop. Full of scarves and hand knitted beanies, it was the sweater on display in the front window that I just had to buy. When I was a child, Mom and Dad would annually find and don the most gaudy of Christmas sweaters to wear on the holiday. It was a tradition that faded away as I aged and lost the spirit but with this being the first Christmas without my father, I thought it would be a nice reminder for her of the happy days of our past.

The sweater itself was a frozen lake theme with snowmen on skates. Red, white and green, it was as colorful as it was busy and was perfect for the supplemental (novelty) gift. When the little old lady behind the counter offered to wrap it, I should have taken more notice. The size and color of the box she placed it in was almost identical to that which contained my wife's lingerie. A coincidence that would change my life forever.

* * * * *

Upon arriving at Mom's I opened the trunk of my car and discovered the contents had shifted during the drive. The bag from the lingerie store had toppled, the box which I only then noted the similarity however, still partially inside. I scooped up the other box and leaving the juicer in the car, headed towards the rear of my childhood home.

"Mom?" I called as I entered the kitchen, the smell of her dinner still permeating the room and causing me to remember my own hunger.

"In here honey!" Came the reply from the living room and as I approached she met me half way.

Her eyes went to the present in my hands and after kissing me on the cheek she mentioned that Christmas wasn't for two days.

"I know but this is an extra something I want you to wear on the day," I enthused.

"I'm still coming to yours for lunch? Won't we do presents then?" She pondered.

"Of course. After lunch. But this, I want to see you wearing when I come pick you up!" I handed her the box, not thinking at the time the relative lightness of the package.

"Can I open it now?" She asked, a quizzical look appearing on her face.

"No. Wait for the day. I want it to be a surprise." I rubbed her arm affectionately as I looked away towards the laundry. "So. What's the deal with this washing machine?"

My handy man credentials were limited to turning it off and on again and jiggling pipes and wires. After coming up short as to what had malfunctioned I suggested she call a repair man and offered to take any clothes she needed washing home to do in our machine.

"Oh no, that's too much to ask," she half heartedly managed. "I can just hand wash them for now."

We both looked at the sizeable basket of laundry and I smiled, taking possession of the dirty clothes. "Mom. It's no big deal. Meg will do them in the morning, you can drop by tomorrow afternoon to pick them up."

"Well if you're sure," she conceded and added a couple of towels to the collection.

* * * * *

"Ah, I don't think so!"

Meagan's reaction to me presenting my mother's dirty laundry to her wasn't unexpected I supposed.

"She's your mother and I'm going into work early in the morning. You do it!" Her words weren't used with any malice and she smiled as she watched me over her wine glass. I turned on my heel and headed towards the laundry with Meagan yelling advice out behind me. "Separate the colors! Oh and the delicates."

What did she think I was I? A rookie, I wondered as I placed the laundry basket down on the bench top. So all I had to do was put on a couple of loads and throw some stuff in the dryer before bed. The items I'd need to hang dry would be ready for when Mom arrived to pick them up the next day. Simple. Once I lifted off the towels she had added at the last moment I was immediately confronted with my mother's panties. And they weren't what I'd been expecting.

What had I been expecting? Well nothing really. I hadn't put any thought into it at all up until then. It wasn't something a son did think about was it? His mom's panties. The pink transparency struck me as out of place, out of character. I lifted the delicate material up and saw a matching bra beneath. Cup-less, my initial thought was you would see her nipples through the fibres and then unprompted my mind imagined what would be visible through the panties.

"Fuck," I audibly voiced and waited a moment for any sign Meagan had heard my exclamation. None forthcoming I dropped her underwear on the bench and turned back to the basket. Trying to put the thought of my mother's vagina out of my mind I threw jeans, a couple of t-shirts and another pair of pants into the machine. The diversion lasted only that long,

the next pair being white satin with lace edging. I'd never considered myself a fetishest before then, but touching another woman's (apart from my wife's) panties gave me an unexpected thrill.

I caressed the satin between my fingers admiring the feel, before examining them further by opening them up and investigating the crotch. Jesus Declan, I scolded myself. They're your mom's! But even that acknowledgement didn't lessen my enthusiasm as I discovered the lightly yellowed, stained gusset. I repeated the assertion. They're Mom's panties for fuck's sake! But it did no good. As if working on auto pilot, my hands raised the underwear to my face and I inhaled the scent they held.

I could tell myself it was just a pair of women's panties I was getting off on. That my erection was from imagining some random woman or even my wife wearing them, but who was I kidding? The image that formed in my head and the reason I was so turned on was that it was my mother who had worn them. It was the taboo. The forbidden nature of what I was doing that was so thrilling, that had my cock straining against my pants. If I hadn't heard Meagan go through the motions of serving dinner down the hall I felt I would've used them to wrap around my hardness and masturbate. Cum into them, all the while thinking incestuous thoughts about my mother. What I would do to her and have her do to me. All in the fantasy world of course! It was just a fantasy. Nothing more. So I kept telling myself.

* * * * *

Meagan laughed as I'd never seen her do! I held the shrunken t-shirt up to her and attempted to explain what I thought had happened. "I must have set the timer wrong or something." I pulled out of the dryer the white satin panties I'd held the night before. Now half the size, almost perfectly shrunk and no longer causing the same reaction in me.

"Oh you think?" Meagan helpfully exclaimed. "Thank you for this. It'll make a great story to tell my family over Christmas lunch tomorrow."

Shaking her head she managed to take time out of her revelry to kiss me on the lips and say goodbye before heading off to her workplace. I was left to separate the remainder of my mom's clothing I hadn't destroyed and fold into a pile for her to retrieve later in the day. I just hoped she'd see the funny side as much as Meagan had.

* * * * *

Mom was standing in the front yard talking with my wife as I pulled into the driveway.

"Oh here he is!" Meagan laughed, continuing on from the morning. Mom held the basket of now dried and folded washing on her hip.

"Yeah sorry Mom, I..."

"Oh don't worry about it Honey," she looked at Meagan smiling. "Men! What are they good for?"

Meagan reached into the basket and lifted out the tiny pair of shrunken, ruined panties before flicking them at me like a sling shot. "You'll have to wash your mom's panties by hand now Declan, that's if she'll trust you with them again!" She laughed as I caught them on my chest, the satin feeling the same and the memory of my initial contact with them returning.

Meagan was still in her work clothes but Mom looked like she'd just been exercising. As I ashamedly placed her panties back in the basket I allowed my eyes to caress her body. She would turn fifty six early in the new year and she was still in good shape. Always saying she needed to go on a diet and continuously working out, Meagan and I believed she must have body dysmorphia, as she was as lithe as she'd ever been. Mom wore a light blue

sweatshirt with a hood. Tight, it had a zipper up the front which was pulled down to reveal her cleavage. Carefully, making sure I wasn't observed, my eyes lowered to her legs as she spoke to Meagan about the plans for tomorrow.

I shouldn't have been looking. I didn't even know why I was looking, but yet sure enough I found my gaze drawn to her crotch. The grey 3/4 leggings she wore were tight around her hips and thighs, tighter still around her vagina. I didn't know how long I stared at it, not wanting to look away from the folds of her pussy so easily visible through the material. I took in every detail of her mound, the twin lumps of my mother's camel-toe, so enticing, so beautiful.

"So what time will you pick me up?" I heard my mother ask and I realized she was talking to me. I looked up immediately and felt my face redden.

"I'm sorry, what?" I asked wondering if they both knew I'd been perving on my mother's pussy?

"Tomorrow morning. You're still coming to pick me up aren't you?" Mom asked.

"Oh yeah sure, um, ten work for you?" I offered, my face losing its hue.

"I'll be ready." She kissed Meagan on the cheek and approached me to do the same. I purposefully inhaled her perfume and the scent of her hair as she did and I again questioned my reason for doing so. As she walked out to her car on the curb I looked at her ass but didn't linger in case Meagan noticed. I couldn't see a panty line across her cheeks. Was my mother wearing a thong I wondered? And the thought caused a stir in my loins.

* * * * *

Meagan was up early preparing the meal and I was doing everything I could to both help and stay out of her way. Hosting Christmas each year was Meagan's pet love and hate. With Dad gone, my side of the family consisted of only Mom and me. On the contrary, with two sisters and a brother, all with children and both parents still alive, Meagan had an army to feed. She always organized the day perfectly and I just did what I was told when I was told to do it. At 9:50 am. I gave Mom a call and told her I was on my way.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," I informed her when she answered.

"Oh Honey, okay." I noticed she sounded different. "Um..."

"What?" I asked.

"It's just, the present!" She managed.

"Oh cool you opened it! Are you wearing it? I'm dying to see what you look like!"

"You want me to put it on? Now?"

"Well yeah. I thought of you as soon as I saw it!" I was more than a little confused at her reaction. I had thought she would be happier. That the sweater would remind her of merry Christmases in the past. I then realized what an idiot I was. Of course it was reminding her. Reminding her my father was no longer with us. "Hey Mom. You don't have to wear it if you don't want to. I just wanted to see you in it, that's all."

I heard her fight a lump in her throat. "Oh Baby of course I'll wear it for you. I just can't believe it, that's all. After all this time. I'd love you to see me in it. What mother wouldn't?"

Her last comment confused me a little but I was happy she seemed to have cheered up.

"I'll put it on right now. I'll be ready for you Declan. See you soon."

I pinched Meagan on the ass as I passed through the kitchen and she rewarded me with a lick of cranberry sauce off her finger. "I'm going to get Mom. Be back soon."

"What did she think of the Christmas sweater?" Meagan asked as I took my car keys from the top of the fridge.

"Um, I'm not sure. She sounded weird. I think it might remind her too much of Dad."

"Mm, I thought that would happen!" Meagan responded.

"Well why didn't you say anything? I just thought it'd be funny!"

She didn't answer my question, instead posing her own. "Will she stay the night?"

"Maybe. Guess we'll see how much we drink!" I proposed. "Anyway, I'll be back!"

* * * * *

My childhood home was only a few suburbs away and although still early there was heavy Christmas traffic on the roads. I arrived at Mom's shortly after ten and waited a moment in the car for her to come out thinking she would've heard me pull up. I thought of honking the horn but instead reasoned she wasn't ready so headed around the back to see how she was going. "Mom?" I called out as I entered the kitchen as I'd done countless times before.

"In here Darling!" She replied from the living room, the 'darling' tag not one she'd ever used on me. This time I didn't meet her half way. I entered the family room and stopped short. For that one instant I thought I'd entered the wrong house. Everything was in the right position. The furniture and fittings were all as expected but the woman that stood before the fireplace seemed not to be my mother.

Her brown hair was off her shoulders, tightly pulled back in a bun. Her makeup was immaculately applied, red lips and dark eyeliner. One of her aforementioned shoulders was bare. The strap of the lingerie having fallen down her arm. Yes, the lingerie!

My mother stood before me wearing the same Christmas themed lingerie I had purchased for my wife. Predominately red, the Yuletide flavour was added with a fringe of white across the cups of the bustier. A red micro thong, barely covering her pubic bone and the sex beneath sat behind the garter straps attached to red thigh high stockings, clinging to her like a second skin. She'd donned black high heels to lengthen her already long legs.

There was a moment of silence between us as my eyes took in her appearance, rising back up her body and finally connecting with her own as a broad smile appeared on her face. "Well. Are you going to say something Darling?" She asked, again using 'darling' as she broke the gaze and turned for me. My eyes immediately zeroed in on her ass, rounded buttocks bare but for the garters and thong disappearing between her cheeks.

Her turn was delayed as she reached for a glass of white wine placed on the mantel and it gave me time to regain my faculties. What the hell was happening here? My mother was wearing see through lingerie, seemingly for my benefit. I looked around the room and noticed the opened gift box.

The same gift box her Christmas sweater was in. The room swirled and I felt a momentary wave of nausea as I realized what had happened. I'd given her the wrong gift. The sweater was still in the trunk of my car. I thought of our conversation over the phone. Her initial reluctance to wear the clothing now understandable but then the excitement in her voice saying she'd love to wear it for me.

I didn't know what to say. I could feel my face redden as she again faced me, sipping from the glass as she slowly walked in my direction.

"I love it Honey," her free hand ran down the material from her breast, with it's nipple clearly visible, to her hip. "You have no idea how happy this has made me. Do I look pretty? You still haven't said anything?"

She stopped mere feet from me. Close enough I could have reached out and touched her. Placed my hands on her breasts, her pussy. My mother's pussy. But I couldn't. I had to explain. To confess the mistake that had been made.

"Mom, I.." I began.

"Yes Baby?"

"I didn't. I mean, I didn't give you the..." I looked down at her body and gestured to her clothing. "This!"

Her face took on a humoured look of confusion. "What do you mean? It was the present you gave me. I love it."

"Oh shit Mom, I don't know how to say it." I paused and her smile began to fade. "I bought this for Meagan. I've given you the wrong present. I had a sweater for you, it must still be in my car. I can get it. I'm so sorry, believe me."

The smile now completely gone. Replaced with a deepening red hue that rose from her neck to cover her face. Her eyes, before quickly diverting from my own, began to glisten as she in turn realized what had happened. "Oh of course I knew," she turned and made for the gift box, scooping it up with the tissue paper wrapping. "I was just playing a trick on you, that's all!" She lied as she placed her glass down too heavily on the table and it splashed her hand and the carpet. Ignoring it she refused to make eye contact with me again as she hurried past me, using the box to obscure the front of her body on the way out of the room.

"Mom." I called after her, allowing myself another look at her rear. God it did look good. She looked good. No, she looked great. "Mom, I'm sorry."

I was left alone in the living room, not knowing what I should do. So many thoughts were running through my head. I had just seen my mother near naked. She had wanted me to see her near naked. I thought of what may have happened here if I hadn't said anything. If I hadn't confessed. Was it possible she had wanted me? That she thought the gift of lingerie was me admitting my incestuous feelings towards her? And did I have those feelings? Yes, I'd thought of her sexually when I'd touched her panties. I'd admired her ass and pussy in her leggings, but did that mean I really wanted to fuck my own mother? Was giving her the wrong present merely my subconscious acting for me to encourage the fact?

I looked at her wine glass and wondered how much she had had to drink before I arrived. Her lipstick had left a mark on the rim and I picked up the glass and drank from the same spot. I needed it as I wondered what I should do. A part of me wanted to follow her down the hall. To go to her room and take her in my arms, to tell her it was all okay, to kiss her, to fuck her. To fuck my own mother, on her own bed.

I'd drunk most of the wine before I'd even realized and took the glass into the kitchen. The bottle was half empty. She'd had at least one glass prior to this but I doubted she was drunk. I felt like an asshole. How embarrassed must she be feeling? To ostensibly parade around half naked in front of her son, thinking he wanted her sexually. To only discover it was all a mistake. The ridiculous and the most cruel thing about it was, I did!

Mom surprised me when she entered the kitchen. Her demeanour had definitely changed, hurriedly placing the gift box down on the table without mention of its contents, corking the wine and returning it to the fridge. Her hair had been let down from the bun and she began the process of pulling it back into a pony tail, taking the hair tie she had been storing between her lips and securing it in place. "Well should we get going?" She asked as if nothing had happened between us moments before.

When I say she surprised me, it wasn't only her demeanour. I didn't know what I'd been expecting her to be wearing after the lingerie (something overly conservative perhaps) but it definitely wasn't this. The dress I had never seen before. White and long sleeved, it seemed to be made out of shiny spandex. The texture of which reminded me of a sexy nurses costume I'd once bought my wife. It came down mid thigh and hugged her body to reveal every curve, and no matter how hard I looked I couldn't make out a bra or panty line. Had she always been planning on wearing it today or was it a statement to me to show she wasn't affected by what had taken place? I didn't know. All I knew was it wouldn't have looked out of place adorned a porn star and I loved it!

"Mom, do you think we should talk about this?" I began, looking down at the gift box. She busied herself placing her purse in her handbag before popping a mint in her mouth.

"Oh there's nothing to it. As I said, It was just a joke Honey. I'm looking forward to my sweater. Really!" She smiled and I could see straight through it. As she passed me towards the back door I peered at her ass and did notice the line of a thong. One thing I was sure of however. She wore no bra.

* * * * *

The drive to my house was painful. Hardly a word was spoken between us. From the corner of my eye I spied her bare legs, the dress rising high on her thighs. I could've pulled over, told her what I was feeling, the conflicted thoughts on my mind but I drove on doubting myself. What if it was a joke? What would be the implications if I admitted I wanted her and she didn't share the feeling? She'd said on the phone, "what mother wouldn't" want her son to see her in lingerie? It was plain as day what was happening. We just had to come out and admit it. Fuck it. I thought. I'm going to say something. I turned onto my block and slowed as I passed the cars of Meagan's family already lining the street and pulled into our driveway. Mom immediately reached for the door handle as the car came to a rest and I knew it was now or never. "Mom, wait."

She looked across to me and waited expectantly as I took a breath, summoning up my courage. "I just wanted to say...you looked good!" Our eyes locked, her's no longer teary and mine trying to project my newfound desire for her.

"What?" She asked.

"Back there. You looked really good. I didn't get to tell you then. I wanted to." I waited for a response and when none came I continued, honing in on

what I really wanted to tell her. "Be honest with me. It wasn't a joke was it?"

Mom bit her bottom lip and seemed to be debating what to say next. "I...it felt nice. Dressing like that for a man again!" She began to blush again, both of us becoming old hands at the act. "I felt sexy!"

I jumped in immediately. "You are sexy!" I took the reins and ran with it, looking down at her body. "Look at you. You look hot!"

She smiled broadly and looked away coyly. "You're just saying that."

Reaching out I turned her face back to me. "No. No I'm not!"

Her lips opened as my hand stroked the side of her face, her skin so soft beneath my fingers. If she had touched my chest she would have felt my heart racing. If she'd looked down she would've seen the erection in my jeans. If we weren't interrupted, I would've kissed her.

Small hands banged on the side of the car and it took us from the moment. We left our sanctuary and joined the excited children already hyped on sugar and Christmas. I took the remaining presents from the trunk and followed Mom and an army of two to ten year olds into the house, all the while fixated on the sway of her amazing rear.

* * * * *

The talk in the car had broken the tension, replaced with something else entirely. If she wasn't my mother, everyone at the gathering would say we were flirting. My wife even mentioned as she helped me into the santa suit that Mom was acting weirdly. "Oh! I hadn't noticed." I lied.

"And what's with that dress?" Meagan remarked. "Did she buy it at a sex shop? You know she's not even wearing a bra!"

I tried not to smile as I thought of her spilling white wine on her chest, the liquid turning the dress transparent across one nipple. The men at the party quick to offer napkins in response. I was probably too quick to defend her but I doubted I gave anything away. "I think she looks great!"

"Ah can I remind you she's your mother!"

"So, what? I can't comment on how she looks?"

As an answer she snapped the elastic band of my white beard against my face. "Come on Santa. You're done."

The room was littered with wrapping paper with the children eager to open their presents as soon as I'd handed them out. Meagan, working as my assistant handed me Mom's juicer, along with gifts for the other adults in the room. Finally it came down to the last remaining gift box, the sweater I had failed to give her previously. We shared a knowing glance as Mom took it from me, already aware of what it held. Meagan was pleased with her watch and unaware of the extra gift of lingerie, its absence went unnoticed.

The kids took turns having a photo taken on my knee and mid afternoon, clearly drunk and wearing her new sweater over her dress and semi transparent bust at Meagan's insistence, Mom decided she wanted a photo too. I played the role and having had my fair share of alcohol as well, enthusiastically encouraged her to sit on my lap. Relatives cheered and took photos, I noted, the males in the room more so than the women and I couldn't blame them.

"And have you been naughty or nice this year young lady? Ho. Ho. Ho." I asked Mom, her arms wrapped around my neck, my gloved left hand resting on her rump, the other on her knee.

"Oh definitely nice Santa. I'm a good girl! Mom laughed, exhaling warmly into my face. The smell of bourbon on her breath.

"Oh! That's not what I've heard!" I boomed and the adults and kids in the room giggled along with us. Mom wriggled in my lap and her hip pushed into my groin beneath the roll of fake fat under my suit. It was obviously intentional and I reciprocated by pressing my hand firmly into the flesh of her ass. "Now did you like your present from Santa?"

Mom looked at her sweater and I followed her gaze downwards to her thighs, her dress having ridden up to just below her crotch. Was it any wonder the men were taking photos? My cock hardened against her and there could be no denying she felt it.

"Ooh I do like it Santa but there's something else I need."

"Yes? And what might that be young lady? Ho. Ho. Ho." I questioned.

"Panties!" There were a few nervous laughs in the room and it had definitely quietened. I was anxious as to where she was going with this. I was enjoying our role-play but began to wonder if she was more inebriated than I'd assumed. "Yes panties Santa. My son ruined two pairs of my panties," she held up two fingers as if to emphasise the point. "And soon I won't have any left to wear!"

"Owwuh sheeit!" Meagan's younger brother Cody exclaimed and a couple of the women began to herd the children out of the room, eager to avoid the bawdy language. Meagan was quick to explain to those who would listen about the clothes shrinking incident and it helped to restore some levity.

My dick was rock hard. If we'd been alone I'd not have hesitated in spreading her legs and fingering my mother right then and there. Did Meagan notice something? I'm not sure but she was quick to break up the

spectacle by taking my Mom's hand. "Come on Liz, you can help me serve up the leftovers. As Mom stepped off, her legs spreading, I noticed Meagan's brother take another photo and I made a mental note to ask for him for copies.

In my state I had to decline requests by the kids for another sit on Santa's knee and went to help in the kitchen. Meagan was passing Mom a large glass of water which was probably for the best and when she noticed me walk in she decided to challenge us both. "What the hell was that?"

"What?" I answered.

"You two. Jesus there were kids in the room!" Meagan explained.

"Oh it was harmless Love," Mom defended herself, slurring. "And it's true. I need new panties!"

"Well that's obvious. That dress Liz! Do you even have any on under it?"

My wife was clearly upset by what had happened but I felt she was overreacting. "Hey Megs, come on."

Sadly Mom did nothing to help. "Of course I do!" And with Meagan and I looking on she leaned forward to look down at herself almost overbalancing. With both hands she lifted the front of her dress up to her waist and afforded us a view of the tiny white satin thong covering her pubic mound.

She'd gone too far for Meagan. "Oh my god, Liz. What are you doing?"

Mom looked up seemingly pleased with herself, grinning first at Meagan before settling her eyes upon me. One of Meagan's sisters chose that time to enter the room and Meagan freaked.

"For god's sake cover yourself Liz." Meagan looked to me, admittedly still admiring the sight of my mother flashing. "I'm so sorry Denise. Declan, get her out of here, she needs to sleep."

Mom was quick to add to it. "Yes Declan. Take me to bed!"

I knew what she hinted by the comment but I hoped the meaning was lost on my wife. Either way I was happy to wrap my arm around my mother and with her slowly lowering her dress, lead her out of the kitchen towards the guest bedroom.

Word about Mom's drunken behaviour must have quickly spread. Even only half way down the hall I heard parents coaxing the children to "gather their things" in preparation of leaving. Mom must have heard it too and when we reached the doorway to her room she propped herself against it as if supporting the house itself and looked into my face. "I'm sorry Baby, I think I've ruined Christmas."

"Nonsense. Don't worry about it. 'Our' family's Christmas has been fine by me," I offered, slipping the gloves from my hands.

"Oh that's right!" Mom exclaimed, grabbing the lapels of my red jacket. "It's just you and me isn't it! To hell with the rest of them."

"Yeah," I chorused, pulling the long white beard down from my face. "To hell with them. Come on Mom. Let's get you into bed."

A wicked look came over her face. "Yes Santa. Take me to bed."

Nothing would happen. God knows we both wanted it without actually admitting. But not then, not in her state and certainly not with my wife and her family in the house. She covered the ground between the door and the bed backwards, pulling/holding on to me in the process. Once her calves hit the mattress she flopped back down and sat on the edge of the bed. With her

shoulders slumped, she looked up into my eyes. "Oh shit Declan. I'm drunk!"

I couldn't help laughing. "I know Mom. I'll get you a big drink of water. First, arms up."

She did as told and raised her arms above her head allowing me to lift the Christmas sweater off. I dropped to my knees and pulled her shoes off. With her doing nothing about trying to keep her legs together and me not disguising the fact I was looking, from my position I could see the panties she'd so proudly shown off in the kitchen. The small triangle of white framed by the pink of her thighs. I thought of going further. Lifting her dress up over her body to lay her in the bed wearing only her thong but I reasoned Meagan would ask how I'd left her and admitting I removed my mother's clothing probably wouldn't go down well.

I helped her climb under the blankets and returned with the water I'd promised; making sure she drank it all in front of me before I left.

"Declan," Mom whispered as I moved towards the door.

"Yes Mom?"

"I love you."

"I love you too," I smiled before closing the door behind me.

* * * * *

I never sleep well when I've been drinking. Falling asleep is fine, but staying asleep is the problem. 2am, by my bedside clock, I was tossing, turning and sighing at the fact. Meagan quietly snored soundly beside me, possibly blissful in the knowledge the stress of catering Christmas lunch

was over for another year. Resigned that sleep wouldn't come I rose and quietly made my way to the kitchen for a drink of water.

It seems great minds think alike. Even from the hallway, the soft illumination of the range-hood light and the sound of the fridge opening told me Mom was there before me. Standing in the glow of the fridge, only her head and shoulders appeared above the open door but she looked beautiful. Hearing me enter she turned in my direction, her hair a mess and eye shadow smeared. "Hey Mom, can't sleep?" I whispered.

She closed the fridge without retrieving anything and smiled at my appearance before rubbing an eye with the back of her hand. "Hello Santa, fancy seeing you here."

"Oh you remembered!" I looked down at her body, she'd changed back into the sweater but it looked like that was all she wore, her legs and feet bare. "Thought you might have forgotten everything from yesterday!"

"Nuh uh," she whispered, moving away from the fridge and leaning back onto the bench. "I remember everything!"

The sweater sat across her hips but as she placed her elbows back down on the bench top behind her it rose up revealing her crotch. The light from the range-hood was minimal, creating grey shadows everywhere but even in the relative dark I could see my mother wore no underwear. Not only that, she was perfectly bald down there.

I moved across from her and took up the opposing position. Now facing, only four feet from each other, we shared a moment of silence. Was she thinking the same thing as me? She was obviously aware I could see her vagina, did she want me to act on it? Wearing only a pair of boxer shorts, my growing erection would be impossible to obscure and then it hit me. My

cock could do all the talking for me. She'd see it, know it was by her doing and hopefully act on it. I didn't have long to wait.

There was a button on the fly of my shorts but thankfully it wasn't secured. Mom's eyes left mine and trailed down my body at just the right time to see my erection ease its way out of its own volition, swelling and straightening as her mouth slowly opened. Fully erect, the head pointed directly at her face and a held breath exited her lungs. "Oh baby. It's true!" She exclaimed, surging forward to have me take her in my arms. Hers wrapped around my back as I clung to her torso beneath the sweater. My cock pressed hard into her belly as she looked up into my face, her eyes glistening and a tear flowing down her cheek.

"Why are you crying?" I whispered.

"Because I'm so happy baby," she breathed. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this."

The statement took me by surprise. I was under the impression the lingerie mix up had been the catalyst for whatever was now happening between us, I needed to know more. "What do you mean?" I asked, taking a hand from her back and wiping the tear from her face but leaving it holding her head.

"Oh honey we have so much to talk about..."

"Yeah, we do," I interrupted. "But first I need to do this!"

With my fingers entwined in her hair I pulled her head towards me. Her lips already open, her tongue was quick to enter my mouth as we came together. Our first kiss. Our first real kiss as mother and son, as lovers.

Her lips slick with saliva, her tongue warm and wet in my mouth. She tasted of mint, of bourbon, of lip gloss. My hand stroked her locks as my other descended past the small of her back to caress her bare bottom.

Desperate to delve between her cheeks, I tentatively hovered over her crack only to have her reach back and place a hand on mine, pushing my fingers into her most intimate area.

Given license, I delved. Feeling my mother's anus beneath my fingers, slick with the juices of her dripping pussy adjacent. The hand Mom had used to direct my caresses found its way between us and encircled my cock, squeezing me tight with each finger in turn. It was now I who expelled a long held breath, throwing my head back with the pleasure and realization my mom was masturbating me. And then more.

So fluidly she left my embrace and her body lowered until she knelt before me, my cock still in her hand, her face upturned. I knew what was to come and for one moment I believed I must have been dreaming. Please don't wake, I told myself. Please don't wake. Mom must have seen the expectation in my face and smiled broadly before opening her lips wide and taking the head of my engorged penis into her mouth.

I can attest, there is no more wonderful feeling in the world than your mother's mouth around your dick. So expertly she took my length, her thumb and index finger forming a ring around its base and jerking me with the saliva that flowed from her. "Oh Jesus..." I moaned as I raised my hand to my face to smell the scent of her ass. As I did so, the hall light came on and the shadow of Meagan appeared in the doorway of the kitchen.

With my cock still in Mom's mouth I instinctively reached for the fridge door, pulling it violently open and adjusting my body as my wife shuffled into the doorway. Now obscured by the door, Mom's mouth came off my cock with a slurping sound. "Hey Meg!" I gasped, alerting Mom we had company. "What are you doing up?"

She shuffled forward another few steps as she answered. "Ugh just getting a drink."

Mom hadn't taken her hand from my cock and whether she thought the game was up and wanted to go out with a bang or she just didn't care, she began masturbating me, sliding her fist up and down furiously on my lubricated length. "No!" I exclaimed. "You go back to bed. I'll bring it down for you!"

"What?" She rubbed her eyes, still half asleep. "Uh. Okay." And thankfully turned on her heel and shuffled back the way she came. Mom wrapped her mouth back around my cock as if nothing had happened, her eyes looking up at me.

"We have to stop!" I whispered down to her but began moving my hips back and forth, slowly fucking her face.

Popping my cock from her lips like a lollipop she shook her head. "Not until you cum baby!"

She looked so gorgeous, so wicked. I wondered how I'd never looked at her in this way in the past. All these years and I'd never even fantasized about this beautiful, sexy woman right under my nose. I wanted to lift her up, to place her on the bench top and sink my passion deep inside her, fill her with my love but the risk of being caught was too great. At least behind the fridge door, although limited, we had privacy.

If she wanted cum, she would get it. With one hand cradling my balls, the other squeezing the base of my dick, her mouth devoured me. With each nod of her head I felt the back of her throat. I grew closer with every gagging noise she made, with each gentle thrust of my hips. And I was there. "Mom, I'm going to..." I held my breath as she pressed beneath my

balls and pulled her lips off me with a trail of spit. Her mouth remained open, her tongue out as she aimed her beating hand and the penis it held at her face. I closed my eyes for an instant then stared directly at her as I began to cum. Shooting at light speed a torrent of semen into my mother's waiting mouth and face. Her pace didn't slacken as jet after jet of hot milky cream coated her skin from her cheeks to her jaw. Her tongue, still proudly poked out, cupped a pool of sperm before entering her mouth to swallow.

I released my held breath as my orgasm subsided and Mom's hand squeezed the last drips of my seed into her mouth. Her face coated in cum, I lifted her to her feet. "That was amazing," I whispered as she used a finger to collect cum from her cheeks and chin and eat it before me.

Satisfied with her meal she smiled. "I've wanted to taste this for so long Declan," she purred, licking the last from the side of her hand. "I want to tell you everything. When can we be alone?"

She was referring to Meagan and I couldn't give her a definite answer just then. If I had my way I would've spent every moment I had from then on with her. Getting to know her as a woman, not just as my mother but I did still have a wife. A wife I loved and who was waiting for me only a hall's length away. "I have to drive you home remember. Meagan will be glad to have me out of the house whilst she gets everything back to normal anyway."

The look of expectation in her face was palpable. A mouthful of my cum be damned, I had to kiss her again and pulled her body against me, my cock still semi-hard and hardening. Our mouths came together, her fingernails digging into the skin on my back. "I love you so much," I breathed into her mouth as our tongues entwined. She didn't return the declaration and I didn't need her to, the last few minutes were sign enough.

* * * * *

I spent most of the morning helping Meagan tidy up around the house. Of course being a clean freak she would need to go over and redo most of what I'd completed just to get it up to her standards but that was when I'd be out of the house with Mom. Speaking of the woman, she made her presence known about 11am, sheepishly greeting my wife who after initially treating her coldly began to warm up, even offering to wash her clothing and lend her some of her own for the day. Declining, I could see Mom was grateful for the gesture and the warmth, I was pretty sure she was embarrassed the way her behaviour had soured the day and we were both thankful when the two women kissed affectionately as we departed.

"Oh, I might be a little while at Mom's Meg," I informed her as I walked to the car. "I want to take another look at that washing machine."

"I thought you said it needed a man," she smiled, knowing my lack of handy man skills.

"Yeah it does but I'll give it another go!" I lied before she followed with the words I wanted to hear.

"Take your time," she said as she waved at us reversing down the drive. And I planned to.

When we turned the corner I pulled the car up at the curb. Mom and I were on each other like teens, our teeth touching at one point we were so eager to kiss. Shuffling in her seat she raised her dress to her waist and my hand was upon her, cupping her already saturated panties. I eased a finger past the sodden satin and found her slick hole before coming to my senses. Pulling back from her mouth I looked out the window to see we hadn't been observed. "Mom. What are we doing!?"

She looked confused at my question. "What do you mean?"

I thought of our behaviour. In public no less, so close to my home. "Mom, this isn't normal. I'm cheating on Meagan for god's sake!"

She pulled her dress over herself and took my hand. "No you're not honey. We're family, it's different!"

I questioned her logic but allowed her to go on.

"I woke up last night and thought it had been a dream Declan!" Mom confessed. "But then I tasted you in my mouth and it all returned, it was all real. I felt so happy! It was just as your father had predicted it would be!"

The mention of my father had come out of the blue. "What's he got to do with this?"

"It's a long story, it can wait 'till we're home." Mom claimed.

"No. We talk about this now." I adamantly stated.

"Okay," Mom looked forward in the car and seemed to be gathering her thoughts before turning back to me. "Do you remember before your father became sick, we were all out at that restaurant in the city? That fancy one where we saw that famous model?"

The night came back to me immediately. Lauren Brooks was who Mom was referring to but I had no idea what it all had to do with her and I.

"You probably don't recall but at the end of the night I excused myself to visit the bathroom. I never made it Declan. You see it was occupied."

Where the hell was she going with this? "Mom I don't see what that's got to..."

"Declan." She interrupted me. "Just listen." She continued. "There was a couple inside. Making love! I was going to turn away, I mean it was a surprise but nothing overly shocking until that is, the man called the woman, "Mom!"

I sat up a little straighter now the story had begun to make sense. She continued.

"You see Declan. They were a mother and son, they weren't play acting. Their similarities were obvious. I was transfixed, not only by watching a couple have sex but the fact it was incest and yet it looked so beautiful, so natural. I later confessed what I'd seen to your father. You may not want to hear this, but the sex we had that night was the best of our lives."

She was right, I didn't want to hear about her and Dad fucking but I was eager to hear out her story. "So how does that lead to you and I?" I asked.

"Your father confessed something to me that night. He told me that he'd often fantasized about his own mother growing up. That he'd be surprised if most boys didn't. I admitted to him that when I walked away from that bathroom at the restaurant and saw you at the table Declan, something had changed inside me. It was the overpowering love of a mother for her son. I felt it more than ever. The fact I would do anything for you, that I would do anything with you! He encouraged it, your father! We would role-play, he and I." She suddenly looked a little embarrassed and diverted her eyes from me, ceasing her story. It didn't matter, I'd heard enough.

"Mom," her eyes journeyed back to mine. "Let's go home."

* * * * *

The washing machine story wasn't a complete lie. On the way there I did think of something I could check before the repair man arrived in a day or

so. We entered the back door holding hands, loathe to break the connection between us now that it was cemented. As one we spied the gift box containing the lingerie I'd left there purposely. The contents forever being the catalyst of our incestuous relationship.

"What do we do with that?" Mom pointed at the box.

"It's yours. Meagan didn't know about it so as far as I'm concerned, it's yours to wear."

Her face seemed even brighter. "When would I wear it?" She asked and I was sure I knew what she wanted me to say.

"Well, now would be a good time!" I replied correctly. "I mean I only saw you wearing it for a minute."

She grinned wider than I think I'd ever seen her, taking up the box in her hands. "Now that we're being open with each other Declan, there's something else I want to tell you."

Open to anything she could say I listened intently.

"I've learned something about myself in the last day Honey and I want you to promise me you won't judge!" She ventured.

"Mom, I love you," I admitted, whatever she had on her mind I would surely accept. "You can tell me anything!"

She paused, looking down at the gift box before again making eye contact. "When you told me the lingerie wasn't mine, I was humiliated..."

I felt awful. "Mom. I told you I was sorry, but it doesn't matter now, I..."

She interrupted me before I could finish. "No Declan you don't see. I enjoyed it!"

The statement took me back and I raised my eyebrows as she continued.

"If nothing had happened between us I would still have that pleasure to take out of it. That and the men at the party."

This was something else unexpected and I wanted to learn more. "Meagan's family? What about them?"

"The way they were looking at me, their eyes on my body. Cody, taking photos up my dress!" She smiled at this. "What, you didn't think I noticed?" Her eyes went down to the box of lingerie. "I'll be right back!" She giggled but I interjected.

"Nuh uh, Mom. I want to watch!"

We hurried to her bedroom and it felt so strange being alone in there with her. Especially so as she began to disrobe in front of me. I began getting hard as she lifted the sweater off over her head and I saw her breasts in the white spandex, her nipples hard and poking proudly through. "I love that dress. Where did you get it?" I asked, genuinely interested.

"Oh, this?" She ran her hands down from her breasts to her hips. "Would you believe a sex shop!"

I could believe it, and it also meant Meagan had been correct. It also raised so many questions which I put aside for the time being as it was then the dress came off. Leaving her in just the tiny thong, I sat down on the bed before I fainted. She was perfect in my eyes and I had to tell her. "You're beautiful Mom!"

"Thank you honey," her eyes drifted from mine to my crotch. "But I think I can see how you feel! Why don't you take it out? You can touch it if you want!"

The fact my Mom was giving me permission to jerk off whilst I watched her change was the greatest gift she could give me and I was quick to respond. Her eyes watched me release my hard-on, slowly stroking it as I enjoyed the show. "How the hell did Dad predict this?" I asked, referring to what she'd said in the car.

Standing before me for a moment as if content to just watch her son masturbate, she then began to lower her panties, stopping when mid thigh. "Before he died he told me to never give up the hope," she turned, presenting her rear to me. "He had faith in you Declan. In us. In us being together. It was his last desire for me." She arched her back, her ass poking out towards me.

Pre-cum glistened the head of my cock and uppermost finger as my eyes devoured her body. The thong half way down her parted legs, her hands, first clutching either cheek before spreading them entirely, her anus and pussy on display. The sight of which took my breath away.

"Who are you?" I managed to gasp, rising to meet her as she ran her hands up her sides to cup her breasts.

"I'm just your mom," she smiled at me in the mirror, bringing her legs together and allowing the thong to fall to her feet on the floor.

"No, you're a goddess!"

Holding her shoulders, I slowly trailed my hands down her arms whilst pressing my erection hard into the crack of her ass.

"Mmm that feels nice," she purred.

Unaware if she meant my hands or my cock I kissed her on the neck and felt goosebumps appear on her skin.

"Mmm," she moaned. "I love it like this. Being naked for you."

I placed a hand on her belly and ventured down across her bald pubic mound to her vagina and with her eyes intently watching, eased a finger between her slick upper thighs. She was wet. Wetter than I'd ever encountered a woman. So easily my fingers delved between the folds of her labia and slid inside her vagina, so warm and welcoming.

"Mmmuhhhh..." Mom sighed as I hooked my index finger inside her, pressing hard onto her clitoris. I ran everything through my head, her delight at being humiliated, the pleasure she had shown as I came on her face the night before, her attraction to public exhibitionism. We could have fucked right then and there but was it possible I could make it even more special for her?

I eased my finger from her and lifted it dripping to her mouth. "Taste yourself Mom," I insisted and without delay her lips were around my digit. I turned her body to face me, connected by my finger which she sucked on akin to a cock. "You know I was thinking. There was something in the mail box when we drove in!"

Obviously she had no idea why I was mentioning it at that moment, pulling my finger from her mouth yet still holding onto it. "Oh that can wait honey," she gasped before beginning to draw it back towards her lips.

"No Mom, I don't think it can!" I stated.

A look of comprehension came over her face. "You want me to go and get it?"

I smiled. "Well it might be something important."

She looked down at her body, naked save for her heels. "And I have to go like this!?"

All I did was smile.

I made Mom walk before me through the house so as to admire her naked ass and upon reaching the front door she obediently waited for me to act. Opening the door wide I looked out onto the front yard and stepped onto the porch. I did make sure there was no one in the immediate vicinity before looking back at my mother. "I want you to go and collect the mail and bring it back in your mouth." Had I gone too far, I wasn't sure but without delay she walked past me and out onto the porch. Surreal is how I would describe my naked mother descending the porch steps and crossing my childhood lawn towards the letterbox in the bright light of day. So beautiful her sun blessed skin looked in the mildly chill air. I allowed my hand to stroke my still erect penis as she reached the mailbox on the perimeter of the property, placed the advertising pamphlet between her teeth and casually strode back towards me.

Her eyes locked to mine as she ascended and stood before me at the door. I was the one supposedly in charge but as I held out my hand to receive the mail I had no doubt she controlled my soul, my fate. I would lay my life down for this woman, this goddess.

"Did I do good?" Mom asked as she took the mail from her mouth and presented it to me. Her face was flushed with the embarrassment of potentially being viewed by her neighbors in the front yard naked but I sensed the thrill outweighed the shame.

I couldn't answer, so turned on by my mother's exhibitionism I abandoned my role as the dom and pulled her into the house. The door closed, I pushed her against the wall of the hallway, my erection pressing to her belly. "I love you so much!" I declared.

"Oh yeah? Are you going to prove it then?" She whispered into my mouth.

"Are you going to fuck me Declan? Are you going to fuck your mother?"

I pinned her hands to the wall above her head. "Oh yes, I'm gonna fuck you Mom."

"Then fuck me now baby. Stick your dick inside mommy's cunt!"

I'd never heard her say 'cunt' before, hell I'd never said the word in front of her but in that moment it seemed so natural, so right. Our mouths came together, tongues entwining. Releasing her hands, I was able to grope at her body, a breast in one hand, lifting her leg onto my hip and caressing her ass with the other. Her hand found my cock between us and wrapped her fist around me. "I have to taste you Mom," I breathed. "I have to taste your cunt!" I declared, now given license to use the word. As if in response, she immediately brought both her hands to my head and pushed me downwards. I didn't even have the chance to kiss her breasts as I passed them, with the speed she guided me toward her vagina. My face was wedged between her thighs, my nose and mouth squished into her pussy. Her force on the back of my head was trying to drown me in her sex and I couldn't have been happier to succumb.

Finally as if realizing she couldn't take me back into her womb, she released the pressure and I was able to take control. I trailed my tongue along her folds before entering and savouring her flavor. Juice flowed freely into my mouth causing me to swallow, taking her nectar inside my body. My cheeks slathered I withdrew my tongue to work on her clit, sucking and kissing as I entered her pussy with two fingers below.

"Oh yes Jesus yes baby," she panted, bucking into me as she ran fingers through my hair. "I'm gonna..Mommy's going to cu...cum!"

I took the words as motivation and increased the rapidity of my fingering, stabbing into her as quickly as I could muster. I took to just sucking on her clitoris, which by her sighs I ascertained she enjoyed the most and then it came. More to say, she came. One leg raised to rest over my shoulder which essentially locked me in place to receive her offering. I felt her pussy twitch and contract around my fingers as the fluid around them increased. "Yes baby, yes," she cried. A splash of liquid into my palm, across my chin followed by another and another. My mother's squirt spraying my neck, my shirt.

"Oh fuck baby," Mom sighed as she pushed me backwards. I allowed myself to fall flat on the carpeted hallway with her climbing atop me. Her hand went to my cock protruding from the fly of my pants and positioning herself above me she guided it into her, my mouth falling open, quickly descended upon by her own.

I was inside my mother. My cock was fully inserted within her body. Just one day previous this seemed an impossibility. My hands ran along her sides to connect with her breasts, pressed to my chest. Saliva ran from her mouth into mine as our tongues danced. She moved her hips back and forth on my erection, squeezing her pussy around me. Like her's, my orgasm would come quickly.

Straightening her back she rose up to allow me to take in her beauty, her boobs bouncing with every thrust of her pelvis. She lifted my hands to them and I was eager to squeeze, caressing and pinching her upturned nipples. The very thought I was inside her, that I had my hands on her breasts sent the message to my balls it was time. "Mom I have to.." I confessed. "I've gotta cum!"

The admission seemed to fire her further. Again she descended upon my chest, her mouth in my ear. "Cum in me baby. Cum inside mommy's pussy," she ordered.

I placed my hands on her rear, digging into the flesh of her buttocks whilst ramming my dick up into her. Mom alternated between biting my ear, my neck, to whispering in my ear her most obscene thoughts. "Fill my pussy baby. Mommy's cunt's all yours!" Her hands sought out my own and as she'd done in my kitchen, she directed my fingers to her anus. "Finger mommy's asshole Declan. Finger fuck my ass while you cum."

I used my ring finger. Spreading my mother's ass cheeks wide as I fucked her, I plunged my finger inside. Deep I delved, all the way to my wedding band, feeling my cock through the dividing wall of her rectum.

"Cum in me baby! Cum in mommy's cunt!" Mom yelped as her mouth covered mine, sucking my tongue up between her lips. And I did. My balls tightening, wrapping my free arm around her torso to hold her to me. My cock exploding inside her. Filling her with my incestuous passion, spurt after spurt confirming my love for the woman who'd given birth to me, who'd nurtured me at her breast, who'd raised me into the devoted husband I was today. Whose wedding ring sat inside her own ring, twitching around the golden symbol of marriage.

I felt wetness around my cock and I knew she'd cum again. Shared my orgasm with her own. I eased my finger from her and held her tight upon my body as our kiss prolonged our ecstasy, my dick retaining its firmness inside her. We could've stayed there forever, eternally connected by her pussy. The pleasure immeasurable, timeless.

* * * * *

Moments after I came inside her a second time, I whispered in her ear. "This is beautiful Mom," I ran a hand over her ass, again across her anus. "Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't change a thing but what now? You, me, Meagan? What do we do?"

She allowed my softening cock to slide out of her and standing up, took me by the hand. "Come on, I want to show you something."

All I needed to see was the beautiful woman standing over me but I acquiesced and allowed her to lead me back into her room. Following, my dick now soft and wet, I tucked it back inside my pants. Mom it seemed, preferred to remain naked and I wasn't complaining, admiring her ass and slick inner thighs as she turned and leaned against her dresser.

"I loved it baby! Making me go outside naked. I was so turned on."

"I got that impression Mom!" I smiled.

"I want to do more, I want it like this forever," she enthused.

I approached her, pressing against her nudity before lightly kissing her upturned mouth. "I'd love it to be," I whispered. "But what about Meg?"

Mom twisted in my embrace and placed her hands on the uppermost drawer, sliding it open to reveal its contents. A dizzying array of vibrators, dildos, realistic dongs and other sexual paraphernalia filled the space, taking me aback somewhat. How long had her top drawer held such content I wondered? Her flippant answer to where she'd bought her white dress now coming to mind. As I tried to get my head around this peep into my mother's private life she moved to her closet and slid open the mirrored door. A wardrobe full of lingerie, garishly colored slut wear and what looked like bondage gear greeted my eye. Her hand brushed along the rack until reaching the end where it encircled a large lifelike strap-on phallus. "I

have this honey," she stated, stroking along the length. "It's never been used." For a horrific moment I assumed she wanted to use it on me but possibly seeing the look in my eye she elaborated. "Do you think Meagan would like it?"

There it was, the answer to the dilemma I'd stumbled upon as my wedding ring had entered my mother's asshole. How could I do this behind Meagan's back? Mom had thrown me the solution. Including my wife. Suddenly, the vision of Meg and my mother fucking filled my consciousness. Tribbing, joined by a strap-on, eating each other out whilst I watched on, participated. Was it possible? It would take work but well worth the effort. I looked at my mother and smiled. "It looks like we've got some planning to do!"

Mom came to me beaming. "There's another thing Honey."

"Oh?" I smiled, kissing her neck.

"When I came. Did 'it' surprise you?"

I knew she was referring to the squirting. "Well, I know I loved it!"

She cast her eyes down to the package the christmas lingerie had come in and laughed. "It's ironic you know. The present that brought us together. Your father's pet name for my pussy was the 'gift box' because, well, you know, my squirting!"

I thought of her cumming in my face, around my cock and it did seem apt, the special gift of her orgasm straight from the hot box that was her vagina. My cock hardened at the vision, my hand reaching down to press against her wet slit. "And what a gift it is Mom. What a gift box it is!"

The Inheritance

"Ok..." Mom paused and drew an extended breath. "I'm not going to sugarcoat this. You're both adults now and you also know my feelings toward the man," she continued, addressing me and my sister Thea as we sat in the family living room, summoned there out of the blue on a Wednesday night. "Your father's dead," she flatly revealed, and I wasn't surprised at how little emotion I felt at the news.

"You're sure?" I stated after a moment's silence.

"Well, a lawyer called me earlier today to inform me. God knows how he got my number. I didn't think to ask," Mom confirmed.

"So... how?" I inquired. Not out of any genuine interest, merely to further confirm the fact.

"Natural causes," Mom matter-of-factly replied. "Wrapped his car around a tree."

"That's not very 'natural'," I smirked.

"You remember the man, Jude, he was a drunk. And had repeated DUIs. I'm surprised he didn't do it earlier. I'm just relieved he didn't take anyone out with him."

"So... if that's it?" I stood, preparing to get a move on. "Cause I'm starving. I came here straight from work."

"Are you guys serious?" Thea herself rose from her seat. "Dad's dead and you're making jokes!"

"Oh, Honey we..." Mom began.

"Thea," I interrupted her. "He was an asshole. He's dead. So what?" I shrugged my shoulders. "Finally, he can't hurt anyone else."

"But he was still our father!" she rebutted.

"That's true," Mom relented. "And that's actually what the lawyer was calling about," she added, and I turned my attention back to her. "He died intestate."

"Well of course," Thea stated. "He was living in Arizona or somewhere, wasn't he?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "No, 'intestate' Thea. Not interstate!"

"Uh huh," Mom nodded. "He didn't leave a will. Which means, it'll all go to you two. Whatever assets he had anyway. I know there's a house."

I was amazed he had that. He'd never held down a real job for long as far as I'd ever known, apparently making his money from gambling and petty crimes. I doubted the sale of whatever house he had would cover the probate legal fees.

"Great, well, when they sell it, I'll donate my half to charity. I don't want anything from him," I declared, and the statement brought half a smile to Mom's lips.

"Well, when's the funeral? I'd at least like to pay my respects," my little sister stated, and I scoffed at the suggestion.

"Your 'respects'?" I questioned. "Thea. The guy was a scumbag. I know you don't remember, but what he did to Mo..." I began but the woman herself cut me off.

"Oh Baby, there wasn't one. I don't even know if he had friends for a wake," Mom tried her best to console my sister. "You two might be able to find out

when you go there," she added, and I bristled at the suggestion.

"Wait, what?" I questioned.

"To Arizona," Mom explained. "You'll need to settle things with the estate; clear out the house of his personal items."

"Seriously? Mom. Can't the lawyers take care of all that?" I proposed.

"Well, they could," and here she paused. "...but you know the things he took from me; from us," she added, and I was well aware of what she spoke. Dad had been a drunk, yes. He'd also been abusive, cruel, and vindictive. When we were finally rid of him, with the help of the police and courts, he'd taken just about everything from Mom including items significant to her; family photos, heirlooms, all of little value but sentimental. I knew Mom wouldn't set foot in his house to collect them, even with his passing, which left the job to Thea and me. "I'd really appreciate it if you could at least see if he kept them," she asked.

"We'll go!" Thea surprisingly declared. "We could go this weekend. How far is Phoenix from here?"

"About 7 hours driving," I estimated. "I'd rather fly," I posited, and it was then Thea's turn to bristle, not unexpected knowing her fear of flying.

"I say we drive," she stated adamantly. "We can share the load. It'll be an adventure," she enthused. "We haven't been on a road trip in years."

"I'll give you money for gas," Mom offered. "Expenses," she added, and I looked from her to Thea.

"You good to do this?" I questioned and couldn't help but smile at her excitement despite the nature of our journey.

"I'd leave today if we could," she enthused.

*

We didn't. I picked her up from Mom's after leaving work early Friday afternoon and I'd planned to do the bulk of (if not all) the driving that night. By five and the sun still high in the sky we were skirting the Joshua Tree National Park when Thea, her feet up on the dash and revealing an uncomfortable amount of thigh in my peripheral vision, called for us to rest a while, a roadside lookout catching her eye. The park brought up mixed feelings in me but after two hours at the wheel agreeing a pause would probably do us good.

"This is fucking beautiful," Thea remarked as we looked out over the desert. An expanse of Yucca and granite boulders stretched away in every direction as far as the eye could see. "It's so quiet," she added. "We could be the only people on Earth right now."

I agreed, looking each way along the highway at not another car in sight, back to her, her arms resting on a wooden guard rail. The dress she hardly wore was backless, more an apron, and the way she stood displayed an ample amount of side boob, my eyes attempting to divert from the awkwardly attractive vision.

"Photo op," Thea broke the silence, climbing up on a boulder, and I drew my phone out to capture the moment, Thea going through her series of poses we in the family knew all too well. "Come on. Selfie time big brother," she held a hand down to drag me up beside her and I turned the phone on us, getting a large amount of the scenery in the background. I looked at the photo and was greeted with me with eyes closed and Thea poking her tongue out provocatively and I suggested we do another we could 'actually' send to Mom.

"This is where it happened," I stated after jumping back down from the rock, looking up to watch a hawk or falcon circling high in the clear sky overhead. "Where we ran," I added, and Thea gave me her full attention.

"What do you mean?"

I picked up a small pebble and tossed it in my hand before throwing it out to join the rocky landscape.

"You were probably too young to remember much," I began. "I know I was ten, so that'd make you about four at the time."

"What are you talking about?" Thea inquired, furrowing her brow.

"When Mom left Dad," I explained. "We were staying here," I waved my hand at the desert. "Some motel or B&B or something. I don't remember where. It was out of the way though. I remember that! They'd been fighting for days, Mom and Dad. Well, Dad mostly. Which is why I thought it was weird we were going away that weekend. Mom told me a few years back she was pretty sure he was fixing to kill us."

I let the weight of my words settle on Thea and could see her demeanor change from carefree to contemplative.

"Yeah, Thea," I continued, nodding, seeing she was processing the thought.

"He wasn't a good guy."

"So Mom says," she interjected.

"No. So I say!" I challenged. "That last night was bad. I mean real bad. I got between them to stop him hitt..." I paused. "...just know it was bad. It was when he threatened you and me that Mom made the decision to go."

Thea climbed down from the rock and stood not two feet from me.

"She waited for him to go into the bathroom, and we left. Just took our bags and walked off down the road until we reached the highway. I doubt she'd thought it through much, but the first truck that came by she flagged down and we hitched a ride back to L.A."

"I don't remember any of that," Thea softly responded.

"You were only little. I remember you crying when we left. Dad yelled from the bathroom for you to shut up and Mom froze thinking he'd come out and see us packing. I'd never seen her so scared in those last few moments."

"And that was the last time we saw him?" She asked.

"Up close," I nodded. "For a while, he'd park in the street outside Aunt Sadie's when he found out we were living there."

"Do you think he would really have...?" She failed to finish the sentence, but I knew what she was asking.

"Cops thought so. They knew more about him than we did, it turned out. Said we were right to have run when we did. All he'd done, it's crazy he wasn't behind bars."

"But Mom stayed with him, all those years," Thea still retained some hope he wasn't the monster I knew.

"Don't blame her," I refuted. "Fear'll make you do some crazy things. Up until that night... here, she probably thought it was safer to be with him than leave. You don't want to hear this..." I paused. "But I'm glad he's dead."

*

It was on my third yawn that I realized we wouldn't make it to Phoenix that night.

"I could drive," Thea proposed when I'd awoken her from sleep.

"Dude," I laughed, pulling into the first roadside motel I came across with a 'vacancy' sign illuminated, the sat nav still displaying two and a half hours until our destination. "I've seen your car," I referred to her dinged-up Mazda. "You're not driving my Pony."

*

"Two rooms or a double?" The night manager of the motel questioned us. "We've got the 'honeymoon suite' free if y'all are interested. Mirrored ceiling above the bed," he winked at me, and I felt myself blush.

"I don't mind sharing Jude," Thea remarked, doing her best to ignore the clearly lecherous eyes of the clerk as he looked her up and down. "If it'll save us some money."

"Ah, we're good," I smiled at her. "I've heard your snoring. We'll take the two singles," I handed over my credit card and we collected the keys before heading back to my car and getting our bags.

"Will you come in and make sure it's all ok?" Thea asked when we reached our rooms, side-by-side at the end of the upper story of the building. "This place creeps me out. Who the fuck would come here on their honeymoon anyway?"

I laughed, having been thinking that myself, and opened up her room, doing a cursory check that there was no one hiding in the bathroom or under the bed.

"We good?" I questioned as Thea stood in the middle of the room seemingly loathe to touch anything. "Cause I've gotta get some sleep Freckles," I admitted, and the use of her nickname brought a smile to her face.

"You haven't called me that in years," she grinned, seeming genuinely happy to be called such.

"You got a problem with it?"

"No. I like it," she smiled, and I moved to exit the room.

"Ok. First thing then," I added. "Around seven. Come get me if I'm not already up. We'll get some breakfast somewhere and then get going." I looked once more around her room, admittedly, the overprotective big brother gene kicking in, before wishing her a good night.

*

Drapes that did nothing to screen the light from the flashing 'vacancy' sign and Thea alone in the room next door in the admittedly creepy motel kept me awake, and lying in bed, I wondered if it would've actually been better to have chosen the 'honeymoon suite' after all. A fleeting thought of us sharing a bed came to mind and I chased it away by grabbing my phone and looking for some rainfall sounds or a babbling forest stream to help me relax. The photos I'd taken that afternoon caught my attention and flicking backward through, I smiled at our selfie before hitting the shots of Thea upon the rock.

I spotted it immediately and was surprised I hadn't noticed it when I took the photo. A gust of wind had caught her skirt at the moment of capture, and having lifted the front it revealed her upper thighs and most notably, her unclothed groin. It was stark, and due to the low angle of my perspective, the most perfect upskirt anyone could've hoped to have witnessed. My little sister's perfect mound of Venus, smooth, sitting above a hint of labia, and struggling to lift my eyes to hers, I found her staring down at me with what looked like a knowing glint.

Had she been aware? Her words from the motel reception desk immediately came back to me. 'I don't mind sharing, Jude,' she'd purred, and I thought of

the 'honeymoon suite' bed, the mirrored ceiling, and despite the glaring fact she was my sister, I allowed my cock to harden.

*

"How'd you sleep?" Thea asked as we made our way to the car.

"Fine!" I fired back possibly too forcefully, and Thea seemed to notice my tone, furrowing her brow.

"God, I didn't. I tossed all night," she admitted, and I felt myself blush as I thought of jerking off to the photo, the shame I felt at my action when the job was complete.

"...And turned," I corrected her.

"What?"

"It's 'tossed and turned all night'," I elaborated. "Oh, let's just get something to eat and get going," I changed the subject. "We've got about two hours' drive ahead of us," I pulled the keys from my pocket and unlocked the car as we approached, Thea opening the trunk and throwing her bag in before heading to the passenger side. I found myself looking at her ass, barely covered by the smallest denim skirt imaginable, and again the guilt of my fantasizing kicked in. "Hey Freckles, think fast," I called and as she turned, I threw the car keys to her.

"You're serious!?" She beamed as she caught them in both hands and made her way back toward me. "I promise I won't dent it!" she laughed as she ran a hand across my chest playfully before we both climbed inside my Mustang.

*

"So, this is it," Thea said as she pulled up in the driveway of our deceased father's house, now essentially ours. Ranch style, it was bigger than it looked online, and with a large block and mountain views I marveled how our father had managed to come by it, especially own it outright. The online evaluation was around \$300 k and it angered me even more when I thought of some of the homes we'd been forced to live in over the years, even with Mom often working two jobs to support us. What crime had paid for this house, I wondered. "How the fuck did Dad get this?" Thea voiced my imaginings and I smiled at our synchronicity.

"Come on, keys should be in a lockbox," I said as I opened the car door and stepped out into the Arizona heat.

*

"God, it's just as hot in here," Thea remarked as we entered the darkened home, an oppressive smell of stale cigarettes greeting us as we ventured inside.

"Yeah, makes the chill I just got even more profound," I admitted as I stopped to open the curtains beside the front door, the harsh sunlight not kind to the clutter, empty alcohol bottles, and takeout containers littering the living room.

"This feels so weird," Thea whispered as she crept tentatively through the open-plan layout into the kitchen. "Like we're breaking in or something."

I felt the same way. Almost expecting someone to pop out of nowhere and question our intrusion.

"Dishes haven't been done," Thea continued, commentating on her own experience. "Should I open the fridge?" She questioned but proceeded

without my say, the light inside shining brightly on her face. "Beer. Oh, and ketchup!"

I smiled and looked around the living room, seeing past the litter to notice the plethora of magazines on the coffee table and decorating the couch. Their nature obvious, I stupidly debated hurriedly hiding them from Thea before she noticed to save everyone from embarrassment.

"Oh. Looks like Dad liked porn!" Thea brushed past my shoulder, heading straight to the couch and peering down at the titles on the table. "'Milkers. Juggs. Titten,'" she read. "I think that's German!" she chuckled to herself. "I didn't even think they made these magazines anymore."

Nor did I, and seeing a closed laptop on the shelf beneath the coffee table, I dreaded to think what that could contain.

"We can put them out in the recycling," I addressed the subject of her comment and was shocked to see her pick up one of the magazines and begin flicking. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"I was just curious," Thea grinned, pausing on some pages before dropping the porn back onto the table.

"Well, I'd wash your hands if I were you," I snickered. "Come on, let's check out the rest of this place."

Thea led the way, flicking on lights in the hallway as we delved further into the house. A bathroom that looked like it had never been cleaned; a guest room that on the contrary seemed never to have been used. I stepped into another spare room that had been set up as a gym and large packing boxes caught my eye, leaving Thea to progress as I made a cursory examination for anything that belonged to Mom.

The first box contained sports gear and clothing, it was as I began to open the second box that Thea screamed from further on in the house and I immediately turned, running out into the hallway to see her backing out of a room two doors away.

"What?" I charged toward her, ready to tackle anyone or anything I came across and she managed to point back into the room she'd exited.

"There's... Oh God, I think I'm gonna be sick. There's a body," she struggled to voice, and I now realized the source of the chill I'd experienced when we entered. I peered tentatively into the darkened room, clearly my father's, and for a moment couldn't understand where Thea had spotted the corpse before noticing the feet on the floor protruding from the other side of the unmade bed.

A lump forming in my throat, I began to enter before Thea grabbed my arm.

"What are you doing?" She questioned.

"We have to check it out," I whispered back, unsure as to why. "They might not be dead," I added as I proceeded, her hand slipping from my bicep. Bare, were the feet. A woman's; and as I rounded the bed, maintaining a reasonable distance so as not to disturb the apparent crime scene, discovered a pair of pink panties halfway up her lower leg.

It was then I managed to breathe. Quickly followed by laughter.

"Oh Jesus," I exhaled as I lay my eyes on the rest of her body. Naked. Her mouth frozen open in suggestive exclamation. Eyes wide and indeed lifeless.

"What is wrong with you!?" Thea overcame her fear and I felt her near my side. "Is she alive?"

"No," I waited until she was able to view the body herself until I continued. "She's fucked!" I giggled and the relief Thea as well felt was palpable as she lay her eyes upon the admittedly lifelike sex doll, clearly fallen from the bed.

"Oh God," Thea sighed. "Well, we now know Dad had a partner," she managed a joke and again I was overcome with laughter.

"Seriously, you touch that, you'd really better wash your hands!" I stated and threw an arm around Thea's shoulder. "Come on, we still haven't checked the garage."

*

The state and contents of the house, I didn't hold out much hope the garage would contain anything of note. But upon finding the doors securely locked, with even the windows shrouded and bolted, I figured there must have been some reason for the safeguards, and a subsequent search of the house had Thea discovering a set of keys in Dad's bedside table drawer.

"I don't even want to know what else was in there!" I winced at the possible contents of Dad's bedside table as we made our way back to the garage, the day having become hotter in the time elapsed.

"You're right," Thea agreed, laughing. "You don't."

The first key I chose was correct and with some caution, again expecting someone to jump out at us or an alarm to sound, I swung open the door, the desert wind disturbing motes of dust from their mid-summer slumber.

"Nothing!" Thea exclaimed despondently, the sun revealing an empty floor before us. I walked further inside and reached up to tug the pull cord for the lights and fluorescent tubes lazily and noisily sprung to life illuminating the remainder of the garage.

"No, wait," I ventured, spying two large boxes slid beneath a bench beneath one of the windows. "There's something."

Dusty and taped shut, 'cunts' was written in black felt tip on the sides, and pulling one out I immediately sensed this was what we'd come for.

"Charming," Thea remarked upon the lettering, pulling out the other box and using her fingernails to slice through the aged masking tape.

I used a key to open mine and was instantly proven correct, the cover of a family photo album greeting me, its cushioned blue and gold jacket sparking recollection.

"This is it. Fuck, it's all here!" I delved further into the contents, pulling out a wooden urn and lifting it to Thea. "This is our grandfather. Well, his ashes," I marveled and watched Thea lift out a plush panda. "Holy shit," I laughed. "Do you know what that is?"

She held the toy before herself and I could see she had some remembrance of the item.

"That's Mr. Pickles," I helped her. "We accidentally left it when we ran from Dad at Joshua Tree."

"I remember this!" Thea revealed.

"I'm not surprised. You went everywhere with it back in the day," I confided as Thea sifted through her box.

"Why would he keep these things?" She questioned, pulling out one of my little league baseball trophies. "Sentimentality?" She clutched at a straw.

"Thea. These boxes probably haven't been opened in more than fourteen years. He kept them because he knew Mom wanted them. Look at how he labeled them. 'Cunts.' That sound like a sentimental father to you?" I posited

and I could see it dawn on her, finally. "Come on," I closed the box. "Let's get this stuff inside."

*

More than two hours later we'd returned from lunch in the city and were leafing through one of the photo albums we'd recovered. Pictures of Mom's side of the family that I could only slightly recall seeing and Thea had never laid eyes upon. Many photos of Thea as a baby. Evidence of her snuggled beside Mr. Pickles in a crib. In my tentative six-year-old arms the day she was brought home from the hospital. All beautiful moments in time, captured, then stolen from us for so long.

"Mom's gonna love this," I noted, turning a leaf to see us in the bath together as children. Two cherubic heads poking from a sea of bubbles.

"I, love it," Thea responded. "I love you," she unexpectedly leaned closer to kiss me on the cheek and I laughed.

"What!? What was that for?" I turned to look at her front on.

"I don't know," she shrugged, and I could see a red hue appear on her neck and exposed chest above her tank top, quickly rushing to her face. "For just being... I don't know. My big brother... or something," she struggled and ended by punching me on the arm. "Don't be weird about it," she rolled her eyes.

"You're the one being weird," I laughed.

"Whatever," she leaned forward and began pushing around the pile of pornographic magazines still on the coffee table, examining the covers.

"What?" I again inquired, sensing an awkwardness between us for some reason.

