

FACIAL / CREAM

fakeflowerstories

Mom's friend lets her in on an incestuous skincare secret.

Incest/Taboo

4.82

14.9k words

All characters within this story are over the age of 18.

A Quick Note to the Reader:

If you're looking for a 0-100 incest scene that will get you off in five minutes flat, then you're looking at the wrong book.

This ain't Brazzers.

But if you're looking for a story with somewhat realistic characters, a meaningful progression, and mothers you could fall in love with, then read on. I put a lot of effort into making this the kind of erotica I wish there was a lot more of -- realistic, tangible, an experience you can almost feel.

If I've done this remotely right, then this will feel like it's happening with a real mother.

Enjoy.

-Fake Flower

Chapter 1

I should have been more worried when my mom started talking with the neighborhood cougar.

Jessica, who was about as old as my mom, was hot, fit, and ethnically ambiguous. I really have no clue what race she was, but she had this delicious brown skin that made me think of caramel. And maybe Jessica was a little more confident than some people would prefer on a personal level, but I didn't really mind since her confidence translated into a skimpy spandex obsession.

Which I really, really enjoyed.

She lived next door, was into yoga and health blogs, liked doing her exercise on her front lawn, and once, she winked at me during an outdoor stretch, directly facing me while I was passing by. I can still vividly remember the look of her tan lines under the little sports bra that stretched way down her amber colored little breasts, her heart-shaped ass framing her body as she bent way, way over, her dark hair making a shimmering rain effect, and most memorable of all, the way her dark, seductive eyes gently batted at me. At the time, I was way too shy to say anything, even if I was eighteen, and even if she was single and clearly trying to get my attention.

Today, she was sitting at the dining room table with Mom, during her visiting hours where she'd occasionally try to sell her essential oils, but recently they were on a health advice kick that didn't have a sales pitch attached.

Mom and Jessica were a definite contrast. While Jessica was possibly Latina, or maybe some kind of Southeast Asian, her body language like that of some kind of sinister, sexy queen, my mom (Cassie) was as white and well-meaning as a woman could be. She liked to keep her hair up, dressed with some semblance of modesty, and kept her makeup to a minimum, especially since the divorce. Jessica seemed to be the living embodiment of sex. My mom was pretty, but obviously, since she was my mom, I didn't really think about her, like, sexually.

I would like to emphasize just how pretty she is, though. Mom's face was delicately featured. Perfectly symmetrical -- with clear skin, light eyebrows, and a soft, dainty mouth that kissed my cheek every morning. She wasn't one for exercise but kept herself on a diet, so it's not like she was one of those women with ridiculous proportions or the kind of body that you'd see all over Instagram. What mom was, was effortlessly feminine; just a slender, pleasant looking woman with a pretty face. She was undeniably attractive, and since the divorce she'd tell me about the legions of guys that suddenly started talking to her and asking her out for dinner.

When the cougar neighbor visited, I listened from the kitchen and would pretend to wash dishes or something as an excuse to get glimpses of Jessica. Really, it was the only time I did chores willingly. I didn't exactly have a clear line of sight, but honestly, Jessica was so hot that a few looks were enough material to jerk off with.

Today, while really taking my time with wiping the counters, their conversation about skin clarity and nutrition suddenly went quiet. I heard a few hisses coming from each of them, they whispered in low, curious sounding tones. Luckily for me, I could still barely make out what they were saying if I moved to the edge of the counterspace and leaned in.

There was a china cabinet with glass doors close to the kitchen entrance as well -- their faces were dimly reflected in the glass, and while mom leaned in, eyes wide with curious shock, Jessica's face was sexily confident, her whispers revealing a secret that obviously made my mom deeply uncomfortable. Jessica put a hand up, covered her mouth, and whispered a few words directly into my mother's ear. When she finished, my mom's jaw dropped, her mouth a sudden dot of pink in the reflection. She looked at Jessica as if she were insane, as if Jessica had told her something gross, scandalous, disgusting, something totally outside of her little moral suburban box. She collapsed back, stunned.

"I swear," Jessica's voice finally filtered through while I did my best to keep silent and creep closer. "Erased them."

Mom's pale lip stuck out. "That's not possible."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Jessica frowned. "Look."

"I've read into it. Nothing can get rid of wrinkles -- nothing."

"Look," Jessica leaned forward, aggressively pointing at her face with a painted nail, while my mom awkwardly glanced at her, leaning slightly back. "Look here, above my nose. Look around my mouth here. Do you remember the mouth lines I used to have? Do you?"

"I mean, I remember you had... I mean..."

"Look. Where are the lines? Do you remember the lines I used to have?"

"Barely... Oh my god." Mom gasped, her eyes widening, her whole stance changing. She wasn't awkward anymore -- just shocked. Just amazed.

Jessica smugly sat back, folding her hands underneath her coral-colored athletic bra. She gave a shrug with an assured smile, pushing her breasts higher up. "See? It works."

Mom leaned back, suddenly skeptical again. "That's just from your Botox. Isn't it."

"Cassie," Jessica rolled her eyes, sighing, "I haven't gotten those injections in six months. I'm supposed to be due for another treatment next week, but why the hell would I pay for that if I'm getting a better, more natural thing for free? Plus a nice dinner, a few times a week. Can't forget about that."

Mom shook her head, bewildered. She collapsed back. Her hands went up to the sides of her head, her fingers tracing through her mousy hair, her fingertips lightly touching at the crows foot wrinkles around her eyes. "A few times a week? Jessica, how often do you... do you let this happen?"

Jessica grinned, sat back, and flipped her hair. "Whenever he wants."

"Oh," Mom gave a slight gasp in surprise. Then her voice lowered, her tone cautious, scandalized. "And you said... it's... it's his semen? That you put on your face?"

It was like something punched me in the gut.

"Yeah," Jessica gave a giggle. "I make him cum all over my face and then I, you know, apply it where it needs to go."

Not what you expected to hear from your neighbor on a Sunday afternoon.

My mind drew it all together. The mental image was stark, insanely vivid. Insanely real to me, as if I were the one to do it for her. I could picture Jessica, presenting herself, her tight bra pulled way down, kneeling, waiting patiently for me to squirt streaks of semen all over her pretty brown face, maybe with her bright tongue out, but definitely with that same smoldering, sexy look she gave me when I passed her exercising outside. And then after I painted her cheeks, her nose, maybe jizzed a little into her wet mouth, she'd give a little swallow and then whisper in a soft, husky tone, her eyes shining with sexual heat... "Thank you."

My reverie shattered when mom started to scold Jessica. "Where the hell am I supposed to get somebody to cum on my face every night?"

"Just have your husband do it," Jessica sighed.

"Jim and I divorced last year," mom snapped, "and you would have noticed if you had even asked. I don't even know why I let you come over."

"Oh." The conversation paused awkwardly while my mind went back to the idea of Jessica begging me to cum on her. Then I heard mom sigh.

"Sorry."

Jessica gave a tight laugh. "It's okay, hun. Just try a few dates or something. I'm certain you'll find somebody willing."

"I'm not about to start dating again."

"Come on, Cassie," Jessica urged, "you have needs, don't you? Hit two birds with one stone."

Mom closed her eyes and waved her hand as if she were trying to shoo the thought away. "Really, I've had enough of meeting men. I'm very done with that, for a very long time."

"Well, shit, girl." Jessica rolled her eyes and said sarcastically, "you might as well just ask Mark then."

Mark is my name. I think I was about as stunned as my mom.

"Jessica!"

"Well, if you don't ask him," she said slyly, a painted nail pulling her plump lips down, "maybe I will when my current toy gets a little tired."

Mom didn't like that joke. "I swear, Jessica, you stay the hell away from my son."

"I wonder what your son would be like. Doing that," Jessica said, dreamily, her tone making my cock go rock hard. "I'm almost serious about you asking him. The blog said something about the genetic material working better if it's the same as--"

Mom stood up and cleared her throat, "I'll have to see you later, I think I've got a dentist appointment this afternoon."

I didn't blame her for shutting down that train of conversation -- the idea staggered me. How the hell could somebody even suggest something like that? Similar genetic material?

Like, from relatives?

The idea of cumming on my mom's face had never, ever occurred to me in my entire life until that instant. I had a sudden flash across my brain -- my mother, neatly on her knees in the living room, having a conversation with me about school or what kind of college I should apply to or about why girls acted the way they did, but instead of looking at me with her clear and pretty face, there was a wide string of cum, streaking across her cheeks, right where I had placed it.

