

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, combed over 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."

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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.

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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 was 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....

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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.

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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.

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"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.

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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.

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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?

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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?"

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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.

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"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.

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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.

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"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 unpuckered, 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.

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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 over 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!"

THE END