"Nothing," she rose and walked across the living room, stopping before the pedestal fan struggling to move the hot air inside the house. "It's just hot. How can he not have air conditioning?" She managed to change the subject, lifting her top and turning to allow the fan to work its magic from her exposed belly to her lower back. "I know..."

I watched her move with purpose across the living room and past the entryway to the kitchen where she opened the fridge and disappeared behind the door.

"You getting in?" I inquired, chuckling to myself before she re-emerged, holding two beers. "Oh. No!" I fell into the protective older brother role. "Mom wouldn't be cool with you drinking, Thea."

"Mom's a whole state away," Thea countered as she walked back toward me. Her time in the cold air of the fridge had been consequential, and I did my best not to stare at her pronounced nipples as she approached and once more dropped down beside me on the couch. "Can you open mine too?" she requested, holding out the two bottles of Coors.

I paused... for a moment. But seeing the dew dripping on the glass, imagining the relieving chill of the liquid, almost sensing the taste of the suds, I relented.

"Alright," I exhaled to her obvious delight. "But don't tell Mom," I requested and took the beers from her, twisting off the caps.

"Oh, fuck that's better," Thea sighed after taking an extended swig and I followed her lead, the cold beer going down nicely as I flicked a page of the photo album, a picture of Mom and Dad at what looked like a music festival, clearly before we were born. "Do you think we inherit traits from our parents?" She added after a moment's silence.

"Fuck yeah," I sniggered. "You and Mom are equally bitchy."

"No. Do you think I could be like Dad?" She posed and I was quick to refute.

"You're nothing like him," I affirmed.

"Well..." She paused and I closed the album, putting it aside on the couch.

"Well, what?" I asked.

"Well... I kind of am," she cryptically admitted.

"Oh yeah?" I skeptically played along. "In what way?" And to this, there was an extended pause.

"You know he's got hundreds of DVDs," she nodded toward the tv stand.

"Down there," her eyes directed me to the doored cabinets. "I looked when you were in the bathroom."

"So what? Everyone has old DVDs. Maybe he didn't like streaming."

"No, you don't get it," Thea took another swig of her beer. "It's all porn," she revealed.

"Oh, ok," I nodded feeling my face redden and not from the alcohol. It was then she turned toward me.

"Jude. I watch a lot of porn," Thea admitted. "I mean, a LOT of porn."

I didn't know what to do with the information and decided humor was the best option.

"Ok!" I reached out and took possession of her beer. "You've had enough," I laughed, placing the half-consumed bottle on the table.

"No, I'm serious. Is it wrong? Do I have a problem?" She took back her beer and again took a sip, looking toward me as if she was really seeking an

answer. "Will I end up like Dad? Alone. Watching porn all day and fucking a sex doll!?"

"Thea..." I struggled to come up with a coherent response. "I don't know if I'm..." I paused and she interjected

"I couldn't sleep last night until I'd masturbated!" She flatly revealed and I choked on the swig of beer I'd quickly attempted to take.

"Jesus, Thea. You can't be... why would you tell me that?" I marveled.

"I don't know," she shrugged. "Forget I said anything."

"I'm trying to!" I laughed, my face burning as I thought of also jerking off in the motel. Had we been unknowingly masturbating together? I swallowed more of my beer, going down so nicely, the idea of another, enticing, before another thought entered my mind. "You know we've got to think about finding a hotel for tonight," I broached, holding up my near-empty bottle. "Before I won't be able to drive."

Thea was unresponsive for a moment, her eyes on her beer suggestively placed between her upper thighs like a counterfeit glass cock.

"We could stay here!" She turned her head to look me in the eyes as I frowned. "We could get pizza delivered. There's the spare room!" She highlighted the seemingly unused guest bedroom, its double bed taking my mind in inappropriate directions. I looked at the size of the couch and figured I could get a reasonable sleep upon it if the pedestal fan played along, and to Thea's obvious delight, agreed it wasn't the worst idea.

"Awesome," she enthused. "So," she added. "More beer?"

*

"Oh Jesus, Thea," I exclaimed upon returning from the bathroom and finding her seated on the coffee table, remote control in hand and her eyes on the tv. An ass, and little else, filled the screen. Oiled up, POV hands reached down to spread the sizeable cheeks and revealed a glistening asshole, smooth labia below. "Turn it off!" I managed as I wrenched my eyes from the sight, the very idea of watching porn with my little sister, staggering.

"It was in the player," she justified the movie. "I just wanted to watch the tv."

She was slow to find the stop button and I made myself busy putting the uneaten pizza in the fridge and collecting another beer as a massive cock was introduced into the scene.

"Seriously?" I made my way back toward the couch, stopping at the fan to cool off, unintentionally allowing myself an equal view of both the screen and Thea. Her eyes remained fixated on the couple, and it was only upon my second interjection of 'Dude!', did she change the content.

"Ok, relax," she chuckled as the local Phoenix news came onto the screen. "I was turning it off," she forgave her actions as she spun on the table, looking back at the couch. "Can you imagine how many times Dad jerked off there?" Her eyes settled on the ass groove at the opposite end of the couch we'd been seated on.

"Ugh, I'd rather not," I groaned, and Thea giggled at the comment. With her head turned, something possessed me to drop my eyes down her body, her tight tank top folded up to form more of a bra to expose more skin to the fan's meager flow of air, amazingly revealing the hint of under-boob. And with her legs slightly parted, I was given an unobscured view up her skirt. The shadow of purple panties with what looked like a white lace trim,

hugging her teenage mound. Was it the beer? Was it the porn seemingly everywhere we looked? Or was it just a natural attraction? Whatever, the sight had my cock swelling and before she once more laid eyes upon me, I extracted myself from the situation. "I'm just gonna check those other rooms," I quickly walked past the television behind her. "Make sure we haven't overlooked something."

"I'll help," Thea enthused and admittedly I wasn't disappointed with her decision.

*

"So, is this the new girlfriend or the old?" Thea once more managed to find the humor in what ordinarily should've been the uncomfortable process of learning our father's sexual appetites.

The dead eyes of another sex doll stared up at us from the second box I'd discovered in the 'gym', and I wondered how I would've reacted if I'd found it earlier, her presence now almost mundane after all we'd seen.

"You know," I closed the lid of the box. "If I didn't hate him so much, I'd kind of feel sorry for him," I admitted as we headed back through the house, the relative relief of moving air in the living room.

"There's no need," Thea countered as we found our beers and returned to the couch. "He seemed comfortable, didn't he? Just watching porn and fucking a mannequin. If that's what made him happy, then so be it. Who is anyone to judge?"

"That's pretty mature of you, Freckles," I nudged her knee with my own and I noticed her leg going with mine as I withdrew, subtly keeping us touching, her thighs parted.

"Well, I'm nearly nineteen Jude," she lifted her beer to her lips, her eyes upon me as she almost seductively sipped. "We're not those little kids sharing a bath anymore," her eyes drifted to the photo album on the coffee table.

Slouched as she was, her skirt had ridden up even higher on her thighs and I let my eyes once more traverse her body. Tanned, toned, and though I tried to deny the thought, so fuckable.

"Funny though," Thea suddenly leaned forward and flicked at one of the magazines, its pages opening to reveal a couple fucking. "You say I'm mature, but I've still actually never seen a dick."

"You're looking right at one," I laughed, again feeling my face redden.

"I mean a real one Jude," she turned her head, rolling her eyes and despite our nearly six-year age difference, I felt as if she were the elder. I remained mute, processing the information she'd just given me. My sister was a virgin. Admittedly I'd never imagined her having sex, in my eyes, she'd always been my kid sister and way too young for any of that, I was even still amazed she was driving.

"Ok," I forced myself to look away from her gaze, focusing on the television. "Probably too much information, Thea," I dismissed her disclosure.

"Is that weird though?" She, despite my show of disinterest, wouldn't let it go. "I haven't even had sex and yet all I want to be is like one of Dad's sex dolls! Held down and fucked."

"What the fuck!?" I couldn't let her statement slide.

"What?" She seemed surprised at my reaction.

"Why would you say that?" I shook my head in confusion.

"Ah, because it's true," she frowned.

"But why would you tell me that?" I reached the bottom of another beer, placing the empty on the table. "I'm your brother!"

"And that's why," she elaborated. "Jude. You're my best friend," she admitted, and her surprising confession gave me goosebumps. "You've always been there for me. My whole life. When I was happy, or sad. No matter. You put up with me when I used to follow you around like a bad smell!" She smiled and it drew one from me. "Whatever I needed. Whatever I wanted, you were there... for me."

"Because you're my little sister," I reminded her. "That's what big brothers do."

"Because you love me," Thea remarked, and I felt myself nod.

"Of course," I admitted.

"And I love you," she paused. "So much."

"But I still don't know why you're telling me these thin..." I began before she cut me off.

"No one knows us in this whole city," she looked at the television, some local news special. "In this whole state."

"Yeah, but..."

"That guy offered us the honeymoon suite Jude," she reminded me. "He thought we were a couple," she determined, and I began to get a sense of what was coming.

"Thea... I..."

"What would be the harm if we were?" Her eyes found mine and penetrated. I managed to swallow as I allowed myself to imagine our next moves. "Jude..." she paused as she shifted slightly on the couch beside me. "I really want to see a dick," her words come out almost comically and any other time I, we, probably would've laughed. "To touch one," she added, and her hand fell upon my thigh. "To know what it feels like."

"Thea," I whispered as my mouth dried up, her hand squeezing my leg through my board shorts. "That's not...", I managed. "I... We, can't," I added, and she removed her hand, standing up before me.

"We can," she stated adamantly, and as I watched, perplexed, she lifted her top over her head and dropped it on the table behind her.

"Jesus Christ, Thea!" I exclaimed as I took in her breasts. Perfect in my eyes, her nipples pink and hard and almost begging for me to suck them. "You can't just..." I began, but ignoring my words I watched her unbutton her skirt and it too fell to the floor.

I didn't have anything else to say. Meekly I sat transfixed as her thumbs dug under the waist of her purple thong, adjusting the nylon material embracing her sex. I'd been wrong. What I'd mistaken as a lace trim was in fact pearl beads where the gusset of her panty should've been.

"Fuck Freckl..." I sighed, about to call her her childhood nickname before I corrected myself. This was not my little sister of memory. What my eyes devoured was a woman. Sexy. Aware of her body and the power of her pussy. "...Thea!" I managed after a moment's pause as I took in the allure of her show.

"Do you like them?" Thea excitedly questioned as she slid the pearls up along her slit, glistening as they appeared from between her labia. "I bought

it especially for this weekend. I wanted you to see me wearing it."

"I... you..." I mumbled and again she cut me off.

"The pearls are designed to rub against your clit," she needlessly explained, and hearing my sister say 'clit' had my already hard cock twitching. More so when she turned around. Presenting her ass to me, Thea leaned forward and placed her hands on the coffee table, spreading her legs to reveal the beaded thong bisecting her puckered anus. "...and your butthole!" She giggled mischievously.

"Fuck Thea," I whispered, and she rose, once more turning to face me, expectation and almost pleading on her face. "You can't just... we can't..." I debated myself internally, trying to come up with a reason to not embrace the situation, before losing. "You look beautiful!" I exhaled, relaxing and a broad smile came to her lips.

"So... we can?" She queried, her eyes dropping to the obvious hard-on in my shorts.

"Well, I mean maybe we could..." I paused. "I mean, I don't know what you had in mind," I added, and Thea was well ahead of the game.

"Well..." she lifted her eyes and I saw a slight blush begin to form on her neck and chest and it was good to know it wasn't just me that was feeling a modicum of nerves. "Oh... I've imagined this in my head so many times," she admitted and I smiled at her candor, her cuteness, my little sister 'Freckles,' once more appearing. "Usually, you're undressing me," she revealed her fantasy, and I was quick to respond.

"What, like this?" I leaned forward and took possession of the waist of her panties, lowering them to reveal her smooth mound, her cameltoe of labia.

Down I pulled them, and sensuously, the pearl beads were last to leave her sex, slipping from where they'd nestled, noticeably damp.

"Oh, yes," Thea sighed as she stepped out of her panties and she watched intently as I kept hold of them, slipping the precious item of clothing into my lower cargo short pocket for safekeeping. "...and then I, well, if you'll let me?" Her eyes seemed to beg as they once more focused on my crotch.

I didn't need to give her verbal approval, leaning back on the couch to allow her access to the waist of my shorts as I in turn lifted off my t-shirt. Her hands shook as her fingers fumbled with my belt and then the button of my fly and cognizant I was aware, she looked up into my eyes.

"I just want to do it right," she excused her nerves and I moved to reassure her, reaching out to stay her hands.

"Thea," I smiled. "You're doing everything right," I admitted, releasing her from my grip to once again see her work on my fly.

With confidence she then unzipped, and again I found myself smiling as I saw the look of wonder on her face as she extracted her prize.

"Fuck..." her gaze flicked up to mine as she pulled my shorts down my thighs and my erection slapped back against my stomach. "You're so hard!" She marveled as my shorts met the floor and I too was naked.

"It's all you Thea," I informed her. "You're so fucking hot!"

"I've tried to be. For you," she responded. "For so long now," she revealed, and I wondered how long she'd been thinking this through. Images of her past outfits came to mind. A particularly slutty dress on her eighteenth, memories of her unexpectedly sitting in my lap and hugging me close when I'd gifted her a present. Some of the bikinis she'd worn when sunning herself in the backyard, my eyes having admittedly lingered on her body in

a not-so-brotherly way on occasion. Could we have been fucking for years now I wondered? "Can I touch it?" She broke my train of thought

"It's all yours," I sighed and watched her small hands reach for my dick.

I had to admit, I, like her, had imagined this. But actually having her hand wrap around my cock, my dick pulsing at the touch, was an unbelievable feeling, so taboo and yet so proper. Unimaginable and yet, so real. More so when her lips kissed the head.

"Mom can never know," I managed to breathe as her tongue licked at the eye of my cock, coming away with a thread of precum which she drew between her lips with a smile.

"Relax big brother," she stroked my length as if keeping me aroused whilst her mouth was away. "We haven't even really done anything yet!"

But we had!

I recalled stories from my fellow roommates in college of tentative incest between siblings. They'd been salacious and admittedly arousing but barely went beyond glimpses of nudity, awkward kisses, fleeting touches of breasts, or once, pussy. Thea's mouth on my cock had immediately superseded anything I knew of real-life taboo, and with the joy it provoked in me, the pleasure of the experience, I knew there was no limit to our experimentation.

"Tell me if I'm doing it wrong," Thea stated before her lips were once more around the head of my cock. Her hand twisted up and down my length, her cheeks sucked in as she did everything right.

"Fuck that feels good," I complimented her, and her mouth popped off with a grin.

"I've practiced on a dildo!" she admitted, and I had to smile in response. My mind pictured us back home. Thea alone in her room adjacent to mine, sucking on a dildo, imagining it to be me. I pulsed in her hand and she looked down at me before allowing a dribble of spit to fall from her wet lips, landing perfectly upon the head and trickling down to be used as lube for her handjob.

"You've what?" I wanted her confession to take further form.

"I've got a few, Jude," she again reddened. "And a buttplug!" She proudly revealed.

"Fuck," I moaned as her head descended, her lips once more enveloping the head of my cock, taking my length deep into her mouth, her throat, purposefully gagging herself on my affection. "Who are you and what have you done with Freckles?" I chuckled, more to myself and she slurped off my dick with a waterfall of drool.

"I'm here," she stared into my eyes. "I've always been here. You've just never noticed me."

I wanted to kiss her. To hold her against my body and confess my love, but she was ahead of me again.

"Can we fuck now?" Thea almost begged and without waiting for my approval, climbed upon my thighs.

"Wait," I exclaimed as her hand pressed the head of my cock against her pubic bone, guiding it between her upper labia. "I don't want to hurt you," I admitted, aware of her virginity, and an almost pitying expression came to her face.

"I don't just suck on my dildos Jude," she smirked and lowered herself down onto my erection.

Had a pussy ever felt as good? I couldn't recall one. So tight, so slick. My sister's vagina perfectly accommodated my length as if we were molded for one another. And why not? Wasn't it only natural our bodies would be synced, genetically, sexually?

"Jesus," I sighed as her pubic bone met mine, the walls of her pussy tensing around me hugging. I rose on the couch to embrace her, my arms encircling her small frame to draw her closer into my chest. Our noses touched, her lips and jaw, slick with saliva, lightly pressing my own. "I always noticed you," I confessed, lifting my groin into her, and thrusting. "I just didn't know you were..." My words were cut off as her lips met mine, her tongue eager to enter my mouth, and dance with my own.

"Fuck me Jude," Thea managed to hiss between my lips, her arms around me, a hand, her fingers combing through my hair. I explored her back, my hand sliding down to cup her ass, the other caressing her torso, finding a boob and tenderizing, her nipple hard between my fingers. "Yes," she sighed and threw her head back exposing her neck and I was quick to kiss her, nibble on her soft skin as she ground her pelvis into my crotch.

So good. So tight. So slick. Hard I thrust into her, sweat running down my back, my chest, as her boobs rubbed against me. Again, her mouth found mine and we kissed. Passionate, deep, sensuous. Incestuous. The very thought of what we were doing eclipsing the physical and bringing me to the edge. Too soon, I thought. Embarrassed, I opened my eyes and tore my mouth from her. "Thea I..." I managed to gasp and her eyes, initially concerned, turned libidinous as she interpreted my actions. "I'm sorry," I added as I allowed my cock to slide from her body and slap against my belly.

Thea seemed unconcerned at the break in proceedings, pushing me against the back of the couch and lowering herself once more upon me. I looked down in awe as her pussy pressed against the underside of my hard-on, her labia hugging me like the bun of a hotdog, sliding along my length.

"Cum Jude," Thea balanced herself, her hands on my chest as she in turn eyed my cock. "This way I get to see it," she added, and we watched as her vulva massaged my shaft, the bulbous head and eye repeatedly kissing her bald pubic bone. And then the release.

I reached around to cup her ass with both hands as I came. Her pussy continued to grind as we were witness to the eruption. A firehose of cum spraying up over my belly. A great geyser of jizz, over and over coating my torso from pecs to the pelvis, Thea allowing her pussy to envelop the head, smearing cum over her labia.

"Come here," I managed to gasp as I resumed breathing, drawing her body into my own to hold her as tight as I ever had. "This is probably the wrong time to say it, but..." I attempted to say before she finished my sentence.

"I love you," she sighed between my lips, and we fell to kissing, the cum sandwiched between our bodies, a slick incestuous glue bonding us together as brother, sister, and now, lovers.

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"Say it again," Thea panted in my ear.

In my arms, her back up against the tiles of the shower as we fucked.

"I love you, Thea," I gasped as my cock buried deep, feeling the ache beginning in my ass cheeks from the thrusting, over the last hour, the most sex I'd had in months. She sucked on my neck as she came, her nails digging into the flesh on my back as I felt her pussy quiver.

"I'm..." My little sister attempted to reveal her orgasm, but she needed not. Her body gave away the pleasure it felt, shuddering in my embrace. "Oh... Jude," her broken voice came in starts. "Feels so good," she managed to admit before I felt her noticeably slump. "Cum in me," she euphorically gasped as I continued to hammer away.

"There's no way!" I reasoned, one of us at least having some sense.

"Then cum on me, big brother," she exhaled. "Cum on my face. Cum in my mouth," she demanded.

With that, there was no hesitance. I allowed my cock to slip from her pussy and her body to fall from my arms. Immediately, Thea dropped to her knees on the shower floor, the lukewarm water spraying the back of her head, running down over her breasts.

Her eyes on my dick, she tilted up her jaw and threw open her mouth as I gripped my shaft, so slick with sister juice. Mere strokes and I was edging, pausing the action to squeeze and build up the potential force of the explosion.

"Close your eyes," I warned her.

"No fucking way!" Came her immediate response before poking her tongue out obscenely.

Krakatoa. Vesuvius. They had nothing on the explosion that erupted as molten cum blasted from me. A thick rope hit her forehead and lay the length of her face. Her nose was more cum than skin. Shot after shot I aimed into her mouth and her tongue greedily welcomed it in, my sister swallowing my offering with relish.

"Aaaargh!" I exhaled as the orgasm subsided and Thea was quick to take charge of my cock, pulling me into her face and wrapping her mouth around

the head, sucking, milking me dry. "God," I breathed, looking down at her lovingly siphoning my brotherly devotion. "That practice has paid off," I laughed, and she proudly rose from the floor, accepting my hand as she did so with a smile.

"You know it was Mom that bought me my first!" She revealed as she angled a suction-cupped shaving mirror in her direction, wiping the glass of fog and admiring her reflection. "Oh my god! That looks so cool!" She praised my painting, and I wrapped my arms around her from behind, my still-hard cock pressing the small of her back.

"You're serious?" I questioned.

"Uh-huh. She came home and caught me one day with a cucumber from the fridge," she amazingly admitted, and I immediately began picturing the scenario, struggling. "Said she'd buy me something more appropriate if I promised to stop using the fresh produce."

"Jesus Thea!" I exclaimed and she grinned as she scooped the thread of cum lining her entire face and sucked it into her mouth.

"You know, this is not how I thought it would taste," she swallowed my cum, going back to her nose for more.

I winced in response. "Is that a good or bad thing?"

"Oh, good!" She smiled. "It's yummy," she rose on her toes and my cock slid into her ass crack, perfectly snug between her admittedly small cheeks.

"When can I have more?"

*

The guest bedroom seemed apart from the entire rest of the house. It was clear it had never been used, which led us to suspect Dad had bought the

house fully furnished. With no use for the room, it remained clean and apart from the made bed and a small side table, devoid of clutter. I looked up over Thea's smooth pubic mound and found her watching me, eyes dreamy, mouth open and cheeks rosy.

"You're beautiful," I took a moment to compliment her, and despite our intimacy, and our nudity, I could see her blush. I fell back to licking her clit, splaying her labia, slurping her lube. "Tell me about that dildo thing," I whispered between kisses upon her sex.

A wicked smile formed on her lips, and I sucked on her labia, running my mouth up and down the length of her pussy as she spoke.

"I wasn't expecting Mom to come home so early," she began in little more than a whisper, only a small lamp illuminating the room, drapes covering the open window, and the still of the hot late night. "It was after school, and I was still in my uniform. Do you remember how short I'd hemmed it?" Thea smiled at the recollection and remembering her in her final year, I groaned my affirmation, grinding my hardon into the mattress as I ate her out.

"I remember you picking me up from school," she continued. "It would've been just after my eighteenth. I was so proud, getting into your car. I wanted everyone to think you were my boyfriend."

I watched as she ran her hands over her torso, settling on her breasts and massaging her nipples as she spoke, my tongue entering her vagina.

"I wasn't wearing panties that day!" She admitted, lifting her pelvis into my jaw, grinding her pussy against me. "I was hoping you'd see. I sat with my legs spread right beside you, you know! I guess you didn't notice."

I managed to shake my head slightly, again moaning my enthusiasm for her to continue, sucking her clit.

"Well, when you dropped me off, I was so horny. Mom of course wasn't home, so I went straight to the fridge and was hoping there'd be a carrot or something I could use."

I lifted my mouth from her, now more focused on the story than the oral. "A carrot?" I questioned her and she smirked.

"Fuck, I used to use everything. My hairbrush. Pens. When I saw the cucumber, well, it seemed perfect."

"And what then?" I rested my chin on her pubic bone.

"I just lay on the couch in my school uniform and fucked myself," she giggled. "I was so into it; I didn't even hear Mom come in."

I lifted my chin and rose on my hands, climbing up over her body and Thea welcomed me upon her, my cock finding its way inside her tight wet pussy.

"What did she say?" I sighed as I pushed all the way in, my mouth meeting hers to kiss her lips.

"Well, there was some shock," Thea chuckled at the memory. "But really, she was ok with it. We'd already had a sex talk, so it wasn't like it was that surprising. We made the deal about the veggies and that was it."

I was slowly fucking her, kissing her chin and neck and Thea's hands made their way to my ass, pulling me deeper with each penetration.

"Did you eat it?" I laughed beside her ear, kissing her lobe.

"I did!" She admitted, giggling. "Mom wouldn't have a bar of it!"

"I'd eat it!" I declared and once again our mouths connected, her tongue darting between my lips. "I love the taste of you," I sighed, increasing my rate of penetration. "I love you, Freckles," I confessed, pulling out just as I came for the third time that night, our eyes dropping to the pulsing of cum as I glistened her pubic mound and belly. My cock twitched, spurting hands-free, my balls depleted before I rolled off her, groaning.

"And I love this," Thea was eager to play with the batter plastered across her flat belly, smearing it into her pronounced mound of Venus, rubbing it down onto her pussy.

"You're gonna need another shower," I sighed, falling onto the pillow beside her.

"Or not," she giggled. "You could drench me in it, Jude. I'd fucking bathe in this," her thighs locked around her hand, cupping her pussy.

"You're fucking weird Freckles," I laughed, reaching for my phone on the bedside table and checking the time. "2:30," I relayed, dropping the phone back on the mattress. "We should probably think about getting some sleep."

"And then what?" Thea turned her head on the pillow, her demeanor and tone having noticeably changed.

"Well, there's still pizza," I noted. "We can have that for breakfast and then hit the road back home. We've got what we came for."

"And then what?" Thea repeated and I snorted a laugh.

"What?"

"I mean, what happens to us?" She broke my gaze, looking up at the ceiling.

"Oh. I..."

"Exactly," she sighed before rising onto an elbow. "How do we go back to normal?" She posed before quickly adding her opinion. "I don't want to. Do you?"

"I don't think I could," I smiled reassuringly at her, looking down at my dick, still hard. "Mom's gonna want to know why I've got a hard-on around you all the time!"

"And that's it!" Thea suddenly climbed over me, lowering her pussy onto my shaft, and laying down on my chest so our faces were mere inches from one another. "When will we be together? I want you all the time Jude. I want to wake up in your arms. I want your dick inside me all fucking day," her mouth descended onto mine as she slid her pussy to the head of my cock, her hand guiding me once more inside her.

"Mmmm," I sighed. "I'd like that."

"But how?"

"What?" I asked, admittedly distracted by the feeling of my cock inside her, her pussy squeezing me seductively. "Oh. I don't know. You can stay at my place whenever you want."

"And your flatmate won't think twice about your little sister sleeping in your room?" She immediately countered, grinding her pelvis on my cock.

"Yeah, good point," I conceded. "We could move in together," I posited.

"Heaps of brothers and sisters get places together."

"Yeah," Thea nodded. "And Mom would be there every other day."

"I don't know what you want from me Freckles," I grabbed her body and turned us in the bed, my cock buried deep as we embraced.

"This," her eyes teared up and it made my heart well with emotion. "I want us. I want to walk down a street holding your hand. I want to kiss in public. Could you do that?"

"I could do that."

"But not in L.A." She countered and I breathed deep as I realized she was right.

"I don't know what to tell you, Thea," I held her tight, my dick twitching inside her.

"What happens to this house?" She questioned and I quickly understood what she was heading toward.

"Well, the lawyers will get someone to clean it out, then sell it for us. That was always the plan."

"And then we split the money and that's it. It's over."

"Yeah."

"And what if we kept it?" Thea ran her hands over my back, lifting her pussy into me with each slow thrust. "We could rent it out as a short stay. Come here together whenever it's not leased. This was Dad's porn den. We could make it our fuck den."

The idea didn't seem so irrational, my cock hardening inside her at the proposition. The somewhat steady stream of income would be a bonus.

"And what about in L.A.?" I buried my face in her neck, kissing her ear, and her hair as we steadily fucked. "You can make do with us not always being together?"

"If I know this is waiting for us," she sighed. "You, holding me down and fucking me," she suggested, and I enacted her fantasy, drawing her hands up

above her head, and pinning her wrists. "For days on end."

My abs and buttocks aching, I hammered into her. The thought of us living together as lovers reinvigorated my erection, cum building.

"Tell me you'd like that," Thea panted, gasping as I drove my cock into her.

"I'd love it," I puffed.

"What?"

"Fucking you. I love fucking you, Thea. Tasting you. Cumming on you," I gasped as I pulled out and came again on her crotch, an admittedly feeble load spattering her pelvis before I dropped exhausted onto her prone body.

"Then let's do it," Thea combed her fingers through my hair as I rested my head on her chest, the cushion of her breasts the most perfect pillow.

I looked up into her face and could see the excitement in it, the anticipation of my consent, and there was no way I could deny her.

"Alright," I smiled. "I don't know how Mom'll take the news. But we'll do it."

*

"So, if we're keeping the house, can I keep the porn?" Thea had piled Dad's magazines into several large stacks on the coffee table and was in the process of extracting the DVDs from the tv cabinet.

"Seriously?" I questioned, shaking my head. "Why?"

"I dunno," she rose and turned to face me and I took in her appearance, the tightest pair of pink bike shorts hugging her groin, matching tank top with nipples proudly poking. "Sentimental reasons I guess."

"Really?" I frowned.

"I get it about Dad," Thea conceded. "He wasn't cool. But you have to admit, he did bring us together," she approached me and threw her arms up over my shoulders, her body pressing hard into me, grinding against my swelling.

"Again?" I ran my hands down the silkiness of her exercise gear, cupping her buttocks.

"One for the road," Thea slid down my chest, her hands seeking my cock.

*

The sign rising in the road ahead of us, Thea and I glanced at each other and shared a smile as we silently agreed to stop.

"Fuck, we've only been driving three hours," I sighed as I pulled into the parking lot of the motel and followed a giggling Thea as she hightailed it toward reception. "How are we going to survive back home?"

"We'll figure it out big brother," she grinned as she held the entry door open for me and we approached the desk.

The same manager greeted us, his eyes again ogling my sister and I admittedly couldn't blame him, her body built for fucking, designed to be admired.

"Back again I see," he looked over his glasses. "Well, we've got vacancies. Two rooms was it..." he began before Thea cut him off.

"Actually," she giggled. "We'll take the honeymoon suite," she proudly proclaimed.

The Interview

Nicole Watts tapped her phone to disable the alarm and rolled over in bed. It was too early! No one should have to get up at this hour she told herself. Wearing nothing more than a threadbare tank top, she pulled her "special" pillow between her legs and delighted in the coldness of the satin against her already aroused sex. It was then there came a gentle rapping upon her bedroom door before her stepfather poked his head through the opening gap.

'Nicky...you awake?' Randall whispered into the relative darkness and smiled at her response, a labored sigh as she slowly writhed beneath the sheet.

'I'm coming,' she breathed.

'You did tell me to make sure you woke up,' Randall reiterated. 'You don't want to be late for the interview.'

'I know Daddy,' Nicole moaned, grinding her pillow harder into her crotch. 'I'm cumming,' she sighed, the orgasm approaching, the feeling of being watched as she masturbated hastening her climax. Even using the term "Daddy," furthering her stimulation; until with her stepfather only a few feet away, she came upon her de facto sex partner, the wave of pleasure passing through her body.

'Okay, well I'll make you some breakfast while you get ready,' Randall left her room, unaware of her release yet satisfied she was indeed awake.

'Thank you, Daddy,' Nicole gasped as she descended from her high, a much-needed relief of tension, her mind turning to her job interview as she

sat up in bed. What should I wear? She asked herself.

*

'You don't have to call me that you know,' Randall Hobbs rose from the table as Nicole returned from the hallway, post breakfast, and shower, and now fully dressed for her interview.

'What? "Daddy?"' She quizzed as she watched his reaction to her attire.

Randall had lost his train of thought as he eyed his stepdaughter. Clearly no bra beneath her skin-tight white turtle neck. A gray pleated skirt that barely covered her groin. Was it appropriate clothing for a job interview? He allowed his eyes to trail down her long bare legs to settle on the black high-heeled ankle boots before rising again to her face as she spoke.

'I know you and Mom didn't have long together before she...' she trailed off, the passing of her mother a year prior still raw for her and she knew, Randall. 'But She wanted us to be close. Calling you Daddy reminds me of her somehow. Is that a bad thing?'

'No... No Princess, not at all,' Randall smiled, accepting the embrace as Nicole came toward him. Her breasts pressed into his chest; her body so small as he wrapped his arms around her, her belly pushing uncomfortably into his groin. 'She'd be so proud of you, you know?'

'For what?' Nicole frowned as she looked up into his face. Randall noting her impeccably applied makeup, her hair pulled back severely in a high ponytail.

'The interview.'

'Ugh,' Nicole broke away. 'It's just for a cleaner.'

'At Lauren Brooks Fashion. It's where you always wanted to work!' Randall countered.

'Yeah. As a model,' Nicole took her car keys from beside the fruit bowl.

'It's a noble profession,' Randall countered. 'And it's a foot in the door; everyone has to start somewhere.'

Nicole exaggeratedly slumped before attempting to catch her reflection in the glass doors.

'How do I look anyway?' She turned back to Randall.

'Beautiful,' he admitted. 'You look beautiful.'

*

Nicole sat cross-legged and looked around the foyer in the hope of catching sight of someone she recognized from the media. Lauren Brooks herself. Possibly her son or partner. What was her name again? She asked herself. The thought process was interrupted when a smartly dressed woman approached, and smiling, held out her hand in greeting.

'You must be Nicole Watts. Here for the interview?' The woman spoke with a slight British accent.

Nicole rose and now standing before the woman felt maybe she was a little underdressed.

'That's right. Everyone calls me Nicky,' Nicole nervously replied, accepting the older woman's hand.

'Then Nicky it is,' the woman smiled. 'I'm Erika Sharp and if you follow me, we'll get this started.'

A friendly smile was offered by the receptionist towards her as she trailed Erika before Nicole trained her eyes upon her host. Namely her shapely rear. A purple shirt was tucked into the knee-length pencil skirt above high black heels and tan stockings. She was elegant, sexy, and obviously classy. And again, Nicole began to reconsider her own attire.

'Take a seat,' Erika offered as she rounded her desk and waited for Nicole to do as advised before she too sat. 'So, the...' Erika looked down at her computer screen over her black-rimmed glasses. '...cleaning position.'

'Uh-huh,' Nicole affirmed. 'It was my Daddy,' she began to blush. 'Well, my stepfather who saw the advertising.'

Erika smiled and couldn't help but take in the appearance of the girl. Her clearly see-through top. The long bare legs. And the way she sat in the chair. Her knees ever so slightly apart allowing a clear view up her ridiculously short skirt. It wasn't below Erika to risk a peek and she was welcomed with a glimpse of black panties, a stirring in her underwear.

'It's surprising you'd apply,' Erika dragged her eyes from the girl, lifting the printed-out copy of Nicole's resume from the desk. 'Your CV just lists modeling jobs.'

'Well, yeah. But like my Dadd.. my stepfather says. A cleaner is a noble profession too.'

'That's true,' again, Erika smiled. 'It's also a foot in the door,' she winked at the younger girl and once more Nicole blushed, remembering Randall's exact words. 'Twenty years old,' Erika referenced the resume. 'So. What do you know about Lauren Brooks Fashion?'

'Oh, everything,' Nicole excitedly responded, leaning forward in the chair to retrieve her phone from her handbag. 'I have heaps of her clothing. I follow

all her socials. I've even got a photo of me in one of her designs.'

Surprised, Erika received Nicole's phone as she stood and passed it across the desk, the screen showing an image of Nicole upon a beach wearing one of the older one-piece swimsuits.

'Daddy took that,' Nicole commentated. 'Down at Malibu,' she unnecessarily added.

It wasn't the beach Erika was taken by. On her knees, Nicole was posing, her impressive breasts pushed out toward the camera, barely contained by the yellow, wet, and now clearly transparent swimsuit. But it was what sat below that had Erika enthralled and squirming in her chair.

*

With the sheets of his bed wrapped in his arms and ready for washing, Randall entered Nicole's bedroom to do the same for her, dropping his armful on the floor before opening the curtains to let in the light. He shook his head, smiling at the disarray in the room. Clothing scattered about, discarded panties on the floor. He pulled back and removed her top sheet, not even blinking at the small pink dildo that lay upon the mattress. No secrets in the household, he casually took it from the bed and placed it back in her bedside table's drawer, admittedly, an erection forming in his pants. Reaching for the satin-covered body pillow, his fingers immediately made contact with a cold dampness, and upon turning, he discovered the cause.

"I'm coming," he recalled Nicole's words from the morning. 'More like, "I'm cumming!"' Randall grinned as he ran his fingers through the slick of cum that coated the pillowcase. 'Oh, Nicky. You naughty girl!'

*

She wasn't mistaken. No trick of the light this. The "girl" in the photo had a cock. Not tucked away but impressively rigid as it strained against the thin yellow material. Erika's breath was taken, her eyes struggling to break from the image as they crept back to the bashful original sitting opposite.

'I guess that doesn't have much to do with the job though,' Nicole said as Erika stretched her arm forward, handing back the phone.

'No, ah,' Erika was flustered, the phone taken from her hand, looking back at the girl's resume. She could feel her face blushing, arousal in her loins.

'The problem I see is you have no real experience in the janitorial field,' she scanned the girl's limited work history, a fingerprint smudge on the lens of her glasses distracting, taking them off, searching her top desk drawer for a cloth.

The words from the woman didn't sound encouraging. There was clearly an attraction toward her, Nicole always knew when someone wanted her but would it lead to getting the job? She needed to do something to stand out from any other potential applicants. And she needed to do it now.

'Hmm, oh blast!' Erika closed the drawer in frustration.

'What is it?' Nicole was quick to question.

'Oh, nothing. I thought I had a microfiber cloth in here to clean my glasses,' she explained. 'It's not important.'

And there was the opening, Nicole thought.

'Actually, I might be able to help out,' Nicole proposed, rising from her chair. She noticed Erika take a sly glance between her thighs as she stood and her heart began beating rapidly. It was a gamble; it was daring. But it was now or never.

Walking around the edge of the desk, Nicole stopped beside Erika's chair, the woman looking up at her, clearly intrigued by her actions.

'I'm wearing microfiber panties!' Nicole admitted, dropping her hands to the front of her skirt and lifting to reveal her semi-erect cock bulging out of the black thong. The reaction in Erika was as expected, her mouth slowly dropping, her neck flushing with blood. And as Nicole took hold of her underwear and slid the tiny triangle from over her hardening cock, she could see her plan was well on the way to working. 'May I?' She asked as she stepped out of her panties and held her hand out to receive Erika's glasses.

As if in a trance, Erika removed them from her face and handed her eyewear to the girl, watching as casually she used the material to thoroughly clean the lenses, a smile on her mouth, satisfaction in her work.

'And there you go,' Nicole grinned, handing the glasses back to Erika who gladly placed them once more upon her face. 'You can keep these if you like?' Nicole added, holding out her thong for the woman to accept. There was a moment of pause and for an instant, Nicole questioned if she'd done the right thing? That she'd read the room correctly? And then Erika accepted her gift.

Nicole watched with delight as Erika placed her panties in the drawer for safekeeping, her cock now tenting out the front of her skirt as Erika's eyes focused on the area.

'So, it's not just your cleaning skills you have to offer it seems,' Erika smiled and in response to the obvious interest from the woman, Nicole lifted once more the front of her skirt. Again, the sight stole Erika's breath. The girl's cock was beautiful. Straight, cut, and perfectly proportioned; hairless pubic bone and smooth ball sack below housing two small but swollen plums.

She swallowed and looked up at the girl staring intently back at her, biting her lip in anticipation of what was to come. 'May I?' Erika repeated Nicole's earlier question and receiving the smallest of nods, took the young girl's cocklet in hand.

It was now Nicole's mouth to fall open. Sighing as Erika gently stroked her soft hand along her length, raising the other to cup her balls, a finger delving between her legs to press upon her asshole. Her grip tightened as Nicole's cock hardened. Reaching its full potential as the woman squeezed pre-cum from the eye, a clear droplet that was caught by Erika's awaiting tongue, a contented moan at the taste. This was going better than expected, Nicole thought!

Without seeking permission, Erika took the cock in mouth, wrapping her lips around the head and gently sucking, seeking more of the sweet addict-forming gurl juice. Nicole provided, so turned on she could feel the real deal not far away. With ever more cock in her mouth, Erika coaxed Nicole back toward the desk until her buttocks rested on the edge, it was then the blowjob really began. Allowing herself to gag, Erika accepted Nicole's entire length, her nose grinding into the girl's pubic bone before she pulled off with a cascade of saliva following. This she took up with her hand, slathering along the length until Nicole's whole erection glistened, perfect for jerking.

'Do you like that?' Erika looked up at Nicole. 'Do you like me wanking your cock?'

'Oh, fuck yes,' Nicole sighed, raising her hands to her chest and cupping her breasts, erect nipples pinched through her top.

'Oh yeah?' Erika increased the rate she pulled the girl. 'Are you gonna... Are you gonna cum in my mouth Princess?'

The term of endearment was so unexpected it took Nicole by surprise; a flood of emotion. "Princess." Only two people had ever called her that. Randall and her mother. Now a third.

'Can I?' Nicole gasped, Erika wrapping her hand around her swollen balls 'Can I cum in your mouth, Mommy?' Why she used the denomination, she was unsure. Caught up in the moment perhaps? If it was misplaced, Erika seemed unperturbed by the title however, in fact, spurred on.

'Yes Baby, cum on me,' she rubbed Nicole's cock all over her face, licking, sucking along her length. 'Cum in my mouth!' She gasped before once more taking the dick between her lips whilst stroking the shaft.

Not twenty minutes had she known this woman and she was about to cum in her mouth. Nicole's lips parted in a silent scream as she felt the orgasm approach. Erika's arm began to hurt she was pulling so violently. Her sex afire. Leaking profusely into her panties, her nipples rigid in her blouse. And then she felt it. The surge of Nicole's release as it left her balls, the billowing as it ran the shaft, and the eruption, shooting down her throat to be instinctively swallowed.

'Oh, God!' Nicole gasped as she came again and again, Erika pressing beneath her balls to heighten the sensation, a finger teasing the girl's asshole as her mouth filled with cum, finally popping her lips from the head and immediately rising. 'Fuck yes,' Nicole sighed understanding the action. 'Let me taste it.'

They embraced, Nicole, wrapping her legs around the older woman and drawing her into her body, Erika unconcerned by the wetness from Nicole's cock seeping into her clothing. The kiss. Nicole accepting her gurl cream as their lips connected, tongues delving into the other's mouth to dine on the molten love juice, kissing and sucking dribbles of saliva and cum.

'That was,' Erika mischievously grinned. 'Unexpected.'

'In a good way?' Nicole gently kissed her mouth, her chin, and cheek.

'Oh yes,' Erika affirmed, grinding her belly against Nicole's still erect cock, caressing the girl's back.

'So... do I get the job?' Nicole playfully, bashfully asked.

Erika pulled back and looked the girl in the eye.

'Oh,' she paused. 'I'm sorry, I just don't think I can offer you that position,' quickly elaborating as she saw the look of concern come to Nicole's face.

'But I'm sure I can find something else for you to do around here.'

*

Randall looked up from the newspaper upon the dining table as Nicole entered the room. Visibly disappointed, she slouched as she left her handbag on the kitchen bench and sought comfort in the supporting arms of her step-father. Randall was prepared, pushing back the chair he resided in to allow Nicole to sit in his lap.

'It's alright Princess,' he rubbed her back as she wrapped an arm around his shoulder, causing her breast to press against his chest. 'Tell me what happened.'

Making herself more comfortable, Nicole wriggled her ass on his lap and wasn't surprised when she felt a growing hardness beneath her thighs.

'I didn't get the cleaning job,' she revealed, enjoying his hand caressing her back, even more so when he placed his other upon her bare leg in further support.

'I'm sorry,' Randall gently rubbed her thigh, his thumb stopping each time it reached her pleated skirt but noticing the lump forming beneath the

material.

'She said I wasn't experienced enough,' Nicole elaborated as Randall's other hand dropped from her lower back to cup her bottom.

'Don't worry about it Darlin',' Randall soothed. 'Something else will come up.'

Following the words, Nicole's cock twitched further and lifted the front of her skirt, revealing itself to the world. Randall immediately looking down, frowning.

'Princess. Where are your panties?'

'Erika has them,' Nicole smiled cheekily as Randall's hand made contact with her dick, his large grip encircling her erection, gently stroking. 'The HR manager,' she explained in response to Randall's confused look.

'I don't understand,' Randall admitted, lifting his hand from her ass and placing a finger up to her mouth to which Nicole wrapped her lips around, coating his digit with saliva. 'But you didn't get the job?'

'I didn't get the "cleaning job!"' Nicole mischievously giggled, wriggling her ass further back upon his lap to allow access to his returning hand, feeling Randall smear her asshole with the saliva, dabbing at her relaxing sphincter. She parted her thighs as Randall jerked her cock quicker, her nipples poking out through the thin top. 'Erika made me her Personal Assistant!'

'Ah! So that's why you've been gone most of the day,' Randall slid his finger into Nicole's ass, her cock swelling further, pre-cum lubing his hand-job.

Nicole sighed at the penetration, the delight of Randall wiggling his finger deep in her ass. She tilted her head to expose her neck and Randall,

knowing what she enjoyed, kissed her below the ear, goosebumps immediately breaking out over her body.

'Uh-huh,' Nicole managed to reply, feeling her third orgasm for the day approach. 'She showed me around the building, introduced me to everyone. You'd love Erika,' Nicole gasped as her balls tightened, edging as she thought of the woman. 'She's old, like you.'

""Old!"" Randall laughed.

'You know what I mean,' Nicole giggled as she came, both of them looking down at the small dribble of milky cum flow down over Randall's knuckles.

'Well, I'm happy you got the job Princess,' Randall squeezed the last of Nicole's cum from her cock and brought his hand up to her mouth, allowing the girl to lick her cream from his fingers. 'And I look forward to meeting this "Erika" one day. She sounds nice.'

Nicole slowly rose from Randall's lap, enjoying the feeling of his finger easing from her now tightly squeezed asshole.

'Oh, you won't have long to wait, Daddy,' Nicole informed him. 'I invited her round for dinner tonight. She should be here in a couple of hours!'

'Wait, what?' Randall called as Nicole happily skipped from the room, Randall left once more shaking his head at his stepdaughter, smiling.

*

Erika checked her makeup in the sun visor mirror before reaching for the paper merchandise bag and her handbag and exiting the car. It was a blind date, she understood that. Nicole had spent half of their time together extolling the virtues of her stepfather, painting him in a more than shining light. Anything short of George Clooney and she'd be disappointed, Erika

smiled to herself as she walked up the path leading to the front door of the address she'd been given.

'That'd be her!' Nicole responded wide-eyed at the sound of the doorbell, rising from the couch where she'd been browsing on her phone. 'Do I look alright?' She stood before Randall as his eyes surveyed her appearance.

The tiny denim shorts she wore hugged her groin tightly, yet tucked away, her cock was little more than a pubic bulge. Even so, Randall could feel his dick responding to the sight, more so as he devoured her breasts filling out the cut-off tank top, under-boob visible as she lifted her arms in a pose.

'You know how you look,' Randall grinned. 'You getting it?' He gestured toward the front door. 'Don't want to leave our guest waiting.'

In honesty, he was looking forward to meeting the woman. Nicole's mother had wanted him to move on. To find another with whom he could be happy. From what Nicole described of Erika, she was everything he was seeking in a partner and more.

'...you found the place.' Randall overheard as he awaited their guest in the kitchen. Nicole leading the admittedly striking woman by the hand into the room as he poured glasses of white wine. 'And this is Randall,' she introduced her stepfather.

'Erika,' Randall rounded the bench with glass in one hand, offering his other in greeting. 'I feel like I already know you, what with all Nicole has been telling me.'

They shook and Randall noticed her blush.

'I feel the same,' Erika accepted the glass, quick to taste and smiling her approval. 'Mmm, Riesling.'

Randall nodded, impressed by the woman's knowledge, Nicole quick to contribute.

'See Daddy,' she grinned. 'I told you you'd like her.'

Randall felt himself blush, but it was true. He did like her. He liked her very much.

'Oh, this is for you,' Erika held out the paper bag to Nicole, the Lauren Brooks logo adorning the side. 'Just a little something from the new line.'

'Are you serious?' Nicole beamed, accepting the gift and eagerly inspecting the contents. Her hand retrieving little more than black string to Randall's eyes. 'Is this what I think it is?'

'Uh-huh,' Erika nodded, turning to Randall. 'Lauren Brooks Fashion has just acquired another fashion label. Wet Waves. Have you heard of them?'

Randall played dumb, shaking his head in denial. Every red-blooded man had heard of them! A regular on the Home Shopping channel, Wet Waves produced some of the most scandalous swimwear on the market. Randall wasn't above catching a few minutes of the broadcasts whenever they were on.

'I have to try it on!' Nicole broke into their budding conversation. 'Be back in a mo.'

Left alone, Randall gestured Erika toward a stool and in the process took up his glass of wine, taking a moment as he sipped to regard her appearance. Nicole wasn't lying when she'd described her as stunning. Reddish-brown hair tied back from her face in a bun. Smoky eyes and red painted lips. She wore a light summery dress that allowed the color of her bra and he noted, panties, to illuminate through its short length. And as she crossed her legs

on the stool, a great deal of pale thigh was revealed, Randall admiring her beauty.

'So,' Randall spoke after a moment of awkward silence. 'Nicole tells me you're British.'

'From London,' Erika nodded. 'Been in L.A. nearly fifteen years now. Still can't seem to lose the accent.'

'Nor should you,' Randall was quick to respond. 'It's delightful.'

The two smiled at each other, eyes connecting as in turn they sipped, the moment broken only by the return of Nicole. Randall correct; wearing little more than string.

'I love it!' Nicole shamelessly paraded before her elders, their eyes descending upon the girl, dropping to her semi-erect cock poking from the strategically placed slot in the crotch.

'Jesus,' Randall gasped. 'Nicky, we have a guest.'

'Oh, Daddy. Don't be such a prude,' Nicole chastised him as she twirled for her audience, her buttocks completely exposed. 'All the girls will be wearing these this summer.'

Randall felt himself blush again as Nicole's cock once more came into view, now harder. He eyed her breasts, totally unsupported by the material, her nipples visible through the thin nylon. She may as well have been standing before them naked and was surprised Erika's reaction was so nonchalant. Of course, she HAD brought it along. Had she expected Nicole to model it before them though?

'She's right,' Erika rose from the stool and walked toward Nicole, standing beside the girl as she adjusted one of the straps of the bikini.

'Seriously?' Randall scoffed. 'Crotchless bikinis?'

'We call them reduced coverage,' Erika laughed. 'Believe me, they'll sell.'

'Well as I said,' Nicole gushed. 'I love it,' she threw her arms up over Erika's shoulders and embraced the woman, her cock pushing hard into her groin, Nicole eager to show her gratitude with a kiss.

Randall surreptitiously adjusted his hardening cock as he watched the two hug. Nicole had told him how she'd used her panties to clean Erika's glasses. Strange, but knowing Nicole, believable. Had it gone further than that? The way Erika responded to the display of affection led him to believe it had, her eyes closing with the kiss on her lips, slow to open as Nicole drew away. There was also the elephant in the room. Erika hadn't batted an eyelid at the fact Nicole had a cock! She was obviously already aware?

'Ah, more wine?' Randall posed, the attention of the two back on him.

'Of course,' Erika agreed, approaching the stool once more, this time with Nicole in tow, their hands locked.

'So, would you wear something like that?' Randall questioned Erika as he refilled her glass.

'Is that a challenge?' Erika laughed as she accepted the glass and took a sip, Nicole remaining by her side as she sat, her cock still erect.

'Oh, no. I wasn't... I mean I...' Randall fumbled.

'It's okay,' Erika smiled. 'In fact, I have the same but in white,' she revealed.

'Maybe you'll see me in it one day.'

Randall was already picturing the image.

*

The meal Randall had thrown together with little preparation went down well, but it was the chocolate mousse he'd managed to create that had Erika most impressed.

'Don't mind me,' Erika giggled as she ran her finger around the inside of the martini glass, scooping up the remnants just as Nicole had done moments before. Randall watched with fascination as she licked her finger clean, sucking on her digit, her eyes slowly drifting to his. 'It's delicious,' she complimented, turning to Nicole. 'You're very lucky to have him.'

'His cum tastes nice too!' Nicole replied and Randall choked on his sip of wine.

'Jesus, Nicole!' Randall gasped, Erika containing her laugh by placing a hand across her mouth.

'What?' Nicole played dumb, butter not melting in her mouth. 'It does.'

'I don't think that's dinner table conversation,' Randall countered and Nicole shrugged.

'Oh, Erika doesn't mind,' she turned to the older woman. 'Do you?'

'Nicky!' Randall objected.

'No, it's okay,' Erika allowed, turning toward Randall. 'I don't mind. I don't mind at all.'

There was a moment of silence as Randall and Erika searched each other's eyes and Nicole noisily rose from the table.

'Okay, I'll leave you guys to it.'

'Not helping with the dishes?' Randall questioned.

'Ah, I was going to play PlayStation,' Nicole informed him and he raised his eyebrows.

'Oh, let her go,' Erika interrupted. 'We can do them.'

Nicole exaggerated her smile directed at Randall and he relented. 'Go on then,' he allowed, he and Erika watching the girl skip playfully away, the little pink pleated skirt she'd changed into swishing around her upper thighs.

'Well,' Erika gathered the closest plates. 'Shall we?'

*

For Randall, it brought back memories of Nicole's mother. Standing beside Erika at the sink as he washed and she dried, the occasional accidental bump of hips, then the not so. Erika pushing her ass back onto Randall as he opened a cupboard for her, turning, the first kiss.

'Come and watch this,' Nicole interrupted from the other room, Erika and Randall's eyes opening, their lips parting accompanied with smiles.

'I think we're wanted,' Randall apologized.

'Mmm,' Erika dropped a hand to the bulging fly of Randall's pants, stroking his cock. 'You ARE wanted,' she sighed, feeling her sex aroused.

'Come on!' Nicole reiterated and Randall released a held breath.

'She'll just keep going,' he laughed and took Erika by the hand, leading her into the other room.

'So, what's all the fuss?' Randall asked as they entered the room to find Nicole laying upon her stomach on the floor with a controller in hand. Her legs bent at the knee, she swung her sneaker-clad feet around in the air, her skirt sitting well upon her bottom revealing her exposed asshole and sex.

'Nothin',' she continued controlling her character onscreen. 'Was just getting bored in here on my own. Thought you might wanna watch me.' Randall directed Erika onto the couch and he sat beside her, both directly behind the girl, her cock and smooth balls in full view. 'Actually, I'm bored of this game,' Nicole revealed and rose to her knees, crawling toward the television cabinet.

Her audience watched intently, Erika sliding a hand once more onto Randall's crotch, unzipping his fly. There were now two cocks exposed in the room. Erika's breath was taken as Randall's dick rose to its full potential, her hand wrapping his girth, just able with a squeeze to join her fingers. Nicole, head down, ass up, gave up searching for another game to play and turned to look over her shoulder just as Erika descended on Randall, her lips encircling the head.

'Seriously!' Nicole reacted. 'You were going to start without me?'

Randall leaned back and watched as Nicole once more crawled across the floor, her eyes laser-focused on his erection, now glistening as Erika's drool ran his length.

'There's enough for both of us,' Erika mumbled, quick to slide her tongue back down Randall's shaft. Nicole knelt between Randall's spread legs, taking a moment to lift her top over her head, unclasping her wrap-around skirt to allow it to fall to the floor, fully naked before she joined Erika on the prize.

'Oh, fuck yes,' Randall sighed as the two began worshipping his cock. Tongues wrapping the head, delving between lips. Kissing, sharing the sweet taste of pre-cum that freely flowed from Randall's proud member.

Erika left the feast. With a hand still around his base, she sought Randall's mouth, kissing her man with all her passion.

'I want you to fuck me,' she breathed between his lips.

'Get in line,' Nicole declared as she in turn rose from Randall's dick. With her cock standing rigid, Nicole made it to her feet before climbing astride her stepfather and squatting down above his erection. With help from Erika keeping his cock perfectly vertical, Nicole positioned the head against her opening and slowly descended.

Randall moaned as Nicole's tight ass accommodated his length, his girth. Nicole's mouth falling open as each inch stretched her hole, tunneled her love cave. Her hands reached back to clutch Randall's knees for support as his cock reached its zenith, her buttocks resting in his lap.

'It's time,' Nicole looked at Erika as she began to buck on her stepfather's affection, her erection nodding its approval, slapping down onto Randall's belly with each penetration. 'I wanna suck it!'

Randall, overwhelmed by the tightness of Nicole's ass, looked confused at her words, turning to Erika for some kind of explanation. In response, Erika looked bashful, almost embarrassed as she dropped her eyes from Randall's, down to her groin. Back again, biting her lip before she spoke.

'I suppose it's time you knew,' she posited, wasting no more time in rising and unbuttoning the front of her dress, allowing it to fall down her body to the floor, bra to follow.

Randall watched its progression. Seeing her magnificent breasts come into view, her slim waist, belly button piercing he noticed, and then the triangle of white satin and lace panties, an erect cock straining against the material, longing to be set free. Erika didn't let it suffer any further, taking hold of her

thong and slipping it down her legs, finally naked before her audience. Nicole had ceased her bucking for the reveal, content to have Randall deep inside her as she looked on lovingly at the new arrival.

'Oh... shit!' Randall managed to breathe as he too admired Erika's hard-on, taken in her own hand and gently stroked as she studied the reaction. 'You knew?' Randall looked toward Nicole.

'I suspected,' Nicole smiled, tugging her cock to mimic Erika.

'Is it okay?' Erika hesitatingly questioned and Randall frowned, shaking his head.

'Oh Baby, it's better than okay. Get up here.'

Reaching for her hand, Randall assisted Erika to climb up on the couch, turning her back to him as she stood over his body. Presented with a face full of ass, Randall leaned in and buried his jaw between her luscious buttocks, his tongue finding her asshole and penetrating. Nicole was in heaven. An ass plugged by cock; another was offered to her and she took the opportunity, wrapping a hand around Erika's impressive erection before following with her mouth.

Spit-roasted, Nicole wriggled her bottom in Randall's lap, deep throating Erika whilst pulling her cock. Randall made muffled moans of delight as he ate out Erika's ass, slowly thrusting up into Nicole, her anus so tight around his rock-hard erection. The stimulation was way too much and bordering on orgasm, he reluctantly slid from her ass.

'Awwh!' Nicole bemoaned. 'I was enjoying that,' saliva drooling from her mouth, Erika's cock slick with spit.

'Sorry,' Randall sheepishly apologized. 'I would've cum,' he explained and Erika giggled at his confession. 'Just give me a minute.'

'Maybe he could just watch?' Erika dropped from the couch and took Nicole by the hand, assisting the girl from Randall's lap, his cock still twitching as he fought off his ejaculation.

Nicole was more than willing to comply, accepting the embrace of the older woman, their naked bodies pressed together, hands on each other's cock. Randall cautiously took his dick in hand and carefully stroked but even that had him edging eruption and he settled on gently caressing his balls, staving off the orgasm as he watched the show.

Lips locked; Erika tasted her cock on Nicole's tongue. Drank in the saliva that flowed from her Personal Assistant's mouth. Erika out of her heels and Nicole in sneakers, they were of equal height, perfectly aligned for their cocks to connect, kissing with pre-cum as the ladies made out above.

'Fuck me,' Nicole sighed into Erika's mouth and without delay, they dropped to the carpet, Nicole on all fours as Erika descended upon her, aiming her cock downwards.

Randall couldn't resist, taking his dick once more in hand as he watched Erika press the swollen head of her cock against Nicole's pouting asshole and push. Mimicking the penetration on himself as Erika slid her inches inside Nicole's welcoming ass.

'Oh, fuck this,' he said as Erika began fucking Nicole, her balls slapping Nicole's own smooth ball sack, her hairless asshole awaiting penetration of its own. 'I need some of that!' He groaned.

Rising, Randall took a moment to undress, his eyes remaining on the action, his cock pointing directly at the two as if reminding Randall where it wanted to be. He followed the directions, easing down behind Erika and

steadying her penetration as he in turn pressed the bulging head of his cock against her pouting asshole.

'Oh yes,' Erika sighed as Randall slowly filled her butt with his arousal. 'Fucking fuck me, Lover,' she gasped as his pelvis met her buttocks, pulling almost all of the way out before slamming back inside.

Nicole took hold of her cock and pulled as Erika managed to resume her thrusting. The two above working out a rhythm, finding it awkward but pleasurable in the circumstances. Randall kissing, nibbling at Erika's neck, her head turning to accept his mouth, her tongue taken between his lips.

'You... still... gonna... cum?' Erika managed to stammer into his mouth, her sweat mixing with Nicole's below, her asshole loosening with every thrust.

'Ye... Yes,' Randall gasped, admittedly now closer than ever to releasing his load.

'I wanna see it!' Erika declared, a mumbled "me too," from Nicole below.

Randall didn't wait another thrust, his cock slipping from Erika's now gaping asshole as he rose behind the two still fucking t-girls. Erika popped from Nicole's asspussy and the two turned on their knees to pray at the altar of Randall's cock.

'Cum on us Daddy,' Nicole's face pressed against Erika's. Their cheeks aligned, mouths dropping open to accept Randall's host.

'Yeah. Cum on us Randy,' Erika added. 'Give us your hot cum.'

Furiously masturbating, Randall held his breath as he admired his girls. His cock about as hard, as big as he'd seen it, seemingly grown an inch so turned on was he by the proceedings. Impatient, Nicole and Erika began kissing, a hand on each other's cock which only spurred Randall on more.

And finally, it happened. Squeezing tight to increase the pressure, Randall let loose. A volcanic eruption of boiling jism ejected upon the entwined tongues of the gurls. Their mouths once more dropping open to receive the prize, Randall quick to fulfill their thirst for his seed. Again, and again he spewed forth his affection, great threads of cream coating the faces of the wanton ladies, mewling their appreciation and begging for more. Randall provided. Pressing his cock between their lips to have them lick and suck his head, cum sucked from the eye, saliva and sperm shared back and forth from each other's mouths.

'Oh God,' Randall finally breathed, stepping back, spent. 'That was awesome!' He panted with Erika and Nicole continuing to kiss. Licking the face of the other to take in the remaining cum, rising as one to once more embrace. Randall saw his opportunity. The ladies' cocks again abutting, he reached in and wrapped his hand around them as one, jerking them together in a combined hand job. The action was welcomed, greeted with delighted sighs as they kissed, hands upon the other's body.

'Yes!' Erika broke the kiss, looking down at her cock squeezed against Nicole's, two hotdogs in the same bun of Randall's loving hand. 'I'm cumming!' She declared and Nicole reacted, her orgasm hastened by the eroticism of the moment.

'I am too!' Nicole admitted as both girls released simultaneously. Two firehoses turned on at once. A fountain of cum spraying their stomachs, bubbling down over Randall's ever jerking knuckles as the girls once again kissed in orgasmic fervor.

Randall lifted his hand from their cocks, rising between them to offer their combined cum for dining. And welcomed it was, cum slurped from his knuckles, fingers sucked such that his cock slowly regained its rigidity.

Erika cast her eyes down to Randall's developing enthusiasm, smiling as she looked back at Nicole. 'I think he's ready to go again!'

Nicole grinning as she licked the last thread of cum from Erika's jaw.

'You know, he hasn't even sucked our cocks yet,' she giggled as Randall's dick once more reached its full potential and his eyes opened wide.

*

The summer sun shone down on Randall as he stood upon the lawn of the short-term rental. Dressed only in his board shorts, towel around his shoulders, he turned back toward the house as he heard the ladies approaching, his breath caught as they left the shade of the porch, the image better than he'd imagined.

Nicole wearing the black swimsuit Erika had gifted her, Erika in the same yet white alternative. Hand in hand they walked toward him, already semi-erect cocks poked through the open crotches, swaying seductively with each step.

'Well, someone's overdressed,' Erika remarked as she looked down at Randall's swimwear.

'Yeah, come on Daddy,' Nicole added. 'Give us something to look at.'

Randall laughed as he relented and slid his boardies off his legs, his cock rising as the ladies grinned with delight.

'Okay,' Randall smiled, now fully naked. 'Let's hit the beach.'

The Kindness of Strangers

This is not a true story. Memory is an unreliable witness, and though I've tried to tell my tale to the best of my ability, I'm willing to accept not everything played out exactly as you're about to read.

When I was around the age of 8, my parents divorced. I can't say I recall the proceedings, but from what Dad relayed to me over the years, it became pretty messy. Ultimately Mom "winning" the house; custody of me; and the "right to take Dad to the cleaners", or so he would often put it.

It wasn't long after, he packed up everything that Mom hadn't "stolen" from him and moved back to North Carolina where he had grown up, leaving me and Mom living together in the family home. And I quickly began to hate it. Mom was way more focused on her career as a realtor than me, and her long hours saw me invariably spending more and more time in after-school care or being "babysat" by a neighbor or another family member.

A stark difference to Dad's place on the East Coast. On the two occasions I was able to visit him early on, he spent all his time with me. When I first arrived, there was a new PlayStation in my bedroom. On my second trip, he had a dirt bike for me which I could ride in the fields behind my grandparents' house; and on the eve of my last night, he promised the next time I came, he'd get me a puppy!

At only nine years of age, I boldly told my mother I wanted to go and live with Dad; and apart from some partly overheard late-night arguments between them on the phone, it all went smoothly, and I managed to escape the bustle of Los Angeles to the laidback rural lifestyle of the Tar Heel State.

Mom wrote letters often and even visited a few times in that first year. She wouldn't stay with us though, so the time we spent together was pretty limited. Dad said she preferred her job over us anyway and couldn't wait to leave. I wasn't bitter. I just felt sad for her. I always thought she would've been happier if she was more like Dad. He didn't let work rule his life and viewed family time with my uncles as far more valuable. That pretty much consisted of them sitting around the property drinking most of the time, and come to think of it, I don't even remember him having a job for much of my teenage years anyway.

Mom's visits became less frequent over time and eventually, the letters stopped altogether. There were plans for me to fly over to L.A. for the holidays, but they always fell through at the last minute, and as time passed, we became more and more estranged. Sometimes months would go by without even a phone call from her and despite comments on my social media posts, it seemed she was happy to have me and Dad out of her life forever. At least that's what he said about it anyway.

Which made the events surrounding my senior year of high school, all the more surprising.

Dad died.

It was my aunt Leticia who informed me. My closest confidant, (apart from my father of course) she was the one to sit me down at her table and tell me of the accident. He hadn't stood a chance against an eighteen-wheeler on the interstate. Driving the car that was to be my graduation present back from the lot, police said he'd pulled out right into the path of the oncoming semi. Drunk, they said. Which admittedly didn't come as a surprise to anyone in the family.

Academically, I'd done pretty well in school. Dad always begrudgingly acknowledged that I'd inherited that from my mother's side of the family, and it was with his (and admittedly Mom's) encouragement that I applied for entry to a few universities that I admired. Attempting to major in the arts, a small college fund that Dad presented to me in my final year wouldn't go far in the elite schools I'd targeted, and therefore when offered part scholarships at three institutions, I was the first on Dad's side of the family that would seemingly attend college.

Unfortunately, none of them were in North Carolina.

Mom attended Dad's funeral and was even back the next month for my graduation. Why she was so attentive was a mystery, but in those few weeks, I saw more of her than I had in the last two or so years. Maybe she was feeling guilty about not being there during my formative years. I don't know. But I had to admit, when she was around, I found it harder to hate her than I did when she was across the other side of the country.

*

'Made a decision yet Sugar?' Aunt Leticia questioned me as I sat at the dining table early in the evening, leafing through the college brochures laid out before me. Her eyes drifted between the Rhode Island School of Art pamphlet in my right hand, to the MIT booklet in my left.

'Narrowing it down,' I smiled as she sat across from me.

'Well, it's nice to be wanted,' she released a chuckle before stretching forward and tapping the glossy cover of my third option. 'And what about that?'

I looked down at the University of Southern California prospectus, and the acceptance letter for my scholarship slipped inside.