It hit me in two ways. The first way was that I was completely sidelined with how insane it was. How it just punched at my reality as an intrusive thought that most guys probably went their whole lives never imagining it.

The second way was... that it was doing something to me. Something down there, a hot feeling in my gut, something weird happening in the deepest part of my core. I immediately pushed the feeling away, or tried to.

It was all pretty bewildering.

Jessica laughed and got up to leave. "Trust me, hun. You'll see. If that boss of yours is anything like you've told me, a little semen on your pretty face is going to pay off, big time."

I thought I heard a few words that mom almost never says, and then, in one fluid movement, mom somehow pushed Jessica all the way to the door, opened it, pushed her out, slammed it shut, and then ran to her room. I could only assume she was embarrassed. I heard Jessica say a brief goodbye from the other side of the door.

In the meantime, I was standing in the kitchen, a hundred percent confused, my cheeks on fire, and with an entirely different world view.

Cumming on a woman's face was one thing. I fantasized about that kind of deal all the time. Dreamed of doing it for real, but had only experienced it in porn. There was something about the way a woman would open her mouth, or look up at you, or give an expectant smile, just before unloading all over her face. Something about the way the cum glistened on their nose, or their lips, or how they would make a little noise of surprise as they tasted it.

I honestly can't tell you how many times I blew a load thinking about Jessica kneeling on the ground in front of me, begging me to cover her with it. It was easy to come up with that kind of image.

But when Jessica recommended, twice, that mom use my cum?

What the hell is a guy supposed to do with a thought like that?

I followed mom's lead and went to my own room to cool down. I tried to think of something that wasn't what Jessica's suggestions evoked. Anything but the thought of my pretty, soft looking mother, on her knees, politely waiting for me, her little pink mouth open, her gentle, polite voice asking me gently to please, cum on her face. Anything but the idea of releasing myself in orgasm, pumping a hot, creamy load all over her lips, all over her tongue, shooting across her pale skin, her forehead. Anything but her looking at me adoringly as it dripped down her cheeks.

Anything but that.

Chapter 2

As it so happened, the whole semen thing was completely true. Or so the blogs said -- there were some before and after pictures (without the semen) that showed an obvious change in women's faces in the weeks after regular application.

Then there were some porn videos that seemed to fixate on this. I didn't blame them -- the concept was pretty hot. There were a lot of amateur couples getting in on it, and some of the new professionally produced stuff started featuring Milfs that seemed to reverse age.

There were a few blogs that had a little disclaimer, that they only saw noticeable effects when they took a little, just a little, into their mouths.

That was difficult to accept.

And then, deeper into the fringe stuff, there were some confirmations of what Jessica had mentioned -- that somehow, related genetic material had a stronger effect. One very, very sexually liberated woman even had a YouTube video about how she started letting her adult sons cum on her face, and then the videos following it really did show a tremendous difference. She went from looking fifty to forty.

The internet really was a magical place, wasn't it?

But I did wish my family hadn't learned about this.

I resolved to drop the whole idea since it was too weird for a guy still in high school. What kind of sicko would think about, much less be aroused by the thought of jerking off on their mom's face? Nobody thought about their moms like that. And that nobody was going to include me.

That night, after I showered and was already in bed, mom came into my room. Which was weird. Considering the conversation she had with Jessica, I figured she'd probably want to keep a little healthy distance so she could really, really maintain to herself that she was a normal, reasonable mother that in no way would have ever, ever entertained the thought of her son cumming on her face. But here she was.

She seemed a little nervous. Maybe even a little embarrassed. Definitely unsure, as if she were really preoccupied with something she couldn't quite wrap her head around.

"You alright?" I asked.

"Oh." Mom rubbed at the edge of her eyes with her fingers, massaging the part where the crow's feet were developing. "Yeah. Sorry. I'm alright. How about you?" Her tone was high.

I responded with a shrug. "Good. I guess. I don't want to go to school but that's every day."

"Yeah." Mom sighed unsteadily and walked deeper into my room. She was looking down at the floor, her hand moving to her neck, massaging it. It was the kind of stance she took up when she was really working through something.

Working through what?

Somewhere in my head, I felt like she was thinking about that conversation with Jessica, and that's why she was here.

But was it? It was normal for her to drop by when I was heading to sleep though. We talked about stuff. It was normal and healthy to talk about stuff with her. But even with how normal and healthy it was supposed to be, the whole thing felt off, weird, like mom really was considering something that didn't entirely make sense to her, or to me for that matter.

"Well," she said awkwardly, suddenly turning to face the door of my room, "I just wanted to say goodnight. And I wanted you to know, you're a good son." She paused, the silence heavy. "And I love you very much."

"Oh. Okay." I nodded. "I love you too."

"Goodnight, kiddo." She closed the door behind her. I thought I heard her mutter to herself outside of the door and then heard her footsteps move down the hallway to her room.

Obviously, she had something else she wanted to say. Something she wanted to talk with me about.

But there was no way in hell she was thinking about... that.

No way.

Was she?

The mental image of her cum-decorated face at the level of my waist intruded into my thoughts with extreme force. I tried not to think about it while my cock started to rise.

The next day after school, I walked into the house and immediately heard my mom and Jessica talking. When the door closed, their voices went quiet. They were talking again.

I knew I had to listen. But obviously if they knew I was here, I had to somehow convince them that I left.

"Hey," I said, passing the kitchen. "What's up, Jessica?"

Jessica fluttered her freshly painted nails at me and smiled. I immediately noticed how low cut her sports bra was. Mom's eyes went dark and she glared at her, then me, as if I wasn't really supposed to be there.

"I've got homework to do," I said, grabbing a bag of chips from the counter. "See you later."

Once I noisily made my way to my room, crinkling the bag the whole way, I dropped off the chips at the door and silently snuck back to the kitchen, back to the spot where it was easy to listen in. They were also sitting exactly where they needed to be for me to see their reflections in the china cabinet.

Their conversation was back in full swing. Mom looked a little distressed. She was talking quickly, as if she felt guilty about something, as if she were really struggling with something on the inside. Her voice was thin and nervous.

"I don't know if I need it. Not really." She cleared her throat. "You know what I mean? I thought about it a lot, and really, I'm not looking so bad."

"You don't want to need it, girl. You can go from looking like you're in your prime to a lot, lot younger."

"You're sweet."

"You're crazy. It's just cum, hun."

"But I don't need it."

Jessica snorted. "I thought you wanted to make some progress in your career. You're always telling me how you're always passed over for the promotion. Who was it that got it last time? Wasn't her name something... I don't know... something young..." Jessica snapped her fingers. "Like Braylee? How old is she again?"

Mom groaned. "Twenty-one."

"She doesn't even have her degree, Cassie. You're competing with youth, here. It doesn't matter how good you are at that job; you're not getting any more money at this rate. You keep telling me how you'll have to get some crazy looking loans just to send Mark to college."

"I know. It's just... it's just so wrong to... I mean, it's so unnatural, and--"

"You know what's wrong? Men. Sorry, girl. It's hustle time. No offense, your master's degree isn't worth shit right now. If this is the only way to get a raise, then you need to make it happen."

"If it's for Mark and me..." Mom hummed and nervously swirled some of her light brown hair around her fingers. "It's not wrong if it's for us, right? If I'm doing this for a good reason?"

"Fuck no."

"Jessica, please."

"Sorry, hun."

Mom held her breath while Jessica started drumming her fingers on the table, already bored with mom's moral struggle.

"Well..." Mom started, hesitantly. "Maybe there's something to it. But obviously it's not because I'm... because I'm a whore."

Jessica shook her head very seriously. "No, girl. You're not a whore."

I snuck back to my room, feeling extremely confused and a little weird in my stomach.

Chapter 3

I dove into shooter games to clear my head. Once the violence was over and my mind was spinning with fear thinking about my mom seriously considering the fucked-up skincare routine Jessica recommended, mom knocked on my door and quietly came in.

Despite the way I was feeling, I figured it was about the lawn. I hadn't mowed it in weeks.

"Hey," I greeted her, tensing up for the monthly chore argument.

She got right to business. "Do you think I look... forty-three?"

I blinked. "What? No. No, mom, you're beautiful."