'Really?' I contradicted.

'It's close to yo mamma!' Leticia posited.

'And therein lies the problem,' I laughed to which my aunt shook her head.

'You have to grow up sometime child,' she sighed and leaned back in her chair.

'What's that supposed to mean?' I was surprised at the statement and even caught a look of apprehension in Leticia's eyes as she seemed to reflect on what she'd said.

'Just, it's been nearly a month since yo daddy...' she left the sentence unfinished, again shaking her head.

'And?' I prompted her to reveal what was on her mind.

'You were always the bright one Oliver,' she once again stalled, looking down at the college documents. 'Talented too,' she added, no doubt referring to my artistic abilities. 'I just can't believe you can be that naïve,' she ended just as cryptically as she'd begun.

Confused, I dropped the brochures from my hands, collecting them all together in a pile.

'Aunt Leticia. What are you talking about?' I questioned and she momentarily looked toward the door before drawing a breath.

'Sugar,' she once more paused and I began to get frustrated with her stalling. 'I love yo uncle, you know that. And by extension, I loved yo daddy. But Honey. Do you recall him working an honest day in his life!?'

I didn't have any idea why she would raise the issue right then and there and threw back what I hoped was a look of incredulity.

'What's that got to do with...' I began before she interjected.

'How you think yo daddy could afford that car he was giftin' you?'

'I don't... what are you talking about?' I shrugged.

'It wasn't my call Sugar,' Leticia frowned. 'While he was alive, I mean,' she shook her head. 'Hell, yo uncle'd probably have a fit, me tellin' y'all this.'

'Telling me what? You haven't said anything!' I disputed and Aunt Leticia was silent for another extended moment.

'It was yo momma child,' she revealed. 'That car. All the money. We all knew. It was yo daddy didn't want you knowin'. Who was we to go against his wishes? I thought you'd'a figured it out befo' now!'

I took a moment to process the information, feeling my face redden as I began to understand my ignorance.

'You never went without. Did ya Honey? Who you think paid for all them fancy art books you wanted over the years?' Leticia added, not intentionally turning the dagger, but it hurt all the same.

I should have known. Maybe I subconsciously did, but Dad never had a nice word to say about Mom so by osmosis I too thought her incapable of doing good by us, or more pointedly, me.

'Uh-huh,' Leticia nodded, rising from her seat. 'And that fancy university is right near yo momma's house out there in Los Angeles. Now I know you two ain't seen eye to eye all this time. But I also know there ain't no momma on Earth don't want to be near to her baby. You think about that when yo decidin' where yo gonna complete yo "free" education!'

She gave air quotes to the "free" in her sermon and though I might've potentially been the first on my father's side of the family to go to college, I

was clearly not the most intelligent in even my current household! Nothing was free. Leticia had just made that abundantly clear. I began to wonder if it was Mom who had indeed paid the price for my happiness over the last decade.

I wasn't brave enough to call her. Approaching by way of Facebook to enquire if she'd be willing to house me for a few days while I got myself established in L.A.? And contrary to a long-held belief, she was eager to help, even enthusiastic about me staying. I thought of how nice she'd been to me throughout Dad's funeral and my graduation and wondered if this was the real woman and not the monster my father had painted her to be. There was only one way to find out.

*

My flight was changed. Originally, I was to arrive at LAX on Saturday evening, but a cancellation saw me bumped into an earlier departure that had me in around midday. Again, organized via Facebook, Mom was originally going to pick me up at the airport, but not wanting to fuck her around any further, I arranged an Uber to my old neighborhood.

Ten years, and on the drive from the airport everything looked the same, just different, if you get my meaning. Houses on our street, however, had been demolished and rebuilt and I didn't even recognize we'd arrived until the driver called our destination and I looked out the opposite window to see Mom's house just as I remembered it. My bags in tow, I allowed the car to depart before I crossed the quiet street, noticing as I headed up the curb even my basketball rim and backboard remained above the garage.

A Subaru was parked in the drive with doors open and the sound of a vacuum cleaner rising from within the vehicle, stopping my approach as I skirted the side and saw the source of the noise.

It wasn't the welcome home I'd been expecting.

With back, or more appropriately, ass to me, Mom straddled the hose of the vacuum cleaner, the ribbed pipe cinched between her upper thighs. Her legs were bare save for white sneakers on her feet and matching workout shorts that hugged her buttocks, creeping almost halfway over each cheek.

'Mom!' I choked; the title caught in my throat as I was admittedly taken aback by the sight, my eyes finding their way to the bulge of pussy that sat suggestively against the grey tube. 'Mom!' I voiced with more authority and her head rose inside the car, a blond ponytail falling onto her shoulders before she straightened further and turned her face toward me.

'Oh. My god. Oliver!' She climbed from the back seat, her face flushed, and strands of hair dislodged from the ponytail. 'What are you doing here? I was supposed to pick you up!'

'There was an earlier flight,' I explained, allowing my backpack to drop down my arm into my hand as Mom used the toe of her sneaker to turn off the vacuum. I made the mistake of running my eyes back up her bare leg, the skin tanned and smooth before again I spied "those" gym shorts. The bulge I'd ogled from the rear didn't do justice to the front. My mother's pussy mound pressed hard against the white silky material, a shadowed crevice of cameltoe the highlight of what I knew was a forbidden viewing.

'I would've still come and got you!' She countered, her voice lowering now the vacuum no longer played its part. I'd managed to avert my eyes from her groin but their journey to her face wasn't without incident, taking in the loose V-neck t-shirt and her unfettered breasts, nipples proudly poking through the thin fabric.

'I didn't want to bother you,' I stated.

'It would be no bother,' she shrugged, looking back at her work. 'I was just cleaning the car,' she again found my eyes. 'Well,' she paused. 'Whatever. You're here now. Can I...' Again, she paused, and this time further color came to her cheeks and upper breast. 'Can I have a hug?'

'Oh! Ah, sure.' I dropped the bag from my hand and moved in, Mom matching my action just as awkwardly as our bodies came together in an uncomfortable embrace. We'd hugged at Dad's funeral, a formal almost perfunctory connection in suit jackets and dress clothes. This, however, despite the clumsiness of our bond, far more intimate. The softness of her body, the fullness of her breast against my chest, and the self-conscious press of my groin into her belly; even the scent of perfume in her hair. It stirred something in me, and at that moment, I was unsure as to what.

'So...' Mom broke the embrace. 'You had a good flight I take it?'

'Um, yeah. No problems,' I made to pick up my bag, my eyes again taking in the lump of vulva at her crotch, and I scolded myself for the repeated indiscretion, questioning the motive in the first place.

'How did you even get here?' Mom looked over my shoulder at the quiet street. 'I didn't even hear a cab.'

'Oh, yeah. Uber,' I engaged in the small talk before a moment of awkward silence descended.

'What am I doing?' Mom managed to break the unease. 'Come on, let's get you inside,' she closed the rear door of her car and motioned toward the house.

'You don't want to keep going...' I gestured at the vacuum and Mom dismissed it with a wave of her hand.

'I can finish it later. Let's get you settled.'

I was aware of how inappropriate was my behavior. As Mom led the way to the front door and I trailed with backpack slung and suitcase in tow, once again my eyes found her ass. Scrunch back gym shorts, they'd remained glued halfway over each buttock and I wondered if she had any idea how suggestive the look was. To a nineteen-year-old estranged son that is. And even as I created the thought, I metaphorically slapped myself across the face. Of course she wasn't aware! I told myself. The last thing on her mind would be what her son would be thinking of her ass, and I forced my gaze from the admittedly attractive sight, in turn dismissing the encroaching incestuous zygotes that were forming in the darkest areas of my brain as she ushered me inside the cool dwelling.

*

My decade-long absence from Los Angeles had more surprises in store for me.

'It's like you didn't change anything!' I turned back to her standing in the doorway of my old bedroom. My bags placed on the single bed; I'd taken a moment to look around my surroundings at a memory manifested. Toys I'd left behind; a bookshelf stacked with R.L. Stine novels and action figurines; Lakers posters on the wall of the then team and most poignantly, Kobe; alongside drawings and paintings of my own, my artistic endeavors having begun early.

'You might've changed your mind,' Mom shrugged.

'It's been ten years,' I attempted a humorous scoff, but it fell flat, and even from across the room, I noticed a glassiness appear in her eyes.

'It was your room,' she avoided my gaze, looking down at her foot as she ran it along a floorboard, crossing her arms over her chest.

'Well, you can chuck all this stuff out when I find my own place,' I stated and heard how cold it sounded, regretting the words immediately but not taking them back.

'Okay,' Mom nodded.

'The university can help me out with all that,' I informed her. 'A place to stay,' I elaborated, moving to my suitcase to unpack my toiletries. 'I should be out of your hair by next week,' I once more looked back at her and found her watching me, releasing the lip she'd been biting.

'You can stay as long as you like,' Mom ventured. 'It's just me here. It's always been just me,' she added, and I frowned at her.

'Well, you can't blame us for that,' I snidely retorted, unsure why I was seemingly looking for a fight.

'No, I didn't mean... I don't,' Mom shook her head. 'Look, Oliver. I'm just glad to have you here.'

'Okay.' It was now me to give the one-word response. I was being a dick, I knew. I looked around the room again and it just made me feel sad. It was me that had walked out on her, not the other way around. The room I stood in was a time capsule of a shared past for both of us, was it so surprising she would hold on to the one thing that reminded her of a son she'd lost so many years before? I could feel tears welling in my eyes and I forced myself to harden up. Then why wasn't she ever there? I asked myself. If she missed the life she had with me, why didn't she attempt more of a connection over the years? The answer was that Dad was right! She ultimately cared more about her profession than she did about me.

I decided not to unpack any more than I had to.

'Good,' she slowly nodded before taking a step back out of the room. 'So how about I make us a coffee! Are you hungry?'

'No,' I headed toward the door. 'Just a coffee would be great,' I attempted a smile before pointing down the hall. 'I'll just go to the bathroom.'

'Oh, of course,' Mom also waved a hand in its direction. 'You know where everything is.'

What happened next was bizarre.

Initially heading in opposite directions, I was surprised by her sudden outburst from behind as I reached the bathroom door. 'Oh! Oliver, no. Wait,' she cried as she frantically made her way forward and rushed past me into the bathroom. A whirlwind of activity as I saw her grab a towel before the slow swing of the door obscured her mysterious undertaking. 'Okay,' she once more appeared, and I instinctively looked past her at what was the cause of such anxiety.

'What the hell?' I smirked.

'Nothing,' her face flushed a brilliant crimson. 'We're all good. There was just... water on the floor. Didn't want you to slip,' she clearly lied, and my eyes dropped to what she held in her hands. 'Oh, just. Yeah,' she clutched tighter on the sheer black bra and panties. 'Tidying up,' she attempted to dismiss the items and I could feel her embarrassment.

'Okay... sooo I can...' I pointed behind her and she moved aside with a nervous giggle.

'Yeah, all yours. I'll just... go make the coffees,' she used her underwear-laden hand to gesture toward the kitchen and we awkwardly parted ways.

Inside the bathroom I looked directly at what she'd done with the towel, seeing it on the floor of the shower in a pile. The recess looked dry as did the rest of the floor, and despite my curiosity, I didn't investigate further, completing my toilet break and heading back to the kitchen.

She must have taken note as to how I had my coffee when she'd visited for Dad's funeral, finding a mug of steaming black on the benchtop awaiting me.

'No sugar, right?' Mom confirmed as I sat on a stool, and I nodded and offered a smile as she took care of her own.

'I can help you finish the car if you want,' I proposed to make up for my behavior in the bedroom, just managing to lift my eyes from once again ogling her ass before she turned back toward me.

'Oh, um. Yeah. That'd be great. It was the rain we had the other day,' she continued with the small talk. 'Covered it in dust,' she added. 'I so rarely have to wash it,' she approached the opposite side of the bench, thankfully removing from me the temptation to glance at her pronounced cameltoe.

I attempted to sip my coffee but found it too hot and what followed was an extended moment of silence.

'I know about the car,' I admitted, somewhat cryptically but I could sense she understood to what I referred. 'Aunt Leticia told me,' I confessed.

'Oh,' Mom took a sip from her cup, heavy on the cream and sugar. 'It wasn't a secret. You needed a car.'

'Dad said nothing about you buying it though,' I conveyed, and Mom didn't seem too shocked at the news. 'Why didn't you tell me at the funeral?'

'It didn't matter. Maybe I thought you'd have blamed me for his...' she left out the word "death."

'It was no one's fault but his,' I reassured her, and I think I saw somewhat a look of relief in her eyes.

'I'm sorry Oliver,' Mom gave me a sympathetic smile. 'Your father... we didn't see eye to eye on much, but I know you loved him.'

'Aunt Leticia said the same about you and me,' I relayed, and Mom frowned. 'Not seeing eye to eye,' I elaborated.

'Oh,' she gave a slight smile, leaning on the bench to bring our faces to the same level. 'Well, maybe we just haven't been given the chance.'

*

The afternoon being hot, I'd taken off my t-shirt to allow the sun's rays upon my skin, and whilst hosing excess soap suds down the drive, Mom returned from the house with a glass of water.

'Looks fantastic,' her eyes scanned the gleaming Subaru. 'Thank you.'

'It was nothing,' I smiled, cutting off the flow, and the sight of her walking across the yard invoked long-forgotten memories. Playing under the sprinkler on the very same lawn, water balloon fights with Mom and Dad in the heat of the summer.

'No. You won't!' Mom stopped her progression toward me.

'What?' I attempted to look as innocent as I could.

'We may not have spent much time together Oliver Hudson. But I'm still your mother. I know that look!'

'I don't know what you're talking about,' I lied as I lifted the gun of the hose in her direction.

'You will not!' She asserted, before with a scream she attempted to throw the contents of the glass toward me as I simultaneously sprayed her with the hose.

My attack was more effective!

The flow caught her square in the chest, shocking her with the cold and saturating the light blue t-shirt. It hadn't been my intention, but immediately the shape of her breasts was made clear, the pink of her nipples plain to see through the soaking cotton. To my surprise, she did little to hide the consequence of my action and seemed more concerned with wiping her eyes than obscuring the anatomy on display below.

And it wasn't only her breasts that were revealed. Falsely apologizing for my assault, I studied the development at her crotch, the water's descent leaving her gym shorts equally as transparent, no visible panty line of a thong, nor to my overwhelming surprise, the shadow of pubic hair atop the pronounced mound.

'Okay, Okay,' she laughed, finally acknowledging what the spray may have done to her clothing, pinching at the t-shirt to pull it from where it had pasted to her tits. 'I submit,' she smiled. 'God, this takes me back.'

'Yeah,' I agreed. 'Happier times,' and the flippant statement may have been taken the wrong way by Mom, her smile fading. 'I just mean, when we were a family. You know, before...' I abandoned the explanation, Mom dismissing the conversation with a wave of her hand before she reached for the hose, her face ashen. I'd somehow blown it.

And there it seemed she was. The "moody bitch" Dad had always called her, and as she took the hose from me and stepped several feet away, I attempted an apology for whatever indiscretion incurred with my remark. 'Hey, so...' Was all I managed to voice before I was hit full force in the face with a gush of water.

'Sucked in!' Mom laughed, dropping the glass to hold the hose securely with both hands, spraying my body as I lifted an arm to shield the assault.

'You dick!' I laughed, advancing upon her as she attempted to back away.

'Oliver!' She feigned shock. 'You can't talk to me like...' she began but ended with a scream as I wrested the hose from her, holding her body against mine in the struggle and spraying her once more. I showered myself as much as she, hitting myself in the face to her amusement before I directed the hose lower, drenching her t-shirt to complete its transparency. With an arm locked around her soft belly, her ass pressed hard into my groin, and I had to admit the feeling was pleasant, so close, so intimate and I must have been mistaken, but for a moment it seemed she ground herself into me. 'No more,' she giggled. 'You're too strong,' she admitted, and I ceased the flow of water and allowed, begrudgingly, her body to slip from my grasp, to lose the smell of her skin.

'So, we're even!' I smirked as I wound up the hose, again zeroing in on her groin, her white shorts now sheer, her uppermost labia plain to see through the saturated material.

'Oh, we're far from even,' she chuckled as she twisted the front of her t-shirt, wringing water from the cloth, the action clasping the garment to her boobs, her nipples proudly erect. 'You'll get what's coming to you!' She threatened and the tone was almost seductive in its delivery.

It was then I was reminded she was my mother and with another proverbial slap to my face, once more found myself attempting to dismiss the taboo and overtly sexual thoughts that were rapidly evolving.

*

'So, what would you like to do tomorrow?' Mom asked, post-dinner. She'd offered me a glass of white wine during the meal which I'd declined, and I noticed she was well on the way to finishing the bottle on her own when I returned from a shower early evening.

And what an event that turned out to be! She'd given me fresh towels that smelled of her and the soap in the shower had me recalling the scent from her hair and skin. They mixed with forbidden thoughts and closing my eyes under the flow of warm water I reminisced of the feeling of her ass against me, the sight of her near naked form upon the lawn. My hand found its way to my hard-on and fully aware of how forbidden the action was, I jerked off in my mother's shower, the orgasm that followed shameful, regrettable, and no matter how disgusted I felt for the indiscretion, so very wonderful!

Reality cascaded over me along with the flow and opening my eyes I found the evidence of my transgression all over the glass shower screen, a sticky mess that wouldn't just wash away with water. I dropped to my haunches and worked on the crime scene with soapy hands to be sure I removed all traces of cum, aghast at the thought of Mom finding overlooked globules. It was then I noticed the marks.

Like the ring left on a table from a glass, there were multiple round smudges just below waist height on both the shower screen as well as the tiled wall and it confounded me as to what would've caused the strange markings. Ultimately putting aside the thought, when I was satisfied I'd removed my own branding from the glass, and washed it down the drain.

'Tomorrow?' I responded to Mom. After the high jinks in the front yard, she'd changed into loose-fitting gray track pants, and despite attempts to de-sexualize her, I noted the string of a white thong on her hip and back when she moved; and above this, what was possibly the tightest white t-shirt I'd seen in my life. Sitting mere feet from me on the couch, our positions and the location of the television allowed me to glance with impunity and the fact she was still braless hadn't gone unnoticed.

'Yeah. I thought maybe we could do something together. Go out to Santa Monica or even take a hike in the hills, something like that.

'Ah, actually I've got plans.'

'Oh,' she looked surprisingly disappointed.

'Yeah. Thought I'd take a look around campus. Get my bearings and all that. Shouldn't be too busy being a Sunday. There's a bus that leaves not far from here, goes right by the University.'

'Oh, no, don't be silly Ollie,' she disapproved, and it made me realize it was possibly years since she'd called me that. 'You can take my car,' she amazingly offered.

'You're serious?'

'Of course. I guess I'll just be here all day. I won't need it.'

'Well, cool. That'd be awesome. Thank you,' I appreciated, and she smiled, chuckled.

'What?'

'You,' she laughed. 'Don't sound so surprised. Maybe I'm not the bad guy you've always painted me out to be.'

*

If I'd thought a night's sleep would go a long way to removing some of the incestuous ideation I was developing, I was mistaken. Struggling to settle into my old bedroom I was fixated with the image of Mom on the couch beside me. That white thong disappearing below the waistband of her sweatpants, imagining its route as it delved between her buttocks, pressing upon her asshole and inevitably cupping her pussy. And that pussy. Shaved; waxed? Seriously! To have arrived in L.A. and within three hours essentially seeing my mother naked was astounding.

But then it hit me. It wasn't completely Oedipal. She was a stranger to me, not a mother. I was reacting to her as any nineteen-year-old would to an admittedly attractive middle-aged woman. The more I was around her, inevitably the attraction would diminish. Because if it didn't it'd be weird right!? I mean, sons don't generally get turned on by their mothers. Even when they have great bodies! Even when their hair smells like rain and their skin like rose petals. Even when their smile does something to your insides and their eyes you could stare into for days. I came onto my stomach and used my shorts to wipe up the mess.

And then came the dream. Waking to the light of the morning and basking in the afterglow of kissing my mother in the kitchen. Our lips lightly meeting, straddling the line between innocence and incest before her tongue found mine. My cock pressed hard into her belly. For more than a minute I thought it was an actual memory before reality kicked in. It hadn't happened. It wouldn't happen. Ever. But try telling that to my morning erection, about as hard as I got, the orgasm that flowed, recoating my abandoned shorts to leave them spoiled and reeking of multiple sins.

*

'Do you have any clothes that need washing?' Mom pointedly asked over her shoulder post-breakfast. I glanced at where she was standing looking out the back door with a mug of coffee cradled in her hands, the morning sun shining through the screen door and silhouetting the shape of her body still in her nightie. The curve of her breast, and as she turned fully, the gap between her upper thighs.

'I... what?' My eyes struggled to rise from the sight, transfixed by the clear double bump of labia through her satin slip.

'I'm doing laundry today,' she added. 'Just put whatever you have out. I'll be happy to do it.'

I thought of the state of my shorts and felt my face blush, quick to change the subject.

'Laundry huh! Sounds like you've got a big day planned!' I joked and immediately regretted it. She HAD invited me to spend the day with her, AND I was taking her car. Who was I to mock her lack of activity?

'Actually, the weather being so nice, I think I'll get some sunbathing in,' she revealed, and I suddenly had the urge to abandon my plans and stay home with her instead. The possibility of seeing even more of her body than I already remarkably had!

It was then reality quickly kicked in. What would be the point? Where did I think it would take me? Nothing was going to happen between us. It couldn't, I reiterated. No. I'd go on as planned. Orient myself with the university. Check out the on-campus accommodation. I had a meeting with student services early the next day regarding such, which all going well, I'd not have to spend many more nights under Mom's roof anyway. The incestuous temptation would be taken from me, and I could concentrate on

my art and studies and forget about the sexual attraction. But as I again allowed my eyes to glance at the silhouette of her body through the nightie, I wondered if I now truly ever could.

*

Traffic in Los Angeles, even being a Sunday, was crazy. I discovered that San Andreas wasn't a carbon copy (if you know what I'm talking about) and found myself on the wrong street a couple of times, Google Maps helping me out of some pickles. The morning was spent roaming the campus and its surrounds; lunch, at a local eatery. The afternoon I'd set aside to spend at the L.A. County Museum of Art and potentially the La Brea Tar Pits if time permitting, but my focus was elsewhere. All day, thoughts of my mother had preoccupied my mind, and possibly guilt at not spending what available time we had together. In reality, it was just the curiosity about what was going on at her house, what she may or may not have been wearing, that had me cutting the day short and heading the car in the direction of home.

*

I arrived back to a quiet house and my initial impression had me thinking it empty before I noticed the movement of curtains from an open window, the unlocked screen door out to the small rear courtyard. I was in the process of heading out when I stopped myself, backing up and retreating to the safety of the window as I saw Mom indeed still in the act of sunbathing.

Normally you'd think there wouldn't be anything wrong with intruding upon the scene, Mom surely expecting me back at some stage, but there was nothing normal about her attire. Laying upon her front and with feet toward me, I took in the sight of my mother in a bikini. "So what?" You say. Well, this was no ordinary bikini! Spring break back in North Carolina hadn't even prepared me for what my nearly fifty-year-old mother hardly wore.

Her feet spread; I was given an unobscured view up between her legs, the sun shimmering off her lotion-smeared thighs, before I focused on the gold string bisecting her buttocks. Parted, the wrinkled skin around her asshole was visible, the thong provisioning some dignity as it kissed her anus before slipping between the folds of labia, indeed as I'd previously ascertained, hairless.

The vision caused my lungs to suck in air audibly, and possibly having heard the reaction, Mom stirred, her head lifting before I managed to secret myself behind the safety of the curtain lest she look in my direction. I held my breath and dared not move in case I made further sound, waiting an interminable amount of time before I hazarded another peek.

Like a common creep, I peered cautiously around the edge of the curtain and incrementally her body came into focus once more. A foot, this time toes up, followed by her shin and the length of her glistening leg. And there it was again, having turned to present herself to the sun, a mound of pussy sitting snug under a small triangle of golden nylon. I risked poking my head out further and to my relief found her face hidden beneath a sun hat allowing my eyes free reign to admire the rest of her body. Mistaken as to the style of the bikini, I noticed it was more of a one-piece, with somewhat of a sling linking the crotch with an equally small amount of material cupping her boobs.

Mother or not. Incestuous and morally ambiguous be damned, I moved a hand to the rapid swelling at my groin and encouraged the erection, stroking it horizontally in my jeans. 'So wrong,' I whispered to myself, pinching the shaft of my cock before slipping my fingers across to the fly and unzipping.

My eyes never left her body as I eased the hard-on from the opening in my jeans, gripping it vice-like as Mom seemed to swat an unseen insect from

her chest, her hand coming to rest on her belly to ever so subtly caress her flesh. Nothing at the Museum of Art could've been so beautiful. The La Brea Tar Pits couldn't have fascinated me more than what I'd found in my childhood backyard. Furiously I beat my length as I zeroed in on her pussy. Thighs separated just enough to reveal all. Folds pressed tightly against the thin material. Her body positioned perfectly as if staged for an audience at this very window. Me? A mother's private showing for her son?

With my face almost brushing the curtain, my body hunched as I jerked off and so close to orgasm, I began to take stock. No, you idiot, I berated myself. She had no idea I was even home. Probably didn't expect me for hours. She was just a woman enjoying a moment alone in the privacy of her house and here I was like a common pervert spying and masturbating. All of a sudden, it didn't seem so satisfying. The attraction remained. The excitement of the taboo endured, but guilt overrode pleasure and I forced myself away from the window with a jolt, knocking a side table in the process and sending a vase crashing to the floor.

The noise could've awakened the dead. Knowing full well Mom would've been alerted, I concentrated first on tucking away my dick, squatting down to hide the bulge before beginning to clean up the mess. Not a moment too soon as I heard the screen door behind me open and what was a relieved sigh from my mother.

'Oh, thank God it's only you,' she laughed. 'I thought it was a burglar!'

'Nah, just me,' I confessed picking up the vase, broken into three pieces.

'Sorry. Broke your vase,' I revealed, turning with the remains to look up at her. The towel she'd been laying upon in her hand, she stood not three feet from me and with my head level with her groin, it took all my willpower to drag my eyes further up her body.

'That thing,' she dismissed my clumsiness with a wave of her free hand. 'I've broken it myself before. It's already been glued together. It was just from a thrift store anyway.'

'Oh, ok,' I risked standing, hoping she'd not notice my still erect penis.

'Well, I think I can salvage it again. If you've still got the glue.'

'Should be some in the garage,' her eyes drifted to the table I'd run into, its proximity to the window. 'You're back early,' she looked once more at me, and I was able to avoid being caught glancing at her boobs. Now so close, the swimsuit was (if possible) even smaller than I'd first perceived, covering little more than nipples and vulva, and now being worn inside the house, so out of place, it was even more stimulating, my cock pulsing inside my jeans. 'What is it!?' She gave a slight smile and glanced down at her chest, and I realized my lechery hadn't been so inconspicuous. 'Oh, you noticed right!?' She cryptically challenged.

'Huh?' I replied.

'The bikini!' She alluded and I felt my face begin to blush.

'I... ah,' I mumbled.

'You're right, it's a dupe!' She added and I was just as confused. 'Ordered it off Ali Express. Obviously, I couldn't afford the original. It's a knockoff!'

She must have seen the puzzlement on my face, and she expounded.

'You know, Wet Waves. It's a Lauren Brooks original. Well, a copy of,' she admitted and to my disappointment, wrapped the towel around her waist removing some of the temptation.

'Oh, ok,' I found myself mumbling, the name Wet Waves meaning something having seen them on the Home Shopping channel. 'So anyway, I

guess I'll go take care of this,' I held up the vase and tore my eyes from my mother, seeing her bite her lip as she once more looked at the table followed by the window out to the back yard.

I was nearing the exit from the kitchen to the garage and about to make my escape from the situation when she called out to me.

'Oh, so I left a box of tissues in your room!' She revealed and I stopped and looked back at her, a little bemused.

'Ok!' I shook my head.

'I did your laundry,' she added, and I immediately felt sick.

'What?'

'Well, you forgot to put it out this morning. I found it under your bed,' she smiled. 'You haven't changed,' she giggled, and I could feel my face burning as I thought of the state of my underpants, two loads of semen deposited into them.

'I didn't ask you to... you shouldn't have gone into my room!' I stated, more embarrassed than angry.

'Oh, Honey,' she frowned. 'It's alright. It's natural. I HAVE lived with men before you know,' she directly alluded to my shorts. Was she trying to humiliate me? 'Just. I thought the tissues would be handier.'

I was aghast. Mortified. Embarrassed.

'Seriously? Is this you trying to be a mother?' I questioned.

'What?' She looked genuinely taken aback.

'Ten years, you didn't give a shit about me,' I declared. 'You think we're besties now or something, just because you do my laundry!?' I didn't mean

it. Even as I said it, I hated the way it came out. But shame overrode sentiment and at that moment it was either fight or flight.

'Oliver I...' She looked shocked and equally distraught.

'Forget about it,' I shook my head. 'I have a meeting with student services tomorrow about the accommodation. I should be out of here by next weekend. I'll leave earlier if you want,' I stated, and could see the hurt I'd caused her.

'No,' her voice broke as she spoke. 'No that's not what I... I'll stay out of your room,' she barely whispered, and I could see her eyes welling with tears.

Again, I felt like a complete dick.

I left the house and entered the garage and with my face still burning placed the broken vase on the workbench. What had just happened? She'd looked at the table and window and put two and two together. Her mind had immediately gone to my cum encrusted shorts. We'd essentially discussed me jerking off! What mother and son did that!? Despite the shame and embarrassment, a spontaneous chuckle came out of me, and I was shocked at my ability to find mirth in the situation. And then came the regret. I hadn't spoken to anyone like that before, going totally against my nature, and immediately I wanted to go back in and apologize. There had been some truth in it though, I quickly reasoned. What interest had she taken in me over the years? How could we just fall back into the role of loving mother and son overnight? The answer was, we couldn't. Or at least it wouldn't come easy.

I found the glue and looked at the broken segments of the vase laid out before me, a metaphor for our relationship if ever there was one, before

carefully beginning to put the pieces back together.

*

I never really got a chance to make up for my behavior that evening. Well to be honest, I was just too embarrassed to bring it up again and I managed to avoid her for much of the night anyway. Monday morning, however, our paths inevitably crossed as we hurried to be ready for our respective destinations.

Memories of my childhood once more came flooding back and I reflected on how little events had changed. Competing for the one bathroom. Jostling in the small kitchen preparing breakfast. One thing differed starkly from the past, however, and that was my awareness of Mom's appearance. Had she always looked so good? It was impossible to ignore as she'd left the bathroom ahead of me; towel wrapped around her body with breasts heaving and (as I surreptitiously glanced behind) buttocks peeking. And when clothed. Opaque black pantyhose under a figure-hugging dress. Make-up that transformed her into a model and a scent that had me longing to embrace her, to cling to her body in the hope of absorbing her essence.

'We'll have to come up with a system,' Mom remarked, breaking the silence as she cocked her head (endearingly I thought) in the process of putting in earrings.

'For?' I questioned, having looked up from the map of campus I had open on my phone.

'The bathroom in the morning,' she laughed. 'That or we'll have to start taking showers together!' She jokingly(?) suggested and I scoffed in response, groaning inside.

'Well, if it all goes well today, I'll probably be out of here in a few days,' I stated. 'Maybe sooner,' I added unnecessarily, and the effect of the words was clear to see on her face, darkening significantly.

'I'm sure you're going to have a great time... living on campus I mean,' she attempted to sound enthusiastic. 'I have to say, I'll miss you,' she admitted, and I frowned. 'I know! It's only been two days. But, it's nice having someone around... to talk to.'

I didn't know what to say. I had to admit, it wasn't all bad being back there. Apart from the embarrassing situations I'd found myself in, the sexual frustration, and my seeming desire to pick fights whenever the opportunity arose.

'We can still talk,' I stated. 'I'll only be like, twenty minutes down the road. Speaking of which,' I looked at the time on my phone. 'That bus leaves in five. Gotta go.'

'Ok,' Mom took a couple of awkward steps toward me as I slung my backpack onto my shoulder. 'Um... kiss?' She shyly questioned.

'What?' I was admittedly taken aback. 'Oh... sure.'

And before I left the house, I had my wish granted. Her breasts pressed into my chest as our cheeks came together, her lips lightly touching my skin in the softest of kisses. I filled my lungs with her perfume and received goosebumps from her breath beside my ear.

'Love you,' she almost whispered and again I was caught off guard, ruining my answer even as I gave it.

'Ok... gotta go,' I flippantly responded and left with her fragrance now a part of me.

*

'No places available.'

'Really?' Mom questioned.

'In the on-campus dorms,' I elaborated. 'That's what they said. I was meant to organize it when I accepted the scholarship. I just thought I'd be able to do it in person when I got here.'

'So, what will you do now?' Mom asked and I could see her mind working.

'Well, the university can find me off-campus housing. I'll go check them out tomorrow. It's gonna cost more I guess, with utilities and all that.'

'Or you could stay here!' She proposed enthusiastically. Late afternoon, she'd arrived back from work before me and had changed into jeans and a tank top, showered also I guessed, her hair wet around her bangs.

I didn't answer directly, deferring. 'The bus took nearly thirty-five minutes,' I winced in response, although I had used the time to read and if I was living there, I'd certainly be saving money I reasoned.

'Yeah, that would be a pain,' Mom seemed to concede, and she looked down absently before finding my eyes again, this time exuberantly. 'Do you have any plans tonight? Later I mean. There's something I want to show you.'

*

The sun was setting as Mom drove us into the hills. I knew the neighborhood from movies and TV shows; lavish houses and luxury cars, Mom's Subaru feeling particularly out of place, and with her being mysterious as to our destination, I was on the verge of demanding an explanation when she pulled up in the driveway of a large, white-walled estate.

'Let's go!' She cheekily giggled as I followed her from the car and watched as she entered numbers into a security console, the gates opening to allow our entry.

'What's going on?' I marveled as we entered the property, a short, curved driveway leading up to the majority glass-walled house.

'Just wait,' Mom again laughed and surprisingly wrapped an arm around my own, her boob I noted pressing firmly into my bicep. 'It's a surprise.'

'Don't tell me, you've bought the place for me!' I laughed. 'It's gonna be a longer commute. But I'll deal with it!'

'Hah, you wish,' Mom smiled as I looked down at her.

'Seriously. What's going on?' I questioned her as we made it to the entryway, Mom releasing my arm as she again made to enter numbers on another security keypad before swinging open the front door.

'You'll see,' she ushered me inside. Clearly no one was currently at home, Mom flicked on the lights and immediately I understood why she'd brought me there.

'Are you fucking kidding me!?' I headed further into the house as I saw what was hung on a far wall.

The painting was huge. At least twelve feet square and as I neared, the layers of paint became more vivid. Color blanketed upon color in what was a remarkably ordered confusion.

'Mom!' I exclaimed, almost awestruck by the moment. 'Do you know what this is?' I stupidly questioned her, forgetting she'd brought me there in the first place. 'It's a Jackson Pollock!' I took a step forward to examine the

surface, the paint nearly an inch thick in some areas before turning toward her. 'It'd be worth millions!'

'Oh, really!' She feigned surprise and again there was that smile. 'Come on, there's more,' she hinted, and I followed her gaze further into the house.

'No way!' I gasped as the Renoir loomed before me. 'Who the fuck lives here!?'

'Some bigshot accountant,' Mom shrugged as I glanced back at her. 'The agency's selling it for him. It's not one of mine,' she quickly added when she saw the enthusiasm in my face, imagining the commission on the sale. 'No, my colleague told me about the artwork. I knew you'd be interested.'

'"Interested", Mom, this is amazing!' I exclaimed as I noticed another piece, a sculpture of a thin humanoid figure. 'It can't be,' I moved closer to further examine. 'I think it's a Giacometti,' I shook my head. 'This alone could be worth more than this house,' I estimated.

'So, I did good?' Mom questioned and I turned to her once more, wanting to hug her, to kiss my appreciation.

'You did good,' I found myself uncontrollably grinning and it seemed it was enough for her, returning me with her smile, those beautiful dimples appearing in her cheeks, lines of happiness at her eyes as I explored further the myriad artworks the house had to offer.

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'So, we're allowed to be here, right?' I somewhat belatedly enquired as we strolled from the house out toward an infinity pool, security lights illuminating our way.

'It's fine,' Mom assured me as we looked out toward the last remnant of the sun disappearing over the horizon, the city, a sea of candles floating in the darkness below us.

'How awesome would it be to live here!?' I proposed as Mom took a seat and I joined her on the lounge, the pool lit from below the surface casting liquid shadows across her face and surroundings.

'Well, when you're a famous artist, you'll have something just as nice,' she envisaged. 'And I expect an invitation to visit,' she added, laughing.

I nodded slowly and looked back at the house; the Jackson Pollock still visible through the windows before I again stared out across the darkened city.

'It's a far cry from a college dorm,' I scoffed and felt a hand upon my knee, turning to see her smiling.

'You'll find somewhere,' she whispered.

'It's not fake!' I stated, looking into her smile and then watching her frown.

'What? The art?'

'No. Something Dad would say,' I divulged. 'He said your smile was fake. A show for your clients. But it's not, is it?' I questioned, more a statement and she shook her head. 'He said everything about you was fake, from your hair to your smile, to your...' I paused.

'To my what?' Mom looked puzzled and mystified, and I allowed my eyes to drop from hers to her chest. 'Oh, no. Seriously? Really!' She laughed, scrunching her nose and I felt her hand leave my knee, rising between us. 'Give me your hand,' she grinned.

'What?' I breathed.

'Come on,' she took hold of my wrist, lifting it as she straightened on the lounge. 'Does this feel fake?' She cupped my hand under her breast, allowing the weight of her left boob to settle in my palm, her nipple hardening under my touch through the thin cotton tank top.

'I...' I didn't know what to say. I'd never felt fake boobs before, so I had no comparison, but to me, it felt pretty good, shaking my head slowly as she studied my eyes.

'Right!' she allowed my hand to fall away. 'Your father!' She rolled her eyes before laughing once more. 'I wish I could afford fake boobs!' She scoffed and I wanted to tell her she didn't need them, that hers were perfect, instead, fighting to prevent the hard-on that began forming in my jeans.

'Mom. Why are we here?' I asked her, not looking in her direction.

'What? You know why,' Mom chuckled but I felt there was no humor in it.

'No,' I looked at her. 'No, I don't.'

'What are you talking about?' She looked into my eyes as if waiting for me to go on before realizing I wanted an answer. 'Ah, because I love you and wanted to do something nice.'

'But why now?' I retorted. 'All these years, you were never there. No letters. No phone calls. You wouldn't even stay with us on my birthdays,' I challenged, and I hadn't expected the look of confusion she threw back at me.

'What?' She shook her head as if clearing fog. 'What do you mean "no letters"?'

'I used to love them,' I felt my eyes tearing up and looked away from her. 'The stuff you'd send,' I thought of the paint brushes, pencils, and other

paraphernalia she'd package up until it all stopped.

'What are you talking about?' She questioned, forcing me to once again look at her. 'I never stopped writing to you,' she stated, incredulous at my accusation and the sincerity in her voice had me immediately feeling sick at the implication, if true.

'What?' I whispered.

'And you sometimes wrote back!' She looked confused when I slowly shook my head.

*

There weren't many. No more than ten, and the forging of my handwriting, down to the changing of style as I aged was staggeringly accurate, to the point, even I would've been hard-pressed to spot it as a fake. The sentiment contained, however, was far from my own.

'I didn't write this,' I looked up at Mom, beside me on her bed, her hand over her mouth and glassy eyes as she awaited my reaction. 'It's vile,' I reflected on the hate my father had spewed out on paper in my name.

'And you didn't get my letters?' A tear ran down her cheek.

'For a while,' I looked absently across the room as I thought of the past. 'But then Dad started picking up the mail from the post office. I just thought you stopped writing,' I admitted, and Mom let out a sound that was a mixture between a groan and a sigh.

'He stole you from me,' Mom whispered, and I reflected it was probably the first time she'd ever bad-mouthed him in front of me, despite the clear license that was forming.

"Don't bother calling me," I read. "I don't want you at my birthday," my father had written in my name, and I tossed the letter down on the mattress. 'This wasn't... this isn't me!' I looked at Mom, her eyes red, cheeks flushed.

'I know,' she nodded. 'I should've known. It's on me.'

'Don't say that,' I took her hand. 'It looked legit,' I acknowledged. Noting he'd even done drawings in the borders as I'd used to do. Having picked up my artistic talents from him.

'A good mother should've known. Ten years Oliver,' she sighed. 'Ten years he took from us.'

'Then we'll work on getting them back!' I stated and lifted her chin to bring her eyes back to mine, running my finger across her cheek to wipe away a tear. 'We can start again, can't we? Pick up where we left off,' I proposed, and I saw light once more return to her face. 'I could stay here if you'd let me. It'd save money anyway,' I said and as soon as I voiced it, I thought of my father's college fund. 'Oh Jesus,' I exhaled.

'What?'

'It was you, wasn't it?'

'What?' Mom looked confused.

'The college fund. The fifteen thousand,' I elaborated, and Mom laughed.

'Fifteen? My God Oliver. There should have been forty-five thousand dollars in there for you,' she confessed, and I didn't think I could've felt more hatred for him than I had five minutes before. If he wasn't dead, I could've killed him, and Mom must have seen the rage in me. 'It's only money Ollie,' both her hands wrapped mine. 'I have all I ever wanted back.'

*

I canceled the meeting I had with the university about accommodation the next day. And not having to compete for the shower in the morning, I took my time. The circular marks I'd noted earlier had been wiped away and it reminded me to ask Mom what had caused them. It was then I thought of the night before. But not the drama. The feeling of her breast in my hand, the memory of the firmness of her nipple in my palm had my cock in turn hardening and I allowed myself the pleasure of jerking off, Mom's perfumed soap cleanser lubricating my shaft and eliciting a joyous premature ejaculation.

With the house to myself, I called my aunt Leticia to find out if she'd known of Dad's deception and came away satisfied, she as well had been in the dark all these years. I did discover Mom had been paying child support to Dad the whole time despite him never mentioning it to me. Another lie of omission that was steadily destroying the legacy of the man I believed I loved.

Late in the morning I took the bus to campus and spent time in the library. I sought out some cool places to eat on and around the university and even coincidentally met some other students I'd be taking classes with. It was on my way home early in the afternoon, absently looking out the window of the bus and thinking about all the money Mom had paid out over the years for the upkeep of my life, that a certain shopfront caught my eye and interest, disembarking at the next stop to work my way back. It was the first time I'd ever done something like it, and admittedly, nerves saw me blushing during the entire exchange. But when I left the store and headed back to the bus stop, I felt like it was the best present I'd ever purchased for someone.

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'Are you serious?' Mom exclaimed as she looked at the bag I presented to her, when she arrived home from work. 'Wet Waves! Oliver. What... why would...!' She paused as she peered curiously inside the emblazoned cardboard tote. 'Oh, you...!' She giggled as she removed the flimsy gold material. 'You didn't have to...' she was struggling to finish sentences. 'Oh my God, see, that's how it's supposed to look,' she held the bikini up to me, her fingers clear to see through the sheer gold fibers.

'Is it the one?' I questioned, knowing full well it was the original her bikini was based on.

'Yes!' she exclaimed. 'But you shouldn't have. I mean it's too expensive... Can I go and put it on?' She excitedly changed her tune and admittedly I hadn't expected her to be so enthusiastic, her desire to wear it immediately, was a better outcome than I'd envisaged.

'I mean, why not!' I tried to remain nonchalant, the day cooler than previous, not expecting to see it in action, so to speak, any time soon.

'Give me a minute,' she exuberantly hurried toward her bedroom, and I set about making us a coffee in the meantime, hoping for, but not fully expecting a fashion show on her return.

I didn't have to wait long.

'Ollie, I love it,' she declared as she hurried unashamedly back into the kitchen. 'You can tell the difference. It even feels better.'

It looked better too. But I think that had more to do with the wearer.

'What do you think?' Mom turned to present her rear to me, once more the limited string disappearing between her glorious globes. 'Yes, I know it's a bit, well... revealing. But I mean it's ok to wear around here, isn't it? It's so

comfy. It's like I'm not even wearing anything. I guess that's the quality that you're paying for!'

She was gushing and her enthusiasm brought a smile to my face. It felt like she wasn't wearing anything because indeed it also looked like it. Yes, her boobs and pussy were covered by the thinnest gold material, but it was also entirely see-through, and given license to ogle her sex, I didn't waste the opportunity.

'You're not saying anything!' She remarked. 'Is that a bad sign?' Her face began to redden. 'I mean everyone wears stuff like this nowadays, don't they?'

'Sure!' I blurted out, encouraging her. 'No, you look good Mom. It... it suits you,' I admitted and marveled at how unselfconscious she appeared to be to essentially present herself naked before her son.

'Thank you,' she gave a coy smile. 'Come here you,' she giggled and moved in to initiate an embrace, her breasts hard against my chest, my hands on her back to gently caress the warmth of her naked skin. I began to stiffen and though loathe to lose the connection, thanked God when she pulled out of the welcome affection.

'You're welcome,' I breathed. 'I can't make up for what's happened...' I attempted to say before she cut me off.

'Let's not,' she shook her head. 'It's a new beginning Honey. We don't need to go back,' she smiled before pausing and changing the subject. 'Now, I don't have to take it off yet do I? I could wear this all day!'

She didn't wear it for the rest of the day, but we did sit in the living room drinking our coffees together, and if she noticed the hard-on in my jeans the entire time, she didn't let on. Subtle movement would see a nipple slip out

of its bonds and whether it was a show or not, she seemed embarrassed by the malfunctions when they occurred.

'Whoops,' she giggled. 'I guess now there's a man around the house, I should probably be more careful.'

'Hah, I don't mind,' I hastily admitted, resting my empty mug on my cock, grinding it into myself.

'Thank you. You don't know how happy that makes me Ollie. I want things to be just like they were, before... you know.'

'Yeah, I know,' and despite her saying we didn't need to dwell on the past, I felt the guilt of walking out on her all those years ago. 'I'm sorry,' I found her eyes and she winced with compassion.

'Oh Honey, don't,' she unexpectedly rose and came to the couch I sat on, climbing up beside me and coming to rest sitting on her knees. 'We're good now. That's all that matters to me,' she confessed and leaned in to kiss me on the cheek, so close to my mouth it could've been considered lips. 'Now. If I'm not mistaken, your favorite meal is still spaghetti,' she leaned back, a nipple having escaped once more and doing little to remedy the problem. 'So, to thank you for this...' she looked down at her swimsuit, noticing the exposed boob. '...Oops,' she rolled her eyes while smiling as she tucked it back into position. 'I'd better get started cooking.'

I devoured her ass as she walked away, her bare buttocks almost seductively swaying and for a moment I thought she'd prepare the dinner in the bikini before she headed for her bedroom.

'I suppose I should change!' she giggled, more to herself, and her playfulness left me smiling, hard, and aching at the futility of a desire that could go nowhere.

*

Not needing to seek accommodation left me with spare time in the days leading up to orientation week and I used it productively. I managed to visit the LACMA and adjacent Tar Pits as I'd planned, seeing and familiarizing myself with Los Angeles in the process. I took in a movie and managed to meet up with Mom on a couple of occasions for lunch, my shout, which was satisfying despite the fact it was ultimately her money to begin with.

That realization led me to search the employment apps and by Thursday I'd organized part-time work with a local garden maintenance crew that could secure me weekend hours primarily, which would be ideal not knowing my university schedule at the time.

My bedroom, I redecorated. Finding room in the garage for the boxes of all my old but still valuable possessions before passing them on to charity. The process took longer than expected as I delved through memories of my childhood. And so it was, by late Thursday afternoon I found myself organized, housed, and employed, and with Mom still not expected home for an hour or so, the house to myself.

The devil will find work for idle hands.

Little had I found in the previous few days to excite me incestuously toward my mother. This had been a conscious decision. What was the point in harboring a desire for an unobtainable woman? Especially when I spied (on multiple occasions) the quality of girls in and around the university. Her presence hadn't gone unnoticed mind you. Daily I admired her appearance, whether it be body-contouring dresses that highlighted every curve, or the always sexy nightie she'd don before bed, never repeating in the near week we'd lived together. But my acknowledgment of her beauty ended there. Even at night, I'd sway my mind in other directions when I found myself

lapsing. The thought of her ass in leggings or the mischief in her eyes when she smiled. No. When my cock hardened and I treated myself to a touch, I'd think of others, exes, and movie stars, even allowing my aunt Leticia to creep in and lead me to orgasm. All but Mom.

Until Dee Williams coaxed me right back to her, that is.

Dick out and phone in hand, I was randomly flicking through videos when I saw it. The adult star in the shower. Her perfect body, lathered in soap. But it was the suction cup dildo attached to the tiled wall that she was sucking, pulling off with a pop, reattaching, and eventually fucking, that had me thinking about my mother.

The moment I saw it I was amazed I hadn't thought of it earlier. The explanation for the multiple waist-high circular marks in Mom's shower. A suction cup dildo! What else could be the cause, I questioned and found my face blushing at the thought I'd almost asked her the reason. I remembered her rushing into the bathroom on the day I arrived. Was it the answer to the mystery towel on the shower floor? Hiding the evidence?

It was no longer Dee fucking her dildo, I fantasized. Dropping the phone, Mom formed a clear image in my head, and as if by stealth, managed to erode all the work I'd done in the week to abandon my incestuous fascination. I succumbed. Filling a tissue with an immense load of taboo seed, wishing it was she who could witness the offering. Would she be impressed, I wondered? Smiling to myself at how ridiculous the prospect was as I luxuriated in post-orgasmic haze.

*

'It's a good thing I didn't have it taken down,' Mom acknowledged as she walked back out of the garage having parked her car inside.

Shooting hoops and having missed the opportunity to impress her with my quantity of semen, I took a shot from roughly three-point range, and we watched as the ball, unfortunately, bounced off the rim and rolled onto the lawn.

'You haven't changed anything!' I diverted from my disappointing effort, quickly retrieving the ball and this time making an easier shot, hoping she'd still be dazzled.

'I didn't want to,' she cocked her head and squinted into the sun as she watched me. 'It all reminded me of you.'

I smiled sympathetically back at her, taking in her green wrap dress and flesh-colored stockings in the process, seeing her in my mind's eye removing the clothing and stepping into the shower to meet up with her potential silicon lover.

'One on one?' I proposed and made to throw the ball at her, and she looked down at herself.

'Can I get changed?'

'What? You afraid those heels will affect your performance?' I laughed.

'Well, they'd at least give me a height advantage,' she smiled. 'Five minutes?'

'I'll be here,' I dribbled the ball, not taking my eyes off her as she entered the house, the impression of a bra strap visible across her back, no detectable panty line. Was she wearing any? I felt my cock pulse. I would've waited five hours!

*

I was taking a shot when she emerged from the house and that it missed was forgivable given the distraction. Wearing a flesh-colored gym one-piece or playsuit I think it was called, she descended the two stairs with a spring before finding my eyes on her and becoming noticeably self-conscious at her attire. Needlessly so. For though the set she wore was possibly a size too small, the material struggling to contain her boobs, the crotch hermetically attached to her pussy to reveal the most delectable of cameltoes; in my eyes, staring, feasting on her beauty, she looked perfect.

'Oh,' she looked down at herself before once more fixing my eyes with her seductive(?) gaze. 'Yeah, it's a bit "try-hard", I know! I bought it to encourage me to start going to the gym. It didn't,' she laughed. 'At least this gives me a chance to use it,' she paused. 'Even though... I don't really have the body to pull it off!' She denigrated herself and I was quick to take her to task.

'No!' I fired back, managing to drag my eyes up to hers. 'You look good. I mean... it suits you.'

"Oh. Thank you,' she smiled coyly, approaching to stand before me. 'You don't look so bad yourself, Mister,' she ran her eyes over my chest, lifting a hand to place it upon my pec, caressing onto my bicep as I in turn flexed to impress her further. 'I was going to say something when you were washing the car. Your muscles! You've certainly grown up,' she admitted, her lips remaining slightly parted, the hint of tongue touching her teeth. Was this the moment? My desire to kiss her was almost overpowering. 'My ball!' She startled me by suddenly sliding her hand down my arm and grabbing the basketball out of my grip before turning and clumsily bouncing, before taking a shot at the rim.

The inevitable miss brought a smile to my face and despite my eyes devouring the curves of her ass, the booty short design allowing plenty of buttock to escape their confines; the expanse of bare skin on her back, and the craving I retained for her, I attempted to put my energy into the game.

'Serves you right!' I laughed, moving in to retrieve the ball and dribbling around her to make a layup, the ball thankfully going into the basket.

'Wow, you're really good!' She overly complimented me as I retrieved the ball and made my way back to the line in the driveway concrete acting as the top of the key.

'Dad set up a ring back home,' I explained as I feigned dribbling one way before taking a shot over her head, sinking another basket.

'He was always pretty good at sports. Your Dad. Remember we used to turn on the headlights so you could play at night,' Mom reminisced, and the memory formed, recalling her watching from a chair on the lawn as Dad and I shot baskets long after the sun had descended.

'You know, he admitted I got my brains from you,' I divulged, and Mom spontaneously laughed.

'Ok!?' She looked at me quizzically as she accepted a pass, my shot having bounced off the backboard.

'I mean, it wasn't just bad stuff he'd say about you,' I tried to elaborate.

'Oh, great,' she sarcastically replied, smiling as she began to dribble, her bounces way too high allowing me to take back the ball as she tried to charge toward the ring. 'Aw, not taking it easy on me!'

'We're all adults here,' I laughed, stepping back to take a three-pointer and proudly finding nothing but net. Mom retrieved the ball and nodding, threw

it back to me with a little more force.

'Ok Mister, so sounds like all's fair,' she posited, and I shrugged.

'Blame the game. Not the player,' I smirked and preparing to take another shot, was caught off guard by her exuberant defense, first raising her arms before reaching in to attempt to grab the ball from me. I lifted it higher in response and instead, she focused her attention on me, dropping a hand to grab me square upon the crotch, momentarily grasping a palmful of cock and balls.

Mortified and rightfully distracted, I lost control of the basketball and Mom was quick to take advantage of the situation, clutching at the ball before turning and making a shot at the rim, her effort, successful.

'What the hell was...' I began to question before she turned and smirked back at me.

'Hey. Blame the game. Not the player,' she quoted back to me, and I couldn't help but grin at her audacity.

'That was surely a foul,' I retrieved the ball and bounced before throwing it back at her.

'My court. My rules,' she laughed, and I wanted to do more than merely kiss her as before. I wanted to hold her, press my cock into her groin and confess my lust. Let my hands explore her body as our lips connected. 'Next score wins!?' She declared as once more she tried to dribble past me toward the ring and I clumsily (on purpose) defended, reaching in to take the ball and in the process blocking with my body, our bodies pressing together as she aimed at the ring, the ball missing everything.

'Charging!' I accused, my arms around her as if holding myself up for balance, delighting in the softness of her flesh, the warmth of her skin. 'My

free throw,' I added and belatedly released her as she giggled, allowing her to walk to where the ball had rolled against the garage. I watched as she looked back over her shoulder at me as if making sure I was looking before she leaned forward at the waist to reach down for the ball. The action was overtly sexual, her legs spread wide and her ass pressing out of the booty shorts. The lump of her pussy was clearly visible and as she took hold of the ball and straightened, she twisted her torso first to look behind as if allowing me more time to feast on her rear.

'Make the most of it,' Mom grinned as she headed back toward me, passing me the ball.

'What?' I questioned.

'The shot silly,' she furrowed her brows, still smiling.

'Oh, I will,' I felt my face flush, thinking she'd meant my perving on her ass. 'This to win it.' I bounced a couple of times preparing to make the free-throw. Mom moved directly in line with the ring, and I managed to lift my eyes from her to focus on the task, bouncing again to ready myself.

'This to win it,' she again quoted me as I was about to release.

'Mom!' I smiled.

'Sorry. No pressure,' she grinned, and I once more took a bounce before raising the ball.

It was about to leave my fingertips when it happened. My eyes squarely aimed at the ring, my body one with the ball, and all my focus upon making the basket. Nothing could've distracted me save for my mother's actions.

'Don't miss it!' She called at the very last second and under my gaze, lifted her hands to the straps of her playsuit and deftly pulled it down to reveal her

bare breasts.

'Jeesus!' I gasped as I took the shot, my eyes dropping to stare directly at her boobs, and her wickedly smiling face above before she swiftly covered them back up, her eyes following the trajectory of the ball as it bounced off the backboard and rolled away along the drive. 'What the hell!?'

'What?' She seemed oblivious as she ran past me to claim possession, jogging back before once again awkwardly dribbling her way to the rim where she managed an easy layup. 'I win!' She turned, arms raised above her head in the victory celebration, her face beaming, the high beams on her chest equally as bright, her nipples harder and more pronounced than previous.

'Mom!?' I questioned.

'What?' She repeated, bouncing the ball with two hands before herself.

'What!?' I quoted her. 'You just... I mean you...' I couldn't form the words.

'Oh, it's not a big deal,' she finally understood my concern.

'You just flashed your boobs!' I managed. 'In public!' I added.

'Not really. There's no one around,' she argued, and I looked around to admit she had a point.

'Ah, I'm here,' I countered, and she smiled at me pityingly.

'Oh Honey, you're my son! There's no harm in you seeing my breasts!'

The words hung in the air, her eyes searching mine and I wanted to ask to see them again. To not stop there. To see all of her. To be naked together. In each other's arms. In her bed. But of course, the words wouldn't come, and it was Mom who broke the sudden awkward silence.

'This is what I've missed,' She confessed and admittedly for a moment I thought she was only talking about her flashing.

'What?' I requested her pass the ball.

'Just us spending time together. Doing normal mom/son stuff. Remember couch cuddles?' She reminisced and the memory of us simply watching television together at night came flooding back. The intimacy of that special relationship between mother and son. 'Remember weekend sleep-ins?' She added, and my routine of climbing into her bed early in the mornings when Dad had gone to play golf, sometimes sleeping, sometimes wrestling... always loving, came back to me. 'I loved all of it,' she admitted as I nodded. 'It's only now that you're back, have I realized how much I'd missed it.'

Her sincere disclosure stirred me, and I wanted to admit I felt the same. Right then, the very thought of reenacting our weekend sleep-ins, something that had my cock pulsing in my shorts.

'Mom I...' I contemplated revealing my lust, to move in and kiss her on the lips. '...I missed it too,' I settled on owning up to only some of my emotions, and though nothing of the passion I harbored, it brought a satisfied smile to her face.

'I just wanted to say...' she paused and for a moment I stupidly thought she was about to confess her own incestuous desires. 'It's so good to have you back, Ollie,' she sighed, tears in her eyes, and then I did go to her, an arm affectionately around her shoulder as we headed toward the front door.

'It's good to be home,' I kissed the side of her head as we headed inside. 'Come on. Loser makes dinner,' I volunteered to her clear delight, and as I thought of her hand upon my cock, her semi-striptease, especially for me. I wondered who really had been the winner that day!

*

'So... Netflix and chill?' Mom slumped back on the couch beside me, settling into a relaxed yet overtly sexual position and I snorted on the sip of cola I'd just taken.

'What!?' I laughed, not allowing my eyes to dwell on her crotch. Remaining in her activewear playsuit, with one foot raised onto the couch and legs well spread, the bulge of her pussy dominated my vision, the clearly defined lines of her vulva almost demanding I pay it attention, not to mention the obvious slick of moisture darkening the length of cameltoe. Sweat, I told myself when I'd first spied it in the kitchen, now, as it tempted my lecherous gaze, I wondered differently.

'What?' Mom looked back seemingly bewildered at my reaction.

'I mean, we're not...' I could feel my face flushing.

'What?' She was seriously naive as to what she'd said, and I couldn't bring myself to explain it. 'Aren't we chillin'?' She made what I assumed she thought was some kind of gang sign with her hand and I just smirked and shook my head. 'What? Isn't that what you young ones say?' She smiled as she scrolled through the countless offerings with the remote.

'Maybe just Google it,' I tried to change the subject as I watched her navigate the streaming service, seeing Back to the Future pass by, Mom also noting its presence.

'That was your favorite movie when you were little,' she commented as it left the screen and I immediately thought of the near incest between Marty and his mother, an awkward and funny scenario then, now, a situation that had my cock twitching.

'We can watch that!' I was quick to propose. 'If there's nothing else, I mean,' thinking, hoping it could lead to something happening between us.

'Really!? Surely, we can find something new!' Mom responded and after a good fifteen minutes, we settled on an episode of Stranger Things, not the sexiest show we could've watched together but Karen Wheeler's swimsuit by the pool at least spiced things up.

Not that any added heat was needed. My position on the couch enabled me to admire my mother without compromise, her ass angled toward me, bare feet nearly touching my thigh. I was fixated on them, imagining sucking on her toes when she startled me with a question.

'Would you mind if I stretched out?'

'What?' I directed my eyes back onto the television.

'Well, you're actually in my spot!' She declared and I focused on her.

'What?'

'When I watch TV. I mean, when I was... before you came home,' she admitted.

'Oh. Sorry.'

'No, I don't mean it like that,' she laughed. 'Just, can I...' she picked up a cushion and crawled up along the couch. 'Can I rest my head on you?' She asked, almost pleadingly, and ever the gentleman, I readily agreed to her proposal, allowing her to place the cushion down on my thighs.

'This is just how it used to be,' Mom turned her head to look up at me, the weight of it and the cushion pressing down firmly on my groin. 'Remember you used to play with my hair?' She reminisced, smiling, and without pause,

I lifted my hand to press upon her scalp, my fingers combing through her silken locks.

'Like this?' I whispered and she immediately sighed, turning her head back to watch the TV.

'Now everything's perfect,' she breathed and the intimacy of the moment, the pressure placed upon my cock, had it pulsing beneath the cushion.

With her lying on her side below me, I drifted my eyes along her body from head to toe and back. She had her hands tucked high between her thighs which caused her boobs to form the most impressive of cleavage, one nipple poking suggestively through the flesh-colored material. Each time my cock twitched with blood flow, I massaged harder on her scalp, hoping it'd mask the embarrassing consequences of our familial affection. Seriously doubting the effectiveness of my effort with the cushion itself moving with the power of my erection! If she was aware, she kept mum!

The episode ended and another played. Mom softly, almost dreamily questioning if we should keep going, and not wishing any change in proceedings, happy to run my fingers through her hair all night, I agreed. A sigh came from her when I touched behind her ear and with my cock pushing up into the cushion, constantly pulsing, I ran my finger along its perimeter, gently stroking her delicate skin.

'Mmmm... goosebumps,' she sleepily purred and pulled one of her arms from between her thighs to show me before running her hand up my thigh and under the cushion. To support her head, I told myself but incredibly it came to rest nudging my hard-on. 'I'll fall asleep if you keep this up,' she sighed, and I was almost delirious with lust and uncertainty. Minutes passed, and with my left hand feeling redundant, I casually lifted it from the couch beside me to rest upon her hip, the action going seemingly unnoticed

what with my fingers massaging her scalp, combing her hair, and caressing her flesh. I needed more. So intimate was our connection that I felt we were bordering on incest, at least open to ever-increasing affection, and with her sleepy malleability, I risked it all on a roll of the dice.

'Mom,' I barely whispered and surprisingly she immediately answered with a subtle "yes?" 'Remember the other night at that house, by the pool,' I elaborated, and she moaned with recollection. My dick twitched against the side of her hand, once again moving the cushion beneath her head.

'Remember you let me...' I struggled to voice the words, my eyes on the curve of the side of her breast. 'Remember I touched your...' I couldn't bring myself to say it.

'My boob Baby?' She lazily sighed, my cock twitching.

'Yeah,' I stroked my fingers through her hair, scratching her scalp. 'How funny was that!?' I let out a quiet scoff.

'You want to touch it again, Honey?' She breathed, seemingly understanding exactly my intent.

'What? No!' I chuckled, softly caressing her hip as well as her head.

'It's ok Baby,' she purred, unfortunately slipping her hand from beneath the cushion but remarkably moving it to my own and dragging it up to her breast. 'I don't mind,' she exhaled as she released me, leaving my palm cupping the weight of her left tit.

My head swam as I held her, cautiously beginning to massage the soft flesh through the Lycra, mimicking the action of my other hand as it caressed her scalp. Once more she slid her hand up under the cushion to cup her head, again coming to rest against my swollen cock, granite-like and constantly pulsing.

'Mmm,' she let out another soft sigh, her eyes closed, her face beautiful in the soft light from the television screen. 'I missed couch cuddles,' she languidly admitted, noticing her arm moving between her upper thighs. Was she? Were we? Was it happening? I asked myself as I found her erect nipple, managing to tease it between two fingers as I pushed hard against her head, pressing her weight down against my hard-on. 'So loving,' she whimpered. 'Such a good boy.'

But as I came, I didn't feel like a "good boy"!

It wasn't on purpose and its suddenness came as a shocking surprise. Pulsing over and over, I managed to hold in my gasps as I emptied into my shorts. The dampness was immediately noticeable as I felt the immeasurable amount of warm cum spread around my pelvis. Seemingly unaware of the development, and quite possibly asleep, Mom remained upon me, her hips ever so subtly grinding against her wrist as my orgasm began to subside. And then shame and embarrassment took over. Who cums in their pants? On a couch with their mother, no less!? My dick remained hard but the semen quickly cooling, I had to get the hell out of there. What if this was real? What if our "couch cuddle" was a step on the way to actual incest between us? What if she made to take my cock out of my pants and found me spoiled? My face blushing, I lifted my hand from her breast and immediately Mom opened her eyes, turning her head.

'What is it, Honey?' She looked up at me and I made to move beneath her.

'Nothing,' I quickly reassured her. 'Just... I think I might go to bed. Have to work tomorrow remember,' I elaborated.

'Oh,' she seemed genuinely disappointed but thankfully removed her hand from where it abutted my cock and lifted her head from the cushion. 'If you're tired,' she sat up completely, and with her momentarily looking away

I made sure my cum hadn't seeped through my shorts before I placed the cushion back against the couch.

'Yeah,' I faked a yawn. 'Pretty sleepy,' I quickly rose from the couch and relieved at there not being a wet patch, kept the lingering bulge out of her sight nonetheless as I made my way from the room in shame.

'Well, will I see you in the morning?' Mom called as I hurried down the hall.

'Maybe, gotta leave pretty early. Goodnight,' I cried as I closed my bedroom door behind me and sank onto the bed in ignominy, the stain beginning to appear through my shorts. 'That can never happen again!' I softly spoke to the room.

*

I hadn't worked as hard in... never. And Mom noticed my discomfort as I stretched my back on the couch late afternoon. The same couch it had all happened upon the night before.

'Sore back?' She winced; her hair tied back in a severe ponytail, a floral summer dress rising above knee height. In her arms was the loaded laundry hamper and I smiled at her concern as she looked on.

'Not too bad,' I dismissed my legitimate aches and pains, and she was quick to change the subject.

'Well, I'm doing laundry if you have anything,' she offered, and immediately, thinking of my shorts from last night and the incident the week before, I began to blush.

'Ah nope,' I turned my face from her yet clearly heard her huff.

'Oh Ollie, seriously!?' She countered and I belatedly turned back to look at her.

'What?' I questioned, feeling my face burning.

'Well, you're not still worried about... that. Are you!? It was a week ago.'

'Mom,' I tried to dismiss her, focusing on the television and hoping she'd leave it alone.

'I told you it was no big deal,' she seemingly wouldn't let up and placed the hamper down on the armchair before her. 'Look. I'll make us even,' she said, and I was forced to look back in her direction as amazingly, she ran her hands up underneath her dress.