She looked at me, unsure, her arms wrapped around her slender body. She looked very, very distracted. Maybe a little scared.

I tried to reassure her. "Mom, you're really pretty. I don't think you look forty at all. I don't think anyone would guess it."

She persisted. "Do you notice my wrinkles? I'm pretty sure I look like I'm in my fifties. Don't I?"

I took a minute to really, really look at her. I knew she was entertaining some crazy stuff. And I knew she was insecure now, and that she was in real danger of doing something stupid, whether it would work or not.

"Mom," I said honestly, assessing her looks, taking a moment to appreciate her effortless prettiness, her beautiful and clear face, her slender and curved frame. She really was beautiful. She wasn't some kind of blown-up supermodel. She wasn't an eighteen-year-old girl with more tits than brain. She was a woman -- a kind, pretty woman that dressed nicely and looked nice and was nice. "Mom, you're gorgeous. And you look like you're thirty, maybe."

Mom sighed and relaxed her shoulders. "Wow. Who taught you to be so kind?"

"I dunno," I answered honestly. It definitely wasn't my dad.

"Well... thank you, Mark." She turned to leave. Relief washed over me as I realized I likely saved my mom's self-esteem and helped her to make a good decision -- something that didn't involve her kneeling and waiting for semen to coat her face.

Then mom stopped at the door.

"Mark..." She said, suddenly very nervous again.

I sat up straighter. This sounded serious.

"As a hypothetical... if you were in a difficult situation... and you had to do something a little crazy to make things better... would you do it?"

"What?" I knew exactly what she was talking about. I thought maybe after what I said she'd feel a little better, but even with that, she was clearly thinking about it some more.

"Would you do something crazy if it meant... if it meant we could have nicer things? If I could, I don't know, pay off your car? Or if I could take on your student loans?"

I stared at her, trying to make sense of it. She turned and looked at me concernedly. My heart half melted knowing she was doing her best for us. It also half froze as I knew what 'her best' likely entailed.

"No," I said, firmly. "No, I think I'd just do what's normal, I think. Or I'd just deal with things as they came. I'm getting a job this summer anyways. Better to be on the safe side."

Mom blinked. "That's not very like you to say."

I quickly thought up something to explain myself. "Yeah. Well. I'm an adult now. Brain must be developing or something." I nodded, trying to make myself look like I was telling the truth.

Mom made an unsure note. "Well, alright. Thanks, honey." She stepped out and almost closed the door, but ducked her head back in right before leaving. "I just want you to know..." She cleared her throat and looked off to the side, "I'm... I'm proud of you. You know? You're a very, very good kid. And I think you're going to grow into a good man."

I nodded, suddenly very proud of myself.

That pride lasted about an hour.

I was just walking into the kitchen when she stormed past me, out of there, huffing and covering her mouth. I had no clue why she was so riled up, why she was moving so uncharacteristically fast. Once she was out of the space, I realized her phone was on the counter. The screen was off, but her pass code was just her birthday, so I opened it to see what the hell had gotten her so upset.

And then it was obvious.

She had installed Tinder.

I almost had enough time to feel betrayed, but my concern for her immediately forced me to read her messages and profile.

It was obvious that she very literally just made it that afternoon. She had a dozen or so matches, all on today's date. I didn't look into the messages just yet and instead investigated her profile to see what exactly she was putting out there.

Her main picture was her, looking carefree at a ladies night with a few of her friends. Just a cocktail and some lights, her friends slightly blurred out, and the focus was on her. She looked pleasantly

happy, slight wrinkles around her eyes from laughing, but in all, she looked like a decent person who was having fun.

She really was pretty, her hair was all curled, she wore a fresh lipstick that just transformed everything about her from stern, reasonable mom to a beautiful older woman. That lipstick was really, all it took.

Her next photo was a selfie. Just her on a walk in the park, puffy vest and all, the sun shining through trees and making a dappled halo around her. With the greens and yellows of the leaves all around her, it made for a nice and pleasant look. She seemed safe to be around.

And yes, pretty.

There were a few others I saw, a selfie at Starbucks, a pose in front of a local landmark, just the kind of stuff that showed that she was a pretty, normal woman.

Her profile was even sweeter.

Cassie, (43).

I've never made a dating profile before. I hope I can meet somebody with the same goals as me. I like spending time with my family, going to new restaurants, and sometimes, visiting the library. I want to meet nice, kind people here and hope I can live up to that as well!

Let's get coffee and talk about our lives in the park.

In all honestly, if she wasn't my mom, I would have swiped right. Cassie was pretty. She was sweet. She was normal and cool and honestly, she seemed like a total rarity, especially for the kind of girls I saw on Tinder. Not to knock them. It's just that my mom was special. In a way, I was happy for her to put herself out there and to try and find somebody decent again. Maybe the whole conversation with Jessica was more of a prompt just to get my mom back into finding happiness.

But when I clicked on her messages, my heart sank. Mom hadn't replied to any of them.

I could see why.

If you have kids I don't want any of it.

Hey im not looking for anything serious but I work out every day and can give you a fucking hot night in bed, just text me.

Hey sexy do you like guys that drive BMW's?

Some of the messages had follow up messages, where the guys knew she had seen their initial attempts and ignored them.

Bitch

What too shy? Baby I'm packing and you're gonna love it.

There were about a dozen others. I wasn't surprised that she had that many matches in the few hours that she had the app, but I was surprised that the available dating pool was so fucked up.

And then there was the last one she received. The one she looked at before leaving her phone here. Just a single, solitary message, left by somebody who was essentially her age.

Too old. Sorry.

I closed out of the app, turned off her phone screen, and went back to my room.

Mom didn't deserve that. I'm not sure what the hell happened -- it's not like her profile was built to attract people like that. Was it really just that the local dating pool was so messed up that she wasn't going to have any luck finding somebody decent?

After ruminating in my room for a while, I heard a knock. The door creaked gently open and mom leaned in.

"Hey," I said, pretending I hadn't seen what I saw. I took a careful look at her. She wasn't crying or anything, but she seemed a little down. Definitely offended. Her voice was a little terser, but not at me, just in general.

"Mark, are all men like your father?"

She stared at me with very concerned, questioning eyes. The voice didn't seem to match up. It was like she was covering up how she felt. Like she was hoping I wasn't going to look at her.

I stammered. "I don't..." I wasn't sure how to respond. Dad and her split because he wasn't a good husband or a good dad. It wasn't an easy decision for mom, and I'm sure she was always thinking on the back burner that other men wouldn't be like him, and that maybe she'd still have a chance at finding somebody good in the future.

But I knew for a fact that what she read completely shattered that idea. Whether it was true or not.

"I don't think so," I said, cautiously. "You okay? You need me to make some tea or something?"

I watched her eyes soften as she looked at me. "I'm alright, Mark."

She turned her head as if she was leaving, but then came back. "I don't get it. You look just like your father, but you're nothing like him. You're just... you're just..." She paused and pressed her lips together. "I don't know. Better." Before I could respond, she left and closed the door. It suddenly felt warm in my heart.

Then she knocked on my door again. When she came in, she came in a little farther and looked me dead in the eye. "I just want to tell you," she said, very serious, "you're a good kid. You know?"

I nodded as if I knew what the hell she was talking about.

"I just wanted you to know that you're a good kid, and I'm really, really trying to make things better for us. I know you're got your whole future ahead of you, and I want you to know," she took a very, very deep breath, "I'm going to do... I'm going to do whatever it takes. Alright?"

I didn't know what the hell to say now. My mind was making some weird conclusions in that instant. I couldn't tell on a visual level what mom was thinking when she said, 'whatever it takes', but I couldn't help but suddenly see, in my mind's eye, the idea of her tongue held out, glistening and wet and pink, her eyes gazing lovingly at a cock. It scared me to think that she was probably about to go back to Tinder, and try out one of the guys that were so rude to her.

"Okay," I said, trying to shake the mental image from my head. It was having an effect on me now. The whole thing was getting intense, confusingly intense, where suddenly it almost seemed like a real possibility, like it was an idea that I knew my sweet, pretty mom was considering. "I'll... I'll try hard too. I'm going to be fine, mom. Seriously. Don't worry."

Mom carefully studied my face. She sighed and nodded, and said in a tone that made me very, very unsure as to what she was thinking, "Alright."

Chapter 4

That night, I had a dream.

I dreamt that mom was a queen in a medieval castle, and that there were a bunch of knights all jockeying for her attention. Some of them showed off their martial strength, some of them composed bad poetry, some of them tried to woo her with their sheer force of personality. As she rejected each of them, they got violent, then left. Before long, they were collectively besieging the castle, and mom was begging me to save her.

It would have made sense, allegorically speaking, except that apparently the only way to save her was exactly what I had been struggling with the entire week.

"Please," she was begging, clutching at my clothes with her little hands, her eyes streaking with fear, "please, Mark, you must. You must save us, it's the only way."

Then her hands went up to her chest, moving over her flush skin, and then up to her shoulders, where she started pulling her dress down. Helplessly, I watched as my mother suddenly started pulling it all off, baring her small breasts, her pale, pale nipples that looked delicious and soft. She started pressing herself along my legs, tugging at my pants, freeing my cock, and my mother started to kiss it, to lick at it, her tongue feeling vividly warm and soft and wet and hot. In the moment I could only react, feeling the shock of realizing that it was my mom that was tasting me.

Then she started to move her mouth over the head, and I swear, I could feel heat and soft wetness as she let her spit coat me, and as she started to suck, and as I felt what had been pent up for so long rising, surging even stronger with the awareness that it was my mom that was bringing this out of me, and then she gripped the shaft with her little pale hand and started begging me to give it to her, as she started jerking me off, and I started to feel the cum surging upward -- mom then opened her mouth and looked at me with those gentle, begging, blue eyes.

"Please, honey, cum on my face."

I woke up to my school alarm, shaking, unbearably hot, sweating, my cock twitching, precum dripping from the head. I was feeling the urgency, the uncontrollable heat and drive that comes from wanting it to continue, not wanting it to stop. But the dream was gone and my cock was on the edge, and in that moment, I just wanted to let the fantasy come right back so I could burst, so I could pour out every drop of cum all over my mom's face, so I could shoot it directly into my mother's mouth and let her tongue overflow with it.

Holy shit.

I needed a therapist.

When I got home, I very, very carefully opened the front door so I wouldn't alert any guests. And as it so happened, Jessica was once again at the kitchen table with mom. Did Jessica not have a job? It suddenly occurred to me that she never really seemed to go anywhere -- she just had her house and lived a single lifestyle and very literally, seemed to do nothing but stretch and look sexy. I made a mental note that the instant I had spare cash, I would go searching all over OnlyFans to try and find her.

But they were talking -- my mom's schedule allowed her to get home only half an hour before I got home, so chances were, they weren't talking for long. I closed the front door gently and held my breath, as if that would make it any quieter. Once it shut, I listened for their voices. The volume didn't change. It was the same. I was in the clear and could hear everything they were saying.

"So..." My mom's voice seemed careful. Strained. "How... how do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"You know." Mom hissed. "The skincare."

"Oh." Jessica's voice turned a little sultry. "Well first you get it. Then you apply it. It's not hard, hun."

"Oh." Mom sounded relieved. "So, I can just go to a sperm bank?"

"Oh my god, Cassie." Jessica's exasperated voice shot through the house. "No. You have to get it fresh. Do you understand?"

"Not really. Just... explain it to me plainly. But not too plainly." Mom sounded really, really uncomfortable. "I just want to understand how I'm supposed to... make it happen."

"Fucking... okay. Listen. Fresh! You have to... you know... make it come out. Then you've got it, right? Once it's... there... you spread it."

"Oh. So as long as it's... I mean, as long as it's recent. So, I can, say, have it put in a... a jar, and then really quick I can take it and put it on?"

"Holy shit, Cassie." Jessica started sounding frustrated and angry. "No. Every second that it's in contact with oxygen, every instant that it's not on your face, that's a huge drop in effectiveness. Don't ask me why -- that's the science of it. Alright?"

"So I have to..." Mom's voice started to get a little high.

"So, you have to make it come out, all over your pretty little face. Exactly the way a guy likes it."

Mom gasped. I personally shared the same sentiment.

After mom gasped, it got really, really quiet in the house. I tiptoed over to my room but could still hear them as I slowly made my way down the hall. I had to think up something. Mom needed to get off of this idea, she needed some kind of reassurance that I didn't need the help, that she looked fine, and that, frankly, submitting herself to anyone sexually for those reasons wasn't going to end well.

"I have a friend I can set you up with."

"No... I'm fine, no thank you."

"Suit yourself. Not sure where you're going to find a steady supply of fresh cum, though."

"Yeah..." Mom's voice nervously trailed off as I closed my door. "Me neither."

Chapter 5

That night, mom and I had a very, very quiet dinner. She was still dressed in her corporate uniform, but the top few buttons were undone so that she could relax a little. The soft, delicate skin around her neck and upper chest were exposed. I thought I could see the very edge of her bra. She was beautiful. I almost wanted to describe it as tragically so, her soft face was framed with concern.

She was leaning on her hand for several minutes, silently staring into a glass of wine. She didn't usually have wine. But she was clearly thinking, very, very hard. Her pretty face now concentrated; her brow furrowed. A couple of faint lines settled around her mouth.

The thinking went on, and while my mind also spun trying to figure out some kind of way to convince her that she really, really didn't need to check out Tinder.

She looked up and at me. What was normally a very gentle gaze was now thoughtful, nearly resolute.

Right as my brain was about to connect a few dots, right as it was about to give me the right words that could defuse her, mom suddenly got up, went to the pantry, and brought the wine bottle to the table. She opened it and filled up her glass entirely, drank it down, and poured herself another full glass. Then she took a deep breath.

"Mark..." She said, softly. Carefully.

This was it.

We were about to have the 'mommy's going to start dating' talk.

My brain started to enter panic mode. I fought the rising sensation and tried to at least be somewhat supportive, even if her choice to start meeting people was hinged on something I didn't want to think about at all.

"Mark, I need to ask you a huge favor." Mom's voice was unsteady. The color was draining from her face.

I felt it too. I put my fork down and tried to keep myself calm.

"You're not going to... think it's a good idea, and I'm really not sure how you're going to feel about it, but I need you to listen to me carefully and not say anything until I'm done explaining."

I nodded in response, feeling numb.

"In fact, you're probably going to think I'm crazy."

My gaze snapped up. Crazy? For dating?

Something was different here.

She took a deep breath. "You're probably... going to think that it's gross. And that your poor mother has gone off the deep end..."

My eyes went wide.

Something was very, very different. Something was more than different than how I expected.

"Now listen. What I'm going to ask you to do for me... it's... it's simple. Maybe it's even something you as a boy would want to do."

She was talking about it. She was talking about it.

Her voice started running, taking off without paying attention to how my jaw dropped, how my heart started thundering in my head. How I started realizing with absolute certainty, now, that mom was about to ask me to do the unthinkable. But she went on, closing her eyes, summoning all the bravery she could muster.

"And the reason I'm asking you is simple too. I'm in a bit of a rough spot with my career, the kind of rough spot that isn't going to go away unless I do something crazy. We have a lot of big expenses coming up, and I've got a lot of headway I need to make with my job. What I'm going to ask you to do, it's going to be hard to understand, but it's going to help me get a promotion, be treated better in the workplace -- only the younger looking girls can move ahead for whatever reason. Listen, Mark, what I need, it's a new form of skincare, and you're going to think this is so insane, but I need you to..."

My mom stopped and looked up, afraid of what she was saying. Despite how shocked I must have looked, her gaze didn't really seem to register me -- it was like she was stuck in her head and that she was fighting the whole idea, flipping back and forth between accepting and rejecting it. She was right on the cusp of articulating exactly what she needed from me, exactly what she wanted to do.

Mom could have stopped.

Maybe she should have stopped.

But she didn't. She suddenly looked very sure, and moved past the pain point.

"Mark... I need you to... jerk yourself off."

She swallowed. Took a deep breath as if she needed it to say what came next.

"Mark, I need you to jerk yourself off and to... to cum on my face."

Her words stopped. My heart seemed to as well. Five entire seconds went by -- one, two, three, four, five, all made with a perfectly frozen, fearful stare from her and an unbreakable shock from me.

Then she blinked and started talking again, fast. "You think it's weird, don't you. You think I've gone off the deep end, and maybe I have, and maybe I shouldn't have brought this up this way, but there's a science behind it that--"

"Mom," I said, loudly, suddenly able to use my words.