With my eyes upon her, I watched as my mother took hold of her panties and lowered them down her legs, stepping out of them to stand straight once more before me.

'Here,' she stated. 'I've had these on all day,' she proudly proclaimed as she tossed the white satin briefs towards me and instinctively, I raised a hand to catch the delicate item. 'It's not a big deal,' she declared as she once more took up the laundry hamper and headed off through the kitchen.

Left alone, I sat in quiet mortification. 'What the fuck!?' I quietly questioned. The satin was warm in my hand and with the laundry door closing to give me complete privacy, I examined the offering further, unfurling the material to find the gusset damp, the expected discoloration of a woman's intimates. What did it mean? I wondered. Could I take this gift as just a normal part of a mother and son's relationship? Or was it strictly sexual? I rose from the couch and headed directly to my room, my cock swelling with every step. Once there I brought her panties up to my face and unashamedly inhaled. Breathing deep the scent of my mother. Drawing the wet material between my lips to taste the remnants of her sex. This is what she'd expected, was it not? What else did she think her son would do

with her dirty panties? The panties she took off before me. That she willingly handed over without a second thought or hesitation.

My overwhelming desire was to use them. To wrap them around my engorged cock and cum, combining our fluids. To hand her panties back proudly and have her see the love coated upon them. My eyes looked to my bed and I thought of last night's soiled items tucked away beneath and I resisted my urge, instead retrieving my clothing and despite the erection tenting my pants, headed back out into the living area.

'Mom,' I tentatively said as I opened the laundry door to find her separating the colors, her panty-less ass in my direction before she turned to face me. 'I've got some more washing here,' I handed over my stained shorts and underwear, keeping her panties in my hand until she turned again to face me. 'And I suppose you want these back,' I held out her panties and she smiled.

'Only if you're finished with them!' She smirked and I once more felt myself blush.

'Mom!' I laughed as I backed out of the room, our relationship becoming more defined by the day. My confidence in something happening between us rising with seemingly every new interaction.

Incest wasn't something that only happened in movies, stories in print, and on the internet. Its roots were sprouting in my very household. Its buds were developing right before my eyes, and only time would see it grow into something indescribably and uniquely beautiful. I welcomed the future and all the possibilities it offered.

*

Despite my self-proclamation that I was on the verge of fucking my mother, it didn't come as easy as I'd hoped. The night saw us on similar but branching paths; for me an invitation to a get-together with one of my new workmates; for Mom, an unavoidable gender reveal party with her bosses. I had no desire to spend any time away from her at that point, delaying my leaving the house until I'd seen what she'd intended to wear, my decision was rewarded when she left her room with pumps in hand, padding down the hallway in pantyhose.

'Oh, good you're still here,' she remarked as she dropped her heels beside the armchair. 'Would you?' She turned and presented her back to me and immediately I understood what she was referring to. Unzipped, the red dress she wore exposed her entire back from the gold chain she had around her neck to the black lace thong that hugged her upper buttocks and hips, and it came to me it wasn't pantyhose on her legs but most likely thigh high stockings. She wore no bra, and as I moved in to take hold of the zipper and my cock began its familiar twitching in her presence, she let out a small chuckle. 'Good luck with this. I'm gonna have to suck it all in!'

She was exaggerating, of course, the zip rising buttery smooth up her spine as the admittedly tight dress cinched her waist. My fingers brushed her trapezius as I completed the task and she let out a giggle.

'Ooh look,' she raised her left arm much as she'd done the night before. 'Goosebumps,' she turned to look up into my eyes. 'Actually, that reminds me. You were soft last night!'

'What?' I could feel myself going red.

'Well, going to bed so early! Though I suppose I wasn't the best company. I think I fell asleep,' she rolled her eyes and smiled, and I began to wonder if she indeed remembered all that had taken place on the couch. 'I did like the

head scratches though,' she reached out and touched my arm. 'I told you I'd missed our couch cuddles.'

Had she been half asleep? I knew she was dozy, but did that extend to forgetting the boob touch, her hand upon my erection?

'So, anyway,' she took a step back. 'How do I look? Ooh, just a sec,' she spun and scooted to her black stilettos, directing her ass toward me as she stooped to place them on her feet. The dress rode up inches on her thighs and as suspected, the lace tops of her stockings appeared, a tantalizing and unexpected flash of her intimates.

'You look beautiful,' I openly admitted when she once more found my eyes, not mincing my words when it came to praising her.

'Really?' She scrunched her nose. 'You don't have to lie,' she laughed.

'No!' I adamantly stated. 'You look... really good.'

'Oh, thank you,' she approached and to my delight leaned in to kiss me on the cheek, her breasts, tightly restricted by the dress, pressing my chest.

'You're sweet. Home early tonight? Maybe we can Netflix and chill?' She raised her eyebrows expectantly and I laughed.

'Mom. You really need to Google that,' I groaned.

*

I had a better time at the party than I thought I would. My colleague, the same age as me, had a lot of friends and some even went to USC which was a huge bonus. So many plans to meet up during orientation week were made and my contacts list on my phone and Facebook more than doubled in one evening. It was to my shame that I hadn't even thought of Mom before I decided to leave the party and get an Uber home around one in the morning,

and when I entered a quiet house, still exuberant from the night, I debated going to her room and entering her bed.

A good hard look at myself in the bathroom mirror had me questioning that proposition. I smelled of beer and cigarettes for starters (probably not appealing) and as I looked into my own eyes, doubts began to arise about the actuality of our attraction. Had she shown me much more affection than in a normal mother/son relationship? Ten years apart, I wasn't sure how far the interactions between a loving maternal parent and child went. Maybe it was natural to touch your mom's boob. Did all mothers flash their breasts and have no qualms with touching their son's cock? Was I reading way too much into her casual near nudity and willingness to discuss the outcomes of my masturbation? I began to blush, thinking I'd almost made the worst decision of my life. She wasn't coming on to me. She was my mother for God's sake. She just loved me. One more day I had before I started university. Life would drastically change for me, and I'd lose the bizarre and admittedly dangerous attraction I'd developed over the past week. I left the bathroom and went straight to my room, closing the door on the unhealthy temptation of the taboo. Sleep would put an end to all the nonsense.

*

The light of the early morning saw me visiting the bathroom and making my way to the kitchen for a drink of water. Still way too early to be up and about, I took my tall glass back to my bedroom, noticing Mom's door was ajar, not how it'd been when I arrived home. My intention had nothing to do with incest. Honestly, I had believed my sermon upon bedtime had worked, and sleep had indeed cleansed me of the aberrant thoughts and cycle of dangerous behavior. Merely curious to discover if she was awake, share my

night, and inquire about her own, I bypassed my room and found myself outside her door.

Shrouded sunlight was attempting to fill the space within, and I used my free hand to tap lightly on the door, the incidental touch causing it to swing slowly inward, creaking on its hinges. The sound caused the sheets on the bed to stir and as more of the room was made available to my eyes, the rest of the bed came into view, Mom rousing and turning to look in my direction.

'Sorry, didn't know you were still sleeping,' I winced and clearly dazed, Mom slapped a hand onto her face to rub her eyes, pulling her hair back from across her forehead.

'No, I'm awake,' she squinted at me over her shoulder. 'Is that water?'

I looked down at the glass, almost having forgotten its presence, the sight of her bare back and arms having taken me back to a place I thought sleep had abandoned.

'Um, yeah. You want a drink?'

'Mmm,' she nodded as she rolled, I noticed making sure the sheet stayed high up on her chest as she settled back on the pillows.

It was the first time I'd been in her room since I'd come home. Ten years and the memory of our early morning sleep-ins came flooding back as I approached the side of her bed. The nine-year-old in me wanted to jump on top of her and snuggle into her side. Have her arms around me and fall back asleep enveloped in her warmth and scent.

'What time is it?' She again wiped an eye as I passed her the glass and I stood before her, only then taking stock of the fact I was dressed only in a pair of boxer shorts.

'Before six I think,' I whispered, unsure as to why.

'Oh. It's still early,' she handed me back the glass and I took a sip myself, my lips where hers had kissed.

I nodded before making to head back out but was stopped when she moved in the bed.

'Wait. What are you doing?' Her voice was clearer than moments before.

'I was just...' I pointed to the door. 'I'll let you sleep.'

'Aren't you getting in?' She questioned, and admittedly I was taken aback.

'What?'

'Isn't that why you came in?' Her eyes left mine to begin looking around the bed, then the room itself.

'What!? No... I was just...' But it dawned on me that it probably was. My subconscious taking control of my faculties. Leading me once again to temptation.

'It's just...' she sat up further in the bed and though she kept the white sheet clasped to her chest, I could see her entire back was exposed. 'Well... I'm...' she laughed. 'Honey, can you see my nightie anywhere?'

The words had my ever-reliable cock twitching.

'What?' I stalled as I too, searched the bed for any trace of her pajamas.

'I got hot!' She needlessly defended her state and as I wondered if it extended to her underwear, my toe brushed up against something silky on the floor.

'Is this it?' I placed the glass on her bedside table before reaching down and lifting the black satin slip.

'Oh, yes,' she reached out to take it from me, and even in the low light seeping through the drapes, I could see she was blushing. 'Thank you,' she giggled as under my gaze, she managed to pull it over her head and down her torso, sadly not revealing her boobs on this occasion. 'Well, come on,' she again chuckled as she settled back down into her bed.

'What?'

"Are you getting in or not?"

And there was the moment. I knew the consequence of entering her bed. All that had gone before was merely a preamble. If what I thought was about to happen happened, there would be no going back.

'Yeah,' I skirted the perimeter of the bed and made it to my dad's old side. The feeling was bizarre as I pulled back the sheet and slipped in beside my mother. As I stretched out, the sheet ballooned momentarily above us, and looking down I noticed Mom hadn't pulled her nightie all the way over her body, her hips uncovered, and no underwear in sight.

'You're finally back,' Mom turned on the pillow to look at me as the sheet once more covered much of her body.

'No, I got home about 1:30,' I misunderstood.

'No,' she smiled. 'You're finally back here.'

'Oh, yeah. Weekend sleep-ins,' I acknowledged.

'Mmm, weekend sleep-ins,' she repeated and snuggled into the pillow, a broad contented grin on her face.

'What?' I returned the smile, allowing my peripheral vision to take in her accentuated cleavage, the lace on the front of her slip doing little to conceal the pink of her nipples. It began. The boxers I wore I knew well, and that

my growing erection managed to slip out of the fly wasn't surprising. That I was so unconcerned about its presence, despite the risk of discovery, was what at that moment seemed way more shocking.

'Nothing,' she giggled. 'It's just... nice.'

'Nice?' I repeated. 'Weird, some would say,' and I rolled onto my side to face her, my dick having begun to tent the sheet at my groin.

'Oh, no!' She laughed before pausing. 'Well... it shouldn't be. There's nothing wrong with a mother and son sharing a bed,' she stated before smirking at me, trying to keep a straight face. 'See, now you've gone and made it weird,' she laughed.

'I've made it weird? You're the one that was sleeping in the nude!' I grinned and she opened her mouth wide in feigned shock.

'I told you; I was hot!' She smirked, and I nodded against the pillow. 'I was!' She lashed out at me, gently slapping my bare chest, her hand remaining as her smile faded. 'But really... It's so nice to have you back. I've wanted this for so long,' her eyes became glassy.

'Mom,' I consoled her.

'No. I should've done more. Ten years we've...' She began and I cut her off, placing my hand over hers.

'I thought we weren't going to keep doing this,' I reached out with my other and placed it on her head, my fingers stroking the hair back off her forehead much as she'd done earlier. 'It's a new beginning, remember.'

'I know... I know. I'm just being silly. I love you,' she penetrated my eyes with hers. 'And it's not weird!' She laughed and spontaneously drew me into

a cuddle, my mind and body eager to meet hers, unthinking, uncaring of certain ramifications.

The moment it happened, there could be no denying its presence. With her cheek against mine and arms around my neck, there was a moment of silence, breath held on both of our behalf as we reflected on the development. Like the barrel of a gun, the head of my cock pressed into her soft belly and even as I thought of something to say or deflect from its prominence, it twitched against her as if to emphasize its existence.

'Wh... what is that?' Mom whispered into my ear, and I was pretty sure she was quite aware.

'I don't know,' I breathed. 'I mean, it's just. I mean, it's the morning and everything. It happens,' I hoped my explanation made sense to her.

'Oh,' her face gradually eased back from my own, I noticed, her belly happy to remain impaled on her son's cock. 'Yeah. I understand,' she looked me in the eye and was doing a stand-up job of keeping a straight face. Until she couldn't. 'Oh my god!' She collapsed back onto her pillow stifling her laughter, my cock pulsing as it lost contact with her as if desperate to retain the connection.

I rolled onto my back, lifting my hands to my head to cover my eyes in embarrassment before looking down at the tower created in the sheet.

'I'm so sorry!' I apologized and looked at Mom, her wide humor-filled eyes firmly focused on my groin.

'Well, is it going to go down?' She grinned.

'Yes! I mean, I guess. Soon,' it twitched under the sheet and Mom again laughed at my discomfort.

'Oh Honey,' she shook her head. 'I guess now it really is weird!' She chortled.

"Mom! Not helping," I told her, and she slumped back onto her side to face me, seemingly delighting in my discomfort as my outstretched foot brushed something in the bed. Grabbing it with my toes, I lifted my knee to drag it up the mattress, the act also helping to obscure my hard-on. 'What's this?' I reached down to take it from my toes and brought up between us the black lace thong I'd last seen when I zipped up my mother's dress.

'Oh! That's where they went,' Mom giggled as she took her panties from my hand, the sheet acting like a canopy between my raised knee and her hip, exposing her bare groin, the pronounced pubic bone just as smooth as the last time I'd spied it.

'Yeah, and I'm the weird one!' I laughed as I restored her dignity and lowered my knee, removing the temptation from myself.

'I said I was hot!' She defended herself, giggling. Her eyes fell back on my ever-twitching morning erection, and it looked like she was in contemplation.

'What?' I asked and her eyes once more found mine.

'I don't know,' she paused. 'Us. I guess. Could we be like this, today, if what happened hadn't?' She posed and I thought about her hypothetical. There was no way. If we'd always lived together, there would be no chance I'd be climbing into her bed as a nineteen-year-old. I supposed none of our interactions would've played out the same. Familiarity breeding contempt, would I have even seen her as a sexual being? The beautiful, sensual woman I'd fallen in lust/love within just over a week?

'I doubt it,' I smiled at her, and she returned the sentiment, her eyes slowly returning to my cock.

'What do you normally do?' She whispered after a moment's silence.

'What?' I asked.

'With it,' her eyes never left my engorged dick.

'Hah, I don't know,' I breathed back. 'Sometimes it just goes away. Sometimes I... you know.'

'You what?' She looked at me intently, caressing her thumb over the panties in her hand between us.

'Mom!' I huffed.

'Tell me, Ollie,' she sighed, and I caught the faint scent of pussy, most likely from the panties so close to me.

'Serious?' I questioned and her head nodded slowly, her eyes drifting back down the mattress.

'I jerk off!' I boldly admitted something she was already aware of. The multiple loads in my underwear attesting to the fact.

'Do you need to now, Oliver?' Her voice was barely above a whisper and my head swam with the possibility of what could be about to happen.

'Maybe,' I swallowed and again she slowly nodded.

'I won't mind,' she purred. 'If you'd like to. You can do it here.'

'Seriously?' My cock flicked violently under the sheet as if eager to get started. 'Now that really would be weird,' I chuckled, and she giggled back.

'Not really. It's natural. A boy your age. Go on Honey, you can do it in front of me. I'm your mother. I won't mind,' she reiterated, and I dragged my eyes

from hers to look at the circus tent in the sheet, no average morning wood, an incestuously inspired monolith, erected in tribute to the most beautiful woman on Earth.

Without delay, I slid the sheet down over my belly and revealed my cock to the room, an impressive display of my capability, as hard as I was ever able.

'Oh goodness,' Mom gasped, giggling. 'That was quick.'

'You said to,' I defended the reveal.

'No. It's ok,' she reached out with her panty-filled hand and touched my shoulder, the lace soft against my skin. 'It's just a shock. Seeing it... seeing you, as you are now,' she returned to whispering. 'You know, a mother always wonders what her son looks like,' she confessed. 'And we've been apart so long,' she sighed, her eyes almost devouring my penis before casting me an almost wicked grin. 'Go on Darling. Do it.'

It was the best of commands and quickly I took hold of my cock and began stroking, my fist a blur as I jerked off beside my mother.

'Does it take long?' She questioned me and I looked at her, staring intently at my endeavor.

'I won't... it doesn't usually...' I fapped, the muscles in my right arm rigid. 'I mean, it can be pretty quick,' I admitted, the surreal nature of the moment lost to me, the act of masturbating in front of her made almost normal, perfunctory.

'Is it taking longer than normal?' She asked after more than a minute, the only other sound in the room that of the slapping of my hand.

'Mom!'

'What?' She giggled. 'I'm just curious is all.'

'Well, you watching probably isn't helping,' I lied. Having her there was probably the hottest sexual experience of my life and even I was surprised I hadn't cum sooner.

'Sorry. I'll turn!' She quickly volunteered and rolled beside me, surely aware the sheet had slid down over her hip, her bare ass revealed to me. I made no effort to disguise where I looked, dining on her peachy buttocks, the crack and shadow of her asshole.

'I... Oh... Oh fuck,' I gasped as I began to cum, gripping the shaft tight to build the pressure as Mom took it upon herself to look over her shoulder at the action, unable to resist witnessing her son's orgasm.

'Oh my god!' She gasped and rolled back to take it all in as I released. A volcanic torrent. Spurt after drenching spurt erupted from me to spray my chest. With breath held, I bit down on my bottom lip as I came, my body spasming with every euphoric pulse until I was exhausted, squeezing the remnants from my shaft to drip onto my belly. 'Fuck!' Mom giggled and my head lolled to the side to look at her.

'Mom!' I scalded her language, realizing it was the first time I'd ever heard her say the word.

'Sorry, but... goodness,' she rose onto her elbows to take in the glistening upon my torso. 'There's a lot, isn't there!' She seemed amazed.

'Yeah,' I pulled my hand from my dick, wiping my thumb upon my pelvis. 'I've made a mess.'

'Oh, here,' She offered me her panties and I looked in her eyes.

'Serious?' I questioned her and she shrugged.

'Why not? They're dirty. I have to wash them anyway.'

Logic, I thought. Who was I to question it, and gladly took possession of her underwear once again.

'Thank you for this Ollie,' I was shocked to hear her say as I used the lace panties to mop up my cum.

'For what?' I laughed.

'For including me in that,' she seemed genuine. 'I've missed so much of your life,' she added.

'Yeah, but I don't think you'd have ever... I mean I doubt this could've...'

'You'd be surprised,' she interrupted. 'I mean a lot of mothers... Take my friend June for example. She's the one who told me about the artwork at her vendor's house. She once walked in on her son masturbating. And my friend Sally. She found her panties under her son's pillow. Can you believe that!?' She seemed excited to inform me.

'Mom, I don't know what that's...'

'But you see,' she once more interrupted me. "These are the things I've missed out on. This is normal. Us. Here. What you did... for me. It should've been me that had the talk with you about sex. And silly things... I don't know, like finding dirty magazines in your bedroom or something. Grounding you. But I blew it.'

'No, you didn't, I walked out remember?' I told her, finished cleaning up the mess, her panties saturated and reeking of cum.

'But I wasn't there. I want to be there now. Will you let me?' She reached out to take her panties back from me and I balked.

'Are you sure?' I winced.

'I'm sure,' she seemed delighted to take the soiled panties into her care, unconcerned her fingers touched my cum. 'Thank you,' she leaned in and slowly kissed me. On the lips. Gently. Affectionately. Motherly.

*

If I thought the morning would've changed everything, I was mistaken. Our relationship remained as before. To be honest, by midafternoon, all that had occurred in her bed seemed but a memory, so normal was her and even my demeanor. Possibly there was more physical contact between us, Mom quick to touch my chest or arm with affection if I said something funny, maybe I was more hands-on if I needed to get past her in the kitchen or the hallway, open to caressing her hips or belly as we parted. But really, no one could assume from our behavior that our first weekend sleep-in together had been anything but innocent. Even I began to wonder if masturbating in her bed would develop into anything more than just a bizarre one-off familial anecdote.

I shouldn't have been concerned.

'So, Mister Bachelor of Fine Arts. It's a big day tomorrow!' Mom ran her hand over my shoulder upon entering the living room early evening. I was drawing in my sketchbook and stopped when she engaged in conversation, sitting in the armchair across from me. 'Excited? No, don't stop on my account,' she quickly added as I made to close the folio.

'I was just doodling,' I explained.

'Remember you used to draw us all as superheroes when you were little. Like those, who were they? The Expendables?' She laughed and took a sip from the glass of wine she held.

'Ha! I think you mean The Incredibles. I never stopped,' I admitted. 'I mean, I think I started making you the supervillain when I moved to Dad's though.'

'Really?' She laughed.

'Yeah, maybe I've...' I began flicking back through the sketchbook in the hope I'd find an example, but the search was fruitless. 'Nah. They'd be in the ones at home. I mean, back in Carolina.'

'That's ok,' she smiled. 'So how would you draw me now? I mean, would I still be the supervillain?'

'I don't know,' I turned to a blank page and made to put pencil to paper.

'Let's find out.'

'You're going to draw me!?' She seemed surprised.

'Yeah, why not?' I smiled.

'Ooh,' she rose from the chair and placed her glass on the coffee table. 'Well at least let me fix myself up a little,' she stated as she rushed from the room.

'It's not a photo!' I called as she headed down the hall, my eyes on her swaying ass, somehow contained in the tightest of jeans.

'I still want to look good!' She yelled back from her bedroom, and I smiled to myself, thinking of the morning, lying next to her and masturbating. Would it happen again? Could it become a regular part of our weekend sleep-ins together? Would she join me? The idea of us masturbating together had my dick hardening, encouraged when she promptly returned, her appearance unexpected.

'What have you done?' I furrowed my brow toward her as she made it back to her armchair, before again rising.

'Or do you want me on the couch?' She pointed to the three-seater.

I let my gaze drift down her body. The t-shirt and jeans were gone, replaced with a short white satin robe, legs bare and her nipples suggestively poking through the material.

'Um, wherever,' I shook my head and she too looked down at her body.

'Yeah, I... think this is how it's done, right?' She climbed up on the couch, and I understood why she'd changed. 'Models are usually naked, aren't they?' She said as I watched my mother undo the belt of the robe, allowing it to fall off her shoulders, her eyes on me as I took in her bare breasts before the robe settled on her hips.

'I...' I swallowed; her boobs were made available for my perusal. No quick flash, wet t-shirt, or swimsuit malfunction this. Just the unobscured curve of my mother's tits in all their soft majesty, her pink areola, and erect nipples. My cock completed its erection. 'I didn't expect... I mean you didn't have...' I watched as her face blushed. 'I mean... yes. This is perfect!' I admitted and she returned me with an embarrassed smile.

'So, how should I pose?' The redness faded as she looked to me for direction. The nineteen-year-old in me suggested she lay back and spread her legs, the artist controlling his faculties.

'Um, why don't you lie on your side,' I joined my hands against the side of my face as an example. 'Just like you're sleeping,' I suggested, and she was quick to comply.

'Like this?' She moved into position. 'Robe on...' She allowed it to fall off her hip, her bare pelvis exposed, '...or off?'

'Off!' I enthusiastically replied, her thigh covering her pussy but the beauty of the pose, was inarguable. 'Perfect!' I managed to once more find her eyes and lingered as she rested her head upon her hands. 'You look...' I wanted to

rise and reveal my hard-on. To walk over and kiss my appreciation for the welcome home she'd given me. What other mother would do this? Wear such sexually provocative clothing. Incidentally, touch my cock. Pose naked for her son. To encourage my masturbation. I wanted her to know how deeply my feelings for her had developed, how far I'd take it to prove my love, my lust. 'You look beautiful,' I admitted, and the blush returned.

An hour I sketched. And as I completed the pleasure, I marveled how I'd stayed erect the entire time, the pulsing of my cock against my jeans the only outlet for my desire.

'So... I think,' I added to some lines of shadow beneath her thigh. 'I'm finished,' I confidently stated, and Mom began to sit up.

'Can I see it?' She excitedly asked as I rose from the chair and went to her and I did nothing to hide the excitement at my crotch, the hard-on clearly defined as it lay sideways in my jeans.

'Well, that's the idea,' I joined her on the couch, sitting down beside her, Mom leaving the robe beneath her, happy to have her naked body alongside me. 'What do you think?' I presented the page to her, the sketchbook across our thighs.

There was an extended moment of silence as I allowed her to take in the drawing. Admittedly one of the finest I'd done in such a short amount of time. I looked up from the page, slowing my gaze as I traversed her breasts before finding her face, her expression at first unreadable.

'So?' I prompted and her face turned to me, eyes glassy.

'Baby!' She managed and I smiled.

'Is that good or bad?' I laughed and was pleasantly surprised as she threw her arms around my neck, her boobs pressing my chest.

'I love it,' her cheek met mine, her lips kissing beside my ear before she pulled back to reveal the tears falling from her eyes.

'Why are you crying?' I again laughed and placed an arm around her, my hand on her bare back, caressing her spine.

'Because it's the most beautiful thing anyone's ever done for me,' her eyes never left mine, the sincerity and love clear for me to see and I thought of her words. Was it true? The near decade of her relationship with my father. Aware of her fractured relationship with her parents. Was the simple gift of capturing how I saw her, that special a gift?

'I just wanted to show you what I see when I look at you,' I chose my words and they seemed to work, Mom dropping an arm to take the sketchbook from our laps and place it beside us before rising before me, her bare pussy not a foot from my face. She held out her hands to lift me from the couch and we were face to face, my groin pressing her belly unavoidably as she brought me into her arms.

I allowed my hands to work their way down her back as my erection throbbed against her, my mother's naked body pressed hard into mine.

'You're the only man I've ever loved,' her face tilted up into me, her lips seeking my own as I leaned forward, prepared to cross the line, to seal our communion with incestuous desire... as the ringtone of my phone filled the room.

I did my best to ignore it as my hand met the uppermost crack of her buttocks, her breasts smushed hard against my chest as I leaned further, seeking her mouth.

'Get it,' her face turned to look in my phone's direction and I settled upon pressing my lips to her ear.

'It can wait,' I breathed, kissing the hair that hung across it before her face once more turned to me.

'So can we,' she managed, honesty and thought in her eyes. And she was right. We were about to fuck. Mother and son. That was monumental. Life changing. Did we need to ruminate on the implications of such an act?

'Agh!' I sighed as our bodies separated and I made for my phone, the screen revealing the caller. 'It's Aunt Leticia,' I conveyed, looking back at Mom, taking her robe from the couch to wrap around herself.

'She probably wants to wish you luck for tomorrow,' Mom proposed as she once more picked up the sketchbook. 'I'm going to have this framed,' she beamed, and though frustrated at our thwarted lovemaking, I smiled at her as I answered the phone.

Our time would come.

*

I'd planned to get up early for my first day of orientation week anyway, but it was noise from elsewhere in the house that had me leaping from my mattress just after 6 am. The extended time I'd spent on the phone with my aunt had seen Mom go to bed. A note of thanks was scribbled on the next page of my sketchbook, and in my late-night fantasizing, I'd thought of going to her. Entering her room to climb between the sheets where I knew she'd be waiting, amenable to my approach, slippery for the intrusion. But an anticipatory stroke of my engorged cock saw me prematurely ejaculating and therefore putting an embarrassing end to any possibility of overnight Oedipal affection, settling for the embrace of sleep, perhaps dreams of an incestuous tryst.

Thirsty, I made my way to the kitchen and had a large drink of water, wincing when I heard the fan and shower turned on in the bathroom behind me, reminding me another pressing need of the morning had become immediately insistent. I looked at the sink and decided against the action, heading back down the hall to the bathroom door.

'Mom,' I knocked outside, hoping she was yet to enter the shower proper but got no response, placing a hand upon the knob and turning to peek inside the already steamy room. 'Mom,' I repeated and this time she thankfully heard my call.

'Honey?' I watched her shrouded body turn in the shower and wipe her hand on the fogged glass at face level.

'I've gotta go!' I admitted.

'But you said you were leaving at 7:30!' She misunderstood.

'No. I mean I've got to go... you know!'

'Oh,' she laughed. 'Well, don't let me stop you.'

'Serious?' I entered the bathroom, closing the door behind me.

'Oh, just do it, Ollie. I won't look!' She giggled and wasting no time I had my dick out and answered nature's call. 'I'm your mother,' she reminded me. 'I did see you go when you were little you know.'

I looked back over my shoulder at her blurred body and despite pissing, I began to harden, the action possibly influencing the erection and by the time I'd finished, I sported a decent boner, tucking it ineffectively back into my boxers.

I washed my hands after flushing and lingered as I dried them, happy when she broke the silence.

'I'm going to be a while,' she called over the flow of water and fan. 'I only just got in.'

'That's alright,' I made to leave before she broke my progression.

'No, I mean, you may as well come in,' she explained her resolution.

'What!?' I paused, hoping for, yet not expecting this outcome.

'I told you the other day this would happen,' she once more cleared the glass, this time splashing water on the screen to reveal the entirety of her naked body. 'Getting ready at the same time in the morning. It'll just be easier if we shower together.'

'You're serious!?' I questioned and she pushed open the shower door to stand before me, naked, wet and beautiful.

'Oh, just get in here Mister!' She grinned and I wasted no time in obeying her. Under her watchful gaze, there was nowhere for my erection to hide, nor did I attempt to as I ripped my boxers from my legs and let them drop to the floor, a wicked smile coming to Mom's face as she welcomed me into the steamy enclosure. 'I see it's that time of the morning again!' She commented and I felt my face flush, yet admittedly felt no embarrassment as her eyes locked onto my throbbing cock.

'So... I don't know how we... what should I?' I mumbled, my confidence evaporating even as the water hit my body. Face to face, the head of my cock tentatively kissed her belly and she giggled.

'It's going to get in the way all shower, isn't it!' She grinned and as if agreeing, my dick twitched, nodding, headbutting her soft wet flesh. 'Oh goodness,' she laughed, turning slightly to foam up a sponge. 'Now I hope you've been using my cleanser. It won't sting like soap if it gets in any...

places,' she smiled as she pressed the sponge against my chest and massaged.

I sighed at the contact and her eyes looked up into mine. 'This is nice isn't it!?' She smiled and pressed closer into me, her breasts with nipples erect, making contact with my chest. 'Mother and son showering together. I mean, it just makes sense.'

'Yeah,' I managed as I throbbed against her belly, and she pulled back to look down with a look of amusement and sympathy.

'You really are hard this morning, aren't you Darling! Let me do something about it,' she giggled and without pause took me in her soapy hand, the other used to cup and sponge my swollen balls. 'How's that Baby?' She breathed as she gently stroked up and down my length, my dick looking extra-large in her small grip.

'S... So good,' I gasped, my eyes rising up her glistening body, pausing at her lips, the lips I'd ached to kiss for two weeks. 'Mom...' I whispered and her eyes slowly left my cock to meet mine. 'Last night, we were about to...'

'Kiss, Baby?' She interrupted me, her eyebrows raised, her hand continuing to work its magic below.

'Yeah,' my breath labored.

'Did you want to kiss, Ollie?' Her eyes penetrated mine, clearly as eager as I.

I didn't bother answering, immediately leaning in to press my mouth to hers. Her tongue just as quickly responded, forcing its way between my lips as my hands found her back, drawing her body into mine. She maintained her hold on my cock with one hand as we embraced, the other sliding around my hip to clasp upon my ass, her nails digging into my buttock.

'T... touch me,' she breathed into my mouth, and I understood her command, circling a hand around her torso to cup my palm over her bald mound before sliding my fingers between her upper thighs. So wet was her pussy, my middle digit slipped inside effortlessly, wiggling as I rubbed my hand over her labia. 'Yess,' she gasped as we kissed. 'Finger me, Oliver. Finger mommy's pussy Baby.'

Her hand welded to my cock and bulging the head, I added my index finger into the mix, crooking the two fingers back and forth inside her as my lips sought her neck.

'Fuck!' Mom panted as I nibbled and kissed my way to her ear, my right hand on her ass, fingering her crack and tentatively pressing upon the rubbery softness of her asshole. 'B... b... both, Baby,' she sighed and for a moment I was unsure what she meant before she elaborated. 'Both my holes,' she begged, and I wriggled the tip of my index finger into her ass, her sphincter gripping me lovingly. 'O... oh... Oh God,' she whimpered as I felt her body convulse. I moved from her ear back to her mouth and immediately she bit on my tongue, drawing me between her lips, sucking me into her mouth as she clearly came.

Prolonged, the walls of her pussy quivered around my fingers, her mouth releasing my tongue as her head lolled back and a smile came to her lips.

'You made me cum Oliver!' She found my eyes, hers dazed and dreamy.

'Is that alright?' I sought assurance and she grinned devilishly.

'Oh Darling,' she once again began stroking my cock. 'It was everything a mother could wish for.'

I drew my fingers gently from her body, her eyes closing and a sigh escaping her as I did so.

'I wonder Mom,' I whispered as I once more wrapped my arms around her, drawing her into me.

'Yes Baby?' She sighed as she lifted a leg up my side in anticipation.

'Do you think it'd be ok if...' I grasped her leg and ran my hand down her back to cup her ass.

'Yes Baby?' She giggled as I lifted her against the wall of the shower, her hand coming from my cock to clasp behind my neck.

'...If we fucked?' I secured her thighs around my hips, cupping her buttocks as the head of my cock sought her pussy.

'Ye... Oh fucking yes, Baby!' She gasped as I found her entrance, buttery smooth my hard-on slipped between her velvety folds, stretching her pussy as I allowed her body weight to drop along my length. 'Yes,' she again sighed as her pubic bone met mine, my dick like granite inside her.

Her mouth was upon me as I moved my hips, thrusting as best I could on wobbly legs. Our tongues entwined, her hands in my wet hair, arms embracing my head as we kissed. So warm under the flow of water. So intimate, her breasts grinding against my chest. So loving, the clasp of her sex around my own.

'It feels so good,' I gasped into her mouth, her tongue licking my lips. 'Your pussy,' I elaborated, shocked I was talking about it just as much as fucking it.

'It's yours now Ollie,' she sighed. 'I'm yours.'

'I love you, Mom,' I hammered up into her and I recognized the vacant look that came to her face, her eyes once more dreamy as I felt the walls of her pussy quiver around me.

'Say it... say it again my baby,' she almost pleaded, her breath staggered.

'I love you,' I repeated as again she orgasmed, her arms and thighs wrapping me tighter.

'Can you... Can you cum inside me, Oliver?' She managed to gasp as I fucked her, and I moved my mouth to the side of her head.

'Are you sure?' I whispered, kissing, and nibbling on her ear.

'Yes!' She insisted. 'I need it. Cum for me. Cum in me Baby.'

My body was glued to hers. Her back, hard up against the tiled wall, I thrust into her as I buried my face in her neck.

'This is for you Mom,' I panted as I allowed my orgasm to approach, embracing the sensation of her body against me, her pussy around me. Fully realizing the unique beauty of the moment, of our relationship. How taboo was the act and how great was the feeling. No one could ever understand this love, how deep my desire.

I felt myself explode within her. Jet-propelled, my cum surged forth. A firehose of creamy incestuous fueled lust that had found its home, its rightful place inside my mother.

'Aaargh...' I gasped as I came, Mom quick to stifle my scream with her mouth, her lips kissing me with a passion I'd never known. That only a mother could show for her son. A maternal affection, unmatched by another.

'I can feel it, Ollie,' she giggled as my dick pulsed inside her, countless bursts of semen filling her vagina, loosening her motherly grip around my engorged devotion. 'I can feel your beautiful cum.'

I managed to breathe, taking in the scent of soap and sex.

'I had to tell you,' I whispered as I kissed her, allowing her legs to drop from my grasp, parting my feet to lower my body and keep myself inside her. 'I had to tell you I love you Mom,' I elaborated, reflecting on the fact it was the first time I'd told her. 'I know I hadn't said it,' I was babbling. 'But I'd always felt it.'

'I know Baby,' she kissed my forehead as I lowered her feet to the floor, remaining in each other's arms as the water fell. 'A mother knows,' she kissed my lips, her pussy squeezing the last of my cum from me, greedy and welcoming.

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'I don't even want to go now,' I admitted as I checked the time on my phone in the kitchen.

'You'll go, and you'll have a good time,' Mom smiled, firing back as she put in earrings, her head cocking in that endearing way I'd become obsessed with. 'I'll be here when you get home,' she straightened before dropping her hands to the front of her knee-length pleated skirt. 'And this will be here too,' she added as she raised it to reveal the red panties hugging her mound of pussy.

'Oh fuck,' I moved in and embraced her, my cock pushing against her groin. 'I don't think I can wait,' I kissed her neck to her giggles as she wriggled.

'Look, goosebumps,' she raised her arm and I took her hand in mine, lifting it to kiss her knuckles.

'I love you,' I looked into her eyes and she ground her crotch further into me.

'I know,' she smiled. 'I can feel it.'

We kissed as her mound found my hard-on and I lifted her back onto the edge of the bench running my hand along her bare leg.

'We can't, there's no time,' Mom sighed into my ear and knowing she was right, I frustratingly tore myself from her.

'Ugh, I know,' I conceded, my eyes dropping down her body as she slid from the bench. 'Mom.'

'Yes Baby?'

'You're going to think me weird,' I felt my face begin to color and she smiled.

'Go on,' she giggled.

'Can I... Can I just touch you for a bit?' I proposed. 'I want to have you with me all...'

She cut me off by reaching for my hand and putting it under her skirt. My upraised palm meeting the dampness of her satin panties.

'You never have to ask Oliver,' she lifted a hand to my cheek. 'My pussy's yours.'

Despite the time, I had to kiss her again, my fingers lifting before sliding down the front of her panties to cup her sex, sliding inside to coat myself in her love.

'I could do this all day,' I breathed between her lips.

'We have forever,' she ended the kiss, wiping her thumb around my lips to clear the lipstick. 'You have to go,' she smiled and begrudgingly I pulled my fingers from her body and stepped back.

'You'll be here?' I nodded.

'Always,' she grinned, and I made for my backpack and the front door.

*

I hadn't known what to expect from the first day, and the excitement, the energy, the uncertainty, and the discovery, not to mention the free food, were nearly enough to take my mind off what had happened at home. A quick smell of my fingers throughout the day, however, had me back in the kitchen, back in the shower. Her heavenly scent left me aching for her, fighting back the erection that longed to come.

There was no set time for me to be home and the day saw me on campus well into the afternoon, followed by a meal with some of the students I'd be taking classes with. I texted Mom my progress and she was more than happy for me to stay on, and by 9 pm I was finally making my way up the driveway of my childhood family home.

How things had changed, I pondered. Two weeks earlier I'd first laid eyes upon her. Her ass presented to me as she vacuumed. Then, as before, she'd been a mystery. A woman I couldn't love due to circumstance. Some of my own making, some of hers, much of my father's. For though she was my mother, she was a stranger. Now. My god, I thought. Now, I felt she was the part of me that had been missing. I could tell her anything and she, me. That if we weren't together, if our skin wasn't touching and I wasn't inside her body, the world was wrong in some way. Only us together made sense. This was what it was to be in love, I reasoned. Doubly so. For not only did I have the passionate love for a partner; she was also, my mother.

I was grinning when I finally entered our home

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'Oh fuck,' I sighed when I saw her.

'What?' She stood against the bench in the kitchen, her hair uncharacteristically in pigtails, but it was her clothing that had mine and most importantly, my cock's attention.

'Mom,' I groaned as I feasted my eyes on her appearance and she followed my gaze, looking down at her body.

'Oh, this. Yeah. First day of school and everything. I wanted to do something special for you.'

'Jeesus!' I sighed as she twirled to show off her outfit. She'd stuck with pleats, but what she now had around her waist was nothing like the morning. A school uniform, the red and white plaid skirt sat high on her hips revealing the tightest of white satin panties. White lace-topped stay-up stockings adorned her legs, rising to within inches of her groin, as she balanced on impossibly high heels. Her breasts were only just contained in a see-through white bralette, her nipples pronounced and begging for my attention. 'I would've come home earlier!' I went to her, and she laughed as I lifted her into my arms, her legs wrapping my waist.

'I don't mind,' she giggled as I kissed her raised jaw, onto her mouth. 'I don't want anything to change.'

'Everything's changed!' I marveled as I walked us into the living room, propping her onto the back of the couch.

'I just mean, don't let "us" change your life,' she elaborated, and I understood, but right then there was more I wanted to do than have a serious conversation.

'I get it,' I kissed her. 'But all I can do right now is think about you,' I kissed my way down her neck to her chest, caressing a breast through her top before I pulled it loose and let my lips take over. Her boob filled my mouth,

taking as much of her in as I could as my tongue discovered her nipple, hard amid the softness.

'Good boy,' Mom ran her fingers through my hair as I fed and hungry for more, I once again picked her up and made our way to the couch proper.

'I need to taste you,' I sat her on the cushion and straightened as I ripped off my t-shirt.

'Me first,' Mom laughed as her hands reached for my pants and had them down to let loose my erection. And who was I to deny her? Watching with pants around my knees as she took hold of my cock and brought it to her mouth.

Now this was maternal love. So gently she kissed the swollen head of my penis, her lips pressing against the eye as she looked up into mine. And when they parted, a thin trail of my precum kept us joined before her tongue drew it into her mouth.

'I've dreamed of this!' Her eyes revealed a wickedness before she enveloped the head of my cock with her mouth.

'Ohh fuck,' I sighed as she worked her way down my shaft, her eyes never leaving mine as she expertly took as much of my length as able, her hand jerking my saliva-lubed pole as she withdrew.

'It's big!' She beamed as she caught a trail of spit linking us, smearing it back onto my cock.

'It's not that big!' I laughed at her exaggeration.

'It's big enough,' she smiled as she took another bite, her grip twisting around me as she sucked on the head. I slowly thrust into her before I placed both hands on her head, taking hold of her pigtailed like handlebars,

surely as intended. 'Mmmph,' Mom encouraged and released her fist's hold on me, relinquishing control.

'Oh God,' I sighed as I gently fucked her face, her mouth accommodating much of my length, her tongue massaging the underside of my shaft with each penetration. 'You're awesome,' I admitted, as I marveled at the moment, my limited sexual experience never reaching such dizzying heights and I wanted to express how much it meant to me. Fortuitous timing too I realized, as pulling from her, my cock throbbing, I understood how close I'd come to ejaculation. 'It's my turn!' I explained my sudden pause to our lovemaking, easing her back onto the couch and spreading further her already splayed legs.

Again, that mixture of wickedness and mischief came to her face as she watched me dive between her thighs. Finding her tiny panties sodden, I pressed my lips to her gusset and kissed my devotion before dragging them aside and dining on the real thing. Puffy was her labia and I licked around her sex before I spread it, finding her clit and gorging, sucking and nibbling until she was writhing with thighs locked around my head. I managed to worm a finger inside her as I ate, wiggling it and crooking as I knew she enjoyed, and it was her cry from above that alerted me to the orgasm when it came.

Until your mother cums in your mouth, have you ever really lived? I could've cum myself without touch as I buried my face in her aflame sex. Sucking and swallowing the excess fluid that pumped from her body before she dragged me from her pussy and forced my mouth to hers.

'Fuck me, Ollie,' she begged/demanded, and my cock was up for the task, finding her still exposed pussy and entering, her vaginal walls still quivering around me as I began to thrust. 'Yes,' she sighed as our lips

locked, her tongue seeking the taste of herself, her nails digging into my buttocks. 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me,' she repeated and again she seemed to cum, her teeth biting on my tongue as she shuddered. 'Cum... Cum in me... Son,' she managed, and I released as if her word was the trigger, cumming as I fucked her, filling her hungry vagina for the second time that day. And as I slowed and my orgasm subsided, knowing it probably wouldn't be the final load.

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'How did we get here?' I breathed into her hair as we lay naked together in her bed. Mom turned her head to look at me, rising from my chest to sit on my pelvis, my cock spent but remaining inside her. Instinctively, I lifted both hands to cup and caress her breasts.

'You carried me on your cock,' she beamed, squeezing her pelvic floor around my dick.

'No, I mean. How did this happen? No one I know has ever done this!'

'You're not regretting it?' She furrowed her brow, but I knew it was play-acting, none of my behavior suggested it.

'Of course not,' I sat up and embraced her, her boobs against my chest, her ass in my lap. I ran my hands down her back to cup her buttocks and my dick began to once again harden inside her.

'Mmm,' she slowly rocked upon it. 'God, I love this,' she sighed, and I took to kissing around her ear, my tongue teasing the inner folds. 'It was the day you came,' she stated after a moment's pause.

'Oh?' I looked into her eyes.

'I wasn't planning on wearing... well, what I had on when you arrived. But I saw where your eyes lingered. I knew you liked it.'

'Fuck. You noticed! How? I thought I was inconspicuous.'

'Oh Honey,' she giggled. 'A woman knows when a man's looking at her... like that. A mother especially!' I was fully erect inside her, and with our movement, I could feel my previous loads dripping out around me. 'I loved it,' she continued. 'Your eyes on my body. I would never have worn that swimsuit if I didn't sense you liked it.'

I rolled her onto the mattress and pushed deep within her body, keeping myself penetrated to the hilt, my dick pulsing.

'I was watching you,' I admitted, and despite our position, despite all we'd shared, I could feel my face blush. 'When I broke the vase. I was watching you sunning yourself. I couldn't help it!'

'Then it worked,' she giggled, and I came inside her, falling onto her breast and burying my face in her neck.

'I love you,' I sighed and with her arms around me, breathing deep her motherly scent, fell asleep.

*

The days were long and exciting. With so much information and stimulation to take in, it was impossible to be bored, and right away I knew the university had been the right choice. And then there was what awaited me at home. In just a few days I'd had more sex than my previous two years of experience and again the decision to return to L.A. had been clearly proven the right choice.

'You have such a great body for...' I trailed off unsure if my words were appropriate.

'For a...?' Mom laughed. We lay at opposite ends of the couch as I sketched her, her naked body lit by the single lamp making her almost ethereal in my eyes. 'For a forty-seven-year-old woman?' She challenged me and I grinned.

'I don't mean it like that,' I blushed. 'Just. You're beautiful. To sketch,' I looked at the pose she had (at my suggestion) taken, her legs partly spread, pussy on full display. Once signed by me, clearly a drawing she'd struggle to put on public view. 'To just look at,' I added. 'I could stare at you all day. Your face. Your breasts. That pussy!' I smiled.

'You like it?' Mom broke her pose to run a hand over her crotch, massaging her pubic mound. 'Like this? I had it waxed. I knew you boys liked them smooth.'

I grinned sheepishly as I stared at her fingers, sliding down to slowly stroke her labia and I thought of her words.

'Wait, what?'

'What?' She looked at me quizzically.

'You waxed. Before I came!' I pointed it out and she furrowed her brow.

'Yes?'

'Before you knew I was interested in you,' I highlighted, and she finally understood what I was getting at, blushing.

'All mothers have certain fantasies, Ollie,' she smirked. 'About their sons,' she found her clit and I watched intently as she slowly masturbated before me. 'I'll admit, I did dream of us... together.'

'You've felt this way, about me? For how long?'

'Honey, I can't give you a day. There's a bond that a mother has with her son. It's more than sexual. There isn't a mother in the world that wouldn't make love to her son if he asked.'

My dick was aching to be out of my shorts, and I put aside the sketchbook to let it loose from my fly.

'Oh God yes,' Mom sighed as she saw my erection. 'Show me that cock, Oliver. Stroke it for me, Baby.'

Laying on her back, Mom spread her legs further, our feet touching on the couch.

'That's so fucking hot,' I sighed as I jerked off, Mom watching my hand intently, her own making a circular motion on her pussy, the other holding her breast.

'Do you like it, Baby? Do you like watching me finger myself?'

'I fucking love it, Mom,' I confessed. 'I love your pussy.'

'Are you gonna fuck my pussy Baby?' She gasped. 'Do you want to fuck your mother right now?'

'Oh, fuck yes!' I rose from the couch to remove my clothes and a thought came to my head, a question I'd been meaning to ask for days. Strange that it came at such a moment as I climbed between her welcoming legs. 'Mom, can I ask you something?' I took hold of my cock and rubbed the head against her slippery labia.

'You've asked me everything!' She chuckled, and it was true. In the last few days, I'd been eager to find out everything about her. To learn of her life during our separation, to hear her stories and desires, such was my infatuation with her.

'Ha, yeah...' I laughed as I teased her pussy with my dick, rubbing the head hard against her clit. 'But it just came to me. The day I arrived. What was with the bathroom?' I questioned her and she furrowed her brow.

'Remember you ran in before me for some reason,' I reminded her and she immediately blushed. 'And what's with those marks on the shower walls?'

I'd never seen her so bashful and seemingly so embarrassed, I lowered to embrace her, my dick sliding deep into her molten pussy as she covered her face with her hands.

'What?' I drew her arms up to pin her as I kissed her.

'Oh God, it's...'

'What?' I slowly pumped my hips, my cock burying its deepest with each thrust.

'Well... maybe it's easier just to show you!' She mischievously grinned.

*

The shower's warm spray had begun to fill the stall with steam as Mom pressed one of the suction-cupped dildos onto the tiled wall.

'They were in here when you arrived,' she looked back at me. 'Of course, I hadn't expected you so early or I would've hidden them,' she stuck the second on the opposite wall and stood tall between the counterfeit cocks. 'I just threw them under a towel,' she smiled.

'So, you'd been using them that morning?' My cock twitched at the thought, standing even more upright than my silicon brothers.

'Just before you got here!' She giggled. 'They're usually always in here anyway,' she admitted. 'This one I call Oliver!' She took hold and stroked the dildo, her eyes turning back to mine.

'Serious!?' I smiled.

'I always have,' I detected a note of sadness in her eyes, and I moved in to hold her.

'Will you show me?' I pressed my erection hard into her belly.

'What!?'

'Show me what you do?' I kissed her gently on the mouth before moving to her ear. 'I want to watch,' I whispered and the sadness in her eyes was replaced with the wickedness I loved so much.

'I guess I can...' she smiled coyly. 'If you want me to,' she purred and I took a step back to give her room, taking my cock in hand.

'So, I...' she dropped to her knees and managed to keep her eyes on me as she took hold of a dildo and licked up from its balls to the tip. 'I like to start by sucking one off!' She admitted and I stroked as she took it into her mouth. Bigger and thicker than me, she struggled to take much of its girth and soon drool was freely flowing down her chin.

'Oh fuck, Mom!' I sighed and she popped off, grinning.

'I get pretty wet doing this,' she smiled, and she rose, turning her ass to me as if for inspection and I quickly reached out to confirm her statement, my fingers slipping on her pussy, coating my digits with lube.

'Fuck,' I drew them up to my mouth to taste before wrapping them around my cock.

'And then I... well,' she moved her ass back whilst guiding "Oliver" into herself, her eyes rolling as the dildo filled her. Bending forward, she once more took hold of the other and again wrapped her mouth around the head, spit roasting herself in front of me.

'So, what's that one's name?' I questioned as I enjoyed the show, jerking off as my mother fucked herself for both of our pleasures.

'Oh!' She popped her mouth off the dildo. 'Generic,' she giggled. 'I just call it, Daddy!' She confessed.

'Fuck Mom,' I moved in and lifted her upright, embracing her. 'You're fucking amazing,' I kissed her mouth, and her tongue was quick to enter mine.

'You're not shocked?' She breathed between my lips.

'Yeah, I'm shocked,' I admitted. 'But this is fucking hot!'

'Ollie...' she sighed as she swayed her ass on the dildo. 'Can you be my Daddy?' She almost pleaded and I was quick to reach back and pull the dildo off the glass with a pop.

'Oh! I'll be your Daddy!' I agreed, allowing my mother to lean forward once more and this time, take MY cock in her mouth. 'Fuuck!' I sighed as she took my length, holding her head for support as I thrust into her. 'That's it Mom, suck my cock!' I gasped and she popped off the end in a shower of drool.

'Do you like it, Baby? You like watching me fuck myself while I suck your big dick?' She almost interrogated, her fist wrapping my cock and jerking as she eyed me.

'Fuck yes,' I panted.

'You like fucking my mouth, Baby?' She asked. 'You like fucking your mother's dirty mouth?'

'Yes!' I hissed as she rubbed my slick cock against her cheek, drawing it back between her lips. Leaning my shoulder back onto the glass, I delighted

in the sight as she blew me, in turn, slamming her ass back onto the wall, penetrating herself fully on her silicon lover. What a life, I appreciated the moment and wanted to express my admiration. 'You're awesome!' I spontaneously praised her, and she slurped off the end of my dick.

'I'm just a loving mother,' her doe eyes captured my heart, and I drew her into me, gently pulling her from the cock on the wall.

'I want to be the one that fucks you,' I confessed and as I'd done before, lifted her onto my dick, my body pressing her to the wall.

'Only you Oliver,' she kissed my mouth. 'I only ever wanted you,' she sighed as she lowered fully onto me.

'And you have me Mom,' I assured her. 'Forever,' I withdrew and thrust back into her, her body shuddering in my arms as an orgasm swept her. Our lips locked, her tongue dancing with mine as she came and my own not far away.

'Can you...' she managed, panting. 'Can you do it on me?'

'What?' I questioned, but knew exactly what she wanted. Wanting her to say it.

'Can you cum on my face, Darling?' She begged and I kissed her passionately, fucking her as we stood.

Three, four, maybe five thrusts, and I was there, and as I pulled from her, Mom immediately dropped to her knees, her eyes looking up at me demurely.

'Cum on me son,' she opened her mouth. 'Show me how much you love me!' She smiled before poking out her tongue, giving me a target as I jerked myself to orgasm.

'Oh, sh... shit!' I stammered as I came, blasting a massive load of cream over her eye to line her entire face from hairline to jaw. Again, stroke after stroke caused a massive mess, her nose drenched and tongue eager to catch a spray, greedily sucking it into her mouth to swallow. 'Fuuck,' I finally breathed as I exhausted my supply, Mom quick to take me in hand and mouth, sucking the last of my incestuous seed.

'Do I look pretty?' She accepted my hand as she rose, and I grinned at her contented expression.

'You always look pretty,' I agreed, embracing her, my slick cock against her groin. 'But right now. I have to say, you've never looked more beautiful,' I confessed, and in my arms, she scooped cum from her face and ate it, never a more loving display of maternal affection to be shown.

*

Three years into my Bachelor of Fine Arts degree and I'm watching her now as I write this. Her lotion-greased body reflects the sun as she lays nude beneath its rays out on the lawn of the Airbnb we've rented for the weekend of her fiftieth birthday. Her inner thighs and rich thatch of pubic hair, wet with her smeared lube, and below, my cum still slowly leaking from her puffed up pussy. The beach beyond the dunes is private and we'll be down there again shortly, to once more swim naked together and play in the waves; I'll hold her and we'll kiss as man and woman, and as I've done every day, I'll confess my love.

Tonight, we'll dine under the stars and sleep in each other's arms. In the morning, unbeknownst, I'll present this manuscript to her as a gift and we'll read it together, no doubt pausing to fuck, to debate my omissions and most probably laugh at my embellishments. For as I stated in the beginning.

This is not a true story.

The Sex Manual

Turner Hanes sat silent under the fronds of a fern as he watched the group of men climb back into their cars. The sun setting over the hill behind him, he remained hidden as unnecessary revving accompanied the starting of engines, and headlights were turned on before the three vehicles slowly departed the parking area. When the sound of the convoy was lost to him and the daylight began to fail, Turner crept from the security of the hide and walked down into the campground proper to investigate what remained from the gathering.

Laney Hanes sifted through the box of documents both legal and sentimental until she found the newspaper article. Dated twelve years earlier, she focused first upon the accompanying photograph, unconsciously stroking her finger across the cheek of her then seven-year-old son as he stood proudly at her hip.

'Going it Alone, Together' the article read. *'Recently widowed, Californian woman Laney Hanes (36) says goodbye to the day-to-day as she begins her new life of self-sufficiency.'*

When last she'd looked at the newspaper article she couldn't remember. Years before most likely and memories of those early days came flooding back. The excitement; the hardships; the triumphs of living independently off the grid. Funnily enough, despite the idea being her late husband's, with some enthusiasm on her behalf, it was Turner that had taken to the life with fervor. Home-schooled, he'd grown from an admittedly awkward boy into a strong dependable man, the spitting image of his father whom he'd unfortunately lost at so tender an age.

But it was then, as she searched the uncertain eyes of her boy looking back from the yellowing, faded newspaper, she knew the decision that had to be made.

*

Turner frowned at the empty beer bottles littering the area, questioning how the men hadn't seen the multiple trash cans in the immediate vicinity of the picnic tables. But his focus was quickly diverted by a brightly colored magazine sitting upon a bench exactly where the men had gathered, straight away realizing its unique quality.

Glossy, and with the title 'Guzzlers' in large lettering sitting above a photo of a woman barely clothed, Turner lifted the weighty edition into his hands and still frowning (only now with curiosity) thumbed open the pages. What greeted him took his breath, and immediately blushing, he looked up and around the vacated campsite to be sure he wasn't observed, just as quickly looking back.

"What is this!?" Turner flicked through the pages, resting on a double-page spread of a naked woman, several men around her with their penises out, hard, as his would often get. As 'it' began to get, as he examined her closer; even in the diminishing light her body coated with what Turner assumed was the men's sperm. Why are they doing it on her? He questioned as he eagerly turned the pages to see more. More women. All shapes and sizes. All naked. Some making love to other women, he noted, mystified, only realizing then how erect his penis had become and wishing he was back home in the security of his bedroom.

The thought broke the spell he'd been placed under by the magazine and appreciating how far from home he was, he folded shut the tome and tucked

it flat down the front of his cargo pants, secured safely by his tightly pulled belt just as the disappearing sun indicated the late hour.

"Mom's gonna kill me!" He sighed as he headed back into the darkened forest.

*

To his surprise, Laney didn't even mention the time when Turner arrived back at the house. It wasn't unknown for him to be out exploring the woods until late evening but lately, Turner had noticed a difference in his mother, a moodiness that he expected would've been exacerbated by his overdue return and he'd feared the worst. So, when he entered and found her remarkably chipper, he was understandably confused, delaying his intrigue until he'd safely hidden the magazine in his room.

The smell of roast chicken filled the small cabin and understanding what that entailed, Turner rejoined his mother as she served up the meal in the kitchen.

"Who is it?" Turner looked at the well-cooked bird, the scent given off overriding any sentimentality he should've felt for the deceased animal.

"Lucy," Laney grimaced, expecting her son to be more upset by the culling of one of their pets.

"Ok," Turner nodded. "Well, she did peck at me once!" He smiled to indicate his appreciation for what his mother had done while he was away. For them to kill one of the hens for a meal was a rarity, their value far greater in the eggs they produced. That she had done the deed herself, and prepared the carcass for cooking, squeamish as she was, meant there was a reason for the elaborate meal and Turner didn't wait to find out why. "Soo, what's the occasion?" He questioned.

" 'Occasion'?" Laney frowned as she loaded Turner's plate with potatoes, carrots, and beans.

"Yeah, we usually only do this on birthdays and Christmas and stuff," he noted.

"Well, no occasion," Laney smiled. "Just wanted to cook something special for a change."

Turner, or more importantly, his stomach, was more than happy with her explanation, but he looked at her skeptically as they walked to the table with the plates. Already prepared for bed, possibly as she'd waited for him to get home, she wore a white oversized t-shirt and little more, the line of her underwear visible through the material across her buttocks, the curve of her breasts and pronounced nipples equally as obvious behind the thinning cotton. He immediately thought of some of the photos in the magazine and was relieved when he reached the table, hiding his growing erection from his mother's potential sight.

"Well..." Laney paused. "There is something I wanted to talk with you about."

"Ah, I knew it," Turner smiled, piling chicken breast into his mouth. The thought of this caused him to glance over at his mother's, her nipples rigid in response to the relative cool inside the cabin, domineering his vision.

"What is it?"

"It's us," Laney smiled yet Turner could see the struggle behind her eyes.

"Well, you actually."

"Me? What about me?"

"Do you realize we've been here twelve years now Turner?" Laney stalled, wondering how best to broach the subject.

"So?" Turner took up a drumstick and began gnawing on the meat.

"So..." Again, Laney paused. "I think it's time we went back."

She'd said it. Not once had she voiced the idea to him in all their time away from civilization. And now it was on the table. Her brother, on his quarterly supply drops, would always advance the option of them leaving with him, moving back to the city. But they were happy. Content in their surroundings. Mother and son living an ideal life together in the wilderness, miles from their nearest neighbor. On no one's time frame but their own.

But of late she'd understood what she'd taken from her son. The life experiences he'd missed. Socializing. Friends his age. Girls! In her selfishness, she'd robbed him of a first kiss. Teenage experimentation. She'd seen him grow up before her very eyes. Mature in every way; mind; and now nineteen, body. And for an extended time, signs of his developing needs. His eyes upon her more than not. Evidence of self-pleasure upon his underpants; and somewhat the catalyst for her current frame of mind, even her own. Her panties used by her son for masturbatory purposes. They needed to get back into society, she felt. Before...? And that was where she forbade her mind to travel. What could happen?

"What!? Why?" Turner placed down his stripped bare leg of chicken, amazed at the concept of leaving what they had.

"Because it's time Darling," she leveled. "We've achieved all we set out to. We... You, need to experience the rest of what life has to offer."

"I don't want to!" Turner stood at the table, unintentionally causing the chair to dramatically screech on the floor behind him. "You can't make me," he almost whined and realized how immature he must have sounded.

"No. It's why we're talking about it as adults," Laney attempted to settle her son. She could understand his apprehension. This was their world. Almost the only one he'd ever known. To uproot their existence would be a challenge, difficult, but ultimately, necessary.

'Well...' Turner paused as he attempted to collate his thoughts. "You can go. I'm staying!" He adamantly stated and turned to leave the table; his meal barely half eaten. "I've lost my appetite. I'll be in my room," he informed her before looking back at the spread, the vegetables, and the excess chicken before quickly swiping the remaining drumstick. "And I'm taking this with me!"

Laney couldn't help but smile. She'd seen him more upset in the past. The death of their milking cow being especially upsetting for the then fifteen-year-old. As long as he has an appetite, she mused despite his proclamation, he couldn't be that troubled. Their transition back may not be as hard as she'd imagined.

*

His hands wiped clean of grease; Turner was eager to reacquaint himself with the magazine. What was its purpose, he wondered? Educational? In their reference books and encyclopedias, Turner had familiarized himself with human anatomy and reproduction. Was this how it was done in real life? He let loose his quickly acquired erection and slowly stroked himself as he turned pages. Photo after photo of women and men (or more appropriately, their penises) displayed in the most intimate of ways. Close-ups of vaginas. Buttholes even. Women with semen upon their faces; in their mouths, Turner spied with fascination, awe, and wonder. Why would they even do that, he questioned. But as this whole new world opened up to

him, he couldn't prevent his mind from focusing back on his mother, and more importantly, her proposal.

Why did she want to go back to the city? And even as he questioned himself, his eyes scanning the pages, a zygote of an answer was presented to him. What if she missed this? If this was what people did regularly, the pleasure upon the faces of the women; was it possible his mother needed similar? The fact he was gaining such delight from viewing the photos himself certainly signified their power. His mother had always described sex as something loving adults did together. Was this what she needed to get back to? Another fact immediately arose in his mind. He was an adult. And didn't he also love his mother? Was it so out of the question that they could partake in similar actions as those in the magazine? His cock profusely leaking pre-ejaculate, the real thing not far away, Turner resisted the release and tucked himself back into his pants.

He needed to talk with his mother.

*

More than an hour had passed since the incident at the dining table and when Turner left his room, he found his mother reading in the candle-lit living room.

"Hey," she looked up as he neared, seeing the contrition in his demeanor as he fidgeted.

"Hey," Turner repeated, taking a deep breath and looking away momentarily. "I just wanted to say sorry," he once more gazed in her direction and saw her smile as she placed down the book, her tucked legs dropping from the heavily cushioned daybed in the process, providing

Turner an unexpected flash of her white underwear in the minimal light beneath her t-shirt.

"Oh Honey, it's ok," Laney held out an arm for him to join her, and eager to accept a not-out-of-the-ordinary cuddle with his mother, Turner melted onto the couch, resting his head upon her lap in a familiar connection. "It's a big decision for us. Something we need to talk about...and I might've bombarded you too soon?" She added, caressing his head, her fingers combing through his long hair.

"I just don't get why you want to leave," he admitted, goosebumps breaking out on his skin as he enjoyed the head massage. "Aren't you happy here? With me?"

"Of course I am Baby," Laney assured him and Turner rolled to his back, his eyes looking up between his mother's breasts to study her face, her pronounced nipples not going unnoticed.

"Then why?" He questioned, the back of his head pressing her pubic bone and the softness of her upper thighs, images from the magazine flooding his mind.

"Because there's a whole world out there for you to discover," she reasoned. "Places to go. Sights to see. Wouldn't you like one of those new e-phones your uncle was talking about last time he was here?"

"I think it was called an iPhone," Turner corrected her. "And who would I call anyway!?"

"And that's the point!" Laney countered. "You need to meet new people. Your uncle and I can't be your only contacts. Wouldn't you like a girlfriend?" She smiled; her fingers locked in his hair.

"You're my girlfriend!" Turner laughed, burying his face into her belly, his nose nuzzling the soft padding of her pubic hair through the t-shirt.

Innocent as it was, Laney couldn't deny the sexual nature of the action, the proximity to her vagina. And when she noticed Turner breathe in deeply, almost deliberately seeking her scent, she felt she needed to put an end to their impromptu intimacy.

"Ooh," she winced, removing her hand from his hair to reach behind her, accentuating the admittedly real lower back pain she constantly felt. Turner immediately rose from her lap to allow her to straighten on the couch, looking on with genuine concern.

"Your back?" He questioned, aware of the complaint.

"Uh huh," Laney confessed, slightly embarrassed about exaggerating the pain. "Chasing that chicken around this afternoon probably didn't help," she smiled, her eyes once more meeting Turners'.

"You want me to rub it?" He asked, the offer innocent though immediately understanding the potential of the exercise.

"Oh no," Laney dismissed. "It's not that bad."

"You sure? It's helped before!" He reminded her.

And it was true. Many times, he'd massaged her back. And never had it led to anything sexual. Why should now be any different she thought and scolded herself for reacting so spontaneously to his most likely innocent snuffling at her groin.

"Well..." She grinned. "Alright then. If you don't mind?"

Turner was already on his knees and making room for her to stretch out upon the daybed, smiling, he looked back into her eyes.

"I knew you couldn't resist these magic fingers," he winked as he watched his mother lay upon the cushioned couch. That she would lift her t-shirt up her body as she did so wasn't unexpected, but his reaction to laying his eyes upon her bare back and cotton-clad buttocks was definitely more intense than previous.

Even as Laney innocently exposed her body and Turner mounted the back of her legs, she knew she'd possibly made a mistake. What was she thinking? Shutting down one suggestive interaction only to immediately encourage another. But maybe she was overthinking? They'd massaged one another countless times without it leading to more she again reflected. Why would this night be any different?

The t-shirt pulled up to her breasts, she lay flat and welcomed her son's hands as they made contact with her flesh, the immediate soothing pressure of his massaging fingers. Closing her eyes, she could almost see herself from his perspective. Was he looking at her panties? It then came to her they were a pair he'd soiled in the past. Finding them in the clothes hamper wet and cold and smelling of semen. Strangely the recollection didn't leave her as appalled as she'd then been; the thought of his indiscretion bringing an unseen smirk to her lips as she relaxed into the softness of the couch, the comfort of his caress.