She stopped and looked at me as if she were an animal caught in the middle of the street with a massive vehicle bearing down on it.

"Mom, I heard you and Jessica talking about it. A lot." Now it was my turn to be awkwardly silent.

She started to register what exactly I had said and collapsed back into her chair.

"Oh." Her face went from shock pale to a hot pink.

We looked at each other for a while. The question was out. No conversation would ever be the same, she had just crossed a line that no mother that I had ever heard of had crossed with her son. It was completely silent in the dining room -- more deafening than any concert I had ever been to.

Mom had just asked me to cum on her face. She had asked me if she would follow through with what the blogs were advising -- with unloading my orgasm all over her mouth and cheeks and forehead so that she could wipe it more carefully onto herself.

I didn't want it to happen as a matter of principal, but my cock started to twitch, and it started to rise in my pants, painfully pressing against them. I didn't mean to start fantasizing but after that dream, I felt like I knew what it could be like.

To have mom's mouth near my cock.

Eventually, mom sighed. Her hands went up and covered her face. She started to speak very quietly. "I need a leg up, Mark."

It occurred to me that it must have taken an extreme amount of bravery to bring this up. So I listened, and let her continue, promising myself that no matter what I'd be respectful about it, even if my cock was painfully stiff and my mind was singularly focused on the idea of my mom's face covered in stickiness.

"I need a leg up, and I wouldn't be asking you this if I didn't really, really, really think about this first. I can't afford to risk getting a new job now. Not in this economy. If you do this for me, I'll get to look younger, and my chances at getting a promotion and a raise will go way, way up. It's like I qualify for it but can't seem to win out over girls that look half my age. If you can just... do this with me, then it's going to mean a lot more than paying off the house. It's going to mean sending you to college without putting you in student debt. It's going to mean paying off your car, removing your need to get a part time job, which would affect your grades and your chances of making it, and that is going to affect your entire career, your entire life.

And I didn't want to ask any other men to do it. I couldn't let myself be subjected to anyone I didn't trust and respect. And there was the whole... genetic material, needing to be similar for the best effects. I tried to fight it, but over and over, all I could figure was that I needed this to be you. Because I trust you to do it. It's for you, and because it's you. Even if you're my son. Especially because you're my son. Do you get it, honey?"

Mom's voice stopped, and it was very still in the room again.

She lifted her glass and drank it completely down. The only sound in our home was the gentle pulse of her white, delicate throat.

The glass made a subtle ring as she put it back down.

"It doesn't have to be... sexual." She was breathing deeply, trying to keep her composure. "We don't have to make it weird. It can be just like a procedure. Mark?"

I guessed it was my turn to talk.

My turn to choose.

Mom had obviously been agonizing over this. Obviously, this wasn't an easy request for her to make, and it wasn't an easy talk to have, especially when it's with the only son in the house. Obviously, she had to have made several leaps of morality and went through a lot of difficult thinking in order to figure out what was best for the family, and that last part was what stuck out the most.

It was for us.

My sweet, wonderful mom.

If anything, I was going to make the right choice for her, just because she was so great, and not because the hard on in my pants was practically begging for a chance at getting close to her.

Not because I literally started dreaming of it.

"Okay," I said, shattering the silence.

Mom looked up at me, frozen. Her breath was catching, her eyes were wide. "Okay," she repeated, quietly. "It means a lot to me, Mark. Let's do this now before we change our minds."

We sat there for what felt like another minute.

Mom was the first to stand. She started outlining a plan. An order to things. Without hesitating or letting the agreement sit any longer, she set everything up, treated it like it were just a couple moments of a chore, all to make it as much like a procedure as possible. She went back and forth, grabbing a couple towels, spreading them out in the center of the living room, making sure there was no furniture at all close by.

"First, we'll do this the right way. It needs to be directly... applied. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah," I said, breathlessly.

"I'm going to kneel here, alright? And you can stand... there. And I'm just going to..." Mom swallowed. "I'm going to wait and you're going to start jerking off." I was in my assigned spot. So was she, her bare knees under her pencil skirt making contact with the towels she had just laid out. She looked to the side, her pretty face seeming breathless, trying desperately to make this as normal of a procedure as she could. "And then, when you're ready... to..." She blinked once, and her eyes flicked up to mine. "Then just tell me. I'll move a little closer. And then you'll..."

Mom's blue eyes stared deeply into mine. "You'll let it... you'll cum on my... on my face." Her eye contact broke and she looked down and off into the corner as she tried to regain her composure. "And then we'll be done."

She looked back toward me, but instead of looking at my face, she noticed the bulge in my pants. Her eyes widened. "Oh." Then she cleared her throat and looked back to the side. I stood there,

awkwardly, trying to keep from running away with embarrassment. But mom carefully went back to focusing on the 'procedure.'

"Can you do it... fast?" Her eyes were trained on the trim between our living room and the kitchen. She really did seem to be trying to treat this as nonchalantly as possible. But of course, nothing could possibly be nonchalant about it.

"Yeah," I said, trying to keep cool.

"Okay." Mom nodded. "Pull down your pants. I'm going to wait here patiently. Just... let me know when it's time."

My heart was thumping at a rabbit's pace. My hands moved far more quickly to my waistband than they should have -- they pulled my underwear and jeans down at the same instant and I felt my cock flexing up, free. Mom's eyes involuntarily went from the trim to me, to my erection suddenly out in the open. She blinked a few times and her mouth opened, but she quickly regained her awareness, closed her mouth, and turned away, her pink cheeks going red.

"I'm sorry," she stammered. "I just haven't... Seen one. In a couple years."

A couple years? Was my cock the first one mom had seen since the divorce?

"And I didn't think you'd already be... erect."

Her eyes were wide.

I moved a little closer. I was only maybe a foot from her. All she would have needed to do to take me into her mouth was to lean forward, maybe to support herself on her hands. She was that close. I could almost feel the air from her breathing on me.

Mom was shifting on her knees, moving subtly back and forth with her hands pressed together along her neat, dark pencil skirt. Her red cheeks were bright, especially against the whiteness of her unbuttoned shirt, and she made an obvious effort not to look at me. Her head turned away for a second, her hair veiling her face, but I thought I could almost see her biting her lip, her chest heaving. And her hips subtly squirming.

I had to do it. It was for her. For us.

For me.

"Hurry up," her voice was high and small.

My own hand went up to my cock, grabbing it and starting to jerk it. Since the dream I hadn't touched myself -- I hadn't achieved that release that my body was going insane for, and so I was unbearably stiff, ready for it, already feeling the shift in my core and my groin.

Mom was making small breaths, little nervous ones. Her head turned gently toward me, and I could see her eyes, partially closed, as if she were afraid to look at my cock. But her eyes didn't leave it. They stayed. Mom closed her mouth and made a small, nervous swallow.

I started jerking faster. Getting closer. The moments drew out as I started breathing heavily. Mom's own breaths seeming to match them. Her chest was now heaving, the red on her face a bright scarlet.

She closed her eyes and put her head down, "I can't believe this is happening," she whispered. "We're doing this. We're doing this."

Then she put her head up. Her small mouth was determinedly set. "We're doing this," she whispered to herself. Then she turned her head toward me, her eyes now bravely fixed on the head of my cock.

She could now see the little shining dot of precum that was working its way from the head of my cock. Her eyes went wide again, as if she were unprepared for that.

And I was getting close.

"Do you like it?" Her voice suddenly broke in. Her eyes locked onto mine. I didn't expect her to ask something like this. I didn't expect her to ask something like this. For a split second something was different about the way she looked at me. Something was very unlike her -- it was almost defiant. Almost... heated. She gently bit at her lip. Only for that instant.

I couldn't stammer an answer back.

Just as quickly as I saw it, it went away. She seemed nervous again, shocked, if not a hint curious. But that glimpse must have done something for me, deep inside. I tried to hold back a groan as I felt it building.

Mom looked up at me. She could tell. Even after years since she had been with my dad she knew when a man was getting close.

Her lip was glistening from where she was biting it.

I started feeling something, coiling powerfully down there.

Mom's little mouth pursed shut in anticipation. Her eyes were fixated on the head of my cock.

I felt it building in my core. A breath that wouldn't breathe. A tension and strength that only intensified as my mom's pink lips pressed together, as her blue eyes looked apprehensively at the precum, now drooling from my cock head, following it trailing down.