Turner's eyes were upon his mother's buttocks. The tiny pair of plain white undies was unable to contain her cheeks, the crack of her ass protruding at least two inches above the hem. He ran his hands up either side of her spine and the t-shirt rose with his endeavors, his fingers innocently making their way around her torso to brush the softer skin on the side of her breasts. The effect was instantaneous, his penis reacting to the connection and stiffening within his pajama bottoms.

For Laney, the intimate contact was barely noticed. Luxuriating in the pleasure of the massage, she'd relaxed to the point of drowsiness, enjoying his touch; the softness of the daybed, and the way the edge of the cushion was pressing her crotch in a particularly stimulating way. She wasn't even concerned when Turner's hands eased their way onto her buttocks, back upon her spine and again down, this time coaxing her panties lower; repeated efforts seeing them roll to her upper thighs, completely exposing her rear to her loving son. It wasn't suspicious, she told herself. The pain was in her lower back. It was only natural his hands should find their way onto her ass, the removal of her underwear incidental in the application of an effective treatment. And with Turner kneading the flesh of her bare buttocks, Laney closed her eyes, relaxed, and welcomed sleep if it should come.

Turner's cock had found its way out of the fly of his pajama bottoms. As hard as he could ever remember being, he felt no apprehension should his mother turn and discover its state. Proud, and excited for her to see how capable he was to satisfy her should she desire. He ran his hands up her spine and heard her sigh at the feeling, sliding them back down to once more take charge of her buttocks, this time spreading them wide momentarily as he kneaded her flesh. A wet sound accompanied the movement surprising and intriguing Turner and he repeated the action, pulling apart her cheeks to hear what he assumed were the folds of her sex, parting.

Laney was bordering on sleep. So comfortable; so relaxed, she allowed the pleasure of the massage to override any qualms she had about her near nudity, the almost sexual nature of her son's touch. It was as his hands met her ass once more that she knew she was dreaming. She'd had them before. Forbidden fantasies of the only men in her life. Her brother; Turner. Taboo

dalliances that she would only allow in the darkness of night, in the sanctity of her bed, and in the realm of sleep. No. Turner hadn't just parted her buttocks. She was dreaming. It wasn't his breath she felt on the small of her back. She was asleep. They weren't his actual lips upon her coccyx. It was fantasy.

Turner had his mother's ass spread wide. His nose and mouth were mere inches from her clearly glistening vulva, her tantalizingly puckered asshole. He breathed in deep the scent he knew well from countless examinations of her underwear, the heady aroma hardening his cock ever further before he committed and pushed his face between her legs.

She'd imagined this one before. Turner going down on her. Her son lifting her dress as she stood in the kitchen, lavishing her sex with kisses, his tongue upon her clit. But never like this. Never from behind, never so primal. In her dream she threw a hand behind herself and took hold of his head, her fingers clutching at his long hair and pulling his face ever further into her body, his lips around her slit, his nose against her asshole. "Yes," she heard herself say and was startled at the sound of her voice, her eyes opening to see cushions, not the sink and cooktop. Her arm stretched behind awkwardly, holding something (a head?) against her rear. This was no dream; she was immediately wide awake.

"Jesus Christ!" Laney exclaimed, yanking Turner's hair away from her to wrench his face from her ass. "Turner! What the hell are you doing?" She exhaled as she rose and turned on the couch, pulling her panties back up over her hips, the t-shirt dropping down her body as she looked into her son's face.

"What!?" Turner seemed genuinely confused, Laney focusing her eyes upon his slick jaw, the bewildering realization it was her lubricant that coated her

son's face.

"What were you thinking?" Laney challenged. "You can't just..." she paused. "That was entirely inappropriate. I'm your mother!" She declared.

"But I thought you wanted it," Turner defended his actions, only then remembering the state of his penis as he followed his mother's horrified eyes as they dropped to his groin.

"Oh my god," Laney gazed upon her son's erection. Perfectly formed and as hard a cock as she'd ever seen. Even in her appalled state recognizing its beauty, the flattery it showed...for her. "Please put that away," she managed to request, her voice breaking, barely a whisper as she followed Turner's hands, taking hold of his pride and secreting it away behind the thin veil of his pants. Its presence lingered, a mountain of affection lumping his pajama bottoms.

"What were you thinking?" She repeated, managing to drag her eyes from his groin and look him in the face, avoiding the glistening upon his lips.

"I found a manual!" Turner declared, his initial shock at her reaction diminishing as he was now able to explain himself, seeing the immediate confusion in his mother's eyes and continuing. "A sex manual," he added as if it would answer all of her questions.

"Baby, I..." Laney said. "I don't understand."

"A 'how-to' or something... for sex!" He gladly confided and saw the confusion remain on his mother's face. "Oh, look, I'll just go get it," Turner stated, rising from the daybed, Laney's gaze captured once more by the tower of passion tenting her son's pajamas. Will it not soften, she questioned, as perplexed to what he was referring to, she watched him leave the room.

Alone, she had a moment to reflect. Her son had just gone down on her! Just the thought caused her to blush. Was she to blame for the unnatural act? Had she led him on? Had she wanted it? The final question undebated as Turner re-entered the room holding proudly out before him what she immediately recognized as porn.

"You see," Turner beamed, seemingly unashamed at what had just occurred between them. "A sex manual. I found it at the campground today," he elaborated. "It's why I was home so late."

"Honey..." Laney again paused, words not coming as naturally as normal. "This isn't a manual," she admitted as he resumed his place beside her on the sofa, Turner freely handing over the magazine to Laney's trembling hands, aware of the conversation she was about to have with her son. "This is pornography," she informed him as she examined the barely clothed woman upon the cover. The title 'Guzzlers' almost made her smirk before she remembered the gravity of the situation.

"Ok!?" Turner seemed nonplussed at her revelation. "But I now know why you want to go back to the city," he confessed. "And I just want you to know. I can do it for you!"

"What!?" Laney's head swimming with the information she'd been delivered as she casually turned the pages of the magazine just to be sure of what she believed it detailed, her assumptions correct as she spied bare flesh, cocks, cum.

"Mom, we can do all of this!" Turner moved in closer beside her, his hip touching her own and Laney flinched at the contact.

"No!" The rational part of her brain spontaneously spoke for her. Drumming home the fact it was incest which he inferred. "We can't!" She declared.

"But I want to!" Turner stated. "I really do! And then you wouldn't need to go back to the city!"

It was then Laney realized the magnitude of the problem. This was why it was wrong to have kept him from society for so long. He had no understanding of human relationships, of romantic scruples. None of their books told him of incest. Of right from wrong. No. They had to go back.

"Darling," Laney put aside the magazine and turned once more toward him, lifting a hand and cupping his cheek, her moisture now dried. "This is exactly why we need to leave here."

"But we can do all of this," Turner declared, reaching for the magazine and opening to a random page, Laney peering down to see a woman seated upon a man's face, her hand reaching out to hold his impressive erection.

"No, we can't!" Laney abruptly stated.

"Why?" Turner complained, noting his tone was as whiny as he'd been at the dinner table, aware of how childish he sounded.

"Because I'm your mother for God's sake!" Laney stood, breaking the contact between them that had again become uncomfortable.

"But..." Turner began and Laney cut him off.

"No. End of story. And this..." Laney looked at the magazine in her hand. "I won't have porn in my house!" She strode to the fireplace and dropped the copy of Guzzlers in the kindling bucket beside the hearth.

Looking back at Turner's shocked and upset face, Laney felt the compulsion to go to him; take her son to her breast, and make amends for her admittedly somewhat harsh behavior. But she refrained. It had to end now. His feelings may be hurt but what had occurred on the couch was what

she'd feared for the future. Nothing could ever happen between them. Not now, not ever. It was wrong. So very wrong, and she had to nip it all in the bud. They had to leave.

*

For hours Laney lay awake. Barely blinking, staring at the darkened ceiling of her bedroom until finally she'd had enough and crept through the quiet house and into the living room. The magazine remained where it'd been earlier dropped and blushing as she marveled at her hypocrisy, Laney swept it up and stealthily made her way back to her bed, lighting candles to facilitate her misdemeanor.

Her embarrassment remained as she began to thumb through the pages. Porn she'd seen before. Memories of sharing laughter with Turner's father in their early days of courting, leafing through a particularly worn copy of Playboy. Nothing like this. Spread labia and hard cocks. Cum on every other page. On breasts, seeping from pussies, in mouths. Her head swam with the stimulus and her body reacted accordingly, nipples rigid, a hand unconsciously moving to press upon her pubic mound, feeling the dampness and immediately recalling Turner's lips upon her body.

"Oh God," she exhaled and flipped the magazine closed. It was all her fault. Her son's warped sense of what was acceptable sexually. How could he be expected to act differently when she'd been the one to exclude him from society? How could she expect him to move back into everyday life gracefully with no understanding of sexual morals and reservations? If in his mind it was acceptable to go down on his mother without warning or encouragement, how would he be with other women? He'd be a fish out of water. Ostracized. No. Laney concluded. It was wrong to even contemplate

moving back to the city at this time, she decided, rising from the bed and moving to the large closet that dominated one side of her room.

Opening the door and dropping to her haunches, Laney took hold of the handle of a suitcase and dragged it from its confines, hefting the large bag up onto the bed before she took in a deep breath.

"No. We can't go back yet," she whispered as she unfastened the buckle and lifted the lid to lay her eyes upon the long-overlooked contents. "Not until he learns," she swept her fingers across the soft items within.

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With the taste of her on his lips, Turner's erection returned as soon as he entered his bed. There was a desire to go for the magazine. To go against his mother's wishes and once more study its pages but he found he needed nothing further than his memory to achieve relief. Tugging at his penis he released upon his belly with the image of his mother's spread ass implanted in his brain; a restful sleep descending once the orgasmic high diminished.

He awoke to a quiet house and after a small breakfast began his chores. She dominated his thoughts as he loaded fresh soil around the potatoes. He pondered her absence as he planted the new tomato seedlings; furtively eyeing the front door and windows of the cabin for any sign of her appearance as he tilled the earth in preparation for the new season of kale, all despite her proclamation of leaving. By the time he began cutting the firewood, the morning was well advanced and he began to worry his actions the night before, innocent as they'd been, had damaged their relationship irreparably in some way.

It was as he split and piled the last of the logs, did he once again turn to the cabin, only this time his searching wasn't in vain.

For an extended moment, he was unsure as to whom the woman was. Her upper arm leaned against the doorframe as she watched him, her red-painted lips smiling at his obvious confusion.

"Why don't you get cleaned up," Laney suggested as Turner slowly walked toward her, his wide eyes taking time to study her appearance from the toes of her high heels, the amazingly tight dress that hugged every curve of her body, to the makeup upon her face.

"Mom?" Turner almost slack-jawed stopped before her and questioned.

"Go on Honey," she gestured inside. "There are some things we need to discuss."

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When Turner returned from the bathroom, he found his mother once more in their living room, his eyes just barely able to wrench themselves from her crossed stocking-clad legs to the coffee table where the copy of Guzzlers lay safely rescued from the kindling pile.

"I..." He paused, "...don't get it!" His gaze once more returned to his strangely dressed mother.

Laney couldn't help but smile at his confusion; both at her appearance and certainly the reappearance of the pornography. She herself had been taken aback by the sight of her reflection. Mascara, eyeshadow, and lipstick were applied to her face for the first time in years. A dress and heels surely unseen by Turner and the black thigh-high stockings, their lace trim visible below the hem of her skirt, something he could never have envisaged her wearing. At the window, she'd watched him chopping the wood. His arms flexing. His handmade (by her) t-shirt removed to reveal his muscular torso and again she felt shame and guilt. So much she'd robbed from him. So

much she'd denied this attractive virile man. That he remained a virgin at his age, the remembrance of his impressive erection coming to her mind, when obviously so capable, was a travesty. An error of her judgment that in their circumstances, only she could, and should, remedy. Yes, she'd thought to herself, it was her duty. As a teacher. As a woman. As a mother.

"Sit down Honey," Laney said and Turner looked doubtful as to where; Laney patting the couch beside herself to assist her son.

"I don't understand," Turner's eyes again focused on her appearance as he took up her offer, dropping to stare at her legs before slowly trailing up her torso, his gaze captured by an impressive display of cleavage created by her push-up bra.

"I know you don't my baby," Laney offered a sympathetic smile, actually beginning to enjoy the interest her son was showing in her body. She waited for his eyes to once more meet hers before she went on. "It's what we need to talk about."

"We're not going back today, are we?" Turner suddenly looked nervous as his brain deduced explanations for his mother's behavior. "That's why you're wearing..." he again dropped his eyes to her chest as he paused, feasting on the sight of her breasts so conspicuously presented. "...this."

"No Darling," Laney assured him. "And don't fear, we won't be going back to the city just yet. At least not until you're... well until you have more of an understanding about..." And again, Laney paused, studying her son's confused expression. "Look... do you remember when we discussed you getting a girlfriend?" She asked and watched as Turner's face began to blush.

"This is about last night, right?" Turner proposed, not answering. "What I did," he alluded to the outcome of their massage. "I didn't know it was wrong Mom, honest!"

"Oh Baby, I know. And it wasn't... at least, it wouldn't be in different circumstances," she said. "And... with a different woman," she let her statement linger, allowing Turner the time to understand.

"Oh... like, with a girlfriend!?" He questioned and Laney smiled with encouragement.

"Like a girlfriend," she repeated. "Which is why," her eyes panned down to gaze at her own body momentarily before looking at the magazine. "You know, when I first met your father, he had a magazine a little like this," she revealed, reaching out to retrieve it from the coffee table.

"Really!?" Turner straightened in his seat.

"That's right," Laney smiled. "We looked at it together once," she paused searching for the right words. "Which is why... I'm going to let you keep it."

"Seriously?" Turner enthusiastically replied.

"Uh huh," Laney lay the magazine upon her thighs, her knees together as she took a deep breath. "What happened last night was my fault, Turner. Sex is something I should've discussed with you long ago. So... we're going to look through it together," she divulged.

"Just like you and Dad!?" Turner noted, the erection that had been developing in his pants becoming uncomfortable.

"That's right Darling. And any questions you have about what you see... well, I'll do my best to explain. How does that sound?" Laney relaxed somewhat now her plan was voiced.

"I'd like that," Turner agreed, shifting in the couch to tuck a leg under himself, in the process moving his hard-on to a more comfortable position.

Laney noticed the action and prevented a smirk that longed to come.

"So..." She breathed out, looking down at the glossy cover, the attractive blonde wearing a pink satin slip, her hard nipples pressed firmly against the material. "Guzzlers," she read the title and Turner was quick to comment.

"Yeah. What's that mean?" He questioned and Laney, despite her perceived confidence, blushed.

"Well..." she paused. "I think in this context, it might mean cum guzzlers," she heard herself say and couldn't quite believe she was now in this position.

"I don't get it!" Turner was genuinely confused.

"Well cum, c... u... m... is another word for semen Darling," Laney explained feeling hot despite the little clothing she wore. "I believe the title is referring to the women being greedy cum guzzlers," she looked at her son, his face also beginning to color. "They're hungry for men's sperm," she determined, beginning to feel a dampness in her panties.

"Oh..." Turner managed to voice, amazed at the information coming from his mother. "And women eat sper... ah... cum!?"

"Well," Laney had trouble swallowing. "Some women... you see... it's... some women like the taste of..."

"Have you eaten cum Mom?" Turner interrupted, genuinely curious and Laney was taken aback, not expecting the conversation to become so personal so soon.

"Well, I... your father and I... we... let's continue shall we," she deferred, turning the first page to be confronted with the same women from the cover, now naked, continuing through to a new model in an office setting, the dress she wore not dissimilar to her own.

"Hey it's like what you're wearing Mom," Turner enthusiastically commented as he again moved in his seat, his leg brushing against his mother's. "Her undies are way different to yours though," he alluded to the following page, the woman leaning back upon a desk with her bare breasts pulled out of her bra and dress up around her waist revealing blue lace panties above her similarly colored stockings.

"Don't be so sure," Laney smiled as she moved aside the magazine from her thighs and with one hand took hold of her dress, shimmying it up the small distance to her waist, allowing Turner to witness the panties she'd donned for the occasion. "Something like this..." satisfied by his intake of breath, she ran her fingers across the bulge created by her mound and the padding of her dark pubic hair visible through the black lace. "And my bra..." she in turn pulled the front of her dress below her matching push-up brassier, "...is called lingerie. Women will wear it for their man, or sometimes for themselves, just to feel sexy."

"I didn't know you had them," Turner's eyes were still upon her crotch, admiring his mother's panties and what was contained within, so different to the cotton underwear he'd become accustomed to seeking from the laundry hamper, again his penis straining against his pants. "You look so pretty," he willed his eyes up her torso, forbidding them from lingering upon her pouting breasts to look at hers.

"Thank you, Darling," Laney beamed, feeling the dampness in her panties spreading, blushing under his gaze. "Shall we continue?" She swallowed,

moving the magazine back onto her thighs but keeping her crotch in clear view.

Without waiting for Turner's approval and acutely aware every motion was now being forensically watched by her son, Laney lifted a hand to her mouth and licked her index finger before turning the page, revealing the woman's co-worker with his hard cock protruding from his pants.

"That's way bigger than mine, Mom!" Turner stated and Laney unwittingly found herself glancing down at her son's crotch, his impressive bulge noticeable.

"Well just like women's breasts," Laney took a deep breath, her heart beginning to beat rapidly as she nonchalantly pulled one and then her other boob from her bra, her nipples hard as her palm brushed against them.

"They come in all proportions, Honey. The size isn't that important," she assured him as she reveled in the feeling of her son ogling her exposed chest. "Would you like to take your cock out and show me, Darling?"

Laney watched as Turner's face turned a deep shade of crimson as he managed to lift his eyes from his mother's bare breast.

"Cock?" He questioned.

"Yes, Sweetheart," she smiled compassionately. "Cock is another word for penis. We could also call it your dick. Now come on Son. Take that hard cock out of your pants and show Mommy how big you are Darling!?"

Feeling his heart racing, Turner wasted no time in unbuttoning his fly, pulling forth his erection from its uncomfortable cage to stand proud under his mother's gaze.

"Ah, there it is. Again!" She managed to remain composed. "Now let's see here," she casually reached across to wrap her hand around his girth, gently

running her grip up and back down the shaft. "No, there's nothing to worry about here Darling. It's a perfect size."

Turner's body had stiffened along with his cock. His breath held, he gripped the cushion of the couch alongside him as he watched his mother's hand doing what he'd done countless times, only this time, so much better.

"Now this Baby," Laney matter-of-factly stated. "This is called a handjob. Your girlfriend would do this for you as a prelude to sex, usually while you make out... Oh! Actually," she interrupted herself. "That's something I should've discussed earlier. Your first kiss." Not delaying the matter further, Laney's body shifted toward Turner as she leaned her face into her son's, and with his eyes wide, her lips met his.

They'd kissed before. Many times. Even upon the lips. But this, Turner noted, was far different. Her red lips parted to almost nibble at his own and to the best of his ability he mimicked the action despite nervousness causing his jaw to not play along. And then he felt the tongue, accepting it into his mouth with an abundance of her saliva. Such a precious gift. His tongue meeting hers to dance like snakes entangled. And it was over. Her moist lips drew away slowly, a tiny ribbon of saliva stretching between them, loathe to break the intimate connection between mother and son.

"And how was that?" Laney looked into her son's wonderstruck eyes and Turner did nothing to hide his excitement, grinning from ear to ear.

"Awesome!" He reflected. "Can we do it some more?" He asked to which Laney giggled.

"Well, we'll see. We're supposed to be looking at this magazine," she smiled before peering down at her hand still around Turner's even harder dick. "Oh look, now here's something else we can discuss."

Looking on enthralled, Turner watched as Laney squeezed up the length of his cock, her thumb running up the underside of his shaft to scoop the excessive amount of fluid leaking from the eye.

"This Baby, is pre-cum," she held her hand between them displaying the clear liquid that coated the end of her digit. "Most women consider it a delicacy," she revealed before drawing her hand to her face and taking her thumb between her lips. "Mmmm," she moaned. "Just as I expected. Delicious Darling. And so sweet!" Laney complimented before focusing once more upon the magazine. "Now, what's next?"

Guzzlers continued to provide inspiration, multiple photos across the next pages, Turner drawn to one particular aspect.

"Is it weird that she doesn't have any hair down there?" Turner questioned and Laney's heart increased its beat now the focus would again be upon her.

"Well, just like you've begun to shave your face, some women like to remove their pubic hair."

"Oh, ok..." Turner paused then followed up. "Have you ever done that?" He asked, his eyes fixated on the woman's bald pussy.

"I... well... in the past, I've..." she, despite her assumed confidence, faltered. "Well, yes, I have Darling. But let me show you what a woman actually looks like down there." And with that, she set aside the magazine to grip her panties with both hands and lifting her bottom from the couch momentarily, lowered them mid-thigh, revealing her hirsute crotch to her son. "Would you like to touch it, Baby? Just to see how it feels."

With his erect cock poking from his fly, Turner jumped at the opportunity, shifting his body to allow his left hand to come down gently upon his mother's pronounced pubic mound.

"It's so soft," he observed, running his fingers down through her untrimmed locks.

"That's right," Laney purred. "Now go lower Honey. Do you feel how wet Mommy's pussy is?"

Delirious, Turner cupped his palm over her vulva, allowing his middle finger to slip between her velvety folds.

"Pussy?" He questioned. "Why do you call it that?" To which Laney paused in thought.

"You know, I don't know," she smiled, spreading her legs a little wider. "Just one of those funny names, I guess. Now what you're touching is my labia," she began to explain but Turner interrupted.

"I know Mom. I've read about it in our encyclopedias," he revealed, chuckling. "I know all the parts," he added as he ran his fingers all over her vulva, coating his hand in fluid before concentrating on her clitoris.

"Oh goodness," Laney sighed as Turner moved into her side, wrapping an arm around her shoulder to draw their bodies together. In response, Laney sought his cock, taking him in her hand to squeeze tightly almost as support. "I see you know about Mommy's clit too!" She whispered as she in turn began jerking him off, Turner quickening the movement of his fingers. Mother and son, mutually masturbating, so loving, so natural.

"Can I go inside Mom?" Turner breathed, his cheek pressing against hers, their lips again so close.

"Ye... yes Baby," Laney sighed. "Finger Mommy's pussy Darling. Feel how hot I am."

Turner didn't need to be told twice, slipping his middle finger into his mother's welcoming vagina, Laney's walls embracing the penetration as her mouth once again sought his.

"Kiss me, Baby," she moaned under her breath and Turner was more than eager to respond, his jaw now confident, his lips seasoned at love, his tongue hungry to reconnect with hers.

Kissing like lovers, breathing into each other's mouth, the façade they were engaged in some kind of practical educational undertaking melted away. Turner's mouth slid from his mother's and still fingering her admittedly fiery pussy, now with two digits, he kissed and licked his way down her neck to her chest, seeking and finding one then the other nipple to lavish kisses and suck upon her soft pale flesh.

"Lower," Laney managed to voice, and fully aware of what his mother inferred, Turner slid down from the couch, Laney losing her grip on his penis in the process. Taking hold of them and wrenching, Turner removed his mother's sodden panties from her legs, spreading her thighs wide and admiring her dripping gash before he buried his face into her groin. A moment of selfishness Turner took before beginning his work, smearing his face in her dampness, coating his jaw, nose, and cheeks in her alluring scent. And then his mouth wrapped her slit, sucking up the taste he knew from the night before. His favorite flavor. Mom pussy. The only sustenance he'd ever need. His choice for a final meal. His desert island delicacy. Feverishly he dined, slipping a tongue into her body to drink her lube. Tongue fucking her until Laney was writhing, bucking her hips up into his face, smashing his nose with her pubic bone.

"Fuck me, Lover," Laney hissed as she felt the unexpectedly premature orgasm approaching, needing her son's cock inside her when the moment

came. Not allowing him a moment's delay, she grasped his hair and coaxed him up from between her spread legs, her hands feverishly seeking his belt to unbuckle and strip his pants down his muscular thighs. And there it was. His unabashed incestuous hardness, naked and poised for her pleasure. How could she... how could any woman not resist a taste, she thought? Denying herself the penetration, the orgasm she so needed, Laney took her son in hand and with her eyes slowly rising up his torso to meet his, his cock in mouth.

How long had it been, she wondered? For thirteen journeys around the sun, she'd been denied the feeling of dick against the roof of her mouth, gagging her throat. No woman should be so deprived, she thought as her tongue massaged the underside of his shaft and she did her best to take his length. Turner's lips opened as wide as hers, seemingly mimicking her action as he looked down mesmerized, his mother willingly choking herself on his engorged meat, the feeling indescribable, the sight beautiful. "That's awesome," Turner managed to whisper, having seen the act in the magazine but unaware of how good it would feel. Grinning, Laney slurped her way off his dick, her mouth drooling profusely, his cock slickly coated.

"It's called a blowjob Darling," Laney informed him, her tongue back upon him to lick up and down his length before nuzzling his shaft, smearing, rubbing his cock against her nose and cheeks. "I used to be quite good at it," she proudly admitted as she once again took his head between her lips, sucking as she jerked on his hardness.

"You... still are!" Turner proclaimed as he held his breath. Instinctively he moved his hands to either side of her head, holding her face in place as she relinquished her grip enabling her son to fuck her mouth just the way she'd wanted it. The way every good mother should. Deep he entered her, his

fingers massaging her scalp as his hips thrust, her nose smashing his belly as she gagged upon his affection. How proud she was of her boy. For Turner, it was too much, too pleasurable. He could feel his orgasm approaching and as much as he wanted to cum in her mouth, he didn't want it to end so quickly, he still had so much to learn from her. "Mom, I'm..." he was able to voice as he resisted the necessity to withdraw, holding out until he was on the edge of cumming. "...gonna cum," he confessed as he finally pulled from her salivating lips, Laney quick to smile.

"Then fuck me, Baby," she beamed. "Stick that cock where it belongs Son."

Stalling only to remove his t-shirt and step out of his pants, fully naked Turner fell upon his mother, hoping his cock would find its home, instead grinding against her clitoral hood before furrowing up through her sodden pubic hair, Laney the savior, grasping and guiding her son back between her folds, to slide effortlessly and deep within her body.

At one. Two bodies joined at the sex and mouth as Turner's tongue mimicked his cock below, writhing with Laney's between her welcoming slavered lips. Fully Turner entered. His pubic bone met hers as she accepted her son's length in her motherly embrace. Withdrawing, nearly to the head before plunging back inside to Laney's almost agonized moans as her postponed orgasm reignited.

"More," she managed to whimper as her thighs locked around her son's hips trapping him in place. "Don't stop Baby," she panted as Turner began to really fuck her, his cock hammering into her body, his pelvis slamming into her thighs. An arm pillowing her neck, he used his other hand to grab a boob, massaging and pinching at her erect nipple as they kissed in incestuous bonding.

The sound of sex filled the cabin; the scent of pussy perfumed the air. Turner sucked his mother's neck, her earlobe, as he did his best to delay his ejaculation, Laney welcoming her own.

"Yes Baby. Fuck me," Laney cried, reveling in the long-forgotten feeling of accommodating a man inside her. Not just any man, her son. So like his father and yet, so different. "Mommy's gonna..." she struggled to voice as Turner managed to up his pace. His thrusting frenzied as Laney relinquished all control of her faculties, succumbing to his amorous assault. "Mama's cumm... I'm, gonna... Oh God, I'm cumming!!" She hugged his body to herself, a hand holding his head like a newborn child as she gasped in his ear. "Yes, yes. Oh God my good boy, yes," she hissed as wave after wave of ecstasy flooded her very soul. This was love, she realized. Nothing as pure, she fathomed as lightning bolts of pleasure jolted her body, as her vagina quivered around her son's loving cock. His cock, she thought in her euphoric high. Only one thing could make this better.

"Cum in me!" Laney's mouth met Turner's as her body tingled. "Fucking fill me, Baby," she begged as their lips smashed, their tongues entwined and Turner didn't need further prompting. His balls were laden, bouncing against his mother with every thrust. So much pleasure, had he ever lasted as long, he wondered as felt his mother's pussy squeeze tight around his cock?

"You want it?" Turner panted, his abs aching. "You want my cum Mom?"

"I need it, Baby," Laney moaned, her vagina tensing with anticipation.

"Drench Mama's pussy, Lover!" She demanded along with Turner's committed thrusting, his bottom lip bit as he exerted himself. "That's it, Baby. Fuck me good. Show me how much you love me."

"I love you!" Turner leaped at the word, his gaze darting up from her wobbling breasts to look into her eyes. "I love you so mu..." he was unable to finish the word, his jaw dropping open, his eyes glazed as his orgasm began. "Oh fuuck!!" He gasped; his breath held to increase the pleasure. "Mom, I'm cumming," he admitted the obvious.

Laney was well aware. Every spurt of his ejaculate she could feel. His teenage seed flooded her vagina, his cock so slippery within. So much cum. So hot within her. Lava poured into a furnace. Their eyes locked, silent they committed to each other their love. Their incestuous contract was sealed, signed in cum. Never to be broken.

"Oh shit," Turner exhaled as he fell forward upon his mother's chest to receive her embrace, his hips continuing to slowly thrust, emptying his entire load within her. "Mom, I..."

"Shhh..." Laney comforted him, her hand caressing the back of his head as he buried his face into her neck. "Rest Honey. You've done so well," she complimented his work as she squeezed her pelvic floor around his still erect cock, Turner rising at the sensation, smiling.

"What's that?" He grinned as she again used her seemingly magic powers, her pussy sucking on his cock.

"You've still got so much to learn," Laney giggled as she raised both hands to cup his face, coaxing him down toward her to kiss upon the lips.

"Does that mean we're not going back to the city?" Turner looked hopeful.

"Not any time soon Darling," she relinquished, smiling before her eyes panned back toward the magazine, reaching out to take it from beside them on the couch. "Besides," Laney flicked through the pages revealing countless sexual positions and acts, the further into the magazine, the more

depraved the images became. "We still need to study the rest of your sex manual together," she teased and Turner's cock twitched within her body, exhibiting its enthusiasm at the proposal. "And..." she paused, looking down at her dress and underwear. "I still have a whole suitcase of lingerie and costumes I want to model for you," she divulged and Turner, his energy returning, his dick buried deep within her cum filled orifice, began to again fuck his mother.

The Ties that Blind

It all happened so quickly. Tyson lifted his mask to check on the weld and the shock of the exploding acetylene tank threw him backwards in a searing flash of light and heat. Instantly concussed he would later be thankful workmates were quick on the scene, dousing the flames, removing his smouldering clothing. The paramedics at the time were amazed he'd survived with relatively little injury, treating the burn to his forehead and cheeks. That he was wearing the full safety gear, gloves included, undoubtedly saved his life.

At the hospital an hour later however the news the doctor provided wasn't so glowing and to a bandaged Tyson and his boss, quite sobering.

"O.k Tyson it's like this," the doctor explained. "The burns on your face were superficial, the concussion minor but at this point we're just not sure if the damage to your eyes will repair."

The doctor continued. "You've severely burnt the cornea. The loss of vision I would equate to directly looking at the sun for an extended period of time."

Tyson threw his head back on the pillow in an exaggerated display of despair. The morphine was affecting his reasoning and he joked with his employer. "Well Bert. Looks like I get tomorrow off! Woohoo. Long weekend for me."

Bert touched his employee on the arm out of sympathy. "Buddy you just focus on getting better. Don't even think about work right now."

A commotion could be heard from outside the room. "Where is he? This one?"

"Uh oh!" Tyson observed. "Here she comes."

The woman entered the room like a hurricane. She held her hand to her mouth when she saw her son on the bed, the bandages wrapping his eyes and forehead. "Oh my baby. What have they done to you?" She ran across the room and threw her arms around the prone man.

Bert took a step back from the bedside to give the woman room. Although under the stressful conditions he couldn't help taking a moment to admire his employees' mother. Looking like she'd come straight from the gym (although women seemed to wear their gym clothes everywhere nowadays he noted) with ridiculously tight 3/4 yoga pants and a matching tank, he half wished he was the one injured on the gurney and receiving her breasts against his chest.

"Mom, relax I'm fine." Tyson tried to assuage her.

"No you're not. Look at you!" She bluntly stated.

The doctor held out his hand to the middle aged woman. "I take it you're the mother?"

Releasing her embrace but keeping a hand on her son, she accepted the doctors welcome. "Darlene Grace, yes I'm his mother. What happened?" She looked at Bert with a scowl. "Your secretary only told me there'd been an accident."

Before Bert could offer an explanation, the doctor continued. "I'm Doctor Wesley Fuller; I was in emergency when your son arrived. As I was just explaining to him, he's received damage to the cornea of both eyes. Now he

had limited to no vision when we first examined him and this hasn't changed."

Darlene raised a hand to her mouth. "Oh my god!"

"Now I understand that sounds bad but be aware the body has a way of repairing damage of its own accord. I expect to see his vision return. If it doesn't, there can also be options."

"Options?" Darlene asked.

Dr. Fuller nodded. "I'm aware there are amazing advancements with laser surgery, even corneal transplants." He noticed her looking even more shocked at this news and quickly moved to re-assure her. "But these are down the road; it may not even come to that."

"Cool I'll have lasers shooting out of my eyes. No I want those X-ray eyes like in the movies!" Tyson cheered.

There was silence in the room as they all took in Tyson's comment. "He's had a lot of morphine!" The doctor quipped. "Mrs. Grace..."

"It's Ms. I'm not married!" Darlene quickly threw in and then felt foolish.

Wesley Fuller smiled. "Ms. Grace. What Tyson needs right now is rest. As I've said we expect his sight will return." He touched Tyson on the leg. "Just stay out of the sun for a few days, avoid flashing lights and no more explosions!"

"And the bandages?" Darlene inquired.

"They can be removed when you like. They're to keep his eyes closed; an eye mask will be suffice. The nurse will give you a cream for the burns, they're superficial, more like a sunburn. Ms. Grace, he's really a lucky young man. It could've been a lot worse." He touched the middle aged

woman on the upper arm in a gesture of reassurance. "Now if you have any further questions, please don't hesitate to call," he smiled. "O.k. I'll leave you to it."

Excusing himself, the doctor left Bert and Darlene alone with Tyson.

"Ah, obviously the company will be paying all of the medical Darlene. It's the least we can do under the circumstances." Bert offered.

Darlene Grace had relaxed somewhat with the encouraging news from the doctor. "Thank you Bert, I'm sorry if I was a little abrupt when I arrived."

"No that's fine." He had the opportunity now to appreciate the woman from the front and wasn't disappointed. Her nipples pronounced, a strip of tanned skin at the midriff and a wonderful bulge of pussy. This he was careful to not be caught staring at but his cock was responding favorably. "I'd be the same if it was my boy!"

"So can I get out of here now or what?" Tyson asked.

Darlene looked to Bert for help. "You know what, I'll leave you two alone and I'll go find out." Bert responded and went to seek some assistance.

Darlene lifted her son's hand and kissed his knuckles. "Don't you ever scare me like this again, you hear."

"Hey I didn't mean it to happen. Although it was worth it for these drugs. Trust me those doctors don't know what they're talking about. My vision's fine. I can see a unicorn and all these little fairies. Oh look, there's a rabbit!"

"Ooh Kaay! I think we'll be following the doctor's advice though honey, you just have to rest. I'll make sure of it." Darlene assured him.

Bert returned with a nurse and medication. He could be released straight away and Darlene was given instructions as to the application of eye drops

and lotion for the burns. While awaiting an orderly Bert took care of any payments and met up with them as Tyson was being pushed to the exit on a wheelchair. "I really don't need to be in this thing. I'm telling you, I can fly." Tyson proclaimed. He looked around blindly, feebly flapping his arms. "Mom, tell them."

The orderly looked at Darlene. "Drugs?"

"Ooh yeah!" She smiled.

At the car Darlene waited for a women wearing a satin robe with bound wrists to be loaded into the passenger seat in the car beside hers by a younger man, probably her son she thought. When they'd departed Bert helped Tyson into the car and again assured Darlene of any assistance she needed, financially or otherwise.

"You just get some rest Buddy, you hear," Bert told him, patting his employee on the shoulder. "And do what your mother tells you."

* * * * *

At twenty three, Tyson had been searching for a place of his own. Most of his friends were renting but he considered it throwing away money. Why pay for someone else's mortgage when I can pay my own, he reasoned. Therefore since obtaining a full time job he'd been living at home with his mother until he saved enough for a deposit and repayments. Darlene was now thankful he hadn't already found something. She could look after him herself for however long it took while still continuing her work from home gift basket business.

By 3pm that afternoon the drugs were starting to wear off and although Tyson assured her he wasn't in physical pain, the emotional pain had started.

"What if I don't ever see again Mom?" Tyson asked.

Darlene had made him comfortable, helping him into a t-shirt and track pants and setting him up in the darkened living room. "Well we can't think like that yet. The doctor said they have high hopes you'll recover. We just have to take it slow." She looked him over and couldn't help but feel sympathy. His shoulders slumped and his head in bandages, she herself had thought the same thing. I just have to be positive for him, she told herself.

"Did Bert give you my phone?" He asked as she made her way back to the kitchen.

"Oh yeah." Darlene opened her handbag and removed his phone and wallet. She walked back into the living room and sat down on the arm chair beside her son. About to hand him his phone she realized there wasn't much he could do with it without his sight. "Do you want me to unlock this for you?"

"Yeah if you could, just to check for messages." He paused and Darlene waited for him to give the code. Tyson was stalling. He was attempting to recall if he had anything that wouldn't be fit for his mother to see on his phone and it didn't look good. That very morning he'd been watching porn. Had he closed the screen? What if she opened the media folder? There he knew for certain were countless pictures of naked women. Fuck, he thought. Even his wallpaper was porn.

"Tyson? What's the p.i.n?" She asked.

"Um actually Mom, it's not important right now. I'll worry about all that later. As you said, I should be resting." He reached out, his palm upwards to take the phone from her and misjudged her distance from him. In his mind's eye he held his hand between them. In reality he perfectly cupped her right breast.

"Ooh!" Darlene recoiled instantly as Tyson himself realized what he'd felt and withdrew his hand.

"Oh shit sorry Mom." He blurted out embarrassed. "I didn't know."

Darlene smiled at the comedy of the situation. "Honey it's no big deal." She reached out for his hand and placed the phone securely in his grip. "I think there's voice recognition stuff on them isn't there? When you're ready we'll try and set it up if you want."

"Yeah, um that'd be good." As he listened to her move back into the kitchen he could still smell her perfume next to him. Are my other senses developing? He joked with himself. Am I becoming Daredevil? He laughed and his mother yelled back asking if he'd said anything. "No Mom, it's all good." He lay back on the couch and as he fell asleep he thought of the feeling of his mother's soft breast, heavy in his hand. And it was a pleasant thought.

* * * * *

"Honey...Honey; it's time to put the drops in." Darlene held her hand to his bicep as she rocked him awake.

Tyson went to open his eyes and unable to do so immediately remembered the situation. "Oh shit. I was dreaming I was in Walmart and I was nak..." He stopped before he discussed his naked Walmart sex dream with his mother. "Oh it doesn't matter. What time is it?"

"9:30pm. You fell asleep straight away, it's probably the drugs. I didn't want to wake you but it's time to do the eye drops."

"Oh O.k. Yeah. Is there dinner? I'm starving." He stated, rubbing his stomach

"Uh huh. I can reheat some quiche but first the eye drops O.k."

The removal of the bandages at the kitchen table wasn't as dramatic as Darlene had imagined. The burns to his forehead looked not much worse than a severe sunburn. Darlene herself couldn't notice any difference in his eyes either. "Are you faking mister?" She laughed and flicked her hand quickly towards his face. When he didn't flinch she immediately regretted her action.

His face said it all as he looked through her with unseeing eyes. Eyes that began to well with tears. "Mom. I can't see!"

Darlene's heart broke to see her son in such emotional pain. Dropping the bandage she needed to embrace him, to tell him it would be O.k.

Without a second thought she climbed onto her sons lap on the dining chair, her arms wrapping his torso. "It'll be alright baby," she whispered into his ear, her cheek against his. "We'll get through this."

The reassuring words were comfort. Tyson stared straight ahead into complete darkness, no, not complete he noticed. There were pinpricks of light. Faint stars, blinking as if billions of miles distant. Where there's light, there's hope, he reasoned. Something else he noticed. His mother's body.

Her climbing upon him hadn't factored against the weight of his blindness but now he felt another weight. That of her bottom pressing to his groin. He'd placed his hands on her legs as she mounted the chair and only now did he perceive just where they were positioned. He could feel the silky spandex or lycra material of her leggings as he held each outer thigh. So pleasant a feeling he allowed a hand to caress its way slowly back towards the curve of her buttock.

"...I'll make the house safe for you to walk around."

She'd been talking, whispering into his ear while he was thinking and he hadn't heard a word.

"What?" He asked. He had moved the hand from her buttock to the bare patch of skin on her lower back above her pants. It was only then as he felt the hem of her similarly feeling top did he ascertain the clothing she wore. Gym gear, he thought. I love girls in gym gear. He scolded himself for thinking it at that moment. She isn't a girl Tyson, she's your mother.

"I was saying the world is a lot easier for the blind nowadays. Like your phone, everything can be voice activated. You love reading, there are talking books..." Darlene continued but Tyson again found it hard to concentrate. Aware now of her breasts against his chest, her hot breath on his neck and most of all, her groin pressed hard on his penis.

How was she not aware of the position they were in, he wondered? All he had to do was lower his hand again it would be on her ass. If he delved down he'd be able to touch her pussy! That did it. He felt his cock begin to swell. If there was no contact, it would've been possible for him to will it away but his mother's vagina was pressing against him. There was no way he could prevent this happening. He had to do something before she felt it.

"...has a guide dog. I know it's too early to think..."

"Um Mom, what about these eye drops!?" Tyson abruptly broke into her one way conversation.

"Oh of course." She placed her hands on his shoulders to help herself up off him and her weight lifted from his groin. He heard her walk to the bench. She's barefoot, he thought and return to him.

"O.k. Head back and look up."

Tyson did as instructed and Darlene stood behind the chair looking down upon him. She applied the drops to each eye and replaced the cap. Looking back at her son her eyes strayed down his body and were caught by a sight she at first couldn't quantify. The gray loose fitting track pants she herself had helped him into that afternoon stood out in a tower at his crotch. It was undeniable; it wasn't a fold in the material or something in the pocket. Her son had an erection. She turned her gaze, her face, away from the image, reddening before realizing he couldn't see her reaction. Did she dare look again? She asked herself. Her eyes returned immediately. It twitched and she jumped and tried to stop the smile that spread across her face. My son has an erection and I'm looking at it! She told herself and then another thought entered her mind. A thought so loaded with contention. He has an erection because of me!

"Did you say something about quiche?" Tyson asked, unaware his mother was staring at his cock.

"Oh. Of course. I'll heat it up."

As Darlene microwaved the plate she leaned against the bench, her eyes on her son. She bit at a fingernail as she watched the lump in his pants diminish. It was an aberration. She told herself. Like a morning erection after his afternoon sleep, it happens. Nothing to do with me. She looked at his muscular arms, his chest beneath the tight white t-shirt. His short dark hair, his handsome face, the stubble. Nothing to do with me! She again told herself and as the microwave bell rang she felt the dampness between her legs as she retrieved the plate.

* * * * *

Tyson maneuvered around the house extremely well. Not so much different than walking the house at night. One level and relatively small, Darlene

supervised his navigation through the rooms, moving objects that impeded easy transition. Come 11:30pm they were still wide awake and testing their new reality.

"Maybe sit down on the toilet next time!" Darlene quipped as she entered his room. They'd both changed for bed, in Tyson's case just down to his boxers and t-shirt and Darlene in a short satin robe.

"Oh sorry." Tyson apologized, his face blushing.

She laughed and sat on the bed next to him, "Oh I've seen worse. You don't remember when you were little? More out than in."

Tyson himself laughed at this and Darlene was relieved to see him relaxed.

"Mom about my phone." Tyson began. He'd given her the code to unlock it and they'd gone through and returned messages to a couple of friends but in doing so she'd seen his dynamic theme wallpaper of porn. "I don't want you to think I'm obsessed or anything."

Darlene smiled and placed a hand on his leg in comfort. "It wasn't that shocking honey. I've seen naked women before. I just have to look in the mirror remember." She didn't know why she added the reference to herself. Suddenly her hand on his leg didn't feel as innocent. She left it there though, not wanting to act as if she was affected by the subject.

"I don't know how I'm going to sleep tonight. I'm so not tired!" Tyson stated, stretching.

"I'm a bit the same. What do you usually do if you can't sleep?" Darlene asked him.

Tyson immediately thought, masturbate but wasn't going to tell his mother that. "Just read I guess."

"Do you want me to read to you?" Darlene offered, her voice excited. "It'd be just like when you were a toddler." She was already reaching for the book she saw on his bedside table before Tyson had a chance to object.

"The Coming of Them by C.D. Sunbury. Sounds scary!" She opened to the bookmarked page and climbed up on the bed beside her son.

"Yeah Mom, I'm not sure you want to read this, its horror!" He proclaimed but it wasn't the horror content he was thinking about. "And other stuff..."

"Oh I'll be alright. Come on get comfy."

'Arabella broke from the cavern into the raging storm. Lightning illuminated the forsaken landscape before her. The devastation they'd wreaked upon her home, her families land for one moment made visible then plunged into darkness. The moaning emanated from the bowels of the mountain behind her. They were aware of her absence. She had to run.'

"Ooh you're right. I'm going to have nightmares. What's in the mountain?" Darlene asked but went on before Tyson could answer.

'The rain fell sideways with the furious wind. Her white dress made transparent with the inundation. Barefoot, Arabella hastened her descent. If she made the river, could they follow? Branches of trees reached for her as if conspiring with the dark ones to slow her progress. Tugging, snagging until she was caught. "No," she screamed. "Not here." Her dress tore from her body and she carried on naked.'

"Oh my goodness. Does she get away?" Darlene asked, not expecting an answer.

Tyson was suddenly aware how close his mother was. His forearm lay along her side. He sensed she no longer wore the gym clothes but could only imagine what she'd replaced it with. One of her nighties, he guessed.

Was it the pink one? It was threadbare for memory; she commented on it herself in the past. Her underwear would be visible through the material. He tried to concentrate on the novel.

'The dark ones burst from the cave entrance and stopped as they observed her escape. Arabella sensed their eyes on her back, felt them lusting after her nudity. The river neared. It was sanctity. They detested the water, they would not follow, she told herself over and over. Her feet met the slippery bank. She fell and righted herself, her body now slick with the dark mud. On she labored, crawling through the quagmire. Her hands touched the water. Safety.'

"Oh thank God she made it. What would they have done?" Darlene commented.

Tyson smiled at her input. He had to admit it was relaxing having her read to him. It brought back so many fond memories. He noted the chapter she read wasn't as explicit as some of the previous and he was grateful.

'The dark ones returned to the depths of the mountain, Arabella watching their departure with skepticism. Why would they give up? She asked herself. How have they allowed me to leave? She crawled backwards through the mud into the water, pushing her body with her feet buried in the sludge. Her ankle snagged. No held. The bog enveloped her leg, the other, and rose before her. The thing ascended from the filth. The mud flowing from its corrupt body with the sheets of rain.

'Arabella's face caught in a rictus of fear, aghast at this new horror to emerge from the earth. Its form was undefined, one moment that of a man, the next a maze of appendages, hands arms and she saw them, phalluses. Her legs forced apart, her sex, although obscured by the corruption about her, open for the demon. They descended upon her, pawing and mauling her

flesh. Hundreds of penis-like tentacles wrapping her limbs. Her scream was silenced by penetration. A thick cock filling her mouth, her throat..."

"Oh, I see what you mean." Darlene paused.

"Mom you don't have to read it!"

"No I want to find out what happens." She raised her legs up and noticed her short satin robe fall along them to her waist. Her yellow underwear visible, she was about to cover herself when she remembered it wasn't necessary. Tyson's arm remained by her side, his hand so close to her now bare leg. If he moved his fingers he could touch my panties she thought. He's not touching your panties Darlene; she told herself and concentrated again on the book.

'Arabella raised her hands to the phallus in her mouth, wrapping her fingers around its girth in an attempt to remove the beast. This seemed merely to swell the appendage further as it drove in and out of her. She was pulled towards the horror. The penises growing as they caressed her breasts and almost sensually teased her womanhood. Shamefully she became aware of her own arousal as her clitoris was stimulated. How does it know? She asked herself.'

Tyson, soothed by his mother's voice was half way between sleep and consciousness. He had a vivid image of Arabella naked in the mud, violated by this cock monster. He looked into the face of the heroine and he saw his mother. Darlene looked below the book to her chest. The tie of her robe had loosened allowing it to open at her breast, she moved slightly and half her breast exposed. From Tyson's position he could see her nipple, she thought. If only he could!

'The penetration when it came was welcomed, her vagina accepting and embracing her monstrous lover with wanton abandon. Arabella sought out a penis with each hand from the hundreds available, masturbating them furiously as the beast fucked her. Her mouth now willingly sucked the cock it enveloped. She needed more and as if the entity read her mind her buttocks were lifted from the mud and her fundament infiltrated.'

"Oh my god. It's in her bum!" Darlene exclaimed, only then noticing the difference in her son's breathing, obviously sleeping. It wasn't all she noticed. Covered only by a thin sheet she saw the long hard ridge jutting from her son's groin. His erection clearly outlined beneath the white cotton. She stared at it as if captivated before placing the book back on his nightstand. It's not about me, she again told herself. It was the story. It was the reason her own underwear were now saturated at her crotch. It was the story. I could just pull the sheet down and I'd see it she thought, I'd see my son's hard cock. As if under some spell her hand slowly moved towards the sheet. Stop it Darlene. What the hell are you doing?

Easing herself off the bed she turned off the light on the nightstand and exited the room. In the bathroom she looked at her reflection. "What is wrong with you?" She asked the woman in the mirror and no reply was forthcoming. After removing her makeup and brushing her teeth she turned the light off to leave. It was then her question was answered. A small voice inside her head. You know fully well what's wrong with you. You want to fuck your son!

* * * * *

Tyson awoke to the sound of birds. Thinking how strange to hear the sound in the dark of the night he immediately remembered his condition. I can't

even tell the time anymore, he lamented, his hunger informing him it was indeed the morning and judging by the sound of traffic, well advanced.

He felt his way along the hallway to the kitchen and with muscle memory managed to prepare himself a bowl of cereal. Darlene was soon to join him, praising his independence. "Any improvement with your eyes honey?"

Tyson shook his head. "I could see pinpricks of light last night but this morning, there's nothing." As he took a mouthful of cereal, he misjudged his mouth and milk ran down his chin. Darlene was quick with a tea towel, placing a hand on his before wiping his face. "Thanks Mom, I'm a klutz!"

Darlene ran a hand through the hair on the back of his head. Her breast was level with his face. She looked down at his crotch, the fly of his boxer shorts. I could slide my hand in there while he sucks on my boobs! She allowed her red satin robe to fall open, her bare breasts only inches from Tyson's lips as he took another mouthful, this time more successfully.

Darlene left his side, buttered her toast and brought her own breakfast back to the table, her robe falling off her shoulders to her elbows. It was wrong, she knew. Essentially dressed only in her underwear. Parading before her oblivious child for her own sexual satisfaction. At least she was now admitting the fact she thought. That it was turning her on. That it was thrilling and liberating to be half naked before him. Oh to be fully naked, she thought. No. I couldn't, could I?

"So what do we do today?" Tyson asked causing Darlene to jump.

"Well I have some gift baskets to put together and you young man have to rest."

Tyson pushed his chair back and made to take his bowl to the dishwasher.

"Oh honey, just leave it." Darlene suggested. "I'll take care of it. Why don't you take a shower then we can do the eye drops."

"Yeah good idea. I probably smell like hospital."

Darlene finished her toast and took her and Tyson's dishes to the sink.

"Come on I'll help you get organized."

Darlene took Tyson's hand and in her eagerness led him quickly out of the kitchen. In the bathroom she placed his towel closest to the shower on the rail and handed him his toothbrush. Her hand brushed his cheek and the growing stubble. "Yeah I know. I'm not looking forward to doing that."

Tyson admitted.

"I'll do it for you baby. Whatever you need me to do, I'll do O.k!" Darlene proclaimed. "It's what I'm here for."

"Thanks Mom," Tyson stated. "Maybe tomorrow." He held his toothbrush up to his face and stalled and Darlene realized he was waiting for her to leave.

"Oh so, O.k. I'll leave you to it. Um, your shampoo is the one on the right and the soap's in the middle," she stated, loitering by the door. "You know which one's your sponge of course; it's hanging from the cold faucet."

Tyson was smiling broadly now, waiting for her to leave. "Mom. It's all good. If I have any problems I'll just yell out."

"Alright honey, you do that," She held the door as Tyson turned to the sink and began to brush his teeth. What was circling in her head was unthinkable only a day before, the plan that was formulating wasn't in her makeup, would never have come to mind if events hadn't transpired as they had in the last day. She began to close the door and it was her last chance to

abandon her idea. "I'll just turn on the fan for you." She stated before closing the door. With her still inside the room.

Tyson brushed away, before rinsing and cleaning the brush. Placing it against the splashback and not in the cup he shared with his mother for easy identification. He could still smell her perfume in the room and he wondered again if it was his senses improving. Not just her perfume he added. He'd noticed it at the breakfast table. The unmistakable smell of a woman. He'd been with girls; he knew the scent of aroused pussy. The very thought it was his mother's pussy had him feeling light headed.

Lifting his t-shirt off over his head he cautiously felt his way to the bath and found the clothes hamper beside. Depositing his shirt he grasped the waist band of his shorts and lowered, stepping out and adding them to the dirty laundry. Naked, Tyson thought he heard someone breathing. He stopped momentarily and cocked his head listening over the noise of the fan. "Mom?" He quietly asked the supposedly empty room. No response forthcoming he shook his head and reached out for the shower door.

Darlene stood frozen with a hand over her mouth, her back pressed hard against the door. The gasp couldn't be restrained as her son removed his underwear and revealed his butt, his cock, to her. She held her breath as he spoke. How could she reveal herself? Already ashamed at her actions, to admit she was still in the room with him? It was unthinkable. She relaxed somewhat as he entered the shower, obviously satisfied he was alone.

Finally adjusting the water to the correct temperature, Tyson entered the flow, the water soothing his muscles. He allowed the water to run over his face, the reddened skin. I could smell her pussy, he thought to himself. My mom's pussy. He thought of her sitting upon his lap, touching her breast,

reading the erotic novel to him. As he lathered the soap into his sponge and ran his hands down his body, the inevitable occurred. His cock hardened.

Darlene hadn't moved. Dared not. The shame she felt at spying on her son however was quickly being replaced by lust. The hand at her mouth, stifling the sound of her breathing now lowered down her neck. Her fingertips caressing the space between her breasts as Tyson lathered soap into his chest.

Tyson soaped his balls feeling the beginning of stubble. They'd need shaving he thought. How the hell am I going to do that? Mom could do it, he quickly reasoned. She'd offered to shave his face. Yeah! He thought. I'm really going to let my own mother shave my balls! He couldn't deny his erection any longer, abandoning the sponge he wrapped his hand around his shaft and squeezed, further swelling his engorged penis.

From outside the shower and even through the steamed and water speckled glass, Tyson's movement was unmistakable. Darlene was watching her son masturbate. His back pressed to the far wall, his legs slightly spread. With one hand cupping his balls he rhythmically jerked his cock with the right at a slow and steady pace. Both her hands had moved to her own crotch. With the left she pulled aside her sopping yellow panties, exposing her pussy to her blind son. With her legs bent slightly at the knee she used three fingers to stimulate her clit, pressing and circling in time with her son's up and down movement.

In Tyson's mind his mother pushed her ass back onto his cock in his bed. He spread her cheeks and looked into her little brown asshole, opening and closing with each thrust. Fuck me Tyson, fuck your mother, he imagined her commanding and he felt his orgasm approach. You want it Mom? You want my cum? He asked her in his fantasy. Yes baby. Cum inside Mommy's

pussy. Tyson squeezed his balls as his semen left them. Furiously pumping his cock he began to cum under the shower. "Oh Mom!" He gasped as shot after shot of cum surged forth, landing who knows where?

Darlene almost collapsed as her orgasm swept over her body. Her hand pressed harder onto her clit, her middle finger sliding down and entering her vagina to be flooded in her own climax. As she watched Tyson straighten in the shower and return to washing himself, her ecstasy turned to shame. My god, she thought. What kind of person am I? Ogling my own son, masturbating in front of him like a common pervert. Her face already flushed, turned an ashamed crimson. She needed to extricate herself from the room, recover some dignity for them both. Silently she clasped the doorknob and opened the door slowly. Ever so stealthily she slid through the gap and closed the door behind her.

Tyson felt the change in air pressure and a slight variance in temperature within the bathroom. The door had obviously been opened and closed but why? "Mom?" He asked the empty room to no response. Why would his mother do that? Just to check on him? To be sure he was O.k? As he rinsed the shampoo from his hair he thought of another reason. What if she hadn't left? What if she'd been in there the entire time watching him masturbate? His cock swelled again at the possibility.

* * * * *

Darlene stood naked before her dresser contemplating what to wear. Do I have to wear anything? She thought then quickly rebuked herself for the notion. Still ashamed at her behavior in the bathroom she reached for a pair of large unflattering cotton panties. That's it Darlene, time to act like a mother, not some dirty whore. Its jeans and a sweater for you today. As her hand removed the panties her eyes strayed across her underwear drawer. So

many sexy items, most unseen by another's eyes. They wouldn't be seen would they? She thought. She didn't have to be wearing them for him; she could put them on for herself. For her own satisfaction. So much for being the good girl she mused, the whore wins again. Releasing her grip on the panties she reached for another item, this one delicate and far less motherly.

Tyson had found his iPod and lay back on his bed listening to music. Post shower he was pretty sure he knew what he was wearing though the color of his t-shirt was a mystery to him. Even over the staccato riff of System of a Down's, Toxicity, he heard his mother's high heels clicking along the hallway. Removing his earbuds as she reached his doorway he called out to stop her progress. "Are you going out?"

Darlene hadn't expected to make her debut so soon. As she stopped in Tyson's doorway her breath was momentarily taken away as she presented herself to him. Yes, he was blind, he couldn't see the sheer black crotch-less bodystocking she wore, yet her heart raced nevertheless. Panty-less, her thatch of pubic hair framed by the nylon, she placed a hand on the doorjamb to steady herself in her four inch heels as he blindly gazed upon her essential nudity. Her nipples hardened under his vacant stare. Her upper thighs slickened. She only realized she hadn't answered him when he asked the question again.

"Mom? Why are you in heels, are you going out?"

He knows I'm wearing heels, Darlene thought. Is he imagining what else I'm wearing? "Oh, no honey, just wearing these shoes in." She ran a hand casually over her breast and caressed the nipple under the thin material. "I was thinking of making a fruit platter. There are strawberries and some melon. You interested?" Tyson admitted he was and they agreed to meet in the living room shortly.

Leaving the music off Tyson lay back on his bed a few moments longer enjoying the sound of the heels on the floorboards. He'd always found the sound alluring, now more so as he imagined her feet in those heels. What was she wearing, he wondered? "Just wearing them in," she'd stated. Did that mean she wasn't wearing matching clothes? Not the short mid-thigh business skirt over her long legs he imagined. Not the white satin shirt, with a black bra showing at her cleavage. Not her hair in a bun with black rimmed glasses. His cock was straining against his pants and he placed a hand upon his length. No she's probably just in her gym gear, he reasoned. A thought equally as attractive. Were they the pink tights he'd once accidentally spied her cameltoe in? The matching top, so thin he could see the darkness of her nipples beneath? His fingers ground down into his cock, the feeling exquisite. He resisted the urge to keep pressing, feeling on the brink of cumming. Reluctantly he left the bed and still hard, felt his way along the hall to the living room.

Darlene finished cutting the melon and added it to the platter. Satisfied with her endeavor she carried the tray into the other room, feeling more than a little like a servant girl serving her master. The feeling aroused her.

Tyson sat on the couch looking into space. As Darlene placed the tray down on the coffee table she allowed her eyes to travel to his crotch. There was a bulge there, possibly an erection but it was the spot of dampness that drew her attention. Pre-cum, she wondered?

"O.k. We have the aforementioned strawberries, grapes, melon and some pineapple," Darlene proclaimed. "Do you want to help yourself or do you want me to help you?"

Tyson believed he knew exactly where the platter was and reached out. Wrong again. His hand came into contact with Darlene's leg, the palm

touching the inside of her knee. They both reacted to the contact, Darlene with an intake of breath and Tyson with an awkward apology. "I guess that's not the fruit platter. Maybe I do need some help."

Darlene was aware he hadn't removed his hand as quickly as when he accidentally touched her breast the day before. In fact he left it there on the inside of her knee for seconds as if enjoying the feel of the nylon. She willed his hand to rise up her thigh, to touch her pussy afire but he pulled back and the moment was broken. "Well I'd be happy to assist sir," she offered playfully.

"Sir?" Tyson laughed. "What's that about?"

"Oh nothing," Darlene giggled. "Just playing up the servant girl thing."

The playful manner of her speech wasn't lost on Tyson. Nor was it that he'd discovered she was wearing pantyhose. How short was the skirt he wondered? He'd definitely felt her knee. Oh to run his hand up between her legs. A thought came to mind of his first girlfriend out of high school, Becky-Anne Palmer. Making out in her bedroom and sliding his hand under her skirt. Up along her inner thigh and just when he was about to reach her pussy finding her pantyhose had fallen and causing his hand to just follow the curve and back down the other leg. He couldn't restrain the laughter as he recalled their combined embarrassment.

"What are you laughing at?" Darlene inquired as she sat her bare bottom down on the cold glass coffee table.

Tyson composed himself. "Oh nothing, just something from the past."

"Tell me."

"No Mom, I really can't," Tyson admitted.

"O.k." Darlene smiled slyly back at him, wondering indeed what he'd recalled. "Well what would you like first?"

"Surprise me," Tyson replied enthusiastically.

Taking a grape from the platter, Darlene reached towards her son's face.

"Open up."

Tyson did as told and accepted the grape in his mouth from his mother's hand. Her fingertip momentarily touching his top lip.

"Mmm, grape." Tyson purred.

Darlene waited for him to swallow and again offered another grape. Her finger this time touched his bottom lip. She imagined both of his lips encircling her finger. Pushing in and out as he sucked on her digit. She felt the dampness at her crotch increase and spread her legs before him.

Eating some grapes herself, Tyson listened to his mother chew and swallow. The sound was somehow satisfying and he experienced a case of ASMR, a brain orgasm. Tyson had read about it, autonomous sensory meridian response, the tingle started on his scalp and goose bumps broke out down his body. The feeling was wonderful, he wanted more.

"Another grape honey?" Darlene offered.

"Nah not yet, you eat them."

To his delight, she did. Biting and chewing, swallowing. His dick swelled and needed readjusting. If he shuffled in his seat, he could do it quickly, surreptitiously, and hope she didn't notice, he reasoned.

She did notice. Her eyes were on nothing but her son's growing erection. His attempt to move it to a more comfortable position was clumsy. Just take it out, she whimsically thought to herself. Another thought came to her as

she looked at his cock. He wants me. The cock that was hard for her, obviously sharing in their unspoken lust for each other. She picked up a strawberry and about to offer it, changed her mind, instead lowering it between her legs. Leaning back slightly she used one hand to part her labia and pressed the red berry against the entrance to her vagina. Slowly she slid it up between her moistened lips to her clit and removed it, damp, coated with her juices.

Erotically charged, not thinking rationally, Darlene lifted the marinated strawberry to her son's mouth. Tyson smelled the scent of the fruit and something else. He knew the source but it was so much stronger now. Was it on her fingers, he wondered? Unmistakably the smell of pussy. The same as in the bathroom. He could smell his mother's pussy, her cunt. The words made him giddy. His mom's wet pussy. He opened his mouth and took a bite of the strawberry, the best he'd ever tasted. "Is that nice baby?" Darlene purred.

"Mmm, beautiful Mom," he admitted.

Darlene couldn't help it; she ate the rest herself, tasting her own vagina in the mouthful.

Tyson was on the edge. The sound of her eating was causing such strange reactions in his mind, the delicious smell of her body, her closeness. His cock pressed so hard against his pants, much more of this he felt he'd cum even without manual stimulation. It was too much. To just break the spell he leaned forward in an attempt to find the fruit platter. His aim off again he placed his hand on his mother's hip at her waist. He recognized the place on her body immediately but couldn't rationalize the fact he still felt pantyhose material under his touch. He should be feeling her dress, her shirt. He quickly pulled his hand away. "Sorry, that's becoming a habit!"

"It's alright baby, I'm your mother. It's O.k. for you to touch me." Darlene wasn't concerned how the words came out, she was too far along. Gone was the earlier shame she'd felt in the bathroom. Gone were any doubts she'd had about the morality of incest. She needed to fuck her son, the only question was when and how to instigate it.

The when was obvious. Looking at the bulge in his pants, it was now! The how came to her immediately as she looked at his stubble. "Let me shave you!" She blurted out.

"What, now?" Tyson asked. "I just showered!"

"That's the best time; your stubble will be softened."

"Well, alright. What about the fruit?" He asked but his mother was already pulling him up by the hand and leading him out of the room.

Darlene began filling the sink with hot water as Tyson waited in the center of the bathroom unsure of what to do. When satisfied with the volume of water she turned to again lay her eyes upon her desire. His cock still erect. "Well come on, off with your t-shirt," Darlene instructed. "You don't want it to get all wet!"

As Tyson lifted the shirt over his head there were again the specks of light as he'd seen that morning.

"Might as well take off your pants while you're at it," Darlene added.

"Mom!"

"I just mean your pants, not your underwear!"

Her clarification was a disappointment to Tyson. He'd have gladly taken off his boxer shorts. Let her see the reaction she was having on him. It mattered not. He knew his erection would be clearly obvious once he removed his

pants. He heard her soaking and wringing out a face towel to press to his skin. He welcomed the coming closeness.

"Just sit on the bath behind you darling," Darlene suggested and Tyson felt her hand on his forearm to guide him. As he bent at the waist his cock found a way to reveal itself on its own volition, proudly breaking through the fly of his boxer shorts. Silence. She must see it, he thought. Maybe she's facing away? He then heard the face towel again being wrung out and waited for her reaction as she turned from the sink. Still nothing and then her body close to him, directly in front of him. He could smell her pussy again stronger now, so close to his face. He felt as if he could only lean forward and his mouth would be upon her, his tongue inside her. His cock swelled further, rigid, harder than he felt he'd ever been.

Darlene's mouth fell open as her son's penis poked through the front of his boxer shorts. It was all happening as she'd imagined. Without even a word to each other about it, she felt their consummation was now imminent. She didn't dare take her eyes from him as she soaked and wrung out the towel for fear he'd disappear. That this wonderful dream (if that was what it was) would end. She approached him front on and stood a moment looking down at it, at him. She could smell her own sex, feel it dripping down her thighs.

After a moment of inaction as she stood before him, Tyson felt her leg press against the outside of his right, quickly followed by the other. His knees together, she was essentially straddling him, her pantyhose pressing to his outer thighs. Only his imagination could tell him how the scene must have looked. He needed to know what she wore. As Darlene placed the hot towel on his face the means to discover how presented itself. He moved back purposefully at the touch of the towel and to stop himself falling backwards into the tub raised his left hand to steady himself, clutching his mother's

side. As before he knew exactly where he touched her, his hand landing again on her hip.

"Careful honey," Darlene whispered. "Here, hold on to Mommy." She lifted his right hand to join the other and he now held her firmly before him, her legs still either side of his.

Satisfied with the warmth of his skin, Darlene abandoned the wash cloth and took up the can of shaving crème, filling her palm with a decent sized spray and applying it to her son's jaw, lips and cheeks.

The feeling of being shaved was pleasant but nothing as pleasant as the feeling of his mother's body beneath his hands. As she moved before him he allowed his hands to innocently caress her hips, exploring the curve of her waist from her rib-cage to her buttocks. Still he felt only pantyhose material or was it lycra? No dress, no separate items. It was the not knowing that was killing him, he needed to find out. "Mom."

"Yes honey," Darlene replied, done with his cheeks and around his mouth, now only needing to complete the neck.

"What are you wearing?"

"What do you think I'm wearing?"

Tyson paused before answering. "Pantyhose and high heels. I can't imagine what else."

Darlene smiled. She looked down at herself, past her breasts and her pubic hair. Her exposed pussy only inches above her son's hard cock, a drop of pre-cum at the eye. "You're mostly right darling," she replied. "It's a body stocking."

"What color is it Mom?" Tyson asked, now recognizing the design.

"Its black darling," Darlene managed to reply; now so turned on she watched a drop of fluid drip from her pussy onto her son's awaiting erection.

In his mind's eye he could now see her, he could certainly smell her.
"Mom."

"Yes darling."

The words nearly caught in his throat as he formed them. "Are you wearing panties?"

"No darling!"

And there she was, fully formed in his imagination. The black bodystocking hugging her body. Her nipples would be visible he reasoned, her pussy, certainly hairy, bare and only inches from his face.

"Now just hold still while I get this last bit under your jaw."

Tyson lifted his chin to allow her access, swallowing nervously as he felt his mother's breath on his neck.

"Actually honey it might be easier if I lower myself down here!" Darlene proposed and with her hands on his shoulders, his on her hips, she spread her legs and slowly descended.

Tyson felt her legs bend at the hip and guided her descent. Inches above his cock he felt the heat of her sex and then the contact. The tickle of her pubic hair and the warm wet softness of her labia. Magnetically, his cock found her vagina and ever so slowly he was inside his mother. Just the head, her lips wrapped around and sealed in a heated embrace and then lower she sank, inch after inch penetrating until her pelvis joined his and they were as one.

Tyson didn't dare move, the situation so outlandish, for a moment he wondered if his mother even knew she had sat on his cock. He didn't dare speak for fear his voice would awaken her to the act of incest being undertaken between them. Both foolish reasoning he knew. She was aware, they were both more than willing. Without a word spoken between them Darlene finished the shave and wiped his face.

"There sweetheart, you're done!" Tyson's cock twitched inside her. "Well not completely!"

"Jesus Mom. I'm. I'm inside you!" Tyson stammered.

"Yes you are darling. Does it feel nice?"

"Oh Mom, it feels beautiful." He paused as her hands came up to his face and held his jaw. He sensed her mouth not far behind. "Mom. Are we making love?"

"Yes we are darling."

And it was on. Tyson's hands were given free rein to roam, caressing her back from her shoulders to her ass. Their mouths came together and Darlene's tongue actively sought out her son's, entwining and sharing saliva. She leaned back as her pelvis thrust back and forth on her son's cock and lowered her body stocking beneath her breasts. Tyson could sense her actions and his mouth found her boobs, kissing between and working his way across to a nipple to devour between his lips.

With her hands on his shoulders for balance, Darlene rode her son like a cowgirl on the prairie. She closed her eyes to enter his sightless world and could see the two of them, mother and son fucking. The purest, most beautiful form of incest. Her orgasm approached. Never had she climaxed before a partner and yet here it came. Opening her eyes to not miss a thing

she again returned her mouth to his this time not to kiss, merely to confess her orgasm.

"I'm cumming baby," she panted into his open mouth. "Mommy's cumming on your cock!"

The words sent Tyson to the edge and he followed her lead. As she came, her breath held, her teeth biting into his jaw, he released inside her. A pressurized flow of semen shooting from his cock against her cervix. Spurt after spurt mingling with her own fluid. He saw stars, no. He saw light. The pinpricks of light now bigger than before, actual vision partially restored. His orgasm ending, he remained hard inside her, he never wanted to leave.

Darlene kissed her way back to his mouth and again their tongues met.

"Tyson, that was wonderful. Thank you so much."

"You're thanking me?" Tyson chuckled, his hands back on his mother's bottom. "Mom I should be thanking you. When I came inside you, my sight came back a little!"

Darlene leaned back to look him in the eyes. "Really darling!? That's wonderful news. Do you think it was the orgasm?"

"I don't know. It's like I can see stars in a night sky but now they're bigger."

"It must have been the orgasm! I'm certain of it. Do you think we should try again?" She smiled at him, knowing full well his answer, his hands already pulling her further onto him.

* * * * *

"I knew it!"

"You're not mad at me? You're not disgusted?" Darlene asked having confessed what she'd done with the strawberry.

"Mad! Disgusted! Mom, that is about the hottest thing I could imagine. I only wish I could have seen it. I could smell you, you know!"

"Oh." Darlene seemed taken aback by the comment.

"No in a good way!" Tyson quickly reassured her. "Your...well, your pussy. In the bathroom when I took a shower too. It's my senses, they've all improved."

Darlene had gone this far, she decided to disclose further. "I was in there."

"What?"

"When you had the shower. I was in there watching you. Watching you masturbate." She confessed.

Tyson felt himself go red. He remembered fantasizing about her, saying "mom" out loud. "Oh! Is that when you started feeling this way about me?"

For Darlene it felt good to finally confess her feelings. "No, it was after you got home from hospital. Something happened inside me when we hugged, when I saw what effect it had on you."

"Oh you saw that?" Tyson thought of his erection from his mother's embrace.

"Well of course! You're the one with the vision problem!" Darlene laughed. "Now forget about that, it's time for your medication."

"Ugh those eye drops again?"

Darlene ran a hand along Tyson's thigh and settled on his flaccid cock. "No the other therapy!"

* * * * *

Four times inside her vagina. Twice in her hand and a particularly messy facial that was supposed to be in her mouth. Two days on and still Tyson's vision hadn't returned. Yes there were signs of improvement with every orgasm, the star like pinpricks of light greater now in size and remaining longer but frustration lingered. In an antithesis of the old wives tale, 'stop it or you'll go blind,' Darlene encouraged Tyson to masturbate, providing him with all the stimulus he needed, both aural (he had confessed the sound of her eating had turned him on) and sensual (allowing his fingers and mouth to explore her entire body) and seeing to it that he was constantly hard.

The erotic novel came to Darlene's mind as she checked emails for her business, in particular the scene in which Arabella was penetrated by the mud monster. "Anal sex!" She exclaimed and Tyson raised his face from between her legs on the couch.

"I'm sorry?" Tyson replied, the lower half of his face slick with pussy juice.

Darlene looked around her iPad placed on her chest as they lay together naked. "I was just thinking, it's the only thing we haven't done. Do you think it might be something you'd like to try? It could help!"

"If you're sure Mom. Have you ever, you know, done it?"

"No baby, you'll have to go gently with me," Darlene professed. "You might have to lick me down there a bit to get me ready. Would you be willing to do that baby?" She was being overtly coy; she knew her son was more than willing, having tentatively ventured there only moments before.

Tyson himself could tell she was putting it on and enjoyed the game she was playing, his cock hardening against the couch. "I'll do it Mom. If you think it might help me get better."

Without delay, Tyson rose up on the couch as Darlene disposed of the iPad. Grabbing herself behind her thighs she raised her bended knees to meet her armpits. Her ass lifted off the couch and she looked down between her breasts to her pussy. Tyson's cock was visible for a moment before he lowered his face to her and he seemed larger than she recalled. Even blind he had an uncanny ability to find her asshole. His mouth descended on her little brown hole, kissing her sphincter as he would her mouth. First pecks then open mouth. His tongue came into play as he used his hands to spread her, licking around the rim, again tentatively tasting her entrance until finally French kissing her anus.

It was certainly working for Darlene. Her eyes fixated on her son eating out her asshole. "Oh yes Ty, eat my ass. Stick your tongue deep in Mommy's shithole baby." The feeling was wonderful, akin to having her pussy licked. She relaxed her sphincter and Tyson buried his tongue further into her, dribbling saliva to use as a lubricant.

Darlene let go of a leg, Tyson holding her in place and slapped her hand down on her clit, rubbing herself to increase the pleasure. It did the trick. Her orgasm approached. "Oh shit baby don't stop," she demanded as she increased her action on her clitoris. "Mommy's going to cum Ty. Keep your tongue in my ass baby."

Tyson hadn't dreamed of going anywhere. The pleasure he obtained from licking his mother's ass was unlike any he'd known. He'd glue himself to her asshole if she demanded it.

As she came, Darlene tightened her sphincter around her son's tongue, the action causing it to slide out of her with a trail of saliva. Tyson kept his mouth sealed around her hole until her body stopped shuddering and her breathing returned to normal. Finally she took her hand from her pussy and

touched the back of Tyson's head with her dripping fingers. "I'm ready baby. Time to fuck Mommy in the ass!"

Again Tyson wasted no time and straightening up allowed Darlene to once again lay her eyes upon his cock. It's so big, she thought, the head won't even fit in! Tyson used his hands to seek out her asshole and guide his cock to her entrance. Holding her legs, Darlene watched him bend his penis down towards its target. She relaxed her sphincter as he gently dabbed the head against it, coating it in saliva and excess pussy juice. "Just the head darling..." She directed, her mouth opening in sympathy with her anus.

And then it happened. Tyson eased the head of his cock inside his mother's butt, the sphincter allowing the penetration and closing around the swollen knob. "Is it O.k. Mom?"

"Oh yes baby. It feels beautiful. Go on; give me more of that big cock."

Ever so slowly Tyson eased his penis into his mother's ass. Two, three inches, more following. Darlene felt it would never end, didn't want it to. Let it come out my mouth, she mused. Finally Tyson's groin spooned against his mother's upturned buttocks, signalling his complete penetration. He gently fell forward atop her and found her mouth with his. The softest of kisses on her still open lips. Her tongue jutting forward to taste the lips that had been moments before, sealed to her anus.

Tyson's arms wrapped beneath her torso as he slowly withdrew his cock half way before sliding back in. Repeating the action with an increasing rate. "Still O.k. Mom?"

"Yes honey, harder. Fuck my ass harder baby."

"It feels so good Mom!" Tyson panted.

"Oh yeah baby? Is it tight? Is Mommy's ass tight enough for you?" As if to accentuate her words, Darlene contracted her sphincter, squeezing it around her son's slippery cock.

"Oh Mom, it's so tight. I love your ass Mom."

"Yeah? You love fucking Mommy's tight asshole? Are you gonna cum in Mommy's ass baby?"

"I'm gonna cum Mom. I'm gonna cum in your ass!" Tyson, spurred on by his mother's dirty talk in his ear, into his mouth was on the verge of orgasm. He closed his eyes as tight as his eyelids would allow and willed his eyesight to return. To see again his mother. To see her naked below him. To feast his eyes upon her breasts, her face, her mouth the source of such joy, her pussy and the asshole he was now fucking.

"Cum in me Tyson. Fill Mommy's ass with that beautiful boy cream." Darlene begged and Tyson was ready to deliver.

Two more thrusts and it began.

"Mom. I'm cumming!" He managed. Tyson's balls pressed hard against his mother's lower back, his cock fully inside her rectum.

"Good boy," Darlene praised him.

Cum shot forth from her son's cock as Darlene tightened her sphincter around the base, feeling the pulse of semen as it flowed through. A cum enema filling her welcoming ass. Tyson buried his face into his mother's hair at her neck, his eyes still shut. If it wasn't the best orgasm of his life he couldn't remember the other.

"Look at me baby," Darlene whispered through her son's ecstatic exhaling.

Tyson lifted his head from her neck and with eyes still closed, faced her. Darlene's hands went to either side of his face, cradling his cheeks. "Open your eyes sweetheart."

Tyson cautiously raised his eyelids, fearful there would be no change. Gone were the stars in the night sky. Gone was the complete darkness. A flesh colored blurriness surrounded by a darker aura greeted him. He blinked, it cleared. Blinked again and her face came into focus, her expression concerned and anxious.

"Honey?"

"Mom!"

"Yes?"

"I can see!" Tyson exclaimed. "I can see you. You look beautiful." Tears filled his eyes, again blurring his restored vision.

Darlene began to cry. "It worked baby. I just knew it would." She pulled him down onto her face and their mouths met in a kiss. Tears intermingled.

Tyson wiped his eyes as he broke their embrace, pushing himself off her chest. He looked down at her body beneath him, gorging on finally seeing her naked splendor. Her breasts were as he'd imagined, the nipples a slightly darker shade. Her pubic hair just as he'd envisaged, her pussy a thing of beauty. His cock, still erect within her dilated asshole looked better than any representation he'd seen in porn. "So what does this mean for us Mom? No more orgasm therapy?"

Darlene shifted her body, pulling into her ass the length of cock that had slid out as Tyson inspected it. "Oh no baby. I think we should keep it up. We wouldn't want you having a relapse," she smiled. "It's fortunate the anal worked though, you might not have liked my next suggestion."

Tyson leaned down and kissed a nipple, looking up into her eyes. "Oh, what was that?"

"I was going to squirt in your face!"

Amazingly, Tyson's already hard cock swelled at the proposition. "Maybe we should give that a go. Just to be on the safe side."

Darlene beamed. "Just to be on the safe side."

The Town Bike

Danielle walked from room to room looking for something to do. Nothing worthy of watching on television; her social media up to date; even browsing the internet wasn't catching her attention. Paul wouldn't be home for at least an hour. On one of his 'long rides' he'd told her. It was times like this she envied his hobby. That's what his cycling was she reasoned. A weekly get together with like minded people, enjoying a shared experience.

She'd dabbled with similar. Yoga classes, a book club, even a drama class but they soon grew wearisome to her. No, she needed something that would stimulate her. That she could do with people she trusted, admired.

Gazing absently out the front window she watched Paul push his bike along the garden path towards the rear of their house. He's home early, she thought, giggling to herself at his awkward gait in the riding cleats. As he neared the house, her eyes rose up his legs to the tight bike shorts her husband wore. She loved his legs in lycra. Well, if she was honest, she loved his cock in lycra. The bulge when he was flaccid, the outline of his cock and balls. And when he was hard, his manhood stretching out the silky material; pressing against her ass, her face.

She felt how wet she'd quickly become as she shifted her position, her panties sliding against her labia. Paul disappeared down behind the building unaware he was being observed and Danielle reached under her short sun dress, taking hold of her white lace underwear and slipped them down and off her legs.

Paul took a large draught from his drink bottle before lifting the bike up onto a repair mount as Danielle entered the garage.

"I thought you were going on a long ride," Danielle quizzed him. "What are you doing home so soon?"

Paul took another quick sip and smiled at his wife. "Got the big, one, two, I'm afraid," he replied before explaining. "I had a puncture, which was ok as I had a repair kit. But then.."

He gestured at the chain hanging loosely from the derailleur. "Broken chain."

"Oh, is that bad?" Danielle asked.

"Well you can't pedal without it, but it's repairable."

Danielle nodded absently before poking around the garage, feeling her husband's eyes on her as she bent over to examine this, climbed a step ladder to peruse that. Knowing full well her dress would be riding up high on her ass.

"I know what you're doing," Paul finally stated. Breaking the silence.

Danielle turned to her husband and noticed the desired effect bulging out the front of his shorts.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she smiled coyly, leaning back against a bench to enable her pussy mound to press against her dress.

Paul's eyes homed in on her groin and abandoning his bike repair, approached with his greasy hands held in the air like a surgeon entering a theatre. His lycra clad erection met her outstretched pussy and immediately their mouths connected; Danielle thrusting her tongue between Paul's lips, mating with his.

Grinding his dick in his wife's crevice, the pleasure doubled by the silky fabric of the lycra, Paul breathed into Danielle's mouth. "Why do you

always get like this when I go for a ride?"

Danielle reached forward and placed a hand between herself and Paul's cock, stroking his length. "It's the lycra Baby," she panted, kissing his mouth, his neck. "Your cock in lycra. It just makes me so wet."

Whatever the reason, Paul was happy for the results and watched as Danielle dropped before him to get level with his hard-on. One hand massaged his balls, cupping them, while her other continued rubbing until her lips took over, kissing and biting his still covered penis. With his dirty hands taken out of the picture, Paul was merely a witness to the scene as his wife finally lowered the front of his shorts and allowed his shaved hard cock to spring forward in all its erect glory.

Danielle devoured her husband with relish. Sucking his length into her mouth, her throat, with the ease of a professional. No small fry, Paul always marvelled at her ability, her desire to take him fully, her lips meeting his pelvic bone before she pulled off gagging. Trailing saliva. Licking the spit that flowed down his shaft, Danielle again took his head in her mouth. Sucking hard, her tongue swirling while she masturbated her husband's thick column.

Knowing him well; his breathing; the tensing of his testicles; Danielle was aware he was about to cum and deftly lowered her dress below her breasts. Her hand still furiously pumping his slick cock she looked up into Paul's eyes. "Are you gonna cum Baby?"

Paul nodded, holding his breath and barely able to reply. "Ye..yess."

"Then cum on me Baby," she purred. "Cum on my face. Cum on my tits Lover."

"Oh shit," Paul managed as he released.

Danielle guided his spray as best she could after the first rope shot directly over her left eye, hitting her forehead from the hairline in a thread down to her cheek. Spurt after spurt daubed her nose and mouth until she aimed him lower to coat her neck and breasts. Finally taking him again between her cum coated lips to drain the remnants.

"Oh Baby," Paul sighed, Danielle squeezing her hand along his length.
"That was beautiful."

Proud of herself and her condition she rose and relinquished her hold on his manhood, immediately using her free fingers to scoop cum from her skin into her mouth.

"How long will it take to fix your bike?" She asked.

"Not long, why?"

"Because when you've cleaned up I want you to come inside and fuck me in the ass," Danielle explained.

Paul, his cock remaining hard, immediately made for the degreasing soap on a shelf.

"Oh," he stated. "The bike can wait!"

*

Danielle lay in the crook of her husband's arm, stroking the small amount of stubble on his chest. "Maybe I could come cycling with you?" She stated.

Paul couldn't help but laugh but contained himself when he realized she meant it. "Do you even know how to ride?"

Danielle slapped his chest. "Of course I do," she protested. "I mean I haven't ridden a bike since I was like thirteen but it's like falling off a log isn't it? You don't forget how to do it."

"Well yeah," Paul conceded. "But Baby, we aren't riding through a park here. We don't take it easy!"

"But I'm fit. It won't take me long to compete," Danielle sat up on an elbow. More determined the more she thought of it.

"You're serious about this?" Paul questioned.

"Yes. You know I've been trying to find a pastime," she enthused, sitting up and climbing onto Paul's bare groin. "It could be fun. Something we can both share."

The power of the pussy was strong and as it pressed against his flaccid cock, Paul became more open to her suggestion.

"I mean we'd have to get you a bike, gear. We'd have to ride together for a while, just to get you up to speed. But, I guess it could work." His cock now hard, Danielle allowed it to slide inside herself.

"Oh fuck," Paul sighed, raising his hands to her breasts. "Yeah, the more I think about it, the better it sounds."

"Great," Danielle exclaimed, squeezing her vagina around him and dropping down to his mouth. "This is going to be wonderful for us."

*

The bike, shoes and helmet chosen, Paul browsed the racks of female cycling attire in the sports store, a male attendant alongside. Danielle pulled back the curtain and walked out of the change room with her third outfit, the look on her face displaying her opinion.

"What's wrong with this one?" Paul asked, becoming annoyed by her lack of decision making.

Danielle turned and looked over her shoulder at her ass in the mirror. "It's the same as the others," she exclaimed. "This padded thing here!" She poked at the comfort pad between her legs.

"They all have it," the sales assistant explained. "It's to stop bruising on the seat."

"Well I know, but it's just so ugly!" Danielle complained. "It looks like I've pooped myself!"

The staff member, clearly in his late teens, noticeably blushed and looked away toward the clothing racks. "I mean we have these ones," he brushed his hands against the satin material. "But they're not really cycling wear."

Danielle walked over and looked at the clothing he referred to, running her hand down the fabric. "What do you mean, they look like the others?" She asked. Wearing only a sports bra and bike shorts, Danielle could see the reaction she was having on the boy, even Paul noticing how uncomfortable he was becoming.

"Well they were ordered by mistake," he elaborated. "They're actually for promo girls. You know, on the podium?" He pulled out one of the unitards and displayed it over his arm. "The material is thinner and as you can see," he added, holding the crotch. "They don't have the padding."

"Oh that wouldn't matter," Danielle stated, looking at Paul. "We won't be going on really long rides for a while will we? I think these will be fine!"

There were three different designs and with Paul's encouragement, Danielle took them back into the change rooms. The sales assistant hung around and Paul couldn't blame him when Danielle again stepped out, her demeanour completely different.

"Yes, now this is more like it!" She cheered as she did a turn for her audience.

Paul noticed the jaw of the assistant drop and understood why. It was obvious to him his wife had removed her underwear, both panties and bra. In the process of zipping up the front of the mid thigh length orange unitard, Danielle grinned when she saw the reaction from the men.

"Oh I love it," she exclaimed. "What do you think Baby?"

"Ah, yeah. You look good Hon," Paul managed. She didn't look good, he thought. She looked ridiculously fuckable.

Danielle knew she looked amazing. Having the two men staring at her, ogling her, only emphasised it. "It's so comfortable as well," she added. "And not having that padding looks so much better doesn't it?" She looked at Paul and he nodded. "Well of course you'd say yes Babe. You just want to get out of here!" She approached the shop assistant and looked at his name tag. "Justin. What do you think?"

It was cruel, she knew. He was barely eighteen and was struggling with keeping it together.

"Do you think it looks better down there?" She repeated.

Justin was forced to gaze down at the woman's crotch, the lips of her vulva clearly displayed in a cameltoe.

"I, ah..um" he stammered over the words.

"What about from behind?" Danielle asked, turning and presenting her ass. She could feel herself getting wet and wondered if it showed through the material.

"You look good," the boy finally managed, his eyes resting on the cheeks of her ass. Luscious and within touching distance. "Really good!" He could feel his cock rising and hoped they wouldn't notice. The husband especially. Danielle, satisfied with the reaction turned to Paul. "I think I'll take all three!"

She looked back at the boy and smiled. "You're quite the salesman young man." She could see the hard-on tenting out the front of his pants and as she walked back into the change room and closed the curtain she imagined he and Paul entering. Pulling out their hard cocks and forcing her to suck them. Fucking her. Masturbating over her and cumming. Cumming on her face and body. She stood naked and looked at the damp crotch of the unitard and blushed. "Oh my goodness," she whispered.

*

"Is there another girl in the group?" Danielle asked as they rode side by side.

Paul glanced at his wife who'd pulled the zipper on the front of her white unitard down to between her breasts. The morning was warm and only getting hotter, Danielle's actions not helping things.

"You'll be the first," he replied. "Well, since I've been with them."

"And they're nice guys?"

"You've seen them Babe, you know half of them," Paul answered her.

"They're all family guys. Most with kids!"

The coffee shop, the regular pre-ride meeting place loomed before them and eyes turned to the young couple as they dismounted beside a column of road bikes. To be honest, it was Danielle where the gathered men's attention

was drawn; more than thirty sets of pupils focussing on the girl dressed in figure hugging lycra as she cocked her leg stepping off the saddle.

Danielle felt their eyes on her immediately. Family men, jaws dropping and pausing mid sip their lattes and cappuccinos as she over-dramatically removed her helmet, pushing out her bust suggestively. And as she and Paul approached the group of seated and standing riders, most struggled to remove their gaze from her crotch.

Paul introduced his wife to those she didn't already have an acquaintance with; men she had seen around the town, recognised as local business owners. Their bodies varied from fit, chiseled hard-men to portly, the weekly bike ride most likely their only form of exercise. It wasn't of concern. To Danielle, they all sported the mandatory package. The bulge of lycra between their legs, some more substantial than others, emphasised as the men sucked in their guts on meeting the new inclusion to their club.

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That they were taking it easier wasn't noticeable to Danielle as they rode along the country road. That she was the centre of attention was unmistakable as she never failed to have a gentleman riding alongside her making conversation. That there was a constant jostle for position immediately behind her was almost comical as each man rode in his own 'tour de ass' to gain the best vantage of her curves.

It was all as they'd planned. Paul watching on proudly as his friends and acquaintances ogled his wife, admiring her himself, the globes of her ass, the lycra clinging to pussy, delving between her labia as she rose from the seat. The effect she was having on the group was undoubtable, the men complimenting him on inviting her along, encouraging him to make it

permanent; the adjusting of swelling cocks when they were sure no one else was looking. It was almost too predictable.

He approached his closest friends first. Subtly broaching the subject as they rode. With how alluring his wife looked, he wasn't surprised at how quickly they agreed before in turn spreading the word, the invitation, amongst the other riders.

The agreed upon less strenuous route saw them circle the town's sporting fields and recreation reserve and being early Sunday morning, few others occupied the area. Paul led the group as he signalled diverting off the roadway and slowed up as he removed a foot from the pedal, eventually coming to a stop outside a public toilet block. Danielle cycled up beside him and stopping, slid slowly off the seat to straddle the frame between her legs, the crossbar nestling snugly between her labia. As one, she and Paul looked back to see most of the men had followed, were dismounting, some already rubbing their cocks, all with eyes on Danielle.

"You still sure about this Babe?" Paul searched his wife's eyes and needed no response, the fire behind them signalling her desire, her not so subtle grinding of her pussy upon the frame, her nipples standing to attention in the warm air. Oh, she was sure.

If there was one thing the town's council did right, it was the upkeep of public facilities, the inside of the mens toilets being as clean as could be hoped for, white gloss tiles floor to ceiling. When arm in arm Paul and Danielle turned to face the assembly of gentlemen inside the toilet block, a quick head count saw more than twenty eager faces staring back, some with cocks already out and erect, all stroking their groins.

Danielle's eyes scanned the room at waist level. The vision of erections behind lycra a thing of beauty, that they were all for her, because of her,

adding to her arousal. Paul's hand ran down her back and caressed her ass, sliding a finger between her cheeks which caused her unitard to press tighter against her already sopping pussy, accentuating her cameltoe through the spreading damp, a detail not lost on the men looking on. She turned to her husband and their eyes locked.

"Thank you so much for this," she sighed before their lips came together, her tongue searching for his, her salivating mouth warming up in preparation of the meal to come. With a last rub of her husband's rigid cock, Danielle broke their embrace and knelt before the closest cyclist.

He was unknown to her but it mattered not, his face irrelevant as she pressed her cheek against the swelling behind the blue lycra. A hand was run through her short hair, a sign of affection, possibly gratitude. His cock stiffened against her face as her hands rose up his muscular thighs to take the waist band of his shorts in her fingers and pull downwards. His unleashed penis burst forth, slapping the side of her head as she took him in her hand, her fist sliding down his considerable length to rest in a bed of pubic hair. When her mouth encircled the engorged, bulbous head, the man above released a contented sigh, the first woman to take him in her mouth, bar his wife of thirty years.

A wide circle formed around the kneeling woman allowing all of the audience to witness the show, the majority of the men now with pants lowered, many removed altogether, some remaining shy or yet to achieve erections, fully clothed. Allowing her mouth to conduct the business, Danielle reached out to the next man in the circle, taking his cock in her hand and masturbating while another took the opportunity to rush to her left, presenting his hard-on to the willing performer.

The cock in her mouth was large but bobbing her head, she was able to take half of his length into her throat, stopping his insertion as she gagged, her mouth filling with saliva. She lifted off and immediately took the next cock between her lips as the first backed away jerking his slick penis before lifting his fingers to his mouth to taste her saliva. With the cyclist to her left content being masturbated, another man joined the fray, presenting his hardness to Danielle. Eager to please, she lifted her mouth off one cock and down upon the next, taking him fully, his belly to her nose before she sought out the previous. The men nudged closer and as Danielle slurped from the head of one to the other, their cocks touched. Acquaintances who'd barely shaken hands in the past, now had their dicks joined together inside the mouth of a woman they had only just met.

Danielle did as best she could to take the two cocks into her small mouth. The heads stretched out her cheeks, her tongue slipping and sliding between the two as they gently thrust their hips in a fucking motion. Seeing a hand free, resting on the thigh of a combatant another man placed his erection upon her, Danielle quickly accepting his offer and jerking off his column of meat.

Paul looked on proud. He'd taken his cock from his lowered shorts and was casually stroking his length from his prime position. His eyes trailed down her back to feast on her ass. Without panties, the unitard wedged deep within her asscheeks, the strong fluorescent lighting in the toilet revealing the wetness that spread between her legs. He scanned the circle. His friends, a business partner, the mayors son. All transfixed by his wife. Married men whose vows forgotten for a few moments of joy. He couldn't blame them. Danielle was beautiful, a fantasy. Ordinarily unattainable for most. It was wrong for him to have her for himself, her wonders needed to be shared.

Danielle's head was held on either side and used as a fuck toy. The average sized cock thrusting between her lips, her jaw flicking the waistband of the owners lycra shorts with each intrusion. The 'nyuk nyuk' noise emanating from her throat the only sound in the room bar the soft slapping of twenty plus men masturbating.

Her hands busy jacking off two large members, the dick in her mouth was removed leaving the sweet taste of pre-cum only to be quickly filled by the still flaccid penis of seemingly the youngest participant. She'd noticed the boy earlier, skinny, shy. Looking up into his rosy cheeks, his mouth open as hers enveloped his small cock. No bigger than her thumb she figured, her tongue curled beneath the underside of his eighteen year old cock as her lips pressed the still pube-less skin of his groin. Slowly swelling, the boy moved his hips back allowing his dick to slide out of her, glistening with a coating of saliva. Her tongue followed, leaving it poking out, her mouth obscenely wide open almost begging for him to re-enter.

He didn't get a chance as another man roughly pushed him aside, hand around his cock he aimed himself at Danielle and took up her offer, placing the bulbous purple head upon her outstretched tongue. Danielle was quick to work as her hands masturbated a succession of cocks of varying size and firmness, marvelling at the difference in men. The cock at her mouth leaked pre-cum which she licked over the surface of his head, kissing and sucking the large mushroom shaped bulb. Satisfied, the gentleman relinquished his place and the circle closed in, Danielle wantonly reaching for cock after cock, pulling them in turn into her mouth, slurping onto the next, masturbating furiously.

Hands reached down to touch her. Her breasts were groped from behind and the side as others, kneeling, sought out her ass. Paul saw his wife disappear

behind the throng and with cock still in hand pushed himself off the sink he leaned against, joining the fray.

Danielle could barely see, her eyes glassy with tears from gagging, her cheeks running with mascara. As Paul pushed his way to the front, he nudged aside the man fucking his wife's face and replaced the cock with his own. Had she taken each in her mouth? She wasn't sure, but as the hardened flesh of a new cock was placed upon her outstretched tongue and she sucked it inside, the familiarity was overwhelming. Her husband's dick filled her mouth, her gag reflex disappearing as he pushed his entire length inside her. Fingers were pushed through the fabric of her unitard, probing the lips of her pussy, someone tentatively poking a digit into her anus which twitched at the intrusion. Taking a hand from the cock to her right, Danielle clutched Paul's dick as it slowly pulled from her mouth in a torrent of saliva, her chest, the floor below, drenched with spit. She made out her husband's determined face above, looking down upon her with love, recognised the signs of his impending orgasm.

Taking her other hand from a cock, slick with fluid she reached down to her unitard and took hold of the zipper between her breasts, lowering it all the way to her navel. Her breasts were immediately manhandled from their confines, nipples caressed by unseen hands as she masturbated her husband into her mouth.

Without the word going around, the men recognised their moment had arrived and as one, hands began increasing the rate of fapping. The noise of palm spanking meat swelled; grunts and groans of pleasure rose from the audience.

"You want it Baby?" Paul gasped as his climax approached.

"Yes," Danielle concurred between sucks of the head of his cock, her fingers jabbing her own nose as she furiously masturbated him.

"You want cum Babe?" He added.

"Fuck yes," Danielle hissed. "I want your cum. I wanna be covered in cum."

Paul took possession of his cock as Danielle leaned back slightly, raising her chin. Her mouth widely open, tongue protruding as if a begging dog, she cupped her breasts, presenting herself to her husband, to the group.

Paul held his breath as his fist pumped his organ, the other hand pressing beneath his balls to enhance the sensation. A dozen men seemed to be on the brink, slowing their own rhythm to stave off prematurely ejaculating until given license. And finally the dam wall broke.

In a sudden volcanic release of energy, Paul came upon his wife's face. A projectile stream of molten semen streaking her visage from hair to chin.

"Oh fucking Jesus," he sighed as gush after gush of cum surged from him as he milked himself dry, her mouth wrapping around the head to taste his offering. His cock popped from between her lips, her mouth re-opening to reveal his produce before she made a deal of swallowing.

"Mmm, I love it," Danielle smiled at her husband as remaining drops squeezed from his cock. "I love you Baby," she added before looking around herself. "Who's next?"

There was a rush on being second. Before Danielle had time to prepare, multiple streams of cum shot in her direction. She felt hot streaks spraying her from behind, hitting the back and side of her neck. Those standing in front of her had the choice of her face, mouth or breasts, many choosing all three as they came upon their goddess. For as long as she could, Danielle kept her eyes open, wanting to see as many of the cocks spurting as

possible. But as the rain of semen progressed, her forehead glazed and although the men tried to avoid her eyes, the inevitable occurred and cum obscured her vision, her eyelids closing to prevent the pain.

Still they came upon her. A seemingly never-ending continuous flow of sperm, the scent of which began to fill the toilet block. Her mouth would be filled as multiple loads were deposited inside, gargling the fluid to further excite those yet to cum. Swallowing, to amaze those whose wives would never do such a thing. She felt bubbles of cum or snot pop out of her nostrils as she breathed. Felt the cum flowing down between her breasts and into the unitard, she herself sliding a hand down from her tit to cup her lubricated pussy.

"You dirty slut!" One man moaned as he emptied his balls upon her face; Danielle aiming her open mouth in the direction of the spray, catching a vast load of his jizm.

"That's right boys," she cooed. "I'm a dirty cum slut and you all fucking love it."

A cock was thrust inside her mouth as she in turn slid fingers inside her vagina, volumes of semen flowing directly down her throat. She felt cum in her ear as she furiously stabbed her pussy. Another took aim from the opposite side, Danielle opening her eye slightly to see the young boy now fully erect and ejaculating, his jet shooting across her face to intentionally or not, poetically hit the man who'd pushed him earlier. His response to jump back wiping himself, disgruntled yet leaving the block satisfied with other exhausted parties.

She'd lost count of the loads she'd swallowed. Her hair slick with cum; her entire face a glazed donut of semen; her breasts glistening under the lights. With her fingers circling her clit and still men masturbating over her, she

came herself, a torrent of juice splashing around her digits, drenching her cycling gear, her sperm coated body shuddering with the intensity of her own orgasm. And as Paul counted the last of the heads to leave the toilet block, he stopped at the number 27.

Danielle could feel the room was empty. The last few men had cum directly over her eyes and blinded, she waited for Paul to come to her aid. He was there before she knew it, a paper towel dabbing beneath her eyelids and carefully removing the cum from her eyelashes. Her face was a smear of semen and running mascara and yet he felt she had never looked so beautiful, his cock again rising as he handed her paper towels herself.

With eyes finally open she was able to see her husbands reaction to what had taken place and any doubts she'd harboured about his potentially negative opinion of her were erased as she saw his hardening cock behind the lycra.

Paul smiled as he saw her eyes alight on his penis. "You're incorrigible," he laughed as he wiped her breasts, zipping back up the saturated unitard.

"And you love it," she repeated the words she'd used on the crowd. "You love your little cum slut."

Cum or not, Paul leaned in and kissed her freshly wiped mouth. He tasted cock. He tasted cum but cared not. Most of all he tasted his wife, and she had the flavour of fuck, his favourite food group.

"You bet I do," he agreed and they walked arm in arm toward the exit, throwing the multiple towels in the trash on the way.

At the door Danielle stopped and looked back at where it had happened, a puddle of cum and saliva on the floor.

"Twenty seven," Paul whispered in her ear. "Twenty eight if you include me."

Danielle's eyes widened, a mischievous smile coming to her lips.

"Maybe next weekend we can go for thirty?" She giggled, her hand reaching down and stroking her husbands cock.

Paul groaned and grabbed a piece of her ass himself. "I think I'm gonna enjoy this new hobby of yours Baby," he smiled as they exited the toilets, collecting their bikes for the short journey home.

Ticks and Leeches

The news of my father's death was hard enough. The revelations that surfaced about his secret life made the passing all the more traumatic for the family. Two mistresses attended the funeral; Mom having to be held back in her fury when one of them attempted to present her with Dad's possessions. A heart attack had taken him whilst in the woman's presence. In 'the act,' I learned. Dad being a big guy, it gave me some satisfaction to know 'she' had been caught under his dead weight for however long it took to extract herself. Just desserts for sleeping with a man she knew was married, I decided. Eventually I accepted his things from her and dumped them in the trunk of my car just to get them out of sight while the mood at the service tempered.

Three years at least, we discovered he'd been cheating on Mom and it was likely his conquests didn't end with the two that attended. Overall, it was an understandably stressful few days and when it was all done and I had Dad's ashes beside me on the way back from the funeral home a week later, I was glad we could finally put the whole event behind us and all move on with our lives. And then I remembered Dad's possessions in the rear of my car...

It wasn't pleasant holding a dead man's clothes. His wallet was empty of cash and knowing Dad always carried at least a twenty, I wondered if 'she' had taken it as recompense for being 'died upon?' His phone down to one bar of battery was locked of course, but knowing Dad, I typed 'password' when prompted and it opened up to me to access.

Out of curiosity I looked at his messages and saw the evidence of his affairs all over it. If he was trying to keep it secret from his wife, he wasn't doing

much to cover his tracks. Maybe he just didn't care, wanted her to find out? Why wouldn't he have just divorced her if he was no longer happy? I certainly had never suspected there had been problems. Nor had Mom form her reaction to the mistresses.

I was on the verge of dismissing the phone when I thought about the search history, any potential downloads, even the camera. I didn't want to give it back to Mom to have her find something offensive in the files and after finding his browser empty, I navigated my way through to his gallery.

My life would certainly never be the same again.

The three photos of my mother told me exactly when and where they'd been taken, my sister and I having made much of her appearance on the night of their 30th wedding anniversary. The tight white dress she'd worn being so out of character to her regular demeanor. Dad had obviously noticed as well. The first picture was of her sitting cross-legged in the booth we'd occupied. Yes, she was showing a great deal of leg, but it was innocent enough and could have been taken when both my sister and I were present. The latter two however were not, and it had me wondering when in hell they'd actually done it?

In the second, Mom had her legs parted. She stared directly at the camera, a smile on her face clearly aware of the way she sat. The dress had been mid-thigh but with the spreading of her legs had risen to her hips exposing what I first assumed was a perfectly hairless pussy. The photos not of a high definition, upon further examination revealed to be flesh colored underwear. Regardless, I felt light headed, looking on an 'upskirt' of my own mother.

With a swipe I came upon the last. Mom with head turned, possibly to be sure she wasn't being observed. She remained spread legged, only now with panties removed, dark brown hair lavishly coating her pubic mound. The

addition of the front of her dress pulled down, breasts exposed, hands holding them suggestively. Of course, I'd seen similar on porn sites. Mature women flashing for their husbands in public. Had devoted time myself to admiring such. To see my own mother depicted the same way was mind-blowing, confronting, and yet, even though I hated to admit at the time, arousing. I had to remind myself to breathe as I took in this new reality, swallowing painfully with a dry throat.

There were other photos. The women my father had been fucking behind everyone's backs, including their own. Their's weren't so affecting to me. My feelings toward them not hidden, the appearance of them naked, provocative, disgusted me more than intrigued and when I swiped onto what was clearly my very own father's cock, I chose to end my perusal, deleting all but the chosen three.

Emailing them to myself was my first indiscretion I supposed. Deleting them from Dad's phone along with the others probably wasn't my call to make but I justified it somehow. Did Mom know they were on Dad's phone? If so, surely she'd have been more eager to regain his possessions. No, it was better this way. She'd never know, and with them now safe on my phone alone, Mom nor my sister would ever be troubled by the knowledge.

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She looked different to me somehow when I arrived at her house to drop off Dad's things. Not in appearance, she was still 'Mom,' only now (and I know it sounds stupid,) she seemed more of a woman. Her legs that were so bare in the photo, now covered by tight Levi's, her ass filling out the rear. The bulge of pussy pressing hard against the denim, for the first time catching my eye, now aware there was a thick furrow of pubic hair lurking behind.

The green t-shirt she had on did little to obscure her breasts. One's that I'd seen uncovered half an hour before as she held them towards the camera. That I could now look upon with a swipe of my phone any time I chose.

I felt my cock stir at the recollection and forced my eyes from her tits as she passed a cup of tea across the table. Dad's ashes and the bag of his belongings sat before her and the first item she pulled from it was his phone, my face blushing as she made to turn it on.

"Dead," she remarked when she found the battery drained and set it aside. It was a blessing I supposed. If she was aware the photos were on there, with the battery exhausted she'd assume I hadn't been able to view them either. Mom scoffed much as I'd done when she found his wallet empty and we gave each other a knowing look. "So, what do we do with these?" Her hand rested on the small wooden box containing his ashes.

"It's up to you I guess. Keep them. Scatter them somewhere," I offered. "Do you want them in the house?"

"No," Mom assuredly responded. "I want him gone," she followed up before throwing a hand over her mouth. "Oh, that sounds terrible doesn't it?"

"No, it's understandable Mom. What he did..." I shook my head.

I watched as she pulled his tie from the bag, running her fingers over the silk.

"I gave him this," she paused, wrapping the material around her hand. "We did love each other," her eyes rose to meet mine and I saw a great sadness that she was trying desperately to hide.

"I know Mom, it's alright," I ran a hand across the surface of the table and she reached out with her spare, her fingers interlocking with mine. Her hand

so small, the skin so soft, amid her grieving I scolded myself for becoming aroused at the connection, as my penis stiffened beneath the table.

"Maybe your father's fishing spot?" she stated, and confused I asked her to repeat it.

"I mean his ashes," she explained. "What if we scattered them on the river. We could all drive up together. I don't know, spend a night in that old motel we used to stay in? Maybe next weekend. We did have some good times up there," she insisted.

By 'all,' I assumed Mom was meaning my older sister Bonnie and I didn't like the chances of her going along with Mom's plan.

"I think that'd be a great idea Mom," I concurred, stroking the back of her hand with my thumb. "In fact, I'll call Bonnie now."

I wasn't thinking straight, I knew. The mention of the motel upstate was bring back memories of happy times yes. It also brought up an incident that affected much of my adolescence and was probably the catalyst for my current Oedipal obsession.

The motel we stayed in looked exactly like the 'Bates motel' from the movie! Albeit minus the creepy house on the hill and the lake behind. We called it as such whenever vacation plans were made, once a year for easily more than ten we'd make the journey, Mom and Dad continuing on the tradition long after Bonnie and I ceased holidaying with them. Dad's prime and secret fishing spot the reason for the four-hour long drive there and back.

On the first mention of Dad's ashes, Bonnie responded how I'd assumed she would.

"He's dead to me Dale...literally!" Bonnie replied. "What he did to Mom, to all of us. I don't care what you do with his ashes. Frankly I'm amazed Mom would honor him like that."

"We did have some good times Bonn," I half-heartedly attempted to change her mind. "You can't do it for Mom?"

She was adamant in her denial and I did no further to sway her resolve. In my head I was already sharing a motel room with Mom due to some mix up! 'Only one bed! Oh no, I guess we'll have to sleep together!' the thought bringing a smile to my face. As I hung up from my sister, I sported a ridiculously large lump in the front of my pants and visited the bathroom on the way back from the rear porch.

It had been more than five years since I'd jerked off in my parent's house, standing above the toilet with cock in hand all too familiar. My inspiration was the anomaly. My phone displaying the three photos of Mom. Her legs spread for me. I imagined it was I taking the photos. That she'd removed her panties for me, passed them to me and were safe in my pocket. She would touch my cock under the table, I her pussy. Later we'd fuck. No. In the car. She'd slide down my length and we'd kiss...I came with force upon the raised toilet seat, cursing myself for my indiscretion and coming down from my incestuous euphoria, scolding myself for my current forbidden obsession. It's not going to happen Dale, I told myself as I wiped up the mess I'd created. She's your mother dude. She's not interested. I resigned myself to the fact I had the photos, and that would have to do.

For now. A little voice whispered in the back of my brain.

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"What did they say when you made the booking?" Mom excitedly asked and I glanced across to her in the passenger seat.

"What are you talking about?" I laughed. "I just did it online. Why would I call them?"

"Oh, I don't know," she smiled. "Just, being family run I thought you'd call. They'd remember you for sure. Could've got a better deal."

"It's a weird little motel in a weird little county, well off the highway. A better deal and they'd have been paying us to stay there. Don't worry, it didn't cost much," I assured her.

"So you don't know if Merle and Audrey still own the place?" Mom inquired.

"Was that their names? No idea," I admitted. "When was the last time you and Dad came?"

Mom looked out the window at the passing countryside, furrowing her brow. "It must be three or four years or so I think. I know we planned to come up for our 30th wedding anniversary but..." she added, not finishing the sentence and I felt myself blush at the mention of same, the photos calling me from my phone.

We stopped at a diner and ordered burgers and fries and as I sat in the booth post lunch I watched Mom from the rear chatting to the woman behind the counter about the weather, the country. She wore leggings. Not out of the ordinary. My admiration of her ass in them was, I supposed. The sweater she sported came down half way across her buttocks, more revealed as she leaned into the counter top. Her ass wasn't huge, it also wasn't petite. There was ample to grab, of that I was sure, the gray material cinching between her cheeks, the line of her panties visible through the fabric. So, she was

wearing underwear, I mused and found myself longing to stare at the images once more.

I contented myself with remembrances of the past. The 'Bates Motel,' I pondered. The photos on my phone weren't the first time I'd seen my mother naked. Our second year visiting the area. The nickname for the motel well established, Dad thought it would be funny if we played a trick on Mom. We all did. I'd seen the movie, so even at my young age I knew the scenario. It was all innocent of course, Bonnie and Dad dressing me in one of Mom's dresses. Giving me the plastic knife. Ambushing Mom whilst she was in the shower with Dad and my sister accompanying with screeching violin sounds. It was all fun and games and everyone laughed at the time.

Later however. I looked upon it differently. As the years passed the memory grew in my head. I'd seen her naked of course but as a child I didn't consider the implications. My older self saw it differently. She fueled teenage fantasies. She was the inspiration for nighttime emissions. When I closed my eyes I saw her, a naked woman, in the shower, her body glistening with water. She was the first woman I loved, she was the first woman I came to.

The snap of fingers before my eyes brought me out of my daydream and I turned my head to look directly into my mother's crotch, the leggings tight over her pronounced pussy bulge, the hint of cameltoe.

"You ready to get going Mister?" She smiled when I managed to lift my eyes to meet hers.

An erection tenting the front of my pants, I was ready for anything.

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"Well it hasn't changed," Mom observed as we pulled up into the parking lot.

"I don't know if that's a good or a bad thing," I laughed as we headed for the reception.

"I thought it was you lot," the large woman behind the desk greeted Mom. I had a vague recollection of Audrey, the owner, but she seemed to have no trouble recalling me. "I saw the name the booking was under and I wondered if it was y'all. And look, if it isn't little Dale! Not so little anymore. How have y'all been? Where's the rest of you?"

Mom filled her in with the details of our situation and the two women bonded over the mutual loss of their partners. I was just grateful she was conducting the check-in as they talked which allowed me to pick up the keys to the rooms and bring in the bags from the car.

No 'mix-up' unfortunately. We did get adjoining rooms however, with an interconnecting door that I promptly unlocked. It was just as I remembered, and so many memories rose to the surface. Bonnie and I in one room. Mom and Dad in the adjacent, just as now. The sun was getting low over the hills and Mom finally came and found me as I was unpacking some of my clothing.

"Well I guess we won't be going up there today," she addressed the sinking sun. "I forgot how quickly it gets dark in the valley," she added.

I looked at her in the doorway, surprised to see her holding the ashes.

"What are you doing with them?" I nodded toward her hands.

She looked down and seemed herself surprised to be holding the box, her eyes drifting back to mine, gradually filling with tears.

"I don't know," her shoulders slumped and it was then I realized it was the first time I'd seen my mother cry since Dad died.

For all I knew it was the first time she HAD cried, as I coaxed her back into her room. She placed the ashes on the small table beside the window and allowed herself to be seated on the bed.

"Mom, it's alright," I attempted to console her as she seemed to be fighting the tears. "It's ok to grieve."

"I hate him Dale," Mom admitted as she clutched my hand beside her. "For what he did. For how we were the last few years."

I wondered what that meant? Had they been having problems that me and Bonnie were kept in the dark about?

"But I loved him. I still do love him," she asserted.

"I know Mom," I placed an arm over her shoulder and could smell her tears.

"I feel the same. One day I think we'll forgive him. Even Bonnie," I added.

"But that's not going to take away the hurt. We won't forget. But we also won't forget the fun times," I posited.

The words seemed to have some effect on her and she snuggled into my embrace, placing a hand upon my thigh. I honestly wasn't thinking sexually at the time despite our closeness, I just wanted to be there for her, to comfort her.

"When did you become so mature?" Mom giggled snuffling.

"I'm twenty five," I laughed. "It had to happen sooner or later."

She again laughed and then said something out of the blue.

"Can you hold me?" She tentatively looked into my eyes through her tears

I thought I already was, but when I nodded my agreement, she broke my embrace and moved to lie on the bed. A million thoughts ran through my head as she presented her back to me and I understood I was to hug her from behind.

We didn't do this! I figured that under the circumstances regular behavior went out the window somewhat. If Mom wanted to be comforted by her son essentially spooning her, who was I to deny it? She made a contented sigh as I lay behind her and placed a hand around her waist. My arm was quickly taken up and pulled into her chest, quite aware it was her breasts that provided the softness it was pressed against.

I made a point of not pressing my groin into her bottom, maintaining what I assumed to be an acceptable distance of around an inch. If she happened to want the connection, it would be her that would have to move. Don't get me wrong, I would have been happy to just grind my cock against her ass cheeks with impunity, but if by some chance in a million something was going to happen between us, I wanted it to come naturally, jointly.

The room was warm with the last rays of the sun shining directly onto the far wall. Mom had quelled her tears and was more interested in reminiscing on the happier times, focusing on vacations more than ten years prior. Our heads on the same pillow, I could smell her hair, see the contours of her small ear, the curve of her jaw when she spoke, the expanse of flesh on her shoulder and bare neck.

"We weren't sleeping in the same bed," she admitted, breaking away from the previous recollections.

"What?" I asked, taken by surprise by the sudden admission.

"The last few years," she elaborated. "I should have known something was wrong."

"Mom, you don't have to," I stated.

"No, it's ok. You deserve to know," she insisted. "You and your sister. It was around our anniversary. We tried different things but the spark was gone," she asserted and I thought I knew what her 'different things' alluded to, the images on my phone a testament. "You won't want to hear this Dale, but I spent hundreds on lingerie!"

I kept my mouth shut. Neither confirming or denying how interested I was in her underwear.

"He'd lost interest in me," she added. "Why didn't he just leave?" She concluded with the same question I'd asked myself.

"Because he was an idiot," I casually answered her query and it brought forth a chuckle.

"And we never talked," she continued after a moment's pause. "How ridiculous is that?" She scoffed. "In the last few days, you've shown me more affection and listened to me more than he did for years."

I was glad she'd noticed. She hadn't mentioned we were currently sharing a bed, another one I seemingly had up on Dad.

"Well, that's what I'm here for," I whispered and did something I wouldn't normally. I kissed the curve of her neck where it met her scalp. It was spontaneous and I wasn't thinking sexually when I did it. I just genuinely wanted to show her affection, to reinforce what she'd felt and stated.

"Ooh, goosebumps!" She giggled and hugged my arm a little closer into her breast.

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I hadn't even felt sleep approaching when I woke to the room in shadow. The drapes open, some light from the motel's neon sign filtered through the curtains but it was clear night was well advanced. What was also clear was my erection pressed hard into the buttocks of my mother. My left arm was numb where it lay under myself and it was possibly the reason I'd awoken, but how long my cock had been in its state; how long her ass had been pushed against me? I had no idea.

Her breathing measured, she remained asleep as I felt my cock involuntarily twitch, reveling in the anonymity of its arousal. I relented and pushed myself slightly into her and the softest of sighs emanated from her mouth. Did she know it was me? I moved again, rubbing my cock between her buttocks, her crack accommodating my length perfectly as though we were made for each other. A hot dog in a bun. It was then I came to my senses.

What the fuck was I doing? She had no idea it was me. She was asleep. I was her son. The last person in the world she'd expect to be secretly rubbing himself against her ass like a common pervert on the subway. The trust I was betraying. To be essentially abusing her without consent. I felt disgusted. More so when I thought of my recent behavior. Jacking off in her house to stolen images. Ogling her ass, her pussy. What kind of person was I? Not this, surely. I wrenched my groin from her body and withdrew my arm where she'd still been embracing it. The movement awakened her with a start before she realized where and with whom she was.

"Did we fall asleep?" She sleepily inquired, rubbing her eyes to emphasize the fact.

"Yeah," I concurred, rising with my back to her to conceal my erection. The clock on her bedside table read 8p.m. and my stomach was reminding me

we were overdue a meal. "What say I drive into town and pick up something to eat?" I suggested as I headed for the door between our rooms as Mom turned on the light. Making it and concealing my lower half in the doorway as I looked back for her response.

"That'd be nice Honey," she smiled, her hair plastered flat on one side of her head, eyes sleepy. Her tank top had twisted and one boob showed more of itself than I assumed she cared to display. She had never looked more beautiful and I hated myself for how I'd been regarding her. "Maybe I'll have a shower whilst you're gone," she yawned.

I found my car keys and left the parking lot, one other car in residence. The 'Bates Motel' obviously not doing a roaring trade this time of year. Five minutes down the road and I made the decision to delete the photos of Mom from the restaurant. I was living in a dream land. An unhealthy one at that. No, I'd remove the temptation from my life. Nothing was ever going to happen. She'd done nothing to lead me on. Nothing to suggest how I felt was reciprocal. All she'd done was be my mother. And how had I repaid that? By rubbing my cock against her. No, those photos were gone. It was then I realized I didn't have my phone.

I could see it beside her bed where I'd placed it when she'd asked me to lie with her. I felt my stomach drop as I thought of her opening it. She'd said she was having a shower. How long did that take? I was going to be gone for half an hour at least depending how long I had to wait for food. Was it opened on her pictures? She knew my pin, 3253. The numbers for the letters Dale. 'Always has been. Always will be,' I'd said countless times in her presence. I couldn't risk it. I pulled the car up and turned back toward the motel.

*

I expected her to be in the shower so didn't go to her door, deciding to use the interconnecting door to access her room. When I skirted the front of my car and bypassed her window, I saw that she'd drawn the drapes. But not completely. A slither of light crept through the gap and I absently looked in to see her still upon the bed, seemingly having gone back to sleep. And then her hips moved.

On her stomach, her legs stretched out straight, the movement was awkward and I for a moment was unclear why she did it? About to head back to her door, it happened again and I paid closer attention. Everything I'd said to myself in the car, in her room, went out the window as I stood in the dark and peeped. It wasn't 'unclear.' It was obvious. Her left arm lay under herself, clearly down the front of her leggings. The up and down movement of her ass was constant and if I needed any further evidence of what my mother was doing, her free hand reached around and entered the rear of her pants.

My mother was masturbating.

I felt giddy as I stood and watched. My cock, as if mocking me for being all moralistic not twenty minutes prior, immediately swelled with pride. I could feel my jaw drop and was helpless to stop it, nor was I seemingly capable of preventing my hand moving to the front of my pants. Her face was aimed away from me but I doubted she'd be able to see me through the space regardless. With impunity I watched as her grinding increased, her leggings half way down over her buttocks, the hand on her ass working as hard as the one below. My god, I marveled. Was she fingering her asshole?

I saw her legs twitch, spasms pass through her body, and with a final shuddering, her movement came to an abrupt end. I wondered how long I could stand there? Voyeuristically watching my mother, a hand caressing

my cock through my pants. The answer was provided by headlights entering the lot and I quickly headed toward my room to avoid closer scrutiny by the car pulling up. Once inside I went to the interconnecting door and knocked. No answer. Opening, I half expected to see her still on the bed, post orgasm euphoria greeting me with open arms. Instead I heard the sound of the shower and it burst my incest bubble.

That display wasn't for me. She had thought me long gone. I picked up my phone and quietly went back to my room and to the car. I sat there a moment looking at the unlock screen of my phone ready to delete the photos. "But why was she masturbating?" I asked myself. "Why now?" I questioned as I slipped the phone back in my pocket and once more headed into town.

*

"You're wearing that?" I queried when Mom finally met me in the parking lot the next morning.

She looked down at herself and seemed taken aback.

"What's wrong with it?"

I looked her up and down. A mid-thigh denim skirt that I couldn't recall her ever wearing, a tank top similar to the one from the previous day but dare I say, smaller. She did have a straw cowboy hat for sun protection and the hiking boots she wore looked adequate. It was the skirt I was skeptical about.

"A skirt. For hiking?" I questioned.

"Oh, it's not that far we have to walk," she stated, pausing. "For memory."

"That's not how I remember it," I countered. Dad's 'secret' fishing spot was on a trail off a trail as far as I could recall. I knew the starting point and though it had been many years since I'd been there, I figured it wouldn't be hard to find. We'd worked out it had been five years since Mom had last done the walk with my father. The land couldn't have changed that much in the time between.

The campsite where the trail began was deserted. We were early so that wasn't surprising, expecting to be wrapped up in a matter of hours and back at the motel to check out at twelve. I packed a backpack with extra water and food just in case, and with Dad securely tucked away beside some trail mix, Mom and I headed off into the woods.

*

"Do you remember any of this?" I climbed up onto a large boulder hoping to see further down the overgrown hiking trail.

Mom sat down on a fallen log and took a long draught of the water bottle she held before answering. Taking off her hat, she wiped her sweaty brow and shook her head.

"I told you, it's all overgrown. Everything looks different. I don't even know if we're on the right path," she admitted.

I was positive we were. Only two leading off from the campsite. But I was beginning to think we may've missed the secondary trail we needed to be on.

"Well we've been walking for nearly an hour and I don't even hear the sound of the river," I stated. "I don't remember it being this far before the turn-off Mom." I climbed back down from the rock and approached her, accepting the bottle when she held it out to me. Her legs were parted and

without making it obvious, I took the opportunity to peek up her skirt, the flash of white underwear. "I say we go on for five more minutes and if we don't hit something we recognize, turn back."

To her credit, Mom was taking it all in her stride. Fifty two years old, she wasn't exactly a senior citizen but she wasn't a spring chicken either.

Knowing she regularly walked to keep fit, I wasn't surprised she was doing so well, but to my shame I had expected her to have complained before now. I admired her.

Some areas of the trail had been washed away by rain. Little upkeep saw grass overgrowing, in places waist deep. Leading, I was on the verge of calling it and heading back when I saw a familiar rock formation and scratches pointing to a dividing trail.

"Oh, thank God," I remarked as I turned to tell her the good news. Sweaty, she came up beside me and as she placed her hands on hips and breathed out a sigh of relief, the fact she wasn't wearing a bra was now obvious. Her white tank top, made of what looked to be microfiber or bamboo had gone partially transparent with the sweat. If she had a problem with it, she wasn't letting on. In fact, one could say she was highlighting her boobs as she arched her back, pushing out her chest. Her nipples stood out, not erect but pink behind the material, her large areola clearly visible. I managed to make it seem I wasn't looking but to hell with my moral debate, I took in my fill.

When we finally reached Dad's fishing spot, it was already nearing eleven o'clock and it was obvious we weren't getting back by midday.

"They won't charge us for another night, will they?" Mom questioned as she stretched her back, her bust pushing hard once again against her almost transparent top.

"I don't know, you're friends with her!" I squinted in the sun, giving me ample opportunity to admire her breasts.

"Well I wouldn't say we're friends," Mom scoffed, admiring something more wholesome, the scenery.

And it was worthy of admiration. So secluded. A sandy bank on the bend in the river. A rocky outcrop upon which we stood that gently sloped down into the clear water. We could've been the only two people left on Earth, such was the serenity.

"So how do we do this?" I asked Mom, pulling out the box containing Dad's ashes.

"I guess we just say a few words and tip him out into the water."

I waited for Mom to begin a eulogy and I think she was doing the same.

"Ok, well. Dad," I addressed the box. "We thought we knew you but you proved us wrong. We did love you though and no doubt we had some good times here, so we hope you find some solace in your final resting place."

I tipped the box up and unexpectedly a plastic bag fell to the rock at my feet. Mom began laughing and it went a great deal to lightening the mood.

"You didn't realize the ashes were in a bag?" she chuckled to herself.

"I really hadn't thought about it," I confessed, lifting the clear bag up and opening it. Second attempt and standing over the water, I tipped out the contents just as a gust of wind swept the surface of the river. The ashes caught in the breeze and rather than falling into the water, blew into the reeds and onto the muddy ground below. I immediately looked at Mom wary she'd be disappointed with my performance. Her face however glowed

before she burst into another round of laughter, a hand covering her mouth as she possibly considered the appropriateness of her behavior.

"Oh well, it's probably where he belongs," she regained her composure before setting down upon the rock below and stretching out her legs.

I tucked the box and bag back into the backpack and joined her, watching the slow flow of the river.

"It IS beautiful here," Mom remarked and leaned back on her elbows. The action caused her bottom to slide down the rock some and her skirt rose with the movement. It could surely not have been intentional, but a triangle of white panty containing the bulge of her pussy appeared above the hem and I did my best to not stare directly at her indiscretion.

"You've got that right," I concurred. "We should've brought our swimsuits."

"Mmm," Mom agreed and I hoped she'd suggest we swim in our underwear instead. Or more preferable, naked! I certainly wasn't going to suggest it, lest she think me overly lecherous.

"It's so quiet," she sighed before looking in my direction, catching my eye.

"We could be the only people in the whole world!" She almost whispered, echoing my earlier thought and the way she said it had me questioning her feelings towards me. Was she thinking along my lines? If we confessed our desire to each other here, acted upon it. Would anyone else ever find out?

"I, I want to..." I began before Mom's eyes drifted from mine to look down the river. I followed their direction and saw what had distracted her.

The man was still some distance as he paddled a canoe toward us and his appearance caused me to mimic a banjo and hum the chords from the movie Deliverance.

"Oh don't," Mom laughed as she pulled her skirt back down her legs as she rose from the ground. It told me she'd been aware how much leg she was showing. Leg? No. Pussy! I stood with her as he neared and headed toward our bank.

"Howdy," the interloper greeted us and we exchanged pleasantries. "Y'all come up from the East campsite?" He quizzed through broken teeth and an impressive gray beard that he'd surely been cultivating for half a century. When we confirmed we had he seemed troubled. "Don't get too many tourists this time o' year. Too dang hot. Sweaty," he added and I didn't like how his eyes drifted to my mother's chest. "Y'all best check y'ur boots fer critters! We's got leeches as big as y'er arm. Ticks too. Bastard's they is! Gov'ment's put Lyme disease in 'em! Yep. You check y'ur britches. Don't want no Lyme disease that's fo' shaw!"

And with the warning he pressed his paddle into the rock and pushed himself back into the meandering flow of the river.

"Yep, ticks and leeches," he spoke more to himself than us as he departed without a goodbye. "That's all we's good fo' round here. Goddamn ticks and leeches."

Mom and I looked at each other, mouths equally as agape as we prevented our laughter.

"Well that was something," I remarked and gladly out of earshot of the old man, Mom relented, clutching her stomach as she laughed. I repeated the banjo music and she hugged my arm to stop as we made our way off the rock and back toward the trail.

"I'm kinda glad we didn't go swimming," I admitted as we crossed the sandy bank toward the path.

"Do you think he was serious?" Mom asked, grimacing. "About the leeches?" She stopped to look down at her legs.

"I'm more concerned about the ticks to be honest," I admitted. "All that long grass we've walked through. He's right about the Lyme disease."

"What that the Government created it?" Mom laughed.

"Well I don't know about that. But it's definitely a worry."

I looked at Mom and her manner had changed, an air of unease governing her demeanor.

"Come on, let's get going. We can check ourselves when we're back at the motel," I proposed.

We set a quicker pace heading back than we'd done coming. Mom again powered through and I admired her more by the second. It was more than half an hour into our journey when she called me to pause.

"I have to pee!" She matter-of-factly stated and I stopped to look back at her behind me.

"Ok, well it's still another twenty minutes to the campsite at least. You think you can hold it?"

She rubbed her thighs together and a grin came to her mouth. "Nup!"

It was almost as if she was asking me permission to go to the bathroom and it strangely had my cock twitching behind my shorts.

"Ok, well. Pick a bush!" I laughed and she looked around before doubling back and rounding a fallen tree that lined the trail. I leaned back against a boulder and took a much-needed draught from the water bottle as I made a point of not following her progress.

She made it difficult. Only meters away on the other side of the log, she ducked her head down and disappeared out of sight. Her top half did anyway. Seemingly completely unaware the log rested on an angle to the ground, I was freely able to see her hiking boots and calves below the moss-covered wood. When the rounded cheeks of her bottom unobscured by underwear came into view, I felt almost lightheaded. And then came the stream.

It was all I needed, another fetish to add to my list. Not only had I discovered an obsession with incest in the past week. Now the sight of a woman urinating had my cock hardening with desire. Or was it just my mother? The vision of Mom pissing in public. In a secluded wood yes. But still out in the open. I struggled to swallow my water as the flow of urine ran back down from her makeshift bathroom and into the trail, forming a puddle not two feet from my own.

"Don't get bitten by a tick," I helpfully warned and she screamed in amused horror as her torrent turned to a trickle, finally rising and obviously adjusting her panties and clothing behind the tree before once more joining me.

I passed her the water bottle and her eyes noticed the puddle mid trail, drifting to the near side of the log and obviously becoming aware I would've seen her. Did it trouble her? Seemingly not. Not even a blush as she drank from where my own lips had caressed. I was reading far too much into it, I was sure.

*

"I'll just call work in the morning," I explained to Mom after I booked another night at the motel and we headed to our rooms. "We're just fortunate Sunday nights in the back end of nowhere aren't popular. They

had vacancies and we even got a cheaper rate!" I made the most of the situation.

"I'll pay you back once we get home Honey," Mom proposed.

"You will not," I declared. "This weekend's my treat."

She smiled and seemed loathe to part as we stopped at her door.

"Well. Remember to check between your toes," I suggested as I made to move away and she caught my hand to prevent it.

"Thank you, Dale," she whispered. "For today. For being there."

"It's what son's do," I flippantly replied and she moved toward me.

"Only the good ones," she sighed and her lips connected with my cheek, remaining there for a second longer, her warm breath on my skin.

I felt the world spin a little faster. Definitely my heart rate increased. I didn't know if it was a 'come on' or not? Her eyes cast downwards and as I studied her face, they slowly rose once more to meet mine just as she pulled away. I swallowed noisily and she noticed, a hint of a smile turning the corners of her mouth before she allowed my hand to fall away.

I wanted to grasp it once more. To never let it go. To pull her into my room and kiss her. Kiss her mouth, her breasts, her sex. Every inch of her body. Instead I let her enter her own room and close the door upon me. An opportunity wasted? I wondered. Would such a moment ever arise again?

It was exactly five minutes later when I heard the knock on the door dividing our rooms and Mom entered wrapped in a towel. Shirtless, I'd removed my socks and shoes and was about to unbuckle the belt of my shorts when I was welcomingly interrupted.