It was going to happen.

"Mom," I said through a suppressed groan.

My mother looked up at me.

Then she leaned her face closer to my cock, gently closed her eyes, and carefully lifted her chin.

She was only inches from my cock.

Waiting for it.

And then it came -- an explosion in my core, and then white, shooting from the tip. Mom gasped through her nose, right as the first strand landed along the side of her mouth, as another shot forward and neatly settled to the left of the bridge of her nose, heavy and thick, a third gob landing on her chin, a few of its drops falling farther, onto her chest, between the buttons of her button up uniform. I shuddered and staggered back a step. A couple drops went down and into the towels. Mom was right to be prepared.

Mom was still on the ground, her mouth now barely open as she panted, shocked, trembling, her eyes slowly opening. She carefully stood, holding her hands just under her chin, ready to catch anything that dripped farther, and she started to walk out of the room. The drop of my cum that had landed on her chest glistened as she passed me and left to go more carefully apply it in the mirror.

I collapsed onto the couch, still leaking semen from the tip. I felt weak. Blown away.

As if none of this had actually happened.

But it did.

I had done it. I had actually jizzed all over my own mother. The whole universe felt like it was out of control now, completely without sense or reason, the afterglow sharp like an intense shock. I caught up on my breathing and tried to sit up straight.

Mom didn't come out of her room for an hour. I started to feel nervous and knocked. "Hey." There was no response. "Is it working?"

I heard mom carefully moving around in there. Then her voice emerged. Faint. Different. "I'm not sure yet."

She didn't come out until morning.

Chapter 6

The next day, I felt like I woke up on a different planet.

The memory of what happened that night was extreme. It sent my cock straight up immediately upon waking, and it was a fight to keep from masturbating.

I tried to see if I could check on mom's progress, but she seemed to move to a different room from me as I got ready for the day. So I hurried out, hoping to respect her privacy, and tried to get to school so that she'd have some more time to process things. Unfortunately, I left my phone on the kitchen counter and had to run back in. When I picked it up, I could hear mom's voice as she was speaking on her phone in the living room.

"Of course I was thorough. It was easier to... spread than I thought." Her voice was terse. "No, no change just yet. I mean, it was only one application."

She paused.

"How many times?"

She paused again.

"That's so many times... I don't know if I can do it that much. Of course I want the promotion."

Mom went quiet as I thought I heard Jessica's voice barely filtering through my mom's phone. "No," mom almost shouted, "it's none of your business who did it for me. I don't... no, seriously, I don't want to meet your friend. Bye, Jessica."

She hung up and made a frustrated groan.

I snuck out and carefully closed the front door.

All day at school, I couldn't wait to get home. Even my friends seemed to pick up on my excitement, but obviously I couldn't say a word as to why. I pretended I just wanted to do homework. As if that were believable.

When I got home, mom was waiting for me in the living room again. She was in another one of her corporate uniforms. Soft blues, a light red scarf. Almost as if she were a flight attendant or something.

New towels were on the same spot as last night.

"We should do this now," mom said, carefully, trying to keep her voice even. "And then... maybe again later tonight. I guess I need to do this a few times to start seeing effects." She swallowed. "So, pull down your pants."

I was ready. Based on how keen I was all day to get back, I was more than ready. My cock snapped upward once free from my waistband -- mom seemed to flinch when she saw how quickly it presented itself.

"Okay," she said, shaking, her cheeks already colored. "Go ahead."

She watched me closely as I stepped toward her, gripping my cock. I started to jerk. A minute went by. Mom took a deep breath, waiting with anticipation. Then another minute went by.

She looked up at me, hesitant. "Are you hurrying? Is everything okay?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to focus. "I'm trying."

Mom started to think. "There has to be something we can do to make it a little easier. I need this at a really, high frequency. Maybe... maybe you can look at porn on your phone when you do it?"

I pulled it out and tried.

For a few minutes. Mom watched me concernedly as I gave it my best shot but ultimately, using porn was a little more of a 'curation' thing I needed to invest more time in to make it work.

It was weird to think about it, but in those moments, looking at my mom and jerking it was actually working better. But just seeing her in her uniform, interacting with her while she was nervously waiting, just kneeling patiently for me, I didn't know if that was going to be enough. Especially with how many times a day mom said she was going to need it.

"I'm..." I tried to word it in a nice way. "I don't think I can do it this way. I need..." I took my own deep breath. "I need a little more, mom."

She closed her mouth and waited patiently for me to explain.

"You could..." I tried to approach it delicately. "Maybe if you pulled down your shirt it would be easier for me?"

Mom stared at me as if I had just said something insensitive, or crazy, or both. "My shirt?"

I could tell mom was weighing her options. She could hold on to the shirt. I could tough it out. The whole thing would stay clinical and clean and even somewhat detached.

On the other hand, it was clearly going to get more difficult. It was already awkward. We had already done the whole, 'cumming on the face' thing that couples often took ages to work up to. It could drastically speed things up.

And improve the frequency that it happened.

I could tell mom made her decision by the way she suddenly sat up straight, exactly in the instant that her cheeks went bright. She started moving loose strands of hair from her face and carefully made even breaths.

Her fingers started to untie the knot of her red scarf. It pulled away and back and fell along her legs.

Then her hands went to the edges of her shirt.

White fingers started moving at little pearly buttons.

Then mom's hands started to move outward, pulling her button up shirt back, the blues giving way and revealing her gentle frame, and a clean, white bra that held her little breasts.

It fell from her shoulders, her white, slim arms stretching back. Then she brought them up and hugged herself, looking at me.

My cock twitched as she watched me, cautiously. Her eyes followed the head's movement. She looked back up at me, holding her breath.

She started to lower her arms again. Settling them down to her sides, carefully smoothing the towels with her hands. It was strange to think about her in this way, but she looked so... suburban. So soft, and pretty, so proper and ordered.

My hand drew itself to my shaft.

I started jerking, mentally preparing myself to cover her face once again with my cum, getting ready to do my duty as an obedient son.

But it still wasn't enough. I wanted more.

I made a choice in a blink -- if we had already gone this far, it wouldn't be too much of a leap to ask for just a little more, just what... couples do. Before the facial.

"Take it off," I croaked. Mom completely froze before me, her hands stopping their movement completely. I froze too, wondering if I was about to be disowned.

"What?" Mom asked.

"I need..." I tried to speak clearly but I was practically shaking. "If I'm going to be able to do this, I need more."

Mom opened her mouth and then closed it.

Obviously, what I wanted was a very big ask. She had taken off her shirt, it was true. She was now kneeling before me, her chest now exposed, her tight, flat tummy now visible, and most of all, she

was choosing to be here, to stay here, even as we prepared for me to cum on her face for a second time.

And she obliged.

Mom closed her eyes, stretched straight, and carefully lifted her hands behind her. I watched, my mouth dry, as her delicate fingers worked at the hooks of her bra. The strap pulled back, and then free, and then she carefully drew her bra in front of her. As the padding slid away from her chest, her little breasts pushed out, only slightly down. They were still full, like apples, the nipples round and pale and puffy, an impossible cloud pink.

My cock surged, flexing without any encouragement. I couldn't believe it, as I'm certain mom couldn't believe it either. She seemed breathless as she let the bra drop from her hands, which then carefully folded on her lap.

She lifted her chin, as if presenting her body to me.

It turned me on like nothing ever had. My mother's soft, delicate breasts looked so white, the nipples so soft looking. Hidden from me and the rest of the world for eighteen years, now bared for me, and only for me.

My mom's tits.

Without needing any prompting, I grabbed my cock and started masturbating again, this time needing absolutely nothing else. It didn't take long, I could feel my hips bucking forward in spasms as the sensation of pressure started to build, and I could tell I was getting very, very close.

Mom was completely fixated on the movement of my hand. Sometimes, she would look up and gauge my reaction, and then her eyes would flick back down to the shaft, moving back and forth as I jerked furiously, shuddering with pleasure as I experienced the way my mother's body looked. She seemed hesitant but undeniably curious, even a little excited.

It seemed to click like a puzzle piece. To be the first one in years, even if I was her son, to be able to see what she kept locked away.

Mom could tell it was coming. She carefully closed her mouth, leaned herself forward, putting her nose mere inches from my cock. As I started to grunt, she closed her eyes.