Almost tentatively she encroached and I was admittedly unsure of her reason for being there, waiting with bated breath for her to say something.

"I'm freaking out," she insisted and they weren't the words I'd expected nor hoped to hear.

"What? Why?" I asked, my arms casually folded across my chest, hoping it made my biceps look impressive.

"I can't see my back fully in the mirror," she winced. "What if they're in my hair? I'm imagining them all over my body," she explained and I couldn't help smiling at her discomfort.

"What? The ticks or the leeches?"

"Both!" Mom declared. "Would you mind?"

It was then I understood what was possibly about to happen. Was she wearing anything under the towel? How far was she willing to go to be sure she wasn't a carrier?

I realized she was waiting for an answer and I stumbled over my words.

"Oh, I. You want me to...?"

Without waiting for me to actually agree, Mom turned and allowed the towel to fall from her back, pulling it around in front of herself. I nearly passed out. She was indeed topless, the white underwear I'd seen earlier in the day still on and hugging the cheeks of her ass like a second skin. So tight, they cut across her buttocks, creeping into her crack, and I longed to run a finger up along the crevice before plucking the material out.

"How does it look?" She whispered over her shoulder and I was on the verge of admitting, 'beautiful,' when she continued. "Do you see any?"

I moved closer and took the opportunity to touch her, lifting her hair up from her shoulders to reveal the back of her neck.

"No, looks ok," I conceded, noting goosebumps rise on her upper arms where she held the towel across her breasts. My god, her breasts. They were right there. Unencumbered by a bra or any clothing whatsoever. The slightest movement and that towel could fall away and I'd finally see them. She then turned to face me.

"Will you check me all over Honey?" She sighed, her eyes expectant, looking up into mine.

There WAS a god in heaven. And it was looking down and blessing me.

"I mean, yeah," I shrugged, acting noncommittal. "If you want me to?" I offered, just doing my civic duty.

It was then she dropped the towel.

I felt her eyes remain on mine as I looked down upon her breasts. Nipples erect amid the large expanse of pink areola. Remembering to breathe, I exhaled dramatically and she responded by raising her hands and cupping her boobs, covering the nipples.

"I'm sorry, Honey," she sighed. "I'm embarrassing you."

"NO!" I insisted over-enthusiastically. "Not at all. It's ok."

"Yeah?" She raised her eyebrows expectantly.

"Yeah," I replied and she once more uncovered her breasts.

They were magnificent. Yes, I'd seen their shape and even spied them through her tops. But this. This is how I was meant to view them. Up close. With impunity. I leaned in and inspected one then the other, asking her to lift each in turn to examine beneath. To raise her arms for me to check her

smoothly shaved armpits. Taking charge, I went to my knees and stared into her navel, the swell of her belly, and then my eyes descended on her pussy mound. The soft lump of pubic hair was obvious through the cotton, the twin bumps of labia adjoining her uppermost thighs looking almost damp to my vision.

I looked back up into my mother's face and with a trembling voice asked the question.

"Did you want me to?" I managed and watched trancelike as she nodded her head in response.

It was all a dream! I'd wake up sooner or later with my underpants full of wet stickiness.

Till then, go with it Dale. I told myself.

I looked back down at her panties and I doubted I was mistaken when I noticed they'd become wetter. With shaking hands I raised them to the waistband of her underwear and took hold, lowering them down over her hips. Where was I meant to stop? Without guidance, I just kept going and uncovering her rich coating of dark pubic hair, pulled her panties down her thighs. I followed their progress as they passed her knees. She didn't ask me to stop so I dropped them to her ankles where finally acknowledging her participation in whatever the hell was going on here, Mom stepped out of them.

She was completely naked before me. Above me. I raised my eyes back up her legs and stopped once more at her vagina, not daring to look her again in the eyes lest she come to her senses. The photo my dad had taken of her pussy didn't do it justice. The thick patch of pubic hair above her pronounced labia a forest I'd long to be lost inside. Perfectly formed into a

triangle, it was clear her bikini line was waxed or shaved keeping it from becoming unruly. I breathed in and the scent of pussy came to me.

Unfiltered, primal. She was aroused. Of that there could be no doubt. She wasn't the only one!

With the erection hugging my inner thigh domineering my blood supply, my brain struggled to come up with what to do next and I eventually looked back into Mom's face.

"Do I?" I feebly asked and biting her lip, she simply nodded.

I raised a hand and my fingers delved into her thatch, combing through her lustrous locks. Joined by the other I repeated the process, both thumbs pressing and dividing her uppermost labia as I massaged her pubic mound, her lips parting, pubic hair wet. Finding nothing I looked into her eyes, her cheeks flushed. "I think you're good Mom," I admitted and she breathed a sigh.

"Um...there's one more place Baby," she hinted and whilst I merely imagined where she meant, she turned to confirm my suspicions. "I'd be so grateful," she whispered as she leaned forward to place a hand upon the bed. Her ass presented to me in all its peachy glory, her free hand crept around and took possession of her right cheek.

If I was to faint, I prayed I'd fall face first as my mother spread her ass for me, exposing her anus and the pink of her vagina below. The crack of her bottom hairless, I performed my role accordingly and emboldened, parted her other cheek to complete the spread. Dew literally dripped from her folds, her asshole twitched as I inspected it, my mouth and nose not four inches from the smorgasbord. My fingers dug into the flesh of her buttock and as I informed her all was fine, I was loathe to release my hold, finally relenting as she straightened and turned.

I wanted to stay on my knees, to forever be head height with her groin but she lowered a hand down to help me to my feet and I accepted.

"Oh God, thank you Dale," she casually remarked as though she indeed were not naked before me. As if I hadn't just run my hands through her pubic hair and stared into her asshole. "I'd have never been able to fall asleep tonight," she admitted.

I knew I definitely wouldn't sleep. For an entirely different reason. I looked in her eyes and was suddenly unsure of where we sat. Doubts. Was this not what it seemed? Was it actually nothing but a simple tick inspection?

"Soo, what now?" I questioned, feeling the chance of something happening between us slipping away yet again. Ridiculous I know, in that she did indeed remain naked.

"Well, don't you need me to do you?" She remarked, almost surprised I hadn't thought of it.

Her hands reached out for the front of my shorts and the belt buckle I'd only minutes before been undoing myself. My erection. Did she know about it? Yes, it was obvious in the front of my shorts but I felt I had to warn her of its presence.

"Mom I'm..." I struggled as she loosened the belt. "You should know I've got a..." I attempted as she unbuttoned and unzipped. Her hands took hold of the shorts and my underpants and looking on feebly, I watched her strip them down my legs. My hard-on bounced from its confines and bobbing, settled at a 45deg angle level with her head. "...hard-on!" I finally managed, feeling my face redden as I awaited her response.

"Oh!" She sighed, a noncommittal declaration as she sat back down upon the bed behind her.

"I'm sorry," I offered, not sure why. What did she expect when she'd so lasciviously displayed her nudity before me? Surely she'd noticed it bulging the fly of my shorts? "I know it's wrong," I added as her eyes climbed from my cock to my face.

"Wrong?" She softly repeated and I saw her eyes turn glassy. "It's not wrong Dale. It's beautiful."

I swallowed hard as I imagined what could possibly be about to occur as I watched her again look down at the evidence of my affection.

"I've never been so flattered," she confessed, her eyes darting up to mine. "Can I touch it?"

I was able to summon a nod and she wasted no time, taking me in hand as I twitched, the action raising an adolescent giggle from my mother.

"Would you like me to...?" She asked as her hand began stroking up and down my length and I breathlessly voiced my accord. One hand cupping my heavy balls, the other using just the right pressure to jerk my shaft. She looked again in my eyes as if to seek reassurance she was doing it correctly. I couldn't have done it any better!

"You're beautiful," I confessed as I reached forward and stroked her hair behind her ear and she blushed, smiling coyly.

"Am I doing it right?" She asked.

"Oh yes," I panted as her action increased, her hand pulling me towards her and I shuffled forward with my feet still in my shorts. So rapidly she wanked me, her fist was a blur as it traversed my length. "Do you think you'll cum?"

Hearing my mother say the word 'cum,' would be monumental enough. Having her say it in combination with giving me a handjob was nothing short of mind-blowing.

"Yess," I hissed, the thought of it accelerating the release.

"Do you want to cum on my boobs?" she grinned up at me, that thought implanted, having me on the edge.

"Oh god yes," I admitted before metaphorically slapping my face. Don't end this so soon Dale, I yelled at myself. "No!" I corrected myself and for the slightest moment she looked hurt until I explained. "Mom, I want to cum inside you!"

The words hung in the air as her hand slowed its rhythm, coming to a stop but still holding me firmly. For seconds I wondered if I'd gone too far? That a handjob from one's mother was acceptable, but sex? Well that was far too taboo.

"YOU want to make love to ME?" she asked and seemed genuinely surprised at my assertion despite our current circumstances. I dropped to my knees and my cock slipped from her grasp, her thighs further parting to accommodate me between them as I shuffled forward. My face slightly below hers, I leaned in and responded to her question with a kiss.

Was it the first time in my life I'd ever kissed my mother on the lips? As far as I could recall it was. She received me instantly, her lips parting as I tentatively darted my tongue between them, finding her own and the real kiss beginning. Her thighs pressed tighter against my hips, drawing me in and I responded by wrapping my arms around her naked back, in turn pulling us together.

"Oh Dale," she breathed as I left her mouth and kissed my way over her jaw to her neck, my fingers kneading her flesh as they explored her body. Did she know where I was headed? Her breathing certainly reflected an anticipation, her chest rising and falling dramatically as I encircled a nipple with my lips. Clutching the other breast, I pinched my fingers around the nipple to match the pressure my mouth applied, drawing a moan from her throat, her hands reaching back to hold the mattress for support as she watched my descent.

The swell of her belly; a kiss upon her navel and then the object of all my desires, my lips were tickled by her pubic hair. My first kiss upon that mound and a sigh from above, Mom's legs spreading further to welcome me. The dampness of pussy as my lips contacted her labia, my tongue sliding the length of her lips, delving between as my nose buried in her mass of hair.

"Oh God!" Mom gasped as I found her clit, wrapping my lips around her button and sucking, licking, kissing. She leaked profusely, a strong scent that I would've worn as cologne and I smeared my jaw in her wetness, coating my cheeks, my nose in her feminine perfume. Again on her clit as I spread her labia to push it out, a finger below sliding inside her body, another. She lifted her cunt up into my face, grinding her groin against me as I finger fucked and sucked her vagina.

"Dale," she sighed and I didn't pause to listen. "Oh Baby, you're making me..." she murmured. "I'm going to..."

Her voice fell silent. I couldn't even hear her breathing as I redoubled my efforts, my tongue sore, my jaw aching as I ate her pussy, fingers fucking her, bent inside to greatest effect.

"Oh Baby, don't stop, I'm...mmmmmh. Oh God Dale. Yess," she moaned as she came, her legs twitching around my shoulders, her pussy clenching around my fingers. Falling back onto the mattress she managed to grab my hair and pull me off her clit as her body shuddered. My nose and mouth sliding up through her pubic hair as she dragged me toward her. "Fuck me Dale," she begged as my hand left her vagina and I rose to climb upon the bed.

Eager to taste herself, Mom sought out my mouth as I descended upon her body. My cock knew where it belonged, effortlessly sliding between her velveteen folds, welcomed in the warmth of her still quivering vagina. Her legs wrapped me as we kissed and my dick entered her fully, my pelvis one with hers. There we stayed, fully entwined, unmoving as she squeezed herself around my penis.

"I love you so much," I confessed, looking her in the eyes and I saw the sentiment reflected.

"Then cum in me Darling," she stated as if it would prove my affection. "Fuck me hard baby. Fuck your mother like a good son should."

She didn't need to do anything to turn me on more, but the words if anything made me harder, my cock like granite as I pulled from her almost completely before plunging again. The force caused her to gasp and I made sure she was ok before repeating. I needn't have bothered, her hands reaching for my ass to drag me back inside her as she moaned a decisive 'yes.'

With arms wrapping her body I fucked her. Our chests sweating upon the other, my balls slapping her ass with every thrust. So deep I penetrated, every plunge seemingly further than the last, her body shifting back on the bed. Amazed I'd lasted this long I ran my fingers into her hair and pulled

her head backwards exposing her neck which I lavished with kisses, nibbling her flesh, sucking the skin to raise a love bite. Tucking my knees up to connect us further, I thought of all the positions we could try, I thought of burying my face between her ass cheeks much as they'd been presented to me not ten minutes prior. Of fucking her doggy style. Of her taking me in her mouth. It was that which brought on my orgasm.

"Mom I have to.." I admitted it was nearly time, standing up on my fists as I looked down on her

"Yes Baby," she agreed. "Cum for me. Cum in me my angel." She arched her back below me, accentuating her breasts and I thought of her asking me to cum on them. I would. In the future. I'd cum on her breasts, in her hand, on her face. I'd dedicate my life to coating her body with my love, painting her canvas with my desire. But first was her womb. Where I began. A twenty five year absence, so welcome a return.

The sound of sex filling the room, the scent of love overpowering, my final thrusts and I looked in her eyes as I came.

"Mom, I'm.. Oh shit I'm cumming," I stated the obvious as I convulsed inside her.

"I can feel it," she chorused and I'd never seen her look so proud of me. Her face a picture of happiness as she smiled with blushing cheeks.

I fell upon her and our mouths locked as I emptied inside her. Thrusting as she squeezed her pelvic floor to enhance my orgasm, feeling her vagina overflowing with the warmth of my cum. Finally I eased my action and we lay together, her hands gently caressing my back, soft kisses on my head, my ear.

I could've fallen asleep on top of her right where we lay and I told her as much.

"Go ahead," she whispered. "I love the feeling of you on top of me. Inside me," she added.

It was tempting but I wanted to talk. To not waste a minute to sleep now that we were together. I pulled up from her body and my semi erect cock slid dripping from her protection much to her dismay.

"Oh, don't go," she sighed but I took her hand and brought her up with me.

"I'm not going anywhere," I assured her. "But WE'RE having a shower."

*

The water flowed over her body and with my erection sitting snugly between her buttocks I massaged her scalp with shampoo, eventually relenting and running my hands down onto her soapy breasts.

"I saw the photos," I admitted into her ear and she angled her head, giving me access to her neck which I kissed in response.

"I thought you had," she confessed, surprising me with her reply. "You deleted them from his phone didn't you?"

I allowed her body to turn in my arms, my cock pressing into her slippery belly.

"I didn't know what to do with them Mom," I admitted. "If you knew they were there." I left out the images of Dad's mistresses, some things Mom didn't need to know right then, I figured. "Was it wrong?"

"No Baby," she whispered. "You were just thinking of me." She kissed my neck before sheepishly looking into my eyes. "What did you think?"

I ran a hand down her back and delved a finger between her buttocks. "You looked amazing," I admitted. "I mean I'd thought so on the night, but seeing you like that...fuck Mom, it was hot!"

She smiled as she lowered a hand between us and let my cock slide between her thighs, her pussy resting upon me.

"I woke up yesterday," she had her own confession and I had a pretty fair idea what she was talking about. "I woke up and you were hard. I could feel it against me. You were asleep Dale but I knew it was for me. Well, I hoped."

"It was Mom," I confessed. "You turn me on something savage!" I admitted and it raised a smile to her lips.

"I'd noticed you watching me," she added, her thighs grinding around my cock. "The last few days. I tried to dress nice for you."

"You did!" I agreed.

"At the river. I would've gone swimming if that man hadn't come along. Naked," she added and I breathed out in response.

I took hold of the head of my cock between her cheeks and lifted, her pussy grinding along my shaft.

"Mmmmh, I like that," she cooed and I once more kissed her mouth.

"What now?" I asked as our lips parted.

The response was her kissing my neck and then lower, her knees bending as she knelt down on the floor of the shower, my cock in her hand.

"I meant between us," I smiled as her lips kissed the swollen head of my dick.

"So did I," she smiled before taking me in her mouth, closing my eyes as her hand jerked my shaft.

*

I placed our bags in the trunk and met Mom at reception.

"I've refunded one of the rooms," Audrey stated. "Housekeeping says you didn't use it."

The woman looked over the rims of her glasses, tongue in her cheek and I sensed she knew something was up between mother and son.

"Well that's lovely of you Audrey," Mom responded, pulling me into her side as if presenting her prize.

"You know I have a son of my own," Audrey winked at my mother and the women shared a knowing chuckle. So what if I was being treated as chattel, I was just glad to see Mom happy.

*

"So really, what now?" I looked across at Mom as we drove home. "What about Bonnie?"

"What would you like to happen Honey?" she threw the ball back in my court.

"I want to be with you," I looked ahead, hands gripping tight on the wheel.

"You even said I'd been like a husband these last weeks. Let me be."

"Really?" she beamed as I looked back at her. "You think we can be together?"

I pulled the car onto the shoulder and turned to face her fully, reaching out to take her hand.

"Mom, I love you," I confessed. "I want to be with you every minute of the day. I want to see all that lingerie you bought. I want to fuck you," I declared as she smiled, lifting her hand to my lips and kissing. "I want to fuck you every day for the rest of our lives. I want to marry you!"

Almost on the verge of exploding with joy, Mom dove toward me and we kissed, a hand finding my cock hardening for her.

"Then we will," she confirmed. "We can be together. We'll always be together. Your sister will understand. We'll make her see."

Our tongues entwined and her hand unzipped my fly, pulling my erection from my pants as she broke our kiss.

"Let me just check you for any ticks and leeches Baby," she grinned as her head lowered into my lap and I felt her mouth encircle the head of my cock.

To the Highest Bidder

Audrey Brandt panned her eyes from her husband cleaning the BBQ, to her son rising from the pool. Their bodies couldn't have been more dissimilar, Dane's 18-year-old frame toned and tanned, Stephen the polar opposite. Though who was she to judge? She thought to herself as she scanned her own appearance laying upon the banana lounge. Swimming shorts over her wide hips, a tankini to cover the extra weight around her middle. How long had it been since she'd worn a regular swimsuit, she wondered?

Dane went through a series of stretches to loosen his joints, water flicking from his fingertips as he swung his arms, twisting his torso. His back to her, his mother allowed her eyes to slowly rise up his legs finally to settle on his ass, the tight black Speedos clasping his muscular buttocks.

"Well is it yes or no?" She asked, recalling an earlier conversation, aware he would know as to what she referred.

He turned his entire body to face her and behind her sunglasses, Audrey retained her level of sight. So heavy his balls hung behind the thin layer of material. His cock positioned horizontally across his groin, she needed no imagination to gauge her son's size and shape.

"I don't know Mom," Dane groaned. "A bachelor auction? Not very PC in this day and age!"

"Oh, it's all harmless fun," Audrey struggled to wrench her eyes from his crotch. "Your father's agreed," she added. "And he's not even a bachelor!"

Dane looked across to his father who stopped scraping the hotplate to scratch his ass.

"It's for charity Buddy," he argued. "We just strut around for the geriatrics and whomever has the most money to waste, we do some odd jobs for."

"They're not all 'geriatrics' Stephen," Audrey protested. "They're my women's group; I hope you're not bundling me in with that term?"

"Well you're no spring chicken Darl'," Stephen scoffed and although she assumed he was joking, Audrey couldn't but feel some slight at the jest.

"What would I even offer?" Dane questioned at the suggestion of 'odd jobs,' looking back down at his mother. Was she looking at his dick!? He asked himself in puzzlement. Her eyes, though shrouded by the sunglasses, seeming to rise as he questioned her. Why would she? He quickly dismissed.

"Well you ARE captain of the swim team," Audrey made a gesture towards the pool with her hand. "What about offering some free swimming lessons, or some coaching?" She suggested.

"Or just pool cleaning," Stephen threw in. "Could be less work."

"Or that!" She agreed, dropping her sunglasses down her nose to look him in the eye. Had she picked up some suspicion on his behalf as to where she'd been looking?

"I don't know," Dane turned once more and prepared to dive into the pool. "I'll think about it."

She watched his shaved smooth legs enter the water and replaced her glasses, closing her eyes as she enjoyed the warmth of the sun on her body. It wasn't long before she allowed the thoughts to materialize. The ones that came to her late at night. That had a hand between her legs as her husband lay snoring beside her. The forbidden ones. He was at her feet; his fingers massaging the soles before his lips peppered her skin, kissing his way up

her legs. Her thighs parting for him, welcoming his breath upon her sex, his tongue between her folds. On this occasion he mounted her, knees astride her torso as he stroked his erect cock inches from her mouth. She begged him to cum. To release his incestuous seed upon her face. Her son's cream filling her awaiting open mouth.

So real was the fantasy she sensed his presence above her, could feel the spray of semen coating her chest, her neck. She arched her back and sighed as the cum rained upon her flesh.

"Are you alright?" Dane chuckled as she opened her eyes to see him above, purposefully allowing water to drip from his hair upon her as he stooped over her. "You sounded like you were in pain!"

"Oh, no. I'm fine," Audrey straightened up, feeling herself blush at being caught, struggling to leave the fantasy behind with his presence so close.

"I'll do it!" Dane proposed and for an instant Audrey imagined (hoped) it was her daydream to which he referred.

"Oh, wonderful Honey," she composed herself, placing a hand upon his in response. "I'll be ever so grateful."

*

Dane shuffled up beside his father amongst the throng of men behind the curtain. All topless wearing merely black satin boxer shorts and bow tie. To say Dane felt ridiculous was an understatement but looking at his father who'd donned suspenders over his shoulders to hold up his shorts, he took some solace in his own appearance.

"You ready to go Buddy?" Stephen grinned at his son.

"No! Not at all," Dane smiled nervously, hearing the inebriated screams of the women from the other side of the curtain at the next bachelor's appearance and beginning to feel like a chunk of meat.

"Hah!" Stephen scoffed. "You'll be alright. Just do as your mother directed. Walk out there, flex your muscles and hope for the best."

Audrey downed the last of her Champagne and a waiter was quick to refill her glass. The music blasted as the next bachelor came from behind the curtain and awkwardly strode the stage. No models these men. All beer guts and hairy backs. But at least they tried, Audrey thought.

The MC touted the current bachelor's credentials as a familiar presence sidled up beside Audrey, the reek of too much Chanel No. 5 pervading her senses.

"Miriam," she nodded as the women surveyed the man upon the stage.

"Audrey," the well-dressed middle-aged women responded. "I see Stephen's going again. Still offering to mow lawns?"

"That's right," Audrey smiled, eager to extract herself from the conversation. Being 'frenemies' with Miriam Hollander since high school, she was well aware of the woman's attraction to her husband.

"Well I'll see if I have any money left over after I make my purchase. There's another Brandt that's caught my eye this year."

Audrey turned to her peer and searched her eyes.

"You wouldn't," she challenged. "You don't even have a pool!"

Smiling, Miriam took a sip from her champagne flute.

"Oh, you know how these things work Audrey," she attempted to grin. Botox and far too much makeup fighting against her change of expression.

"There's always something else we get them to do!"

Backstage, Dane watched his father pass through the curtains to a muted yet still enthusiastic response from the women.

"First time?" A voice spoke from beside and Dane looked to the owner.

"You can tell?" He chuckled.

"Don't worry about it. Enjoy yourself. Relax and hope for a hottie," the roughly thirty-year-old responded.

"What's that got to do with it?" Dane questioned.

"Are you serious?" The man laughed. "You do know these old birds expect a little more than just pruning the hedges. Especially if the bidding goes high!"

"What?" Dane asked.

"Ah, yeah. I went for \$200 bucks last year. You can bet I had to work hard for that. My dick was red raw after that old chick was done with me," he laughed.

Another name was called and passed through the curtain as Dane's new acquaintance found someone else to harass.

Was that true? He asked himself. Was his mother aware? Why would she encourage such a thing?

His thought process was interrupted by an announcement.

"...and now making his debut. At only eighteen years of age. Captain of his school's swim team. Dane Brandt..."

To an almost overwhelming barrage of whoops and catcalls from a warmed-up crowd of approximately one hundred middle aged and senior women,

Dane passed through the velvet curtains and paraded the runway under a harsh spotlight. Walking the length of the catwalk as his resumé was read aloud, he turned to present his ass to an equally enthusiastic cheer as the bidding began.

Audrey scowled at Miriam when she opened with a bid of \$300, the crowd gasping in response to the figure. Her husband having been just sold for a mere \$75 and the record for the night only \$250, the opening bid was bold and seemingly an attempt at a winning gambit.

"\$320," another voice was heard, quickly followed by a counter by a third party.

"What am I, chopped liver?" Stephen commented to his wife as he joined her, beer in hand.

The bidding rapidly approaching \$500 and not slowing, Audrey turned to Stephen.

"I didn't expect this!" She admitted before catching the eye of Miriam, a wicked expression on her face. "She's doing it to spite me."

Dane began to enjoy the moment. Stopping to flex his arms in a bodybuilder pose at the behest of the crowd, receiving more encouragement from the women at the act. \$600 was the current bid and although slowing, the offers kept rolling in.

"\$700!" Miriam made a \$50 advance and it seemed to wipe out most of the other women in the running. A counter was made at \$720 which Miriam quickly matched followed by seeing each incremental offer as they became less and less.

"...at \$749.50. Do I have any other bids?" The MC questioned the crowd and Audrey scanned the room, anxiously searching for sign of a latecomer

to the auction, anyone but Miriam.

Stephen sensed his wife's angst and pressed a hand to her forearm.

"It's a good outcome," he reasoned. "Think of the charity."

"But it's HER Stephen!" She countered. "I know exactly what her motives are. And they're anything but charitable."

"... \$749.50 going twice," to a silent room. "Going three times...and...sol..."

"One thousand dollars!" Audrey heard herself shout over the auctioneer's final word and the room erupted in gasps."

"Mom!?" Dane lifted a hand to shield his eyes from the spotlight.

"The fuck?" Stephen's hand tightened around his wife's arm.

Audrey looked immediately toward Miriam whose lips pursed at the audacity of the offer.

"I have a bid of \$1000," the auctioneer exclaimed. "I throw it back to you Madam," he gestured toward Miriam who clearly frustrated, managed to shake her head in response. "Then \$1000 going once, twice and three times. With no further bids..."

"Jesus, Audrey, what are you doing?" Stephen questioned her sanity, searching the room himself for a savior to their bank account.

"... sold!" Was stated to a round of applause from the crowd.

"Oh shit!" Stephen exclaimed, his shoulders slumping. "I need another drink."

Dane climbed down from the stage as the next bachelor was introduced to a lackluster response, "...ah do I have any raise on \$5?" Weaving through the women before finally approaching his mother.

"Mom, what the hell?" Dane questioned.

"I know, I know, I'm sorry if I embarrassed you," Audrey attempted to right any perceived wrong.

"I'm not emb...I mean I just don't...WHY?" Dane managed, confused more than anything.

"I don't know. I mean I do, but. Oh, it's a long story," Audrey rambled suddenly feeling uncomfortable in her son's presence, dressed how he was, with all the eyes upon them. "I'll explain when we get home."

Dane looked to the bar where his father had taken up residence with his buyer and a line of shots.

"Well looking at Dad, that 'aint gonna be any time soon," he remarked.

*

It took the both of them to wrangle Stephen from the Uber to and through the house when they returned home, Audrey falling upon the bed along with her husband when they finally reached the bedroom. For not the first time that night, Dane's eyes were drawn to his mother's attire. The red dress that he'd never seen her wear prior, hugging her body hermetically. He accepted she wasn't the most lithe of women, her ass especially showing the fruits of the sedentary (not that he was prone to look, he reminded himself.)

However, as she rolled from her position face down under his father's arm, he did allow his eyes to linger. The black pantyhose he assumed she was wearing were nothing but; instead, with her dress riding up high on her hip, the lace tops of stay-up stockings came into view, closely followed by black satin panties.

Amid her slightly inebriated laughter at her tumble, Audrey herself became aware of how much she was showing and upon extracting herself from her

dilemma, turned to see her son's eyes clearly lift from the exposed flesh between stockings and underwear to focus on her face. No obvious sign of lust behind them she noted and immediately scolded herself for even contemplating it. Why would he? He's my son!

A hand was offered and Audrey rose from the bed, adjusting her dress in the process.

"Should we get him into bed?" Dane questioned, Audrey rolling her eyes.

"I'll worry about it later," she dismissed her already snoring husband.

"...when I go to bed. I was thinking of having a hot chocolate. Join me?"

*

They'd not spoken of the night until now and there was a certain awkwardness enveloping the impending conversation, though neither could pinpoint why, finally the silence broken by both simultaneously.

"Why did yo...?"

"It was because of Mir...!"

Before both laughed and Dane signaled for his mother to go ahead.

"It was my friend Miriam," Audrey explained. "I'm sure you've met her. I've known her since high school."

Dane looked confused and Audrey went on.

"She was the one bidding on you and she was determined to win."

His confusion didn't abate.

"But if she's your friend, what was the problem?" Dane asked and saw his mother blush.

"She thinks I stole your father from her."

"What!?"

"In high school," Audrey explained. "I mean I sort of did. They were dating and, well..."

"Oh," Dane was now the one to blush, learning of his parent's first meeting.

"Well she's had it in for me ever since."

"But it's just a charity thing. What did it matter if she bought me?"

"Honey. She doesn't even have a pool."

Immediately Dane thought of what he'd been told backstage. The implication sex was part of the trade.

"Oh. So, you, what? Spared me from something?"

"Possibly. Oh, I don't know. I was just being an over protective mother, I think. You don't hate me, do you?"

Dane took the last sip of his chocolate and sat back in his chair.

"Why would I hate you?" He smiled. "You got me out of doing any work."

"What do you mean?"

"Well YOU bought me. You don't need swimming lessons. I already clean our pool. You pretty much paid all that money for nothing."

"Ah not so fast Mister," Audrey smiled. "I expect something for my payment."

Ridiculously Dane's mind went where it hadn't ventured before, the vision of her stockings, her upper thighs, the briefest glimpse of panty, all contributing to unwholesome fantasies. No, he quickly chased the thought away. Not that.

"I want some coaching!" Audrey acknowledged.

"What?"

"That's right," she blushed. "You're the expert. I want you to train me to be a better swimmer."

"You're serious?" Dane laughed. "You hardly even get in the pool anymore."

"Well maybe that's because I'm not a very good swimmer," Audrey countered.

"Fair point," Dane agreed. "Do you even have a swimsuit?" He blushed as he said the words, not sure why.

"I was wearing one by the pool the other day," Audrey declared, incredulous.

"That!?" Dane frowned. "I thought they were shorts."

Audrey pictured the baggy pants, the unflattering tankini. He noticed what I was wearing, she thought!

"I have a swimsuit," she stated. "I think," she added, imagining the rear of her underwear drawer.

"Alright," Dane rose from the table and took his mug to the dishwasher. Turning back, he was once more able to view his mother's body in its entirety, her legs crossed, again the hint of her thigh high stockings. What would she look like in a bikini? He foolishly asked himself and was shocked at the reaction he felt in his groin. "Well if we're doing this, we'll start in the morning. First thing."

It felt like a date, Audrey thought. Strangely she was already feeling nervous. Why? She was just going for a swim with her son. Something

they'd done hundreds of times. Why did it all of a sudden feel different?

"Okay, I'll be ready," she agreed. Were his eyes upon her legs once more?

"Your father's playing golf in the morning so we'll have the house to ourselves," she added, not quite sure as to why.

"Oh, okay," Dane acknowledged, strangely enthused by the revelation.

"Well. I'll see you then."

He almost felt like they should kiss each other goodnight for some reason, entirely out of character though it would be. Instead, they merely said their goodbyes.

*

In the shower, a soapy hand between her legs, fingers running through her pubic hair, she'd contemplated shaving her bikini line. Now standing before her mirror, the red one-piece with its high cut on the hips, hid nothing. The skin of her pelvis pale, the pubic hair protruding either side of the swimsuit was clearly unacceptable and hurrying into the bathroom she took Stephen's razor and dry shaved the problem away, hoping it wouldn't leave a rash.

"He's not going to be looking at your vagina anyway Audrey," she told the mirror when she once more looked at her reflection. God she'd put on weight since last she'd worn it, she observed, noting how her breasts bulged against the thin material (not unhappy with the result.) She turned to look at her ass and was disheartened at the cellulite on her upper thighs yet loved the way the swimsuit cut across her cheeks. Men like big butts, don't they? She asked herself. Does he?

Dane wasn't disgusted with himself, but he wasn't thrilled either. A morning erection that was fueled by fleeting images of his own mother had led to jerking off in the bathroom imagining her spreading her legs and

purposefully showing him her panties. When the cum hit the basin of the sink and the cleanup began, he was more confused than anything else. What was wrong with him? He certainly wasn't a virgin. Had never had a problem finding girls, even had an on again off again girlfriend. What the fuck was making him lust after a woman out of bounds? Unobtainable. And when he thought about it further, illegal. It suddenly hit him. It was BECAUSE it was wrong. It was illicit. It was taboo. And it was hot as fuck.

*

Audrey was thankful Stephen was long gone as she padded her way barefoot through the house. A towel wrapped around her waist in some way protecting her modesty, even so it was clear something was up and he'd certainly notice. But what was up? Audrey contemplated. She was merely going for a swim with her son. Nothing was out of the ordinary.

Dane swam to the edge of the pool and rested his arms on the deck, chin on his forearms as he watched his mother leave the sanctity of the house. Their discussion the night before on swimsuits obviously had him noting what she wore but would he have been so focused had they not? Some part of his brain recalled it but he couldn't remember the last time he'd seen her wearing it. Red, similar to a lifeguard, if they were acting in a porno however! Her boobs were literally bulging around the material and in the crisp morning air, he spied his mother's nipples, standing to attention.

Audrey smiled nervously as Dane looked up from the edge of the pool. Was he looking at her breasts? Her nipples hardened under his gaze as she moved to undo the towel.

"Thought you'd chickened out," Dane proposed.

"Ha ha, you wish," Audrey chuckled awkwardly, turning her back to her son as she let the towel unravel and revealed her bottom to him. Dropping it upon a banana lounge, she could feel his eyes exploring her body.

Oh shit! Dane thought as he devoured her ass. One side of the swimsuit had crept further across an admittedly large buttock, almost losing itself in her crack, and he watched fixated as his mother tucked a finger beneath the material and plucked it out, righting the wrong. Was it a wrong? In Dane's incestuously delirious mind he felt he'd like to see both sides disappear between her buttocks, reveal her wondrously beautiful ass in its entirety. And then she turned.

The untanned skin on her upper thighs and pelvis made her bulge of pussy even more pronounced, an obvious padding of pubic hair filling out the crotch. In the milliseconds he allowed his eyes to take in his mother's sex, the only blemish he fathomed was a reddish hue either side of the material. A rash? He asked himself. A shaving rash?

"See," Audrey exclaimed as she noticed his eyes for a second hover on her groin. "I told you I had a swimsuit." She did a 360° turn for him, unsure why but feeling it appropriate.

She's modeling for me, Dane acknowledged. What do I say? Tell her she looks fucking hot? That I think my own mother looks... fuckable?

"I didn't doubt it," Dane said, his groin pressing the wall of the pool. "Looks good," he admitted, immediately questioning whether he should've said it? She doesn't want you rating her appearance you idiot, he told himself.

He thinks I look good! Audrey beamed, barely able to contain her grin.

"So, what's first?" She asked, tentatively dipping a toe into the pool. "Ooh, it's cold!"

Dane treaded water backwards, thankful the cold was keeping his cock from hardening.

"Well, let's see your dive."

"Don't laugh," Audrey smiled, pointing her arms and taking the plunge. The water even colder than she'd expected, she came up in the middle of the pool an arm's length from Dane's smiling face, gasping. "Oh Jesus, it's freezing!" she spluttered.

Laughing, Dane agreed. "It's like this every morning, you get used to it."

"How did I go?" She asked.

"Not bad actually, we'll work on it. How about some laps?"

*

Serious coaching devolved into leisurely paddling, eventually succumbing to playful splashing before Audrey, exhausted and with teeth chattering, hugged the edge of the pool.

"I have to get out Honey," she panted. "It's freezing."

"You sure?" Dane asked, keen to spend more time with her.

"It's too cold. Maybe next time we don't choose the morning?"

"You want to do it again!? Another coaching session?"

"Of course," Audrey managed to smile. "I've paid for it haven't I?"

Dane watched as his mother attempted to exit the pool from the deep end, he assumed much as he would do, using his arms strength to lift his body from the water. She however wasn't so graceful, having to raise a leg out to the side to gain leverage, her foot up on the pool-deck. She began laughing as her arms gave way, leaving her hugging the edge, one leg out, one in.

The bottom of her swimsuit wedged between her buttocks, leaving her far more exposed than modesty allowed. And Dane noticed.

He swam to her instantly and helpfully aided in her exit by seizing a hip and lifting, the first time his hands had touched her naked skin, so close to her ass, he acknowledged. So close to her vagina. Despite the cold of the water, the thought, the action, had his cock swelling. More so as she finally made it out of the water and knelt above him, the bulge of pussy clearly visible from his vantage and pressing hard against the wet shiny fabric between her thighs.

Still laughing Audrey made it to her feet and turned to look down at Dane.

"Thank you, Baby," she chuckled. "Not very graceful, am I?" She echoed his thoughts.

Not answering either way, Dane lifted his body from the pool, intentionally flexing every muscle as he rose, knowing full well he looked good, hoping she would be impressed.

Audrey forced herself to look away as his muscular body stood to attention, water cascading his rippled form. Even as her eyes left the spectacle, she noticed his crotch. The mass of flesh filling his tiny Speedos. He's bigger than the other day, she told herself, amazed.

"Oh no," she looked at the lounges still sitting in the shade. "I was hoping to warm up in the sun."

"That's alright," Dane brushed past her, his hip connecting ever so slightly with hers. Was it intentional? She asked herself before dismissing the notion as she watched him take the towels from the chairs. Her eyes fell to his ass, the black material hugging his buttocks. To bite into his bum, she thought, the idea running from her brain straight to her loins, her nipples hardening

further as she dampened. "We can lie on the grass." Dane proposed as he spread their respective beach towels upon the sunny lawn.

"Good idea," Audrey agreed, following him to the grass, her body dripping with water, her sex dripping from an altogether different reason. Thank god I'm wet, she thought, the slipperiness already evident as she walked. He'd surely notice if not, she added. Would that be such a bad thing? She wickedly wondered.

Dane was first to lay upon a towel, on his back, resting up on his elbows, his rapidly drying body spread out before his mother. She moved to her own and as she knelt down Dane finally noticed she'd not corrected her wardrobe malfunction. Laying down beside him on her front, the swimsuit remained wedged between the cheeks of her ass, the whiter skin of her buttocks exposed to the sun. To the son. And he took in his fair share of the vision.

Audrey's eyes focused on the long stalks of grass she absently played with as Dane stared directly at her ass. She wasn't perfect. There was cellulite. Something not seen on the girls of his age but that wasn't to say it was unattractive. She was real. She was a real woman. A mature woman with the ass of a housewife. The ass of a mother. His mother. Throwing in that minor detail had him once more hardening, a twitch of his cock as it filled with blood. Jesus, he thought as his eyes quickly flicked to her face, making sure she hadn't noticed. Would it be so bad if she had? He wondered before chastising himself. Of course, you idiot, he told himself. She doesn't want to see your erection!

Audrey could feel his eyes on her. Almost palpable was the route his gaze took. He's looking at my ass, she thought. Purposefully leaving her swimsuit wedged between her buttocks, knowing it would catch his eye.

But what does he think? She knew the girls he dated. Swimmers, cheerleaders. With their perfect bodies, tight asses. Is it with lust he's looking at me? Or disgust?

All of a sudden self-conscious, she rolled onto her side, turning her bottom away from his critiquing eyes, now looking at him directly. He was the one that was perfect. He raised his chin up to the sun and she scanned her gaze down his throat across his chest. The ripples of his abdominal muscles and finally the bulge of his groin. And what a bulge it was. The outline of the head of his cock clearly visible through the thin drying material. So large. So defined. Was he erect? No, clearly not. But he was at least swollen. For me, she wondered?

"What?" His voice startled her, Dane breaking into her daydream as he wondered as to what she was staring. Not his cock surely?

"What?" Audrey felt herself blushing. "Oh," she fumbled, straining for a cover story. "I was looking at your abs!" She declared, the lesser of two evils. "That's not a six pack," she marveled. "There's eight of them!"

Dane laughed, looking down at his stomach.

"There's not an ounce of fat on you Honey!" She flattered.

"Well swimming helps," he stated.

"Can I touch them?" She heard herself ask before coyly covering her mouth with a hand, stifling a laugh. "Oh, you probably don't want to hear your mother ask that!"

"Hah, no, um. If you want," he smiled. "It's no big deal."

Clenching them further to accentuate the washboard effect, Dane watched entranced as his mother tentatively reached across and lay her hand upon

his stomach. The feeling was unlike a connection with other girls. He'd been caressed before, massaged by girlfriends and of course touched sexually. This was different. Intimate. It shouldn't have felt sexual. It was merely his own mother touching a distinctly non sexual part of his body. But his body, his mind, chose to differ.

Instantly goosebumps rose on his flesh, sending a pleasurable shiver up onto his scalp. So softly her fingers began on his uppermost abs at his ribcage and rode the undulations ever so slowly downwards. He looked at her face, her eyes intently watching her hand before he was drawn to her chest, her breasts bulging around her swimsuit. Nipples harder than when she'd exited the pool, he left them and focused on her groin, the mound of pussy behind the fabric. His mother's cunt, he acknowledged. It was going to happen, he knew it. His already semi-erect cock was out of his control and wanted to be noticed, pulsing, and with her hand getting ever closer to its housing, a full-blown hard-on was imminent.

Audrey lazily lifted her eyes from her hand up over her son's chest to his face, happy to see his gaze climb from her body. The swelling in his Speedos was a sign, the lust in his eyes, a giveaway. He wanted her; she was sure. As much as she did him, no doubt. It was normal for a son to desire his mother. She'd read about it. Seen movies. And now as their eyes locked and her little finger hovered just above his swim trunks, they'd enact it.

"Finished your swimming lesson?" The voice came from the end of the garden as the gate to the garage closed noisily and Stephen signaled his return from golf.

Lightning quick, Audrey removed her hand from her son's body and rolled, removing the swimsuit wedged between her buttocks in the process, Dane

noting the action.

"She knows how to swim Dad," Dane laughed. "It's coaching to better her style." He watched his father's eyes evaluate his mother's appearance, noting curiosity, almost suspicion.

"You haven't worn that in years," Stephen nodded towards Audrey's swimsuit.

"Oh this?" She said, feeling her face and neck flushing. Was it out of embarrassment at her appearance or being almost caught on the verge of touching her son's cock? "Well I want to take it seriously. I'm paying for these remember."

"Ugh, don't remind me," Stephen managed to chuckle before stretching his back. "Well, it's nearly lunchtime. You two coming inside?"

"Uh-huh," Audrey quickly agreed. "Just drying off."

The 'two' watched Stephen walk toward the house and safely enter before they once more acknowledged each other.

"Mom?" Dane awkwardly remarked in response to whatever had or was about to happen between them.

"What?" Audrey deflected, kneeling and brushing blades of grass from her elbow.

"I mean..." Dane struggled to voice what he was thinking, feeling. Instead just looking down at his stomach.

Hating herself for doing it, Audrey frowned before shaking her head and not even offering a verbal response before rising and taking the towel with her, quick to wrap it around her waist. In her mind and she assumed his, removing any incestuous temptation.

"Ready for lunch?" She smiled down at her son as she followed her husband into the house.

*

"It was great," Audrey replied to Stephen's question as to how the swimming coaching had gone? "My second lesson's tomorrow afternoon. When the water's warmer!" She added.

Sitting across from her at the dinner table, Dane removed the fork from his mouth, eyebrows raised at her statement in that it was news to him. He and his mother hadn't spoken since the morning, an uncomfortable silence between them lasting through lunch, awkward interactions during the afternoon. That she'd decided to schedule another coaching session with him was surprising and possibly a sign what had almost taken place could happen again.

But what had taken place? She'd simply touched his stomach. Yes, her fingers had crept ridiculously close to his dick all the while their eyes locked. But was he reading way too much into it? He wasn't even sure she'd noticed his cock's swelling. Had she even seen him looking at her breasts, her pussy? No. The more he thought of it, the more implausible something sexual had even been about to take place. More likely he was just horny in general. Projecting on to the only female present. The fact it was his mother was weird and if he admitted it, a but disturbing, but just his adolescent hormones working overtime.

It WAS hot though. He had to acknowledge.

*

"You're not thinking of wearing that one!?" Stephen nodded toward Audrey's hands deep in the middle drawer of her dresser, as she absently

caressed the one bikini she owned.

"What? Oh, no," she withdrew her arms, slamming the drawer shut behind her as she turned to face him. "Just going through my things," she needlessly defended her actions.

"Because that swimsuit you had on today..." He paused. "...I mean it didn't leave much to the imagination."

"What are you saying?" Audrey frowned, making her way to the bed and joining her husband.

"Come on Audrey," he scoffed. "You were hanging out all over the place. I'm amazed our son kept a straight face."

To her surprise, his words didn't hurt her. If he'd meant them to cut deep it had failed. She HAD been 'hanging out all over the place,' to use his words. And she'd loved every second of it. Had Dane?

"Oh, I doubt he'd have even noticed," Audrey said climbing into bed, barely able to contain her grin. He'd noticed. And to answer her earlier question, she thought. Yes. He'd loved it.

*

Monday's day of schooling was a waste of time. Dane couldn't concentrate on his studies; even what would've been a mind-blowing highlight of Miss Connolly wearing tight flesh toned leggings during English hadn't captured his attention. His mind was solely occupied on another woman, one far closer to home. The more he thought of her the hornier he got. It was a revelation. Much like porn, not understanding what actually turned you on until you saw it. He'd never even fantasized about her before now. Of course, he'd come across incest in film, in literature; they'd studied Hamlet

in that previous semester for God's sake, but the idea hadn't taken seed in his brain, in his life.

The bell rang to signal the end of class and he finally spied Miss Connolly's ass, the material getting lost between her buttocks. What would Mom look like in those leggings? He asked himself.

*

Audrey turned to look at her bikini covered ass in the mirror. It would've been a nightmare if she was in public, at the beach, or even her own pool with others around. But as Dane would be the only witness, the problem she faced with the bottoms was merely comical. She'd clearly not worn the orange swimsuit for years. How old was it, she wondered? Older than even her son? Possibly. Her body had obviously changed. Hips wider. Boobs bigger. She once more pulled it up on her bottom to cover her butt crack and as before she felt the front hug her mound, looking to see the large expanse of her dark pubic hair exposed.

She smiled at her reflection, even blushing somewhat and pulled it up at the front. And there was the problem, the bikini sliding between her already slick labia, her ass crack once more on display. She couldn't help but laugh.

When she heard the telltale signs of Dane's return home from school, she made her way through the cool house to the backyard. It was the perfect time for Audrey, always home early from work on Mondays. Dane free of swim team commitments and Stephen forever working overtime. The perfect time for what, she wondered? To have sex with her son? It wasn't going to happen, was it?

*

Dane heard his mother pad down the hallway past his room and wondered why she hadn't poked her head in to say hello? To reconfirm their appointment? When he heard the back door open onto the pool deck however, he assumed everything was still going to plan.

He was naked in seconds, and taking the red Speedos from his dresser, his cock was already hardening. Pulling them fully up he looked at his reflection and was aghast. No way could he present to her like that, his cock standing proud, a tower of desire. Rub one out? He thought to himself, before dismissing the notion. That would defeat the entire purpose. Wasn't this all about fucking his mother? And then reality kicked in. Honesty. It wasn't going to happen. He was kidding himself if he thought his mother innocently touching his stomach was a signal of potential incest. No. It would remain on celluloid, in literature, in his imagination. But it would never happen in real life.

*

And then Dane left the cool interior of the house.

This was a dream. A goddess knelt at the edge of the pool leaning into the water, possibly testing its temperature. Bare feet, bare legs and thighs and a barely covered ass greeted him, almost as if presenting. Half his mother's butt crack projected above her orange bikini bottoms, the cheeks themselves swelling around the minimal fabric.

His towel strategically positioned before him, obscuring any remaining hardness, Dane allowed the screen door to slam behind him to signal his arrival and his mother turned and rose to her feet.

"The water's so much warmer," she beamed, taking the opportunity to take a hair tie from her wrist and secure her dark locks in a tight ponytail.

Dane watched her breasts lift in the process, bounce without much support from the two triangles that just managed to cover her nipples. No, they didn't! The dark of her areola protruded around the edge. He forced his eyes up and found her returning the gaze.

"I told you," he confirmed the state of the water. "It stays warm well into the night," he added, hoping she'd suggest a nighttime swimming session in their future.

It was then he noticed another aspect of her appearance. Was she aware? Should he say something? Careful to not let his eyes linger, he flashed them across her groin as he went to a lounge to deposit his towel. He could see her pubic hair. Not mere strands either. An exposed lawn of pubes above the triangle hugging her pussy.

"What!?" Audrey asked, noticing as to where he'd looked.

"What?"

"What were you looking at?"

It was just like the day before. He'd known his mother was looking at his dick, disguising her indiscretion with a discussion about his abdominal muscles. Now the shoe was on the other foot.

Deflect. He told himself.

"Oh, it's just your swimsuit," he kind of lied. "I thought you'd wear the red one again," he dropped his towel to reveal his Speedos. "I tried to match."

Audrey dropped her eyes to her son's groin, his cock, not fully erect but bulging out the front of his Speedos like the bend of a banana. The red color made the pronounced head even more noticeable than when in black and she felt herself moisten even further.

"Oh, sorry," she looked down at her own body, taking the string sides of her bikini in hand and adjusting much as she'd done in the mirror, pulling up on the front. She felt it slide between her folds, her swollen clitoris pressing hard into the material and making her knees weak before looking back at Dane. "I can change if you think it's not right for training?"

"NO!" Dane blurted out, blushing at his insistence, clearly giving too much away. "I mean, it's fine. You look good," he admitted. Tell her, he yelled in his head. "You look pretty."

He could feel his face burning and wanted to turn away. To jump in the pool and escape her gaze now that he'd gone too far and admitted his feelings. To his surprise she wasn't horrified. In fact, she seemed embarrassed.

"Oh. Thank you," she herself blushed and as if mimicking his escape plan, made to enter the pool, turning back only as she reached the edge. "Are you going to watch me dive?"

He wasn't planning on ever taking his eyes off her.

*

There was a halfhearted attempt by both of them to maintain professionalism. Dane suggesting a more economical kick, a tip to look at the bottom of the pool as she free-styled to stay higher in the water. Audrey welcoming his touch as he manipulated her arm to achieve a more correct stroke, inevitably leading to further incidental touching on both their behalf's. A brush of her thigh against his hardening cock, a slip of the hand by Dane, the firmness of nipple in his palm.

"That looking down as you swim thing really stops my hips from sinking," Audrey puffed as she tread water before him. "I thought I was going to have to plug my holes!" She spontaneously joked before realizing what she'd

implied. "Oh God, did I just say that?" She laughed and floated onto her back to no longer see his face, practicing her back stroke in the process. It was then Dane saw her nipple. Her top misplaced, the cup had slid below her breast leaving the whiter area of untanned skin exposed, her dark areola and nipple revealed. Sure she was unaware, Dane allowed it to remain so, floating backwards as he watched her swim and eventually coming upon the steps at the shallow end.

Without letting his eyes leave her body, Dane climbed and leaned back on the dry uppermost steps, his legs remaining in the water before his mother reached the opposite end of the pool and made her way back towards him. She turned as she neared and her feet finally making contact with the bottom, she waded the rest of the way to her son.

He didn't speak as she reduced the distance between them, her chest leaving the water, her hips. So graceful she attempted to stride, her hands sweeping the water around her gently. She wondered if she looked as sexy as she felt? Probably not, she conceded but as her eyes traversed her son's torso, falling upon his groin, the hard-on he clearly sported was satisfaction enough.

She sat beside him on the steps, leaning back to allow the mottled sunlight coming through the trees to caress her body and finally looked at her chest.

"Oh my god Dane!" She remarked at her exposed tit, though slow to cover it up. "What, you didn't notice?"

Laughing Dane turned to lean on his side facing her. "Yeah I saw it. Figured you didn't care."

"Ugh, I'm so embarrassed," she playfully slapped at his shoulder before once more looking down at herself.

"Are you?" Dane questioned and Audrey lazily raised her eyes to meet his.

"I mean I guess it doesn't really matter. We ARE family, right?"

"That's right," Dane agreed, studying her lips, her small nose, her eyes, mascara and eyeshadow smeared from the water. She was beautiful. Imperfect, yet somehow the most perfect woman he'd ever seen. His cock no longer twitched, no more blood could flow into the granite-like obelisk that stood proud through his Speedos, erected for her alone.

"I mean it's not like I'm that well covered to begin with," she admitted, her heart racing. Hoping he'd follow her eyes as she looked down at her groin, adjusting her bikini once more to pull tight against her pubic mound, loving the way it looked, it felt against her body.

Dane swallowed hard as she tugged her brief against her sex. Her labia bulging out the wet orange material, the thatch of dark hair above the triangle. He could've just dived in then. Lunged down face first into her crotch and lavished her pussy with kisses. And he was sure she'd have accommodated it. But there was that doubt. That final barrier that prevented him from declaring his lust vocally, his body having already given away his secret. He looked back into her face.

"You know Mom," he began. "When I was backstage. At the bachelor auction. A guy told me what the women were really paying for. That it wasn't just about the charity and odd jobs."

"Oh really?" Audrey whispered, watching her son's lips. Wishing they were upon her body. Kissing her everywhere.

"Yeah. He said that they expected..." he paused. "Well, they were paying for sex."

"Okay," she breathed.

"Well..."

"Yes?"

"I mean if it's just a transaction, there'd be no harm in..."

"What Baby?" Audrey sighed, her chest rising dramatically with each breath.

"I mean, if you wanted me to...I mean we could...you and I."

"Yes?"

"We could..."

"Oh yes."

And there it was. Dane took the invitation with gusto, leaning in and kissing her on the neck, her skin still wet from the pool. A hand upon her hip, the string of her bikini under his palm before she forced him onto her pussy. His lips met her cheek, then her mouth, accepting him as he felt fingers upon his cock. She breathed out deeply as he slid aside her bikini and met her slick labia, one, two fingers sliding between her lips and effortlessly entering her body.

Tongues entwined as she tugged his cock from his Speedos. Her small hand wrapping his girth, a hot column of flesh, incestuous evidence of a son's love for his mother. "Are you sure?" She managed to breath into his mouth as they kissed.

"Yes," he sighed.

"Just a transaction..." Audrey panted as he expertly finger fucked her, a thumb upon her clit, somehow just the way she liked it.

"Nuh uh," Dane refuted, pulling away and moving his body over her, his cock slipping from her grasp. "This is on the house."

Her pussy already exposed, legs spread, nothing stood in the way of his mouth meeting its target. Audrey watched captivated as he slid into the water and buried his face between her legs. Was she dreaming?

Fantasizing? No snoring husband beside her. No darkened room, careful to stifle her orgasm with the pillow lest she wake him. This was real. Her son's tongue inside her body, kissing her thighs, her clitoris. He slid a finger inside her as he sucked her clit, another as she pulled aside her top and massaged her breasts. His nose buried in her pubic hair, lips around her sex, she closed her eyes and arched her neck as the pleasure increased.

The taste of chlorine overridden by the unmistakable taste of a woman. Not any woman; his mother, Dane noted as he looked up over her wet pubic mound to her face, head thrown back, eyes closed as he did his best work. His lips around her clit, sucking. His tongue flicking, slurping at her little button as his fingers fucked her as all his girlfriends had seemed to love. His mother no different. There was a difference though. That bush. Her thick coat of fur. He buried his nose and mouth into her locks, kissing and massaging her hairy mound with his lips. Girls his own age were bare, waxed smooth and as bald as the day they were born, and up until then he swore he preferred it. Not now. His tastes had changed. Grabbing his cock below the surface of the water, Dane allowed himself some pleasure. The Speedos below his balls, his cock about as hard as was possible, mere strokes and he found himself on the edge, such was his arousal.

Audrey could feel it approaching. How long since someone else had made her cum, she wondered? Sex with Stephen was no longer a regular event, and on those rare occasions, it was over before it began leaving her leaking his sperm and completely unsatisfied. Leaving her nipples erect, she reached with both hands to take the back of Dane's head, her fingers

combing through his wet hair, guiding his face back and forth over her pubic bone. She needed to kiss him.

"I have to..." she panted. "I'm gonna cum Baby..." she admitted as Dane looked up. "...kiss me."

His fingers not leaving her pussy, Dane rose from the water immediately and dutifully fell upon her body, cock pressed hard into her side. Her mouth open in expectation, a vacant stare on her face as he felt her vaginal walls tense and quiver around his ever-pumping fingers.

"Don't stop," she managed as their mouths came together, Dane thrusting his tongue between her lips, receiving hers back. "Oh God," she breathed into his mouth as her thighs locked around his hand, her own gripping his forearm and wrist to use him as her own personal dildo, taking charge of the penetration. Her mouth once more fell open and Dane watched as she tensed all over, an orgasm clearly sweeping her body.

"I love you," he pressed his cheek to hers and whispered in her ear as she convulsed.

It was all she needed to hear. Her son's fingers inside her, his erection against her body and a declaration of love. The orgasm. Was it the most intense of her life? She once more sought his mouth as her breath came in gasps with each wave of ecstasy, the taste of her own vagina in his saliva. She needed to taste him.

"Give me you cock Baby," Audrey unclasped her thighs, allowing Dane's saturated fingers to slip from her grasp. "Let Mommy taste it."

Had Dane moved quicker? He doubted it as he climbed over her and she took hold of his erection, pulling it toward her mouth. The head engorged,

he doubted it'd even fit in her tiny mouth as she milked pre-cum from his length and watched it glisten as it ran.

Her tongue was quick, and greedily Audrey lapped at her son's clear fluid, taking it into her mouth before allowing his dick to follow. So big, so warm. His head filled her and she amazingly felt disappointment she couldn't handle more. I'll have to practice, she told herself as she stroked his length.

It was too much. Dane had never been particularly proud of his stamina but this was ridiculous. Her eyes looking up at him as his mother sucked the head of his cock and pulled his shaft, he felt the cum surge. "Oh shit, no..." He gasped as he pulled backwards. Surely it was impolite to cum in your mother's mouth without warning he felt, managing to make a gap of inches before his cum shot from the eye.

Her initial dismay at losing his cock from her mouth was replaced with elated surprise as her chin and cheek were showered with a blast of her son's hot cream. A shocked gasp escaped her before the excited laughter.

"Awh fuck," Dane moaned as she furiously jerked his length amid her chuckles. Cum spurted in bursts down her neck and across her chest, her hand coated and lubricating his cock with his own jism. "I'm so sorry Mom," he finally managed to offer as she milked the last of his seed upon her breasts.

"What for?" She smiled before amazing him by taking her hand from his still erect cock and licking the cum from her palm and fingers.

"For...I mean, I couldn't hold it any longer," he explained, climbing off her body and slumping down beside her, legs below the surface of the water.

Audrey was beaming as she scooped the cum from her face and shoveled it into her mouth.

"Can you stay hard?" She asked, smiling as she looked down at his cock.

"I...yeah, I think so," Dane confessed. "To be honest Mom, I don't think it'll ever soften," he giggled.

"Good. Then you can make amends by fucking me!" She grinned and Dane immediately made to climb back upon her.

"Oh. I can do that!" He confirmed before the familiar noise of the back-gate closing stopped his progress.

Their respective eyes wide, equaling each other's shock, Dane silently mouthed 'Dad' as Audrey replaced the bikini over her breasts. Dane stuffed his erection back into his Speedos and followed his mother's lead by diving back into the water just as Stephen rounded the hedge and came upon the pool.

"You two still at it?" Stephen looked skeptically as Audrey paddled to the edge of the pool, a hand pulling her bikini bottom over her pubic bone. "Are you...? Oh. Jesus, it's alright. You're wearing the orange one," he squinted. "For a second there I thought you were nude!"

"Oh," Audrey forced a laugh. "Yeah, no."

"Think of that Dane. Your mother, nude!" Stephen laughed. "Sorry to ruin your appetite," he joked and Dane wanted to leave the pool and punch him.

"You're home early," Audrey commented, quick to change the subject and she noted a change in his demeanor, even the slightest of blushes.

"Oh, yeah," he fumbled. "Change of plans at work."

There was something up, Audrey was aware but was happy to just see him turn away from the pool.

"What's for dinner?" Stephen asked before heading inside the house and not waiting for a response.

Audrey and Dane looked at one another and despite their shared panic were barely able to contain their laughter.

"That was close Mom," Dane stated, holding the edge of the pool. He reached out and wiped up a deposit of sticky cum still clinging to her chest.

"Exciting though!" Audrey admitted to his surprise, and her own if she was honest. "Don't worry Honey," she added, reading his thoughts. "Well get another chance to do that thing," she leaned in and risked a kiss, her hand below the surface finding his cock, now soft in his swimsuit. "We're going to do everything!"

*

Monday nights usually saw Dane studying in his room, but whether it was the game playing on the television, or more likely his desire to be around her, Audrey was delighted to have him sitting in the living room, an armchair away from his father. After her shower, Audrey hadn't dressed. Settling on merely a long dressing gown to cover her naked body. It wasn't planned, but now seemed the perfect attire for the occasion.

Sitting on a stool at the kitchen bench and midway through a crossword puzzle, she looked across to see Dane's eyes on her exposed leg. His vantage was ideal, the slightest turn of his head from the tv to her. She crossed over her legs, allowing the gown to slide further off her body, much of her upper thigh now revealed. It wasn't enough, she thought. Casually she loosened the belt and without making it obvious she was aware of Dane's observing, let the gown come apart at her chest.

In the dim light of the living room, Dane was getting a hard-on. Uncomfortable as it was with his father a mere arms distance away, it was now the inevitable outcome of looking at his mother. Was it on purpose, he wondered as she re-crossed her legs, the white dressing gown sliding off and revealing her entire upper thigh? When she moved and exposed much of her inner boob and a slight smile came to her mouth, he knew she was in on the act.

Finally acknowledging Dane, Audrey turned on the stool and uncrossed her legs. Dane's attention now solely focused on her, she undid the tie of her gown and opened it up completely, revealing her naked body to her son. The shock on his face was evident, though cautious to not give anything away, he responded to something his father noted about a play in the game, making the appropriate comment before once more devoting his attention to his mother.

And was it worth it! Audrey spread her legs wide as Dane's eyes focused on her vagina. She ran a hand down from her bare breast across her belly and onto her pubic hair, combing through her locks until she buried a finger between her labia. In the armchair, Dane risked a stroke of his cock, pressing his fingers hard into the erection bulging the front of his pants. He watched as his mother lifted her hand from her crotch and placed the finger that she'd inserted between her folds, into her mouth, sucking it like a small counterfeit cock. Was this HIS mother? Was it possible she'd been replaced by a 'pod person,' he wondered?

"Would you boys like some snacks?" Audrey out of the blue rose from the stool and without re-tying her gown moved through the kitchen.

"I'm fine," Stephen responded. "Another beer'd be good though," he suggested, holding out an empty bottle.

"What about you Honey?" She looked at Dane, his eyes struggling to lift from her hairy thatch. Post shower, now dried, the hair was fuzzy, a rich down of pube that beckoned to be lain upon.

"Yeah, I'll have whatever you're offering," he confessed, hoping she understood his not so subtle double meaning.

Audrey took down a packet of chips, emptying into a bowl and once collecting Stephen's beer walked confidently into the living room, Dane amazed at her audacity. Accepting the bottle as it was handed to him, Stephen paid no attention to her appearance, Audrey admittedly careful to keep her back and side to him. To Dane she showed everything. His expectant eyes looked up at hers, a dramatic swallow lifted his Adam's apple as she held out the bowl of potato chips.

"Take what you want Baby," she cheekily smiled down at him and Dane, with a shaking hand, raised it between her legs.

Her upper thighs wet, she parted her legs enough for him to cup her vagina, overcome as he gently inserted a single digit inside and wiggled. She let out a sigh and felt her knees wobble, not expecting how dramatic her body was reacting. Taking the opportunity, Dane reached up with his other hand and cupped a breast, her nipple hardening further at his touch and Audrey forgot where she was.

"Oh God," she sighed as his finger found her 'spot' and she felt any longer and she'd cum right then and there. In the living room, she remembered. In front of her husband.

"What's that?" Stephen asked, Dane immediately withdrawing his hands, Audrey passing the bowl of chips to him and exiting as fast as she could.

"Oh nothing," she covered. "Just a pain in my neck," she lied.

"Maybe too much swimming," Stephen noted. "You'll have to go easier on her Dane," he added looking at his son. "She's an old woman."

Dane lifted his hand from the bowl of chips and took one into his mouth, the scent of his mother's vagina on his fingers.

"Nah, she can take it," he smiled.

*

He lay in bed in the dark, intermittently checking the time. 'Midnight,' she'd said. 'At the latest.' It was well after and despite his cock being hard and ready for her visit, he felt it was probably time for him to sleep. 'As soon as he falls asleep,' Audrey had promised and Dane reluctantly let go of the hope he'd fuck her tonight. He wasn't dissuaded. The anticipation would remain. His hunger would grow.

Had he fallen asleep? He wasn't aware, but the rustle of his sheets stirred him, followed by the warmth of a body, a naked body against his own.

"Mom," he sighed, his cock immediately rousing. "You came!"

"Not yet," she giggled, her mouth finding his in the dark.

Their tongues danced. As passionate a kiss as separated lovers reunited. For they almost were. One final hurdle, sure to overcome. To complete their union.

Audrey ground her groin on her son's stomach as she mounted him, feeling his growing erection against her buttocks. Her soft breasts rubbed across his skin, the tickle from the stubble of his shaved chest giving her goosebumps and she giggled into his mouth.

"What?" Dane asked her and she whispered 'nothing.'

"I waited so long," he confessed. "I thought you weren't coming."

"He took forever to fall asleep," she kissed him. "I'm sorry Baby."

"It's alright," Dane forgave her. "It IS alright...what we're doing...isn't it?"

Audrey broke their kiss, looking into his face in the darkness, understanding to what he referred.

"We're family," she suggested. "It's just a mother and son bonding. I'm not cheating on him!" She stated with conviction and Dane believed it. It was no different to him playing ball with his father. To a swimming lesson with his mom. They were spending time with each other. Quality family time. Sex was no different. It was acceptable simply BECAUSE they were family.

"Will you do something for me?" Dane tentatively asked and for a moment Audrey thought it related to his earlier doubts.

"Anything."

He paused as he built up the courage.

"Mom..."

"Yes Darling?"

"Will you sit on my face?"

Audrey contained the laugh to a stifled chuckle. "Is that it? Of course!" She agreed, immediately rising from her position to her knees and shuffling up her sons' body, careful not to knee him in the process. "Forwards or backwards?" She asked.

"I don't mind," Dane confessed as his mother lifted a leg over his head and settled down on his face. "Oh fuck..." He managed to voice before he was muffled by muff. Wet thighs against his cheeks, his nose buried in dripping pubic hair as his mouth was smeared with hot vulva. Her scent was intense.

He'd use it as a cologne from now on, he joked with himself as he took his cock in hand and stroked. This was the only way he'd masturbate from now on, he thought. My mother's cunt smothering me, her ass. Her asshole! He thought. Was that what was against his chin? He managed to open his mouth and poke out his tongue as she ground herself atop him, apparently pleased with the way it felt. His tongue slid inside her body. Was it her asshole he entered? He hoped it was.

How much time she was atop him, he had no idea. She could've stayed there all night for all he was concerned. For as long as he had a face, his mother would have somewhere to sit, he mused. It wasn't until he felt her thighs shaking beside his head, the walls of her pussy quiver around his tongue and her weight press ever more onto him did he realize she'd cum.

Her fingers gripping the headboard of his bed, Audrey wanted to scream out her pleasure as she climaxed on her son's face. If only they were alone. If only they could go to bed and wake up together. With weak legs, she slid her vagina off his face and fell upon him, her tongue seeking his slick juice drenched mouth. Kissing him, tasting her sex, the flavor of her own orgasm. A hand between her legs to find his cock standing almost vertical. He's as turned on as me, she thought as she lifted her hips and guided its head between her velvety folds.

And they were one. Naked. Mother and son finally joined at the sex; an inseparable bond now forged. He would never need another woman. What woman could ever compare with she who knew him the best? Whose vagina seemed perfectly molded around his penis. Whose mouth he felt he could kiss forever. Audrey broke their lips' lock to kiss her way to his ear as Dane thrust up into her. Deep. Pelvis slamming into hers as she clenched her vagina around him, never to let him go.

"Yes Baby," Audrey panted into his ear, both aware the mattress was squeaking noisily, neither concerned. "Fuck me Dane. Fuck me hard lover. Fuck my pussy Baby. Fuck Mommy's pussy."

She bit into his earlobe as Dane clutched her ass, his fingertips digging into her fleshy buttocks, pulling her onto his cock with each thrust to further the penetration.

"Does it..." Audrey puffed. "Does it feel good Honey?"

"I love it!" Dane confessed. "I love your pussy Mom. It feels so good...so tight," he sighed.

"It's yours Baby. I'm all yours," she whispered. "You can have me whenever you want. We can do anything," she added despite an image of Stephen appearing in her head.

"All I want is this Mom," Dane proclaimed. "I love you," he hissed as he wrapped his arms around her torso and using his strength, turned her over onto her back.

Her head on his pillow, Audrey wished the lights were on. To look in his eyes as her son fucked her the way a husband would his wife. The way she'd not been in years. He kissed her neck and bent his back to take a nipple into his mouth. More than 16 years since she'd breastfed him as a baby. Now a man, gorging on the same tit. She came. The orgasm creeping up out of nowhere, a wave of ecstasy from her head to her cunt and back. She shivered under him and she knew he knew. His arms embraced her as he once more fell upon her, his cock jack hammering, the bed banging against the wall.

"C..c..cum in me," Audrey managed, her nails raking his back, thighs wrapping his pumping buttocks. "Fill me with your cum Baby."

The words were a blessing. The thought of a condom had run through his mind but was chased away by lust. And why not? Nothing should come between a mother and son and Audrey had silently agreed. He enveloped his mouth around hers, sharing a breath, saliva. Their tongues copulated as his balls slapped against her buttocks. And then he came.

He held his breath as it approached. Never ceasing his thrusting as his cum exploded from his shaft. How much was there? It felt like gallons, a fire hose emptying as the friction decreased with the excess fluid, her vagina like a pool of satin. She felt it. Every surge of cum as he flooded her cervix. Every pulse of his glans as he released his love inside her. And it WAS love. She knew it. The purest love of a son for his mother mixed with the lust of a man for a woman. It couldn't get any better than this.

"I love you," Dane finally gasped as his mouth fell from hers, his body slumping atop her, exhausted.

Audrey didn't need to respond, hugging her boy tighter, kissing his forehead as his comforting weight crushed her.

And there they lay. Was it minutes, hours? They didn't sleep. Dane remaining inside her, gentle movement, the squeeze of her pelvic floor keeping him hard. The two luxuriating in the afterglow, loathe to part, unsure of their next opportunity.

*

Fear of sleep had seen Audrey leave his room. Sliding back beside her husband in the early hours, content to feel her son's cum slowly oozing into her cotton panties. In the morning Stephen was none the wiser and Audrey admitted to herself there was some guilt she was feeling. Guilt that quickly evaporated when Dane stole a kiss in the hallway. Dangerous, with his

father still in the house and preparing for work. Audrey felt her son's erection pushed against her through his grey school pants, his tongue searching her own. What husband? She asked herself.

Dane gone, home late with swimming training Tuesday nights as was normal. Stephen finishing his breakfast as he read the paper, a coffee before him, at least twenty minutes before he would leave. Audrey, hurried makeup, tucking her blouse into her skirt before heading to the laundry to put on a wash before leaving. Heels over her panty-hosed legs. She imagined Dane kissing her toes; working his way up her legs to press his mouth into her crotch. By the time she opened the hamper, she could feel the dampness beginning to soak her panties.

Separating the colors. Dane's red Speedos. She looked to the laundry door to know she was alone as she raised them to her face and inhaled the crotch. No scent of him of course but the act itself just fueled her hunger for her son. How could she last all day? Would they be condemned to nighttime visits? Silently fucking like teenagers in a parents' house fearful of discovery. She cast them aside and added Stephen's similarly toned golfing pants to form a pile. His polo shirt.

The scent hit her immediately. Feminine. Unmistakable. Chanel no 5. Okay? She asked, told herself before creating a separate pile of whites. His business shirt. Again the smell, and examining it further, a smudge of makeup on the collar. Could it have been more obvious?

There was a moment where she felt lightheaded. Mere days before and this moment would have been devastating for her. A Chanel scented hand grenade thrown into her life. Now, it was an opportunity.

*

"How long?" Audrey lay the shirts down upon the table before her husband.

A look of confusion came upon Stephen's face as he eyed his clothing before Audrey noticed his 'tell.' A hand leaving the newspaper to push his glasses up on his nose, something he always did when nervous. Had done since high-school. Had done when she watched him tell Miriam Hollander he was leaving her for Audrey all those years before.

"What?" Stephen stalled. "How long what?" He looked incredulous, his Adams apple bobbing as he swallowed.

"You know what. I can smell her on them," Audrey challenged.

"Smell who?" A terrible poker player, his face began to blush. "What are you talking about?"

Audrey calmly sat opposite him and looked him in the eye. "This is your chance Stephen. Be honest with me now and we can work it out. Lie and I'll never forgive you, I'll never trust you again."

Stephen finally placed the newspaper down upon the table, looking at his shirts, realizing the jig was up.

"Since the auction," he stated, a held, almost relieved breath leaving his lungs. "We met up the next day."

"When you said you were playing golf?" Audrey calmly inquired.

"Uh huh," Stephen admitted.

"And you've...you and her have...?" She didn't need to finish, Stephen guiltily nodding. Acknowledging the affair with Miriam Hollander though her name had yet to be spoken.

"What now?" Stephen asked after a moment's quiet contemplation between them.

Audrey took a deep breath, amazed at her composure.

"Now you make a decision," she proposed on the fly. "We're both adults. We're going to deal with this with level heads. Where do you want to be? You can go now and be with her and I'll not stand in your way, we can settle this cleanly. Or you can stay and I'll try to live with it."

"Just like that?" Stephen questioned. "No tears, no yelling?"

"I'll not give you the satisfaction," Audrey bluntly stated. "If you go, you go now. You take your things and you don't come back."

"You're serious?"

"I am," Audrey retained her composure though inside she was breaking. 26 years of history between them all hinging on this conversation, his one decision.

The clock ticking the only sound in the house, a full thirty seconds passed before Stephen rose from his chair and headed toward their bedroom, a moment later Audrey hearing the sound of him packing a suitcase.

*

She stood before her closet eyeing the empty space on Stephen's side. There was pain, she could acknowledge that. But ultimately there was joy. She imagined Dane's clothes beside her own, his shoes on the floor. Something Stephen had said before he left, immaturely attempting to hurt her in his retreat. 'Good luck finding someone else at your age,' his words still hung in the air. She HAD found someone else though, hadn't she? How long could she keep him though? Her eyes caught an item hanging from a clothes-hanger. Something purchased long before in an attempt to spice her marriage but never worn. She took it from the wardrobe and called work to say she wouldn't be in that day.

*

The sun was low on the horizon when Dane returned home. Having just spent more than two hours in the school pool, he was still eager to possibly take another dip with his mother. Even with Dad home he thought, there was at least the chance of a sly hand-job in the pool. The possibility of touching her below the surface. Could they even fuck without Dad discovering? The thought had his cock hardening as he walked the hallway from the front door toward the kitchen. What he saw threw all that out the window.

His eyes were drawn to her black heels, standing out starkly over the knee-high white socks she wore. The majority of her thighs exposed, an incredibly short navy-blue pleated skirt barely managing to cover her buttocks, white satin panties peeking out beneath. His breath was taken.

"Oh, you're home," Audrey turned from where she'd been standing before the kitchen bench, revealing her breasts unsupported by a bra and exposed behind the see-through top. Her hair in pigtails, she walked toward him to close the distance, awkwardly playing with the hem of the skirt and all of a sudden feeling foolish in the schoolgirl outfit. His face blushing, she wondered if he in turn found her ridiculous?

"Mom!?"

"Yes Honey?" She nonchalantly replied.

"What the fuck?" Dane whispered, looking over her shoulder in the expectation his father would appear. "I'm guessing Dad isn't home."

"No," Audrey admitted beginning to wonder what effect their separation would have on their son. "...and he won't be coming home," she added.

"What happened?" Dane asked wondering why they were talking when her outfit suggested other actions could be taking place?

"We'll talk about it later," she mimicked his thoughts. "Just know that I'll be wearing things like this more often around the house if you don't mind?"

Dane took a step back to admire her appearance from top to toe, finally looking back in her eyes with a frown, Audrey for a second questioning his demeanor.

"There is one change I'd make," he smiled, breaking the act. "If I may?"

Audrey nodded at her son, wondering indeed what he found to be a problem. Was it the pigtails?

Dane dropped to his knees and took hold of her white panties, sliding them off her hips and down over her pubic bone. Not stopping there, he pulled them down her thighs, the satin rolling into itself and by the time he reached her knees, the wet gusset taut and exposed between her legs. He resisted the urge to press his lips to the dampness on display, instead focusing back on her skirt. Rising, he took hold of the waist and lifted it further up her body, standing back to see her luscious bush on clear display.

"Turn for me?" He asked, his voice quavering and Audrey confidently pirouetted, her bare buttocks exposed to her son's hungry eyes. "Now you're perfect Mom!"

Audrey's chest swelled with pride as she felt his eyes on her ass. She could feel the dampness of her pussy running her inner thigh and looked over her shoulder to receive further instructions.

"And what would you have me do now Sir?" She asked in her most innocent of voice.

She was already doing all she had to. His cock bulging out the front of his pants, testament.

"Actually Mom," Dane tentatively began as she turned around to face him. "It's something I want to do..."

"What is it Baby?"

Dane blushed as he admitted his desire.

"Do you...do you mind if I jerk off?" He confessed, now feeling foolish. "Just for a minute...while I look at you?"

Audrey couldn't help but laugh. "On Honey. You don't have to ask. I want to see that cock out whenever we're together."

It was all Dane needed to hear, his fly down and erection in his hand in seconds. His eyes on her breasts as he stroked, drawn to her hirsute pussy, upper thighs glistening with dew as she moved toward the bench.

"Maybe I'll just lean against this while you play," Audrey proposed, bending forward to rest her elbows upon the counter. The skirt rising the rest of the way over her buttocks, it lay upon the small of her back leaving her ass completely bare. Dane watched enthralled as she spread her feet wider, stretching the panties between her legs. His eyes crept to her vagina, lips glistening, her asshole almost winking at him to give it attention.

"Oh, fuck this," Dane exclaimed and dove forward. Dropping to his knees he placed a hand on each buttock and like Moses, parted the sea. His tongue entered his mother's body to an accompanied squeal of delight from above, Audrey falling forward to lay upon the bench, the cold surface causing her nipples to further harden.

A nose pressed hard into her ass crack, pubic hair tickling his chin, Dane drank the excess fluid flowing from his mother's vagina. Like a fine wine, matured. Drunk on pussy juice, he smeared his face in her sex, Audrey obscenely grinding herself all over him, unsure if it was tongue entering her vagina or his nose, indifferent either way, just accepting the pleasure. He found her clit and locked on, lips wrapping her swollen button, tongue eager to work for its supper. And then it came. Audrey herself taken by surprise by the speed of her orgasm, her hands gripping the opposite side of the bench as her legs became wobbly, knees giving way to press her butt into him, half her weight resting upon his head, his face now her stool.

Dane was overwhelmed by his senses, the scent and heat of her sex, the taste of her flowing orgasm, so much wetness he could swallow. His hand back upon his erection, his own fluid leaking, coating his fingers, slick along his shaft. This was living, he told himself, pitying any other male to have not had their mother cum on their face. He wanted to tell her how thankful he was but his words came out only as a muffled mumble.

"What was that Baby?" Audrey panted, rising off the bench-top but still slowly grinding her vagina on his face.

Dane took a final lick of her dripping labia, kissing her inner thighs before he pulled his face from between her buttocks and looked up.

"I just wanted to say thank you," he grinned, cheeks, jaw, even forehead glistening with pussy. Audrey smiling in response as she turned. How easy to make her son happy, she thought. If only every mother knew the secret. Maybe she should write a book, she wondered?

"Oh Darling," she sighed, drawing him up from his knees. "I should be the one thanking you. How many times is that now?"

"Four," Dane was quick to respond, blushing that he was keeping count of her orgasms.

"Well that's four more than your father's ever," she admitted, looking down at his erection. "Time for me to repay the favor I think."

Dane was momentarily taken aback by her statement, was it true? His father had never made her cum? The question was lost as he watched her take his hardness in hand and seductively stroke his length.

"Is Dad gone?" He managed, waiting for her to find his eyes. "For good?"

Audrey, with her son's dick firmly in hand simply nodded.

"Then I want to do it in your bed!" Dane proclaimed and with a squeal from his mother as he took her hand, hurried her down the hallway.

She was laughing as Dane threw her upon the bed, her panties slipping down her legs to twist around her ankles, Dane quick to pull them off completely. His shirt was removed as Audrey watched on her elbows, her legs suggestively spread, hairy pussy exposed and waiting. Out of his school uniform and he was climbing toward her, a perfect specimen of man. For a moment she felt unworthy. That he was akin to an escort, paid to pleasure an older woman, which in essence had been the catalyst of their relationship. But when he once more kissed her inner thighs. When he pressed his lips into her wet pubic hair and looked up with nothing less than love in his eyes, she at last felt at ease. They were equals. Lovers. He wanted her as much as she him. And as his cock descended upon her vagina, she knew they'd never part.

*

"I'm cumming," Audrey gasped for the third time. She sat naked in his lap, legs around his body. The tip of his finger in her asshole. Stephen would

never have done that, she thought. She wanted more and reached around to coax it further, Dane more than willing to oblige, feeling her sphincter twitch around his second knuckle, her vaginal walls quivering as she came.

She bit into the side of his neck, nails digging into his back, painful but pleasurable all at once. He hadn't even really done anything this time; maintained a hard-on (which wasn't difficult) and allowed her to ride it. Audrey had done all the work, grinding her pelvis upon his dick, clenching her pussy around him until she came, her son simply a pole to be mounted. She kissed his mouth once more and allowed herself to fall backwards, his weight atop, his cock so deep.

"It's time," she almost begged, desperate to have his seed once more inside her. "Fuck me hard Baby. Fuck me like a good son should."

"You want it Mom?" Dane asked, kissing her neck, whispering into her ear. "You want my cum?"

"I need it Baby," Audrey sighed as he fucked her, her legs locked around his ass, pulling him deeper with every thrust. "I need my pussy full of cum."

His chiseled chest ground upon her breasts, an arm secured behind her neck. Dane's cock a rock-hard statement of his incestuous love, pounding, drilling as deep within his mother's body as was possible. Her sex welcomed him, embraced him. Her slick walls enveloped his dick in the warmest of hugs, the most intimate of cuddles that only a mother and son could understand. No other could share this moment, no other man could ever satisfy her womanly and maternal desires.

A son finally fucking his mother in what was now their bed, it rocked as it had never known. No need for discretion or stifled expression, Audrey

voiced her ecstasy openly, screaming to her room. "Yes Baby, yes...fuck me lover."

Dane's cock right at home, doing his best work. His hips thrusting faster than ever before, pelvis pummeling against her groin. Audrey reached up to take her son's head in her hands and direct his gaze to her own.

"Look me in the eyes when you cum Darling," she gasped, feeling his dick so deep, relentlessly penetrating her welcoming womb.

"It's coming Mom," Dane declared, out of breath and amazed he'd lasted this long. "I'm gonna cum."

"Yes, Baby cum in me..." she panted, breasts wobbling upon her chest with the force of his intrusion. "...cum on me. Cum all over me," she begged.

He didn't leave her waiting. Pulling his knees up close to her body, his final thrusts had him exploding inside her. A fire hose of jism to douse her fiery housing. Surge after surge of sperm released inside her whilst she clasped him in a motherly embrace. Their eyes locked, a vacant yet almost agonized expression upon his face as he declared his love for her. And then he withdrew, his hand quick to wrap himself and further the orgasm. Great ribbons of cum across her pubic mound and onto her stomach, filling her belly button. She broke his gaze to admire his gift, her own hand just as quick to retrieve the blessing, scooping his love from her flesh to take into her mouth.

Dane kissed her. Regardless of her mouth awash with his semen. He kissed her like a son should his mother. Tongue deep, lips hermetically wrapping her own. This was what love was. He'd found his soulmate and as he slid his cock back inside her to further the fuck, he swore to be with her forever.

*

"So why the schoolgirl outfit?" Dane asked, shielding his eyes from the hot sun as he watched his mother kiss his cock. Her eyes drawn from the task, she looked up at Dane upon the banana lounge, her tongue sliding along his length before she answered.

"You won't laugh?"

"Mom, I'd never laugh at you," Dane confessed.

"It was something your father said about me before he left. It made me think of the girls your own age, their bodies, what they can offer you. I did it to compete I guess."

Dane looked down at her naked mature body between his legs.

"You don't have to you know, dress like that for me. I'll take you as you are right now," he stood up and lifted his mother from her knees, his erection pressing hard into her belly as he kissed her. "Don't get me wrong though," he quickly added, a sly expression creeping across his face. "I hope you do keep wearing that stuff around the house."

"I'll wear whatever you like," Audrey promised as she allowed herself to be lifted into his arms. "Are you taking me to the bedroom?"

Dane smiled, his cock helping to support his mother's weight as he walked to the edge of the pool.

"Nuh uh," he chuckled. "Remember, you paid for three coaching sessions," he stated as he leapt into the pool along with her.

Audrey came up spluttering and Dane was quick to once more take her in his arms, his erection finding her pussy below the surface and entering.

"The best money I ever spent," Audrey smiled as she welcomed his cock and kissed her son, forever her lover, upon the mouth.

Twin Share 1

Chapter 1

Amy sat on her bed and re-read the letter. Oh shit. She thought to herself, how was she going to go through with this? She stood up and looked at herself in her full-length mirror. Currently wearing grey leggings and a tight t-shirt she was less than ecstatic at her reflection. The last couple of years had seen her put on extra weight, not so much that she'd be called fat but she'd definitely become chunky.

Amy lifted her t-shirt to expose her stomach. The skin formed a muffin top over the top of her leggings and she pinched the excess fat and spoke to her reflection. "Who'd want to go out with you anyway?" She turned to look at her ass and wasn't as despondent. "Guys like big asses now don't they?" She smacked her butt cheek and watched the wobble. "Hmm. Maybe not that big." Walking closer to the mirror she examined her face. Her skin was clear and she had nice eyes. Boys had told her in the past she was cute, no one had ever told her she was hot and the fact she'd never had a serious boyfriend and was now 18 pretty much reinforced the fact she thought herself, plain.

Looking over her shoulder in the reflection she saw her brother in the backyard. Thomas. She thought to herself. Could she ask him to help? It'd be weird but she could trust him. They were twins, they were close. Her face reddened at the prospect of asking him to perform what was in the letter but right now it seemed the only option. She placed the letter in her underwear drawer and left her room to join her brother in the yard.

Walking through the kitchen on the way to the back door Amy's mother, Jennifer, stopped her, "Would you tell Tom to come inside honey, your father wants to have a family meeting."

"OK. What about?" Amy asked.

"We'll talk about it when we're all together," Jennifer replied and continued with dinner prep. Amy looked at her mother's body as she passed. Roughly the same height as her, she carried her weight on her hips and breasts. That's how I'll look in twenty years, Amy thought and the prospect wasn't completely disheartening. Her mother was still attractive and wore clothing that accentuated her assets, namely her tits and ass. It's what guys look at, she thought as she exited the kitchen.

Thomas was standing at the fence between the properties with his back to her and Amy wondered what he was doing. "Oh my god Thomas, are you spying on the neighbors?" She loudly accused as she walked up beside him.

"Shhh. No, well yes. Just, you've got to see this," Thomas offered.

"Ahh. No I don't, I'm not a peeping Tom," Amy replied and then realizing her unintended jibe, added. "But it seems your name is apt, little brother."

"Little brother? You were born like an hour before me! But anyway, just look. Mom said the woman next doors son had moved back home but the way they're acting, they sure as hell can't be related."

Amy looked through the wooden paling on the fence but could only see two heads bobbing around in the pool next door. "Just what am I meant to be seeing?" She asked.

"Well they've finished now but the woman came out of the house basically naked and the guy I think went down on her!"

Amy pulled back from the fence and looked at her brother. "You're dreaming dude, that did not happen."

"No seriously. Well it looked like it, she was on the edge of the pool. It was hard to see." Tom pleaded his case.

"OK Mr. Creepy, I believe you but Mom told me it was definitely her son, so it can't have been him doing it!" It wasn't lost on Amy that the conversation was prescient to her problem and it quickly made her get onto the reason for approaching her brother. "Hey, I need to talk to you about something."

"We're talking now aren't we?" Thomas responded.

"No I mean it's important. I need to ask a favor from you and I don't know how you're going to respond."

Thomas broke his gaze away from between the fence palings and looked at his sister. "Sounds serious, you know I'll help you out. What is it?" He asked.

"Well I got this letter and.."

Before Amy could explain herself the voice of their father, Brian called out from the back door, "Hey, you two. Inside, now!"

"Look can you just come to my room tonight, we'll talk about it then OK?" Amy asked.

"Can do Sis, you've got me intrigued." Thomas stated as they walked towards the house.

"Thanks. You're still a pervert though!" Amy laughed.

Brian and Jennifer were waiting for the twins in the living room, Amy went to sit down on the couch but Thomas stopped in the doorway, "Whatever this is about, I didn't do it!" He joked then took up position beside his sister.

"Don't worry guys, I called this family meeting for a good reason," Brian began. "Your Mom and I have been talking and we wanted to do something together as a family before you two go off to college."

"Oh no Dad! We're not going to play Twister again, are we?" Thomas again joked, to the amusement of only Amy.

"No. Better, smartass. We're going up to the 'lake.' We leave tomorrow!" Brian proudly proclaimed.

"Tomorrow! What are you talking about?" Amy and Thomas both chimed in. The 'lake' was the family owned cabin where all their vacations were held but when the twins reached their teens they'd stopped going and left Brian and Jennifer to holiday alone.

"Look, your mother and I wanted one last family vacation. We love it up there and you two will enjoy it once you get there, we know it," Brian offered.

"It's not like you both have other pressing engagements this weekend do you?" Jennifer added and Thomas and Amy looked at each other and had to admit she was right.

"Well how long do you intend to keep us captive up there?" Amy asked.

"Relax, It's just for the weekend. We'll come back Monday morning. Two days without wi-fi won't kill you!" Brian reasoned.

"So it's settled, we'll drive up first thing in the morning. Now, dinner will be ready in half an hour so maybe you can use the time to pack!" Jennifer proposed.

Amy and Thomas looked at each other and Thomas was first to speak.

"Pack or Playstation?"

"Um let me think," Amy mused, "Playstation."

Jennifer rolled her eyes and walked off into the kitchen and the twins picked their spots on the floor in front of the TV and took up their controllers. Brian sat down in his recliner and opened up a book but only half concentrated on the novel. His eyes strayed down to Amy as she lay before him, her leggings tight around her ass and what a nice ass it was too, he thought. Meaty, like her mother's at the same age. Amy writhed on the floor a little, wrestling with the controller and Brian watched his daughters cheeks jiggle, her leggings so tight he could see her panty line. What color panties was she wearing, he thought? His cock swelled at the vision and his mind drifted off with fantasies about his own daughter.

At 7pm, Thomas entered Amy's bedroom and sat on her bed. "So what do you think about this trip?" He asked his sister.

"I don't know, it might be fun," Amy was getting nervous and became apprehensive about asking her brother to help her out. "Dad's right, we haven't been there in years, it'll be cool to see what's changed."

"Yeah, I guess. So what's this big mystery you wanted to talk to me about?" Thomas asked.

Amy got up and withdrew the letter from her underwear draw and passed it to her brother. "We're going to college soon right?" She didn't wait for him to respond, "Well I've applied to pledge for a sorority and this is the initial application letter."

Thomas looked down at the envelope, it was embossed in gold lettering, Pi Epsilon Epsilon. "Amy, do you know about this sorority? P.E.E! They're all sluts, everyone knows that! Why would you want to join them?"

"I don't know, to meet boys. To be popular for once in my life. Just read the letter Tom, please." Amy begged.

Thomas took time reading the letter then looked at his sister. "Amy, they can't be serious?"

"It is Thomas. They won't accept my application unless I send them a photo of my face, covered in cum! It's to show I'm willing to do what the sorority commands and that I'm the right kind of girl! I've researched it, it's legit."

"Well why would you want to be 'that kind of girl?' It's degrading, surely you can see that!" Thomas argued.

"I know Thomas but I just want to fit in." Tears had formed in Amy's eyes and it broke her brother's heart to see her cry.

"Hey stop it, I said I'd help and I will," he proclaimed, "but I don't really know how. Do you want me to ask my friends? Nah, I can't do that. I don't want those assholes going out with you. Fuck Amy I don't know what to do. I don't know who to ask." He was rambling and he knew it and Amy saved him.

"Thomas you don't get it, I want you to do it!"

"What? Me? Oh Ames, I don't know." Thomas replied, shocked.

"Who else Thomas? I can't trust just anyone to do this. Fuck I can't even think of anyone who'd even want to do it to me!"

"Don't say that, you're not ugly. Don't put yourself down," Thomas interjected.

"Be honest, if I wasn't your sister would you want to do it?" Amy questioned.

"Well, that's a big if Amy."

"See, even you don't want to do it!" Amy pouted.

"I didn't say that, you're cute I guess."

"Cute. Yeah I get that a lot. I think it's code for ugly!" Amy sniped.

"No it's just you're my sister. I've never looked at you like that." Thomas paused and then went on. "You know I've never done this either, given a girl a facial. I wouldn't really know what to do," he added.

Amy looked brighter. "So you'll do it?"

"Um I guess I could do it, it wouldn't really be like incest or anything. I mean it's just for the application. When would we do it?" He asked.

"What about now?" Amy quickly proposed, excited her plan had worked.

"Now!?" Thomas choked, "but Mom and Dad are just down the hall, I'm not prepared, I.."

"What's to prepare, don't you just get it out and pull it? And Mom and Dad never come in, they're watching their shows on TV."

Thomas was admittedly nervous. He, like Amy, was a virgin and had never done anything this sexual with a girl.

"Well, how should we do this?" he asked.

Amy was quick to take charge, she grabbed her phone from the dresser, opening the camera function and got down on her knees beside the bed and had Thomas stand before her. She looked up at her brother, "OK Thomas, do it."

Thomas unzipped his fly and pulled his flaccid penis from his pants. It was smaller than usual at the time and he felt a wave of embarrassment flow

over him. He began stroking his cock with the burden of his sisters gaze upon him.

No matter how much he pulled he couldn't get an erection, the pressure to perform was too great.

"Um, I think it's meant to be hard," Amy offered.

"Oh thanks, I didn't realise," Thomas retorted sarcastically. "It's not that easy, I have to be turned on."

Amy took it the wrong way. "See I knew I was ugly."

"No you're not. It's just I need some inspiration, so to speak."

"Oh OK." Amy pulled her t-shirt off over her head to reveal a cream colored lace bra and cupped her breasts. "Does this help?" she asked.

Thomas' cock responded to the sight and began to harden. "Yeah, can you open your mouth?" Then as if reading her mind added, "Don't worry I won't do it in there!"

Amy opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue suggestively, like a begging puppy. Thomas was now fully erect and furiously jerked his cock merely inches from his sisters face. Amy stared, fascinated by the vision above her. It was a beautiful looking cock, she thought. She'd seen enough in porn to know what they looked like but having one so close was another thing entirely. Sure, it was her brother's cock but the sight of it was causing strange feelings inside her. And something else was happening, she was getting wet.

Her brother masturbating above her, to her, was the most exciting, erotic thing that had ever happened in her life. If it took him an hour to cum she felt it would be too soon. But the reality of their situation was also in the

back of her mind. What they were doing was forbidden. If their parents did by chance come to her room, their lives would be over. He'd need to finish quickly, he had to cum now.

"Are you nearly done?" Amy inquired then returned to her submissive pose.

"I can't cum Ames!" he admitted.

"Well what turns you on?" Amy asked.

Thomas replied immediately. "Asses," then felt a little shameful for admitting his fetish to his sister.

"Do you want to look at my ass Thomas?" And all he could do was nod.

Amy stood quickly and pulled off her leggings and pink panties. Thomas just managed to catch a glimpse of her trimmed brown pubic hair before she climbed forward on the bed and presented her ample butt cheeks to him on all fours.

"Is this alright?" She looked back over her shoulder at her brother staring at her ass. She could feel how wet she was and hoped he wouldn't notice. Or maybe she did want him to see. See how turned on she was. Imagine if he put it inside me, she thought. He could cum inside me. My brother. My brothers cum inside me. God she wanted to touch herself, him to touch her. Why should he get all the pleasure? No, she thought. This isn't meant to be sexual. He's just doing a favor. "Does that help Tommy?" She asked, "Do you like my ass little brother?"

Thomas didn't answer, he was mesmerized by his sister's ass. The large white cheeks, the dark crack and her thick thighs beneath. As if she read his mind, Amy placed her hands on each cheek and spread for him. Revealing her pinkish brown anus and obviously wet pussy below. "Is this better Thomas?" she asked.

It worked a charm. "Oh fuck Amy, that's so hot!" Thomas panted, on the verge of cumming. The words sent a shiver through Amy's body. Her brother had just called her hot. She wanted him to say it again, to say more. To say dirtier things.

"Do you like it Thomas?" She asked, her face pressed against the mattress yet angled to enable her eyes to keep on her brothers cock.

"I love it Amy," he managed. "It's beautiful, you're beautiful."

"Do you want to fuck it Tommy?"

"Oh yes Ames, I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you in the ass." The dirty talk did it, he could feel the orgasm approaching. "Oh shit. Quick Amy, I'm about to cum!" He proclaimed and took a step back as Amy turned and climbed off the bed and knelt below him as before.

It happened so quickly, one moment Thomas was furiously tugging his cock and then he stopped and began cumming. He aimed the first spurt perfectly, leaving an almost vertical stream from her forehead, down along the bridge of her nose and over her lips. The next jet landed on her right cheek, the rest he managed to accumulate all over her mouth and chin.

Amy couldn't hold back her smile, she opened her mouth to speak and she tasted her brother's cum. A flavor unlike anything she'd sampled before and she liked it. No, she loved it. She loved the taste of his cum. She wanted to scoop it all from her face and eat it, to smear it over herself. To lick it from his cock. My god, she thought to herself. I want to suck my brother's cock.

Amy stood up cautiously and keeping her face pointed upwards so as not to lose any cum she looked at herself in the mirror. What she saw was delightful. "Oh Thomas, it's perfect! Thank you so much," she gushed. "Can you take my photo now?" She lowered herself to her knees as Thomas

retrieved her phone, aimed it at her and let the camera focus. A knock came from the door to Amy's room.

"Amy, honey. Can I come in?" It was their mother.

Amy's eyes widened in shock. Thomas, resembling Amy's horror, mouthed the words "Oh Shit!"

"Hide," Amy whispered and Thomas leaped over the bed and lay on the floor alongside. Amy, wearing nothing but her bra ran towards the bed picking up her panties and began wiping the cum from her face with them. She managed to get into bed and pull the covers over herself and throw her cum covered knickers into the corner of the room just before Jennifer opened the door and poked her head inside.

"Oh sorry honey, were you sleeping?" Jennifer asked.

"No Mom, just reading," she replied and realized she wasn't holding a book. "What's up?"

Jennifer entered the room and sat down on the bed. "Honey, we noticed you received a letter from the college. You didn't tell us you wanted to join a sorority."

"No. I wasn't sure if I would or not, I'm still weighing it up," she answered.

"OK. It's just that we saw that it was from P.E.E. You know those girls can be kind of wild?"

"Yeah I've heard that too. I think it's mostly rumor though, you get a bad name and it sticks. That kind of thing." Amy offered.

"Hmm OK. Well your father and I just want you to know if we can help you out in any way, we will. Alright?" She leaned into Amy and kissed her on

the forehead. Amy hoped she'd removed all traces of her brother's cum, she also wickedly wondered if her mother tasted it on her as she kissed.

"Thanks Mom. I appreciate it," she returned.

"OK. Well I'll leave you to it." As she rose and began to walk out she reached down and picked up Amy's discarded t-shirt and leggings. "You kids, never cleaning up after yourselves."

"Oh Mom it's OK just leave it!" Amy begged but it was too late. Jennifer had spied the panties in the corner of the room and scooped them up as well. Initially she just added them to the other items for washing but she stopped and looked down at her hand.

"Ooh Amy." Jennifer realized the wetness all over her hand had come from the panties. "What's this all over your undies?" She lifted her hand to her nose. "Honey. Is this? Is this semen?"

"Mom I can explain, I.." Amy was cut off by her mother.

"Bloody Thomas." She wiped her hand on Amy's clothes. "He needs to show a little respect. Just leaving them there! I've told him before about this." Amy was a little confused at her last statement but it seemed to tie up a loose end somehow.

"Mom please don't say anything to him, it'll be embarrassing. I'll talk to him, OK?" Amy pleaded and it seemed to work.

"Alright, just this once. But if he does it again, you'll let me know. OK young lady?"

"I promise."

"Alright. Goodnight sweetie." Jennifer stated and she left, closing the door behind her.

Outside the door Jennifer stopped in the hall and looked down at her hands. There was still cum on her skin. She ran her finger through the cum on her daughters panties. It was still warm. Her mind reeled with the implications. Amy had been in her room for a while before she'd entered. How could Thomas have done it? She listened at the door and heard hushed voices. That little minx, she thought. What have those two been up to? Her mind cast back to catching Thomas with her own panties. He'd obviously thought he was alone in the house and she'd caught him in the laundry, naked, masturbating into a pair of her dirty knickers. She'd come up silently and had watched him for a number of seconds before he felt her presence. By then it was too late. She watched as his look of ecstasy turned to horror as he came in front of his mother. Jennifer remembered the feeling that had surged through her body at the time. The same feeling she had now. She looked down again at her hands and realized she'd been smearing her son's semen across the fabric, essentially playing with his cum. As she walked to the laundry, she realized something else. She was dripping wet.

Thomas came up from behind the bed. "Fuck Amy, that was too close!"

Amy tried hard but couldn't hold back the smile growing on her face. "My god Thomas that was so weird. I thought we were busted for sure."

Thomas sat on the bed beside Amy. "I thought she'd seen me when she picked up your panties!"

"Ah yeah. What's the deal with that? 'She's told you before!' What does that mean?" Amy asked and she could clearly see the embarrassment on her brother's face.

"Aw. It was a while back." He struggled to find the words, confessing to his sister. "She caught me with a pair of her panties. You know, doing it."

"Doing it? You mean you were jacking off into Mom's knickers?" The subject began to excite her. She was essentially nude and her brother was talking about masturbating. Amy moved a hand between her legs and pressed her fingers against her sopping pussy. "Did you cum in them?"

"Amy. We shouldn't be talking about this."

"Oh come on, after what we just did? Now you're bashful!" she remarked.

Thomas chuckled. "Yeah, I guess. She came into the laundry just as I finished, if you know what I mean. It was so embarrassing. And now she thinks I'm jerking off into your panties as well! Fuck Amy this isn't cool."

Amy slid a finger inside herself and leaned into her brother, kissing him on the cheek. "I know and I promise I'll make it up to you. You didn't get the photo did you?"

"Nah, sorry."

"It's OK, we'll just have to try again. Is that alright?"

Thomas looked at his sister, the sheets had fallen below her breasts and knowing she was naked beneath sent a thrill through him. She looked beautiful. How had he not noticed her before now? "Well obviously I can't do it again now but yeah, it's alright. When do you have to send them the photo?" he asked.

"I have a week before application closes, so we've got some time." she responded.

"OK. Well I'll see you in the morning." Thomas leaned in to kiss Amy on the cheek, returning the one she'd given him but as their faces came together they stopped and slowly moved their mouths closer to one-another.

It was a light kiss, their lips met for the first time in their lives. Amy's tongue gingerly touched her brothers top lip and then it was over.

They both however knew it wouldn't be the last.

Chapter 2

At the cabin

Amy was at the breakfast table when Thomas entered the kitchen. It was early, their father having woken up the family with the lawnmower at an ungodly hour. Jennifer was seated beside Amy and Thomas sat down opposite and filled a bowl with cereal and milk. For all intents and purposes, it was a normal Saturday breakfast.

"Good morning, Thomas, have a good night?" Jennifer asked.

"I guess so, I was asleep!" He mumbled in response.

"I hope you two have packed, we want to get going early. Beat the traffic." Jennifer coolly stated.

"Traffic!? It's the weekend, we'll be the only people heading that way anyway," Thomas replied.

"Hey, can you guys please try and enjoy yourselves, your father and I have been looking forward to this. Now eat your breakfast and go and pack, because I'm pretty sure neither of you have done it yet!" Jennifer finished her coffee and left the table leaving Amy and Thomas alone in the kitchen.

Amy lightly kicked Thomas' leg under the table. "So DID you have a good night Thomas?"

He returned the kick and couldn't hold back his smile. "What do you think Amy?"

"Well I KNOW I had a good night!" She playfully replied.

"Did Mom say anything about your undies this morning?"

"Nah she must have just accepted you're a pervert and forgotten about it."
She laughed.

"Don't be cruel Ames. Remember, you owe me."

"Oh I know. I do owe you Thomas."

Come 10am the car was packed and the family was ready to set off. Brian driving, they sat in their usual positions, Amy behind her father, Thomas behind Jennifer and they departed. It was a two hour drive to the cabin and Amy made herself comfortable by turning herself sideways, her back to the door and her legs up on the seat. She'd deliberately chosen suggestive clothing. She wore a white a-line mini skirt with a pink thong and light pink tank top. Her feet were bare, having kicked off her flip flops.

Thomas immediately looked in her direction. It was obvious she was putting on a show especially for him. She sat playing with her phone, her legs bent at the knee giving him a clear view of her thong covered pussy. The response from his cock was an immediate swelling and he rubbed it through his cargo shorts. They might just enjoy themselves this weekend as Mom had said, he thought.

Nearly an hour into the journey, Jennifer looked over her shoulder and noticed the position Amy was sitting in. If she could clearly see her daughters panties, Thomas must surely be able to. She thought of her son cumming in Amy's panties, he didn't need more encouragement. "Amy, just watch how you're sitting there honey." She remarked.

Amy looked up from her phone, fully knowing how displayed her sex was to Thomas. "What?" She asked her mom.

Jennifer just pointed her eyes down to her daughters crotch and then back to Thomas.

"Ah Mom, he's my brother. I don't think he's going to be looking up my skirt!" She replied but swung her legs around and down to not create a controversy. Brian tightened his grip on the steering wheel, imagining the view up his daughters skirt. Again his mind raced over the color of her panties. He looked across to his wife in the passenger seat, her floral sun dress riding up mid thigh on her thick tanned legs. Brian placed his right hand on her bare skin and caressed her inner thigh sending shivers up Jennifer's spine. "We'll stop at the usual place and get fuel, maybe we'll walk up to the lookout like old times?" He proposed to Jennifer.

"Good idea, I could do with a stretch of my legs and we can recreate some family photos!"

Brian pulled into the gas station/cum rest stop and filled the tank whilst the girls visited the bathroom. When Amy returned she walked up beside Thomas leaning against the car and placed her hand into the pocket of his shorts. Thomas initially thought she was grabbing his penis but she quickly removed her hand and just backed away smiling. The family walked together up to the lookout, Amy and her mother ahead of the boys. The day had become warm and a gusty southerly wind swirled around them as they hiked.

Thomas placed his hands in his pockets as he strolled along the trail beside Brian. His right hand made contact with the small piece of fabric left by his sister. Her panties. Still warm and slightly wet. He wanted to take them out and inhale her scent but could only imagine the reaction from his father. Brian himself was in a state. His eyes darting from his wife's ass to his daughters as they sashayed ahead of him. And then it happened. A strong gust of wind blew up both their skirts. Amy's bare bottom completely exposed, her white peach like, ample butt cheeks on display. Brian reasoned

she must have been wearing a thong, the string buried deep within her crack. Jennifer's ass, marginally bigger, tanned and clad in a sexy pair of white lace french cut panties, leaving half her bum cheeks visible.

The moment lasted barely two seconds before each girl threw a hand back to press down her skirt and cover her ass but the wonderful image remained in Brian and Thomas's minds long after. Amy and Jennifer laughed, turning around to confront the boys. "Get a good look?" Jennifer mused.

"Yeah, take a photo next time, it'll last longer!" Amy added, giggling, and Brian cursed himself for not having his finger on the shutter when it happened.

It was hot at the summit and Brian took a few landscape photos and using the timer, gathered the family to recreate a group shot from 10 years previous. When he was satisfied they all descended back to the car, happy to be out of the sun. Sitting in the back seat Amy had the desire to once again flash herself to Thomas but getting caught by her mother again, this time not wearing panties was too risky. She would have to be satisfied simply with the knowledge he was carrying her underwear. She placed a hand on the seat between them and was thrilled when Thomas in turn joined her, using his little finger to caress hers. It was intimate and sent a wave of emotion from her groin to her heart. She was falling in love with her brother.

At the turnoff to the lake, Amy and Thomas began to remember sights and sounds from their childhood. The gravel road and the towering redwoods. The smell of the forest. When the lake and the cabin came into view they both felt genuine nostalgia for the holidays spent there. "Oh wow, the jetty is still there!" Thomas exclaimed, remembering summer days running and

jumping into the water from the small wooden pier. Now even smaller than in his memory.

"And the swings Thomas," Amy shrieked when their father pulled up outside the cabin. Jennifer and Brian smirked at each other in the front seat, delighted at the reaction from their children.

"We knew you'd enjoy yourselves up here if you gave it a chance, you always did!" Jennifer piped as they all exited the car and began unpacking.

"Hey don't count your eggs Mom, jury's still out." Thomas returned. "Hey, where's my bag?"

"It has to be there, are you sure you put it in?" Brian asked.

Thomas immediately realized he hadn't! He could see it sitting by the front door ready to go but Jennifer had asked him to put the cooler in the back of the car and he'd forgotten it. "Oh shit, I didn't! It's at home." Thomas declared.

"No big deal mate, there's probably still some clothes left from the last time you were here!" Brian added.

If it was meant to be a joke, Thomas wasn't laughing. He was 13 the last time he was at the cabin and was now double the size.

"Shit!" He again cried and helped unload the car.

Inside was much as Amy and Thomas remembered. Open plan kitchen and lounge room, two bedrooms and a bathroom. Their bunk beds looked so much smaller and Thomas didn't like the cracking of wood when he climbed upon the top. "That doesn't sound good!" said Brian. "You two might have to share the bottom bunk." Thomas and Amy looked at each other and tried to hide their smiles.

Thomas examined the leftover clothes in the dresser from previous holidays and discovered a pair of speedos. Taking them to the bathroom to try on he pulled out Amy's panties from his pocket, his penis began to swell just holding the item so he quickly replaced them. If he was going to try and squeeze into under-size bathers he didn't need an erection to make matters worse. Proudly attired in the swimwear, Thomas walked into the lounge to show the family. "OK, so how do I look?" He asked the crowd. His mother wolf whistled at the sight of his genitalia smuggled into the swimmers of a thirteen year old. Amy laughed but there was no malice and he smiled back at her. Brian reasoned that if college didn't work out, Thomas could get a job as a male stripper and he felt a little embarrassed when his mother stated she'd pay to see that.

After lunch Thomas and Brian were playing catch with baseball gloves they'd dredged up from the 'activities box' in the cabin. Amy sat on the bottom step watching them whilst eating a lemonade popsicle. She'd changed clothes, wearing a new white bikini and cut off denim shorts. She'd cut them herself and had possibly made them too short to be wearing around the city but here on holiday and for wearing over her bathers, it didn't seem too extreme. Not that her brother and father minded. Amy sat with her legs spread in order for her to not drip the rapidly melting icy treat. Her daisy dukes tight, highlighting the bulge of her mound at her crotch. The white of her bikini bottoms visible on either side of the denim.

Brian was first to drop the ball, concentrating more on his daughter than the game. Thomas fumbled next and an unspoken decision was made between the two to take a time out. Brian took up his seat in a prime position to admire his daughter and held his book at his groin to hide his growing erection.

Thomas went one better, sitting beside his sister and asking for a lick. Amy was happy to oblige, holding the popsicle out for her brother to taste. The lemonade ran down her arm and after Thomas had licked the ice, Amy licked the trickle from her elbow to her hand. Brian groaned.

Jennifer watched the spectacle from the window of their bedroom. "OK, so that's how it's going to go this weekend. Well Missy, two can play that game!" She walked to the wardrobe and inspected a number of swimsuits on clothes hangers. She had a few options she'd accumulated over the years for the cabin. Ranging from modest one-pieces to raunchy string bikinis. She chose a yellow bikini in a style from the 90's, small cups with a high waisted bottom. She hadn't worn it for years due to her weight gain but knew it would give the boys a show without being too overt.

Amy lay back on the steps, undoing the button on her shorts, "Mmm that was yummy," she said to her audience and Brian realizing the show was over, actually concentrated on his novel. For only moments though! The door to the cabin opened and Jennifer walked out wearing only her yellow bikini and carrying sunscreen. She walked between Amy and Thomas, rubbing his shaved head as she descended the stairs and lay down on a sun lounge beside Brian.

"Don't forget to pick up your jaw when we leave Thomas!" Amy sniped. He'd had probably the best view of his mother as she'd exited the cabin. Turned towards Amy he'd seen Jennifer open the door and become immediately mesmerized by her large breasts straining against the fabric. He'd been barely inches from his mothers crotch, her bikini bottoms slightly too small, hermetically sealed over her large pussy mound and struggling to enclose her magnificent rounded ass cheeks as she sauntered past him. Now

spellbound by her lounging in the sun he could feel his penis swelling inside his speedos beneath his cargo shorts.

"Oh you're reading your book honey," Jennifer observed her husband. "I was going to get you to rub sunscreen on my back but you don't want to get it on the pages!" She looked back towards Thomas and Amy. "Well you've got that sticky lemonade all over your hands Amy so Thomas. You're up sweetie! Come and rub sunscreen on Mommy's back would you darling?"

The look on Amy's face was incredulous as Thomas leaped at the opportunity. That bitch, she thought to herself good-naturedly. She's had the boys literally eating out of her hand moments before and now her mother had stolen the limelight. Thomas took the sunscreen from his mother as she turned onto her stomach. Squirting a liberal amount onto his hands he began on her shoulders. "Oh just a minute honey," Jennifer stated and reached around, undoing the knot on the back of her bikini and laying back down. "OK, go ahead Tommy."

Again Thomas returned to her shoulders, this time unencumbered by straps. He massaged the lotion into her skin accompanied by his mother's moans. Brian's focus no longer on his book, his erection returned as he watched his son innocently pleasuring his wife. Thomas moved down her spine to the top of her bikini bottoms, his finger tips encroached beneath the material then lathered her rib-cage brushing against his mother's side boob.

"Will you do my legs too honey?" She asked, fully knowing the response. Thomas, unspoken, again squirted the sunscreen into his hands and beginning at her heels continued the massage. Coating her calves and working his way up to her thighs. His eyes were fixed on her ass. He thought of Amy spreading for him only a day ago and imagined his mother doing the same. Obscenely offering her anus too him, her own son. His

cock had worked its way out of the tiny speedos and looking down he noticed a spot of pre-cum on his shorts.

Amy had had enough. "Right Thomas," she proclaimed, marching across the lawn. "Let's go for a swim." Thomas looked up at his sister as he finished his mom's left leg. His right hand sandwiched between her thighs, his left massaging the area below her large ass cheek. Amy interrupting him was actually a relief. Without even touching his own cock, he was on the verge of cumming and was grateful when she took him by the arm and began dragging him towards the lake.

Brian noticed the erection in his son's pants as they departed and looked back at his wife smiling. "Well it looks like they're finally starting to enjoy themselves honey," he looked down at his own erection, proudly pressing against his pants. "Why don't we go inside and have a bit of fun ourselves while they're away?" He asked and Jennifer, in an extremely aroused state, wetness seeping through her bikini bottoms, thought it a wonderful idea.

"What was all that about?" Amy asked Thomas when they reached the jetty.

"I don't know, Mom just needed sunscreen!" He offered as Amy unzipped her shorts and making sure Thomas was watching lowered them, bending forward and presenting her ass to her brother.

"Do you think her bum is better than mine?" Amy asked, pouting.

"Well I've actually never touched your bum Amy. I mean I did just touch Mom's ass so it's only fair I compare the two equally."

"Oh, so you want to touch my ass do you little brother?"

"Why do you keep calling me that? We're the same age! But yeah I want to touch your ass." Thomas declared.

"You'll have to catch me first!" Amy shouted, diving into the cool water off the end of the jetty.

Thomas pulled off his shorts and t-shirt and followed Amy into the water. When he rose, Amy having filled her mouth with water spurted it at his face. He in turn splashed water back at her and they played as if children again. When a truce was called they met beneath the shade of the wooden pier. Thomas held the beam above them and Amy wrapped her legs around her brother at the waist. Her bikini covered pussy pressed against Thomas' rock hard penis. Her arms around his shoulders and her breasts, nipples erect pressed against his chest. "Well are you going to feel my ass Thomas?"

He needed no further prompting. Still holding them in position from above he placed his right hand on her buttock and clasped the firm flesh. "Hmm, not bad." He squeezed her cheek as Amy moved her mouth closer to his, feeling his breath on her lips. Thomas' hand moved to the other buttock and repeated his actions. Amy pressed her open mouth against her brother's. Thomas' hand slid beneath Amy's bikini and cupped her anus, an oven of heat in the cool water. Amy's tongue cautiously darted out of her mouth and entered her brother's and then they were kissing. Passionately. With unrestrained lust. The way a brother and sister shouldn't but in the moment came so naturally.

Thomas grasped the underside of his cock and pressed it hard against Amy's pussy and asshole. "Oh shit Amy I'm gonna' cum!"

"No wait, maybe we should practice." Amy quickly retorted.

"Practice, what?" Thomas asked.

"You know, for my facial photo!"

"Oh. How?"

"Sit up on the jetty!"

Thomas climbed out of the water and sat on the end of the jetty, the water came up to just below his knees. Amy moved between his legs still in the water and Thomas realized how she meant. He grasped his cock proudly standing to attention through the leg hole of his schoolboys speedos and began to masturbate. "Wait," Amy stated. "Can I do it?"

Thomas released his hold on his cock and Amy took up control. Amy touched a penis for the first time in her life. She was amazed at it's hardness, it's thickness, it's length. She angled it down and looked at her brother's face for approval. Thomas nodded and she began pulling on his cock the way she'd seen him do it, stopping just below the bulbous head. Amy worked up a mouthful of saliva and spat on her brother's cock the way she'd seen it done in porn. Thomas groaned as the added lube sent him teetering on the edge of orgasm.

Amy sensed his climax and opened her mouth inches from his cock. Thomas gripped the jetty with both hands and began shooting his seed into Amy's awaiting mouth. Jet after jet of cum across her tongue, her lips, down her throat. She couldn't resist and placed the head of her brothers cock in her mouth and milking his shaft, sucked the excess semen from his dick. Thomas slid back into the water with his sister. He wanted to hold her, to kiss her, to tell her he loved her. When their lips met he realized Amy had swallowed his cum.

They hugged each other in the water, their bodies pressed tightly to one another. "You know," Amy began. "I think Mom and Dad were right when they said we'd enjoy ourselves this weekend. What do you think little brother?"

Thomas kissed Amy's lips, then her cheek. "Well what I think is this, I've cum twice now Amy and you haven't cum at all! We're going to have to do something about that in our next practice session. OK?"

Amy wrapped her legs tightly around Thomas again. "Oh, if you say so Thomas. I'll do whatever you say!"

Chapter 3

Still at the cabin

Amy and Thomas walked hand in hand from the lake to the cabin. Their parents were nowhere to be seen so the close contact they thought went unnoticed. However their father, Brian was fucking Jennifer doggy style and witnessed their actions through the bedroom window.

Jennifer, after the panties incident in her daughters bedroom, was confident her children had become more than brother and sister. So when Brian lifted her to a kneeling position and gestured her to look outside, she wasn't surprised at their intimacy.

His cock buried deep inside his wife from behind, Brian whispered in her ear. "Should we stop? They're nearly here." Jennifer took hold of her husbands arms and lifted his hands to her breasts, reaching down she began furiously massaging her clitoris.

"Not until we cum darling!" Jennifer panted.

Brian clutched her large breasts, sandwiching her nipples between his fingers and kissing her neck as he renewed his pounding with vigour. Jennifer watched her children draw closer to the cabin. As they walked out of sight near the front door she dropped back down to her hands and knees, continuing to masturbate her clit. Brian lost hold of his wife's breasts, instead gaining a firm grip on her hips and pulling her back onto each thrust with force.

The slapping of his groin against her large buttocks echoed around the small room. The bedhead knocked against the wall beneath the window. The mattress springs squeaked with every movement. To Amy and Thomas, now

standing outside the door to their parents room, the sound of sex was unmistakable.

"You know what they're doing don't you?!" Thomas whispered to Amy.

"Do you think I'm an idiot? Of course I know what they're doing!" She whispered back. Amy leaned her back against the door and closed her eyes momentarily, imagining the position her parents were in. She got it wrong, in her minds eye she saw her mother on her back and her father's cock plunging in and out of her. No matter the inaccuracy, the thought turned her on.

"What should we do?" Thomas again whispered, breaking into her fantasy. Amy opened her eyes and looked at her brother. Bare chested, water from their swim still glistening on his skin.

"Kiss me Thomas!" She commanded and her brother followed his order with gusto, meeting her awaiting lips with his. Their tongues entwined, saliva mingling. Thomas caressed his sisters arm then her breast through her bikini, her nipple hardening under the touch. Amy rubbed the front of Thomas' shorts, his erection returning.

Brian pulled out of his wife and turned her onto her back. As if channeling Amy's fantasy he knelt between Jennifer's splayed legs and rubbed his hard cock over her slickened labia. Jennifer grasped at her breasts and worked on her nipples as her husband found her clitoris with the head of his penis and stimulated her, flicking his cock back and forth, up and down on the small button. "Oh yes, yes, yes baby. Fuck me now!" She pleaded and Brian slid his length into his wife, falling atop her. Jennifer moaned loudly and Brian placed a hand over her mouth, the other grabbing hold of her fleshy butt cheek as he began furiously fucking her missionary style.

Amy had pulled Thomas' cock from his pants and was slowly stroking him as he kissed her mouth. She heard the moan from behind the door as Thomas began kissing his way down her neck between her breasts and across her belly. She'd now lost hold of his cock as he unbuttoned her denim shorts and pulled them down her legs. She knew what was coming and bent her knees slightly, bowing her legs to give her brother access to her pussy. He pulled aside her white bikini bottom, wet from the swim, now wetter from the incest and kissed her pubic bone and then the hood over her clitoris. With one hand she stroked the back of her brother's shaved head, the other she pinched the nipple of her left breast.

Brian's hand was firmly clasped over his wife's mouth as he rammed his cock in and out of her dripping pussy. His chest pressed against Jennifer's breasts, their bodies lathered in sweat. Brian and Jennifer were on the verge of cumming. Initiating the tried and true process, Brian moved a fingertip to his wife's anus and tested the lubrication. Finding it sufficient he slid his index finger deep into Jennifer's steaming asshole and uncovered her mouth. Now able to vocalize her ecstasy, Jennifer groaned with pleasure as the double penetration caused her vaginal walls to quiver, clasp Brian's cock harder with each thrust. She held her breath and closed her eyes as the orgasm swept over her body. The flooding of fluid in her vagina the pinpricks of light behind her eyelids, the twitching of her anus around her husband's finger, the explosion of pleasure in her mind. And then Brian was cumming with her. She felt each spurt of his love inside her, filling her uterus with his broiling seed.

Amy was on the cusp of ejaculation as well. Thomas was in the process of expertly sucking her clitoris, whilst fingering her vagina with two fingers and Amy wondered how this could possibly be his first time eating out a girl. The thought was swept away however by her encroaching orgasm. She

held the back of her brother's head with both hands and pulled his face into her crotch. Thomas removed his fingers as his sister used his face to grind her pussy upon. His nose, lips, cheeks slathered in her juices as he was reduced to merely a sex toy for his sister's pleasure. Thomas took hold of his cock and with barely a few strokes began cumming as Amy came on his face, her body shivering and her legs nearly collapsing her on top of him.

Noise of movement from inside their parents bedroom hastened Thomas and Amy into action. Thomas used a paper towel to quickly wipe up his cum from the floor and Amy fumbled her way back into her shorts with post orgasm shaking hands. When their mom and dad exited the room, also fully clothed they found Thomas and Amy seated innocently on the couch, butter not melting in their mouths.

Amy had showered and changed into her pyjamas and after dinner, sat with the family playing board games. Like old times, Thomas cheated, yet still managed to lose and Brian swept the pool in most of the games they played. After an intense game of Clue, Jennifer pulled out the photo albums and a shoe box of old family photos.

"Look honey," Jennifer stated, passing a photo to Brian, "That's the shot of us at the lookout 10 years ago! My god, look how much the twins have grown."

Amy found a photo of Thomas on the jetty wearing the tiny speedos he'd had to wear that day, in the photo of course they fit him perfectly. She looked down at her brother's crotch as she passed the photo to him. He was wearing only his boxer shorts and t-shirt, she wanted to touch him, to kiss him, to have him do the same to her. This is what it must feel like to be in love, she thought to herself. Their hands touched as the photo was passed between them and shivers ran up her spine.

Jennifer let out a squeal and began laughing, "Oh look! It's the two headed worm, remember this?" She turned the photo to show the family. The "two headed worm" was a game Amy and Thomas would play as children, both climbing inside the one sleeping bag, sealing it up to the top with only their heads visible and trying to wriggle around the room together. In the photo the twins were possibly 8 or 9. "Oh please can we re-create this photo guys, it'd be so funny!" Jennifer pleaded.

"What's with this 're-creating' photos thing Mom?" Thomas asked.

"Yeah, haven't you seen that stuff on the internet? Those families look like such dorks." Amy added, although the thought of climbing inside a sleeping bag with Thomas was beginning to excite her.

"Well they're the ones online, we'd do it tastefully," Jennifer responded. "Oh come on, it'll be so cute."

"And hilarious on your 21st birthday!" Brian added.

"Well we probably don't even have the sleeping bag anymore," said Thomas, who along with Amy was turned on by the prospect of being so close to his sister, yet trying to sound aloof to the idea.

"We do!" Brian quickly stated and got up to retrieve the bag from the bedroom.

Placing the old woolen sleeping bag on the floor, Amy and Thomas prepared to climb inside. "This is ridiculous!" Amy feebly protested. "We're adults and you're having us perform like trained monkeys for your amusement."

"Oh come on, you can't deny it's funny." Brian returned, readying the camera. "It's just us here and don't worry we won't show your friends the photos."

"You just said you'd show them at our 21st!" Thomas interjected.

"Oh just get in the bag honey, please, for me," Jennifer begged. "It'll make me so happy."

Thomas lay down in the sleeping bag first and Amy followed, pressing her back to her brother. Brian zipped up the side of the bag all the way up to their heads. Inside the bag became hot almost immediately. "It's so hot in here," Amy stated. "Can you take the photo Dad?" Brian aimed the camera at the "two headed worm" and instead of the flash going off, a beeping emanated from it declaring the battery dead and it turned itself off.

"Oh seriously!" Thomas stated, exasperated. He agreed with Amy, it was hot inside the sleeping bag but not just because of the heat. The whole scene was hot. Amy's ass was pressed against his rapidly hardening cock. Amy felt her brother stiffen and pulled up her nightie, not only to rub her panty covered ass against it but to cool down a little. Thomas had his face buried in his sister's fresh smelling hair, his left arm cradling her head, they were essentially spooning the way lovers would in bed.

"Relax," their father reasoned. "It'll only take a couple of minutes to recharge."

"Yeah, make yourselves comfortable," Jennifer giggled. "It's not too hot in there is it Amy? You look very flushed."

Amy was flushed, Thomas had begun stroking her breast under her nightie with his right hand. His cock was so hard against her bottom. She placed her hand between her legs and felt how wet her panties had become. She wanted him inside her.

Brian was having trouble finding the camera charger, going from bag to bag and looking in boxes, mumbling to himself. Jennifer sat on the coffee table

above the twins. From Thomas' position on the floor he could see up his mother's nightie. Her white panties clearly visible between her thick thighs. Surely she realizes, he thought to himself. His cock was pressed between Amy's ass cheeks and she was subtly grinding herself against him, masturbating his penis with her bottom. He moved his hand down from her rubbery nipple to between her legs and found her hand on her pussy. Amy allowed Thomas to take over the stimulation of her clitoris as she reached behind and pulled his cock from his boxers and placed it between her legs.

Jennifer noticed the movements inside the bag, the determined, flushed expressions on her children's faces. She knew there was something happening inside the sleeping bag, something incestuous and the fact it was going on right under her nose was exhilarating. The desire to masturbate was overwhelming, she parted her legs further in the hope Thomas was looking.

Thomas was looking! She's doing it on purpose, he thought to himself. He could see trimmed pubic hair either side of her white lace panties, her legs were so widely spread. His and Amy's hands were wet with sweat and Amy's lubrication. He pulled down her panties to below her ass cheeks and Amy guided the head of his penis between her folds. Hiding his mouth in Amy's hair he whispered in her ear, "Are you sure?" Amy's response was immediate. She'd never been surer of anything in her life. She wanted Thomas to take her virginity, for her to take his. Could it have been in a more romantic situation? Of course, she thought to herself. But why not now? Here, in this moment. Their mother watching over them, their father taking photos. Absurd as it seemed it also seemed so right.

Amy pressed the under side of her brother's cock into her vagina and it slid inside her like a hot knife through butter. If she expected pain, it didn't

come. If she'd imagined in that moment everything else would dissolve into meaningless, she was right. The feeling was of completeness. This was how it was meant to be, he was who she was meant to be with. It all seemed so perfect. The pleasure a justification of her lust and love for her brother. They'd shared the same womb and now in the womb like confines of the sleeping bag, their love was validated.

Thomas massaged Amy's clitoris whilst slowly thrusting his cock inside his sister. He couldn't take his eyes from between his mother's legs, was she becoming wet down there? He thought. His left arm beneath Amy's head, he reached down and lifted her nightie above her breasts, pinching her nipples. Amy in turn reached behind and holding Thomas's hip, pulled him into her deeper with each gentle thrust.

Brian returned, having managed to find and charge the camera enough to take a few photos. "Right, ready for the photo you two?" he asked.

Jennifer was quick to answer for them. "Actually honey, I think you're going to be taking a very different kind of photo!" She got down on her knees and in a swift action took hold of the zip beneath Amy's jaw and undid the sleeping bag, throwing it off the twins.

Brian's jaw dropped, having had no indication of the sex happening before him. Jennifer retook her position on the coffee table, this time leaving Thomas in no doubt as to her flashing him, by spreading her legs wide and placing a hand down her panties. Amy made no move to cover herself or remove Thomas' cock, so he continued to fuck his sister as his parents watched. Jennifer looked up at Brian, "Well honey, time to take those family photos." She reached out for Brian's fly and unzipped, pulling his rapidly hardening cock from his pants and placed it in her mouth. Keeping

her eyes on her children, she began fellating her husband whilst fingering her pussy.

With shaking hands, Brian lifted the camera and aimed at his son and daughter. "Is it okay honey?" he asked Amy, assuming the male in Thomas wouldn't have a problem with it.

"Yes Daddy," came Amy's response amid sighs of pleasure. He admired his daughter's naked beauty for the first time. So often he'd imagined her in states of undress, to now gaze upon her not only essentially nude but also being fucked, was the highlight of his life. He darted his eyes to Jennifer, sucking on the head of his penis and masturbating his shaft. He looked down at her hand, furiously flicking her clitoris beneath her panties then back at his son and daughter.

"My god, this is wonderful!" Brian proclaimed, taking snaps of his wife blowing him and his son fucking his daughter from behind. Amy watched her mother sucking her father's beautiful cock and a thought entered her mind. The facial photo for her sorority pledge application. To not only have her brother's cum on her face but her father's as well, would be twice as impressive.

"Don't waste all the battery Daddy, I want you to take a special photo for me!" she said.

Thomas thought he had a pretty good idea of what she was talking about and relished the idea of cumming on his sister's face alongside his father. Brian and Jennifer were curious as to what she wanted but were so sexually excited about the world that had just opened up to them were open to anything.

Thomas, feeling the pleasure of penetrating his sister and watching his mother sucking his father's cock, was on the verge of orgasm. The desire to ejaculate inside Amy was overwhelming but he didn't want to spoil her photo. "Ames, I don't think I can hold off much longer!" he admitted.

Amy would've been delighted to have Thomas fill her virgin pussy with his beautiful cum but really wanted the photo. "It's OK Thomas, we can do it again." She pulled herself off her brother's cock and got into a kneeling position. Thomas knew his role and stood up, pulling on his slick, juice coated cock.

"Mummy is it OK if Daddy cums on me?" Amy asked Jennifer, now merely masturbating her husband in order to ascertain what was happening.

"Oh why yes. Of course darling!" Jennifer responded and led her husband by the cock to stand beside Thomas. Jennifer grasped the situation and knelt beside Amy and watched as her husband and son jerked off their cocks inches above her daughter's awaiting face.

The slapping of hands on cock and heavy breathing the only sound in the still night, Amy and Jennifer's eyes fixed on their men's dicks. Jennifer mesmerized by Thomas' penis, slightly smaller than his father, his smooth balls, his shaved pubic hair. She envied her daughter for what she was about to receive. And then it came. First Thomas and then as if on cue, Brian. Both men spraying Amy's face from her forehead to her chin. Careful to avoid her eyes they continued ejaculating on any exposed skin, her lips, even up her nose. Jennifer moved in when cum began to drip off her daughters cheek, slurping up the semen, mixing it with her saliva and spitting it back onto her daughter's face. The two cocks drained, Thomas picked up the camera and took the photo his sister had desired.

Never had a more beautiful portrait been taken. The delight was evident in her eyes, the semen, some mixed with Jennifer's saliva a slick smear across her entire face. Jennifer looked at the photo on the screen with Amy before the battery went dead again. "Oh honey you look wonderful!" she gushed, kissing her daughter's face and again slurping the cum from her. Amy returned the kisses, longing to consume the combined cum of her father and brother. Their tongues found one another's and scooping the cum from Amy's face the women devoured their men's seed.

A family meeting was called by Brian and explanations were offered for those not in the know. Secrets were revealed and loose ends tied. A new phase had begun in the family. Before the kids went off to college it was agreed they spend as much time together as possible, that there'd be no more secrets and love would come freely. They all agreed there were exciting times ahead.