I was so close.

I was about to cum.

It must have been taking just barely too long for mom. She opened her eyes, if only to make sure I was still going.

But then she looked at me.

Blue eyes.

Right as she made eye contact with me, my cock released. I started cumming, squirting my cum up and over my mother's face, the first string of it flying over her eyebrow, draping heavily over her eyelash, and down the straight bridge of her nose. Mom gasped, and another pulse of it flew up, striking the side of her mouth and down her chin, clinging to the edge of her pink lips. Her mouth

closed just in time, two more pumps of cum flew from my cock and over her mouth, one concentrating between her lips and seeming to seal the side of her mouth, the whole while she made little whining noises. My balls surged with movement as the last drops fell from my cock and I stepped back, trying not to keep from falling.

Mom only barely opened her eyes. Cum sat on top of her eyebrows, settling on top of the brown lashes. She made a last little sound and carefully stood up, then left quickly, so that she could spread it where it needed to go.

I went to bed that night thinking about the pale color of her nipples.

Chapter 7

After school I snuck in, well-practiced by now, and listened to mom and Jessica as they started their daily skincare meetup.

But Jessica didn't seem even a little convinced. "And you said you've done it twice?"

Mom nodded.

"I don't see it," Jessica said, completely focused on every piece of my mom's face. "You sure you did it right?"

Mom snapped up straight and said, annoyed as hell, "Of course I did." She huffed and said a phrase I wasn't sure I'd ever hear from her. "Fucking hell. Of course I did it right. The guy I was with, he came on my face. Once a couple nights ago, once last night."

"Wow," Jessica whistled. "I'm impressed."

"Shut up. I applied it directly to the wrinkles and even some on the rest of my face--"

I blinked.

"--and nothing's happened. Shouldn't I see something by now?"

"Cassie," Jessica said gently. "You didn't do it correctly, by the sound of it. If you had talked with me about this sooner, I could have helped you with it."

"What? What did I do wrong?"

"Honey," Jessica said carefully, sounding very apologetic, "you're also supposed to... swallow it."

I could almost hear my mom's mouth drop.

"Not a lot," Jessica continued. "Just enough to let it interact with your digestive system. Makes it activate or something. Look, it's easy--"

Mom tried cutting in, "you never said a thing about drinking--"

"Hun, the way you do it is really simple, you just--"

"--are you saying I have to go back and--"

Jessica was nearly shouting by now, "look, hun, I'm sorry, I fucked up, I'm sorry, I just thought it was normal that when you let any get on your face, or if you blew a guy, you, I don't know, take a little for the road!" She threw up her hands, watching as my mom collapsed in her seat. "Listen. It's easy. The way I do it is simple, and I'm going to explain this as simply as I can so there's no confusion. Now listen -- when they start cumming, just open your mouth, and get a few drops. Swallow it really, really quick before you get too much of a taste." She took a deep breath while mom gave a confused and exhausted nod. "Or you can get some on your finger and just put it far, far back."

"I can't believe this," said mom, sounding delirious.

Jessica leaned forward and gently rubbed my mom's shoulder. "You'll say that again, much more enthusiastically when this starts working. I know you did what you could, hun, but it's science. Gotta be done right. On the bright side," she concluded, "if this guy of yours has anything decent, you should see results on the first application. That's what happened with mine, the effects were so obvious by the next day."

Jessica got up, watching my catatonic mom try to make sense of the fact that in order to get what she wanted, she was very literally going to have to eat my cum. Though I'm sure if Jessica were looking at me too, she'd see a very similar facial expression.

When Jessica left, I emerged from my room and found mom looking listless at the dining room table.

"Hey," I said, trying to sound cheery. "How's Jessica doing?"

Mom stared at me as if she had PTSD.

"Oh." I moved back into the kitchen to avoid her gaze. "You want a sandwich or something? I'll make us one."

"Sure." Mom sounded exhausted.

I made a couple sandwiches and sat down next to her. She was leaning her head on her hand and looked deep in thought. I made a personal point of not disturbing her while she went through her thought process. It was pretty obvious that what Jessica recommended was that we go much, much farther than we had before.

If putting her own son's cum on her face was one level of fucked up, then having her eat it, multiple times? That was a whole new level, something that she never, ever would have considered, even though she had gone this far with me already.

"Do you..." I tried to approach this sensitively. "Do you want to stop?"

"You heard it, didn't you?" Mom sighed.

I nodded shamefully.

She bit her lip and looked out the window. "I don't know right now, Mark. I'm a little out of it. This was already a lot and I don't know if I'm ready to keep going."

"Sure," I said. "I get it."

Mom turned and looked at me, still processing. Then she took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "Thanks for the sandwich, honey. Go to your room and do your homework, or something."

I obeyed and didn't see her for the rest of the night.

I felt awful.

Maybe I shouldn't have accepted this in the first place.

We didn't talk in the morning. I got ready by myself and left before she had even left her room.

The day went by in a drift. The whole scenario swirled around in my brain, switching between the fucked-up idea of cumming on my mom's face, the idea that I wanted to put my semen in her mouth, but then moving deep into the thought that my mom felt disgusting, maybe even violated. Even my friends made comments about how out of it and non-responsive I was.

"A breakup or something?" One of my bros prodded me with his books while we went out to the parking lot at the end of the day.

"Something like that," I said without elaborating.

"Tell her you love her. Always works," he recommended, self-assured.

But maybe he had a point. Maybe mom just needed an assurance. Maybe she just needed a little help with it.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't go along with the whole skincare thing because the idea became very suddenly hot, as if it weren't something my body just wanted to go after.

But at the same time, I knew that's what mom wanted. If not for the entertainment value, to do what was going to help our little family. It was pretty cool of her, if one really thought about it.

So, I bought a few flowers on the way home.

When I pulled into the driveway and stepped through the door, I kept the flowers behind me. I figured she was probably going to want to avoid me, so I called out, hoping I could bring her from her room if that's where she was. But to my surprise, she was actually in the living room.

"In here," her voice drifted into the entry way. I dropped my stuff but kept the flowers gripped tight behind me.

But when I stepped into the living room, fully expecting to see my mother looking down, concerned, maybe even reclusive, instead....

Mom was reclining on the couch, only wearing a pair of panties.

Chapter 8

Her blue eyes locked with mine. Her arm was up, a finger twirling in her hair. Her small breasts looked so fragile and delicate in the last of the day's sun, falling through the living room blinds.

"H-hey," I stammered. Totally shocked.

"Hey yourself," she said. She sat up. "How was today?"

"Good," I said, pulling the flowers from behind me. Mom's eyes went wide.

"Oh." She straightened awkwardly, smoothing her hands along the couch. "For me?"

"I thought you were feeling bad," I said, trying to keep my words straight, unable to pull my gaze from my mother's breasts. "So I got you these. And I wanted to tell you," I swallowed, "I love you, mom."

Mom blinked at me a few times, and one of her hands went up to her lips. "Oh," she whispered. Then her hand went back down, and she drew circles in the couch. "It sounds like we... both made a little effort for each other today. I love you too. You're so sweet."

Then she smiled. "I guess it's... time to do it again? We're really close to making it work this time. If you're up for it. I'd understand if you didn't... want to..." her hand went to her side, traced up her ribcage, partially covered one of the pale, puffy nipples. "I know it's been awkward, so I decided, and maybe you think this is so weird, but I'm... trying to make it a little easier for you. I know your mother's not much, but--"

I interrupted her. "Mom, you're hot." My words came out a little louder than I intended.

Then there was silence.

For an entire moment. All I could hear was the silence as we both held our breath.

"Alright then," she said hesitantly. "It sounds like we can... do it one more time." She nodded, her voice almost starting to sound eager, "think you can handle it?"

I nodded vigorously and brought the flowers to her. She held out her hands and took them, admiring the way they looked. They were some of her favorite colors, soft pastel colors that complimented her style. Soft. Subdued. Gentle, safe, motherly.

Without waiting for a further prompt, I pulled down my pants, and felt myself getting hard. Mom's gaze went to my cock as it started to swell, to fill, to grow longer and stiff. Her lips just barely parted as it grew to its full length.

"Okay," she whispered.

I took hold of it and started to masturbate myself, feeling it getting harder. At the same time, mom took some towels that she had folded up close by and gently laid them along the couch, carefully preparing it for what we were trying to do. When she was done she turned her look back to me, up my waist, up my chest, looking at my face and then back down to my shaft, watching as I jerked harder, working at getting closer.

She shifted, impatient.

Her lips pressed together as she started to think. Her hands folded together, fingers twisting around each other, her chest and her cheeks now flushing pink. Her eyes went to the flowers that sat next to her, then back to me, then back to the flowers. "Really, Mark," she said quietly, "that was so sweet."

She looked back to my cock and then held up a hand, as if to tell me to stop. "I just..."

I slowed down, stopped, as she looked at my cock curiously. Her hand then went forward, gently, slowly. I held my breath as her fingers moved forward, barely an inch at a time, going closer and closer to my dick as she lifted her chin, curiously staring at it as it twitched by itself.

Her fingers grew close. She opened the palm of her hand, stretched her fingers out and then... carefully curled the palm of her hand around my cock.

Her hand was warm. My mind was going crazy. It felt so soft, her hand curling, gently gripping my cock. My mother started to move her hand slowly, as if she were savoring it. "I haven't touched... anything... in years." She gave a little gulp, not out of hesitation, not out of shame, but out of curiosity. She leaned forward slightly, watching it more closely, and started to grip it more firmly. Her hand sped up and I felt my knees buckling as she started to actually jerk me off.

This was insane.

Now, I had a hand job once before -- a recent bus tryst on a senior outing where a girl, who had just celebrated her eighteenth, wanted to experiment with me. While I fingered her under the travel blanket, she jerked me off, and somehow we were able to keep playing for the entire bus ride without anyone discovering us.

But that girl obviously wasn't experienced -- I could tell even though it was my first. It was nothing like when I did it myself, and now, I knew for the first time in my life what it was like to have a woman with experience playing with my cock. Instead of the rough and odd angles, her hand moving too far or too fast, my mom's hand felt perfectly molded to my cock, moving carefully, the grip firm but gentle, going up and down and varying in speed depending on how I was reacting.

Mom watched me carefully, moving faster when I started to groan, slowing down when I started bucking.

She knew exactly what she was doing.

I wasn't sure if that was more shocking than the fact that she was touching my cock in the first place.

Mom's eyes went up to mine, and we looked at each other, unblinking, as I felt something surging below the waist. I was trying to control it, but mom's hand, her look, the pretty color of her nipples, the way she accepted this, me, my cock, it was all a massive rush that brought me closer and closer to the edge.

But mom slowed down, just as precum started to leak from my tip. She stared intently at it, the little shine, the way it glinted in the light from the blinds.

"Alright," her voice broke the rhythm of our breathing.

"I'm about to do something to you that will..." she started, awkward, "well, you're probably going to think back on this and..." She hesitated, bit her lip, frowned as the bead of precum build and started to drool from my tip.

"Well," she started again, glancing at the flowers, "just let me know when you're about to cum."

In a single motion, mom opened her mouth, leaned forward, and took me into her mouth. The wetness of her lips and tongue exploded around my cock, and in an instant I felt her as she

sucked, molded her mouth to the shape of my cock, let herself drool over it and made it impossibly slick.

I gasped with pleasure, with shock, kept gasping as mom's mouth moved expertly on me, her tongue pushing back and forth underneath my shaft as she sucked gently. She kept blowing me, the wet and sticky sound of her lips moving over my shaft filling the living room, while I shuddered and my breathing kept catching.

My mom was blowing me.

My mom was sucking my cock.

My mother's mouth was slurping on my shaft, sucking gently at the tip as she drew back, pushed forward, drew back.

Her hands went up, one settling on the front of my waist. She leaned farther, her other hand gently cradling my balls, cupping them as she sucked faster and more enthusiastically.

And I was shaking, the tension building faster than I expected, the strength of my balls suddenly pushing up, back, out, and I felt myself getting insanely close to the precipice.

"Mom!" I sucked in a deep breath and gripped her shoulders, fucking into her mouth with my hips, entirely out of control. I heard her voice, muffled, making little glucking noises as my cock slipped over her tongue.

I was close.

I was there.

I pulled back and out, a slick and subtle pop as my cock pulled free of the wet haven of her fuckable mouth, and then...

Her hand lifted from my waist and gripped me. She started pumping, my cock was throbbing and twitching, I felt the buildup turn into tension and then launched into much, much more. I threw my head back and only looked down in time to see the very instant that it happened.

Mom's mouth opened.

Her pink tongue went out.

I came.

I felt the rocketing sensation in my balls, felt it pumping, and then my semen shot out, up and onto her cheeks, another stream of it flying over her lips and onto her wet tongue. Immediately she closed her mouth and swallowed even as my cock continued to pump, the jizz coating her lips, landing directly on her nose, landing neatly on her chin and stretching onto her neck and even trailing onto her chest. Remnants of each shot clung to her hands, coated the head of my cock with glistening clear and white.

My cock finished spasming as she opened her mouth again, carefully taking her hand off of my cock, quickly licking at her fingers so as not to lose a single bit, then covering my head with her mouth, giving a last and elegant suck as she took what was left from me, not wasting a drop as she pulled back, leaving my cock clean.

I saw my mother's throat move. She gave a second little swallow, the noise subtle, her eyes closing as she concentrated on taking it all down.

Then without wasting time, she carefully stood up and made her way to the bathroom.

Her footsteps echoed. As did my heartbeat.

Everything seemed both deafening and silent at the same time. It was like I was in another world, unable to understand what had just happened.

Mom came out of her room and into mine about thirty minutes later. Her face looked fresh, recently washed after the application. She looked at me nervously while I paused my game.

"Well?" She asked. "I heard you're supposed to start seeing the effects pretty soon after."

I stared at her carefully. At that moment I didn't see anything just yet. "I'm not sure," I said.

She looked at me with disappointment. "Well," she said, "at least... at least it was fun." She smiled at me weakly and I tried to smile back.

The next morning, I was packing my lunch and getting my stuff together, when I heard my mom's steps, excitedly moving down the hall. When she stepped into the light, my jaw dropped.

It worked. Her face was clear. Smooth. She might have had some wrinkles along the sides of her eyes, but they were barely noticeable now, and all over her forehead, the skin looked even healthier than it had in a while. It was as if she had reverse aged by ten years.

My pretty mom was now beautiful. Even... young.

Her smile was magnificent. My heart started to throb, it was like I was looking at an entirely different person. Like a new mother, a graduate student, or even... an older sister?

"Well?" She asked, expectantly, beaming. "What do you think?"

I didn't have a response. She took my shock as another positive review. She ran to me, embraced me with a hug, and whispered, "thank you."

As I was on the way out, mom went to the front door to wave goodbye. "Hey," she called, even sounding younger from all the excitement. "I'm going to be home around four. I need you to be ready for another treatment, alright?"

"O-okay," I said, trying to keep my keys in hand, my mind spinning with the thought that more treatments would probably work even better. What would she even look like soon?

"I love you," she said, grinning.

I smiled back. "I love you too, mom."

I started the car and pulled out, but realized halfway down the road that I forgot my phone again. It was likely on the kitchen counter, right where she presented herself to me. I pulled back up to the house, and by sheer force of habit, opened the door silently. And maybe it was a good thing too, since I could hear mom's voice in the living room while she talked gaily on the phone.

"Really. You'll have to come over in a little bit, if you're free. You have to see it. Yes, of course it's working. Way better than I expected." She paused for a second.

"Absolutely, to brag. But I also wanted to know, and maybe this is a little greedy of me, but it's just, it's working so well and I really want to see how far this can go. Do you have any more tips? Any further techniques?"

I carefully tiptoed over to the kitchen, and slipped my phone into my pocket.

"Oh." Mom's voice was suddenly different. Stopped. Confused.

"Oh, well, I guess that makes sense but..." She went quiet. Dead quiet. I carefully stepped to the edge of the kitchen and leaned my head out, trying to see how she was reacting. The first thing I noticed is that mom's eyes were wide. Then I noticed how red her cheeks were, even after everything.

Then she gasped. Her soft hand went down, pressing between her legs, her thighs moving together as she stuttered.

"Both holes?"

The End.

...

Hey.

I'm debating whether to turn this into a continued series. Just let me know with your ratings and comments if that'd be something you like. Also, don't forget to read my other stories!

Thanks all,

fake flower